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## TRIPLE STREAM

### "MY LIFE IS MY MESSAGE" - GANDHIJI

I.V. Chalapati Rao\*

Gandhiji is as old as the Himalayas and as fresh as the dew drop on the lotus. Gandhiji is one of the towering personalities and master minds of the world. He was the morning star of Indian independence. He was born in slave India and died in independent India. He was an experimenter in truth, an apostle of love and non-violence, a crusader for values and a pioneer in innovative strategies to tackle the major evils of the world - (1) Racism (2) Colonialism (3) Consumerism and (4) Fanaticism. He successfully fought the three evils but the fourth one claimed his life. The physical violence has now become terrorism.

The world is now riven with discord. Fissiparous tendencies are on the rise. Corruption has become rampant. Politicians have lost their credibility. Society has become re-stratified so that the sediment has floated to the top. Middlemen, bootleggers, contractors, scamsters and gangsters are having gay time. Fair is foul and foul is fair. In such a contaminated atmosphere, we can say that Gandhi's time has not passed but his message has become more relevant. As Gandhi feared, the modern man has dazzling technological achievements to his credit, numberless but mindless conquests of nature are made, but he has allowed his inward eye to go blind. He is overexposed outside but underdeveloped inside!

According to Gandhiji there are seven deadly social sins:

1. Politics without principles
2. Wealth without work
3. Pleasure without conscience
4. Knowledge without character
5. Commerce without nobility
6. Science without humanity and
7. Worship without sacrifice.

It was Gandhiji who placed before the Congress the three important ideals - Political freedom, economic justice and social equality.

On Religion he said:

"All of my India is my family."

"There should be no state religion."

"The root of Religion is like the root of the tree with many branches - Hinduism, Islam, Christianity and Sikhism."

"All religions belong to me".

"By a long process of prayerful discipline I have ceased to hate anybody."

"I have long been trying to be a fakir" reply to Churchill who called him a 'half naked fakir')  
"Cleanliness is next to godliness".

According to him, religion is not confined to Monday bhajan, Sunday sermon or Friday namaz. It should be 'being good and doing disinterested service'.

Gandhiji had great concern for the poor, particularly for the villagers. In a letter to Jawaharlal Nehru in 1945 he wrote "I

believe that if India is to attain true freedom and through India the world as well, then sooner or later we will have to live in villages, in huts, not in palaces. A few million people can never live happily and peacefully in cities." He did everything to improve health and sanitation in villages. He started the movements 'GO BACK TO VILLAGES', 'GROW MORE FOOD'. He appealed to teachers and social workers to explain to the villagers modern methods of cleanliness. He himself set an example by sweeping streets and cleaning latrines.

Gandhiji's insistence on the wearing of Khadi was a matter of high policy to fight the British and weaken their rule. It was a great blow to the British mills. It was the beginning of economic freedom and equality of all people in our country. Yet he did not blindly condemn everything foreign. He said that books and certain other useful articles like surgical instruments made in foreign countries could be used. Swadeshi meant that we should learn to produce the necessities of our countrymen in India through the labour and intellect of our own people by providing employment to the rural folk. He wanted village panchayats to develop the villages and settle all local disputes.

Gandhiji condemned luxuries, extravagance and wastage. He said "Why does the Viceroy need such a big house?" He wanted the Viceroy's palace which is today the Rashtrapathi Bhavan with 340 rooms stretching over 350 acres containing the luxurious Mogul Gardens to be turned into a hospital for the poor. During 1942-45 at Sevagram Ashram, Birla guest house, a palatial building was constructed. It was meant for the

convenience and comfort of the foreign and other guests who visited the Ashram. When it was built, Gandhiji was in jail. After his release he was surprised to see the big building. He was not satisfied with the reasons explained to him. Immediately he changed it into a hospital. He said "Sick people are the only guests fit to live in such a building."

There was an interesting incident. Once Gandhiji and Lala Lajpatrai were guests in the house of Gupta, a friend. They were put up in the same room. Lajpatrai went out leaving a pile of used clothes for washing in the bathroom. When he returned on the next day he found all the clothes washed, pressed and neatly kept on the bed. Pleased with the efficient service, Lajpatrai wanted to pay a large tip to the servant who washed them so well. When Mr. Gupta called the servant, he told him that they were washed by Lajpatrai's roommate (Gandhiji). Gupta and Rai were astonished at Gandhiji's humility and service mindedness and were ashamed of themselves.

The jailor once brought for Gandhiji in Yeravada prison special furniture and other expensive things. Bapu said "What is all this?" The officer replied "The government has allowed us to spend Rs. 300 a month on honoured guests like you." Gandhi said "Take it away please. This money comes from the Indian treasury, I do not want to increase the burdens of my countrymen."

Once Lord Mountbatten went to see him in Birla House for an important discussion. Gandhiji was seen engrossed in conversation with two villagers. They were all sitting on a mat. Gandhiji received Mountbatten very politely and wanted to know what brought

him. Lord Mountbatten asked him to spare some time to be alone with him to discuss "matters of state". With his characteristic smile Gandhi asked him to talk in their presence. He added "It is their state". He sincerely believed that India belonged to the poorest of the poor.

When he went to England to attend the Round Table Conference, he lived in the East End, a working class locality. He did not accept offers of accommodation from rich friends in hotels and palaces.

When he was in Sabarmati Ashram, a letter came from Poona. Mahadev Desai, his secretary, read the letter first. He told Gandhiji that it was a useless letter and therefore should be thrown into the waste paper basket. When he was about to throw it away, Gandhiji asked whether there was not anything in it he could use. Desai said 'No'. Gandhi took it, removed the pin and left the papers. Even a pin was not wasted.

Once Gandhiji had to send a telegram to his lawyer Mavlankar, who later became the Speaker of the Constituent Assembly. When he came to know that it was a holiday and the post-office would charge extra money, he put the telegram in a cover and posted it. On another occasion he lost a small pencil. His men searched every corner for it but could not find. Somebody brought a new pencil. But Gandhiji was not satisfied till the missing pencil was traced and brought to him. When he saw

the small stub, he received it with a big smile. Nothing was too small for him in value.

Once thieves entered Sabarmati Ashram and stole Kasturba's box. Gandhiji did not report this to the police. He was surprised to know that his wife had a box. She told him that there were only their grand children's clothes in the box. This reply did not satisfy him. He said "Children and grand children should look after their own future." He expected such a high standard of conduct from every one.

Before he left South Africa, friends presented him gold ornaments and money. He formed a trust and put everything in it for the service of the poor.

When someone said "Gandhiji, your followers did not possess enough personality to carry your message in a living form to the people", Gandhiji smiled and said "Which of Christ's disciples had given proof of great ability during his life time?"

It is the youth whose bodies do not carry mercenary bones that should carry his message and ensure his second coming.

How and in what worlds' tongues do we find words with adequate power to portray the greatness of this saint among men who redeemed India of its centuries' bondage and gave the people freedom and a flag?

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A man asked Lord Buddha "I want happiness". Lord Buddha said: First remove "I" that's ego. Then remove "Want" that's desire. See now you are left with only "Happiness".

## MEHER BABA'S MESSAGE TO THE YOUTH

**Meher Baba**

(Dictated by Meher Baba on 3rd August 1942 and published in the September 1942 issue of "Comrade")

It is the privilege of youths to be full of energy and hope. Not being caught up in any grooves, their dreams about the future have the advantage of being inspired by an unfettered imagination. In the glow of a newborn love, or in the warmth of newly caught enthusiasm, they are quick to respond to the call for action and self-sacrifice. Life would be poorer without these qualities, which are predominantly present in youths. But if the youths are to derive the full benefit of the qualities with which they are abundantly endowed, they must also try to acquire some other qualities which are rare in young people.

Hope should be fortified by a courage that can accept failure with equanimity; enthusiasm should be harnessed by the wisdom that knows how to wait for the fruit of action with patience. Idealistic dreams about the future should be counterbalanced by a sense of the realities of the present. The glow of love should allow itself to be illumined by a free and unhampered play of reason.

It is easy for youths to be so intent on realizing the ideal, that they become bitter against the present and past, but it is well to cultivate the spirit of idealizing the real and being appreciative of the heritage of the past. The

world, as it is, may not seem to follow the pattern youths adore, but they must never forget that it is always good enough to merit their most loving attention. In their desire to improve the world, let them not surrender their right to be happy by becoming bitter.

Youths love freedom and, as such, they have a natural impulse to rebel against all authority and bondage. All this is well and good. But let them make a real effort to keep free from the many illusions to which young people are particularly susceptible. True self expression does not necessarily imply irreverence for others; true criticism does not necessarily imply hostility or separateness. Freedom without responsibility is a doubtful boon. Freedom is worth having only where there is self-restraint and willingness to cooperate with others. .

Youths are always willing to act and take risks. Let them freely yield to this fearless and imperative urge of life within them. But while releasing action, let them take every care that it is creative and not merely destructive. Let their watchwords always be Love and Service

**Courtesy: The Avatar  
20th December 2012**

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## TAKE A BREAK FOR NATURE'S SAKE

Deepa Shekhar

In the rush of meeting daily deadlines, we often forget to appreciate nature, the wonder of it all. And in not doing so, we neglect it and allow the beauty around us to disappear.

Everyone remembers the lines, "What is this life if full of care, we have no time to stand and stare" from the poem 'Leisure' by W. H. Davies. This poem seems to be so relevant even today. With our monotonous and rigorous work schedule, we can hardly spare time to explore nature trapped as we are in the clutches of achievements and success.

### An experience

One cannot imagine how satisfying an experience it is to simply gaze at nature's immaculate sketch. A cool misty morning, shades of green, raw and ripe fruits you can catch a glimpse of nature among the leaves, the sweet scent of the newly bloomed flowers, the flight of birds and the chirping of the birds as they welcome a new dawn.

How ecstatic one feels at the sight of a beautiful flower, a leaf with dew drops on it, buds that hold the promise of blooming, tall grass swaying in the wind, the gentle breeze moving through the branches of a tree, a little bird feeding its young. Isn't it a wonder to see shoots appearing in the crevices of compound walls, proving that where there is a will there is a way . . . ?

Without a doubt, time spent in admiring and appreciating nature's impeccable beauty is a worthwhile experience. It is almost like watching a honey bee buzzing around to find a suitable place to build its honeycomb, or feathered creatures twittering among themselves, little wasps making their mud nest, a chameleon that seems to be in pensive mood but flicks its tongue to catch a little insect, ants working in unison, wispy butterflies enjoying the nectar from flowers. As responsible citizens we must do our bit in conserving this incredible green world graciously gifted to us. However apartments, villas and cell phone towers have snatched the homes of the birds and insects. Skyscrapers have replaced tall trees and cement, concrete, plastic and garbage replace the vibrant green.

People like Mohamed Dilawar (winner of Time Heroes - 2008), a dedicated conservationist, is doing his best to save and protect the environment with the help of his Nature Forever Society (NFS) team. The Biodiversity photo competition organised by him asking people to take pictures of "nature in your neighbourhood", and upload them on [www.thehindushutterbug.com](http://www.thehindushutterbug.com) has converted many into nature lovers. So take a break from your hectic schedule and experience the joy of exploring nature at its best and let the images sink not only into your cameras but also your hearts.

