

TRIVENI

INDIA'S LITERARY & CULTURAL QUARTERLY

VOLUME: 79

JUL. - SEP. 2010

NUMBER: 3

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Printer:

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Publishers:

The Triveni Foundation (Regd.)
12-13-157, Street No. 2,
Tarnaka,
Hyderabad - 500 017.
Ph: +91-40-27014762

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Rates of subscription:

	India & Nepal	Other Countries
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Individuals	Rs. 100/-	US\$ 35/-
Libraries	Rs. 200/-	US\$ 70/-
Life Subscription	Rs.1000/-	US\$ 300/-
Donors	Rs.2000/-	US\$ 500/-
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- Editor

TRIVENI QUARTERLY

Advertisement Tariff

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

Payments may Please be made to **TRIVENI FOUNDATION**
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Triple Stream:

THE UNIVERSAL MESSAGE OF THE VEDAS

I.V. Chalapati Rao

Editor

One of the most conspicuous contributions of the Vedas is its emphasis on the unity of the people. The Vedas talk at the universal level. Many religions/cultures fear to talk at universal level lest they lose their exclusion or existence as a separate entity. Vedas shun isolationism. They stand for collectivism. The Vedic assembly (samiti) displayed harmony in its conduct as laid down in Rig Veda and the Adharva Veda. The Vedic poet recommended commonness in counsel and unity in thought to establish a uniform understanding and harmony among the people of the world. Even today we have a common prayer. 'Loka samastha sukhino bhavantu' (let the people of the whole universe prosper).

The favourite motto of the Vedas is 'unity in diversity' at world level. The Vedas assert that the whole universe stood as one unit, as one people with different countries, races, languages and cultures and sub cultures. Two words frequently occur in Vedas- 'Jagat' (universe) and 'Manusa' (Humanity). The Veda uses the word, 'Manusebhyah' which means 'for all people'. There is a prayer of typical universal outlook in Yajur Veda. "O Rudra, the universe with all its people shall be without any disease and live in mutual goodwill." Similarly in Adharva Veda there is a prayer 'there shall be 'Swastha' (well being) for mother, father, cow, the universe and people'. There is a prayer to turn wicked people into

good people. Vedas allow enemies also to prosper through reformation!

The scripture says 'Vasu dhaiva kutumbakam' (The whole world is a single family). Five thousand years ago Rig Veda said 'Upa Sarpa mataram Bhoomim! (Dedicate yourself to the service of the mother Earth). About the same period Adharva Veda said; 'Mata bhoomin putroham pitruyah' (The whole world is our mother land. We are the sons of mother earth).

While praising the earth, Adharva Veda says 'O Mother earth, you are sustaining different kinds of races with different languages and habits'. It strikes a note of universality. Vedas say 'all must live'. The Rig Veda proclaims, 'From Gods emanated the divine speech and the creatures of the earth speak in manifold forms'. The Vedas say that differences in language must be allowed without interference. Multitudes of languages are like flowers of different colours in the Creator's garden.

Like languages, habits of food, clothing and social customs also are many and varied. Vedas say 'as all such habits are based on climatic and social conditions, no people should be compelled to follow other people. It goes against natural laws' the idea is clearly and unambiguously stated in the use of the

term 'people with different dharma' (nanadharmanam). Different people should live like the members of one family residing in one house.

There is a mantra which says "O God Angiras, Adharva and Bhrgu are our forefathers. They aim at unity among us. We maintain mutual goodwill for good purpose". As some people often talk in the language of differences in people, there is a mantra in Rig Veda which prays to God to always unify people at universal level. Without divine help it is difficult to achieve unity. An important mantra in Rig Veda says 'Kriyanto Viswam Aryam' (Make the people of the whole world noble in action).

Trade and commerce are also suggested as means of achieving unity among the people of the different countries and cultures. For example, 'Jaiminiya Brahmana' says that unity of the world can be achieved through trade and commerce. It is impossible for a single country to produce all the materials required for its people. Therefore, international outlook is necessary for the people by buying and selling. Each country can export and import goods through trade. Thus the modern concept of 'globalization' already existed in Vedic times with the sanction of the scriptures. Does it not show advanced level of thinking? The scriptures support free trade but not protectionism.

As the fundamental principle of religion is One God, the Vedic religion recognizes the different religions as alternative ways to God-realization. In fact Vedic religion is a way of life/a universal code of conduct which is 'anaadi' (beginningless) and 'sanatana' (eternal). The universal message of the Vedas-

'unity in diversity' is found in a mantra which says 'Let all people of the world unite in praying to God who is one, all pervading and guest of all people. He is ancient among ancients and still dwells in new things. All path-ways of religions ultimately lead to Him'. Another description of God is that He is "*infinite*". The path-ways of religion are many but they all lead to one God. The concluding sukta of Rig Veda contains a hymn. It is a prayer for amity among nations, "May mankind be of one mind. May it have a common goal! May all hearts be united in love! And with mind and goal being one, may all of us live in happiness." It is a true international anthem.

The mantras are the living words that issued forth from the consciousness of the great seers. While the sound has its creative power, the words are notable for their exalted meaning. The purpose of the Vedas is to establish harmony among the people of the different lands recognizing their freedom to pursue their own ways of life. They do not say that there is only one path-way to the Supreme Being. They concede the existence of many ways. They say that whatever path one chooses with faith it will lead him to the one and only truth. 'EKAM SAT VIRAH BAHUDHA VADANTI'.

Awareness is growing slowly. Slowly the world is looking at the Vedas seriously for inspiration. They say that the mind plays a vital role with its infinite potential. Their message is that mankind should lead a happy life in this beautiful world. Man should preserve and enjoy the beauty of nature which is God's creation. The RIG VEDA contains a hymn which gives a delightful description of Nature. Nature's beauty is an art of God.

Let us feel the invisible hand of God in everything that is elegant. By the first touch of His hand the rivers throb and ripple. When He smiles the sun shines, the moon sparkles, the stars twinkle, and the flowers blush. By the first rays of the rising sun the universe is awakened. The shining gold is sprinkled on the buds. The fragrant air is thrilled with the melodies of the chirping birds. The dawn is the dream of God's imagination.

PRAGMATIC

*Dr. Manas Bakshi **

It's better
That the chopper
Flashing in sunlight
Be realized
By the sheep
Meant for sacrifice

For the time is torrid
Living seems staid
Words often vague
And human being
Seldom left with
A second choice;

The right word
Fails to be
The right choice
For someone
Already confronted
With the ultimate,

The rape victim
Has to see
The light of life
In a rehabilitation camp
But seldom in
Social mainstream-

Leader's promise
Voter victimized
Dusty dream-dance
In colourful eyes
And the concert begins
At usual time

Against the dichotomy
Of a butcher
Appearing heartless
And the existentialist in him
Who has somehow
To earn his bread.

* Poet and Editor, Bengal

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

*RajKumari Indira Devi Dhanrajgir **

As a daughter and first born I recognized him through his touch, his long fingers running through my hair, a gentle kiss on my cheeks, my forehead, lifting me up from the Pram and throwing me in to the air and catching me while he laughed and I too laughed.. Governesses stood around us, anxiously looked and gasped; what if I were to slip and fall from his hands and fall. Nothing like that happened. But this was not every day. I faintly remember it was in front of the music room in Gyan Bagh. There were times when I ran away from the grip of my governesses and went to my father and sat in his lap or held on to his clothing. There I sat listening to Indian classical music and if he was in the billiard room playing cards with his friends, I was given a separate chair to sit. My brothers were younger than me and a shade better looking than me. I inherited my father's complexion and eyes green / brown.

Raja Saheb Dhanrajgirji
wearing a Jamewar Sherwani

How splendid! What splendor! These were the adjectives used for my father, Rajasaheb Dhanrajgirji Bahadur. He was larger than life personality. How did I as a daughter experience him? As he stood magnificent in his jewels, his beautiful Brocade and Jamewar sherwanis, his suits and breeches, his diamond cufflings and buttons, encrusted jeweled bagloos, his diamond encrusted swords. Yes I have seen him like that.

I loved wearing in dresses of pastel colours which came from France. Like all my clothes, silver bed and silver cradle too came from France except my governesses who were English invariably related to the British Residency in Hyderabad. To play I was given dozens of ducks that made their way early morning to the pond near the portico and a young mali looked after them. There were many dogs bigger than me, Great Dames and a Shelton pony presented to me by Nawab Salar jung III my father's friend, Cocotoos, Parakeets which I fed every day with guava and chillies. Later Mother bought me a pair of ther ubs. They followed me where ever I went and even slept in my room.

* Writer, Hyderabad

FOUNDER EDITOR OF TRIVENI K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU GARU AS I KNEW HIM

*C. Subba Rao **

I was just twenty-one when I first met Sri Ramakotiswara Rau Garu in 1961. Then I was working in S. S. and N. College, Narasaraopet, where he spent the last years of his life. Inspired by Christopher Fry's "The Lady is not for Burning" and especially by the verbal eloquence in it, I wrote a one-act play in English entitled "A Shocking Suicide." With the immaturity, passion and love of high-sounding language common to the youth, I just invented a pretext of a theme only to write some very hard-hitting language. I was trying to be assured by some competent gentleman that I had written good English. A friend of mine, Mr. Salam, said that there was only one person at Narasaraopet who could give an opinion on the little piece, and that he was Sri Kolavennu Ramakotiswara Rau Garu, Editor, Triveni. And the next day I took the typed script and introduced myself to him, and requested him for his opinion on it. It was the evening time and he was relaxing in a cane chair in the verandah of his house, "Triveni Nilayam" on the Station Road. I can never forget the radiant face with which he had showed me a chair even before I introduced myself to him. He took the script as one would accept a gift. He complimented me on my love of English, and asked me very politely whether I would meet him the next day for his opinion.

I was able to observe rather painfully that he had poor eyesight, which I came to know later on, was due to glaucoma from which he had been suffering for sometime. I readily agreed with thanks and took leave of the gentleman.

On my way back home I thought of him. He was by no means handsome, but very impressive and elegant in appearance with his fine features, well-shaven, for he would shave everyday as I came to know later, with well-scissored thick mustache not spreading to the sides of the mouth, but terminating down the sides of the nose. He was rather short than tall, and his big kindly eyes showed the largeness of his heart. He was immaculately dressed in white dhoti and laalchi. One would rightly get the impression that he was an honest gentleman. I was irresistibly drawn to him, and I surely felt honoured with my acquaintance with this savant.

The next evening, I went to "Triveni Nilayam" with a little trepidation, for, that day he would judge my one-act play. The evening was mellow, and encouragingly sympathetic was his face. His expression infused fresh confidence into me. I wished him good evening respectfully and took the chair offered. He went in and returned with my script and sat close to me in his cane chair. I found the script exhaustively marked and underlined, with every missing punctuation mark restored. He held the script so close to his eyes that it

* Professor of English (Retd.), author and translator
Hyderabad

almost rested on the tip of his nose, and offered his comments, pointing to everything underlined. I was able to realize what an enormous strain it was for him to read anything, and felt guilty for having given him such a trouble. The thoroughness and the sincerity with which he had scrutinised the script filled my heart with respect, gratitude, pain and pleasure, all at the same time--pain because I caused him such a strain, pleasure because he cared my writing. He knew how to comment; he said that it was clear that I could write English well and he duly complimented me. But as a play, he said, it was not quite satisfactory, for there was no growth of characters. There should be a gradual evolution of a character through incident and situation. There were undoubtedly fewer incidents and situations in which my characters revealed themselves. I was immensely happy with his compliment, and sincerely agreed to his criticism. I gratefully thanked him, and apologized to him for the strain caused to him, all the more so when he had such a poor eyesight. He admitted that his eyesight was really bad, but assured me that it would be all pleasure for him to do his bit for the youngsters like me. I was deeply touched with the overflowing generosity he had for people.

That was how my contact with this truly great man commenced. He said that he had been feeling quite dull for quite sometime because of the eye trouble. He regretted that he could ill-afford to read or write. He asked me very politely and with his characteristic winsome smile whether I could go to him in the evenings and read out to him something or the other--philosophy, history, literature or religion. He said that I would thus alleviate the dullness that had crept over him. I felt it an

honour and told him so.

Thus I started going to him in the evenings very regularly. He had a very fine collection of books. He would give me some book or the other, but it was invariably one in English. I knew that he was very well-versed in Telugu as well, but perhaps he always chose the English books for my benefit. He spoke in faultless English, as usual, which had always charmed me. I was amazed as much at his power of memory even at such an advanced age as at his complete mastery of details and the depth of his analysis and comparative approach. Soon the tenor of the gleam in his eyes changed, and a sort of gloom came over his countenance. He recalled his participation in the freedom struggle, and how they had dreamt of an independent and prosperous India in which all the countrymen would have their due share of happiness, knowing no want and care. He spoke ruefully of the ever-widening gulf between the rich and the poor, and the lack of public spirit in general, and a steep decline in the ethical standards of our public men at large. But he said he was confident that things would straighten out once the people were educated. He was optimistic by nature and apt to look at the brighter side of things.

As days passed by, I had almost developed an adoration for him, for he was such a man as could be adored by anyone. He was extremely gentle, tender at heart, very soft-spoken with infinite love for people. He had no enemies, personal or ideological. But even if there were any, he couldn't stand a harsh word against them. He seemed to me a model gentleman with all the fine graces valued most in life: a brilliant intellect, a compassionate

nature, a cheerful disposition, a fastidiousness in taste but without a trace of vanity, a loyal friendliness without a trace of superiority, a love of the beautiful, the noble and the righteous.

I don't say that he liked poverty, but I can say that he didn't care money except to run "Triveni." This was what I could understand from his account of the struggles he had to pass through to run the journal. If he talked of his past, it was invariably connected with "Triveni." "Triveni" was more than a journal to him. It was the finest expression of all those values which had pulsed his whole being. He once told me of his vision of "Triveni", as a maiden of 17 or 18 with all the girlish charm and virtue. "Triveni" filled a void in his childless life. He was sorry that he was physically incapacitated to be actively associated with the journal, but he told me that he was glad and lucky that it was being run ably by Sri Bhavaraju Narasimha Rao. Once, while we were talking of "Triveni", I asked why we shouldn't bring out his editorials and articles in a book form under the title "A Profile in Editorials." He smiled, and said that the title was very impressive.

His conduct was simply laudable and he scrupulously followed formalities. Then it was no wonder that he attended my marriage at Narasaraopet though it was most inconveniently timed for visitors: half way between midnight and dawn. He blessed us with his unflinching benign smile, and with a feeling the depth and the austerity of which simply overwhelmed me.

I had a long cherished desire to have my son initiated into learning by Sri

Ramakotiswara Rau Garu. Well in advance, I moved the matter with him and requested him to do us this honour. He was visibly touched by my request, but felt diffident whether he could really do that. Unfortunately he was able to move about only with somebody's assistance as by now he had almost lost his sight. Mr. Yagnyavalkya Sarma, my friend and intimately known to Sri Ramakotiswara Rau Garu, and I assured him that we would do everything preliminary to the *Aksharabhyasam*, and he kindly agreed. An auspicious time had been fixed, and we came specially for this purpose from Jammikunta where I was working. The kid sat with his first slate and chalk on his lap, but Sri Ramakotiswara Rau Garu couldn't see anything. It was pathetic that he, who wrote so beautifully and powerfully, couldn't even move the chalk. Then I held his hand as he was holding my son's and slowly drove the chalk to write the first auspicious salutation to Lord Siva. It was at last over. The next day we were to start for Jammikunta. We went to him to take his leave. On my parting salutation he embraced me quite silently, without saying anything, but with a silence which was more eloquent and affectionate than any words could be, and held me for a few seconds. I felt as if he had been transmitting something noble to me in a sort of mystic way. It was like blessing, a gesture kindly and loving. It was perhaps acknowledging, with a fineness of soul, what little I might have done to alleviate his dullness, and my adoration for him. Or he might have also felt it our last meeting, a sort of premonition of death.

