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- Editor

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We regret to inform the sad demise of Dr. Y.V.S.S. Murthy on 20th March,2010 at Hyderabad after a brief illness. Dr. Murthy was a philanthropist and supported a number of literary and charitable trusts with munificent donations. The Triveni family offers condolences to the bereaved family. May his soul rest in peace.

-Triveni Foundation

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Triple stream:

GET BACK TO GRADUALNESS

I.V.Chalapati Rao

Editor

Our Journey through modern life is full of rocks, rapids, strong currents and whirlpools. In this jet age of fast track life the word 'gradualness' is fast disappearing from the world. It has become the least used word in the dictionary. We are caught in the daily grind which is mechanical and meaningless. In addition we have the social bind. We want quick fix solutions, instant action, one-minute decisions and on-the-spot judgements. Today speed is the be-all and end all of our lives. We have no time to sit and think.

Today we are surrounded by people whose basic inclination is to be doing something or going somewhere fast. We are stressed out, suffer burn-out and invite ill-health. We have to beat deadlines.

The tortoise in the race fixed in Aesop's Fables is not our ideal because we lack the intelligence to grasp the hidden message of the story. We do not appreciate Euripides who recommended gradualness in three words 'slowly but surely' because he belonged to the 5th Century B.C. and is considered dated.

In Shakespeare's TEMPEST, Ariel boasted that he could put a girdle round the globe in forty minutes'. This might have impressed the contemporaries of Shakespeare who traveled in horse-drawn coaches. Our speed merchants of today would think that

40 minutes would cause serious delay! Today the fate of time is pathetic. Instant is the word now. It is like instant coffee. We want even instant Nirvana too unlike Goutam Buddha and other great souls who patiently waited for many years.

We have to get through the morning rush hour. Our breathless daily grind includes quick performance of ablutions, scrupulously keeping to a pushing schedule, dashing off to work place in the morning, safely commuting to the place of duty amidst traffic jams plonking in our seats to work for eight hours doing the same type of work at a hurried pace till the evening with a ten minute break for quick lunch. A meager meal and a poor semi sleep at night before the ritual restarts. Life runs like this! Life will be dull and drab, if we don't look forward to tomorrow with mist in our eyes! We need time to relax, unwind and rejuvenate. Even people who play games need off-season, don't they?

Is it not wise to have sufficient time to think? What is the result of instant everything? Boredom, nausea, and burn-out. The real sources of life's enjoyment are expectation, suspense, anticipation or imagination which we miss in our haste and hurry. There is a world of truth in the saying 'haste makes waste'. It is a cure of gradualness which declutters our minds.

In the novel 'The Lost Horizon' Conway the hero said that he would eat the sugarcane slowly bit by bit to prolong the pleasure of savouring its sweetness without reaching the end of the experience too quickly. We gulp our meals! Wise people's approach will be gradual-slow and steady-to relish every minute of existence. Fertile soil is the result of plentiful gradualness. Men who achieved great things in life labored for years with patience, perseverance and hope without fixing deadlines and time targets. They wisely avoided hustle, bustle, scamper and flurry. The life stories of successful men support the philosophy of gradualness. Slowing down is not being lazy or sluggish. It gives time to think and act deliberately maintaining a sense of calm.

When I was young, no telephone ringing rudely interrupted my work. Very rarely the door bell rang at dinner time. We had no e-mails to answer. No automobile horn startled walkers to the far side of the road.

The roads were safe with pavements unoccupied by shopkeepers. The blare of loud speakers did not disturb our peace and break our ear drums. Privacy provides thoughts too deep for expression. Leisure, God's gift costless luxury kept us healthy and mentally balanced. We could enjoy the undisturbed study of the classics and the viewing of the master pieces of painting and traditional dances, (not break dances which break our nerves) and listening to Saigal's songs. In the so-called break dances the hero wearing multicolored dress and dark glasses leap frogs with the flimsily attired heroine. In the bygone days we could enjoy the emerald beauties of Nature and share the reflections of Kalidasa, Wordsworth, and Thoreau who could say, "Let Shakespeare wait. I have an appointment with this dew drop". We have nostalgic memories. How to disentangle our selves from breakneck speed and get back to gradualness? How to be able to find private time with our family members and friends and have some fun to beat the stress?

RETIREMENT LIMERICKS

*J.M. Girglani (Late)**

There was a man from Sindh
who served in Telugu Land
he vanished from circulation
friends thought he'd expired
the fact is he's just retired
on attaining the age of salvation.

As Officer superannuated
walked with a stately gait

into the Pension Payment Office portals
he asked for his pension
but received no attention
he swooned, cursing all unretired mortals

He added the word 'retired'
on his brass name-plate
least suspecting the enormous impact
his doorbell ceased to ring
the isolation began to sting
only pursuit of pension kept him in tact.

* I.A.S. (Retd.)

TOO MUCH WITH THE WORLD

*Dr R.M.V Raghavendra Rao (Late)**

No longer does the world on us pound,
 Its wealth does no longer abound.
 Even before the flower blossoms,
 The plants are severed from their bosoms.
 Even before the bird's eggs are hatched,
 They are all by human hands snatched.
 Even while the wedding rings are exchanged,
 For lure or passion the partners are changed.
 Even before the earth yields the grain,

It is made red by the cannon's rain.
 How many pregnant wombs reach the
 maternity premises,
 Before the jams on the way clear the
 passages!
 'The world is no longer too much with us'
 Man has emptied the planet of values,
 To erect only its monuments and statues.
 We have grown faithless, in greed overgrown
 With the sapless seed of life outworn.
 We alone are too much with the world-
 A destiny's burden on the globe.

*Retd. Professor of English, New Science
 College, Hyderabad

WHEN MINDS STINK

*O. P. Arora**

Down with injustice
 Down with dictatorship
 Down Down
 Down with... anything, everything.

We raised these slogans
 twenty years ago.
 and today too
 the same spot, the tone too.

Twenty years!
 Michael Jackson has gone
 Obama has come

America and Europe are out
 India and China are in.
 Hetero or homo, gays or lesbians,
 test-tube or womb-hire
 nudity or sex, marriage with the ex
 adultery is in
 virginity is out.

Mobile to internet
 man is daily put to test
 today is not yesterday
 nor is it what would be tomorrow.

And yet we raise the same slogans
 we raised twenty years ago. . .
 May be, the world rightly mocks at our twitter
 and we, offended at its indifference, jitter.

*A poet and novelist, Delhi

CONVERSE BETWEEN MAN AND CLOUD

*T. Padmanabhan **

Man:
 'Wayward, Willful, listless-
 Which art thou, cloud?
 A blot on the cerulean sky
 Or mercy o' erspreading the same?
 A speck or a vasty stretch
 On or across the impartial sky
 Which accommodates you
 And your dull, unvarying colour
 And dazzling and chaotic colours too;
 Which lodges the source of heat and light,
 And of the force that tones it down-
 The wind and the rain alike;
 The sky supposedly the seat
 Of heavenly bodies
 Suggestive too of
 The behind the beyond up above
 And of the one who presides
 At and over the affairs of all else.
 Man surely troubled over present misery
 Looks up oftener than within
 For the source thereof and also
 The means of relief thereof.
 There he discerns just you
 With ever varying formation of your forces;
 Fickle, following flighty fancy,
 Be sporting a soft exterior,
 Behind which hides a flinty heart.

Do you have a will of your own
 That leads you to disown
 Your loyalty and responsibility

To one of your sponsors
 Or say one of your clients
 Leaving it agape in parts with thirst
 And in others, limp, fatigued
 By excess or withheld aqueous favours?'

Says the cloud:
 'Will, I have none of mine own;
 I career along as my heavenly guide bids;
 If he chooses, of thirst, the earth he rides;
 When he so wills, the earth he drowns,

Denudes it of sap and strength
 Or endows it with just enough
 Of the vitalising force as crowns
 It with riches as emerald, green,
 So the earth with just pride, preen
 Itself with awareness
 Of authoring man's ever-green hope
 And of its fulfillment too.

When bidden by my lord,
 Whether parched earth or lush sward,
 With excess of my essence I o'errun,
 Where mankind unthrifty and unkind
 Inflicts on silent-suffering earth
 Wound over wound, hurt on hurt,
 Reckless of aught but
 What brightens their present,
 Of aught but the here and now;
 My lord's grim displeasure I convey.

Where human kind solicitously bind
 Earth's wounds and hurts with tender care
 The lord lays his kindness bare

* IAS (Retd.), Hyderabad

For their hope-wrapped hearts
 With merciful message, so men grow sage
 Under the gift of his golden touch.

Be the message you receive suffering or
 delight,
 I am but a messenger, he the author of the
 Message.'

IT'S A WEIRD WORLD

*K.V.V. Subrahmanyam**

It's a weird world with savage blasts
 Out to destroy fellowmen with hate;
 Heaven knows how long this madness lasts
 Will death roll the terrorist's appetite sate?

Science and I. T advance by leaps and bounds
 Boundaries of nation states are shrinking
 Rumour mills of envy and malice go the rounds
 The vengeful are out to continue blood drinking

The adage has it "all religions lead to Rome"
 Compassion engraved in all holy books;

But this seems not to have gone home
 In those with fiendish, blood thirsty looks

Preachers and practitioners of ancient lore
 Hardly have time to set their house in order
 Their sermons should reach those on the floor
 Cutting across inter religious border

Can this be real or an empty dream?
 For humankind to survive vengeful plans
 There should be a ray of hope and gleam,
 to fuse universal faith and clans.

* I.P.S (Retd), Poet, Hyderabad

*A poem is not what you think It is not finding but trembling on the brink of finding.
 It is not the where but the road to there.*

- EDSEL FORD

THE GOSPEL OF DHARMA IN THE EPIC OF VALMIKI

*M.S. Srinivasan**

In the Indian tradition, the great epics of Valmiki and Vyasa are not considered as mere legend, myth and history but as Dharma-shastras, gospels of Dharma. And this concept of Dharma is a unique creation of the Indian mind. It is not a speculative concept of the intellect but an intuitive perception of the laws of the human and universal Nature and its application to human development.

In the evolution of Indian thought, the concept of Dharma appears before the epics, in the Brahmanas and Upanishads. But in the pre-epical period, this unique concept of the Indian genius remains rather vague and imprecise denoting in a general way the ethical and social law. But in the epics, the concept of Dharma acquires central prominence, and its deeper psychological, spiritual and pragmatic significances are brought-out with a greater fullness. This article examines the Gospel of Dharma in the epic of Valmiki.

The Triple-Perspective

Dharma, put in simple terms, means right living and right action. But how to know what is Dharma? Valmiki in his epic presents three perspectives to this problem of knowing Dharma. We may name them as traditional, pragmatic and spiritual. If the actions of Rama, hero of Ramayana can be considered as reflecting the views of its author, then Valmiki

seems to be a traditionalist. But this could be a peripheral view. A deeper and broader view of the epic may provide a different perspective. We will come to this broader view a little later. Let us first look at the three perspectives on Dharma delineated by Valmiki.

The Traditional View

First is the view of the traditionalist. In this view, Dharma is what is laid down in the scriptures and by wise men of the old. The rules ordained in the scriptures have to be followed scrupulously and faithfully without any compromise, questioning or discussion. The hero of Valmiki, Rama on many occasions puts forward this traditional view as the justification for his unquestioning acceptance of the command of his father to relinquish his kingdom and depart to the forest. Father, Mother and the Guru are equal to God, declares the ancient scripture, and therefore their command has to be obeyed without questioning. As Rama says to his mother Kausalya:

"Implicit obedience to one's father has been the law laid down by the rishis and all our ancestors followed it. Think of Parsurama, his father, the saintly Jamadagni, asked him to kill his mother, Renuka and the son obeyed his father because that is the only dharma to be followed. Please do not think I am the first person to follow this path of obedience to the father. Many of my predecessors have done

*Scholar, frequent contributor to Sri Aurobindo Action - courtesy

the same thing and I am following in their footsteps. I have been taught early in my life that the son who obeys his father is sure of a place in heaven. The rules of Dharma taught by the great ones cannot be false. I believe in the shastra and I will obey my father in everything”.

But Rama is confronted with objections to his view based on the very same traditional stand-point. For example Kausalya, Rama's mother says "Rama you speak of dharma and that very dharma says that a mother is as sacred to a man as his father. Both are your gurus. And I command you not to go. I say that you shall stay by my side and serve me." Similarly Vasistha's advice and command to Rama, when he was in the forest, brings out clearly some of the traditional ideals of Dharma in ancient India. The great sage says to Rama:

"Rama, I am your Guru---A man has to obey three gurus. One is the father, the other is the mother and third is the Guru who has initiated him into the mysteries of Gayatri. The third is superior to the other two since the father and mother are but life-givers while the guru shows man the path to the other world, the world of spirituality. You owe me something and you should obey me. For the sake of all these people who have assembled here, for the sake of the antecedents of your family, for the sake of Bharatha and to honor my words you should come back to Ayodhya and be crowned. Your Dharma will not be tainted if you do what I ask you to do, come back to Ayodhya."

But Rama is not in a mood to listen to his mother or even his revered Guru. He

dismisses his mother's request as ignorant lamentations of a sorrowful woman and his Guru's advice makes him unhappy. He follows with an inflexible resolve to go to the forest in obedience to his father's command, which he seems to believe firmly as the true dharma.

The Pragmatic View

The second perspective is that of the pragmatist who believes that one should not follow blindly the old texts, the Shastra. The scriptural injunctions have to be viewed carefully in the context of situations and circumstances before coming to a decision regarding what is Dharma. Rama's three brothers, who were totally opposed to Rama's banishment seem to hold this pragmatic view of Dharma. Their argument is how can a command given under an evil or adharmic influence or by one who has no control over his senses be considered as Dharma? As Lakshmana says to his Mother.

"I do not see any reason for the banishment of Rama from the country and for the command he should live in the forest. The Rama, the sinless one, cannot be condemned to such a punishment without reason. The king is so shameless that he has become an adharmic, because of this woman. The king, who has lost sight of the difference between dharma and adharma, who is but a slave to his senses, has to be judged rightly. No one is prepared to accept his command as righteous."

And the youngest brother of Rama, Shatrugna says to Bharatha:

"I am intrigued about the behaviour of my brother Lakshmana----How is it he did

not control this madness in our father? If a king, known for righteousness, becomes suddenly bereft of it because of his infatuation for a woman, and in the process, loses sight of Dharma, and does wrong things, then it is up to others to interfere, consider what is right and wrong and prevent the injustice from taking shape. I do not know what stayed the hand of my brother."

The Spiritual Perspective:

The third position is that of the spiritual man and the yogi. Valmiki articulates this spiritual perspective on Dharma briefly and clearly in the words of Rama. "Only the Atman knows what is dharma and adharma" and in the words of Rama's queen Sita: "The word Dharma has such subtle shades of meaning. It is couched in no uncertain terms and yet it is not easy to know what is one's Dharma. To act rightly without swerving even a hair's breath from it is possible only for one who has no desires in his mind".

Putting together and synthesizing the words of Ram and Sita, we may say that we can know what is Dharma precisely only by the intuition of our spiritual self, which manifests when the mind is free from desire. Dharma is too complex and subtle to be known by the fixed tenets of the scripture or the deliberations

of the pragmatic or the thinking mind. Only the spiritual Self, the Atman which is beyond the mind, knows clearly and precisely what is Dharma. But our human mind cannot have this higher knowledge of the Atman as long as it lives in the turmoil of desire. Only when the mind is free from desire, and as a result still and silent, this higher knowledge reflects itself in the silent mind as a precise intuition of what is the right thing to be done at every moment or situation.

Sri Aurobindo's comments on Ramayana and Mahabharata

...although Valmiki, writing the poem of mankind, drew his chief figures in the Hindu model and Vyasa, writing a great national epic, lifted his divine hero above the basis of national character into an universal humanity, yet the original purpose of either poem remains intact. In the Ramayana under the disguise of an Aryan golden age, the wide world with all its elemental impulses and affections finds itself mirrored. The Mahabharata reflects rather a great Aryan civilisation with the types, ideas, aims and passions of a heroic and pregnant period in the history of a high-hearted and deep-thoughted nation.

In the endless ocean of life man finds only what he seeks, St. Francis of Assisi found God, Einstein found the Laws of the Cosmos.