**Courtesy: *The Hindu*, 26-2-2013**

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## BRINGING ABOUT A CHANGE

Sunaina Mandeem\*

"Change yourself if you wish to 'change the world', said the Mother in August 1952, "Let your inner transformation be the proof that a truth-consciousness can take possession of the material world and that the Divine's Unity can be manifested upon earth".

She also said, "The world will be made better only in proportion as we make ourselves better."

Everyday, we look around and see how badly the world around us needs to change. We proclaim loudly all that is wrong with it and all that needs to happen to make it better; but usually we stop there, and do not take that thought forward to see how this change can come about. And it is rare indeed that we take it ever further to see what do we need to do to change ourselves.

In the opening chapter of *The Life Divine*, Sri Aurobindo states that "all problems of existence are essentially problems of harmony", and he goes on to say, "For essentially, all Nature seeks a harmony, life and matter in their own sphere as much as mind in the arrangement of its perceptions." May be that would be a good place to start.

Harmony seems to be the underlying principle of the whole of creation. Our very earth exists only because there is a harmony and a balance of forces that keeps it from either plummeting into the sun or breaking free and going its own way. Nature too maintains this

harmony. But we humans seem to be straying further and further away from this state of peaceful existence and agreement.

Everything and everyone has its special place and role in creation. The idea of love and respect towards all living beings and also inanimate objects is what our culture and knowledge has passed onto us across millennia, through the words and writings of great and realized beings. This love and respect is the first step towards a harmony that we all thirst for in this world. And it is only this harmony that can remove strife and discord and lead towards happiness. The relationship between men and women is one place that is in urgent need of this harmony and balance.

There was a time when women were respected and held a special place as the goddess or the mother. But history and present experience shows us that the reality is different, and there is less of love and respect for women and more of domination and abuse. It is sad indeed that this has happened in India where even today, the goddess continues to be worshipped. India is the spiritual beacon of the world. We know here, what it is to worship Shakti, the power of the Infinite and the Eternal and call for her force to manifest on earth. It is up to us to show the way by extending the love and respect of the Mother and the Nurturer of all living beings, be it the Mother Earth or the Goddess, to the woman, the mother of our coming generations and the nurturer of the family.

It is not just a question of bridging the inequality between men and women; it is each of the two trying to rise to their respective full potential. Both must liberate themselves from their lower natures and from everything that holds them down in order to rise to higher levels of consciousness so that both can become the perfect instruments of the Divine Shakti.

### **The Mother shows us the way:**

For in their mutual relationships, man and woman are at once rather despotic master and somewhat pitiable slaves to each other. Yes, slaves; for so long as one has desires, preferences and attachments, one is a slave of these things and of the people on whom one is dependent for their satisfaction.

Thus woman is enslaved to man because of the attraction she feels for the male and his strength, because of the desire for a home and the security it brings, and lastly because of the attachment to motherhood. Man too on his side is enslaved to woman, because of his possessiveness, his thirst for power and domination, because of his desire for sexual relations and because of his attachment to the little comforts and conveniences of married life.

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"People are often unreasonable and self-centered. Forgive them anyway.  
If you are kind, people may accuse you of ulterior motives. Be kind anyway.  
If you are honest, people may cheat you. Be honest anyway.  
If you find happiness, people may be jealous. Be happy anyway.  
The good you do today may be forgotten tomorrow. Do good anyway.  
Give the world the best you have and it may never be enough. Give your best anyway.  
For you see, in the end, it is between you and God. It was never between you and them anyway."

**--Mother Teresa**

That is why no law can liberate women unless they liberate themselves; likewise, men too, in spite of all their habits of domination, will cease to be slaves only when they have freed themselves from all inner enslavement.

And this state of veiled struggle, often unavowed but always present in the subconscious even in the best cases, seems unavoidable, unless human beings rise above their ordinary consciousness to identify themselves with the perfect consciousness and unite with the Supreme Reality. For as soon as one attains this higher consciousness one realises that the difference between man and woman reduces itself to a purely physical difference.

In the celebration of the Mother's birth anniversary this month, let us open our hearts and minds to her words and her force. It is only by aspiring towards a higher consciousness that we can bring about the change we all wish for.

**Courtesy : Sri Aurobindo's Action -  
February 2013**

## DEVULAPALLI KRISHNA SASTRI: FOREMOST LYRIC POET OF ANDHRA

**T. Siva Rama Krishna \***

D.V. Krishna Sastri was the pioneering, guiding spirit and leading light of the Romantic Age and Bhava Kavivram Movement in Andhra Desa in 1920's. It was known as the Krishna Sastri Era. A galaxy of scholar poets such as Rayaprolu, Nanduri, Basavaraju Appa Rao, Vedula, Kavikondala et al joined the vanguard of the Movement. He established a Forum and Platform for the Movement. He sang the feeling of his inmost heart with a new turn of expression. He was rightly hailed as Andhra Shelly, Keats and Andhra Tagore.

Krishna Sastri was born on November 1, 1897 at Chandrampalem, Near Pithapuram in East Godavari District, in an orthodox scholarly poetic family. Both his father and paternal uncle were erudite-scholar poets in the court of Maharajah of Pithapuram, near Kakinada. He had sound, traditional, classical education in Sanskrit and Telugu. After his early schooling at Pithapuram, he joined the Pithapuram Rajah's College in Kakinada, from where he took his B.A. degree in 1918.

Raghupati Venkata Ratnam Naidu, Principal of P.R. College, spiritualised education. Kandukuri Viresalingam and Venkata Ratnam revolutionised Andhra Desa with their social reforms. It was at the feet of

his Master Preceptor Naidu garu Krishna Sastry learnt his first lessons in humanism, western romanticism and imbibed the qualities of social cosmopolitanism and literary eclecticism. For some time he worked as a tutor in P.R. College, and later devoted his life entirely to poetry, letters and philosophy.

### **His Poetical and Prose Works:**

In 1922 he wrote an introduction for the collection of devotional poems, entitled Ekanta Seva -- Alone with the Spouse Divine - reminiscent of Tagore's *Gitanjali* and Venkata Parvateesa Kavulu (the well-known poet-duo of Pithapuram). In the same year he published a slender volume of his own devotional lyrics under the title Kanneeru (Tears).

In 1925, Krishna Sastry published *Krishna Paksham* (the Dark Fortnight) a Collection of 50-odd poems. This is an elegy over the death of his wife with a strain of sadness, dejection, self reproach and self questioning,. It expresses frustration over the yawning gap between the actual and the ideal, promise and performance. Sri Sri, the revolutionary poet, was influenced by this anthology.

In 1928 he published *Pravasam* (Exile) and *Urvashi* - two incomparable lyrical pieces - which established his reputation as the foremost lyric poet of Andhra. His soul's

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\* Lecturer in English (Retd.), Writer, Kakinada, AP

agony in separation and servitude is deeply reflected in the former. His Urvashi is a damsel in separation. It is a deification of the eternal female principle in man and God, enshrined in the divine vedic tradition.

Krishna Sastri broke free from the fetters of hide-bound tradition. His love of liberty is best expressed in his song of Freedom

*Let them laugh if they like,  
Why not I do just as I pleased  
I shall float on the wings of singing birds  
And like a star amid the stars  
Vanish in the sweetness of my song!  
Let them laugh if they like.*

His identification with nature, which has a Wordsworthian ring, is reflected in one of his best known poems:

*Like a leaf within a leaf  
A flower within a flower,  
A stem within a stem  
A soft and tender stalk  
Shall I hide me in this forest  
And here stay away?...*

These are his unforgettable oft-quoted verses which moved the heartstrings of the connoisseurs.

His Mahati (named after Narada's Veena) contains a collection of his earliest devotional poems. In this treatise we find the quintessence of all world's religions. The syncretic influence of his revered preceptor, Sri R. Venkata Ratnam Naidu is more evident here than elsewhere. The musical quality of the verse is praise-worthy.

Krishna Sastri rendered Tiruppavai into beautiful Telugu - capturing the devotional spirit of mystic ecstasy therein in an admirable manner.

Krishna Sastri was a spell binding poet and orator on the platform. Unfortunately he lost his voice in a surgical operation. His scripts and songs for films were very popular. His songs for 'Malliswari' made a sensation.

His invincible spirit of self-confidence amidst his physical decay is illustrated through these two verses.

*Stilled may be the voice in my throat,  
But still sings my pulsating heart;  
the nest may be asleep  
But the bird is awake;  
Dilapidated may be the temple,  
And yet burns the light of the Lord;  
the tale may have ended,  
But the perfume lingers ...*

*Let not the winter come upon me,  
Let there be no place for Autumn in my world;  
And if the footsteps of senility are heard at the front door,  
Tell it that the poet is busy and send it away*

Krishna Sastri was an incurable optimist. He wrote prose with equal poise and equal felicity of expression. His humorous skits, critical and analytical essays have been collected in 3 volumes. "If I Were Born at That Time", "Flower Girls", "Ages Since We Met", "My Village is Dead" (His nostalgia down memory lane) -- these are among the most moving pieces.

In the last phase of his life, he made a sentimental journey to Kakinada and Pithapur Rajah's College, after a long time of his leaving Kakinada. Such was his love for Kakinada and Pithapuram Rajah's College.

For nearly a quarter of a century Krishna Sastri worked for the A.I.R. as broadcaster, spoken word producer, and literary Adviser, During this period, Sarmishta, Dhanurdasa and Pallaki were some of his melodious musical features, broadcast over the AIR.

His poetic output was not commensurate with his poetic genius. He should have produced more but for his

reluctance and poor health. He was a fastidious poet and writer.

In recognition of his extraordinary merit and versatility he was awarded the titles Padma Vibhushan by Government of India and Kalapropoorna by Andhra University.

He died in 1982 -- full of years and honours.

Under the stewardship of Dr. Krishna Sastry, Telugu Lyricism and Romanticism attained new heights, scope, fervour and richness. The younger poets considered him as a role model and imitated not only his poetic style but also his hairstyle.

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## A BIG QUESTION

**O.P. Arora \***

She asked me to pay up  
that ugly, black woman...  
No, I wasn't a victim of lascivious beauty  
or lured by that mischievous, bewitching smile  
she was a dark, ugly, black woman  
but I smiled and paid up...  
Do I owe everything  
to all and sundry?  
Why do they take advantage of me  
everyone?  
Am I the only one  
or it is a breed?  
Why don't I resist?

Why don't I fight it out?  
One sweet smile  
a generous comment  
a greeting card  
or a column in the newspaper  
and I am bowled over  
would bring down the stars  
shake the universe  
unmindful of the giggling  
that went on behind the curtains...  
Or is it in Nature  
some people are meant to be duped?  
My flawed nature, my God!  
And yet I survive  
all their manipulations--  
a miracle of Nature indeed.