In 1969, in the wake of Telangana agitation, I had to leave Jammikunta and came back to Narsaraopet. I was absolutely free

as I had no work to do. I used to go to him in the mornings and in the evenings as well. Now he just used to listen to me, and he spoke very rarely. If I read out anything, he would listen without any comment, but he liked listening. One day I was reading out to him a chapter in "The Life Divine" by Sri Aurobindo. Having finished the chapter, I rose to go. He called me to his side and took the book from me and gave it back to me as his present. It was a symbol of his kind wishes for me, and I treasure it with grateful feelings.

It was summer. Probably May. One morning, quite early as usual, I was on my way to "Triveni Nilayam." Somebody asked me whether I had known of it. "It what?" I asked. I was stunned; the inevitable had happened. Sri Ramakotiswara Rau Garu died in the early hours of the morning. I rushed to his house.

What next, some practical people asked. His adopted son was doing engineering, perhaps at Kakinada. He was wired, but it couldn't be known when he would actually arrive. The cremation couldn't be delayed. His wife, a picture of grief, turned to me mourning, and I caught the cue in her mournful looks. I told her that I would feel honoured to be asked to start the obsequies.

She mourned much more bitterly and said that I was like his son.

The bier was made, and bearers found, among whom one was Mr. Yagnyavalkya Sarma. I led the funeral procession carrying water in an earthen vessel in one hand, and funeral fire encased in a small pot in the other. It was half-past one in the afternoon. To the chanting of the sacred name of Sri Rama, the Divine Archer, his body was placed on the pyre. I ceremoniously walked round the pyre three times and let fall the earthen vessel containing water, and lit the pyre. I couldn't see his body being consumed by flames.

The great humanist and aesthete and litterateur who had striven all through his life for the emergence of a cultured society in which all men and women, without exception, would feel and think and behave with all the sophistication and fineness and nobility natural to an enlightened humanist-aristocrat-intellectual, was no more. Leaving behind him memories sweet and poignant, he departed, perhaps, to fathom the unknown after death. And we bent our steps homeward with a gloom settled in our eyes.

The editor thanks Sri C. Subba Rao for this wonderful article written in engaging style and moving earnestness.

-I.V.Chalapathi Rao

THE STATUS OF WOMEN THEN AND NOW

*Sattiraju Rajyalakshmi **

When we observe the position of the present day woman, especially the Indian woman, we are apt to notice a neglected person. No doubt the U.N.O. and the Unesco clearly stated in their constitution that there should be no legal discrimination against women, in any aspect of life. Nevertheless, mere legal assertion of equal rights for women does not necessarily result in actual equality. Religious traditions, social customs, and economic conditions often prove insurmountable obstacles in society.

At the outset, let me present a brief historical perspective of the status of women in society, all over the world. In the prehistoric days when 'might was right' and men had to fight against nature, even for the bare necessities of life, there was of course not much discrimination on account of property or education, for the simple reason there were not much of these two. However women's status must have been comparatively low because of her physical weakness. Gradually, when settled civilization developed, power was obtained through accumulation of wealth and institutional education. Similarly might too was organized in the shape of armies. So, the prehistoric principle that "might is right" continued in the historical period also.

Simultaneously, religions developed and they soon began to regulate the lives of men

and women, in all details. We find by the end of the first millennium before and after Christ, four great religions, viz., the Vedic-Buddhist group, Confucianism, Christianity and Islam influenced most of mankind. These persisted through the Middle Ages and persist even today. In general the influence of all these religions confined women to the home, denied them education and other privileges in varying degrees. About the middle of the nineteenth century, in the United States, Elizabeth Stanton took the lead in organizing the Women's Rights Convention at New York. There, the delegates proclaimed the rights of women and denounced the "Tyrrany" of men in a declaration modeled on Jefferson's famous document of 1776.

In England Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and her two daughters carried on the most militant struggle, something like our modern gheraos, only to gain the right to vote. For example, when the Prime Minister refused to receive a delegation, they picketed his house and chained themselves to the railings in front, to prevent the police from carrying them away quietly.

Thus in the west, the women of the United States, Scandinavia and the British Common Wealth of Nations, took the lead in winning the political rights for women.

Finally, the First World War gave a great opportunity to women. In all the western countries they suspended their agitation for

* Educationist and author in English and Telugu,
Hyderabad

political rights, fought heroically on the home front and disproved the theory that women were inferior in ability. At the end of the war, in most western countries, women got the right to vote.

Turkey became the symbol of progress, in the Islamic world - Mustafa Kamal abolished purdah, enforced monogamy and introduced compulsory education for women too.

Similarly, women struggled hard for equal opportunity.

Up to the end of the 17th century, all over Europe, it was agreed that those few girls of upper classes, who received education did not require anything more than the 3Rs - Girls and women were confined to their homes and had neither civic duties nor public responsibilities. With the growth of secondary schools for girls, the question of their higher education rose for the preparation of professional women teachers. By the middle of the 19th century, there were sufficient trained women teachers, for elementary schools. But there were men graduates in secondary schools, because the doors of universities were closed to women on 3 grounds - (1) Traditional view of Churches, that women as mothers and wives did not require academic education, which was thought detrimental to family life - (2) Curriculum of girls schools was lower in standard, and (3) Presence of women would distract men from serious study.

However after 1855, women were registered as students by Russian professors without waiting for change in the legal

regulations. But in 1863 a statute forbade the matriculation of women at the Russian Imperial Universities. Therefore, the Russian women students went to the Zurich University where they were allowed to complete their academic training. Thus the Zurich University became the pioneering institution in the academic education of women who came from Russia. England and other countries denied higher education to women. Nadezhda Suslova of Russia was the first woman to be awarded a medical degree (D.M.) in 1867. Next year the French universities opened their doors to women. About the same time, the British Universities also began to admit women for higher education.

Thus, towards the end of the 19th century, the battle for women's higher education had been won. But even now, even in many advanced countries, women receive lower salaries than men for the same jobs for social reasons.

In modern Russia and China, it required violent political revolutions to get freedom to women with a vengeance. In Latin America and in the countries of Africa and the Far East the emancipation of women had made much progress by the end of the Second World War. But even today in the underdeveloped countries, advancement and backwardness exist side by side. In our country, communal prejudices have been standing in the way of introducing a uniform civil law as in the case of monogamy. Thus the great promise of our constitution remains unimplemented with regard to large sections of our women.

Recently the U.N.O recommended the enforcement of monogamy, all over the world

as a specific step towards the advancement of women. A delegation of women from our country, accepted this recommendation. But it is common experience that education and economic independence are greater weapons to fight social evils, than legal remedies. I therefore feel that it is the duty of all the Women's Associations in the country to work for these two goals in an energetic and sustained manner.

In this connection, I invite your attention to the recommendation of the All India Council for Women's Education. The Kothari Education Commission also accepted them in toto. It remains for our organizations to take up the challenge of implementing these recommendations.

It has been the practice in our country to look up to the government for everything. But we may not expect much in this direction from governments which are traditionally dominated by men. In the western countries, much social reform is carried out with the help of voluntary organizations sustained by private philanthropy. In our country too, unless well-to-do women and men who believe in the cause, come forward with foundations for specific causes, the progress of women may

not be achieved for a long time to come

I therefore appeal to our organizations to think over this aspect of the problem and take up some constructive measures. In November 1967, I had, the opportunity of presenting a paper in a symposium organized by the women's Associations, as the Joint Secretary of the Andhra Yuvathi Mandali, in Hyderabad.

Today, there appears to be no change at all, in the status of women in our country. After witnessing the display of male chauvinism, with support even from some thoughtless women in power, before the 33% women's Reservation Bill was passed in the Rajya Sabha, the Indian women need to realize, it is meaningless to ask for 33% reservation when the Indian constitution itself has provided equal rights to all men and women along with the universal franchise.

Let us still believe that education and greater economic independence alone are greater weapons to fight social evils, than legal remedies.

I suggest that all women's organizations take a decision in this centennial year of the Women's Day to start a movement on these lines.

Norman Cousins writes in his book 'Anatomy of An Illness' how he was cured of Cancer by humour and laughter. The will to live is as important as medical health. But sense of humour is more important.

SYLVAN SPREE

*Pronab Kumar Majumder **

What beautiful and wondrous is this universe
Streams of light and delight overflow
Inconsequential become trifles of grief and
sorrow
Everything around is blessing, nothing like
curse

Come in tandem day dusk dawn night
Nothing refused nothing rejected only eternal
acceptance
Cosmic light is so vibrant brilliant bright
Behold ecstatic joy is prominent by presence

Be glory to your life, fear not leaving
Greatest truth is getting a human birth
Be noble by surrendering your futile boasting
Paradise descends on playful joyful earth.

Never be shaken never break fearing mortal
death
Nothing is eternal but infinite Supreme
Which is omnipotent which is in your faith
Carriage of your life is but your dream.

Nothing is lost in the fair of joy and delight
Something is missing something arises aright
If you cut a branch of a living tree
The wounded body will show you sylvan
spree

* Poet, Editor: Bridge-in -Making, Kolkata

GRASS

*Kalipada Pradhan **

Like green lemon--leaves the world this
morning
Filled with soft green grass;
Like an unripe shaddock (pomelo) this green
grass - no fragrant it is
The deer ripped it with teeth

I wish I could drink the fragrance of this grass,
Beaker after beaker like some greenish wine
Could rub mine against the flesh of the grass,
my eyes against its cataract eyes
And my feathers against its plumage
Be born as grass from within the grass
descending
From the pleasant darkness of some warm
grass-mother's flesh.

* Writer, poet, Jahalda, West Bengal

THE INNER REALITY

*K. Bhaskara Rao **

Sri Ramana Maharshi led a dedicated life from the beginning up to the realization of truth. His was an insistent and absorbed search directed by vairagya and a quest for God. Renunciation, realization and the power that comes from both seem to have been the prerogatives of the Maharshi from his early youth. Maharshi was described as being always in Sahaja Samadhi, and an uninterrupted state of realization, being able to attend to any work that turned up without feeling disturbed or distracted.

The Hindu ideal has always been in favour of teaching through life and not so much through words. As is stated of Sri Dakshinamurti, the Maharshi taught more by silence than by sermons. Self enquiring taught by him is known as 'Mahayoga'.

Maharshi says that book-learning would be of little avail in the inward quest. The quest is Sadhana, not a mere study. It calls for withdrawal and collectedness, not action in the sense as present in the world and dissipation of attention in external objects. The secret of this Sadhana lies in tracking down the mind to its source in the self. This is an *awakening in silence, not an achievement in action*. The conscious unity of the three--God, Soul and Nature in one's own consciousness is the sure foundation of perfection and realization of all harmonies.

"Behold under the banyan tree are seated the aged disciples about their youthful teacher. It is strange indeed, the teacher Sri Dakshinamurti instructs them only through silence, which in itself is sufficient to scatter the disciples'doubts".

Silence is the perfect herald of joy. It has a serenity and value that cannot be understood. Mother nature is silent always. We pray to God silently. We Meditate in silence. God is both eternal silence and perpetual activity, the unmoved witness and the ground of all that is the metaphysical, absolute and the Personal lord.

Kapila Maharshi says that devotion to the Lord prevents attachments to sense objects - "Jiva Brahma Aikya" - Union of Jivatma with Paramatma is yoga. Recognition of the oneness of the self absorption of mind in the self is the aim. Integration of personality aligning of body, mind and speech in purity and truthfulness is true yoga. It is still in action. It means integration of the personality and Jnana which transcends the limited individuality by realizing its falsity (Mithya Swabhavam).

The path of Jnana, which means self-realization through the removal of the shadow of ego which obscures the self from our sight is essentially the path of selflessness. It requires renunciation which is not just giving up of wordly goods and attachments, or the subjugation of desires and passions, but the enlargement of one's potential for love until no trace of self-interest remains. One who knows

* Spiritual writer, Trivendrum.

the secret of love finds the world itself full of universal love! True renunciation is firmly planted in the world, but desire to get closer to God is so great that all other desires drop down like ripe fruit from a tree.

Maharshi radiated his deep experience of God within the divinity that is supreme intelligence and at the same time supreme love! That is seeing, protecting and caring. True nature of self is eternal, unchanging love that excludes no one. Our body is like a banana leaf to be thrown away after a meal. The leaf is the body, the meal is his presence, teaching and care offered to us with generosity of true love - between master and disciple. Initiation is a communion of being from depth to depth from abyss to abyss!

Free from all shackling limitation, absolute happiness is a natural corollary of self-knowledge. As all living beings desire to be happy always and being endowed with supreme love for oneself, happiness alone is the cause of such love. One should know the self.

In self-effulgent pure consciousness is created a world of multiplicity, by the indescribable power, indicated in the Vedanta

Science by the term 'Maya' or 'Avidya' or the unmanifest. The Supreme principle--eternal knowledge, infinite, the BRAHMAN! Is the theme of all Upanishads. This was described therein as the one essential reality. It remains perfectly unconditioned at all times. This pure self has become the very self or the Guru who instructs an integrated and well-disciplined student the highest truth through the sign of knowledge called 'Jnana Mudra'!

Vedanta declares that the world is the effect of existence- consciousness. The knower of the self goes beyond all sorrow. Finally he becomes Brahman!-(Mandukya Upanishad).

The very science of Vedanta found that the Vedas as books of knowledge indeed belong but to the realms of delusion and yet their theme is the eternal reality!

According to Swamy Ranganathananda - "this is the goal of human evolution, its direction and its possibility in this very life, in this very body and not in a future supernatural world".

This is the teaching and message of Vedanta to all humanity.

There was once in the world a peace-loving rabbit - a very pious and non-violent rabbit which bravely and eloquently declared its non-alignment with a vulture and a wolf though it was more non-aligned towards the wolf than the vulture because it thought that it could run faster than the wolf. The problem was that neither the wolf nor the vulture was non-aligned towards the rabbit.

IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS

*Ramakrishna Chitrapu **

Whenever I see people listening attentively with rapt attention to a talk on happiness given by a person clad in flowing white silky garments or saffron robes I cannot stop wondering 'is it so easy to be happy?'

Classes are held, lectures are delivered and workshops are conducted by eminent persons teaching the public at large how to be happy. A fabulous fee is charged making you believe that you will be the happiest person on the face of earth after taking the course. They sing, dance and do what not! But let us be frank how many can afford the time and the money. Yes! If happiness can be purchased I think there would be no single soul who would be unhappy in this miserable world. Of course this happiness can be purchased only by the selected fabulously rich.

I doubt how many people who attend the courses really follow what is taught in the course. Also I doubt the sincerity of the people, at least a few of them, who attend the courses. I get a doubt whether it is more as a status symbol people do this than digesting a part of what has been said in the course or the book they read. The bigger the name of the person who conducts the course and larger the fee they pay they feel their status in their circle goes up. It is something like saying "I read Bhagavad-Gita ten times from cover to

cover." It is not how many times we read Bhagavad-Gita that is important. The more important thing is how much of it we are able to digest and how much are we able to implement the precepts in our life.

Health is a subject easy to talk about. Happiness is not so easy to talk about. It is connected with the heart and mind and not just the mortal body. However health is an important ingredient for happiness. If one is not healthy it would be very difficult for one to be happy. Health is connected with the mortal body. For a normal human being it is not possible to think the mortal body is different from the immortal soul. Only enlightened souls like Ramakrishna Parama Hamsa or Ramana Maharishi who could see that the body suffers but the soul does not suffer.

Teaching how to be happy is not as easy as it is to teach how to keep good health. There are very simple tips to keep good health. To put it in very simple terms, avoid junk food, eat healthy food. Everyone knows what unhealthy food is and what is not. Anything which is not healthy is junk food. Eat what is good for health, say fruits, fibrous foods, do not smoke, do not drink excessive alcohol etc. These are all connected with tastes and our tongue. Controlling our tongue serves a dual purpose. One is "be careful when you use your tongue, language." The other is "do not go in for just taste. It may not be good for your health." These are very simple acts which can be controlled by a little effort. It is

* Novelist and short story writer, Rajahmundry

within the reach of a normal human being.