....Alexis Carrel

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is not a trifle"

-Michael Angelo

MARRIAGE AND MORAL CONFLICT IN SHASHI DESHPANDE'S "IN THE COUNTRY OF DECEIT"

*T. Kalpana, M. Shobha Rani**

Shashi Deshpande is an important novelist of Rahimnagar. As a second generation woman writer, she examines the status and position of women in Indian society. Her concerns include the portrayal of the complexity of man-woman relations against the background of Indian patriarchy. Though not an avowed feminist, she adopts middle path advocating that a woman should have an identity and a choice of her own without conflict with men. Most of her novels are concerned with her preoccupation that walking out of the social institutions like marriage and family does not solve the problems that the educated, urban, middle class women confront in the present scenario.

Her latest novel, *The Country of Deceit* is a continuation of Deshpande's concerns and themes. In this novel, she deals with the theme of the legitimacy of Indian marriages and the growing conflict and incompatibility. She portrays the rising awareness of the rights and freedom of choice of the women. The novel is based on a love relationship between a married man and an unmarried woman. They are Ashok and Devayani. In contrast, her sister Savitri is lucky in the sense she marries a doctor 'Shree Patwardhan' who loves and looks after her well. Deshpande vindicates that the unconventional man-woman relations are

bound to result in failure. The novelist achieves this by portraying the man-woman relations in contrastive and comparative terms.

The writer presents a series of marital relationships of the failed ones. One of them is the relationship between Ashok and Devayani. Devayani meets Ashok in a party. He is immediately attracted to her. Though reluctant initially, she follows suit. Love grows between them. Ashok makes it clear that he is a married man with a daughter, but still Devayani loved him. Thus the opening of the novel runs on the conventional lines of 'boy meets the girl', and 'love at first sight'. But the problem arises since one is already married, and the other is not. The relationship between his wife and her husband is mechanical. There is no love and attachment between them. In contrast, the intensity of Devayani's attachment and involvement with Ashok is evident in the way she expresses her innermost emotions towards Ashok:

Devayani defends her unconventional relationship with a married man in terms of her naive thinking, which however cannot have social and family sanctity and approval, because of which such a relationship is bound to undergo travails.

The aspect of conventional and unconventional relationship of women is portrayed in terms of contrast. Deshpande portrays Devayani in terms of her sister,

* Research Scholar, Karimnagar

Savitri, who is conventional. Devayani sees things in a different way in contrast to her sister Savitri, who considers it a kind of cheap and sordid affair aimed at satisfying bodily desires. In contrast to the man and woman relations, the narrator points out that body and mind cannot be separated easily. Similarly, lust and love too cannot be separated. What is mistaken for physical desire can be a means of expressing one's love and attachment. Body therefore is the medium of love as body is an instrument of perfect union devised by nature. But there should be correlative emotions of mutual love leading to inexpressible joy. As Devayani progresses in her love with Ashok, she slowly discovers a new dimension of dubiousness in her relationships with her people, who were very much attached to her. They cannot accept her relationship with Ashok, "You sound happy; Sindu has said... I said. I lied to her. Talking to Sindhu, Savi told me what had happened to me, I had entered the Country of Deceit."

However this kind of relationship is not without its concomitant consequences. The problem of a guilty conscience and, moral turpitude is clearly evident in the introspection of Devayani. She is caught in a conflict between the feelings of her heart for Ashok and the relationships with her people. At times she takes recourse to lying about her clandestine affair. The deception and lying slowly degrade and corrode her personality. She develops a suspicious nature because of the guilt. Slowly Devayani understands how deceiving and lying to her sister and aunt slowly corrupt her soul and self-respect. She realizes that the danger done to the spirit is more than the damage done to the body. She deplores, "I am tired of lying and deceiving

others. I have always known it is much worse for you, but I too have my bonds and I can't go on lying to the people I love, I can't go on deceiving them."

The novel is basically about the question of conventional morality which is in confrontation with inner desires. The former does not allow her to cross the limits of morality, whatever defense and justification she can offer for violating it. She cannot give up the feeling that what she is doing is indefensible since it impacts on other relationships. She has to maintain secrecy and duplicity which her transparent nature would not permit. In spite of the unforgettable experience of love and affection that she undergoes she realizes the illegitimacy of it. Hence she firmly comes to the conclusion that it is better to admit one's moral lapse rather than continue to defend it. She expresses it in her letter to Ashok, which is not posted, "There are no words for what you are to me. Do you remember my telling you on the first day we were together that I had been thinking all night of right and wrong? I knew even then that nothing could be right between us, that everything was wrong. The word love can't change anything. It is not a detergent that washes out the stains, the wrong remains a wrong." She realizes how luck and accident play a role in human life over which one has no control. She also realizes how complex they can become when one is caught in the web. Deshpande portrays this aspect very movingly. She realises that it is not so easy to get along with conflicts in man - woman relationships. Those who believe in conventional morality suppress their inner feelings. They never go against them. Therefore life always shields them. The narrator explores the mystery and riddle about

how some people are saved from the turmoil and turbulence of life.

The novel opens the moral questions of how sanctity and legitimacy are failures and yet held together by power of tradition and fear of adverse public opinion. The lives they led cannot be called successful relationships while the one between Rani and her husband is mechanical. The narrator poses the question whether it is better to have satisfying, emotional/mutually compatible man - woman relationship even though it may not last long, or whether one can live a life of conflict and friction suffering a sense of being trapped in a relationship which neither of them wishes to continue. Women are not willing to submit to the dictates of men as a matter of tradition even though marriage in a broad way is still treated as sacred bond. The issue of compatibility in marriage is still an unresolved issue and may aggravate in future with the rate of divorce increasing in an increasingly urban society. The writer presents a series of couples like Savitri the older sister of Devayani and Shree her husband, who are able to live happily and contentedly with their relationship, while their own parents and grand parents had a very difficult marital life punctuated with emotional incompatibility. The portrayal of

different characters helps the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The thrust of the novel is depiction of struggle between the conventionally accepted marital system and the emerging new patterns of man-woman relationships. The latter keeps challenging and subverting the validity of the former. It also reflects several degrees of compatibility between husband and wife. It shows how certain experiences cannot be accommodated. Shashi Deshpande does not reveal her stand in the novel. She does not pass any value judgments. Instead, she asserts towards the end the traditional morality. However, there is empathy for Devayani that she is unlucky in life, having fallen in love with a married man. Devayani's instinct tells her that relationship built on the betrayal and suffering of other human beings cannot be a happy one, because it haunts any sensitive person with a sense of guilt. The narrator presents a picture of how there are no readymade answers for complex emotional issues. Only time and gradual change of customs and values will provide a tentative solution of a balanced relationship between love and marriage in order to achieve a sense of fulfillment and harmony in life.

*This is the state of man
today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes;
to narrow blossoms
And bears his blushing
honours thick upon him
The third day comes a frost
a killing frost nips its roots
And then he falls as I do'*

-Shakespeare, Henry-VIII

VEDIC MILITARY SCIENCE

War weapons were incomparable but we never preached our thoughts with fire and sword

*Dr. Falguni P. Desai *and Dr. Piyush S. Desai **

It is a curious fact that while nations after nations have come upon the stage of the world, played their parts vigorously for a few moments and died almost without leaving a mark or a ripple on the ocean of time, here we are living, as it were, an eternal life says swami Vivekananda . They talk a great deal of the new theories about the survival of the fittest, and they think that it is the strength of the muscles which is the fittest to survive. If that were true, anyone of the aggressively known old world nations would have lived in glory today, and we, the weak Hindus, who never conquered even one other race or nation, ought to have died out. Yet we live here three hundred million strong! (Nearly one billion today).

There was a time when at the sound of the march of big battalions the earth trembled. Vanished from off the face of the earth, with not even a tale left behind to tell, gone is that ancient land of the Greeks. There was a time when the Roman Eagle floated over everything worth having in this world. Everywhere Rome's power was felt and pressed on the head of humanity. The earth

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trembled at the name of Rome. The spider weaves its web where the Caesar ruled. There have been other nations equally glorious that have come and gone, living a few hours of exultant and exuberant dominance and of a national wicked life, and then vanishing like ripples on the face of the waters. Thus have these nations made their mark on the face of humanity. But India lives.

The history of ancient India is largely a history of Hindu culture and progress. One aspect of this culture consists in India's political institutions which were almost modern. Modern warfare has developed on mechanical lines, giving less scope for the qualities of courage and individual leadership. The value and importance of the army were realized very early in the history of India. This gave rise to the Kshatriya warrior caste, and the kshatrah dharmam came to mean the primary duty of war. To serve the country by participating in war became the svadharma of this warrior community.

Hindu military science recognizes two kinds of warfare - the **dharmayuddha** and the **kutayuddha**. Dharmayuddha is war carried on the principles of dharma, meaning here the Kshatradharma or the law of Kings and Warriors. In other words, it was a just and righteous war which had the approval of society. On the other hand, kuttayuddha was

unrighteous war. It was a crafty fight carried on in secret.

The Hindu science of warfare values both *niti* and *saurya* i.e. ethical principle and valor. It was therefore realized that the waging of war without regard to moral standards degraded the institution into mere animal ferocity. A monarch desirous of *dharma vijaya* should conform to the code of ethics enjoined upon warriors. The principles regulating the two kinds of warfare are elaborately described in the Dharmasutras and Dharmasastras, the epic Ramayana and Mahabharata, the Arthashastra treatises of Kautilya, Kamandaka, and Sukra. The value and importance of the army were realized very early in the history of India, and this led in course of time to the maintenance of a permanent militia to put down dissensions. War or no war, the army was to be maintained, to meet any unexpected contingency. This gave rise to the Kshatriya or warrior caste, and the kshatra dharma which came to mean the primary duty of war. To serve the country by participating in war became the *svadharma* of this warrior community.

The necessary education, drill, and discipline to cultivate militarism were confined to the members of one community, the Kshatriyas. This prevented the militant attitude from spreading to other communities and kept the whole social structure unaffected by actual wars and war institutions. The ancient Hindus were a sensitive people, and their heroes were instructed that they were defending the noble cause of God, Crown and Country. Viewed in this light, war departments were 'defense' departments and military expenditure was included in the cost of defense. In this, as in

many cases, ancient India was ahead of modern ideas.

Chivalry, individual heroism, qualities of mercy and nobility of outlook even in the grimmest of struggles were not unknown to the soldiers of ancient India. Thus among the laws of war, we find that a warrior (Kshatriya) in armor must not fight with one not so clad, one should fight only one enemy and cease fighting if the opponents were disabled aged men, women and children, the retreating, or one who held a straw in his lips as a sign of unconditional surrender should not be killed.

We can trace the evolution of fire-arms in the ancient India. There is evidence, to show that *agni* (fire) was praised for vanquishing an enemy. The Athava Veda shows the employment of fire-arms with lead shots. The Aitareya Brahmana describes an arrow with fire at its tip. In the Ramayana, the employment of *agnyastras* is frequently mentioned, and this deserves careful examination. The *agnichurna* or gunpowder was composed of 4 to 6 parts of saltpetre, one part of sulphur, and one part of charcoal of *arka*, *sruhi* and other trees burnt in a pit and reduced to powder. Here is certain evidence of the ancient rockets giving place to actual guns in warfare. **Fire-Arms:** It would be interesting to examine the true nature of the *agnya-astras*. Kautilya describes *agnibana*, and mentions three recipes - *agnidharana*, *ksepyo-agni-yoga*, and *visvasaghati*. *Visvasaghati* was composed of 'the powder of all the metals as red as fire or the mixture of the powder of kumbhi, lead, zinc, mixed with the charcoal and with oil wax and turpentine.' From the nature of the ingredients of the different compositions it would appear

that they were highly inflammable and could not be easily extinguished. We can say that the ancients knew the properties and use of the tatvas- i.e. the chemicals:

Lead, the symbol in the title is the alchemical symbol for lead, the sign of Saturn. Lead is a shiny, blue-white soft metal when its surface is fresh. On exposure to the air, it becomes covered by a dull, gray layer of basic carbonate that adheres closely and protects it from further alteration. It resembles aluminum in this respect, which is protected by a dull, gray layer of oxide. Otherwise, lead would react rapidly with the oxygen and carbon dioxide in the air. When placed in sulphuric acid, lead is protected by a similar layer of PbSO that adheres strongly. Lead and its compounds were known and widely used in antiquity. Its metallurgy was well-developed even then. The uses of lead depended on its corrosion resistance, its softness and ease of working, and its low melting point. A powdered sample, mixed with a little Na₂CO₃ as flux on a charcoal block, and then heated in the reducing blowpipe flame (the yellow part), will make a drop of liquid Pb and some PbO. This is a mineralogist's test. Now, lead is a systemic poison, the damage appears to be mainly to the nervous system and the effects not as acute as those of mercury poisoning. Lead is an accumulative poison, building up until it reaches a toxic level. The potassium and sodium azides are probably not as unstable as the last two. While we are on the subject of fulminates, NCl₃ and N₃ are very sensitive, the latter exquisitely so, since touching it with a feather is enough to set it off. Such fulminates are not practically useful, of course.

Lead styphnate, the lead salt of 2, 4, 6-trinitro, 1, 3-dihydroxybenzene, or lead: 2, 4, 6trinitroresorcinol, is now used, in combination with other ingredients (to give it more bang), in electrical detonators, replacing mercuric fulminate. It is non-hygroscopic and stable, having a positive heat of formation, but very sensitive to flame or spark. It is unusually sensitive to static electricity, so it is dangerous to handle. It is insensitive to nuclear radiations. Lead is used for bullets and shot, chiefly because of its high density. Shot alloys have been given as 99.8 Pb, 0.2 as, or 94 Pb; 6 Sb. The latter is the common antimonial hard lead, also used for battery plates. Lead was too expensive for use in cannonballs. A smooth-bore hand weapon uses a spherical bullet. Any other shape would tumble excessively and produce an inaccurate, short range shot. A musketeer often carried his own lead, crucible and bullet mold and made his own bullets over his campfire. The mold was often furnished with the weapon, so the bullets would fit.

The Chariots: Chariots were used in warfare from very remote times. There are many references to chariots in the Samhitas and in the Brahmanas. The chariot was an indispensable vehicle of war in the days of the Vedas, and on its possession depended victory. In the Rg Veda there is a hymn addressed to the war chariot: 'Lord of the wood, be firm and strong in body: be bearing as a brave victorious hero. Show forth thy strength, compact with straps of leather and let thy rider win all spoils of battle.' Chariots were of different types and materials. In the Ramayana and the Mahabharata their use is largely in evidence. Each chariot was marked off by its ensign and banner. Besides flags,

umbrellas (chattrā, atapatrā), and fans were a part of the paraphernalia of the war chariot. Sukra mentions an awe-inspiring chariot of iron with swift-moving wheels, provided with good seats for the warriors and a seat in the middle for the charioteer; the chariot was also equipped with all kinds of offensive and defensive weapons.

Other Weapons: The Bindipala and the following are minor weapons of this class. Probably this was a heavy club which had a broad and bent tail end, measuring one cubit in length. It was to be used with the left foot of the warrior placed in front. The various uses of this weapon were cutting, hitting, striking and breaking. It was like a kunta but with a big blade. It was used by the Asuras. The Nalika is a hand gun or musket rightly piercing the mark. It was straight in form and hollow inside. It discharged darts if ignited. It was generally used by foot-soldiers. But the big gun had no wood at the breach and was so heavy that it had to be conveyed in carts. The balls were made of iron, lead or other material and two nostrils of the gun are compared to the two guns capable of throwing balls. Thus there is clear evidence of the existence and use of firing guns in India in very early times. The Chakra, the next weapon in the category, is a circular disc with a small opening in the middle. It was of three kinds of eight, six and four spokes. The Chakra belongs to the category of a missile. The Dantakanta, is another weapon of war, perhaps the shape of a tooth, made of metal, of strong handle and a straight blade. It had two movements. The Pasa which is a noose killing the enemy at one stroke, of two or three ropes used as a weapon attributed to the god Varuna. It was triangular in shape and embellished with balls

of lead. The Masundi, was probably an eight sided cudgel. It was furnished with a broad and strong handle. It apparently comes from the root-meaning to cleave or break into pieces, and perhaps akin to the Musala. All these and more are found used in one battle or another in the Ramayana.