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\* Poet, New Delhi

## SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S GOSPEL OF UNIVERSAL PEACE

Chicago Speech delivered on 11th September, 1893

Sisters and Brothers of America,

It fills my heart with joy unspeakable to rise in response to the warm and cordial welcome which you have given us. I thank you in the name of the most ancient order of monks in the world; I thank you in the name of the mother of religions; and I thank you in the name of the millions and millions of Hindu people of all classes and sects. My thanks, also, to some of the speakers on this platform who, referring to the delegates from the Orient, have told you that these men from far-off nations may well claim the honour of bearing to different lands the idea of toleration. I am proud to belong to a religion which has taught the world both tolerance and universal acceptance. We believe not only in universal toleration, but we accept all religions as true. I am proud to belong to a nation which has sheltered the persecuted and the refugees of all religions and all nations of the earth. I am proud to tell you that we have gathered in our bosom the purest remnants of the Israelites, who came to southern India and took refuge with us in the very year in which their holy temple was shattered to pieces by Roman tyranny. I am proud to belong to the religion which has sheltered and is still fostering the remnant of the grand Zoroastrian nation. I will quote to you, brethren, a few lines from a hymn which I remember to have repeated from my earliest boyhood, which is every day repeated by millions of human beings:

*As the different streams having their sources in different places all mingle their water in the sea, so, O Lord, the different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to Thee.*

The present convention, which is one of the most august assemblies ever held, is in itself a vindication, a declaration to the world, of the wonderful doctrine preached in the Gita:

*Whosoever comes to Me, through whatsoever form, I reach him; all men are struggling through paths which in the end lead to Me.*

Sectarianism, bigotry, and its horrible descendant, fanaticism, have long possessed this beautiful earth. They have filled the earth with violence, drenched it often with human blood, destroyed civilizations, and sent whole nations to despair. Had it not been for these horrible demons, human society would be far more advanced than it is now. But their time has come; and I fervently hope that the bell that tolled this morning in honor of this convention may be the death-knell of all fanaticism, of all persecutions with the sword or with the pen, and of all uncharitable feelings between persons wending their way to the same goal.

**Swami Vivekananda**

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## DECONSTRUCTING: THE MYTH: A STUDY OF "THE DAY OF THE GOLDEN DEER"

V. Srilatha\*

Shashi Deshpande, a well known Indian English novelist and short fiction writer has eight novels besides seven collections of short stories to her credit. The Collected Stories Volume 2 consists of twenty four stories. Shashi Deshpande uses Hindu myths in her stories to explore what is not told in the real epic particularly about women.

Shashi Deshpande has rewritten these stories taking minute situations from the epics to write with a different concept injecting the nature of modern women into the women characters of these myths. She gives her voice to Sita reinterpreting and deconstructing the myth of the Ramayana. She says "To me, history is also myth. I have a problem with myths, which are also written by men. But where are the women voices in the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, or the Puranas? Women were never allowed into the main stream."

"The Day of the Golden Deer" deals with Sita, a mythical character in Ramayana. Conversation between Sita and Lakshmana constitutes the essence of the story. She changes the ideal women characters into normal human beings. In a way she deconstructs the myth creating new characters. Sita in the story is invested with all the feelings and emotions of love, hatred, sensitivity, agony, etc. which become manifest as the story unfolds.

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\* Ph.D scholar in English, Kakatiya University, Hanamkonda

Sita is at her wit's end when the messenger gets her the news of deserting her in the forest and suspects the veracity of the very thought. She unflinchingly supports Rama that Rama never goes wrong.

"It is the kind of passion I am speaking of. That passion is simple. His passion, to be always in the right, never to do any wrong, is worse. [...] It is because of this passion of his that I had to stand on trial to prove my purity."(137)

She even says that she could see the seeds of his passion of doing everything right, when she entered into Ayodhya for the first time as a bride, when people cheered Rama, the radiant glow on his face revealed how much they love him, but she could not understand that then.

Sita understands that Rama lives for his people and for the sake of them he decided to desert even his wife which is aptly felt as 'Dharma' by Lakshmana. Sita also observes that Rama has shown her his pride in having done his duty, but not his grief at having to be cruel to her. She also remarks: "Yes, he is dutiful, I know that Lakshmana, and righteous too. I never doubt that. But tell me this, Lakshmana, what happens to those who are crushed under the chariot of his righteousness?"(138)

Sita attributes the cause of this horrifying situation to the vengeful ghost of Vaali.

Shashi Deshpande describes every minute feeling of Sita. She refuses to be addressed as 'Queen' and says "No, don't call me queen; I am no queen if the king casts me off. I am nothing. I correct myself... I am just Sita... only a woman who wants to live in peace with the man she loves. With the children of their love."(135-37)

Sita as a courageous human being doesn't want to lose her individuality. Though her anguish "spurts out like a jet of blood", She controls her anger. She has already gone through the ordeal of fire to prove her purity. In spite of knowing that she is innocent and blameless, she endures the situation.

She bursts into laughter to give vent to her resentment, when Lakshmana tries to convince Sita by saying that Rama knows that Sita retains purity and has no doubts on her, but following Dharma, as a king he has to do his duty.

She recollects the day of the golden deer and argues with Lakshmana that it is not fate, but action which leads to destiny. She consoles herself that it is her fault asking Rama to get the golden deer and sending Lakshmana away with the harsh and cruel words. "It is not fate that shapes our lives, but our wills, our actions. It was not fate that left me unprotected that day, the day of the golden deer. It was my fault, the result of my weakness, the weakness of my greed, of my too great a love for my husband. It was this that made me a coward of me, making me afraid he had been hurt..." (140).

Shashi Deshpande in her introduction to Collected Stories Volume-2 says "I saw in Sita a dignity and courage that saved her from becoming a passive victim. It was her strength that kept the infatuated Ravana at bay."

It is the courage and dignity which makes her forgive Rama for sacrificing her for the sake of his people. She says that she forgives him as she feels pity towards Rama. Sita's self identity and individuality is understood from her words when she says, "Perhaps I will forgive him, after all, not because I am a virtuous or a devoted wife, not because I am good and merciful, not even for the sake of our shared life, our memories, tears and laughter, but because I pity him. What is he but a victim of his own idea of himself?"(141)

'The Day of the Golden Deer' explores the fact that Sita has been sacrificed by Rama for his aim of attaining perfection. Sita comes to realise the fact that Rama is in fact "a victim of his own idea of himself."

The golden deer for Sita "is nothing but a mirage, a delusion" but for Rama, it is "the idea of perfection" which Rama chases constantly. It is this passion which ruins Sita.

Thus Shashi Deshpande has deconstructed the myth of Sita, showing her as a human being with all the feelings and emotions.

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## GROWING DISPARITY

**Dr. A. Jagan Mohan Reddy\***

There are 55 billionaires from India in the latest Forbes list of 2011. But what is shocking is the growing disparity between the wealth of the few and the poverty of the rest of humanity. American tycoons Bill Gates and Warren Buffet are presently donating most of their vast fortunes to social and charitable causes. Every billionaire must learn from Cyrus Poonawalla, CMD, Serum Institute and Chairman, Turf Authorities in India, who is providing quality vaccines at very economical prices to his fellow citizens.

What is the use of immense wealth when it is not used for the development of needy human beings? Business has a larger responsibility towards society. What is good for the country must become good for the enterprise.

Richard Wilkinson, a British epidemiologist who has spent years researching, documents at length in his recent book, *The Spirit Level*, the powerful psychosocial effects of inequality. He says, "As status differences grow, we worry more about status insecurity, we get widespread anxiety about self-esteem, and that brings rising rates of mental illness and depression."

In a 2011 study published in *Psychological Science*, researchers found that people of higher socio-economic status (SES)

were worse at reading other people's emotions - a skill known as "empathic accuracy," a basic part of empathy. The study's primary author, Michael Kraus, now an assistant professor of psychology at the University of Illinois, believes these results show how higher social status makes people more self-absorbed.

All these results are bad news for the rich themselves. The qualities that seem to be impaired by elevated status are the qualities that research has strongly linked to long-term happiness. "Being compassionate, having empathic accuracy, being trusting and cooperative - these are keys to social connection and, in turn, happiness," says UC Berkeley, a post-doctoral researcher.

Indeed, perhaps the dominant finding to emerge from positive psychology research over the past decade is that our happiness (and health) is largely determined by the quality and quantity of our social connections. Perhaps that's why "pro-social" behaviours and emotions - compassion, empathy, altruism - have been so strongly linked to happiness.

### **Happiness Research**

Research by Sonja Lyubomirsky, a leading happiness researcher, has consistently found that people report feeling happier after doing useful things for others. Several neuroscience studies have found that giving to others activates pleasure regions of the brain.

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Research by psychologists Lara Aknin and Elizabeth Dunn has even suggested that spending money on others makes you happier than spending on yourself. And a Canadian study published last year, led by Myriam Mongrain, found that after people supported others compassionately for just five to 15 minutes every day for a week, the compassionate people reported significant gains in happiness and self-esteem six months later.

The happiest countries are the ones with the most equality, like the nations of Norway, Denmark, Finland and Sweden. These countries also rank among the highest in an index of compassion created by University of Minnesota researcher Ron Anderson. By contrast, countries with more inequality, like the US and the UK, have significantly higher rates of health and social problems. Mental illness is three times more common in countries with social inequalities. Infant mortality rates are also much higher, and life expectancy is significantly lower.

Destiny has seen to it that everyone who meets another is given the opportunity to influence and enrich that person. Most times, however, being wrapped up in our selfish pursuit of seeking self-fulfillment, we lose it. A simple and ordinary meeting with, say, a bus conductor, by giving a smile or a friendly greeting, would make good deal of difference both to the giver and the receiver. Each is called to be responsible to make life better.

Parents likewise are given responsibility to look after their children. Psychologists say that children who receive much care and attention from their parents

become more mature and balanced. They on their part would build good families too. This would surely help in building a healthy nation.

People often abdicate their own responsibility and look to those in power instead. They assume the person in charge will take care of all the problems. But a funny thing happens. When you wait for the powers that be to ride in like the cavalry, they never show up. Ironically, that is largely because those authorities cannot make things better. At best, they can help channel their help into useful action.

The powers that be are actually highly dependent on all the other people in the organization. You wait for them, but in reality, they wait for you. It is a circle that can keep you chasing your own tail for years. The only way out is to become a leader by doing. When you stop waiting for others, they may find that you are the one they have been waiting for, giving you more freedom than you might think.

### **Noble Example**

In this regard, it is worth looking at the life of Mr. Kalayanasundaram. He worked as a librarian for 30 years. Every month in his 30-year service, he donated his entire salary to help the needy. He worked as a server in a hotel to meet his needs. He donated even his pension amount of about Rs. 10 lakhs to the needy. He is the first person in the world to spend the entire earnings for a social cause.

In recognition to his service, the American government honoured him with the 'Man of the Millennium' award. He received a sum of Rs 30 crores as part of this award

which he distributed entirely for the needy as usual. Moved by his passion to help others, super star Rajinikanth adopted him as his father. He still lives as a bachelor and dedicates his entire life for serving the society.

rivers flow; it is only to benefit others that cows yield milk; it is only for helping others that you are given a human body. So let us do our bit in making a difference to others' lives as well, while striving to better our own.

It is only to benefit others that trees bear fruits; It is only for helping others that

**Courtesy: *Tattvaloka*,  
December 2012**

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## **AN IDEAL TEACHER**

**Dr. Emmadi Pullaiah\***

An Ideal teacher is he,  
an icon of world of virtues,  
Intellect computer-like, academic excellence,  
Language felicitous and crisp,  
offering bananas peeled and easy gadgets,  
with no room for disgust & monotony to the wards

A disciplinarian is he  
with decency, devotion and determination,  
zeal abundant to unleash  
the talented bunch with  
Techniques innovative and pedagogic skills,  
Bidding farewell to rote teaching  
To translate the dreams of his pupils into reality.