Happiness is just a function and a product of human mind. Of course you can always put on a happy face and try to give the others a look as if you are happy. Let us not forget the others are not fools to be deceived by our facial expression. Let us also not forget that the artificial smile we put on could always be found out.

Happiness is something which is deeply imbedded in our mind and heart. It is always there in a subdued state and comes out when we call that out, but we should know how to bring it out. It is not easy to say do this or that to be happy. Think the other way. Would it be easier to say avoid this to be happy? In other words what I am trying to say is, do not do anything which destroys your happiness.

Happiness comes from our own actions, and also on occasion, the actions of others. Misery also comes from our own actions or actions of others too. Again the meaning of happiness varies from person to person. A glutton feels very happy if he is fed with most delicious dishes. A person who likes to dress smart will be happy if he gets a good dress. A person who likes music feels very happy to attend a music concert by a noted musician. A child is very happy if he is given chocolate. The one thing that is common with all these things is the happiness they derived is just short-living. You attend the Sports Day of your child's school. Your child is awarded the athlete of the year award in the school. Your happiness is spontaneous. This too is short-living. This happiness comes from the achievement of the others.

You help an old man cross the crowded road. The expression of his gratitude, for the small help you rendered, you see on his face gives you happiness. This is a different type of happiness. When you see some one happy you feel happy. This makes an impression on your mind. You see a child being beaten mercilessly by his father. You feel miserable and feel the pain of the child yourself.

Could it be that disturbing things we faced in life surface often and come in the way of our happiness? Is it possible for us to recall and play back the pleasant memories of our life and live in that moment of happiness? Is it not possible for us to completely erase all the unpleasant memories of our life? After all a computer, a creation of a mortal human, could save and erase any data fed into it. It can discreetly present the data we want in the manner we want it. The memory of the human brain is unbelievably vast compared to anything created by man. Think of this. Is it not possible for us to use this unimaginable power of our brain for our benefit? Why not we try to isolate our actions which give us happiness and keep them separate from those actions which make us unhappy? We are all well aware what makes us happy and what makes us unhappy. Why don't we try to follow our conscience before doing anything? For doing this do we need these extraneous sources to help us to live in happiness?

Some of these preceptors go a step further with their message "touch my feet (pada namaskarams) and you will achieve whatever you desire". Of course you are given the privilege to touch the lotus feet of the self-styled god for a fantabulous price and be happy ever after! Let me ask a simple

question. If they are really capable of distributing happiness and cure all your problems and make you happy why should they demand such high fee? What do they want to do with the money? Build up a kingdom protected by those in power to meet their lust for power and live in pomp and pleasure? Why do we, "rational human beings", fall a prey to these gimmicks?

I sincerely feel that as long as we are not able to destroy feelings of vengeance, anger, selfishness, jealousy, lust for wealth and such qualities living within us, we cannot be really happy. Happiness, I feel, comes from within us only by our actions or by following rigours of life and differentiating between the wrong and the good. Putting on a borrowed smile on our lips is not happiness. I do not rule out following the advice of the saints or what Lord Krishna said in Bhagavad-Gita regarding how to live our life. We are mortals and we cannot attain the stature of 'Stitha Pragnya', living like a drop of water on a lotus leaf. We have to draw a clear line between Happiness and Bliss. One is worldly and the other is divine. We can achieve happiness by following simple steps.

Let us not forget that no man could be happy unless he is happy at home.

Happiness starts with happiness at home. If there is no congenial and peaceful living at home how can we expect any one to be happy? I have not heard much on this from the people who talk about happiness.

Be content. Be happy with what you are. You concentrate on your personal life; personal life includes you and your family. Having an ambition and wish to be successful is not a sin. But that should not become greedy or an obsession. Make efforts and take the result with a smile whether it is a success or a failure.

Share happy moments with others when you experience a pleasant incident, share it with your family members, there is nothing like it. Share your happiness with your near and dear. Your happiness grows by sharing it with others. Never expect others to share your miseries. If you expect that, you are sure to be disappointed.

Be large-hearted if your neighbour wins a lottery, go and congratulate him instead of being jealous of his fortune. If someone hurts you by his word or deed or action forgive him. Do not wait for an opportunity to pay him back in his own coin. Do not entertain any grudge against anyone.

Sri Aurobindo and Poetry

Sri Aurobindo speaks about AESTHESIS which is different from AESTHETICS. The later deals with intellectual, emotive and sensory aspects whereas the former makes appeal to the soul and is connected with consciousness. It recognizes the presence of the inspiration of higher consciousness. The dimension of aesthesis or the appreciation of poetry on the basis of consciousness is Sri Aurobindo's originality

TWINKLING STARS

*Dr.M.S. Kidwai **

Stars twinkling in the sky
are looking like a spy
continuously on the earth surfaces
The activities of human races
 Its never fading brightness
 is like the nature of entireness
 Even in the night dark
 It is visible like a spark
As if spreading
the light of knowledge
in the ignorant people's College
 It is working with no caste
 As it has seen in the past

All the activities of mankind
 which they have left behind.
Civilization has got
ups and downs
still remaining in its town
It is as such
without losing much.
 It is observing good
 and bad
 without being glad
 and sad
Like the people of
highest ability
making the Law of
Universal acceptability.

* Reader in Chemistry, L.B.S.P.G. College,
Gonda (U.P)

THE TREACHEROUS EARTHQUAKE

*Dr. Emmadi Pullaiah**

Oh! The devil-incarnate monster!
How fierce and ferocious you are!
Your abrupt mysterious catastrophe
Engulfed the multitude, moving
Like the hornet's nest
 Your vibrations rattled the buildings,
 Emptied the offices, slapped the schools,
 Smashed the streets, ripped off the roofs,
 Separated the newly-weds,
 Who await the conjugal pleasures.
 Don't you have generous gesture even
For the breast-fed budding babies
And the tongueless flora and fauna?

The most vulnerable wailing survivors,
Struggling tooth and nail for alms,
Are in topsy-turvy, finding
No antidote for their frustration.
 What kind of satanic pleasure
do you relish with this deadliest disaster?
Okay! victimizing the evil,
Is a welcome decision.
 why have you upset the applecort
of the best, aspiring for the global glory
with the epic battles
for their pilot projects?

* Reader in English(Retd.), Warangal

HOW TO RAISE YOUR SELF-ESTEEM

*Deepthi Pathak **

You can't touch it, but it affects how you feel. You can't see it, but it's there when you look at yourself in the mirror. You can't hear it, but it's there every time when you talk about yourself. What is that important but mysterious thing?

It's your SELF-ESTEEM: There are 6.7 billion people on this earth, but none can replace another completely. We are unique. We owe the world a gift of our uniqueness which cannot be got from anywhere else. This article focuses on empowering the readers with the power of self-knowledge.

Napoleon observed, "They are able because they think they are able."

In the Indian context, Swami Vivekananda has repeatedly emphasized the importance of self-esteem. He said "throughout the history of mankind, if any motive power has been more potent than another in the lives of all great men and women, it is that of faith in them selves.

WHAT IS SELF-ESTEEM: What Is Self Esteem? It is one's esteem (regard) of oneself.

To understand self-esteem, break the term into two words. Let's take a look at the word esteem (say: es-teem) first. Esteem is a

fancy word for thinking that someone or something is important or valuing that person or thing. And self means, well, yourself! So when we put the two words together it's easier to see what self-esteem is. It's how much you value yourself and how important you think you are. It's how you see yourself and how you feel about your achievements.

Self-esteem isn't conceit about how great you are. It's more like quietly knowing that you're worth a lot. It's not about thinking you're perfect because nobody is perfect in this world, rather knowing that you're worthy of being loved and accepted.

WHY SELF-ESTEEM IS IMPORTANT: "I began to understand that self-esteem is not everything, it is just that there is nothing without it." Gloria Steinem-- Self-esteem isn't like a cool pair of sneakers that you'd love to have but don't have to have. Good self-esteem is important because it helps you to hold your head high and feel proud of yourself and what you can do. It gives you the courage to try new things and the power to believe in yourself. It lets you respect yourself, even when you make mistakes, and when you respect yourself, everyone usually respects you, too. Having good self-esteem creates positive vibes in your mind and body. If you think you're important, you'll be less likely to follow the crowd. If you have good self-esteem, you know that you're smart enough to make your own decisions. You value your safety, your feelings and your health - your whole self!

* Courtesy: NHRD NEWS LETTER
Silver Jubilee Series

Good self-esteem helps you know that every part of you is worth caring for and protecting.

LOW SELF-ESTEEM: A WAY TO FAILURES: People with low self-esteem never feel in charge of their own lives. They often feel like victims, they feel like outsiders left out unimportant etc,

Low self-esteem has two faces: One is the personality that seems always to be the underdog, the under achiever, the one who says I can't, I couldn't, I shouldn't and I have to. The other face is the person who seems over confident, very dogmatic and positional. All of this audacity is also a precursor of low self esteem. This type of person may exhibit any or all of these traits: when things go wrong, wants to eat other people alive, or is a perfectionist, demanding, and self-centered, can't take criticism, instruction, or direction, is very independent and self sufficient. This type of low self-esteem will often deny that anything is wrong, because thinking they are in charge, yet if you are strictly in charge of your life, it eliminates fury, exasperation, the desire to control others.

A person with poor self-esteem is not able to live a fuller and worthier life and is generally unable to experience bliss and contentment in working, playing and all other aspects of life, He will experience difficulty in socializing, as the world will appear hostile and perilous to him. Such a person spends his time figuring out what other people think about him which makes him fretful and dejected. For a person with adequate self-esteem the reverse is true.

RAISING YOUR SELF-ESTEEM: To

have self respect is everything. Without it we are nothing but unwilling slaves, at everybody's mercy, especially those we fear or hold in contempt--without self-respect, we give ourselves away and make the ultimate sacrifice: sell ourselves out!

Recognizing strengths and compensating for weakness represent the first step in achieving positive self-regard. The world is a manifestation of ourselves when we hate ourselves, we hate everybody else when we love being who we are and the rest of the world would be wonderful. So directly or indirectly our self-image aids in creating self-esteem. Self-image is the blueprint which determines exactly how we will behave, who we will mix with, what we will try and what we will avoid. Our every thought and every action stems from the way we see ourselves.

Whenever you start thinking, make this one the very first thought to strike your mind **YOU DESERVE LOVE AND RESPECT JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE YOU.** For raising our self-esteem we first need to focus on our real inner beauty and our inner strengths.

"Reward ourselves when you succeed." By Dennis Waitleyrds

Accept your past, present; accept your weakness and strengths. Think about what you really want. Accept yourself you are unique and you have your own set of strength and weakness. Don't try to be like someone else, love yourself you are here for a purpose. Remember your successes will not matter how small they may be. Think about what you really want. Thinking is the hardest work, but it is worth it. Do not live your life

for others. Use positive affirmations and tools. Finally set yourself for success plan, set achievable goals take small steps proceeding in right direction.

BE OPTIMISTIC: It's not what you are that holds you back; it's what you think you are not.

All the traps and pitfalls in life that obtained self-esteem are the deadliest and hardest to overcome. For it is a pit designed and dug by our own hands, summed up in the phrase. IT IS NO USE, I CANNOT DO IT by Maxwell Maltz

Don't make your problems the center piece of your conversation. Talk positively about your life and the progress you are trying to make. No one can make you feel inferior without your consent. Don't believe in people who did not believe in you. All successful people in our society who realize their egos are an asset. Top performers in athletics, business, or any other career are always convinced they can be heroes. And it shows there's nothing wrong with being proud of what we've done, of what we think we can do, or of whom we are and where we come from. Passivity over a long period of time can lead to a loss of fervor, flabby energy levels and lack of buoyancy in one's ability.

WILLPOWER: "Take up one thing, do it, see the end of that thing and before you have seen the end do not give it up." Swami Vivekananda.

The will-power is a man's chief driving force which propels him to decide and act. It has been said that three things pave the way

for making a strong will: verve, steadiness and direction. Verve indicates energy, steadiness points to persistence; direction means movement along a predetermined, well-thought out track. Increased will-power will lead to optimistic approach and self-dependency which in turn leads to self-improvement which unswervingly leads to higher self-esteem. For high self-esteem we need to believe in ourselves and in whatever we do, which requires to spur will-power which in turn will lead to pre-eminent performance in a particular field.

SELF-DISCIPLINE: Indiscipline is like a contagious malady which adversely affects the personality of a person. Unless one masters the skill of self discipline he cannot master other tasks.

Thomas Alva Edison said that "genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration". We must be sure that 99% perspiration cannot come unless one has a good deal of self-discipline, If we are highly self-disciplined we will accept the reality and try to find out the reasons of our success or failures which, in turn will direct us towards internal locus of control. And it will increase our self-esteem as we will be able to recognize the loopholes. To be self-disciplined we need to increase our risk-taking ability by facing the hassles. It will decrease our dependency on others and make us realize our accountability for the tasks assigned.

THEARTOFKAIZENFORENHANCING SELF-ESTEEM: Kaizen is a Japanese word which, in English, signifies "Continuous Improvement." The concept of continuous improvement has been around for thousands

of years in the Japanese culture. It was synthesized into the philosophy of Total Quality Management by Dr. W. Edwards Deming when he was given the task of revitalizing Japan's economy immediately following World War II. If you look at Japan's economy today you can see the effectiveness of this philosophy - they're a powerhouse. But the question here is how does the philosophy of kaizen apply to us? So here is the reply: take the words "Continuous Improvement" and glue a "Self" in the middle. "Continuous Self Improvement" is the single most important concept to apply to your life if you hope to be successful.

Northrop Frye, a Canadian literary critic, has said that: "The mind best fitted for survival in any world is the mind that has discovered how knowledge can be joyful, leading to a friendship with wisdom that is pure delight. That mind is ready to tackle any kind of knowledge with intentness of will."

The most important aspect of staying enthusiastic during your pursuit of continuous improvement is not your memory but your attitude. Be acquainted with the fact that when you sharpen your skills in one area it has a positive impact in other areas they're all interrelated. Your physical health affects your mental health; your spiritual strength affects your social and emotional strength; your emotional strength affects your relationships...it goes on and on.

And remember, no matter how good you become, there will always be room for improvement.

CONCLUSION: A lack of confidence in one's abilities, beliefs and convictions engender a negative attitude. With a negative attitude one makes as little an effort as possible and when one does not make the effort, it is half-hearted and feeble. And it is not because the person is not capable, but because the person is not confident. So for raising your self-esteem respect yourself and your decisions as well. To pursue something that you believe in requires, preparation; planning, determination and perspiration, but the backbone of it all is often a sense of high self-respect. Do not allow others to pull you down and, if you get an opportunity pull others up too. Face your tears and forget them. Facing your fears will enhance your confidence and will engender learning. Don't be fascinated with the past, learn from it and inculcate it in your thinking. Be assertive that you deserve your dreams to come true. Always remember that being a human being you always have scope for improvement as the strength of human being is visible from the lines quoted magnificently by Tagore: "The fish in the water is silent, the animals on the earth are noisy, the bird in the air is singing. But man has in him the silence of the sea, the noise of the earth and the music of the air."

Sir Henry Newbolt in an admirable essay treats poetry as a transfiguration of life heightened by the homesickness of the spirit for a perfect world. It is difficult to find a better definition of poetry.

ZUBIN DRIVER'S WORM PLAY: AN ALLEGORY OF CONTEMPORARY SITUATION

*D.P.Dingole **

Zubin Driver is the most prolific, brilliant and versatile of the playwrights of today. He is a writer-cum-director deeply influenced by the Absurd dramatists like Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter. That is why he has been aptly called 'the theatre of the absurd guy'. His plays like *Worm play and Missing People* fall in the theatre of the absurd tradition and thus reflect 'the arbitrary and irrational nature of life, usually through an arbitrary structure'. Like Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* and Pinter's *The Birthday Party*, Driver's plays project the absurdity of human existence in terms of irrationality, impotence and nothingness. He uses new dramatic forms and expressionistic techniques that reject realistic settings, logical reasoning or a coherently evolved plot. His obvious purpose behind such forms and techniques is to convey the meaningless void of experience as encountered by the contemporary people. This paper attempts to highlight the contemporary relevance of Zubin Driver's masterpiece *Worm Play* by studying it as an allegory of the contemporary situation.