Amukta Weapons: The first of the Amukta weapons was the Vajra or the thunderbolt. It was made out of the backbone of the Rishi Dadhichi which was freely given by him to Indra. Originally perhaps it had six sides and made a terrible noise when hurled. The Parasu is the battle-axe attributed to Parasu-rama, of great fame. Its blade was made of steel and it had a wooden handle. There were six ways of manipulating it to one's own advantage. The Gada is a heavy rod of iron with one hundred spikes on the top. One of the four cubits was able to destroy elephants and rocks. It could be handled in twenty different ways. By means of gun powder it could be used as a projectile weapon of war. Its principal use was to strike the enemy either from a raised place or from both sides. The Mudgara was a staff in the shape of a hammer. It was used to break heavy stones and rocks. This is again a movable machine. The Sira was a bucket-like instrument curved on both sides and with a wide opening made of iron. It was as long as a man's height. The Pattisa is a razor-like weapon. The Sataghni, literally means that which had the power of killing a hundred at a time. It looked like a Gada and is said to be four cubits in length. It is generally identified with modern cannon and hence was a projectile weapon of war.

Asi or the Swords - The best sword

measured fifty inches. They were usually made of Pindara iron found in the Jangala country, black iron in the Anupa, white iron in the Sataharana, gold colored in the Kalinga, oily iron in the Kambhoja, blue-colored in Gujarat, grey-colored in the Maharashtra and reddish white in Kamataka. The asi also known as Nistrimsa, Visamana, Khadga, Tiksnadhara, Durasada, Srigarbha, Vijaya and Dharmamula, meaning respectively cruel, fearful, powerful, fiery, unassailable, affording wealth, giving victory, and the source of maintaining dharma. And these are generally the characteristics of a sword. It was commonly worn on the left side and was associated with thirty-two different movements. It measured 50 thumbs in length and four inches in width. For manufacturing these swords "Wrought iron, wood and carbonaceous matter was placed in a crucible and heated in a current of hot air till the iron became red hot and plastic. It was then allowed to cool very slowly (about 24 hours) until it absorbed a fixed amount of carbon, generally 1.2 to 1.8 per cent," said eminent metallurgist Prof. T.R. Anantharaman. The crucible process could have originated in south India and the finest steel was from the land of Cheras. Pillar of strength, the rustless wonder called the Iron Pillar near the Qutb Minar at Mehrauli in Delhi did not attract the attention of scientists till the second quarter of the 19th century. As late as 1735, professional chemists in Europe believed that zinc could not be reduced to metal except in the presence of copper. Interestingly, the mediaeval alchemical text Rasaratnasamucchaya describes the same process, down to adding 1.5 per cent common salts to the ore. Salt was also used to make the lands of enemies unfertile.

Owing to peculiar geographical features, with her vast plains interspersed with forests, the ancient Indian States had to make extensive use of mounted forces which comprised cavalry, chariots, and elephants. This does not mean that infantry was neglected. Hindu India possessed the classical fourfold force of chariots, elephants, horsemen, and infantry, collectively known as the Caturangabala. Students also know that the old game of chess also goes by the name of Caturanga. Chess is a game of war, and in each game there are a king, a councilor, two elephants, two horses, two chariots, and eight foot-soldiers. It must have been very popular in ancient India. The important force of war consisted of elephants. The numerous representations of the animal on coins and in architectural sculptural works are from Gandhara to Ramesvaram. We hear of dust-raising horsemen. There were several trained horsemen who could jump forward and arrest the speed of galloping horses. But the majority of them rode their horses with bit and bridle. When horses became ungovernable they were placed in the hands of professional trainers who made the animals gallop round in small circles. It is a fact that horses were made to drink wine before actually marching to battle. The next important division of the army was the infantry, or foot-soldier. Infantry was a separate army department under the charge of a special officer of the State. The Agnipurana says that victory ever attends the army where foot-soldiers are numerically strong. The Caturanaga was a classical division of the army accepted by tradition. But in the epoch of the epic we hear of a Sadanga or the six-fold army, including commissariat and admiralty. The use of commissariat (military department supplying food) can be

traced to the epic age. This belonged to the category of administrative division of troops as against the combatant. Cartography: There is no special word in Sanskrit for map.' There is, however, reason to believe that in ancient India a map or chart was regarded as a chitra or alekhya.

War is not the backbone of Hindus; religion is the backbone of this race. Here we are the Hindu race, whose vitality, whose life-principle, whose very soul, is in religion. Our motherland (India) has religion and religion alone for its basis, upon which the whole building of its life has been based.

Political greatness or military power is never the mission of our race. It never was, it never will be. But there has been the other mission given to us which is to conserve, to preserve, to accumulate, as it were, into a dynamo, all the spiritual energy of the race, and that concentrated energy is to pour forth in a deluge on the world whenever

circumstances are propitious. Let the Persian or the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, or the Englishman march his battalions, conquer the world, and link the different nations together, and the philosophy and spirituality of India is ever ready to follow along the new-made channels into the veins of the nations of the world. The Hindu's calm brain must pour out its own quota to give, to the sum total of human progress. India's gift to the world is the light spiritual.

We never preached our thoughts with fire and sword. Civilizations have arisen in other parts of the world, in ancient times and in modern times. India has for thousands of years peacefully existed. Here activity prevailed when even Greece did not exist, when Rome was not thought of, when the very fathers of the modern Europeans lived in the forests and painted themselves blue. We have never been a conquering race, and that blessing is on our head, and therefore we live.

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY AT NIGHT

*K. Vivekanandam**

Hail an unique structure a human designed
whenever I see I am filled with rapturous
pleasure
no body notices its splendour and beauty at
day
when students and vehicles flock all the way
Late at night when serenity reigns supreme
At moonlit night it is nothing but magnificence

A vehicle or two disturb the tranquility
It is only for a moment but quietude prevails
Lawns and gardens increase the splendour
When winds blow there is nothing but
satisfaction
we hear birds chirp flying hither and thither
A bit far from the habitation but a wonderful
piece
of architecture which makes it immortal

*Retd Lecturer, SCERT, Hyderabad.

DIMINISHING BEAUTY

*Dr. K. Rajamouly**

The Indian rural milieu: villages and hamlets once served as a symbol of beauty and glory; love and affection; arts and culture; tradition and civilization etc. It was considered to be of many a great institution to promote her prestige, culture and heritage. Its inhabitants were pure in their hearts, sincere in their dealings and affectionate in their treatment. They had love and affection for each other in spite of their consciousness of class, caste and creed. They had no ill feelings and evil intentions towards others. They shared joys and sorrows among themselves since they loved humanity at large. They were as if they belonged to the large family of a nation. On the occasion of festivals of all religions, all people used to take part, with leisure irrespective of their religions. A festival of one religion was a festival of all religions. They helped one another in times of most baffling difficulties and in the days of worst sufferings as they were friends indeed to help in need by virtue of their amiable nature. So the rural set-up was filled with love and affection.

The people in the rural set-up conveyed their whole hearted greetings on festive occasions. They wore traditional dresses of charming colors to reflect their culture. They had street dramas for their entertainment. They learnt ethics from epics like the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Sati Savithri and Sati Anasuya were their favourite

plays. The characters like Sri Rama, Yudhistira, Sita and Savithri were their role models. As a result, they never deviated from the path of rectitude. Hatred, jealousy, hypocrisy, envy, etc. were unknown to them. In spite of their illiteracy, they lived in perfect amity. They never swerved from the path of rectitude in every walk of life. The rural landscapes which were a source for attraction are gradually fading away. The paradise-like rural set-up is fast fading and changing. The paradise lost is never a paradise regained. In the changed circumstances, the rural folks respect material values rather than human values. For transport and conveyance, they had different kinds of bullock carts. They traveled to distant places by carts, enjoying the sights and sounds of nature and listening to the rattling of small jingling bells on the necks of bullocks. They rode horses to exhibit their chivalry. Marriage processions were spectacular events in the rural set-up. The palanquin bearers would listen to the budding love-words of the bride and the bridegroom in the palanquin whenever they stopped their chorus, sung in the direction of averting their painstaking palanquin-bearing. The surrendering of bridal daughter to their in-laws soon after marriages was the most heart-moving scenes, which the rural people would interestingly witness with tears in their eyes.

In these days of scientific advance and technological progress, the lifestyle in villages has taken a different turn beyond one's expectations as love and affection are replaced

* Poet and Writer, Warangal

by money and power. Buses, cars, jeeps, etc. are popular types of vehicles for conveyance in the rural set-up today. They prefer speedy travel by fast moving vehicles! To travel by modern vehicles invariably marks the sign of their prestige. They have movies and T.V. Serials for entertainment in place of street dramas which were meant for entertainment and enlightenment in the rural areas once. Today they have attractions for cinema and T.V. programmers though they are misled by them into false ways. The spirit of letter-writing, which was once a main source for

communication, is lost. Cell-phones have become the most essential means for communication. They crave for air-cooled or air-conditioned houses for their artificial comforts and luxuries. The cool shade of trees goes unheeded.

Time in its flux has brought about various changes. The people of rural areas maintain mechanical relations and false prestige which sabotaged the spirit of humanity. All rampant changes in the villages reflect the diminishing beauty of rural India.

A THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

*Dr.R.R.Menon**

Through the plate-glass window of the hotel-
nest
The sea, so quiet, resembles a liquid mist.
Its vapours raise, a veil over the landscape's
face,
Like an unwilling bride urged to wear silver
lace.
Rich sea, poor earth, locked in a tight embrace,
Love or lack of it succeeds all right in the race,
And in the general dimness they both search
for identity with a sex-sublime solar torch.

Bombay's complex on the hill can easily pass
As mini- Manhattan, perhaps with a plus-point
or two in the bargain. The city looks prim
With dignified silhouettes despite insides grim,
All that eyes do is to skim, the sights anoint.

To breathe the sea-side air, I come out,

*I.A.S (Retd), worked as Chief Secretary,
Bangalore

The contrasts hit the eye, and make me pout.
Meeting at every step a beggar, a babe -in -
arm,
an oily tout, the links lost in the prevailing calm.
Basement bargains fish for humans as trout.
Soon the day-light unfolds the pitiless face
Of a busy city where principles are so loose
You lose them for money, women and booze.
Peace is enforced in this cauldron by forces
In conflict with each other, and the law-horses
Who change their riders often. Dark bosses
Dictate justice with disdain that sure passes
for leadership crowns and popular causes.

Theatre of the Absurd mixes religion, stresses,
The feeling of being alone in the surging crowd,
Terrorism, avarice biding time in their recesses;
Excesses with excuses do none any proud.
Who understands this riddle of sand and sugar,
Land and water, splendor and filth, this
cascade
Of opposites constituting the terribly absurd?

THE AESTHETICS OF POETIC FORM

*Jitendra Narayan Patnaik**

The basic premise with which the concept of poetic form can be examined in terms of its status and relevance as an aesthetic object is the assumption that form is meaning and that the identity of the poem is its form. A poem is an autonomous whole constituted by its parts in their internal relations. The identity of poetic experience cannot be located in the mind of the poet or the reader nor in any symbolic or transcendental plane or in terms of its sociological or moral or biographical relevance. It can be realized only in terms of its formal status, the verbal order that shapes and defines its significance. The poem exists _as a sort of microcosm, a system of inter-relationships "which is," to quote Lascelles Abercrombie, "in boundaried and rounded perfection of accord with itself" (The Idea of Great poetry 70). The poetic experience, in other words, is synonymous with a new order of reality embodied in the poem in terms of its unique verbal pattern, its form. It is in this sense that a poem has an objective existence, an organic form, an ontological status. Coleridge celebrates this concept of Organic Form in his *Biographia Literaria* and distinguishes it from Mechanic Form. He defines Organic Form as "innate; it shapes as it develops itself from within, and the fullness of its development is one and same with the perfection of its outer form" (Chapter 22). Allen Tate declares that "form is meaning and nothing but meaning and considers the formal properties of the poem

to be " the focus of the specifically critical judgment" (Collected Essays 57).

The aesthetic attitude is distinguished from the non-aesthetic by its non-utilitarian stance in which there is no desire for possession and use, and no motive for action and gratification of desire. The notion of non-utility envisages a sense of exploring the object's being in a state of contemplation. The aesthetic attitude is characterized by a state of desirelessness that stops action and generates contemplation. The non-aesthetic and the aesthetic attitudes therefore can be comprehended in terms of the two polarities: desire and action, desirelessness and contemplation.

The attitude towards use leads to the object being apprehended in terms of an a priori concept. In the realm of art criticism, these concepts generally belong to the categories of emotional satisfaction or moral and social values. In such an attitude which tends towards a rational application of a pre-determined concept to the object of study, the object finally presents itself as a conceptual abstract evoking a pragmatic interest. The object appears valuable through its operational role in the continuity of action or in the improvement of life. The meaning is not perceived as present immanently in the object, but is conceived in relation to other frameworks of meaning and conceptual reality. The aesthetic attitude, on the other hand, is obtained by the faculty of sensibility. The exercise of sensibility produces the aesthetic

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interest in which, as John Crowe Ransom asserts, "We neither desire the world nor pretend to control it" (God without Thunder 23). Ransom conceives of sensibility as the faculty that stops action and releases a state of contemplation: "In order to be human, we have to have something which will stop action, and this something cannot be possibly reason in its narrow sense. I would call it sensibility" (290). This faculty leads to the kind of experience, which, as T.S. Eliot suggests, is an "essential quality of transmuting ideas into sensations, of transforming an observation into a state of mind" (Selected Essays 290). This state of mind can best be called "innocence," a state in which there is only an interest to know the object for "its own sake and conceive it as having its own existence" (Ransom, *The World's Body* 45). Eliseo Vivas calls this state of innocence "rapt attention" which "involves the intransitive apprehension of object's immanent meanings" (Vivas 629).

Aesthetic experience is the result of interaction between the state of mind that is desireless and the object of contemplation. The totality of the relationships between the object contemplated and the mind that contemplates is absolute in the sense that beyond the interaction nothing else is permitted to enter. In its status of being an absolute experience, it becomes distinct from other kinds of experience, the mystical, the moral and the social. Mystical experience is a state of identification between the subject and the object, when there ceases a relationship, a betweenness, and the subject-object interaction leads to a transcendent level of the supra-real consciousness, where the object loses its reality of existence and the subject its human identity. Schopenhauer suffers from this

confusion of categories in saying that in aesthetic experience, there is dissolution of Will, a complete merging of the subject into the object which leads to a supra-sensible apprehension of Pure Idea. What is not apprehended through intellect or the senses is the "Pure Idea" of Schopenhauer. The moral and social experiences, of course, are too obviously different from the aesthetic. In fact, they are judgments and not experiences. They comprehend the subject-object relationships in terms of a pre-determined scale of judgment.

The self-contained system of relationships, the aesthetic experience which is autonomous by the very reason of its particularity of context, is obtained through a state of "innocence" or what Kant calls "calm contemplation" (Carritt 118). Through this state of mind, what is obtained is not "a sensation, as that in the pleasant does, nor yet...a definite conception as does that in the good. . . The beautiful in nature belongs to the form of a thing, which consists in having boundaries" (117). Kant differentiates the beautiful, the aesthetic, from the sublime: "A thing is sublime, if in the mere power of thinking it is evidence of a mental power surpassing all standards of sense" (119). The aesthetic attitude does not shut a man from the experience of objective reality, but rather strives to achieve a relationship of the mind with the object of contemplation. The structure of relationships obtained through contemplation is the vision of "reality refracted through human responses" (Abrams 76), as Cleanth Brooks puts it. The term 'refraction' suggests the complexity arising out of interaction between the object of reality and the medium into which this object is submitted.

The objective reality, in being involved with the state of mind in "rapt attention" obtains a new identity as suggested by the 'refraction' metaphor. This identity of the real is the aesthetic experience of reality and the embodiment of this refractory world is the poetic form.

The mark of aesthetic experience, Ransom declares, "is its desirelessness--this is the character in which authorities like Kant and Schopenhauer have celebrated it" (God 113). Kant distinguishes between the purposiveness of a particular object and, the purpose which it serves. Kant maintains that "An object of experience may be viewed as purposive only relatively to the subject that is conscious of it, in other words, the idea that it is purposive may rest upon the mere harmony of the form of the object, a form which is directly apprehended without the intermediation of any conception" (Watson 318). The apprehension of this purposiveness is, according to Kant, the proper realm of aesthetic experience, Kant defines. Purpose as "the conception of an end," (319) whose examination is the function of teleological judgment. Beauty in Kantian aesthetics is "the form of purposiveness in an object in so far as it is perceived apart from the presentation of a purpose" (316). Pleasure or pain or any instrumental value, for that matter, "does not enter as an ingredient into knowledge at all,

for it contributes nothing to the knowledge of an object, though it may be the result of that knowledge" (317). Kant's notion of purpose relates itself to the notion of determinate concepts which emerge from 'the faculties of reason. In aesthetic judgment, what matters is 'the purposiveness,' "the harmony of the form."