Blessed is he, a bond inseparable  
With his pupils as the brightness and the sun,  
Can never be disassociated, working with  
Austere life & Puritan responsibility,  
Efforts assiduous in guiding them  
from the darkness of ignorance  
to the radiance of knowledge.

Ever on the righteous path is he,  
With concern perennial and  
parental-like affection,  
being true in word, thought and deed,  
making the class room,  
a heavenly abode

Employing wealth of humour,  
An entertaining quotient, he defuses  
The situations tense and war-like  
Apprehending their psyche  
And the reasons for their lack-lustre  
Attitude for studies

His very sight a stimulus to them,  
For pursuing academic ladder,  
As natural as breathing,  
Carving a niche for himself  
Ever enjoying work -culture,  
Taking pride in his divine  
And rewarding profession  
Making positive contributions to the young  
lives,  
The role model citizens of tomorrow,  
A nation to be proud of

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\* Retd. Reader in English, Govt. Degree College,  
Warangal.

## CRITICISM OF OTHERS

A good deal of our time goes into the criticism of others, sometimes by way of gossip or casual talks, sometimes as a consequence of actual experiences related to oneself or one's work or friends. It may be due to anyone or more out of a score of reasons; it is not always based on a definite information or a superior judgment, the most facile instances of this category being found among the newspaper readers who are prone to criticise profusely in different fields - political administration, education, sports, even things of war for which they cannot boast of more than an extremely superficial acquaintance.

When we criticise our colleagues or persons into whose contact we come in the course of our daily life, it may be again due to a number of reasons. Firstly, where there is an accusation against us, an immediate search starts for locating the blame in others. Secondly, there may be an inferiority complex. Thirdly, there may be hurt pride or aggrieved sentiment or feeling. Or, there may be just a feeling of pleasure in the act of criticising them.

The quantity of time devoted to other's criticism differs with each individual, but if each one takes account of it - both the silent criticisms in thought and the articulate ones in words - the quantum will turn out to be quite large. The next step in this reflection can be, what if this time were spent over something else? Some work for which no time was found, some act of love or friendship which could have been done, some reading which could have helped in the upward curve of the life, or

perhaps the turning of the very movement of criticism from others to oneself?

Self-criticism with a view to self-development becomes self-regard in a constructive way, that is, self-introspection. The faculty of criticism so utilised is a helpful movement both for the individual and the society. On the other hand, the exercise of this faculty when directed to others is not only devoid of this value, but has some negative effects.

For the critic himself it means an indulgence of his lower vital in the act, for it is that part of our being that takes pleasure in it, and as far as the person criticised is concerned it does not help him, for many a time the criticism is done behind the back and it does not reach him at all, and when he hears of it, directly or indirectly, correctly or incorrectly, his vital resents it or mocks at it or assumes the role of self-justification and engages itself in a counter-criticism.

Where does all this lead to? To a vicious circle like the one constructed by violence and counter-violence.

For, in the case of criticism and counter-criticism, it is not so much a question of right or wrong as of the attitude with which it is done. A friendly advice even when tendered with a frank drawing of attention to the mistake being done does not cease to be so in spite of its outward appearance of a criticism.

Criticism, we may affirm, is justified only when one has the capacity to bring about a change in the person concerned to get over his shortcoming. This is a capacity possessed by masters and adepts whose consciousness, when finding an expression through their words, brings into play the vibrations of

change, exhorts the subject to look to the heights and rise above the lower plains, and in such a case only it becomes a useful means on the path of upliftment.

**Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action-  
December 2012**

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## **FACE THE THREATS**

**M.G. Narasimha Murthy\***

Jostling through the crowds of Varanasi  
Ancient, vibrant and ever noisy,  
Vivekananda found at the end  
A lonely path that seemed to blend  
With his solemn, pensive mood,  
Longing for silence and solitude.  
As he walked along the narrow path  
Winding amidst lush green plants  
Towards a sprawling, lovely lake,  
A horde of monkeys, all red faced,  
Sprang on him from a nearby branch.  
Taken aback by their sudden attack,  
He ran very fast, never turning back,  
But the menacing beasts were at his heels  
And one of them pulled his saffron gown

While the others growled and shrieked.  
Shocked to see this frightful scene,  
A holy man coming from the lake,  
Shouted "Do not run: they will overtake,  
Stand there, face the surly brutes"  
Regaining his composure and lost balance,  
Vivekananda stopped at once;  
Held his ground and raised his hand.  
Stupefied and bewildered, the monkeys fled.

Thus awakened, he soon realized

"When you are threatened by opponents,  
Face them with courage and confidence,  
Yet, without malice or vengeance.  
To win life's battles, have grit and strength,  
For strength is life and fear, worse than  
death".

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\* Retired Principal, poet, Hyderabad

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**Michael Jordan:** Most people wouldn't believe that a man often lauded as the best basketball player of all time was actually cut from his high school basketball team. Luckily, Jordan didn't let this setback stop him from playing the game and he has stated, "I have missed more than 9,000 shots in my career. I have lost almost 300 games. On 26 occasions I have been entrusted to take the game winning shot, and I missed. I have failed over and over and over again in my life. And that is why I succeed."

## **DOMESTIC WALLS: An Impediment? A Study in R.K. Narayan's Dark Room.**

**N. Venu Latha\***

In the patriarchal set up, woman is given the peripheral region and the centre is occupied by man. From the days of Manu Smriti, she is made to live under man's charity. As said by Manu:

*Pita raksitu Kaumarya  
Brata raksitu yauvane  
Putra raksitu vardhakaye  
Na stree svatantrya marhati*

Woman's total dependence on man curbs her self-respect and individuality. The tradition, superstition, male-dominated environment of society leaves woman in a boundary of four walls. It has a passive impact on woman's liberty to dream and achieve a position in the society which she can be proud of. She struggles for identity. This struggle leads to her self-discovery.

The emancipation of women started with the remarkable changes that were brought about in the patriarchal and traditional society with the effect of modernism.

As Amrita Pritam opines, women's liberation is not mere shouting of slogans for one's rights and Women's Lib' means a fuller development of her personality, so that, she does not have to ask for freedom, she herself develops a capacity to achieve it.

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\* Lecturer in English, University College of Engineering, Kakatiya University, Kothagudem.

Freedom is not a thing to be given or taken but to be attained by the way of living and self effort. The process of realization has already been initiated, it only needs further upward movement in the social ladder with renewed efforts.

R.K. Narayan's attitude is similar to that of Amrita Pritam's. Despite his emphasis on moral values and traditions prevailing in the society, his concern for women reflects his attitude which is liberal and considerate towards women. His main aim appears to be preserving the harmony of marriage and also restoring the woman's individuality. He gives a message that woman can assert herself being "self" in spite of continuing to fulfill her commitments and her responsibilities within the family and society for a better life by adding more meaning to it.

In R.K. Narayan's *The Dark Room*, the female protagonist Savitri passes through situations that transform her by exhibiting courage in both restoring familial harmony and asserting herself. She realizes that identity can be achieved with self respect retaining her individuality without shedding the responsibilities and commitments towards her family.

Savitri is a house-wife, married to Ramani since fifteen years and blessed with a boy, Babu and two daughters, Sumati and Kamala. She represents a traditional married

woman who dedicates herself to the family and finds her identity and happiness through it. She is always insulted by her male chauvinistic husband and leads a humiliating life. She is deprived of self-respect and individuality. Her only identity is being a wife to Ramani and a mother to his three children. However when she learns about the 'other' woman in her husband's life she protests against her husband. She is made to realise that even the identity she possessed all these years of married life is an illusion. Her long years of commitment and dedication towards her family prove to be of no worth to Ramani. Instead she is ordered to leave the house. Except for 'self', Savitri possesses nothing and being dejected she leaves the house in quest of self identity with dignity. She encounters hardships for survival and finds the outside world to be different. But at the same time she experiences immense pleasure and satisfaction in becoming self-reliant. Later, realizing her responsibility towards children and family, she returns home as an individual with 'self'.

Savitri's husband Ramani represents the traditional male-chauvinist who does not spare an opportunity to dominate and abuse his wife. He holds that: India owed its spiritual eminence to the fact that the people here realised that a woman's primary duty (also a divine privilege) was a being a wife and a mother. He remembered all the heroines of the epics whose one dominant quality was a blind stubborn following of their husbands, like the shadow following the substance.

Ramani's insensible authority over Savitri expresses his ego: "Savitri!" Before she could answer, he called her twice again,

and asked, "Are you deaf?" ... Go and do any work you like in the kitchen, but leave the training of a grown-up boy to me. It is none of a woman's business.

It reflects "Ramani's male-chauvinism and the Manu based attitude to keep woman to the confines of the hearth." She is forced to accept her pitiful state with resignation, the only reason being her total dependency.

Savitri, though she shared fifteen years of life with her husband, was never understood by him. Her feelings were never given importance or counted. This kind of monopolistic behaviour of her husband can be observed with the cinema incident.

The smallest of the things that Savitri does for herself is under the control of her husband. She was not given sufficient time even for her dressing. Ramani shouts "Savitri, I will count sixty. You must dress and come out before that."

He does not show any concern to her emotions and inner feelings. However Ramani is proud of his wife Savitri for her charming looks. He looks slyly with a sense of ownership and satisfaction at possessing her.

Savitri, who is caring, loving, sacrificing and striving to satisfy all her husband's needs, is always ill-treated. She being little educated could not build up confidence to fight out the situation. The woman with no education is deprived of her fundamental rights.

But when she comes to know about the amorous relationship between her husband Ramani and a newly appointed insurance

agent Shanta Bai in her husband's office, she gets disturbed a lot. Whenever she protested, he shouted at her "I don't want you to dictate to me . . . . Mind how you speak!"

She checks her appearance and she tries to improve her looks by dressing well and trying to win back her husband.

Satish Barbudhe comments, "It is pathetic to watch Savitri trying her best to win her husband back by reviving her physical charms." By this Savitri reveals her acceptance of life as it comes and her flexible and adjusting nature. Her trials to win Ramani go in vain. She rebels against her husband's acts and warns him to leave the lady forever who has entered into their life breaking their relation and disturbing the harmony of the family:

This represents a fight of a woman to prove herself as a human being with feelings and self-respect and not an object of mere existence.

Ramani's least concern and improper response for her strengthens her decision to leave the house at the wee hour. She is saved by a lock-repairer from committing suicide. The lock-repairer's wife Ponni tries hard to find a job for Savitri. She passes through a difficult phase of life when she realises that the society does not accept a woman to live on her own, rather is expected only to marry and live with her family.

The indecent comments of irresponsible people hurt her feelings. She feels humiliated.

Savitri works hard in a temple and lives independently. For the first time she

relishes freedom that she has earned her own bread. However she could not detach herself from the responsibilities towards her children and family. The incompleteness within drives and makes way to remind her commitment to family i.e. Dharma as equally important as Artha and Kama to reach the ultimate goal Moksha. Siddinathananda Swami opines that not just artha and kama but "The holistic Indian tradition takes into consideration dharma and moksha also as spiritual quests in the life of man and woman". She finally decides to go back to her home. Savitri's return resembles the rich Indian tradition and strong familial ties that project Indian cultural.