The play '*Worm Play*' was written and performed in 2000 as a part of the productions of Spontaneous Assembly, a Theatre group based in Mumbai. It is a dramatic statement of the contemporary

situation particularly in Maharashtra and generally in India or any other country. Taking into consideration the current relevance of the play, it has been rightly called 'a contemporary play about contemporary situation'. Divided in two acts, the play lacks a coherently evolved plot, symmetrical structure, elaborate stage directions regarding time and place and formal characterization. It falls in the Theatre of the Absurd tradition where 'formless language' and other stylistic devices are used to lend themselves to farce and comic form. We are thus left to dwell in the irrationality of experience that is transferred to the stage. There are only two characters in the play--the master and Stephen (the worm man). The master in the play has no name and even the worm man, Stephen has no stable identity. This has been done deliberately to emphasize the thoughts of the characters and not the characters. The fact that worm man becomes Stephen who becomes the audience who again reverts to Stephen--gives a clue to the importance of the 'thoughts' of the characters and not the characters themselves. Therefore, the characters seem as if 'the monotony and repetitiveness of time in human affairs'.

The play opens with a reference to 'a basket of worms' which implies that 'human beings are worms'. The word 'worms' has been used repeatedly and suggestively throughout the play. Who or what are these worms? It is for the readers to draw their own

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inferences and arrive at their own conclusions. The worms may be politicians, masters, servants etc. The opening of the play with a voice gives a reference to contemporary reality: we are sitting in a basket of worms. The worms are of plastic, dead yet sensuous, designed to give you pleasure and company. My face is mirage in a desert of human faces, each indifferent, yet smiling, white and black, with a little colour in their loosely knotted ties, a touch of panache, of styled rebellion.....But we have no hands, just shattered gestures and the memory of movement".

Owing to his influences, Zubin Driver uses "a series of inconsequential clichés" in order to convey the plight of modern people. He seems to say that modern people are like 'worms'--'a crippled creature' totally confused, disillusioned and fragmented. He has deliberately used formless language, broken syntax and the lower case throughout the play. The contemporary people use similar language leading to breakdown of communication, sense of loss, meaninglessness and point at the absurdity of human existence.

The play gives an expression to the metaphysical anguish of the modern, contemporary people by using the imagery of the 'worms'. The anger of the contemporary people towards the politicians is clearly evident through the phrases like "worms--a dubious race, experts at duplicity" and "chaos is the ethic (for worms/politicians). The master gives certain instructions at the beginning of the second Act. He says: "We are in the center of the worm. The worms (politicians) have

swallowed us, infact, we are in the stomach of a giant worm".

These words of the master are suggestive of the 'tragic awareness' of one's own self and lack of remedial action. Contemporary people are like the actors who are watching their own tragedy taking place before their eyes helplessly. Dr. Lakshmi Chandra's remarks about the play are worth quoting here: To me, the play seems to be a commentary on the political situation in Maharashtra (where elections were due at the time of writing this play); or may be in India; or may be on politics as a whole. The games people play, the "nonsensical verbiage" that people spew forth, the search for power--all--these factors point towards politics. The way the play begins and ends with specific references to the nation- "Can a body function without a head. Can a nation function without leaders..... Where does a disease begin.....I must think..... the "worms--also point me in the same direction".

To sum up, the play is an allegory of the contemporary situation, at all levels like existential, political, socio-cultural and so on. Zubin Driver has been remarkable in creating "a new play" with substantial theatrical force and brilliance and also encapsulating the existing mood of contemporary society. This is where the play gains its contemporary as well as universal relevance. The play provided a new germinal impulse to the Indian English drama as Beckett had done with the publication of his magnum opus *Waiting for Godot* in the 1950's. It remains as a trend-setter in the history of contemporary Indian English drama.

NEW WAYS OF TEACHING ENGLISH AT SECONDARY LEVEL

*T. Sharat Babu **

This article tries to define authentic material and envisages the judicious significance of using it at the secondary level classrooms especially in government-run schools. The frequent use of authentic material has a practical purpose of motivating and encouraging the learners to speak in the other tongue. Authentic material such as newspaper clippings or cuttings from magazines can change the very face of rural classrooms. The schools need to make much use of this material to turn the language classrooms into buzzing activity centres. The hand-outs of real materials appear to be irrelevant though from the traditional point of view, indeed make the tongue-tied unfold their tied tongues.

The teaching of English in modern times is more challenging than the traditional teaching of earlier days. The present day teaching offers a good number of teaching materials apart from the textbook. When one can make most of external resources as teaching materials, the classroom turns out to be livelier. Particularly the secondary level learners in government schools also need to be exposed much to the external resources. External resources include audio-visual materials and other authentic materials. Along with audio-visual materials, the extensive use of authentic materials in the classroom gives a

new look to the teaching of English in rural based schools. In spite of the criticism that authentic materials are not extremely relevant from the curriculum point of view, such experiments prove to be most useful for motivating wards for better learning activity.

The use of authentic materials, unlike audio-visual devices, is not expensive. Authentic materials amuse the students as much as audio-visual teaching does. Using authentic material in the rural classrooms is real fun. The students perfectly enjoy the novelty. They serve as additional materials for spoken or listening activities and the active participation of students is clearly observed. More than anything, authentic materials serve as a wonderful stuff of motivation.

According to K.L. Sharma, textbooks are not the entire material. An intelligent teacher will use them very profitably, but he can pick up more useful material, such as English structures, idioms and phrases, and vocabulary from various other sources. (2005). The real newspaper clippings that cover scientific or cultural news items, advertisements, cooking recipes, and horoscopes, can be used as authentic materials for teaching English for secondary level learners.. They may not serve as the direct instructional material but can be more supportive in creating a learning atmosphere. The classroom is a place where children are made to sit in an orderly manner. The teacher

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of English in rural schools in the most traditional fashion reads out the text and explains everything from it and the students silently listen to him and some students jot down meanings of the words. One or two students, who have some doubts, get their doubts clarified by the teacher. This kind of teaching may help the cream and moderate students but slow performers need a different kind of boosting. For the active involvement of these learners, the teacher should work differently, using different approaches, methods or techniques. The use of newspapers in classroom is one such method which brings a lot of liveliness into the classroom. Diana Larsen-Freeman says, 'To expose students to natural language in a variety of situations, adherents of CLT advocate the use of language materials authentic to native speakers of the target language.' (2002).

This material can attract the full attention of every learner if the teacher is competent enough to deal with it. It becomes a good motivational factor, though it is not directly functional from the examination point of view. A natural situation is created for the learners and they come out with possible expressions using the target language. It helps to teach speech first. To reach each pupil is made possible with this kind of teaching. In the name of authentic material, a wide variety of general questions in natural context come out. 'Those words which are frequently used in communication - in speech or writing - have to be taught first'-- Telugu Academy (2008). If an environment for speech is created right from the beginning, the learners grow confident in speech. Authentic materials are supporting materials that help for the speech practice. Teaching English only from the examinations

point of view is not enough. The development of communication in children should always be one of the objectives for which authentic materials could be more effective.

There is yet another aspect that needs to be paid attention in the presentation of authentic materials to students. The presentation of authentic materials is the presentation of real material. It automatically brings in the context of cultural content either of the target language or of the source language. The real materials expose learners to language outside the classroom with a natural share of cultural content in it. Though it seems to be unnecessary for a secondary level learner, it creates a genuine interest for learners to learn the other tongue. A clipping may focus cultural content of speaker's language or target language. While the local news items boost our culture, the news items of other regions expose their culture to our students. In both ways the students are benefited from language learning aspect. For rural learners, the language outside the classroom is as essential as the textual. The textbook limits itself to grammatical structures but for creating interest in such structures and for motivating children, the language outside the classroom with cultural content in it, plays a vital role.

It is important for a teacher to understand the range of selection of resources. What suits for the upper primary classes may not be the choice of material for the higher classes. For example, making use of bright painted pictures, picturesque advertisements for teaching of grammatical item suits the upper primary learners, a set of medium range of news items related to films, cricket and

creative advertisements, horoscope etc. will be suitable choice to the learners in higher classes. The material with pictures and captions for primary learners, brief local news, horoscope, advertisements with or without pictures, jokes, cartoons etc. from newspapers or magazines can be the best materials produced and serve the purpose of secondary learners.

The students from poor social background do have great fear for foreign language learning. Even when they are asked to speak in the native language on some topic, they hesitate to open their mouths in the presence of the master. Such students are many in number in schools situated in rural set up. They feel less confident and never make an attempt to learn English. This kind of use of news items can be more purposeful to get them into the track of the teacher, the language and the environment of studies, this experiment proves to be a valuable possibility because the content comes from learners' background. It is like catching hold of children's thoughts and making use of their own thoughts for learning through entertainment.

While exploring advertisements or news items, we can go for both the vernacular and English newspapers together or separately depending upon the need and the news item we select. Any newspaper can give plenty of stuff fit for teaching. Vernacular newspapers help more in being near to their culture. They can be used for improving translation skill in learners.

Effective use of authentic materials requires effective planning on the part of teachers. The teacher must be committed to teaching. He should make a lot of

groundwork. First of all, he has to search for material such as real newspaper clippings or cuttings from magazines, think of its utility for the secondary level learners, plan for effective presentation and get the required copies to the classroom.

A teacher may have to invest his private time to plan for this. He needs to have a lot of patience. He needs to search for things here and there. After all, newspapers are not very expensive. Mostly they are within the reach of the teacher and the learner.

The teacher can supply handouts pertaining to the topic and ask them to go through the material thoroughly. Depending upon the subject matter in the clipping, a task should be set. The class can be divided into two or three groups. The teacher can initiate discussion by making one group asking questions to the other group. The teacher can support every child in the correct formation of structures. Preferably he should choose slow learners giving them an impression that it is a kind of game played in the classroom. As an experiment for secondary level students in a rural school, the following passage, an advertisement from 'The Hindu', with an element of wit and humour that makes the children curious once they understand it, is selected for the teaching-learning situation in the class.

I. Advertisement

'I'm in love with someone I can't marry---
SCOOTYstreek--- SCOOTY Teenz--
SCOOTYpep+ (1)

I found someone who intuitively knows what I want. Someone who's made just for me. (2)
My Scooty. Always in my control.

Maneuvering and parking is also a breeze. With the low seating I can reach the ground without painful stilettos. Even refueling is easy with the external fuel fill. Ample storage and 99 colours makes Scooty every girl's dream. (3)

I've decided. If I can't marry the one I love, we'll just live together, forever. My Scooty and I. (4)

We can explore this passage for comprehension, vocabulary and a variety of other such useful exercises for the secondary level learners of vernacular medium. The words beyond the capacity of the learners can be left out and need not be taken up for teaching.

However, it can be very amusing for children to go through such a newspaper clipping. The stylish girl seated on the Scooty, is the speaker. She reveals herself in a very witty and humorous manner. Each statement is amusing and stimulating too. This activity is expected to promote the same kind of interest in comprehending the text-book in the succeeding classes. The fear for comprehension is lost with this amusing experiment. In fact that is what is intended when this passage is taken for comprehension. The questions for the first group will be from the first two lines. The teacher instructs them to underline these two sentences and then asks them to see the picture and read the underlined sentences silently. Then he writes the comprehension questions one by one on the black board with answers given by the students followed by exercises on opposite words, words with same sound, words with long vowels and matching. The meanings of different words are given.

We can make use of this newspaper clipping for teaching tenses with a special reference to story writing for vernacular medium students. Generally, in the narrations of incidents and stories, simple past forms are used vividly. We also find past continuous tense and/or past perfect tense in combination with simple past tense. For teaching of story writing with hints (guided composition) the children should get the practice of converting the Present verbs into past forms. In the hints of story writing, the present verb (V -1) is given and the students are expected to convert the same into past verb (V-2). This can help the students to write the correct form of verb in story writing. It has all the elements apt for teaching story writing. The students should first be made to read the story and underline the past forms.

The teacher can, then, by way of questioning, elicit information from them for better comprehension of the passage. Each slow learner may be made to read one sentence each so as to write them on the blackboard.

The teaching of English by taking up additional material such as newspapers and magazines is not to burden the learners but to recreate them with novel experiments. Motivation is primary motto behind taking up authentic material as instructional material. No doubt the teacher needs to work more spending his class time. Both the teacher and the taught should be habituated to accept authentic material as a useful tool for learning English. It is with such activities the teacher of English gains reputation among students. Teaching English in the Acquisition Poor Environment (APE) with all commitment is the need of the hour.

GOSPEL OF DHARMA IN THE EPIC OF VYASA

*M.S.Srinivasan **

Valmiki's gospel of Dharma is relatively simple and straightforward. Valmiki does not ponder much over the philosophical, intellectual and conceptual aspects of Dharma. This doesn't mean Valmiki's teachings on Dharma are simplistic or primitive. It is less intellectual and more idealistic than that of Vyasa. Valmiki is aware of the deeper and subtler aspects of Dharma but does not elaborate on it. Here comes the importance of Vyasa's gospel of Dharma. Vyasa develops further, and in a more comprehensive manner, Valmiki's thoughts on Dharma. The various aspects of Dharma, like the philosophical, pragmatic and spiritual, which remains either unsaid, or only hinted at by Valmiki is elaborated and developed fully by Vyasa with a great intellectual force and a vast spiritual vision.

On the Meaning of Dharma: The first distinguishing feature of Vyasa's thoughts on Dharma is a greater conceptual clarity of the meaning and content of Dharma. Here are some passages from the Mahabharatha, which provides a broad and general perspective on the meaning of Dharma:

"It is Dharma that upholds all creation, that is why one calls it Dharma"

"All living things prosper and progress through Dharma".

"All behaviour that is favourable for stability constitutes Dharma"

"Dharma has ten limbs: Truth, Self-mastery, Chastity, Simplicity, Modesty, Never being restless, Generosity, Tapasya and Control over senses"

"There are five paths to enter into Dharma: Peace, Equality, Mercy, Harmlessness and being Beyond Envy"

Thus in the conception of Vyasa, Dharma is that which upholds all creation,-- source of stability, progress, prosperity and expansion, and the foundation of all virtues and qualities, which elevate the human being towards his higher nature beyond his lower animal self or in other words his true manhood. Keeping this broad and general conception of Dharma at the back of our mind, let us proceed further into the deeper and subtler insights of Vyasa on the ways of Dharma.

The Universal Dharma: Dharma, according to Vyasa, has two major aspects. First is the eternal and universal Dharma, which is applicable to all humanity irrespective of time and space. This universal dimension of Dharma pertains to the highest ideals and aims of human development towards which every human individual and group has to aspire and strive for constantly and persistently in order to realize their perfect fulfillment. The other aspect is related to the relative and changing world and the factors

* Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action, March, 2010

or elements, which constitute the world of change.

The highest Dharma of man, says Bhishma in the Mahabharatha, is truth. But what exactly is this "truth", a word so often misused by us to justify our personal opinion and dogmas? Truth is not our personal opinions of what is right or wrong. It is also not verbal honesty in speech. Truth is the eternal, immutable Reality beyond space and time and by which all exists. This supreme and eternal Truth manifests itself in the moral and psychological nature of man as a set of qualities and virtues. As Bhishma says to Yudhishtira: "Truth is the Dharma of every human being. It is an eternal Dharma. Truth is the highest penance. Truth is the highest refuge and Truth is the eternal Brahman. It is the sacrifice, which is greater than all other sacrifices. Truth is of thirteen kinds: Impartiality, self-control, forgiveness, modesty, endurance, goodness, renunciation, contemplation, dignity, fortitude, compassion and abstinence from injury to others. All these are aspects of Truth. But Truth is immutable, eternal, changeless."