Poetic belief is the belief in the power of poetry to reconstitute reality as a fresh order of existence; the poetic knowledge is the knowledge of a reconstituted reality; the poetic form is the order which alone discloses this reconstitution. The total activity of aesthetic ordering has correspondence with reality in terms of the human faculty of bestowing on it a value implicit in the very act of ordering. Since this order is known through the coherence of poetic form, which, as Wimsatt remarks, "generates an extra dimension of correspondence to reality" (The Verbal Icon 241), the knowledge of this coherence is itself the knowledge of the reconstituted reality. The function of art, as Eliot says, is "in imposing a credible order upon ordinary reality and thereby eliciting some perception of order in reality" (On Poetry and Poets 94) and aesthetic knowledge is the perception of this new order experienced by the contemplative mind as a unique system of interrelationships.

Prose: Words in their best order
Poetry: Best words in their best order
Style: Right words in their right order

-Thomas Carlyle

INDIAN ELECTION

*M.G. Narasimha Murthy **

Political masters who ruled our nation,
Come, with folded hands, to every citizen,
Begging for votes to win the election
And resume their game of exploitation!

Parasites who never thought of people's
concern,
Suddenly swarm the entire nation
And promise voters everything under the sun.
Neither basic needs nor jobs and education
Engaged their minds while enjoying power and
position.

Peace and harmony, they shatter in cities and
towns;
Their crowded road shows, catchy songs and
slogans

* Retd. Principal, Hyderabad

And filmy eloquence sway the mob's emotions.
Since 'helping the poor' is their generous aim,
They offer liquor and money without shame
'Business' with contractors gets them bundles
of notes,
Openly they bribe the poor and demand
votes.

Since they campaign on the basis of caste and
creed,
Character and morality, they do not need.
When they talk of equal rights and democracy,
The new generation sees through their
hypocrisy.
Rampant corruption, nepotism and defection
Have undermined people's faith in election.
Honest voters, with minds young, clean and
fresh,
Must remove these deadly thorns in our
country's flesh!

ENDLESS DREAM

*K.Hari Kiran**

Moon, Oh! moon, scintillating boon,
cant lie low, walk to me soon,

duskish rays, as I feel with spread arms,
fill in me with life in eyes through toes,

* Software Engineer, Indiana (USA)

and warm caress, as I eagerly wait for,
still holds me apart for you're so far,

so, peerless star, as I stare and glance,
reflect back in my eyes a clarion trance,

and, cushy snuggle, as I cling,
curling my eyes and not let you spring,

but, darned dawn, as it shines a stream,
leaves me with this never ending dream.

GIRISH KARNAD'S WEDDING ALBUM: A CRITIQUE OF THE INDIAN MANIA FOR LIFE ABROAD

*Dr. R.T. Bedre & Archana Jadhav**

Jnanpeeth Awardee dramatist and present World Theater Ambassador of the International Theater Institute, Girish Karnad brought his first full fledged modern play Wedding Album in 2009. In contrast with his earlier plays, Yayati, Tughlaq, Hayavadana, Nag Mandala, Tale Danda, The Fire and the Rain, Dreams of Tipu Sultan and Bali: The Sacrifice, Karnad's latest play Wedding Album has modern characters in modern setting. Karnad attempts an urban setting after the mixed success of Broken Images. He found no mythical or folk tale structure to project the theme of foreign mania of the modern Indian middle class for finding a foreign match for their daughter. The play can be seen "as a masterstroke," Karnad thus reverses the charge laid against him sometimes that his preoccupation with history and folk myth makes him evade contemporary reality" (Srinivasan, Foreword, Wedding Album, ix). Karnad weaves many strands together to create "a play which is funny, poignant, and deeply unsettling" (Blurb, Karnad's Wedding Album, New Delhi: our, 2009).

The play, Wedding Album is set in the city of Dharwad and Bangalore. The selection of Dharwad and Bangalore is quite suggestive and judicious. Dharwad is the place where

pure Kannada culture can be found in contrast with the IT affected Bangalore. The lead characters probably belong to the Marathi background as the name Nadkarni indicates. As the play goes forward, it reveals many private things of the family members. The famous theater director Neelam Mansinh Choudhari observes:

The slow peeling off the narrative in Wedding Album is like digging into someone's private cupboard, unearthing hidden urges, private afflictions and subterranean desires. Danger lurks in each scene. The characters are all on edge, desperate and living many emotional and sexual zones. It is funny and unnerving (Blurb.)

Since it is an urban play about the marriage, the Nadkarnis are in search of a suitable boy for their youngest daughter Vidula. They use the modern means like videoconferencing and internet cafe, places like the restaurants and railway stations and television production offices instead of traditional girl showing ceremony or family meetings for the match - making. The parents are striving beyond their capacities to get their daughter married off to an America or Australia - based boy. Yet they try to stick to some traditional rites and aura of marriage.

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*Researcher, ACS college, Gangakhed

Karnad has exposed the real

conditions in the so - called affluent American or Australian life. The foreign settled boys expect their wives to accept the role of woman as mother-wife- daughter and above all to be their partner in his mission to identify themselves in their adopted land because they are going through the spiritual crisis. Through the character of Ashwin, the proposed husband of Vidula, Karnad has exposed the hollowness of the American life. He tells Vidula:

Life in America has everything, girlfriends, affairs, mistresses, one - night stands --- the public stage, glamour, success, social connections but the whole culture is empty of values, bereft of any living meaning. It is shallow (...). European Industrial Revolution began by rejecting religion in favour of material values.

But today that legacy is strangling the West. They have no spiritual mooring left. They are adrift in a godless amoral world (Karnad, Wedding Album, 80).

In a monologue like speech cum narration, Ashwin states his expectations of an Indian girl whom he wants to marry. He puts his dissatisfaction with life abroad and expectations of India:

Unlike the US, India has an ancient civilization. A culture which is full of wisdom and insight. India should have the capacity to lead the world. Yet when I looked back at my country, what did I see?

Again, darkness. All our ancient culture, our spiritualism, our heritage. Everything had been remolded to fit the

market demand. Behind all our Spiritual abracadabra, we had hitched our star, and our hope, to global capitalism. Geeta yajnas, Yogic techniques, Upanishad sermons. Systems assembled out of a grab-bag of trendy brand names. Gift-wrapped in synthetic saffron. The darkness of our souls illuminated with neon lights and stroboscopes. India had become the Walmart of spirituality.

I have realized that Hinduism can indeed save this world from moral chaos, but not through this sort of branded spirituality. No dial-a-solution philosophy is going to help the world. We have to look into our hearts, and discover our ancient values afresh. Begin at the beginning.

That is why I have come to Dharwad to look for a life partner. I have come here because I believe that it is in places like Dharwad the belief in innocence, the very idea of purity, still survives.

Someone like you carries within you the essence of Hindu spirituality. Woman as Mother, Wife, Daughter. Womanhood as the most Sacred Ideal(81).

One notes that in his discussion of expectations love does not find any place. He demands 'marriage and sex without love' (Foreword, Amrit Srinivasan, vii-xvii). Vidula is supposed to sacrifice everything to meet the expectations of Ashwin if she wishes to get an American boy. She has her elder sister Hema, who is married to an Australia - based man, as an example of failed marriage. Her parents are bent over finding Vidula a foreign groom. As Amrit Srinivasan puts, "The will to

serve and subjugate herself through a life decision she has willingly made remains metaphorically outside the kitchen but nonetheless a purely private resolve invisible in its worth even to her brother and sister (xv)".

The play shows the parental and bride's willingness to do anything for getting a foreign match, no matter whether it will be an affordable choice. Such relations in the family and in the proposed marriage compel Vidula to fulfill her desire for love in the arms of Anangbaba through chatting on internet, where she makes herself naked and has solo-sex feelings.

Apart from the Indian craving for foreign life; Karnad has added two more episodes in the play-first, the local anti-West movement for the preservation of the Hindu culture and the second, the Radhabai episode. Both the episodes serve purpose to the main theme. While Vidula is engrossed in the distant sex before the computer chatting Anangbaba, some local youths raid the cyber cafe and start beating the attendant. They declare themselves: "We are here as the guardians of our tradition, our ancient....." (70). they call Vidula as "Lady, you are a disgrace to our ancient Indian culture" (69). This can be seen as a counter movement to forcefully orient the countrymen to the roots and dissuade from

the growing western attraction.

The Radhabai episode serves as a warning to the blind match. Radhabai is the maidservant in the family of the Nadkarnis. Radhabai's daughter, Yamuna leaves the village enamored of the rich life in Bangalore. A rich trader keeps her as his mistress. But when the trader dies, Yamuna is driven out of the home and goes mad. It indicates the drastic results of the temptations for the riches of the developed world. But the middle class Nadkarni family outshines it. Rohit, brother of Vidula uses it as a melodramatic theme for his forthcoming TV serial and Vidula herself uses the same tragedy of Yamuna as a means to hide her identity from Anangbaba.

In the last scene of the play Vidula is shown leaving India with her husband Ashwin for America where she says, "I will never divorce Ashwin whatever may come" (86). It indicates the complete surrender of her self to her aspired future, where she will be projected as an epitome of the ancient Indian culture.

Karnad's Wedding Album with the urban theme fails to impress the readers unlike any of his earlier plays. It does not go near even Broken Images. Modern setting does seem to be Karnad's cup of tea.

People give charity out of compassion for those who are less fortunate as pay back for the goodluck or as compensation for their sins or out of primitive desire to propitiate gods. Whatever the motive, it is good.

HE

*K.Siva Reddy**

Breathlessness, death defying struggle,
it is a situation, tormenting the onlookers-
Bending his head as though saluting,
Kneeling down he rests his head
On the fists of two hands
yearning, squirming for fresh air.
The night swirled nightlong
turning upside down like boiling rice.

The sky
Spread lifeless like cloth on a bier,
Dew around him
Like the flailing sail in agitation
flutters endlessly.

The moon is shaped like a coffin;
'Instead of enduring hellish torture
Isn't it better if he departs suddenly'
That is what one may feel.

A middle aged lady
Laying a hand on the shoulder
comforts, caressing the locks.

Feebly looking at the sky
Coughing with strain
He rests his head in his hands.

'What does he dream of?
Perhaps converses with dame Death'
---that's what one may surmise.

After the day stretches considerably
As the infant Sun prostrates before him,
One can notice him
Cuddling with the kid,
Well entrenched in the middle of the cot.

*(Translated from Telugu by T.S. Chandra
Mouli & B.B.Sarojini)*

*Telugu Poet, Hyderabad

OUR UNIVERSE!

*Prof. G. Surender Reddy**

Universe is a big, beautiful verse
Of giga epic style and proportions
It has air, water, light and warmth
As also sound, fury, fire and mystery
Stars, galaxies, oceans and mountains
Not to forget about billions of life forms

The mighty universe is, to and behold,
Almighty God's visible facial expression
It's obverse is life, it's reverse is death
It's converse is vacuum, it's inverse is
confusion
Divorce it not from your thoughts, never,
Lest it may become worse and a curse!

* Adviser, A.P.S.F.C, Hyderabad

MULK RAJ ANAND- A GLIMPSE

Jessie Vanaja

The 'novel' as a literary phenomenon is new to India. The novel is a long sustained piece of prose fiction. The novel has taken root in India only during a period of little more than a century. English novels have influenced the Indian novels a lot. It was in Bengal that the 'Literary renaissance' first manifested itself. Later on the signs of 'new life' were seen in Madras, Bombay and Calcutta which have shown themselves susceptible to the influence of American and European models. But the Indo-Anglian fiction writers were handicapped because they could not express themselves as freely as they did in their mother tongue. So the English of some writers appeared artificial. The style was high sounding, big words dragging the sentences to abominable length and unattractive. The writers had learned English from the books and did not live that life which shapes the language. They became too bookish lacking the proper idiom. Yet the writers poured in the stuff.

Of the Indo - Anglian novelists Mulk Raj Anand and R K Narayan have shown stamina and stem consistency of purpose. These two novelists have held on to the chosen course and each had contributed much to the Indian fiction. Mulk Raj Anand was born in Peshawar in 1905 in a peasant family. The craftman industry and meticulous attention to details and the army man's dare - devilry and feeling for adventures are major constituents of Mulk Raj Anand's heritage from his father. From his peasant mother he derived his commonsense of the vicissitudes of the

common Indian and the lowly Daridra Narayanan (The Lord is incarnate poverty) and the omnipresent god. He had very good academic record. Instead of taking up Professorship he chose the hazardous profession of letters.

MulkaRaj Anand's early books were 'Curries and other Indian dishes', 'Persian painting', 'The Hindu view of Art', and the 'The Golden Breath (1993)'. Then came the novels in quick succession and Anand has thus found his voice and location. His first five novels appeared in the following sequence. 'Untouchable (1935)', 'Coolie (1936)', 'Two Leaves and Bud' (1937), 'The Village (1939)', and 'Across the "Black Waters" (1940).

When Anand started writing fiction he decided to write about the familiar, the peasant, the outcasts, the sepoys and the working class. But his first three novels enraged the diehard and ruffled the bureaucracy. One of them, 'Two Leaves and a Bud' had to be withdrawn from circulation in England on the threat of prosecution as an obscene book. All three were banned by the government of India.

Of all his novels, 'Untouchable' is the most compact and artistically satisfying. It is further the shortest of the novels and the most revealing and rewarding of the lot. The 'unities' are admirably preserved as in a classical play because 'Untouchable' covers the events of

a single day in the life of the outcast and low-caste boy, Bakha, in the town of Bulashah. The 18 year old boy is one of the sons of Lakha, the head of the sweepers of the town and cantonment.

Bakah is a child of the twentieth century and the impact of the new influences causes stirrings within him. He becomes a dexterous workman. His sister sohini also works hard like him. The insult meted out to this sister Sohini by the wicked priest kali watch infuriated Bakha but it was of no use. He says they think we are dirt because we clean their dirt. "Bakha's father Lakha accepts unsociability with less resentment but for Bakha it is a curse that has to be fought and destroyed. Bakha was abused by a high caste mother when he saved an injured child. When he returned home his father found fault with him for idling time and drove him out of the house., Bakha is not only the prototype 'untouchable' but he is a unique individual. His day dawned with Mahatma Gandhi's efforts for the removal of untouchables.

Mulk Raj Anand's another novel COOLIE is about twice as long as "Untouchable" and the action is spread over some years and moves from village to town, from town to city, and from city to Bombay, the Gateway of India, and from Bombay to Simla, India's summer capital. COOLIE is what Edwin Muir calls "a character novel". The hero is the hill boy Munoo who moves from place to place seeking fortune. COOLIE has variety, a cross section of India, a picture of the horrible and the holy, the inhuman and humane, the sordid and the beautiful. Anand's

COOLIE is an indictment against society which is full of prejudice and cruelty. Munoo is a universal figure. The novel almost has an epic quality.

"Two leaves and a Bud" may be said to be essentially a dramatic novel. It culminates in tragic clash of interests and destinies. The setting is again a village in north western India. Gangu, his wife Sajani and their children. Reila and Budhu work in a tea estate in distant Assam. The plantation is their world. He finds that the white owners treat the Indian labourers as slaves. He also observes the peaceless families of the white people. Thus the novel Two Leaves and a Bud is full of violence and bitterness. The characterization is angular and sharp. Reggle and de la Harvey are two extremes.

Anand's other three novels, "Village", "Across the Black Waters" and "The Sword and the Stickle" depict the career of Lalu Singh over a period of some years. Thus boyhood, youth and the early manhood are the theme of the trilogy.

As a writer of fiction Anand's notable marks are vitality and a keen sense of actuality. He can be compared to Dickens in his descriptions of human mind. Some of his English characters are caricatures. The language often produces crude and ludicrous effects. It is full of swearwords. For example "where have you died", "The illegally begotten" etc. On the whole it can be said with confidence that Mulk Raj Anand is a committed writer.

ODE ON REGRESSION

*G. Soma Seshu**

Our past beckons us with bright smiling hues
 Flashing back those bygone events so sweet
 We feel anxious to flee at once and meet
 To live those days again, so fresh like dew;
 We turn blind to the inner strife we had
 The past like distant hills makes us too glad
 We wish time moved far back: we are so mad!