Fulfilling the responsibilities and performing the duties efficiently does not mean being submissive but it means being traditional and doing her duties too, a woman can ascertain her identity thereby acquiring her independence and ultimately resulting in equality. In the process, she also realizes the importance of education in becoming self-reliant.

"If I take the train and go to my parents, I shall be living on my father's pension; If I go back home, I shall be living on my husband's earnings, and later, on Babu. What can I do by myself? Unfit to earn a handful of rice except begging. If I had gone to college and studied, I might have become a teacher or something... yes, Kamala and Sumati must take their University course and become independent" says Savitri to herself..

Unlike the traditional woman, the modern woman's advantage is her education that should help in grooming her personality, strengthening her moral and ethical values thus

emerging as an individual with dignity and self respect. In this male dominated society with hide-bound traditions, education is indispensable for women. It is equally important to bring up the children. This is the message.

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## **READING BETWEEN THE LINES**

From  
V. Wor. Bro. I. V. Subbarao  
Chairman  
Souvenir Committee

To  
The Chairman  
Centenary Committee  
W. Bro M. Siva Subba Rao

### Ref: CONFIDENTIAL REPORT

While working with my sub editor, I have always found him working studiously and sincerely at his table without idling or gossiping with friends in his office. He seldom wastes his time on useless things. Given a job, he always finishes the given assignment in time. He will always be deeply engrossed in his official work, and can never be found chit-chatting in the canteen. He had absolutely no vanity in spite of his high accomplishment and profound knowledge of his field. I think he can easily be classed as outstanding, and should on no account be dispensed with. I strongly feel that the sub editor should be pushed to accept promotion (as editor) & a proposal be sent out as soon as possible.

P.S: Dear Chairman, the sub-editor was present when I was writing this report mailed to you today. Kindly . . read only the alternate lines 1,3,5,7 etc for my true assessment of him.

Yours fraternally  
V. Wore Bro. I.V. Subba Rao  
Chairman, Souvenir Committee

## TENT

**Ramakrishna Rao Gandikota \***

Inherited I  
this tent  
my body  
from birth.  
Like gipsies  
carrying it  
on my shoulders,  
meeting many a  
gang of men,  
feeding myself  
on the dreams,  
hither today  
thither tomorrow  
I wander.

Seeing fairs  
and bartering  
high spirits,  
distilling my tears  
I gather the pearls;  
throughout the day  
in green pastures,  
I move in activity.  
And in the  
darkness of night  
alone I gaze  
at the hidden

treasures heaped up  
before me -  
the gems of friendship  
the crystals of passion  
the Jewels of  
love and romance.  
I hide these precious  
treasures  
in cup boards  
of my brain,  
in folds of  
my muscles,  
and further fasten  
with nervous hoops.  
And then spreading  
the blanket of sky  
I have cut to size,

I lay upon it.  
Further pillowing my  
head  
on the Moon  
I feast my eyes  
on the cosmic grace.

After some time  
I know that I would  
hear a voice -

"Well! you  
have been wandering  
from birth  
enjoying what all  
experiences  
you could make yours.  
To all of them  
you have to write finis.  
The tent of yours  
is going to catch fire.  
Then all that  
seems to be yours  
leaves you  
at the grave.  
Then why this  
attached attachment,  
instead of  
detached attachment?";  
to be questioned thus  
is certain, I know.

"Death, my dear,  
thy voice, I remember,  
let this tent of mine  
burn away -  
with all its belongings,  
the handful of ash  
which remains  
I 'will' away....

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\* Retd. Principal, Kakinada

Note: Telugu original 'PATAKUTIRAM' by Mr. Indraganti Srikanta Sarma (Poet and Senior Journalist)

## BHAJA GOVINDAM

**M.V.S. Sathyanararayana \***

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Chant Govinda, chant Govinda<br/>ye chant, oh chant, hey Govinda!<br/>When time is running out O' fools<br/>what use this rote of grammar rules.</p> <p>2. For money O' dimwits, quit thirst.<br/>With thoughts upright,<br/>cleanse minds off lust.<br/>With what you earn through fair career<br/>enjoy this life with ease and cheer.</p> <p>3. Leer not at dames waistlines laden<br/>by rotund breasts'-burden, O' men.<br/>Mere blood and flesh are they; appraise<br/>and keep this truth in mind always.</p> <p>4. This life a drop on lotus leaf,<br/>aglow, but know, fickle and brief<br/>with vile disease and pride, and lo<br/>whole world is filled with great sorrow.</p> | <p>5. Till earns your brawn, your kith and kin<br/>display their love and affection.<br/>When muscles sag, body effete<br/>no one around even to greet.</p> <p>6. Till breath in body yours remains<br/>all-hail your kith and kin with glee.<br/>That breath when flees, at your remains<br/>even your wife can't dare to see.</p> <p>7. Playful you were as juvenile,<br/>when young around sirens meander,<br/>when old you turn sickly, senile.<br/>No time you find over God to ponder.</p> <p>8. O' brother dear, who's wife, who's son;<br/>baffling is life! You came from where,<br/>to whom belong? Study anon<br/>the life phenomenon, with care.</p> |
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\* Poet, Nellore

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## WOOD

**I.K. Sharma**

In the bed of wood we happily sleep,  
in the cradle of wood we openly weep;

at school we write on the desk of wood,  
and range our books on racks of wood;

we fly kites on a frame of wood,  
and score runs with the bat of wood;

on the table of wood we serve our food,  
in a chair sitting we lock it for good;

when the moon shines in a loving face,  
we rush to touch a thing of wood;

when every son or a doll deceives,  
we trust only the staff of wood;

in life we glide on skates of wood,  
in death we slide into a bed of wood;

yet we hear not the cry of the one,  
who fondly gives us the matchless wood.

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\* Poet, Jaipur, Rajasthan

## **SITAR MAESTRO PANDIT RAVI SHANKAR THE LEGEND LIVES ON**

**Dr. I. Satyasree \***

Pandit Ravi Shankar, the most celebrated sitarist, left a rich legacy to the posterity. He was born in Varanasi on April 7, 1920 and started learning classical music at a very early age of eighteen from the legendary Ustad Allauddin Khan. He worked at AIR between 1949 and 1956. With an illustrious career that spanned more than eight decades, he influenced several musicians, including the Beatles, John Coltrane, Philip Glass besides his daughters, Norah Jones and Anoushka Shankar. Shankar was invited by Yehudi Menuhin, world renowned violinist, to perform in New York in 1955. Yehudi was one of the several musicians who was deeply inspired by Shankar. Shankar popularised Indian classical music in the West and showed a major influence on The Beatles' George Harrison too. Shankar, the legendary musician and composer, who was instrumental in introducing the sitar to the West through his collaboration with The Beatles, was described by Harrison as 'The Godfather of world music.' As a performer, composer, teacher and writer, he is considered a pioneer in bringing Indian classical music to the West. Lalgudi G. Jayaraman, violin maestro, recounts that the hallmark of Shankar's music was that he never compromised on the identity of classical music.

In 1999, Ravi Shankar was awarded India's highest civilian honour, the Bharat Ratna. The sitar virtuoso was also conferred with Knight Commander of the Order of The

British Empire and is a three-time Grammy winner.

Pandit Ravi Shankar was honoured with a Grammy Lifetime Achievement award posthumously. He is the first Indian to get this prestigious award. The award was presented on February 10, 2013, at the 55th Grammy Awards ceremony in Los Angeles. After the awards were announced, Grammy spokeswoman Stephanie Schell said, 'The decision to honour Ravi Shankar was made before his death. He was personally notified by phone by our President/CEO Neil Portnow last week.' Mr. Neil Portnow reminisced, 'Just last week, I had the honour to inform him that he would receive a 2013 Lifetime Achievement this February. He was deeply touched and so pleased, that he extended a gracious and personal invitation to visit with him at his home.' A statement issued by the Recording Academy showers accolades on Shankar 'As one of the world's most renowned sitar players, three-time Grammy winner Ravi Shankar is a true ambassador for international music.'

He composed some masterpieces in the Bollywood too. He scored the music for Satyajit Ray's Apu Trilogy - Pather Panchali, Aparajito and Apu Sansar. He also scored music for David Attenborough's film Gandhi. Though his association with Bollywood was a very short stint, he produced some memorable hits. However, later on, he decided to concentrate only on classical music.

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\* Prof. of English, Hyderabad

Ravi Shankar, even at the ripe age of 92, remained active till the end. He was an active musician for his entire lifetime. Despite his failing health, he gave a sterling performance on November 4 last year in Long Beach, California, accompanied by his sitarist

daughter, Anoushka Shankar Wright. That was his last public performance. He might have left the mortal world, however, his name is going to be remembered for a long time and his music compositions will be cherished by all music lovers around the world.

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## BAPUJI'S RESSURRECTION

**Dr. P. Satyanarayana \***

Welcome Bapu, hearty welcome!  
Thy resurrection, I hope will come  
The pious souls of worldly folk  
Turn up to look up to thy spark  
Of kindly grace and godly gait  
An incarnation of paths of straight  
Step in Bapu, kindly look  
At the massive progress we undertook  
Chanting thy saintly spell of truth  
And nonviolence in greater mirth.

You are the preacher ever born  
A man of each and man of none  
But of the world and deed and creed  
Of brilliant peace to human breed  
See Bapu, see! How fine are these  
These atomic crackers! Don't they please?

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\* Prof. of English, Vagdevi College of Engineering,  
Warangal

Pat us, praise us for the toil  
Science's  
Dazzle and talents wall,  
Plants of balmy pretty toys !

Why Bapu, what made you sad  
Why thy welled up tears? Are we bad?  
Never expected melancholy spasms.  
Not to play with these our arms?

Sorry Bapu! Extreme regrets!  
Come for a sermon on the globe  
With thy divine prowess and robe  
To admonish the souls of kids  
Who play with deadly toys and dreads

To ask the affluent not to place  
Blatant discrimination's sways  
Preach us the lesson of the great  
Let our performance in promise wait  
To seek the serene fruit of peace  
Humanity broad and sovereign grace !!

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## SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME - PROPHETIC FORECASTS

N. Seetharambai\*

A good number of human beings, whatever may be the time and place in which they live, are inclined to believe in palmistry, face reading, parrot card reading, soothsaying and such mystic predictions. So prophesies find a place in the human history. Prophecy, as we know, is a prediction of what will happen in the future. It is also believed to be a revelation of divine will. Most of the prophesies are almost interpreted after an event occurs relating it to the predictions. One exception to this general rule is the prediction of 'Dooms' Day', a belief that the world ends on twenty first day of December 2012 based on Mayan Calendar. Some of the religious institutions in Europe were instrumental in creating panic amongst the weak minded people. With the fear of getting drowned in the high tides of the sea, some believers in Serbia climbed on to the pyramid shaped mountain. The fact that forty two preachers of doomsday were taken into custody in China shows the intensity and spread of the panic created by this so called prophesy. The advent of electronic media is partly responsible for the hype. We all know that the predicted day came and went and the world is going on as usual.