Again when Yudhishtira asks Bhishma "What is the Teertha, the sacred waters of greatest purity?" Bhishma replies:

"The best Teertha of all which is capable of purifying man is--TRUTH. One should bathe in the teertha, Manasarovar, which cannot be fathomed, which has no stain and which is pure. This Teertha has Truth for its waters and the Manasarovar is made by understanding. Once a man bathes in the lake of Manasarovar he becomes heir to sincerity, gentleness, truthfulness, compassion, self-restraint and tranquility."

The list of virtues given in the above passages, though exhaustive, is not something fixed. Different sets of virtues are given at various verses of the epic. These virtues help us to prepare the mind for the highest liberation in the eternal Truth. However, to achieve this highest spiritual aim, we have to discard both virtue and sin and rise beyond this moral dualism. Virtue with its attachment to and happiness in goodness (or the heavens) and sin which its attachment to and consequences of evil, pain and suffering (or the hells), both have to be renounced and we have to plunge into the essence of Truth beyond them. This higher path to truth is made of renunciation of that which is the source of all sin, Desire; cultivation of that higher dharma which is the source of all virtue, self-control; acquiring that which eliminates all desire, spiritual knowledge. Here are some passages from the dialogue of Bhishma with Yudhishtira, which sums up Vyasa's gospel of the higher universal Dharma and also contains some of the basic tenets of the spiritual message of India:

" Yudhishtira: What makes a man sinner and what makes him virtuous? What helps him to achieve emancipation? How does he attain emancipation?"

Bhishma: Desire is responsible for making a man a sinner--Attachment follows in the wake of desire--Immediately follows aversion, greed and error of judgement--knowledge helps him to be free of desire. Finally realizing that the world is but a passing pageant, that it will be destroyed at any time, he tries to cast off virtue with its rewards in the form of heaven and happiness and tries to attain emancipation.

"Yudhishtira: What are the duties which are preferable to all others.

Bhishma: The highest duty is self-restraint. Just as the great sin covetousness leads to all sins, self-restraint leads a man to the highest glory. It has a number of good qualities born of it: forgiveness, patience, abstaining from injury to others, impartiality, truth, sincerity, modesty, steadiness, liberality, freedom from wrath, contentment, sweetness of speech, benevolence, freedom from malice. A man who is self-restrained will never be a slave to the attachment of the earth. He attains emancipation. He is almost on the threshold of it when he becomes self-restrained.

An important point to note here is that in Vyasa's gospel of dharma, the primary emphasis is no longer on outer actions or a strict adherence to scriptural injunctions but on the cultivation of inner qualities--moral, psychological and spiritual. The form and expression of the thought is also not emotional or aesthetic as in the Ramayana, but intellectual and philosophical.

Dharma and Moksha: The other significant aspect of Vyasa's thoughts is a clear conception of dharma as only a means to Moksha, the spiritual liberation. Dharma, according to Vyasa is not an end in itself but only a means to Moksha and to realize Moksha we have to rise beyond not only Artha and Kama but also beyond Dharma. In other words, to attain the highest spiritual freedom

we have to free ourselves not only from attachment and slavery to the needs and desires of our physical and vital being, Artha and Kama, but also renounce our attachment to the virtues of dharma. The ideals and values of dharma help us to rise beyond Artha and Kama and master them from a higher level. Similarly, to realize the highest goal of Moksha, we have to rise beyond Dharma and master it from a still higher spiritual level.

Both Valmiki and Vyasa emphasise a balanced pursuit of the four aims of life: Artha, Kama, Dharma and Moksha. But Vyasa's perceptions make clear the hierarchical relationship between these four aims and take a step further above that of Valmiki in stressing on the need to rise beyond Dharma to realize Moksha. The following words of Vidura, a high-souled character in Mahabharatha, makes clear the hierarchical gradation between Artha, Kama and Dharma: "From the point of view of difference, the quality of Dharma is the most high, Artha comes next in the middle and Kama the lowest." And Yudhishtira, further clarifies the relationship between Dharma and Moksha:

"It is not sin alone from which man suffers, not only is man restlessly pursued by Artha and Kama but Dharma and virtue too are a sort of bond. One must rise not only above sin but also above Dharma and virtue - Rising above Dharma, Artha, Kama one can achieve mastery over them."

We often speak of the imagination as though it were a brilliant faculty of lying. Imagination enables our eyes to see and our ears to hear what they don't see and hear

PAIN ON A SUMMER EVENING

*Dr. K.V. Raghupathi **

The day is gone as a swift bird in the distance
and the night falls from the looks of an
unknown dark woman
that lay stretched immobile upon the Silence's
bed
as a leaf wafted down from the wind.

I see the stars being lit in the endless streets of
the sky
gleam through the split branches and leaves
drenched in the moon light
and a feeling of sadness creeps over my body
that I cannot resist and comprehend.

A feeling of loneliness, sadness and longing
that is strange and inane, akin to nothing.
I try to define, but it is elusive
as the mist in the rain.
I try to comprehend, but it is abstruse
as the rainbow in the droplets.

I pray, come and read me some poem
to redeem me from pain and sadness
that shall heal my restless feeling
and banish the past wounds and fears of death.

I pray, come and play me some music
that heartens my loneliness and numbed feeling
as showers of petals from the garden.

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THE PAST

*K. Rajamouli **

The past, the then future, lurks in the present
And the present lives with the past
It's a bridge between the past and the future
Memory, feelings, attachment and experiences
To revive and rejuvenate ever for smiles
To ache and agonize ever for tears
It haunts life-long like the shade-companion
Wordsworth in the melancholy mood.
Dances the sprightly dance of daffodils
And enjoys the song of the Solitary reaper

Keats's heart aches with the depth of feeling
On recalling the song of the nightingale
The road I trod memorising as a student
Brings back the whole Shakespeare's poem
The memory of his father's message keeps
on
His son, the days of obedience in the past

The recall of the past revives itself in the
present
The past stored in the bank of memory
Serves as a beacon light in the path of life
If persists in the endless motion of time

* Poet , Warangal

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S UTILITARIAN PHILOSOPHY

With reference to the "Autobiography" and "Poor Richard's Almanack"

*Charles Rajendra Kumar **

"If you would not be forgotten
As soon as you are dead and rotten
Either write things worth reading
Or do things worth writing".

This quotation from "Poor Richard's Almanack" for 1738 aptly introduces Franklin's ideas about the vital importance of good writing, with a purpose. As long as Utilitarian Philosophy endures, his will be a name to conjure with. Franklin remains the most practical of philosophers in perhaps the most practical of nations. His writings fall under 'the Colonial Period' of the History of American Literature, since most of his writings were published before America severed its cord with Great Britain. Franklin's achievements in science and literature are a product of the same spirit, - the lore of the useful, which was his passion through life. His aim was to bring down philosophy, like the lightning, from heaven to earth. He follows Bacon, to an extreme opposed to that of the Platonists, in decrying abstractions. His ethics, those of Confucius, modified by the experience and circumstances of a later age- are embodied in the most famous of the popular annuals, "Poor Richard's Almanack", and the "Autobiography", which is as romantic as the life of an unromantic man can be.

Benjamin Franklin's Utilitarian Philosophy came in good stead when he took the pen and put it to paper. His works show that he was a man who lived more for others than for himself. His contributions to science, politics and literature prove the fact that his was a versatile personality, with an indefatigable thirst for more, to give more. Classical admirers called him "the modern Prometheus" who harnessed, the celestial fire of electricity for mankind, and helped to wrest liberty for his countrymen from the hands of tyrants. As can be understood from his numerous writings his sole purpose was not just to entertain readers but also to instruct and illuminate them about practical life.

Some critics have accused Franklin of being too practical to the extent of being profane. "All his life Franklin took sects, creeds, rites and sacraments with a grain of salt and a tincture of quiet skepticism" as Dixon Wecter says in his "Introduction to Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography". Franklin himself admits that "Sunday being my studying day", he had no time for church attendance. He once alluded to the "Wise and good God, who is the author and owner of our system", as if He were a kindly landlord or senior partner in a firm, approachable with a casual and assured familiarity. But Franklin never had contempt for God. Franklin's sayings, sometimes, appeared to ridicule like when he banteringly wrote to his friend Dr. John

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Fotherill: "Does your conscience ever hint to you the impiety of doing constant warfare against the plans of Providence?" He once said in the Almanack "God heals, and the doctor takes the fee". The above two random samples refute the accusation that he was profane. But it is true that life's vicissitudes tinged him with mild cynicism.

A study of the "Autobiography" shows that Franklin possessed great skill in moving from one topic to another, effecting imperceptibly smooth transition and at the same time maintaining interest by variety of topics treated. The four parts of the "Autobiography", considered collectively and separately, have a unity, in a rather carefully patterned long and short design.

Dixon Wecter in his "Introduction to Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography" says that he (Franklin) was a 'thorough, accurate, modest, diffident, cooperative, selfless, more eager to hear contrary evidence than confirmation of his theories - as man and researcher Franklin had innate good manners.'" In the "Autobiography" he candidly admits that he relied on the "Spectator" for the improvement of his own writing (Autobiography P.13) In simple language and modest style Franklin wrote to his son in the "Autobiography": "As the chief ends of conversation are to 'inform' or to be 'informed', to 'please' or to 'persuade'.....". Franklin's sole aim in writing was to instruct the reader through his own learning and reading. The "Autobiography" abounds in pithy sayings of an old sage that he was, at the age of 65, in 1771, when he started on his "Autobiography".

The "Autobiography" abounds in

pragmatic sayings of a genius who had an analytical mind labouring utilitarian truths. Although Franklin borrowed many sayings from many authors, he revised them.

Elsewhere in the "Autobiography", he quotes an incident soon after he joined at Watt's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a great printing house. He drank only water; other workmen, near fifty in number were great guzzlers of beer. They wondered to see that the 'Water-American' as they called him, was stronger than themselves. They thought he drank 'strong' beer. Later he endeavoured to convince his companion who drank a pint of beer at every given opportunity, that "the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a penny worth of bread, and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer". This recollection in the "Autobiography", is truly a message that conveys a universal utilitarian truth.

There is no doubt such forceful sayings in the "Autobiography" come from a mind that had a utilitarian bent. If the "Autobiography" abounds in pithy sayings, then "Poor Richard's Almanack" abounds in maxims and proverbs. For years he educated the people of his time, through "Poor Richard" - his mouth piece.

The first edition of "Poor Richard" was sold entirely in one month. Thereafter for many years, this particular almanac sold over ten thousand copies annually and was much imitated in England, as well as in the American

colonies.

Over the years since the first edition was published, Franklin continued to educate the people of the colonies with his utilitarian truths through his mouth piece - "Poor Richard". He once remarked in the pages of the almanac "There are three things extremely hard-- steel, diamond, and to know thyself". He frequently used a proverb to present a kind of visual aid to an argument or to an ideal social behaviour. Often his sayings combined practical means with ethical or didactic ends. Such examples as : "Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright" and "Great estates may venture more but little boats should keep near the shore", show this fusion of the practical and the didactic.

Although Franklin borrowed many sayings from many authors, he revised them. As Richard Amacher says in his "Benjamin Franklin": "The ingenious revisions Franklin frequently made in borrowed sayings helped very greatly to promote the success of "Poor Richard". To illustrate this Labaree and Bell cite Howell's "The greatest Talkers are the least doers", which Franklin changed to "Greatest Talkers, Little Doers". Another example where Franklin revised a proverb includes James Kelley's, "A light purse makes a heavy heart" which Franklin tightened up still further to "Light purse, heavy heart".

Franklin's sources for sayings were John Gay, Samuel Richardson, James Kelley, Bacon, Dryden, Goldsmith and Ambrose, to name a few. In Newcombe's opinion, Franklin's best work as an aphorist is his borrowing from Quarles's "Enchiridion": "Act

uprightly, and despite columny. Dirt may stick to a Mud wall, but not to Polished Marble". This saying appeared in "Poor Richard" for 1757. Although he borrowed from a variety of sources and often revised what he borrowed, Franklin did not borrow from other almanacs, either English or American, of his time.

Franklin educated his readers (rising to a number of 10,000) for twenty six years "the way to be a healthy, and wealthy, and wise" by following simple utilitarian rules, set forth in plain incisive prose and rhyme, rendered attractive by a vein of quaint humour and homely illustrations, always acceptable to his countrymen.

Franklin posed in his essay "On Literary Style" three requirements for good writing - that it be "smooth, clear and short: for the contrary qualities are apt to offend, either the ear, the understanding or the patience". Elsewhere in his writings he also insisted on "order, method and a formal plan".

Regarding the "Autobiography" and "Poor Richard's Almanack", Sanford concludes that the former is "a great moral fable pursuing on a secular level the theme of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and that their intent is "to impart moral instruction to the Public". If "Poor Richard" appealed to the countrymen of his time, the "Autobiography", perhaps was meant for posterity and therefore has a more universal appeal. It is a prosaic record of the successive stages of the greatest success achieved by the genius of common-sense, integrity, and industry indomitable, interspersed with, dry humour.

BYE-BYE BLACK BIRD BY ANITA DESAI LEARNING LANGUAGE THROUGH LITERATURE

*Kalavathi Tiwari **

A powerful theme that East is East and West is West is vividly depicted in *Bye-Bye Black Bird* by Anita Desai, formerly Anita Mazumdar, who was born in Mussoorie, a hill station north of Delhi. She is a mixed breed of Indian father D.N.Mazumdar, a Bengali businessman and a German mother. Her first language is German and it is a parental heritage for her. Even though her first language is German, she writes only in English. Her vocabulary is unlimitedly unlimited. She has certainly both the graces and the dialectic power of the language spoken by native speakers of English. There is an air of Indian Sensibility too. A slight blend of Prose and Poetry can be sniffed in her writing.

Language is viewed as a system of structurally related elements of phonemes, morphemes, words, structures and sentence types which the learners must master to encode and decode the meanings. In simple words language consists of systems like spelling system, vocabulary, grammatical system, sound or phonological system.

Word-building is an ability that one should acquire. One should learn to build up words from various parts of speech. Hyphenated words are formed by joining a noun and a participle. Anita Desai in her widely acclaimed novel *Bye-Bye Black Bird* formed

and used hundreds of hyphenated words. Around two hundred and ten hyphenated words are found in the novel. I personally emphasize that the readers of this prestigious novel will not only enjoy its aesthetic beauty but enrich their vocabulary as well.

The following text is the outcome of my Creativity and Anita Desai's Diction. I owe her a deep sense of gratitude for my enrichment.

In wide-worn sunshine, I visited a gold-freckled town where the people were panicstruck silent. Men were bare-headed, red-cheeked, purple-nosed and they had worn hob-nailed boots. Some were bun-faced. I saw a few white-robed, white-haired old buddhies sitting on their sun-spread steps outside their half-timbered cottages. White-washed walls were glaring and a few long-toed fashion mongers and tube-jacketed young men were found strolling.

I looked at the beautiful apple-and-cherry cheeked, butter-and-cream fed, well-groomed children with shoe-shod feet treading. With these children a few lollipop-Stoppard and pudding-faced babies were there. There was a rocking-horse child too. A sun-tanned and orange-tinted harridan with her red-rimmed eyes was gazing at them. Another that chet-faced woman with blue-black hair was talking in a care-paced voice to a ginger-haired boy who had hawk-like

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nose, wide-spaced eyes. He was wearing a navy-blue tailored shirt and peep-holed boots.

I covered a little more distance in silence and lo! I was amidst nature. I was overwhelmed with joy at the sight of yellow-cupped wild flowers, butter-centered daisies in air-fed plants, sweet-scented fields, sap-filled grasses, harp throated birds flying over criss-crossing rivers. Jasmine-scented breeze filled my nostrils with pleasantness.