Unmindful of the lapses we had made
 We view bright hues long lost, not darker
 shades
 To escape from the present testing state;
 We invoke past, our god to reinstate
 That melted from real shape to distant dream
 For the unreachable planet we shout and
 scream
 Moments once spent and lost we can't
 redeem

The past like a deceiving elf tricks you
 With her illusion glorious art and draws
 You into her dragnet, and makes you pass
 Unaware or the present precious clues;
 No rapturous extolling of bygone times
 Avails thy present progress, no magic rhyme
 Comes to thy aid or makes thy state sublime

Time lost can't be retrieved, and past
 Remains a phantom beyond thy reach;

You can't bring it alive with splendid speech;
 She had played her part: all's not yet lost;
 Her valuable memories embalmed will guide
 Your path to tread with faith supplied
 Pursuing your own goals diversified.

Time's clock one can't turn back, none can
 unwind
 What once took place; don't chase the rosy
 dreams
 Leaving the present living moments supreme;
 Look to future, enticed by past, don't become
 blind-
 And live with no regrets for what had been
 Move on with hope and view the changing
 scene
 Add meaning to the present with vision serene.

This life, not for mere frolic and vain fun
 A chance for inner growth by God ordained
 By Nature's guidance wise so well-maintained
 A gradual rise through strife, a hard-learned
 lesson
 Once on the track you have to run forward.
 No second thoughts, no wish to turn
 backward;
 Imbibe deep thoughts from past and evils
 discard.

*Retired Principal, Hyderabad

DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN: A READING OF TWO TELUGU SHORT STORIES

*Gatla Pentamma**

As far as Indian patriarchy is concerned, violence perpetrated on women is not identical. The social status that a particular woman belongs to determines the kind of violence that she undergoes. In other words, the two important forms of violence, namely domestic violence and social violence correspond to the social status of women. Women belonging to upper caste suffer from domestic violence while those of lower castes are subjected to social violence. The present attempt is to illustrate this point in terms of two short stories that represent the said two forms of violence. The stories under discussion are; "What is my Name" (illaluka 'Gane) by P.Satyavathi and "Mariya" by Vinodini. The former represents the domestic violence and the latter social violence. Both the stories are taken from Ranga Rao's Macmillan classic, *That Man on the Road: Contemporary Telugu Short Fiction*.

Both the types of violence however need to be understood in terms of the paradoxical status of women in India: on the one hand, she is valorised to the extent of worshipping, and on the other hand she suffers from violence and exploitation perpetrated on her by her own family members as well as others in the society.

Satyavathi in her interesting short

story, "What is my Name" draws our attention to how a woman loses her very identity in terms of her relationship with her own family members. A woman's life drastically changes on her marriage. Before marriage a woman can be educated, cultured and intelligent relatively. But as soon as she is married, she gets engrossed in the household work in the process of which she forgets her name. The story operates at metaphorical level in that loss of her name is tantamount to the loss of her very identity.

The chief protagonist of the story under discussion is Sharada. The story focuses on how a girl metamorphoses into a house wife. In playing the role of a house wife, Sharada gradually forgets who she is. From being a daughter, a girl and woman, she transforms herself into playing new roles such as a wife, a mother and a servant maid. She spends all her time simply in swabbing the floor and in drawing muggulu, floral designs on the floor. As she keeps on playing these roles, she receives complements from the members of her family. She feels elated as and when she receives praise from her husband.

"Sabash keep it up", he said it in English, giving her a pat on the shoulder in appreciation. Overjoyed, the housewife began living with swabbing as the chief mission in her life. She scrubbed the house spotlessly clean at all times and beautifully decorated it

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Warangal

with multi-colored designs. That's how her life went on, with a sumptuous and ceaseless supply of swabbing clothes and muggu baskets (60).

That shows how her entire life has been spent only as a home maker keeping the house clean and so on to the extent that she even forgets her own name. It should be noted in this context that she is not suppressed physically.

Sharada reaches a state of boredom with her comfortable middle-class existence. She begins to question herself about the roles she has been playing as helpmate, sexual object and house cleaner. The different roles she plays, however, mean that she has never acted on her inner desires and aspirations, or even acknowledged them to herself. Thus she gets a chance to compare herself with her past and present. She gradually realizes that she lost her identity in the process of playing various roles prescribed by the patriarchy. The fact that she does not have any other self agonizes her. This manifests when she desires to know her name.

One day Sharada suddenly realizes that she forgot her own name. This is so because throughout her life she is addressed by various kinship terms or lovely nick names by her kith and kin. She suddenly asks herself "what is my name?" The query shakes her up. Meanwhile the maid servant arrives. Hoping that at least she would remember her name, Sharada asks the servant what her name is. But she is distressed to learn that the maid knows her only as a 'mistress.' When the children arrive from school, Sharada eagerly asks them for her name but is disappointed

and distressed to listen from the children that they know her as 'AMMA' ever since they were born.

The predicament of Sharada, intensifies when her neighbours come to invite her for kunum, an auspicious ceremony. They too tell her that they know her as the one known as "Right-hand side, white storied-house" or "that she is that pharmaceutical company manager's wife, if not that fair and tall lady." Sharada hopes to know her name from her children's friend and thinks that it's of no use as they know her as 'Kamala's mother' or 'some aunty'. And finally she consoles herself hoping that at least her respected husband is the only person to remember her name. Hoping so, she enquires about her name during the dinner. But her respected husband bursts out laughing:

What is it dear, never has it happened before, you are talking about your name today. Ever since we were married, I have got used to calling you only as Yemoi. You too never told me not to address you that way because you have a name of your own- what's happened now-everyone calls you Mrs. Murthy, don't they? (62)

He reminds her that everyone calls her "Mrs. Murthy." When Sharada demands in anguish to know her own name, her husband advises her to choose a new name. She is totally shaken out of bounds when her husband advised her to choose a new name.

At last Sharada goes to her mother's house in the hope to find her name at least in her certificates or from her family members. Her agony intensifies when she

comes to know that her parents call her as an 'elder daughter.' After enquiring everyone, finally she meets a friend, who is a housewife like her. Her friend addresses her "Sharada, my dear Sharada." Sharada is very glad to listen to her friend, who recalled how Sharada stood first in the class, in music competitions, painting and so on. She thanked her friend for helping her in bringing back her lost identity. Sharada joyously fished out her certificates and returns to her house. This brings rejuvenation in her life.

In this way the author shows the attitude of man in considering woman as a commodity which can be replaced and renamed anytime.

A different facet of women's life is portrayed in 'Mariya' by Vinodini. In this story the author portrays social violence perpetrated on dalit women. In the story, Vinodini depicts how Mariya's mother is physically tortured by her father:

My father seized my mother's hair and dragged her and jumped and kicked, jumped and kicked her repeatedly. Blood streamed out of my mother's nose and mouth. The sari was completely soaked with blood, torn. Our neighbor Rattamma came in and saying, 'killing her, are you,' took her away to her house. That very night my mother took our younger brother and left for our maternal grandmother's house without telling us.

This incident leads to the separation of her father and mother, her mother joins her maternal brother's house while her father lives with his two daughters. Slowly the circumstances lead to the situation that her

father is forced to depend on one Mr Venkateshwar rao, a Brahmin and a 'well wisher' of the family. He seeks shelter in his outhouse, and begins to live with his two daughters. In the meanwhile the daughters become a prey to Venkateshwar rao's family members who treat them with disgust and without humanity. Venkateshwar rao's wife ill treats them. Mariya, the elder daughter is made a servant without wages in their house. This story best illustrates as to how a woman suppresses other oppressed women.

Malli, the son of Venkateshwar rao sexually molests Martha, the younger sister of Mariya studying fifth class. Whenever he is alone in the house, he used to call Martha to take out books from the attic. Martha was in dilemma as she recalls the instructions given to her by her parents in not touching the Brahmins. Malli says on one of such occasions:

"My mother is not there, of course, come in!" he said. As soon as I stepped in, he said, 'Let's play the mother-father game' lifted me and took me into the room. I didn't know what was happening. He put me down on the big cot with the soft mattress in the inside room, and removing my blouse and half langa he started groping me all over. I was terrified. Putting his hands on my chest, he said, 'I shall squeeze them, nothing to worry, you are grown up, of course'. 'Unable to bear the pain started crying. He gave me peppermints.

"When Martha started crying, Malli consoled and exploited her by giving peppermints. He even threatens her not to disclose anything even to her sister. This

continued for twenty five days.

Vinodini changes the track of the story, bringing in some fresh hopes in Mariya's family when her father changes himself, and speaks of uniting the family, sending Martha to school and performing Mariya's wedding. He even decides to bring his wife back. But there is a change in the circumstances with Mariya becoming an object of physical pleasure to Venkateshwar Rao. This incident jolts Martha who was a witness to the whole incident.

Unable to bear the physical exploitation Mariya commits suicide. This happening was brought into limelight by Martha who accuses Venkateshwar rao for

her sister's death. But Venkateshwar rao's brother strongly opposes by saying:

“With principles and restrictions and devotion and proper customs and traditions we lead our lives. Because our only younger sister married a sudra we went through the obsequies for her. Without sacrad cloth we don't cook. With such a background, would our younger brother touch a low caste girl....never will it happen?”

In both these short stories, Ranga Rao has brought forth that even though man progresses day by day the status of women remains as it is. Women are silently suffering in the male dominated society.

TO THE WASHERMAN'S DONKEY

*Harindranath Chattopadhyaya**

O tragic comrade, dusky grey!
Of whom so few have truly sung,
Believe me; I respect your bray,
Your heaven-cleaving mother-tongue.

I long to know the thoughts you think,
For you can think if mortals can,-
Sad contrast to the gaudy pink
Turban of your grim washerman!

I know your wretchedness, your grief,
And knowing it mine own hath ceased.
But how shall I impart relief
To you, O poor exploited beast?

When I behold your master's whip
And hear it on your body crack
I seem to feel the warm blood drip
And trickle right across my back.

I seem to have become a part
Of all exploited things like you;
My heart goes beating to your heart
And every beat rings clear and true.

With you I toil and trudge and keep
Incessant pace, being equal-hired,
But, brother! Soon we both shall sleep
For god knows, we are very tired!

*The great poet of India. He was a regular contributor to TRIVENI

KAMALADEVI A LEGEND FOR ALL TIMES TO COME

L. C .Jain

Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay must be an inspiration not for the successes that she was able to grasp, but for the pursuit of the unaccomplished tasks of India's second revolution to which she dedicated herself with her heart and soul. She spent a life-time filling the voids around her. For herself, she asked for nothing, she occupied little space.

True, she had a sharp and scintillating intellect and a rare passion for the fine arts. But all her talents were for giving to society. At all times, she was a Karmayogi. Her association with the Socialist Party was of relatively short duration, but with socialism it was life-long., Creed was necessary for her but not sufficient. Soon after independence she plunged into the battles of second revolution - the social and economic transformation of India. All the spheres of her active involvement were woven around this one theme.

The first theatre of service she chose in 1947 was, at the time, the most tragic and also the most challenging- the rehabilitation of refugees whose life had been shredded by partition. Realising that the most satisfying and speedy way of rehabilitation was self-help, Kamaladevi saw the relevance of the Co-operative movement. She sponsored the setting up of the Indian co-operative Union to help the refugees help themselves in building a new life.

She took the blueprint for launching the Co-operative Union to Gandhiji and sought his blessings. He declined on the general principle that "a worthy enterprise carries its own blessings"! In the next breath, he offered his full support but put the condition that his ashirvad will stand forfeited the day her work became dependent on government. She was born with a spine as all her biographies show, but Gandhiji put a little extra strength into it, anticipating the shape of things to come: the increasing servility of society to the state. Through full four decades of public work in the post independence period, Kamaladevi was found always aiding government in its appropriate endeavours but not once bending to what she regarded as unprincipled policies or pressures.

There were many voluntary workers engaged in organising relief for the refugees, but Kamaladevi's concern was about their future: "What are they to do to break away from dependence on doles?" She found there were hundreds of landless agricultural workers in the Kingsway relief camp in Delhi. She proposed that the landless be settled on farm land left behind by farmers who migrated to Pakistan. But she was horror-stuck to find that all the 'evacuee land' (as it was called) had already been allotted by the government to big zamindars who had migrated to India from Punjab and Sind, in proportion to their previous holdings.

"How can you profess socialism in one breath and 'recreate the zamindari system with the other?', Kamaladevi asked the leaders of the government of independent India who were no other than her colleagues in the Congress Working Committee till just the other day. Her query was met with a stony silence. No one had looked at the social aspects of the rehabilitation policy, until she raised the issue. Kamaladevi convened an all party political convention under the auspices of the Co-operative Union, and obtained their endorsement for her proposal that rehabilitation policy must adhere to the policy of 'land to the tiller' and 'factory for the workers' - in terms of the ideals of the freedom movement.

Government still dithered. She supported the landless who were all ready to leave the relief camps to go and occupy the evacuee farm lands; and the Co-operative Union moved fast to organise the wherewithal for them. Simultaneously, she announced that she would lead a march to the constituent assembly (whose membership she had declined and, incidentally, had been given to another stalwart, Durgabai). These swift and firm moves forced a policy decision out of government in favour of the landless.

Kamaladevi fought again, in 1949, when the government proposed to call in contractors to build the Faridabad township intended for resettlement of displaced persons from NWFP. She, along with Mridula Sarabhai, made Nehru and the establishment reverse the decision, and instead, the work was entrusted to the refugees to build their own homes through co-operative endeavour. The result was that on the one hand the houses

were built at a record speed and most economically, and on the other, thousands of refugees learnt new vocations which have sustained them since. It is difficult to imagine how that population of 50,000 would have learnt to make a living had the decision to engage contractors prevailed. Faridabad thus became another monument to Kamaladevi's foresight and unerring capacity to reconcile practice with ideology.

But Kamaladevi's was not to be a success story all the way. The success of industrial co-operatives (induscos as they are popularly called in China) led her to develop a network of some twenty co-operative industrial enterprises in Faridabad as part of the rehabilitation programme. Workers actually engaged in production were trained in principles of co-operation and in the art of business management to be the members and owners of their respective co-operative enterprises.

Alas, when the workers were all set to formally take over the enterprises, the government establishment stopped the experiment in its tracks. They argued that the workers were penniless and could not be entrusted with the ownership of factories involving substantial government investment though the investment per factory was scarcely more than Rs.2 lakh. This was a crucial battle which Kamaladevi was to lose despite the support received from other Faridabad development board members such as Rajendra Prasad, Zakir Hussain, Hridayanth Kunzru, Ashadevi Aryanayakam and Sudhir Ghosh" Finally, she gave up when even Nehru could not make the government change its rigid colonial approach towards co-operatives. The

factories were auctioned away to private enterprises; and the workers, who, till an hour before, were still hoping and longing to become owners, reduced to wage-earners at the will of the new owners. This was a blow - the shattering of a social dream - from which Kamaladevi, nor her fond instrument, the Cooperative Union, ever recovered. The success of the worker-owned industries would have blazed a new trail and influenced the emerging industrial structure in the country. Here again slogans stood for public sector, but practice.....

From 1952 onwards, Kamaladevi plunged into the resuscitation of handicrafts and music and theatre forms, which to her were not only a precious heritage to be cherished and developed but also essential for wholesome development of personality. The care with which she nurtured these and the attendant success of her efforts are well known. But here too she was not at all at ease. Even two days before she had the fatal heart attack, she expressed deep distress that despite official pronouncements, nothing had been done to ensure regular availability of good yarn to handloom weavers at proper prices.

Kamaladevi was not a solo actress. She was a magnet who drew hundreds of men and women, young and old, to every social movement or cause she stirred or stepped into. All she did was to share the concern and measure the response. For those who showed superficial interest the encounter was brief, some times chilling - for she had no patience with passive observers of the scene. But in those who showed even a little spark, she lit the fire; she was all inspiration, light and rock-

like support when the occasion demanded.

Kamaladevi's life holds another lesson. She was not an important person, in the commonly understood sense of the adjective. She had no patronage to distribute, she did not attract any sycophants. Yet people flocked to her; but around her it was always a crowd of comrades in a common endeavour. Even a cursory glance at her autobiography (Inner Recesses, Outer Spaces) shows that it is more the biography of numerous co-actors, as also a biography of the times; it is about Kamaladevi herself only as a narrator.

For her, human rights were not an abstraction. To her the concrete expressions of human rights were the means for an autonomous, dignified and creative life as land could provide to the tillers, factory to the workers and yarn to the handloom weavers. She must be an inspiration, not for the success that she was able to grasp, but for the pursuit of the unaccomplished tasks of India's second revolution to which she dedicated herself with all her heart and soul.

Kamaladevi lived a life of "Karmayogi", a simple and selfless life unconcerned about the fruits of her action.

*"Action alone is your concern,
never at all its fruits" -Bhagavad Gita*

Courtesy : Economic and political weekly, Nov 26,1988.