Ancient Monza civilization of South America followed a different calendar according to which the present period ends at the close of 5172 years and the new

calendar cycle begins. This is somewhat akin to the Hindu belief of four Yugas. In fact, the Mayas never believed that the world would end on that particular day.

Now another group called the 'Sword of God Brotherhood' has started predicting that the world will end on 1st January, 2017. They claim that this was revealed to them by the prophet Gabriel. According to them, except the followers of their sect, all others would burn in the flames of hell and would be reduced to ashes. Hope the print and electronic media all over the world learnt a lesson from the Mayan predictions and ignores the claim of this group .

The art or science of Prophecy is not new or limited to any one culture or country. In each and every country at any point of time there are a number of people said to be gifted with the power of seeing the future events. One notable person who is widely known for over five centuries in the entire world is Michel de Nostra Dame, a French physician and astrologer, who lived during 1503 - 1566. He is popular as Nostradamus. Coming to our country, especially amongst Telugu speaking people, Potuluri Veera Brahmendra Swamy's predictions about future events are well known. He was a popular saint of Kurnool district of Andhra Pradesh who lived during 1610 - 1693. His Kalagnanam (Knowledge of the Tq3ime) is popular amongst both the rural and urban people of the State.

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\* Writer, Hyderabad

Nostradamus started his career as a physician with specialization in plague. However from student days as a researcher he took interest in prophecies. He was considered as not only divine but a professional healer. He published his first Almanac as 'Nostradamus' predicting world major events. His main fields were astrology and prophesy which made him popular and influential at the French Court. Thus, his first edition of publication 'Les Propheties' received Royal Privilege and patronage.

His predictions were written in Quatrains (four line verse). He wrote in French, but to protect himself from the superstitious hunters of the day he confused the verses with Latin, Greek and even used various symbols and metaphors. The prophecies being written using obscure words, could be interpreted to mean almost anything. Italian, English and German Translations of his prophecies were published between 1558 and 1560. This naturally helped in popularising his prophecies throughout the world. His book had undergone more than 200 editions after his death with thousands of interpretations. No wonder his popularity keeps rising even today.

His numerous predictions have been interpreted linking them to modern history. It is claimed that Nostradamus spoke of three powerful and tyrannical leaders who were to lead their people through reigns of terror. Napoleon and Adolf Hitler are considered to be amongst them. Some say that Saddam Hussain is the third one. French Revolution by peasants, the London Fire of 1666, assassinations of John F Kennedy and his

brother Robert Kennedy, nuclear bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, birth of Louis Pasteur, death of Princess Diana, failure of space shuttle take off and even Iraqi war are some of the famous incidents which are linked to Nostradamus predictions by his admirers. They even think that he predicted the September 11 attack in 2001 on World Trade Centre. Recently his unpublished manuscripts were found in an old trunk in Lyon. This manuscript seems to contain two pages dealing with India. During his period India didn't exist in the present form. But his interpreters link his predictions to the present political parties and even to Sonia Gandhi. According to them he talked about privatisation of overstuffed 'Iron Bird', that is Indian Airlines.

Coming to our Indian Nostradamus, the birth and life of Potuluri Veerabrahmendra Swamy are couched in mystery. He lived between 1610 and 1693 and his birth was linked to a Rishi. He was born in a village in the present Kurnool district. After the death of his father he was looking after the Mutt at the age of fourteen. However he was feeling restless and after taking the permission of his mother he went on a pilgrimage to know about places and people. When he reached Banaganpalle he met Garimireddi Achchiyamma and requested her to allow him to herd her cows. While herding the cows he sat in a cave and wrote 'Kalagnanam' (Knowledge of Time) on palm leaves. He went to Yaganti along with Achchiyamma where he revealed the secrets of 'Kalagnanam' to her and returned to Banaganapalle. Then he preserved the Kalagnanam written on palm leaves in a pit and covered it with mud. A tamarind tree grew on that pit. That tamarind

tree is alive even today. It seems that the fruits of this tamarind tree are not edible since they contain dark ash-like material. No wonder superstitious people worship that tamarind tree. The Nawab of the region was happy with his teachings and donated fifty acres of land to the mutt. After spending 23 years at this mutt he went Kandimallayyapalle. With his divine powers he is said to have granted sight to blind persons, gave life to the dead. He got married in 1645. One notable similarity between Nostradamus and Veerabrahmendra Swamy is that both of them led a normal family life. Saidulu, a Muslim boy, was inspired by his greatness and became a very devoted disciple. He was known as Siddayya and he was anointed as the spiritual heir of the Swamy.

Electronic media, internet and the recent predictions of world's Dooms Day brought some currency to the prophesies of Brahmam garu, as he is known popularly. Now one can find hundreds of websites on him and his predictions. A number of books are written on his life and his 'Kalagnanam', in Telugu. Only recently a book on him is published in English. It is a surprise that his original writings on palm leaves are yet to be retrieved.

Amongst the famous prophesies of Brahmam garu are World War II and death of British Kings. Both Nostradamus and Brahmam garu predicted foreign rule in India. His predictions of widows ruling the country, people say had come true in Srilanka and India. The election of Reagan as the President

of USA and MGR, NTR and Jaya Lalitha as Chief Ministers are attributed to his prediction that actors become rulers. Some believe that he foretold the poisonous gas leakage in Bhopal.

He talked about disintegration of caste system, abandonment of traditional family crafts, pollution of seas and oceans which we witness today. His predictions of lighting the lamps with water linked to hydro electric power. He talked about bending of palm trees to touch the ground and again becoming erect, the birth of a monkey from the womb of pig. Such unusual events have been reported recently. The phenomenon of gender change and cross breeding is scientifically possible now. He predicted the drying of the River Ganga. The drying of river Saraswathi is quoted as an example. He predicted the rise of many self- styled Bhagawans and swamiji's. Well, we can see them now.

Potuluri Veerabrahmendra Swami went into jeeva samadhi, renouncing the world in 1693. He predicted that he will be reborn as Veera Bhoga Vasantha Rayalu to annihilate evil from the earth. Some of his believers think that he is already reborn! But one common factor amongst all the groups is belief in prophesies, whether rational or irrational. On the other hand researchers are trying to find the rationale behind these predictions and construct a scientific link. Results are awaited. Even in Mahabharatam we find prophesy of the happenings in Kaliyuga.

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## CUP OF COFFEE ON THE WALL

I sat with my friend in a well-known coffee shop in a neighboring town of Venice, the city of lights and water. As we enjoyed our coffee, a man entered and sat at an empty table beside us. He called the waiter and placed his order saying, 'Two cups of coffee, one of them there on the wall.' We heard this order with interest and observed that he was served with one cup of coffee but he paid for two. As soon as he left, the waiter pasted a piece of paper on the wall saying 'A Cup of Coffee'.

While we were still there, two other men entered and ordered three cups of coffee, two on the table and one on the wall. They had two cups of coffee but paid for three and left. This time also, the waiter did the same; he pasted a piece of paper on the wall saying, 'A Cup of Coffee'.

It seemed that this gesture was a norm at this place. However, it was something unique and perplexing for us. Since we had nothing to do with the matter, we finished our coffee, paid the bill and left.

After a few days, we again had a chance to go to this coffee shop. While we were enjoying our coffee, a man entered. The way this man was dressed did not match the standard or the atmosphere of this coffee shop. Poverty was evident from the looks on his face. As he seated himself, he looked at the wall and said, one cup of coffee from the wall. The waiter served coffee to this man with the customary respect and dignity. The man had his coffee and left without paying. We were amazed to watch all this when the waiter took

off a piece of paper from the wall and threw it in the dust bin. Now it was no surprise for us - the matter was very clear. The great respect for the needy shown by the inhabitants of this town welled up our eyes in tears.

Coffee is not a need of our society neither a necessity of life for us. The point to note is that when we take pleasure in many blessings, maybe we also need to think about those people who appreciate that specific blessing as much as we do but they cannot afford to have it.

Note the character of this waiter, who is playing a consistent and generous role to get this profound communication going on between the affording and the needy with a smile on his face.

Ponder upon the need of what this needy man wants. He enters the coffee shop without having to lower his self-esteem . . . He has no need to ask for a free cup of coffee... Without asking or knowing about the one who is giving this cup of coffee to him ... He only looked at the wall, placed an order for himself, enjoyed his coffee and left.

When we analyze this story, along with the other characters, we need to remember the role played by the wall that reflects the generosity and care of the dwellers of this town. Probably the most beautiful mural you may ever see anywhere!!

**Sri Aurobindo's Action- January 2013**  
**Courtesy the Internet**

## PHILIP ROTH - THE NOVELIST

Dr.V. Parimala Venu \*

Philip Roth began his career with his first book, '*Goodbye, Columbus*'. In this Novel he presents a humorous portrait of Jews' American life. His other novels '*Letting Go*' (1962), '*When She Was Good*' (1967) and '*Portnoy's Complaint*' appeared later.

'*Letting Go*' (1962) is his first full length novel in which Gabe Wallach, a graduate student in literature at the University of Iowa, is the protagonist. Fearing that the intellectual demands of a life in literature might leave him cloistered, he seeks solace in what he thinks of as "the world of feeling". He befriends his fellow graduate student Paul Herz. The novel is divided into seven sections. In the first section Gabe, the protagonist, while serving in the Korean war, receives a letter from his mother who is on her death bed. After reading it he places it in the book *Portrait of a Lady* by Henry James.

The narration then skips forward to a year later when Gabe works on a graduate degree in literature at the University of Iowa. He loans his copy of *The Portrait* to a fellow graduate student, Paul Herz. Later he realizes that he has left the letter from his mother in the pages of the book *Portrait*. In his attempt to retrieve the book he meets Paul's wife Libby from whom he learns that Paul has a teaching assignment at another school. He realizes that the Herzs are very poor. He drives Libby to

where Paul's car has broken down on a trip to school where he witnesses the first of many arguments between Paul and Libby. Libby also reveals to Gabe that she has read the letters from his mother.

In the opening section, Gabe also communicates with his father. He as a narrator, paints his father as a weak man although a successful dentist in New York. During the phone conversations his father questions him about why he would go as far from New York to a graduate school. Gabe comes closer to sick Libby and even kisses her. He also has a relationship with Marge Howells, an undergraduate from a well to do family. While he is in New York visiting his father, he asks Paul to help move Marge out of his apartment.

Section two narrates the story of Paul and Libby's courtship and the early years of their marriage. They both met while they were students at Cornell. Paul is the only child of Jewish parents in Brooklyn. His father was a failure in business. Libby is the child of Catholic parents. Neither Paul nor Libby is serious about their religious backgrounds while courting each other. But their parents are against this proposal. On Christmas day Paul tells his parents about the engagement, but with poor response.

Paul has been advised to meet his two uncles who do not encourage him much. So

\* Associate Professor, Dept. of English, GITAM Institute of Technology, Visakhapatnam

he decides to go ahead and elope with Libby on Christmas Eve. After marriage, the newly married couple leaves for Michigan. They live in a small room in a boarding house mostly occupied by seniors. Libby becomes pregnant and one day Paul hurts himself in the factory. He tells the factory doctor that his mind is distracted by his pregnant wife. The doctor responds to him by giving him the name and the number of a doctor who performs abortions. After much discussion Libby gets an abortion.