All of a sudden, the climate changed. The air became dust-laden and the bushes, earth-dusted. A few minutes later, rain embraced the earth. I took shelter at a liver-colored brick-walled house. A dough-like young girl wearing gold-embroidered gown,

polka-dotted ribbon, fur-lined slippers came out of a high-ceilinged and rain-drummed kitchen, stood on the rose-bordered lawn and asked me in her soft bird-like voice if I would like to take some tea in a blue-rimmed cup and one or two water-cress sandwiches. Without waiting for my response, the next moment she kept them on a plastic-topped table. She observed my well-mannered gulps and sips. I said thanks to her, but my soft utterance of the word 'thanks', was wrapped by a long-drawn lament. I turned my head and I saw a spotty-faced, middle-aged man with an offended-monkey look. The purple-stamped mystery of the unknown house was beyond my understanding. I left the place with so many mind-boggling questions.

VIVEKANANDA and UNESCO

Federico Mayor, Director General of UNESCO, in 1993 October, 8 addressed a meeting of Diplomats and dignitaries of the world in the UNESCO Building. He mentioned three remarkable similarities between the Message of Vivekananda (the goals of the Ramakrishna Mission and the objectives of the UNESCO)

First : *His commitment to universalisation and tolerance.*

Second: *His concern for the poor and the destitute uplift of the women and the awakening of the masses.*

Third : *His preoccupation with human development with education, science and culture as instruments for such development.*

* * *

One should be true to our traditional values and the ethos of our Indian Culture. We may adopt what we need from other cultures. In fact that is the beauty of our composite culture. But what is made of the acquired form should be invariably Indian. There is nothing unpatriotic about making marginal changes provided the core is unaffected. It saves our time from making promethian starts. It is adaptation but not outright imitation.

RANJITH SINGH

*Kittu Reddy **

Ranjit Singh aimed at oneness - a political oneness - of all the Sikhs. He laboured with intelligent design, to give unity and coherence to diverse atoms and scattered elements, to mould the increasing Sikh nation into a well-ordered state, or commonwealth, as Guru Govind had developed a sect into a people, and had given application and purpose to the general institutions of Guru Nanak. -R.C. Mujumdar

Ranjit Singh is one of the most important personalities in the history of modern India. Though his physical appearance was not particularly handsome and an attack of smallpox had deprived him of sight in the left eye, he had delightful manners and address and inspiring features. He attributed every success in his life to the favour of God, and he styled himself and his people collectively the 'Khalsa or Commonwealth of Govind.' He was a born ruler of men, and he effected the marvelous transformation of the warring Sikh states into a compact national monarchy.

He fully realized the need of a strong army for the task, which he had set before himself, and so radically changed the feudal armies of the Sikh chiefs into a strong and efficient national army. The initiative for army reform came from Ranjit Singh himself and the bulk of his army was formed by the Sikhs.

He was assisted in this work by European officers of various nationalities, some of whom had experience of Napoleonic wars; his army was a national army and he maintained a strict control over it. It is said that his artillery was very efficient.

Ranjit Singh had the virtues of the Punjabi character. He was simple in his habits, utterly warm and generous towards people he liked. Although he became a king, he did not lose the common touch or sympathy with the peasant folk from whom he had sprung. He also had the peasant's shrewdness and cunning, and once his suspicion was aroused he considered no trick unfair to outwit his adversary. But he never held a grudge for long. He forgave people who had wronged him and rehabilitated enemies he had vanquished. He hated inflicting punishment: never in his entire life did he sentence a man to death - not even a fanatic who tried to assassinate him.

The factor, which contributed most to Ranjit Singh's success, was his respect for other faiths. He was a devout Sikh and spent an hour or more every afternoon listening to the reading of the Adi Granth. But his devotion to Sikhism did not prevent him from being open to Brahminical thought and from worshipping at Hindu temples. He equally respected the Islamic faith and strongly resented the anti-Muslim prejudices of some groups. This attitude, as R.C. Mujumdar says, won the loyalty of all his subjects and helped to forge the resurgent feeling of Indian

* Professor, Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo Action

nationalism into a powerful weapon of Punjabi pride and unity.

Ranjit Singh summed up his own achievements in the following words: "My kingdom is a great kingdom; it was small, it is now large; it was scattered, broken and divided; it is now consolidated: it must increase in prosperity, and descend undivided to my posterity. By counsel and providence, combined with valour, I have conquered; and by generosity, discipline and policy, I have regulated and consolidated my government. I have rewarded the bold, and encouraged merit wherever it was to be found; on the field of battle, I exalted the valiant; with my troops I have shared all dangers, all fatigues. Both in the field and in the cabinet I shut partiality from my soul, and closed my eyes to personal comfort; with the robe of empire, I put on the mantle of care; I fed faquirs and holy men, and gained their prayers; the guilty as the

innocent I spared; and those whose hands were raised against myself have met with clemency; Sri Purakhji has therefore been merciful to his servant, and increased his power, so that his territory now extends to the borders of China and the limits of the Afghans, with all Multan, and the rich possessions beyond the Sutlej."

The Sikh Khalsa was an astonishingly original and novel creation and its face was turned not to the past but the future. Apart and singular in its theocratic head and democratic soul and structure, its profound spiritual beginning, its first attempt to combine the deepest elements of Islam and Vedanta, it was a premature drive towards an entrance into the spiritual stage of human society.

THE FANCY OF FLOWER

*Pandith Makhanlal Chaturvedi **

I fancied not to be twined
 Around the jewels of angels;
 I fancied not to be enfolded
 In darling's garland wooing the beau;
 I fancied not to be cast
 Oh Lord! On the corpse of Emperors;
 I fancied not the heads of Gods to mount

upon
 And for that fortune take pride;
 Pluck me oh Gardener!
 And toss me over that path
 From where warriors in myriads pass
 With supreme sacrifice for the mother-land

* Translation by Sharat Babu, Warangal

CHARACTERS AND THEIR CREATORS

(with reference to Saratchandra's *Devdas* & R. K. Narayan's *The Bachelor of Arts*)

Dr. Bh.V.N.Lakshmi *¹ & *Zehrabi* *²

How a writer writes is always a mystery. No writer ever puts on paper the actual stimulation for his creative inspiration. In good old days writers thought it was divine inspiration and they aptly invoked the Muses. But a modern reader cannot accept irrational or superstitious argument. No doubt every writer is a child of his times. They have undoubtedly acute insight and creative memory of their background. Hanging from the branches of the present they could take a wild swing into their past and into their imaginative future. That gives them a knack to capture their present in different colours and climes. The best of the creative writers always stood firm on the shifting sands of time and allowed their surroundings to change continuously. They created their characters and allowed them to live through ever changing topography. Every writer, whether he is contemporary or not, lives in his unique world and his experience of life and his exposure to society makes all the difference in his stories. We are going to study a regional writer, Saratchandra Chattopadhyaya, whose greatness is confined to the linguistic

boundaries of Bengal except for an occasional translation and R. K. Narayan, who preferred to confine himself to the microcosm of pathless land of Malgudi, and made a strange appeal to the English speaking world.

To understand the fountain head of creativity a literary critic is expected to do an objective analysis of the subjective reality. Objective analysis is nothing but reading between the lines, not by the storyline emotions. Subjective reality is the reality that the protagonist experiences in his life in the story. Saratchandra wrote *Devdas* in the backdrop of Indian Renaissance and Nationalism. He lived at a time that was both volatile and transitional. Volatile because Indians started rethinking about their first principles and were leading a nationalist movement for independence. At the same time India was in transition from feudalism to democracy, agrarian to industrialization and above all from superstition to spirituality and scientific temperament. One is expected to read *Devdas* (translated by Sreejata Guha) in this background. Saratchandra is well known for his attitude to different subjects and it is said that the majority of his library books are not of literary orientation. A man of such vast reading and understanding invariably offers new insight into human behaviour.

Saratchandra's *Devdas* is as popular as Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* in the

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English speaking world. The storyline is simple and straight forward. There are no passion scenes in *Devdas* like that of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. The reason might be that Shakespeare wrote for the stage whereas Saratchandra was writing a novel and so allows the readers' imagination to play free. The story runs from the childhood of Devdas, his confused unfulfilled dillydallying with Parvati, his sudden discovery of the loss of his soul-mate and his wayward aimless wanderings and in the end his painful travel to fulfil his promise to his beloved. His body accomplishes what his soul fails to fulfill. The graphic description of his loss and pain made a very strong imprint on the Indian psyche that in the last fifty years more than ten movies in different languages were made out of it and they proved to be very successful at the box office. The unexpressed psychological trauma in the lives of Parvati and Devdas make the readers think carefully about the decisions one takes emotionally. It is the pride of Parvati and prejudice of the family of Devdas that play the cross in the story.

R. K. Narayan is a master story teller and he has a unique talent to tell a story even if there is no story. His stories bewitch Indian readers for their simple thought, narration and language. Unlike Mulkraj Anand or Raja Rao, he has no axe to grind; he has no plans to change the world with his writings. He simply allowed his characters to share their thoughts and ideas in his morning walks. He is a writer of post colonial semi-industrialized India. He also lived in shifting times. Like every one of us, his characters are not large-hearted and they do not have goals to die for. In our day-to-day life we change our attitudes, aims and pursuits at the drop of a hat. So it is not

surprising that Raju in *The Guide* and Sampath in *Mr. Sampath* change their professions at the first temptation and it is not surprising that Chandran overcomes his disastrous first love and waits till the next spring to take the hand of Suseela to continue his romance and fulfill his marriage. No doubt R. K. Narayan is master of small things.

R. K. Narayan's *The Bachelor of Arts* is clinically a realistic story. The central character, Chandran, is in his scholastic pursuit and planning to go to England to continue his higher studies. Unlike Devdas, he is a devout student. He suddenly takes fancy for a girl he sees in the park and thinks that the goal of his life was to win her hand. The said girl, Malathi is not even aware of his existence. He pesters his parents and initiates negotiations between the families but the stars cross. The astrological charts do not match and Malathi happily marries someone. Chandran remains heart-broken and undertakes a picaresque adventure into sanyasa. But still he could not relinquish his ego so he retreats his steps back to his family, finds another girl, Suseela, and marries her. There is rejuvenation in his life, there is restoration of his loss and the life goes on. After all love is only a small part of life but certainly it is not life. So what prompts Devdas to launch himself on such a miserable plight and marinate his life in wine and pain is a thing to be understood. The key lies not in the characters but with their creators.

Saratchandra is much influenced by Marxist philosophy. So he brings into forefront the economic disparity and its implications among his characters, Devdas's father is a rich landlord and all the community in the village is at his beck and call. Because

of the poverty of Govinda Master, in the story, he is afraid to complain against Devdas to his father until it becomes quite unbearable and destructive. Parvati's slave-like doting at his whims and fancies also have to be understood in this light. Parvati's parents approached Devdas's family with marriage proposal and their outright disregard for the emotions of the tender hearts also should be seen in this new reckoning. Devdas's discovery of his loss is more reflected in his dependency on Parvati's ever obliging nature and soothing words. The moment Parvati left his room in the midnight, Devdas's sense of loss started magnifying. He could not focus on anything. His rich life and its luxuries appeared trivial and meaningless. The writer very unsympathetically brought this understanding to Devdas, a moment too late. His soul-mate with a heavy heart leaves him to his fate. Parvati's marriage with Bhuvan Chowdhury, nearly thirty years senior to her, is also a marriage of economic convenience. Parvati knows that Devdas and she, even though complementary to each other, are living in different stratas of society. She put her passions behind the *pardah* and walked into the household of Bhuvan Chowdhury as a mother to his children much older than herself.

Parvati's pain and her loss are not given adequate representation in the story as it is believed that women are naturally adaptive and could easily make a compromise between their heart and mind and accept the new conditions of their existence without much protest. It is the patriarchal understanding of women. In protest against this vision of women was born the ideas of 'second sex' and feminist activism.

R. K. Narayan's writings explored

the man-woman relationships beyond economic considerations. Raju's relationship with Marco's wife Rosie in *The Guide*, Sampath's desire for Ravi's love Santhi in *Mr. Sampath* are more stimulated by the body chemistry and Freud's sense of opportunity. Chandran gazed upon a beautiful girl in the park and grew passionate about her and desired to continue the rest of his life in her company. No doubt everyone takes a fancy for a beautiful girl but it is not love, only infatuation. What is love? - it is very difficult to explain. The physical appeal between the opposite sexes brings human beings, for that matter any species, together but it is the souls that have to be entwined and cement the relationship in the monogamous societies.

For R. K. Narayan life is a series of twists, ironies and opportunities, all driven by time. We do not swim upstream to find the beginning or jump the valleys to observe the end. We are very small people in a big universe. Our predicament is like the drifting wood in the raging river. We are pushed, bruised, mulled and sometimes thrown onto the banks of beautiful gardens only to be drawn back by the retreating waters. The moment Chandran sets his eyes on Malathi, all his previous ambitions like going to England for higher studies, acquiring a respectable job to make it big in society are dropped and the girl filled his imagination. He quarrels with his parents, hates his mother, suddenly hooks to an unreliable friend who lives in the neighbourhood of that girl, plans to send a love letter but his milk-livered courage fails to start the venture. When his parents find that the two are astrologically incompatible, for a while he thinks of renouncing the world and becomes an ascetic. When his ego pushes him

back into the mainstream life, Suseela becomes his world. For him life goes on even if he loses Suseela. It won't make a big dent into his life. No doubt. We are all tinkering with our egos, smoothing our ruffled feathers, day in and day out. Narayan's narration is realistic and pragmatic and his writings give relief to the readers as they can hear the echoes of their own pains and pleasures and see the irony in his stories.

Reconstruction and re-reading the text of creative writings are still proving inadequate to unveil the spring of creativity. No doubt the writer's mind, soul and body play a vital role. The cultural background, the political scenario and financial status play a very vital role in the act of creativity. But it is the writer's

sense of justice and his anger over the things that occur around him design the destiny of his characters. No doubt, in both the stories characters were given different stimulations. Chandran was given a hormonal shock when he saw Malathi in the park. He was blinded by the beauty of the girl and could see nothing else. Devdas did not have any such emotional relationship with Parvati because they were both brought up almost in the same household. They both take for granted each other. Together their lives become complementary and individually they become awkward and meaningless. These two stimulations given by these two great writers are more or less triggered by the times and temperaments of their own.

MEDITATION

*Dr. J. Bhagyalakshmi **

I am a dreamer
 You are my dream
 I am a seeker
 You are my goal
 All these delineations are blurred
 Contours are not clear
 Nothing seems to be tangible
 As all are visions,
 Passing spectacles
 Yet they charm me

Make me spellbound
 I am a silent witness
 As the visions crisscross
 Carrying me on a magic carpet
 Across hills and dales
 Above white clouds
 Gathered in enchanting forms
 Weaving magic every moment
 I come out of the spell
 As if purged, cleansed and purified
 Drenched in all pervading love,
 This is what meditation is
 And this is how prayers are answered.

* Poet, Delhi

THE COMMISSIONS OF INQUIRY AND THEIR UTILITY

*Dr. Agarala Eswara Reddi **

Can a poor country like India afford to spend large sums of money on Commissions of Inquiry, particularly when the Government is not prepared to accept their recommendations? In the first two decades of independence, nearly 165 Commissions were set up. The average life span of a Commission has been two years while a few like the Adhoc Inquiry Commission on food poisoning in Kerala and Madras were able to complete their work within a month or so. Each public inquiry costs a lot of money for expensive traveling and to maintain a large secretariat staff. The average expenditure per day were about Rs. 6,000/- twenty years ago. The total expenditure on each Commission may vary from Rs. 1, 00, 000/- to Rs. one crore according to some sources.

The assassination of Mahatma Gandhi resulted in three local Inquiry Commissions which took a lot of time. A new Commission was appointed in 1965 and the report was issued in 1970. No action was taken up on its findings. Some Inquiry Commissions might delay their reports to exploit the perks and prerequisites. The members may get legal experts in most cases, besides remuneration, the perks include rent free accommodation, D.A. and T.A. an official car and support staff.