OH ! THIS BLAZING NIGHT

*I.K.Sharma**

"THROUGH ME is the way into the doleful city; through me the way into eternal pain; through me the way among the people lost."

- Dante in "Inferno" of The Divine Comedy

F A R, far off we stood on the top floor,
did not crane our necks,
the black-faced blaze looked at us,
raised its red eye, a cruel jest;

drunken, the flames walked, leapt, thundered,
melted down the hubris of high walls,
wrung the worth of boards that howled long,
barged into rooms and fumed their footprints
on windows and low-lying stalls,

pulverized books, banisters, beams
inside their roaring whale-like maw;

the stout trees bowed their heads,
birds gave themselves as offerings,
rats scurried, clung to Mother Earth,
ants found solace in united death;

our loves more than ten and one
sucked,
--- gluttonous arms stood sentry at each gate
of escape ---
the glowing heads cooked as lumps of clay.

For seven long days the island of fire
munched every bit of muck and waste,
its long loathsome tongue slurped
gleefully the Pride of Modern State.

* Poet, Manasarovar, Jaipur

SPIDER AND ITS WEB

*Raparla Janardana Rao**

To the world you're but an insignificant worm
To the petty poet here you're a great wonder
Drawing eulogies around you
Sit royally at the centre of your creation
Your nest an epitome of symmetry

The kingdom you rule
All paralleled, unparalleled one!
You reign supreme, awaiting your prey
Killing Dengue musketeer, killing with ease
Tighten slow, suck slow, an amazement
Physics, Chemistry, Maths, silent language, all
in one
How to ignore, you small but great creation!

* Principal (Retd.), writer and poet, Machilipatnam

OF THINGS AND THE VOID

*G .V.S.R.K. Somayajulu**

Diamond is hard
Graphite is soft
What are they in reality?
Atoms of carbon and voids
In unique array.

Sugar is sweet
Sodium chloride is salty.
Is it only a convention?
What are they in reality?
Molecules, atoms and voids
In typical crystalline form.

Know not all basic constituents
Of the atom that dictate the
Properties of elements and their compounds
Though modern science named a few
As neutrons, protons, electrons
And quarks, leptons, gluons, bosons, etc.

Atoms and molecules settle together
To live in specific lattices
That keep one material distinct from another
And impart uniqueness in taste, touch, colour,
Physical and chemical properties
And take in their fold the voids
That coexist in the lattice
To induce changes in their properties
For better service in various environments.
However solid the objects may seem
They are formed of matter with voids,
Some visible, others viewless

That continuously form, annihilate,
Dissolve, disperse and move around
Imparting specifics to the matter
And play a major role in its very survival,
A role that cannot be clearly defined
That induces heat to the fire, flow to the water
Turbulence to the air and weight changes in
material.

Know not what in fact
The Seeds of all things are
Know not all the elements
From which alone all things created are
Know for sure that in each resides
A secret power, its own,
That strives hard against all odds

To propagate its seed and its own species.
Our learned ancestors emphasized
Time and again
That all Nature, as self -sustained
Consists of twain of things**
Of bodies and of voids
In which they are set and where
They are moved around.

The intellectuals of the past,
Of different ages and faiths,
Echoed that primal bodies
Are solids without a void
Which conquer and survive by their own
solidness
And have power to be eternal
While all else in creation dissolve away
Leading us to the belief that
Grand Nature's aspect and her law
Hath this exordium**

* Senior professional Scientist (Retd),
U.N.International Atomic Energy Center, vienna
(Austria), Europe

NOTHING FROM NOTHING EVER YET
 WAS BORN
 AND NOTHING EXISTS per se EXCEPT
 ATOMS
 AND THE VOID
 And alas! Does Grand Nature

Guard them as Seeds for all things
 That appear to come out of Nothing
 And that the sum of things
 Must be returned to naught
 And born from naught
 Abundance thrive anew!

**** Inspiration from philosopher T.C.Carus**

Notes: Absolute Reality is described positively as Infinite Bliss or Infinite Consciousness. As described negatively, it is Voidness (Shunya or shunyata in Sanskrit of the Hindu and Buddhist philosophy), a phenomenological term. All phenomena are Shunya (void) as they are relative and so lack substantiality and independent reality; they are conditioned by and dependent on other phenomena and hence in themselves ultimately unreal. Shunyata is devoid of empirical forms and thought constructs, no predicate ("is", "not-is", "is and not-is", neither "is nor not-is") can legitimately be applied to it.

RETIREMENT AND DEATH

*Prof. Hazara Singh**

Retirement from service and death
 Are similar stages in one's life
 Both mark the end of an activity
 With all its glory and indignity.
 The date of former being known
 one and all get prepared for it
 As none knows the time of the latter
 Many inwardly pray for its delay.

The tributes paid at each occasion
 Are dissimilar in their expression
 Formal speeches at a farewell meet
 May not mean what the orator says.

Sentiments recorded in a condolence
 Are often spontaneous and touching
 Retirement ends not the mundane race
 But death knells exit from the stage.

As longevity is on gradual increase
 Post-retirement odds may haunt many.
 Retirement will be a blissful gain
 If looked upon as a sort of sanyas
 To devote ripe years to serve mankind.
 It may remain a bond or pinching bane,
 If one keeps searching for hired work
 And prepares not oneself to hail death.

* Retd. Professor, Ludhiana (Punjab)

“THE ART OF WRITING”

*Y. Krishnaiah**

If one were to believe Francis Bacon "writing makes an exact man". The verb "were" has been chosen with some amount of caution in the sentence one. The reason being that, as of today, none is sacrosanct. All are questioned. Questioning by itself, of course, is not an idea that is that bad either. Only disturbing thing is the questioning has become rather superficial. Fortunate are those, who have developed an abiding love for the written word. Unfortunately, not many are that fortunate.

Yet, the urge to write is a bug that bites even the ordinary some times. Paraphernalia are ready, pen, paper why even a laptop. Tea is ordered. Tea is ready and sipped. But words are shy. Ideas are hazy. How ever much one's effort is, it is of no use. Therefore, should one wonder and anguish like William Wordsworth - "Whither is fled the visionary gleam?", One is at liberty to feel the way one likes. But, one has to be a millionth time as creative as that immortal bard of romantic poetry. Mere comparisons; will not do. Mere, information does not help.

Despite this awareness, a nagging question tugs at one. How is it that some people write tomes and tomes without much effort.

It is beside the point, if much of what the tomeswalhas produce is just straw. But it is hitting below the belt to label them as men

of straw. They are not so, because that bulk production is very difficult. It requires a special craft, for, writing per se, is an activity of some creative excellence. By writing, one means even "non - fiction", even the prosaic report writing. Hence, the sum and substance of this particular verbal exercise is, an attempt to prove the point, that is, when it comes to writing, "it is easier said than done". In this context, one might even get a doubt - who in the first place said writing is a child's play and who is being disproved? The immediate answer one can toss at, to those doubting Thomases is the memorable phrase "willing suspension of disbelief." Courtesy, Coleridge.

This piece composer (Is composer too big a word?) is for sure, aware that the serious readers of any sort would object to this improper mix of many a literary flash and random trash. But the point is, it can not be helped, some times, more so, when one is fired or rather thinks so. Is it not Shakespeare who said wonderfully "variety is the spice of life?" yes. Variety of men and matters, cultures and costumes and different ways of writings - all are welcome. As such, it is also a variety of writing. It is true, it does not fill the bill of a classical piece of an essay. It is the men, who stray, it is said, who push the frontiers of anything. Does it sound narcissistic? Excuse me. To make matters worse or wonderful, Shakespeare also penned one more gem - "Brevity is the soul of wit:' yet, non professionals are not good at it. That is why, this rambling is stretching itself a bit too far. Going too far is the forte of the second rate

*Lecturer in English, Khammam - A.P.

men. Who does want to be a second- rate one, when, there is a great paucity of first - rate men? So I would love to cut short this bolt from the blue verbal assault on the unsuspected readers.

P.S

Is the above also a writing of some sense? If it is so, one is happy. If it is not, one is unhappy. But, mercifully, in this unhappiness, one hopes, one is not alone.

USED VS. LOVED

*C.A.Reddy**

While a man was polishing his new car, his 4 yr old son picked up a stone and scratched lines on the side of the car. In anger, the man took the child's hand and hit it many times not realizing he was using a wrench. At the hospital, the child lost all his fingers due to multiple fractures. When the child saw his father.... with painful eyes he asked, 'Dad when will my fingers grow back?' The man was so hurt and speechless; he went back to his car and kicked it a lot of times. Devastated by his own actions..... sitting in front of that car he looked at the scratches; the child had written 'LOVE YOU DAD'. The next day that man committed suicide. . . Anger and Love have no limits;

choose the latter to have a beautiful, lovely life & remember this: Things are to be used and people are to be loved. The problem in today's world is that people are used while things are loved. Let's try always to keep this thought in mind: Things are to be used, People are to be loved. Watch your thoughts; they become words. Watch your words; they become actions. Watch your actions; they become habits. Watch your habits; they become character; Watch your character; it becomes your destiny. I'm glad a friend forwarded this to me as a reminder.. I hope you have a good day no matter what problems you may face it's the only day you'll have before; it's lover.

*Man of letters, Delhi.

'The hottest places in hell are reserved for those who in the tme of crisis choose to maintain neutrality'

-DANTE

FANATICISM

*James V Schall, SJ**

Browsing the other day on the Internet to see if I could find a copy of Tolstoy's *Tales Men Live By*, which someone had recommended to me, I chanced across an essay of G.K. Chesterton's about Tolstoy. It is found in the Library of the University of Virginia. I had never seen it before.

Chesterton curiously begins by telling us that the best way to understand Count Leo Tolstoy was not through his novels or his ethical views, but by observing the conduct of a Russian anarchist sect in Canada called the Doukhobors. Tolstoy, it seems, had written a famous philosophic defense of their practices. In consequence of the logic of this defense, they had let their domestic animals loose "on the ground that it is immoral to possess them or control them."

What struck Chesterton about this strange act of "liberating" one's domestic animals was its rigid faith. This Russian anarchist faith is as fierce and practical as that of the Mahomedans, who swept across Africa and Europe, shouting a single word. This single word was, no doubt, "Allah".

It would take a fairy-tale to "imagine the Doukhabor solemnly escorting a hen to the door of the yard and bidding it a benevolent farewell as it sets out on its travels." We can suspect that the traveling hen, suddenly out of human captivity, was soon caught and

consumed by some wandering fox or wild dog. But at least, as some think, it was emancipated from immoral human beings.

Most people will think such actions as the philosophic freeing of domestic animals to be merely loony. And yet this singular carrying out of what is taken to be a noble action taken in the name of liberty provides a kind of delight. "For there is only one happiness possible or conceivable under the sun, and that is enthusiasm-that strange and splendid word that has passed through so many vicissitudes, which meant, in the eighteenth century, the condition of a lunatic, and in ancient Greece, the presence of a god."

Josef Pieper, in his *Enthusiasm and the Divine Madness*, sees this word, enthusiasm, in the Platonic sense of having our world, open to more than nature or our own constructions. It meant the possibility that we can be visited by the gods. Ronald. Knox, in his famous book, *Enthusiasm*, applied this term to movements that went beyond the normal, something that could undermine any social or religious order.

Chesterton, for his part, sees this freeing of one's animals to be an act of utter logical consistency, the meticulous carrying out of a principle. And this strict carrying out of a principle is not what is right about the act but what is wrong about it. Tolstoy has a "real, solid, and serious view of life." He is his own church. He has a view of everything flowing from his first principle.

*Timely Essays on Chesterton's Timeless paradises. Courtesy Sri Aurobindo Action, February, 2010.

Tolstoy's basic principle, which he applies to all else, is that of the "simplification of life". This principle governs everything we do. If something is simpler, it is better, so it is said. "When we deal with a body of opinion like this, we are dealing with an incident in the history of Europe infinitely more important than the appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte." This position is not to denigrate the importance of Napoleon but to stress the importance of what we hold. Ideas are often more important than men, even when men and personality are important.

Already, for a half century before his time, Chesterton noted something that is very common today, namely the view that religion is the origin of "fanaticism". There is a whole literature today whose thesis is that religion causes "fanaticism". Indeed, this is the major issue of our time, so that the taming or eliminating of religion is the way to peace. The irony of this view is, however, that getting rid of religion will not get rid of fanaticism. Scientists and politicians, Chesterton thought, are just as capable of being "fanatics" as priests, perhaps more so. The current exclusive association of religion with fanaticism obscures its relation to science and politics.

The case of Tolstoy and the Doukhobors seems typical. "A sect of men starts with no theology at all, but with the simple doctrine that we ought to love our neighbor and use no force against him, and they end in thinking it wicked to carry a leather handbag, or to ride in a (horse-driven) cam." What concerns Chesterton, is the logic at work once certain first principles are embraced. There is nothing wrong with first principles or first things; of course, provided

that they are really first and we deduce things properly from them.

Of Tolstoy, Chesterton continues, "A great modern writer who erases theology altogether, denies the validity of the Scriptures and the Churches alike, forms a purely ethical theory that love should be the instrument of reform, and ends by maintaining that we have no right to strike a man if he is torturing a child before our eyes." This same mode of reasoning, needless to say, is behind dogmatic pacifism. Tolstoy evidently went on to hold that sex is not only, immoral but also not even natural. His logic and purity ended up in eliminating the very existence of the body as a: good, the Manichean position.

"Fanaticism has nothing at all to do with religion," Chesterton affirms. The origins of fanaticism lie elsewhere and neither science nor politics nor academia is immune from it. Tolstoy was no doubt a genius. He had great faith. He lacked only one thing. "He is not a mystic and therefore he has a tendency to go mad."

This passage recalls Chesterton's discussion of the maniac in Orthodoxy. The maniac is not a man with many ideas that tend to balance each other off in common sense. Rather he is a man with one idea according to which he sees all else in a distorted light. Tolstoy "is not a mystic; and therefore he has a tendency to go mad. Men talk of the extravagances and frenzies that have been produced by mysticism; they are a mere drop in the bucket. In the main, and from the beginning of time, mysticism has kept men sane." It is the mystic who is open to all things, even if they seem at first not to make sense.

This passage on mysticism and logic is of great importance from another angle. Chesterton in his analysis of Aquinas showed a great interest in the variety of ordinary things, in their almost infinite capacity to arouse us to think of what is. He chastised the Augustinians and the Platonists for their withdrawal from things to contemplate the One as if they could not also find the One through particular things which after all originated in the same One.

Chesterton comes to his main point. "The thing that has driven them mad was logic." The poets were less likely to go insane than the scientists - the "mad scientist" is a well known character, in fact. Tolstoy was deficient in poetry. "The only thing that kept the race of men from the mad extremes of the convent and the pirate-galley, the nightclub and the lethal chamber, has been mysticism - the belief that logic is misleading, and that things are not what they seem."

In its own way, this is an amazing passage for anyone who might think that Chesterton was a mere rationalist. He was in fact a Thomist. That is, he held that logic will not save us. This limitation of logic was found in Etienne Gilson's great theses, in his *Unity of Philosophic Experience*, in his analysis of Abelard. God could not be reached by logic alone, however useful and valid logic might be in its own order.

Today, we often hear it said that "fanaticism" is the consequence of religion, that science is its alternative. If I understand Chesterton's view of both the scientists and Islam, it is that "fanaticism" stems from both. But it comes not from the original mystical insight but rather from the "logic" that flows

from it and subsumes all else in its wake. Scientism denies any place for revelation in its "logic". Islam's "logic" ends up denying secondary causes or an understanding of the divinity in which diversity in the Godhead and Incarnation are impossible. The subduing of the world to Allah is a conclusion not of the mystical insight but of the logic that follows from it.

In the end, "fanaticism" is not a product of mysticism, but of logic. By looking for its causes in the wrong place, we often reveal our own "fanaticisms". The "fanatical" concern about the religious cause of "fanaticism" has blinded us to the "fanaticisms" that stem from science itself and has caused us to misunderstand what it is within Islam that often makes it so "fanatical".

The mad man who sets his chickens loose on the grounds that it is immoral to eat them is the maniac with one idea. The cultured purist who won't even say "merry Christmas" because it violates his logic of diversity or separation of Church and State, is a fanatic.

Common sense does not eschew logic as such. But it does see that at the origin of things is a reality whose ways are not our ways. This is what the mystic also sees. It is the fanatic who does not see this limitation, but chooses rather to follow the logic of his position even when it leads him to absurdity. Things are, and can be known. But likewise things "are not what they seem". We did not create them and must be prepared to find in them more than we could imagine. Call this mysticism or true philosophy or revelation, it is what we discover when we encounter any thing that is.