Roth's childhood experiences find in his early novel entitled, 'Portnoy's Complaint' (1969) which records the intimate confessions of Alexander Portnoy, his psychiatrist. The novel also discusses the most heartfelt and convincing portrayals of his childhood and youth. The startling contrasts between deep nostalgic emotion and the urge to rebel make the book explosively funny and rewarding. After Portnoy's Complaint he wrote many works in which his alter ego, Nathan Zuckerman, engages with his Newark roots in the wake of his controversial best seller.

In his other novel 'Nemesis' (2010) he narrates an overwhelmingly tragic story about a polio outbreak in the city and the attempts made by a heroic teacher to save lives. The novel also depicts realistically the streets, playgrounds and tenements of New Jersey more than half a century ago. Callil a Cric, rightly observes that Roth is a novelist with a passionate sense of place and personal affinity who returns again and again to a particular landscape of memory and imagination.

'I Married a Communist' (1998) and 'The Human Stain' (2000) discuss realistically raw sexuality and raw anger. Saul Bellow says in 'The Adventures of Augie March'. "Everybody knows there is no subtlety in suppression: If you hold down one thing you also hold down the adjoining". Roth's another novel 'Everyman' (2006) is also the title of a fifteenth century English morality play whose anonymous Protagonist is "called" by Death and must account for his life on earth before God.

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### **Warren Buffet:**

On Earning: Never depend on single income. Make investment to create a second source.

On Spending: If you buy things you don't need, soon you will have to sell things you need.

On Savings: Don't save what is left after spending, but spend what is left after saving.

On Taking risk: Never test the depth of river with both the feet.

On Investment: Don't put all eggs in one basket.

On Expectations: Honesty is very expensive gift. Don't expect it from cheap people.

## THE NECESSITY OF DETACHMENT TODAY

A diabetic patient suddenly abstains from eating sweets. Has he developed detachment? Yes, if a spontaneous desire has arisen in his mind to give them up. And no, if he has simply been restrained by his physician or relations. If the answer is no, then he needs to educate himself on why he should not eat sweets, and then he must develop intellectual conviction, emotional strength, and strong determination. Thus, through the help of discrimination and reasoning, he can develop a spirit of detachment. But in the case of a healthy person who naturally and consistently shows disinterest in sweets, then we say the person has non-attachment for them. Strictly speaking, detachment and non-attachment do not carry the same connotation. Non-attachment is a part of a person's mental make-up, whereas detachment develops through education and experience.

The Gita (2.62) says, 'Attachment to objects is born when one ponders on them, and from attachment is born desire.' Here Madhusudana Sarasvati says, 'Repeated thinking of a sense-object produces a kind of clinging to it owing to an attribution of pleasantness in our perception of it that makes us think it will bring great happiness.' This attribution is adhyasa, superimposition. In the Vedanta philosophy adhyasa means the attribution of an imaginary quality to something. It gives rise to a kind of self-hypnosis. First the mental image of an object or person gets joined with the sense of 'I' and 'mine', and this leads to a chain reaction. As

the mind reflects on the object again and again, the mental image of it gets soaked, as it were, in the syrup of various mental impressions, and attachment for the object becomes entrenched. When this attachment becomes deep the person becomes a slave to it. To free the mind from this bondage, one has to de-hypnotize the mind i.e., one has to break the spell of attachment.

There are two ways to do this. One way is to see the impermanent nature of all sense-objects, and to discriminate between the ephemeral and the eternal reality. One then gives up the ephemeral for the eternal. The other way is to develop love of God. As love of God grows, love for sense-objects diminishes naturally and finally falls away. For most people a combination of these two approaches is helpful. To explain how one lives in the world with detachment, Sri Ramakrishna used the analogy of a maidservant who does her duties in her master's house as if it were her own home. She calls the master's children 'my Ram', or 'my Durga', but all the time she knows in her heart that her own children live in the village.

Nowadays, when the commercialized media have cast their net of adhyasa in every possible area of a person's life, it is extremely difficult to develop a spirit of detachment. The doors of our perception are hazy. To perceive things clearly and objectively, and to determine whether things are beneficial or harmful, we need a calm mind, and for that we must

develop a spirit of detachment. Even to take a decision to give up an undesirable object or thought, and then to follow it up, a spirit of detachment is necessary. Today, when society is facing a 'crisis of meaning', there is a great need for people to develop a spirit of

detachment. We would thus greatly improve the quality of our lives.

**Courtesy: Bulletin of the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, February, 2003**

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## THAT HUNDRED RUPEE NOTE

N.S. Rachakonda \*

(Telugu Original: "Vanda Notu" by Y.Ramakrishna Rao)

Whether from an ATM or some corner store.  
That hundred rupee note scalded my hands,  
the moment I touched it.  
And wet it was when dropped on the table,  
as though soaked in rain.

"Why do you cry?" I asked  
The note began to narrate its tale of woe  
"Early on, I was paid as daily wages  
to a nameless manual labourer  
who sweated all day long.  
So sweet indeed and almost like attar,  
was the smell of his sweat  
That the "three lions" opened wide their nostrils  
while taking a deep sniff.

That hard earned money,  
the result of his bone breaking labour

did not however go to fill his stomach.  
Wrong as it might be, and much against his  
will,  
he had to offer me as a bribe  
to obtain a ration card.

That night I landed in a Brandy shop  
and later at midnight in a brothel house.  
That way, I wandered  
through all the habitations of hell upon the earth  
till now, you see me crumpled and crushed.

Hopes I still entertain that I might one day,  
and before I am worn out and tattered into  
shreds,--  
blossom into a jasmine flower  
In the earthy fragrance of human hands  
which carry soil baskets on their heads.

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\* Poet, Visakhapatnam

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"A human being is a part of the whole called by us universe, a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feeling as something separated from the rest, a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty."

-- Albert Einstein

## MANOHAR MALGONKAR, A STARK CHRONICLER

Dr. T. Jeevan Kumar \*

Besides 'the major trio', Mulk Raj Anand, R.K. Narayan and Raja Rao there are other novelists who contributed much to Indian fiction in English and achieved recognition throughout the English speaking world. Among those writers Manohar Malgonkar (12 July 1913 - 14 June 2010) is undoubtedly a distinguished contemporary novelist whose contribution to the Indian Writing in English canon is seminal and salutary. He is one of the last of a generation that has living memories of events that changed our nation's history and society in the most profound ways. As a novelist, he has earned a pride of place with his force of the social, political and historical awareness.

Malgonkar's novels have striking similarities with those of Khushwant Singh. Like Singh, he writes about the tragedy, the despair and heroism of Indian Independence and the bloody communal vivisection. His works also reveal "his intense passion for human values like equality, justice, freedom, and integrity. The protagonists in his novels seek and obtain a sense of fulfilment in their commitment to these values" (Rajagopalachari, 84).

Malgonkar has written five novels in English, three collections of short stories, three histories, and three works of non-fiction. Besides these, he has also written a highly authentic account of the assassination of

Gandhi in the book *The Men who Killed Gandhi*.

Malgonkar began his career as a novelist with *Distant Drum* (1960), an eye-opening account of life in the Indian Army. It is the story of Kiran Garud, a somewhat idealized picture of a young, pre-independence army officer, brave, spirited, and with just the right amount of rebelliousness in his make-up which enables him to cut a dash without incurring very serious consequences. Being a Satpura Officer, he cherishes the lone dream to become the C.O. of the Fourth Satpuras, which he joined when it was part of the British Indian Army. He "imbibes the ethos and discipline of the British army and almost becomes a near symbol of the Satpuras and a vague symbol of the Army itself and its code" (K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, 423). He serves the Army with distinction in the Burma Campaign of World War II. After the departure of the British, he becomes the C.O. during the Congress government and is faithful to the code of honour of the regiment. He remains unchanged in spite of the pressures brought on him.

Besides this, he also struggles to find fulfilment both in his duty and in his love for Bina, a strikingly good-looking girl. Both his duty and love come in conflict till the last moment when he wins them both because of his restraint and discipline. In the end, he finds the harmony of his life both in service and in love which gracefully merge. Thus, the novel

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depicts the historical and psychological tension in the life of Kiran Garud, an army officer during the transitional phase of the takeover of power by the Congress from the British.

Malgonkar's second novel *Combat of Shadows* (1962) carries the epigraph from the *Bhagavad-Gita*: 'Desire and aversion are opposite shadows. Those who allow themselves to be overcome by their struggle cannot rise to a knowledge of reality.' Like Anand's *Two Leaves and a Bud*, it is set against the backdrop of the tea-plantations of Assam. The story centres round Henry Winton, the young British Manager of an Assam Tea Garden, a weak and self-centred man, a congenital colour snob, who is torn in conflict between 'desire and aversion.' He is a man of no integrity and naturally fails to establish viable relationship either with Ruby Miranda, the headmistress of the Estate School or with his English wife Jean. He starts his career as a salesman in a firm of second-hand motorcar dealers and as the owner of a used-car business, but both do not fetch him much. Soon he realizes that his temperament, upbringing and public school education have not prepared him for the world of commerce in the cut-throat days of the great depression. Later Winton abandons Ruby, decides to exploit every opportunity to become successful in his career and leaves his native land when he gets the job of Manager of the Brindian Tea Estate on the hills of Assam in India. He clings to his profession with remarkable readiness to accommodate his conscience and tries to adapt to the circumstances without scruples. When he returns to his place after sometime, he learns that both Ruby and Jean shifted their interest to Eddie Trevor, a hockey player, thereby

lengthening the shadows of desire and avarice with which their lives were already criss-crossed. Naturally, he nurtures hatred against Eddie and arranges to kill him by the rogue elephant. Eddie, who is very cautious of Winton's moves, kills the elephant and with the help of Ruby hatches a conspiracy against Winton which leads to the latter's death in the contrived flames at the highly perched game cottage. M.K. Naik says, "Malgonkar's picture of the British officials, the Eurasians and the labourers on the tea estate shows him adopting a totally 'pukka sahib' attitude reminiscent of Kipling and John Masters." (217)

*The Princes* (1963), Malgonkar's third novel, is indubitably the best novel as it points out a brilliant picture of the vanishing, if not vanished, scene in the world of the small princely states of India. It easily reminds us of *The Private Life of an Indian Prince* by Anand. It brings to mind a poignant picture of the partition days in India when the aristocratic rulers of the princely states were put to untold hardships owing to changing political conditions. It also presents a representative picture of the trials and tribulations suffered by the princely States of India. The novelist comments that 'the characters in this novel are intended to personify the thoughts and ideas of a somewhat tightly knit social group: the one-time ruling princes of India.'

The novel moves around two princes namely Hiroji, the Maharaja, and his son Abhayraj, the Crown Prince of Begwad. Hiroji is arrogant, bad-tempered, amorous, philanderer and tyrannical. He is a perfect representative of the feudal order with all his

noticeable faults. His cherished aim of life is to preserve the integrity of the State at any cost. On the other side, Abhyaraj is an insider-outsider who can take an objective view of the entire merger drama in which he is both actor and spectator. He is a youth firmly rooted in the age-old aristocratic tradition but aware of the new democratic values. He is an admirable foil to Hiroji, his father. While the father is presented as reactionary tyrannical and arrogant, Abhayraj is made to appear realistic. He is highly critical of his father's lack of regard for the feelings of others. He is exposed to conflicting loyalties and ideologies. His attitude towards his father from his childhood had been a curious blend of love and hate. When India wins Independence, it suffers from the orgy of partition. Hiroji tries his best to save his State but fails. It is only through Abhay's persuasion the enemies leave the land but the vengeful and cowardly Kanak Chand, the untouchable boy, becomes a minister and misrepresents the things. In the end Abhay abdicates his princely privileges and his title as well.