One of the examples to be cited is the Liberhan Commission. It was appointed

on December 16th, 1992. It took 17 years to submit its report. Sources say the Exchequer spent about a crore on Justice Liberhan alone. Also he drew a salary of about Rs. 30,000 a month. He was given a rent free house, about Rs. 3.00 lakhs were spent for electricity and water. Over Rs. 2.00 lakhs were spent on his car and 200 liters of petrol and a huge sum of Rs. 4.50 crores were spent by the Exchequer.

How freely the money is being wasted and frittered away by people in power, Ministers, Government and bureaucrats! Our Father of the Nation (Pujya Bapuji) hoped that Ministers elected by people would set up an example in austerity by living with Rs. 500 a month. But the situation is different.

The statesman-like Sri C. Rajagopalachari, our Former Governor General never went abroad on any issue but only once to discuss peace and general amnesty with President Kennedy in U.S.A.

The Rastrapathi Bhavan was built at a cost of Rs. 11.00 millions. The Chief Minister, of Maharastra lives in a luxurious bungalow on Malabar Hills. In a strange comparison, the then Maharaja of Travancore, with his loin cloth around and the ADC in front used to go to Padmanabha Temple in the Gandhian way. The king of Sweden used to go on cycle and today it is not advisable because of security reasons.

In 1963, Mr. S.R. Das, former Chief Justice of India, held an Inquiry into allegations

* Former Speaker, A.P. Assembly, Tirupathi.

against the Chief Minister of Punjab, Sardar Pratap Singh Kairan. Kairan was found guilty, he refused to quit but Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Sastri published the findings and forced him to resign.

Mr. N.R. Iyyengar, a former Judge of Supreme Court found Bakshi Gulam Mohammad, Chief Minister of Jammu Kashmir, guilty of "gross misconduct". Mr. Biju Patnaik and his Deputy Biren Mitra who succeeded as Chief Minister were indicted out of strictures and found guilty of improprieties and abuse of power by Supreme Court Judge, Mr.H.R. Khanna.

A Commission headed by Justice Vimada Lal probed into charges on Mr. Jalagam Vengal Rao, Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh. J.S. Sarkaria probed into charges against Mr. Karunanidhi and Justice Shah Begam telling "I shall certainly summon Mr. Gandhi, if necessary".

A retired Judge tends to prolong the Inquiry to sustain his job. The Commissions have to stay within the parameters of law.

Jawaharlal Nehru set up an Inquiry Commission. Indira Gandhi and Atal Bihari Vajpayee appointed Inquiry Commissions but the mystery remains unsolved. One of the members of the Law Commission says that "the Commission's of Enquiry Act 1953 needs a lot of changes".

Several Judges are not accepting any office of profit after their retirement. Mr. V.R. Krishna Iyer, being an eminent Judge, refused to head some Commissions. Justice Chinnappa Reddi refused to take up any assignment after retirement

The legal experts unanimously feel the following changes should be implemented:

1. Strict deadlines.
2. Ceilings on expenditure.
3. Selection of Commission Members by an independent political body.
4. No more One Man Commissions.
5. Amendment of Commissions of Inquiry act.

India, a poor country, cannot wait for delayed justice as it is explicit and is known from the Liberhan Commission. Can India afford to have such Commissions? The answer is in the negative.

LOOKS AND LAUGHS

*Dr. Takkella Balaraju **

Looks robbed the sleep silently
Slender laugh burned great hunger

Laughs and looks bite the love link
Love may bite so that body becomes weak

Love is life and basis of livelihood only
Love is deathless and the face of humanity

No love, then you and I may not be here
Neither there is love nor the beautiful world.

* Writer, Poet, Warangal

QUEST FOR COMPLETENESS IN MARGARET LAURENCE'S "A JEST OF GOD"

*Mathpati (Swami) S.P¹ *, Dr.Ganjewar D.N² **

The present article points out Rachel Cameron's--the protagonist of the novel--attempts at being mother and thereby establishing and asserting her identity and the authenticity that goes with 'motherhood' in the context of Canadian patriarchal set up and general human relationship. This article brings out these attempts which have been made by Rachel, the woman protagonist of the novel, 'A *Jest of God*' by Margaret Laurence, and the reason for attempting them. It is difficult to fight against patriarchal society but here, we can observe the fight of Rachel Cameron against male domination in the society. She shows that it is not difficult to do so if you have a strong determination to do all these things i.e. to find out your own 'self'.

Before analyzing her attempts at being a mother, it would be helpful to glance at Margaret Laurence as one of the foremost Canadian woman writers who particularly analyses the causes of women's suffering in human relationship. The various themes of Laurence's novels discuss the long lasting suffering of a woman in different ways. As Nancy Bailey points out in her *Manawaka Novels*, Margaret Laurence gives us: "Unforgettable portraits of women wrestling

with their personal demons striving through their self-examination to find meaningful patterns in their lives."

A Jest of God also brings out Laurence's mapping of an interior landscape of Rachel Cameron, other than the external, physical, geographical or cultural landscape. The novels of Margaret Laurence show more or less a similar pattern. She has written novels and stories with an African setting, Canadian setting, but the novel *A Jest of God* recreates beautifully the small town Canadian scene making Manawaka as real as an Egdon or Malgudi or a Toknapatawa. The Socio-Cultural setting comes alive on the pages of the novel "*A Jest of God*".

Rachel Cameron is the female protagonist of the novel. She is 34 years old and has been working as a teacher for 14 years. Actually as the novel begins we realise that, Rachel Cameron is in search of identity. The beginning of the novel itself shows the fact:

"The wind blows low, the wind blows high.
The snow comes falling from the sky,
Rachel Cameron says she'll die.
For the want of the golden city.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the queen of the golden city. " (01)

Rachel Cameron lives with her widowed mother at Manawaka. She is

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controlled by her own mother. In fact, the typical portrayal of Rachel by the novelist is sufficient to lead us to bring out the reasons behind Rachel Cameron's striving to be a mother. Rachel Cameron is a middle aged spinster, an ambitious but deprived person of university education and therefore feeling somewhat inferior to those who have got the privilege. At one place she herself states: Nick doesn't know- he does not know how I've wanted to lose that reputation to divest myself of it as though it were an oxen yoke, to burn it to ashes and scatter them to the winds. "(114)

So, it is evident that she hates her spinsterhood. Rachel's physical appearance is also one of the chief reasons for hating herself. She says about herself: "a stroke of a white chalk on a blackboard" (13).

Her relationship with her own mother and sister Stacey's envying mode of leading a happy conjugal life are the two chief causes of Rachel Cameron's longing for 'motherhood.' Rachel's mother has an undeniable influence; Rachel is almost completely isolated from the rest of the world. She is so firmly duty-bound to her mother that any single attempt to defy it, is foiled by her mother with cruel mercilessness or incomprehensible pretension. Thus under such an influence Rachel Cameron loses her very 'person'. She is unable to establish a normal, friendly relationship with anybody. Whenever she tries to do so the alter ego or the second self of her mother comes in the way and tragically dissuades her from doing so.

This unhealthy influence of her mother makes Rachel Cameron think that being a mother is definitely having some privilege. In

fact, Rachel's mother always behaves positively and negatively. She always explores her but immediately after it, she says, "I don't mind dear-whatever you like." It means Rachel's mother is not lenient regarding Rachel's wish. But she does not show it or she does not hide it. Hence, taking all these things into consideration she starts to think about 'motherhood'. And from now onwards she thinks of motherhood as a powerful means to exercise virtual power and entertain freedom and authority. Thus, she takes the concept of 'motherhood' -in a negative light instead of "the traditional glorified concept of a mother.

Her elder sister, Stacey also plays an important role in Rachel's desire to be a mother. In fact, it is Stacey who is a sort of an ideal mother for Rachel. Stacey is married and has four healthy children and fully enjoys her married life. Unlike Rachel, she is bold. She does not shoulder any responsibility about her mother. But this is not the case with Rachel, so she says: "My great mistake was in being born the younger."

Thus, it seems that whatever the problems Rachel has, however hard it is she must become a mother so as to be able to 'exercise' the motherly power. She thinks that it is the only way to realize her 'self' identity and to assert her authority and ultimately she undertakes the attempts one after the other.

Rachel's first attempt at being a mother is sought through James, one of her students. James Doherty is a sweet little boy and he captivates her. Rachel treats him as her object of motherly love. She is not neutral in her treatment of James and she bothers

herself for that. To some extent she tries to be James' mother but thinking that her liking for James might distance him from his classmates and James' mother Grace Doherty, a strong woman who asserts the constructive forces of 'motherhood'. She retreats from this enterprise and has to think of another way. Her second attempt to be a mother is executed through Nick Kazlik, her former school friend. She thinks that it is her last ditch effort to save herself from the shame of eternal spinsterhood. When she meets Nick Kazlik, it's clearly seen how strongly she wishes to be a mother when she asks Nick: "I can't believe it could happen, though think like that-to grow a child inside one's structure and have it born alive? Not within me. It couldn't. I couldn't really believe it could ever happen. Nick, give to me." (117-118)

Thus, in order to be a mother, Rachel, with all her power and efforts establishes a close relationship with Nick. But the problem is with Nick, he is unable to satisfy her insatiable desire. There is mutual love relationship between Rachel and Nick, but a unilateral demand of sex to become a 'mother', only mother.

It must be noted that Nick himself likes Rachel and he is striving to establish his own identity, he himself is 'some one' but not a 'one'. Therefore he just has sexual relationship with Rachel, but when Rachel thinks of marrying him he withdraws from the relationship. He says: "I am not God, I can't solve anything." (182)

But before it, Rachel asks Nick about the child and she says: "If I had a child, I would like it to be yours." (181)

Here Nick plays the role of a victimizer who exploits Rachel. When he shows his own photograph to Rachel it creates again confusion for Rachel. It opens up various possibilities about his identity. Rachel has to break the relationship because she thinks that he is married. Her second attempt at being a 'biological mother' is also a failure.

Rachel's getting a tumor in her uterus and her taking it as her pregnancy causes much agony to her. When the tumor is removed every concrete trace of Rachel's relationship with Nick is removed, but the suffering, the sorrow, the humiliation she had to undergo is never recompensed. However, this enterprise is not disadvantages. This is not recompensed in relation to her suffering in the process of her transformation or metamorphosis. In this psychological attempt she says, "I am the mother now."

From this traumatic experience there takes place a sort of purgation in Rachel. Now she comes out or is born as a new 'being'. The suffering and the experience of suffering gives her the power and she is able to realize herself. Till this development in her life Rachel was a silent character, but now onwards she uses silence as a strategy to silence her foes. By the same strategy, she is able to make her 'self'- assertion a possibility. She becomes decisive, firm and assertive. She takes over some features of her mother and her sister, Stacey. In fact, opportunity, individuality and assertion of individuality, exercise of power and authority use of silence as a strategy are some of the themes which lead her to become a whole 'Being'.

Now she is able to control the

destructive motherly love of her mother. She succeeds in defeating her mother by using the same weapon of motherly love and motherly authority which her mother had used. After the operation she says, "I am the mother now." As a result of this, Rachel's journey in the search of her 'identity' or 'self' is completed.

To conclude, at the end of her journey and, her life in Manawaka, we find that she rebels against the entire world, God, Fate, her

mother, Nick, the society, etc. Actually at the end of her journey, Rachel wins in her quest for identity. She is a victor and her victory is true in the real sense of the word because now she possesses a child- her mother-psychological mother. Though Rachel had to undergo humiliation and depression, she comes out as a purified being. She has found her authentic self, her authentic identity. Now Rachel is a free independent being.

TRUE WORTH

*Rudra Narayan Mishra **

Care I not as to how you dress
Or how much of wealth you do possess
Or how oft you are known through the press
If your heart shows not in your face.

If goodwill and love you don't possess
But wear a cool, calm, charming grace
While in your heart burns a blast furnace
Of hate, envy, wrath and your own disgrace!

How your handsome hand avails
Soft, smooth and clean with manicured nails
If for the service-of-humanity's sake
It fails its bit of sacrifice to make?

How fares it with your well-shod feet
That hardly the dust and grass do meet
Kept comfortable and warm with so much care
If they run not others' sufferings to share?

Care I little for those bewitching eyes
So adeptly taught to wear a guise
If beam they not with a glowing smile
But burn with scorn and hatred vile?

How does it help, your good physique,
That ever does the pleasures of senses seek,
That strives for nought but selfish ends
And never a thought for others lends?

What's the worth of your wisdom rare
Gained with pain and nurtured with care
If directs it not its bright brilliance
To dispel the darkness of growing ignorance?

* Dhankanal, Orissa

FLOWERING OF HUMANISM

Courtesy:Sri Aurobindo's Action-April 2010

One day a man saw an old lady, stranded on the side of the road, but even in the dim light of day, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His Pontiac was still sputtering when he approached her.

Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so. Was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe; he looked poor and hungry.

He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was that chill which only fear can put in you.

He said, 'I'm here to help you, ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Bryan Anderson.' Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough. Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire. But he had to get dirty and his hands hurt.

As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from St. Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid.

Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk. The lady asked how much she owed

him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped.

Bryan never thought twice about being paid. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way.

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance they needed, and Bryan added, 'And think of me.'

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good, as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight.

A few miles down the road the lady saw a small cafe. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and take the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps. The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The waitress came over and brought a clean towel to wipe her wet hair. She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn't erase. The lady noticed the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches

change her attitude. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered Bryan.

After the lady finished her meal, she paid with a hundred dollar bill. The waitress quickly went to get change for her hundred dollar bill, but the old lady had slipped right out the door. She was gone by the time the waitress came back. The waitress wondered where the lady could be. Then she noticed something written on the napkin.

There were tears in her eyes when she read what the lady wrote: 'You don't owe me anything. I have been there too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you do: Do not let this chain of love end with you.'

Under the napkin were four more \$100 bills.

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard....

She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, 'Everything's going to be all right. I love you, Bryan Anderson.'

SLEEP ON PEACEFULLY

*Dr. C. Jacob**

In this vast, tranquil, lonely mansion,
Go on sleeping, O' king of kings:

In this bright starry night,
Like a silver mountain,

In the glittering light of Taj Mahal,
Go on slumbering, O' king of kings:

Your light of hope, your sweet image,
Near the grave of your consort, Muntaaj,
Sleep on peacefully, O' king of kings.

Translation of the famous song of late M.S. Rama Rao on Emperor Shahjahan

* Dist. Sessions Judge (Retd.), Barrevari street,
Narsapur

STATUS SYMBOL

*Aelikatte Sankar Rao **

Babul trees and other wasteland trees were being cut down one by one. Axes were playing on the trunks of the trees. Chips of wood were flying *in tile* air.

His scalp burning in the scorching Sun, *Addala* (spectacles) Rama Rao sat in the shadow of a big palm tree. All his thoughts were centred around those ten acres before him.

The thirsty land cracked its mouth wide open for water. All these years it was like a desert. Luckily, a canal is coming now. They can live happily. The sweat and toil of all these days are going to end. Their hopes and dreams are going to materialize. So he was getting his land levelled.

"What Papulu! Will it be over today? Told you to get some more workers but you said they are not available", said Addala Rama Rao seeing Papulu coming. Papulu spat out the beedi from his mouth, "Aa... Can these few people pull them down *ayya*, (sir)? Each tree is very huge and bulky. Hands aching. Nobody coming. Call any body. They readily give a pretext that they have some work or the other". Saying this Papulu came near Rama Rao and stood there.

They have been cutting trees for two

days. On one side, poclainer was extracting the stumps along with the roots. They can take labourers even for that but they gasp out of breath, unable to pull out. Only poclainer can complete the work in one single session. Rama Rao began thinking about works to be taken up later.

"By the way, do you think the canal will come *ayya*?", said Papulu with a tinge of doubt in his tone.

"Why not Oi ? The government is thinking very much about the farmers. Though not for us, they must bring water at least to stop them demanding for 'Telangana', said Rama Rao snapping Kamanchi twigs, used for brushing teeth.