HERTA MULLER - THE NOBEL LAUREATE-2009

*M. Nirisha**

Herta Muller is one of the most independent and bold writers of the century. She was born in a small village in the German speaking village of Nitzkydorf in the Banat district of Romania. Her childhood was clouded by the repression of Ceaucescuian government. Her father had served in Waffen SS during the World War II and was most feared. Her mother was deported to labor camps in Soviet Union and was released after five years. They were farmers by profession. Her grandfather was a wealthy farmer and merchant. His farm was confiscated by the communist regime. German language being her native tongue she was introduced to Romanian language in Grammar School.

Herta Muller had a frustrated and pathetic childhood. On account of these early experiences she developed a bold and rebellious attitude which is found in almost all her works. She had great urge for education. She studied German and Romanian literature at the Timisoara University. In addition to her background the university education also had its influence on her novels and stories. Here she came in contact with an organization named Aktionsgruppe Banat, a group of German speaking writers who were fighting against the dictatorship, of the Ceaucescu regime for freedom of expression. After completion of her studies she was employed as a translator in an engineering factory. She was dismissed from service as she refused to work along the lines of the

communist secret police. In spite of all obstacles, she was bold enough to live her life on her own terms. She made her living through teaching and giving German lessons.

Herta Muller is a prolific novelist, poet and an essayist. All her works reflected the experiences of her life. These are written in German language and are translated into English and other languages. The Nobel Prize is generally awarded to people of lasting merit and consistent record of championing human rights. Herta Muller fulfils this criterion as all her books deal with the dictatorship and the atrocities of the Romanians over the German minority. 'Neiderungen' and 'Druckender Tango' is the short stories which depict the oppressive and corrupt practices of the government. The stories were published after much modification. They draw our attention to the agony and frustration of the minority Germans. She portrays the intolerance and corrupt practices of the government. These were so deep rooted that everybody demanded money and sexual favors. She was inspired to write out of her love for mankind and a passionate desire to abolish tyranny and cruelty. After much effort the stories were smuggled out of the country and published. Soon the countries outside Romania understood the atrocities of the Romanian government on the German minorities and gave raving reviews for her works.

As the restrictions of the oppressive Romanian dictatorship were intolerable, she publicly spoke about it at the Frankfurt Book

*Lecturer in English, Secuderabad

Fair. She spoke about the misery of the marginalised race. After that she was forbidden to publish in Romania. As she was not able to live in atrocious and repressive conditions she immigrated to West Berlin in 1987 and has been living in Berlin but still she continued to be threatened by the Romanian Government. She received threatening calls.

All her stories, essays and novels throw light on the seamy side of her life. 'Der Mensch ist ein großer Fasan auf der Welt' brings out the corrupt practices existing in the village. Everybody without distinction was for personal gain. Here she depicts the difficulties of a Romanian German in trying to attain the passport to leave the country. Another story 'Barfu Biger Februar' was written when she was trying for permission to move out of the country. Her story 'Reisende auf einem Bein' also brings out the conflict of ideas in trying to adjust to the culture and the problems faced there of.

Herta Muller's essays are also reflections on the political events and the atrocities of the oppressive government. She was profoundly affected by the events of her time. She was so involved that she could not be indifferent to the happenings of her surroundings. The second volume of the essay, 'Der Teufel Sitzt in Spiegel' contains a series of lectures on Gedanken Zu Schreiben made at the University of Paderborn. They portray conflicts and frustration that existed there. The volume is a combination of many compositions or collages titled Der Wachter nimmt seinen

Kamm. Vom Weggehen and Ausscheren. The novel written in 1994 named *Herztier* is also a depiction of the condition of a country ruled by dictators. The latest one written in 1995 is the collection of essays named *Hunger und seide*. It is the reflection of her life and work at the university. At the Timisoara university she played an active role as a member of a writers association named *Aktions gruppe Banat*. She fought for freedom of expression. She was sensitive to the surroundings. She modified her novel 'Der Fuchs war damals schon der Jäger' into a film script. It is about a teacher who is ill-treated by the Romanian Secret Police. She is very independent in her expression of her ideas regarding the state and the church. She condemned the East German writers for having links with the secret police. She resigned from the P.E.N in protest against their decision to merge with the former DDR branch. Besides Herta Muller is credited with writing poetry which expresses her agony and her sensitivity to her surroundings. According to some critics it is a cut and paste poetry as it has not created any idyllic atmosphere but that of terror. Her prose and poetry are permeated with fright and nostalgia like 'Everything I possess I carry with me'. The ideas depicted in her poems are not lofty.

The bold and straight forward character of Herta Muller attracted the attention of the world and she was decorated with as many as twelve awards, the Nobel Prize being the ultimate.

BONDS OF INDO EUROPEAN CULTURE

*late S.K. Chari**

May be through transmission
 May be through submission
 May be through absorption
 May be through adoption

Kalidasa and Shakespeare
 in literature's sphere
 Jhansi Rani and Joan of Arc
 in field of revolution left their mark.

Multi European culture entered Bharat's soul,
 Greek, Latin, Portuguese, French, and British
 & German as a whole.

Great Jalian walabagh and memorable Bastille
 Represent revolutionn's Victories' finale
 Eternal flame in India Gate and Arc de triumph
 Glitter forth to the world freedom struggle's
 triumph

Megasthenese and Alexander
 Brought to Bharat's culture grander;
 Influence of France and Britain
 Enriched Bharat's literature; its' certain

Oh! Bharat and Europe
 World's glorious culture you envelop
 in your intermingled hugs
 You spread glory of literature rugs

Bharat's language of heritage, Sanskrit
 Spread over Germany and outskirt
 Yes, communalism surely left its scars
 But, in field's culture, removed all bars

May Indo - European unity
 Bring forth bi-continental cultural amity;
 Let us work eternally for parity
 With undiminished frame work of hospitality.

* Poet , Hyderabad

FINALLY

*Dr. Manas Bakshi**

Come that moment
 Someone's left alone
 Amidst some shivering winter trees,
 Bemused to see everything
 One with the forlorn brown leaves
 Questioning the tree:
 Is selfless love ever possible?
 For a substance living?

Be it a deserted island
 Or, a crowded city
 The seeker is a sailor
 Marooned where the splashes of recycle,
 Adorn all eternal harbor
 At a one-way journey end-

Each individual
 Forgets the self
 That was so long
 In love for itself;
 Dissolving into the omnipotence
 of a Universal substance.

*A Poet of Bengal, Editor

DEVIL ON THE CROSS

A. Ramesh Babu*

Ngugi wa Thiong'o, the Kenyan novelist, short story writer and playwright, is a committed writer who has consistently focused on the oppressed, highlighting the problems of the black people, who have undergone the painful phases of colonialism, struggle against imperialism and neo-colonialism. All his writings deal with the social-political, economic and cultural aspects of Kenyan people in the context of colonial and neo-colonial experiences.

History is a major influence on Ngugi's fiction. Ngugi identifies three phases of the encounter with European imperialism--'slavery', 'colonialism' and 'neocolonialism'. His fifth novel *Devil on the Cross* reflects Ngugi's commitment to the process of decolonisation even as he attempts to give a native African touch to his Marxist outlook. Ngugi says that his writing "is really an attempt to understand myself and my situation in society and in history".

The novel *Devil on the Cross* deals with corruption--physical and moral--which has a debilitating effect on the fabric of the society. The complex neo-colonial situation is presented through a montage of fact and fiction, magic and allegory. Ngugi makes a pungent use of the modes of the ironic and the fabulous in his castigation of the rich and the corrupt. Wariinga, the female protagonist,

emerges as a fictional reflection of the resistance heroine in Kenyan history.

Devil on the Cross is an indictment of the neo-colonial aspects of Post Independence Kenya exposing the evils that have set in the socio political fabric. It is a sarcastic attack on the path of 'development', on the wholesale exploitation of masses both rural and urban. A revolutionary novel in theme, form and structure, it marks a shift in Ngugi's priorities from English Language to his native Gikuyu. Ngugi wrote the novel *Caitani Mutha Rabaini* in Gikuyu during the period of his detention without trial in Kimathi Maximum prison from 1977 to 1978. The reason for writing the novel in his native language is that he could reach the peasants and workers of his country easily. The novel could be considered as a "satiric critique of contemporary Kenya against a vision of a socialistic Kenya purged of neocolonialism. It was written on toilet paper, literally, since that was the only paper made available to him. As he himself puts it:

'Free thoughts on toilet paper. I had deliberately given myself a difficult task....I would not avoid any subject--science, technology, philosophy, religion...and the content?'

Devil on the Cross introduces a unique literary form which captures the nature of revolution by focusing on the psychological, sociological factors involved in the working class people's struggle against the materialistic

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ambitions--land, property, beliefs and rituals similar to exploitative attitude of the colonisers. The novel portrays several characters from all levels of Kenyan society, from peasant to businessman and the narrative revolves around the seemingly ludicrous but symbolically significant "Devil's Feast" in Ilmorog.

Jacinta Wariinga's journey to Ilmorog and her encounter with the five passengers and with the driver is used as a fictional device to articulate the corrupt conditions in Kenya's world of wretched humanity. The bus journey from Nairobi to Ilmorog, a subtle fictional device, initiates Wariinga for her transformation from innocence to experience, which is inevitable in a socially awakened person. The Devil's Feast in the cave is a powerful metaphor for cultural imperialism. The capitalists indulge in self-glorification act and self-congratulatory speeches of their cunningness. The act is outrageous and funny in intent and purpose as it intensifies Wariinga's painful experience of the inevitable historical condition to which she was both a witness and participant.

Ngugi, in this novel, uses both traditional Gikuyu culture and Christianity as sources for the rhetoric of his characters. Ngugi attempts to capture the attention of his audience by focusing on the Kenyan middle class elite who are engaged in exploitation on a wider scale and, therefore, deserve condemnation. Ngugi advocates a better deal for the Kenyan masses that are now at the receiving end of an unjust socio-political system. The elite in the story are made to invite the wrath of the masses in two ways: through their physical appearance and through their pronouncements.

The opening lines of the novel, in the tradition of the oral narrative, have a conversational style which is characteristic of most of Devil on the Cross. Jacinta Wariinga, the protagonist, has just lost her job in the beginning of the novel. Her fault is her refusal to submit herself to the advances of Kihara, the boss of Champion Construction Company. This seems to be the fate of most urban Kenyan women.

Ngugi intentionally avoids a simple solution showing that the attack of the peasants and workers on the middle class elite and the foreign "Robbers" and Wariinga's elimination of the Rich Old Man mark the beginning of an arduous struggle that lies ahead. The masses have not overthrown the political system. Five of them have been killed in the confrontation. Wariinga, in all probability, has lost her fiancée and her future is also fraught with danger as the forces of bourgeois law are certain to catch up with and charge her with murder.

Devil on the Cross is a practical conclusion of an important debate in African literature and in this respect it is an experimental novel. As Devinder Mohan observes, "The Novel presents a literary form which captures the nature of revolution in humanistic context by differentiating the psychological, sociological and universalised motives in the working class against the materialistic acquisitions. African writers and critics for quite a long time have been debating the issue of linguistic colonization and the need to write in national languages. Ngugi's novels seem to fulfill the assertion: "we need a literature to the third power, a literature which through facts facilitates change to end oppression. This is what third world literature

really should be about.

Devil on the Cross is a bitter satire on neo-colonial capitalism. Its central allegory is the gathering of disparate characters representing the different classes and cultural interests in Kenyan society. Their meeting takes place at a "Devil's Feast" where a series of Competitions reveal capitalism's depraved face. The character, names and character types in Ngugi's fiction are devices through which the "social reality is encapsulated and analyzed.

The characters in the novel are grouped into the creators (the workers) and the destroyers of life (the bourgeoisie). Jacinta Wariinga, the most powerful character of Ngugi, embodies the contradictions of her own age. She becomes a complex character in terms of theme and style. Her education suffers because of her class background and she has to strive for survival. Deserted by her boyfriend and driven out of her house by the hired thugs of the landlord, she attempts committing suicide but is rescued by Muturi. In a dramatic game and parable "of the hunter and the hunted" between her and the Rich Old Man of Nghorika, she becomes pregnant, and gives birth to a daughter, Wambui. In an ironic tragicomic plot device, Wariinga falls in love with Gatuiria, the son of the Rich Old Man of Nghorika, father of Wambui, her daughter. Gatuiria symbolizes the contradictions of the petty bourgeois intellectual.

When we meet her in the Matatu, the gloomy phase in her life is over and she becomes more assertive and critical of the system. Her revolutionary optimism is strengthened by her rescuer, Muturi. It seems

to be Wariinga's role in the novel to emphasize that women play a constructive role on equal footing with men and they are not merely sex-gratifying and child-bearing machines. As such, Wariinga emphasizes that the woman is not man's commodity, an edible thing to be devoured, an inanimate object or ornament to be worn by man. As Ngugi points out Wariinga is a "fictional reflection of the resistance heroine in Kenyan history, conceived along the lines of Mau Mau women cadres."

Wariinga is a fictional reflection of the resistance heroine in Kenyan history. In killing 'Rich Old Man', Wariinga at one level kills the destroyer of women. She points out to the need to see the humanness' behind the beauty. At another level, Wariinga eliminates a representative of the exploiting force. Since Rich Old Man means 'the one who scoops', here the scooping is characteristic of the bourgeoisie. Through the character of Wariinga, Ngugi wants in the society the liberation for women. Gichingiri Ndigirigi points out:

While Wariinga appears a credible protagonist exemplifying the liberation of women, even going through a revolutionary change, she fails as a reflection of the "resistance heroine of Kenyan history." She is a character who develops from passion to purpose instead of vice versa.

Ngugi champions women's rights in Kenya. He argues for the education of women, especially practical education: Wariinga trains to become an auto mechanic. Ngugi is particularly concerned about the

treatment of women as the sexual possessions of men. Ngugi also deplores women's attempts to lighten their skin, straighten their hair, and follow the current fashions and celebrates the beauty of African women who are strong and independent. Wariinga's murder of the old man is a decisive gesture of self-assertion. This is corroborated by the fact that she chooses to dress herself in the traditional Gikuyu costume at this fateful moment.

Ngugi's aim in carrying out a linguistic revolution in *Devil on the Cross* is to make the Kenyan peasants and workers aware of the need for a radical change in the socio-economic set-up of the country. He expresses the view that the goal of total liberation can be achieved through the united efforts of the peasant, the worker, the student whom he calls the holy trinity since they are the backbone of any country. With a greater knowledge of the social indignities that the peasants and workers of modern Kenya are subjected to "Ngugi severely criticizes the ruthlessly oppressive elements" and shows the Kenyans that social equality lies in not acquiring but giving, not grabbing but sharing.

Devil on the Cross is a form of resistant political discourse. The novel is a continuation of his earlier works. The novel bears an unmistakable Marxist stamp and belongs to the category of socialist art and in this novel; the writer is in fundamental agreement with the aims of the working class and the emergent socialist world. As Harish Narang points out:

"Devil on the Cross" deals with post independence Kenya well established on the path of 'development', what with

wholesale exploitation of the masses - both rural and Urban - particularly the most vulnerable sections of the society namely workers, peasants, students.... There is rampant corruption, thuggery, nexus between business and crime, politicians and swindlers - both national and international.

Ngugi has also transformed the style and form of his novel, to create an Afrocentric narrative. Ngugi realizes the enormity of the ideological crisis in the African society. He articulates his ideological position with a series of comic symbols and different fictional devices indicating a revolutionary optimism. Apart from focusing on the theme of "Modern Theft and Robbery", Ngugi also deals with the problems of women--the twice colonised community. Jacinta Wariinga is the principal character of the novel and it is primarily her story that Ngugi sets out to tell. The Rich Old Men, Waigokos, Kamoongonyes who together represent a fair sample of Kenyan males are all out to convert them into their "sugar girls." There is no depth of depravity to which such men do not sink.

As a fable, *Devil on the Cross* is a signifier of every event in the novel: the bus journey, the feast in the cave, Wariinga's transformation, her love affair with Gatuiria, the driver's killing of celebrated man in the cave, Wariinga's killing of "The Rich Old Man" and two other capitalists in the wedding crowd. Ngugi's effort in showing these activities as natural outcome of incidents indicates a comprehensive vision of the historical condition of Kenya.