Papulu sighed deeply, "Don't know *ayya*. It's all your trust. N.T. Rama Rao also showed canals dug alongside the roads, tantalizing us when he was the Chief Minister. We waited for water to flow. But what happened! This CM is also showing dry canals. Let's wait and see".

"Will it be always like that Oi. These days are different from those days. Whoever comes as the Chief Minister, he has to continue with canal work and give us water. If not, won't water come under his seat?", said Addala Rama Rao as if he knew politics.

"Don't know *ayya*. Everybody hopes for the canal. Levelling even age-old barren

* Translated by Dr. N.S. Rahul, Lecturer in English, Siricilla, Karimnagar Dist.

lands". Papulu drank some water and moved towards work, winding a turban around his head.

Addala man closed his eyes and was lost in deep thought. The land was glittering like glass. The canal was flowing noisily. Ten acres of land was filled with glistening greenery after plantation. His eyes were feasting on his agricultural land, with the ultimate satisfaction. Addala man's dream was disturbed by a dust raising car. Wondering whose car it could be on this dusty village road, Addala Rama Rao adjusted his spectacles and looked through. The car slowed down and stopped on the path at an arm's length from the palm trees. Four white robed persons alighted the car and walked towards the palm trees. Addala Rama Rao sensed that they had come for him. They neared him. No known persons. But he smiled at them invitingly.

"Are you Mr. Rama Rao?", asked a fat white-robed man, adjusting his moustache with the tips of the thumb and middle finger. Nodding his head acknowledging, Rama Rao said "You are ..."

"I am Gangi Reddy. This is Doctor Prasad", he said pointing to the other man.

Addala Rama Rao shaking his head said, "Going somewhere on work?" "For searching land on this route. Coming inquiring every passerby", said Gangi Reddy.

Rama Rao understood everything. Since the rumours about the canal began spreading, this deserted road was flooded with people. Though earthen, it is a beautiful road from Nalgonda. Just three kilometers after

Mushampally. At the most twelve kilometers from Nalgonda. The eyes of all the rich people were fixed on the lands on this route.

"Seems you've come here by mistake", said Rama Rao.

From the moment Nalgonda people began eyeing these lands, prices had gone up rapidly. Until recently nobody cared to glance at this side to pay even ten thousand rupees an acre. But now, within six months, they are ready to pay sixty thousand an acre. Already two or three persons in the village had sold their land. Addala Rama Rao recollected this changing situation.

"Doctor saab wants ten acres. He is trying to find somewhere around here...", said Gangi Reddy looking straight into the eyes of Addala Rama Rao. Those looks meant that they came to him only after knowing that Rama Rao has ten acres of land.

Rama Rao recalled the lean doctor, who was a physician at Gollaguda hospital. He practices elsewhere also. They say he earns lots of money with four hands. He prescribes tests which cost at least five hundred rupees, to each patient.

What can anybody do with such easy money? They pay any amount and buy lands to grow gardens. Show false accounts, telling that they acquired all the money on agriculture to evade tax. In fact, there is no relation between investment and profit of such people's agricultural land. Even if they lose on agriculture, in accounts, they show they gained from it "Last year our neighbouring farmer sold fifteen acres to a bar shop owner in

Miryalagudem. That's it. Nobody around this place has ten acres as a single lot", said Rama Rao.

Gangi Reddy enquired about all these things before going there. He made rounds of all the villages as a land-broker. Who had how much, the price, etc. Everything is a beaten track for him.

Gangi Reddy had no other way but to stop beating about the bush.

"Doctor saab likes to purchase land. If it is nice, clean land, he is ready to pay a thousand this way or that ". Gangi Reddy sounded that he was talking about Rama Rao's land.

"Came to know that you are selling your land. Why don't you announce your price a paisa less or more?", the doctor shot his arrow in darkness, observing Rama Rao standing silently.

Rama Rao was shocked and felt as if a heavy stone was hurled upon him. All these years he was sitting idle without any work. Now in the hope of getting water, he is getting his land levelled.

His son came back completing engineering. He wished to go to America. Though he was nagging him about it every day, he has been saying, "It is not possible for the likes of us son." If that is what he was telling his son about the land, will he give it just because these people asked for it?

"No, no. I have no idea of selling it", said Rama Rao making it clear that he wanted to put a stop to the discussion.

Gangi Reddy continued, "It costs sixty thousand an acre these days. I think you know it. Doctor saab pays all the amount in lump sum. Think again". Rama Rao knew that it was not sixty thousand, but it went upto eighty thousand during the last two three days. But any way, he doesn't want to sell, he thought.

The doctor stared at the land again and again. Nice red soil. Neatly levelled, he thought. As Rama Rao didn't give any scope for further discussion, the doctor bargained, "Why don't you come out, if you want ten or twenty more?"

Rama Rao's face went pale and eyes reddened. Seeing this, Gangi Reddy turned his head aside and said, "We'll come back in two days. Consider it again", and then turned back.

"Bastards. They earn left and right, exploiting others. Go along with the current of water. They rob land from the poor people's mouth tempting them with money. How can any peasant sleep peacefully, when these people are pestering around like dogs on Korlapunnam, a festival of cakes that are offered to dogs.

Addala Rama Rao stretched himself on his cot. He knew that the bargainers from Nalgonda are making rounds frequently. These days they were bargaining for land even waking up sleeping farmers. Now the time has come that the farmer cannot see the greenery on his land any more.

He has a daughter. Married her off and sent her away. The son got a seat in

engineering. Four, five years, he struggled a lot to send him money. He inherited the land from his father. He did not even see his land all these years because of drought. But now there was hope. Canal was coming. Why should he sell the land now, and what should he do with that money? The son is building castles in the air. Engineering...software..., dreaming about flying in airplanes.

Rama Rao's thoughts were disturbed and he opened his eyes when he heard his son calling him 'Bapu'. "Bapu, working hard in India is just bonded labour. But in America... in five years, we can earn so much of money that even two, three generations cannot eat away all the money. My friend's brother went to America, stayed there for three years, came back and purchased an apartment for ninety lakhs you know? But if we stay in India, we cannot earn even ninety thousand. Think about it" Rama Rao's head reeled with shock.

"Bapu. It's a good opportunity. Passport also has come. Let's apply for Visa. There are abundant software jobs in America. Fortunately, the prices of our lands have increased. Many people are coming to buy. Don't spoil my future clinging to "land and agriculture". Impatience peeped through Akash's voice.

Rama Rao felt as if his whole body was set ablaze. What does Akash, who strolled around school and college, know about the value of land? Against all odds, he trusted his land... It is there because he loved and cared for it so much. He is still respected in the village. He is a kid. Always lisps the words like 'studies', 'job in America', 'career', but does he ever understand about the

attachment to land?

"Don't link your future to the land. Do whatever you want", said Rama Rao sternly.

* * * * *

There has been at least one quarrel a day for the last four days between father and the son.

Land buyers were coming everyday. Prices were shooting up... Morning one price, night another.

Everybody talks about lands and bargaining. Owners of two three acres are forming into groups to make unified ten acres and offering them for sale. There was nobody to ask for one two acres.

"We have ground our muscles for this bloody agriculture. What have we gained? Now the value of land is soaring so high we never dreamed of. We can live just by eating the interest we get depositing the amount we get by selling our land".

These are the words mouthed by the fatigued farmers now-a-days.

Rama Rao was struggling like an entrapped mouse. He peeped out hearing the screeching of a car in front of the house and saw Gangi Reddy, the doctor and two new faces along with his son.

A twinkle in Akash's eyes. Rama Rao was sitting, head bent.

"What have you decided?" asked

Gangi Reddy sticking a smile on his face. Rama Rao gulped and could not speak. The doctor understood that he softened. "Strike the iron while it's hot", he thought.

"What lands *chinnayana*, (uncle). Anybody who developed cultivable land? Twenty acres at Annaram. Water facility is also there. Offer came. Sold immediately without second thought", said the stranger intimately hinting that Rama Rao also should sell his land.

Gangi Reddy grew energetic with new enthusiasm. "Doctor saab got fascinated by your land. They are not giving more than sixty, seventy. It's not unknown to you, But to you, he is ready to pay eighty thousand an acre, It's your will, if you still hesitate..,"

Rama Rao felt like a hen in a closed kitchen. Looked at his son's face. He understood that his silence was unbearable to him.

"My father is hesitating only about the price", said Akash.

Rama Rao understood his son's dash. "Go on", he said clutching his head with his hands. Akash's face was brightened with joy. He was flying in the air as if he was already in the plane to America.

"But that price won't do", said Akash. The doctor and Gangi Reddy looked at each other's faces.

"What Bapu, shall we sell for one lakh an acre?", said Akash looking into his father's face. Rama Rao nodded his head like a dumb ox.

After a lot of hesitation and bargaining, the doctor saab said "yes".

Agreement was drawn immediately on the stamp papers which they had brought. Rama Rao received fifty thousand towards advance. They went away saying that the registration would be done in fifteen days.

* * * * *

Akash got his visa in six months. Air ticket was also booked. Fifteen days to fly.

Rama Rao felt as if his limbs were smashed or paralysed.

Attachment between the man and the land is waning. The land has become only a saleable commodity. He, his parents, his grand parents thought that the land was their blood relation. But now... !

He could not imagine himself and his wife living in the village without a cent of land. He decided to shift to Nalgonda before his son left.

He received the total amount and deposited the balance money left after Akash's expenses were met. Having no land to rely on, now they have to live like cattle grazing the grass, eating the interest. It is inevitable now. What else can he do?

No one can afford to buy even a two room tiled house. Farmers were migrating to Nalgonda, disposing of all their land and attachment. Who wants to buy a house in the village when nobody wants to live there?

Left the outskirts of the village with a loaded lorry and a heavy heart. Lorry was sliding on the earthen road.

Was it not their land for generations! A beautiful four-roomed building was already erected in the middle of the land, with fencing around it. The land now is not for farmers to toil on it and harvest crops. It is for the guest houses of exploiters and rich people. For their celebrations and parties in the lap of nature... for fruit gardens.

Tears rolled down Rama Rao's eyes involuntarily.

On the same land, the same villagers who once owned it, became labourers. They now pluck weeds. They water the gardens. When canals and water are available, the owners of the land change but the fate of the men who trust land won't change.

Tomorrow, his son also may offer two or four lakhs per acre to buy an estate, when he comes back from America, to maintain his **status**.

Now the land does not belong to farmers. It is the handmaid of money. Land is not for agriculture. It is just a status symbol.

A LETTER TO MY SON

*G . Somaseshu **

NO words can praise thy sublime rise
You sprang indeed a pleasant surprise
A due reward for your sincere ways
You proved, my son that smart work pays.

Star of our family, you do attain
With this star status redoubled shine
A sense of thrill with joyous pride
Pervades my heart--I cannot hide!

Be ever happy; act with prudence
Be neither jealous nor be tense
No ups and downs should shake your soul.
Have faith and patience, pursue your goal.

Rise higher and higher like a star
Sky is the limit--no stumbling bar--
True worship is hard work--be cool and wise
True contentment in our duty lies.

I wish you laurels more and more
Thank God to pour His generous store
Of blessings on thee, I humbly pray
Progress knows no dead end; create new ways.

*- This is a beautiful poem reminding us of
the famous advice of Polonius us to his
son Laerter*

* Retd. Principal, Hindupur, Anantapur Dist.

YOU GRANTED ME

*Dr. N. Sarma Rachakonda **

You granted me a galaxy of stars,
Enchanting dawn and purple wine on west;
The changing face of sky and flight of birds,
The poet-laureates of nature's estate;
The dazzle of noon, and softness of full moon;
The gentleness of rain, and scent of flowers;
The rattle of leaves and brook's unceasing
chatter;
The miracle of grass and the placid march of
cattle;

The flamboyance of fall, and fall of snow
On stark beauty of trees bereft of leaf;
The warmth of summer, and tenderness of
spring.
Fireside and family love, and loyal friends,
A world of letters, expanding science, and art
All these and more your largess to me
One more I need, grant me the human touch
Teach me to feel my neighbor's pain
Teach me to help the utmost within reach

* A Poet and Scholar, Visakhapatnam

BOOK REVIEW

Centenary Souvenir, No. of pages: Telugu (155), English (116), Price: Rs. 200/-, Name: **Ram Manohar Lohia**, Editor: **Ravela Somayya** (Compiler).

It is a voluminous, highly informative and well-got-up, bilingual souvenir depicting the various aspects of Ram Manohar Lohia's eventful life and outstanding contribution to the politics and parliamentary debates and discussions in India. As a revolutionary and creative thinker he was known for his original and progressive ideology.

This souvenir is the end and culmination of a series of seminars and programmes in India and abroad. In fact, Humbolt university in Berlin organized a special programme on the intellectual and socio political contributions of Rammanohar Lohia,

with the participation of eminent professors and economists.

The staggering number of contributors includes the names of well-known scholars, economists and political thinkers. Apart from the articles, the souvenir contains rare photographs in colour and black and white.

Sri Ravela Somayya who has made a splendid job of compilation and editing deserves to be congratulated for successfully creating revival of interest in the great man who contributed a meaningful episode to Indian history.

The book should find a place in every library.

-Dr. I. Sathyasree

READERS' MAIL

Your editorial Can Media Regulate It self? Is a timely reminder about the constraint needed for media to play a constructive role. The Hon. Ex. President of India, Dr. A. P.J Abdul Kalam rightly pointed out "In India we only read about death, sickness, terrorism and crime. Why are we so negative?" I hope your article will sensitize the media so that it does not give much hype to sensational events and trivialities.

Radha Murthy's essay 'Tara- The Shining Star' is quite revealing and interesting. The short story The Farmer's Suicide by Binapani Biswas is a realistic satire mixed with pathos. The story is quite moving and at the same time exposes the hidden selfish motives of politicians.

**-G. Somaseshu
Hindupur**

Really enamoured to read your editorial in Triveni April-June 2010 issue which speaks of instant speed and automation. As you say 'slow and steady wins the race'. Therefore, instead of hustle, bustle, scamper and hurry one has to adopt gradualness, patience and perseverance to be successful in life. I liked your quotation from Conway in the noted "Last Horizon".

**- Bhavana S. Chary
Hyderabad**

I was delighted when I read your editorial (Triple stream) "GET BACK TO GRADUALNESS" and repeated it over and over again.

It was a brilliant article and made me to recollect our good old student days (of our generation) when a bicycle was considered a luxury.

Your editorial was truly wonderful and speaks of the class of a person you are. Triveni and its readers are very fortunate to have you at the helm of the management of the Journal.

**-K.S. Sunder Rao
Hyderabad**

You have done a lot to improve the get up of Triveni. The contents have vastly improved. Therefore no defect or deficiency should mar it. You have illustrious editor predecessors but I am glad to say that you have excelled all of them.

**-Dr. R.R. Menon, I.A.S. (Retd)
Banglore**

Your contribution to the world of language and literature over a very long time is immense. Truly inspiring is your role in the sphere of culture and education.

The Triveni is a standing testimony to your dedication to the preservation and maintenance of intellectual Journalism, particularly in English. It will be a guiding star and will be remembered for a long time.

**- S.B. Prasad
New Delhi**

New Life Members

The following is the list of Life Members who have joined the TRIVENI family during May 2010 - July 2010. The **TRIVENI FOUNDATION** welcomes them.

LIFE MEMBERS:-

1. Mr. Vaman Nerurkar
2. Prof. Ramaprasada Rao
3. Mr. M. K. Somayajulu
4. Dr. C. Jacob
5. Mr. B. S. Krishna Rao
6. Madhavrao Patil Art's, Commerce & Science College
7. Mahamandleshwar Shri Krishnanandji College of Commerce
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13. Mr. A. Sesha Chalam
14. Mr. J. Ravindranath
15. Mr. Jupally Srinivasarao
16. Mr. Varun Jupally
17. Dr. Soundarya Joseph
18. Ms. Khaja Shujath Ahmed
19. Mr. K. Vivekanandam

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

Attention Subscribers!!

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

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(Run by Vivekananda Seva Samithi)

Sharada Nilayam,

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