THE TEMPEST: AN ALLEGORY OF MAN

*Dr. K.V. Ramarao **

It is universally acknowledged that Shakespeare bade goodbye to the theatre with the play The Tempest about the year 1612. Many allegorical interpretations have been attempted, taking Prospero to be Shakespeare himself. The Epilogue and other dialogues of Prospero give strength to the argument that Shakespeare was quitting his art to go back to Stratford for a quiet and retired life. Some have seen in the marriage of Miranda to Ferdinand, Shakespeare's symbolic handing over of the dramatic art to Fletcher.

It is strongly believed that the play was written to mark the betrothal of Elizabeth, daughter of James I, to the young Elector Palatine. Befitting the occasion there is music, a Masque and a lot of merriment in the play. The episode of love between Miranda and Ferdinand and the wedding blessings of Juno and Ceres and the happy betrothal in the presence of Prospero and Alonso confirm the connection of the play with a wedding. Their marriage marks 'reconciliation' between old enemies. But, is that all? Was Shakespeare content just to create a dramatic romance - with a lot of fun and merriment? Was he happy taking his audience to the island of enchantment and entertaining them for a couple of hours before bidding a final good-bye?

The work of a genius is many-sided.

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The music and the magic in the play The Tempest are likely to hide the deeper purposes of the artist. The man of genius who tried to delight and instruct his audiences for over two decades would certainly leave a message of profound significance before he left them for good. Forgiveness of enemies, reconciliation and Christian charity are no doubt worthy themes for a farewell song. But the story of Prospero on the lonely island has something more to offer. It has to be understood as an 'Allegory of Man'. In classifying Shakespeare's plays according to the 'epochs of spiritual alteration and development' Dowden makes perceptive comments on the artist and his work. "The resolution of the discords in these latest plays", observes Dowden, "is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition, resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of his play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart. Its significance here is ethical and spiritual; it is a moral necessity:"

Whether or not we subscribe fully to the opinion of Dowden that Shakespeare's work reflected chronologically the various moral and spiritual crises in his own being (that he could have been a Romeo or a Hamlet but ended up being Duke Prospero), we can easily understand that the playwright who had discussed so many weighty moral and spiritual problems, as in his Problem plays (like Measure for Measure) and the great tragedies, (Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and King Lear) vital questions of birth, death, existence and the meaning and purpose of life". would have

formulated a philosophy of life, a satisfactory answer to the baffling riddle of the universe. Shakespeare being a perfect artist, kept himself away from his work and each of his plays is a perfected piece affording a complete aesthetic experience. Art lies in concealing art. Shakespeare hid his final message to the world in the story of Prospero. The message, in essence, is as valuable as the message of the Bhagavad-Gita.

John Bunyan chalked out a Christian's ideal course in the world in his *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It is an open allegory with a didactic purpose. Edmund Spenser too dramatized the conflict between good and evil in *The Fairie Queene*. John Milton wrote *Comus* with a similar purpose. Shakespeare, the superior artist hid his teaching under the outward glitter of romantic enchantment and merriment.

The points of the allegory may be summarized as follows: Man is an exile in this world. He will have to go back to his Home after a brief stay on this fascinating island. While here, man has constantly to contend with certain forces, both within and without. Through self-control and cultivation of knowledge, an intelligent man keeps evil under check, promotes good, effects his purposes with the instruments at his disposal and prospers. Although he has dominion over many things and forces, a wise man never loses his head with pride, greed, jealousy, anger or attachment. He preserves peace and joy and passes them on to others. He is aware of the insubstantial, dream-like nature of this life and prepares himself happily to go back to his home in God. He is in the world, but not of the world. He performs his duties, but he is detached from everything.

Thus, the moral and metaphysical message of *The Tempest* is not just a living up to the Christ-like virtues of forgiveness and kindness, but living like Christ himself with full self-possession and awareness of one's divine Potential. The message is universal in significance.

One is amazed to find elements of Hindu wisdom, particularly some aspects of esoteric yoga in *The Tempest*. Shakespeare's probing went beyond the merely political, social and moral questions of life. As he reached the very foundations of the human being and human existence, certain great truths were 'intuitively' revealed to him. Thus in the story of Prospero many interesting things are revealed, as for example, this picture of 'Pralaya', the Final Dissolution:

"And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant fade,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
is rounded with a sleep."

(IV - i - 126-133)

In his *Autobiography of a Yogi*, Paramahansa Yogananda recounts Lahiri Mahasaya's experiences when the latter's guru materialized a gorgeous golden palace in the Himalayas:

"Brother," I (Lahiri Mahasaya) said,
"the beauty of this structure surpasses the
bounds of human imagination. Please explain
to me the mystery of its origin."

'I will gladly enlighten you. 'My companion's dark eyes sparkled with wisdom. 'There is nothing inexplicable about this materialization. The whole cosmos is a projected thought of the Creator. The heavy clod of the earth, floating in space, is a dream of God's. He made all things out of His mind, even as a man in his dream-consciousness reproduces and vivifies a creation with its creatures.

'The Lord first formed the earth as an idea. He quickened it; atomic energy and then matter came into being...when he withdraws His will, all earth-atoms will return to its source-consciousness. The earth idea will disappear from objectivity."

(Autobiography of a Yogi P, 310)

Knowing well that we are dream-like stuff and that our 'little' life is rounded with a sleep called death, the Yogi or the wise man strives to strengthen his 'big' life, that is, life in the spirit by acquiring true knowledge, which is esoteric and occult. Even when he was the Duke of Milan, Prospero was totally absorbed in his secret books and this one-sided absorption cost him dearly. After learning the bitter lesson that one should have equal grip over his outer as well as inner life, Prospero began to understand and take control of forces and powers that would help him to live a happy life that would serve his mighty purpose of regaining his lost dukedom.

Man is made in the image of God. He is the child and prince of God. But under the spell of 'maya' or satanic delusion, he loses this knowledge and whines as a helpless mortal lost in the dark world. To reclaim one's birth-

right and to re-establish one's kinship with God, to go back to the Source to enjoy the ever-new joy of God is the sole purpose of man on this earth. This requires 'sadhana' or spiritual practice; through control of 'prana' or life-energy through the instrumentality of breath. This is the Royal path to Self-Realization.

In the play, providentially brought to the enchanted island Prospero meets Caliban and Ariel. Their natures and functions in the play prompt us to identify them with four elements. Caliban represents earth and water, and Ariel represents fire and air. If the island is taken to be the human body Caliban is related to the two lower 'chakras' (the cerebro-spinal centres of power distribution and of consciousness) Muladhara (earth-centre) and Swadhistana (water-centre) and Ariel to the Manipura (fire-centre) and Anahata (air-centre). Ariel is more air than fire, that is, only during the storm at the beginning of the play, he appeared as a cormorant, but later he produced music and sounds, remained mostly invisible.

Brought into this 'kshetra', - the body, the island, - the 'kshetrajna' - the atma, Prospero - learns the two dominant forces to be what they are and bends them to his purpose. The matter-bound tendencies try to impede the progress of the soul. Hence they have to be checked and constantly curbed. Caliban is curbed like this. But human life is not possible without primaries and essentials. Caliban is used to provide physical comforts. If one is not vigilant enough the forces of the lower realms try to 'rape' one's peace and joy, and to 'kill' one, that is, make him forget his celestial origin and aspirations for self-

realization. Caliban's molestation of Miranda and his conspiracy with Stephano against Prospero may be understood in this light.

On the other hand, when one's consciousness, through ardent 'sadhana' gains mastery over the fourth chakra, the air centre, one acquires some mysterious powers. This 'anahata' chakra is associated with sweet and celestial music. As the yogi progresses upward his surroundings change beneficially and opportunities to help him open up on their own accord.

Prospero first released Ariel from wretched and painful confinement in a tree. (This corresponds to the yogi's first efforts at separating breath from body, thus snapping the bonds of ignorant attachment). The released Ariel becomes a faithful servant and a wonderful instrument of good. A golden opportunity presents itself when the King of Naples, Alonso, with Antonio in his train, is returning from his daughter's wedding in Tunis. With the help of Ariel, Prospero causes the tempest and, snares the ship and its passengers. Ariel produces enchanting as well as frightening music. The royal guests from Italy are charmed as well as entertained with his music.

Thus, Prospero, (an advanced yogi) exhibits strange powers, which he has acquired through years of patient study, chastises and forgives wrong-doers, checks evil and; promotes good, and passes on the peace and joy (Miranda) to a worthy successor. At last, he is Homeward bound, fully content with himself.

The beauty of this magical island is

that the higher nature likes to touch and enjoy (and thus elevate) lower nature and the lower nature, which by chance gets the sweet intimations of immortality, craves to have that uplifting experience again and again. Thus Ariel wants to be released into the elements -

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
after summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I sing now?
under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

(V-ii-88-94)

Similarly, Caliban says in a rare poetic frame of mind:

"... the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that gives delight and
hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes
voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in
dreaming,
The clouds me thought would open, and show
riches
Ready to drop upon me: that, when I wak'd
I cried to dream again."

(111-ii-143-151).

Thus the downward and upward movement, the outward inward flow of energy points to a sort of integration and fusion, the coming together of earth and heaven, the sublimation of sense-experiences and overall acceptance of life-no rejection, no negation,

all love and reconciliation.

Throughout the play a clear distinction is maintained, between the foul necromancy of Sycorax and the 'arts' and 'magic' of Prospero. Prospero has access to some secret powers through some definite knowledge of some science and arts, which are not specified here. His powers are superior to those of the witch and to those of her god Setebos. His powers are positive powers, intended and used to shower his fellow-beings

with blessings, never to harm them, This positive knowledge may be compared to the science of Yoga and the practice of certain Vedic rites which are reputed to yield certain specific positive results, as contra distinct from witch-craft or black magic.

Thus through this 'Allegory of Man', The Tempest, Shakespeare seems to give a message to his admirers about how to live in this world. Thus, The Tempest is the Shakespearian Gita.

THE CREAM GOD

*Srinivasa Kota **

As the cock crowed to the rising sun,
The air knew that the day had begun;

The cows lowed and continued to graze,
As settled the gold through the morning haze;

The sweet breeze came whistling and whirling,
To the tall grass, now giggling and swaying;

The warmth embraced and kissed the demure
day,
Whilst doing the same to those bales of hay;

And out stepped the lady of the delectable
house,
Clad in a riot of colour in the saree and blouse;

Holding thus a pot made of earth,
Across she went to a cow full of mirth;

Just then, two eyes blinked right above the
sill,
While the rest of house watched silent and
still;

The milk filling the pot was spuming and
playing,
As the tiny blue limbs were crawling and
splaying;

The calf kept caressing and tugging at her
mother,
Jingling in tune with the hands of the other;

Strung up quite high from the wet mud floor,
Was a comely new pot, rather hidden from
the door?

The tot now stood up and stumbled towards
the pot,
His mind chock-full with what the pot had got;

* Spl. Depty Collector, Hyderabad

He found a strong stool with steps up which to climb,
All the same dreading if he really had enough time;

Now the moon was in the pot with the sun floating in it,
So too were the stars with which the universe was lit;

Just then, there is a shatter and an abrupt, long silence,
Making the mother start and swivel round in the distance;

Even the cow and the calf glanced round in fright,
As the source of the noise was clearly out of sight;

But the house knew more than anyone possibly could,
That there was nothing to fear and everything was quite good;

But thus made the mother a dash to the house,
Worrying what it was, a thief or a mouse;

But lo and behold! Pray, what did she see?
The boy sat plonked amid the shards and cream,
Licking off his fingers but without a scream;

The mother stops dead, framed in the doorway,
Fathoming what has passed whilst she was away;

"Drops to the ground the broom in her hand,
And the boy stops his business to try to understand;

She furrows her brow and narrows her gaze,
As he widens his eyes and slips into a daze;

She lunges at him to sweep him off the ground,
, To shake him up a bit and spin him all around;

Now the sky, it always knew, was the colour of the boy,
And so it brought some clouds and some rain that poured with joy;

Which showered as love from the mother's heart and eyes,
As she held-close to her- her son full of surprise;

The hues she wore mirrored those within her and without,
And the flow of her love mixed with that of the cow, no doubt;

Just as the calf drew closer to her mother for some milk,
So the hen gathered her chickens, for they were her ilk;

Chortles and sniffles were the only sounds inside,
As the cows and chickens mooed and clucked outside;

"The cream god would many a time repeat this stunt,
When his mother's away and the hens on a hunt;

But would there be anyone who'd mind?
Surely not his mother, or certainly not anyone,
For she is forever kind, for she adores her little son.

BOOK REVIEW

Ram Manohar Lohia (Telugu), **Compiler:** Ravela Somayya, No. of Pages:95
Publisher: Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia Samata Trust and Dr. Lohia Centenary Celebrations Committee, Begumpet, Hyderabad. Price. Rs.20/-.

This slim volume of 95 pages is brought out by Ramanohar Lohia Birth Centenary Committee. It is a collection of brief but beautiful articles by a few writers including Madhulimaye, Acharya N.G Ranga, Narla Venkateswara Rao, Sanjivadev and other eminent persons.

Ravela Somayya in his Introduction brought out the salient features of Lohia's contribution to the Socialist thought and the freedom movement and his sterling qualities

of head and heart. Madhulimaye called him "Karma Yogi". Acharya Ranga called him 'Revolutionary to Revolutionaries'. Every one of them paid glowing tribute to the great leader.

Lohia considered himself a cosmopolite, a world citizen. He staged a sit - in at a segregated Mississipi restaurant in U.S., participated in the Nepalese struggle against the tyranny of the Ranas and launched a movement of civil disobedience in Goa against the Portugese Rule. He protested against the Chinese occupation of Tibet. He was a brilliant parliamentarian and staunch supporter of Gandhiji.

The book is eminently readable.

Dr. I. Satyasree.

READERS' MAIL

I was delighted to recollect my reader association with yellow covered Triveni of yester years. It is a great compliment that 'Triveni' found a great champion in you.

**Prof P.N.Murthy,
Hyderabad.**

I received my copy of 'Triveni' Jan-Mar. I am unable to hold my feelings of joy with in myself after I read your article, Can Media Regulate Itself? How appropriate it is to the present day sordid situation!

You rose to such heights that you could dictate to the government to muster enough courage to introduce strict regulatory mechanism' for a desperate remedy. It is a

master piece.

The last article of D.Surya Rao, namely 'Don't the Masses Need Some Paliat?' is a brilliant article (though I do not agree with the author on some aspects). The articles and the poems in the middle also made a good reading. Triveni and its readers are fortunate because the right man is at the right place.

**Dr.C.Jocab
Dist & Sessions Judge (Retd.)
Narsapur**

Jandhyala Ravindranath, Visakhapatnam, appreciates the article on Tara by Ms. Radha Murty published in the previous issue.

New Life Members

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

LIFE MEMBERS:-

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Dr. Balaji Utlal | 21. Dr. E. Chandra Sekhar Reddy |
| 2. Central News Agency Pvt.Ltd., New Delhi | 22. Ms. T. Swarna Latha |
| 3. Sri P.N. Murthy | 23. Dr. S.S. Ranga Prasad |
| 4. Sri Konda Laxmanarao | 24. Dr. T.S. Sudhir |
| 5. Dr.Y. Sri Rama Murthy | 25. Dr. Innaiah |
| 6. Principal, University College, Karimnagar | 26. Mr. Jandhyala Bhadra |
| 7. Smt.S.K.Mangammal Chary | 27. Dr. R. Hussain Reddy |
| 8. Sri P.Sambasivarao (M T M) | 28. Dr. Mastan Rao Govada |
| 9. Sri P. Srinivasarao | 29. Dr. M.M. V. Prasada Sarma |
| 10. Sri Y. Prabhakararao | 30. Mr. C.R.R.Sastry |
| 11. Sri P.Vachaspathi | 31. Dr. T. Sripathi Rao |
| 12. Principal, National College, Tiruchirapalli | 32. Dr. Doddavaradu Prabhakara Rao |
| 13. Principal, Mahila Mahavidyalaya, Parbani | 33. Dr. C. Indiravathi |
| 14. T. Hanumantharao | 34. Dr. V. Sharat Kumar |
| 15. Sri. C. Subbarao | 35. D. Somulu |
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| 17. Ms. Shanti Yeachuri | 37. Mr. V.V.L.N.S. Prasad |
| 18. Dr. J. Venugopal Rao | 38. Mr. Bhandaru Srinivas Rao |
| 19. Dr. K. Bhaskara Reddy | 39. Dr. M. Umapathi Ran Prasad Rao |
| 20. Dr. Pattabhi Ramayya Machiraju | |

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

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