The novel harmoniously blends social and political history of pre-independence India and post-independence India. The novelist, in order to emphasize the contrast between the two orders, exposes frankly the corruption and dishonesty of the new rulers - the politicians and the petty officers.

Malgonkar's fourth novel *A Bend in the Ganges* (1964) is an ambitious novel that depicts the Gandhian era in all its manifestations. The title and the epigraph are drawn from the *Ramayana*: 'At a bend in the Ganges, they paused to take a look at the land they were leaving.' Debi Dayal, the only

son of Tekchand Kerwad, is a sensitive, tender-hearted, and innocent rich business magnate of Duriabad. Unlike his father, he hates the British and is transformed into a tough hard-boiled terrorist. His experience in the Andaman and Burma makes him wise, mature and soft, whereas Basu, one of the founders of a terrorist group, has turned more bitter and has been hardened by his experiences during communal disturbance. He praises Gandhi's sincerity and feels that non-violence is perhaps the only answer to the ill-feeling prevailing in India. Soon he is betrayed by his friend and freedom fighter Shafi Usman. As a result he undergoes suffering and humiliation at the hands of the British.

In order to take revenge on Shafi, Debi marries Mumtaz, a prostitute whom Shafi loves. After the marriage his compassion for Mumtaz transforms him and compels him to review the philosophy of his life. Ultimately he is killed along with his wife Mumtaz by a Muslim mob in West Bengal and becomes a victim to the Hindu-Muslim riots.

Manohar Malgonkar's *The Devil's Wind* (1972), the first perfect historical novel of Indo-Anglian fiction, is the story of Nana Saheb, the heir of the last Peshwa of the Maratha Confederacy, who played a leading role in the Indian Mutiny. It provides a sympathetic portrait of a man whom the British portrayed as a great villain, and is based on historical sources as far as possible. The novelist's purpose in the novel is to rehabilitate Nana Saheb, who is an affectionate, soft-hearted, generous and cultivated nobleman, free from prejudice and governed by common sense and reason.

The Devils Wind is the name the sepoys gave to the mutiny, a barbaric, uncontrollable fury that swept across the hot plains of India as if blown by the Devil. It is another name for the Loo, the hot dry and gritty wind that blows in the plains of India before the monsoons bring relief. Malgonkar, with his skill and reticence, reconstructs the picture of India, with Kanpur as its microcosm, alienated, rebellious, and vengeful by degrees. He presents an equally convincing picture of the Indian reaction to British provocations.

Thus, his descriptions of the army life and war scenes in *Distant Drum*, the dark interiors of the Indian jungles and wildlife hunting in *Combat of Shadows*, the princely life and its pomp and glory and finally its disintegration in *The Princes*, the partition of India and the consequent Hindu-Muslim riots in *A Bend in the Ganges*, and Nana Saheb's revolt in *The Devil's Wind* reveal a deep concern for authenticity informed by a verve of personal knowledge.

Malgonkar sketches his characters against the backdrop of dramatic action and lets them grow as authentic individuals involved in all sorts of problems - personal, religious, political, national and international conflicts. They seek and obtain a sense of

fulfillment in their commitment to human values. They evince a certain measure of courage and maturity, and struggle against the odds of life to gain a sense of fulfillment. So, it is unfair to call them mere 'abstractions,' for they emerge with vitality in their agonizing quest for fulfillment.

As a writer of fiction Manohar Malgonkar's success lies in the exemplary manner in which he has transformed the vast and varied experiences of his life and his deep understanding of the history of India. Though he is compared with his contemporaries such as Mulk Raj Anand, Khushwant Singh, and Kamala Markandaya, his writings had a different stamp as he wrote on the conflict between the imperial power and Indians differently and was often criticized for his positive characterization of the British. His achievement with his limited output in the fictional and the historical modes of creation is no less significant than that of any other novelist in Indian Writing in English. Finally, we can say that Manohar Malgonkar carved a niche for himself as a powerful Indian English writer by writing on human relationships. As an author, he was a stark chronicler. Now that he is no more, let us humbly pay a tribute and salute the man who made India proud with his works.

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“There is neither happiness nor misery in the world; there is only the comparison of one state with another, nothing more. He who has felt the deepest grief is best able to experience supreme happiness. We must have felt what it is to die, so that we may appreciate the enjoyments of life.

Live, then, and be happy, beloved children of my heart, and never forget, that until the day God will deign to reveal the future to man, all human wisdom is contained in these two words, 'Wait and Hope.'”

-- Alexandre Dumas

## RENAISSANCE LITERATURE

**Dr. Arbind Panjiara \***

Renaissance means rebirth and when it dawned in Europe there was reawakening of the entire continent. The period of Renaissance had begun in 1453, when the Turks captured Constantinople and it ended in England when Queen Elizabeth died in 1603. The Renaissance was an era of amazing happenings. Many magnificent and splendid events came about in the period. In Italy, it was the age of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo Da Vinci and of Titian. Ariosto and Tasso flourished in this period. The great political thinker Machiavelli dominated the politics of the time. Cesar Borgia, the great ruler and a mighty potent strode like a Titan. France produced Rabelais and Montaigne. Spain produced Cervantes, the great writer of Don Quixote. England produced Thomas More and Shakespeare. In the sphere of Christian religion Luther and Calvin played very important roles. Columbus and Vasco De Gama made the adventurous voyages.

When the Turks ravaged Constantinople and vanquished Greece, the Greek scholars left their homes and went to Italy and took refuge there. When the Roman Empire collapsed because the Barbarians invaded Rome it had a tremendous impact. The great civilization of Greece was being nurtured by the genius of Rome; it was overshadowed by a tumult of social disruption. Renaissance gave birth to reformation.

Renaissance witnessed a new enthusiasm for Plato and his ideas. There was a mixture of crude mysticism and the ideas of Plato. The Renaissance completely ignored and disregarded the literature of the middle ages. Dante was the greatest of all Italian poets and he was regarded as the father of the Italian literature. He died in 1321 and left behind him a poem of matchless grandeur and peerless beauty. The dream and inspirations of the middle ages were expressed in his immortal poems. Boccaccio died in 1375. He is the father of Italian prose. His works vastly influenced Chaucer. Petrarch died in 1374. All these three writers would have inaugurated a new age in European literature. When the Greek scholars arrived in Italy, a new enthusiasm was created for the classics. The scholars of Italy and of the period of Renaissance went to Plato, Homer and Virgil. Ariosto wrote Orlando Furiosa. This poem began in 1505 and it was finished in 1515. It goes to show that Ariosto took ten years to write this poem. This poem made him famous throughout Europe and made him independent also. He was appointed Governor of a wild district. Once he was captured by a band of robbers but when the robbers came to know that the victim was Ariosto, they not only released him but apologised also and escorted him safely to his palace. The art of Ariosto is the art of tapestry. He can be compared only with Spenser in English literature. Another poet of the Italian Renaissance was Tasso. He was born in 1544. He was the son of a man who was well of. That is why Tasso spent his

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childhood in an atmosphere refined luxury. His famous poem is Jerusalem Delivered. Virgil was his model and the subject matter of the poem was 'The first crusade which was launched by the Christians against the Muslims'.

Prior to Renaissance there was gloom and there was asceticism. Life was regarded as a preparation which was exhausting and tiresome. But Rabelais (1494-1553), the French literary figure during the Renaissance countered darkness and asceticism and renunciation of the sensual pleasure. He was born in 1490. His work Gargantuan and Pantagruel was published in 1532. It is a romantic writing in the first part in which the father is the hero and in the second part, the son is the hero. According to him, to laugh is to grow sane and wholesome. Rabelais can be compared in some respects with Swift of English literature. Swift is Rabelais without the mirth and glee of the latter. Rabelais wrote in French and when he began to write, the French poem was not at all developed. It was in a stage of infancy. Mr. Lytton Strachey has written about Rabelais and has pointed out that it is in the multitude of his words that the fertility of his spirit obviously shows itself. Further Lytton Strachey opines that the book of Rabelais is an orgy of words and they pour out wildly into swirling sentences. Many sentences or passages of Rabelais have become proverbs. Some of the examples are as follows:

1. Appetite comes with eating.
2. He that hath patience may encompass anything.
3. The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fine words.
4. So much is a man worth as he esteems himself

Montaigne was another literary figure of the French Renaissance. He was born in the same year in which the book Gargantuan was published. The atmosphere in Europe and France had completely changed. There was disappointment and frustration in the air. The justification for loud laughter no longer existed. Montaigne was famous for his essay which he began to write in 1580. He died in 1592. He set the classical tradition for the French prose. The philosophy behind his essays is agnosticism. In his essays he wrote about himself and he wrote about the vanity of life. At the same time he points out the quality and attributes which are necessary for a popular and successful king. When we read Montaigne, we remember Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. His essays were translated into English by Florio and it is generally believed that Shakespeare read the translations. It is said that when Henry III told him that he likes his book, he gave a reply, "I am my book". It is nevertheless true that good literature knows no nationality, nor any boundary. It is occupied chiefly with elementary patience and emotions, love and hate, joy and sorrow, fear and faith - which are essential part of our human nature.

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“Loyalty to country ALWAYS. Loyalty to government, when it deserves it.”

-- Mark Twain

## UNPREDICTABLE DESTINY

D.Suryarao \*

It is a three-storied building in Kolkata. In each storey there are portions on four sides, two on each side so that one can observe what goes on in the front room of the opposite portions. The stairs are common.

Maya, a beautiful young woman of about 25, not much educated and not yet married, lives with her parents. Her father, Kanti Bose works in a book shop in the college street. Being a middle class family, they live in a small way. However, his earning is sufficient to make both ends meet.

One day a handsome young man of about 30 named Raman, who was living in a room opposite to Kanti babu's stood in the corridor and suddenly looked at Maya who came out of her room. They looked at each other and felt mutually attracted. No wonder that youth and beauty worked the miracle. We may say 'love at first sight'.

Raman who hailed from a village near Chennai started his career as a consultant in an advertising agency in Chennai and was transferred to Kolkata. He told his parents he would not marry until he settled well in life.

The young couple conspired to meet on one pretext or the other. As days passed, their intimacy grew as a result of which they spent some evenings in the famous maidan in Esplanade. Her mother tacitly approved her

daughter's intimacy with Raman. It is but natural, she felt that they liked each other and that Maya was a decent girl who knew her limits of behaviour. They behaved like friends though in their hearts they knew the warmth of their love. In the evenings people throng the area in hundreds if not in thousands to breathe the open air and fresh breezes from the Eden Gardens. They enjoy eating snacks and 'pan poori' and looking at the distant magnificent Victoria Memorial. On some other days they move in the market area of the M.G. Road and cross the famous pillarless Howrah Bridge.

By now Maya's parents came to know that their daughter liked Raman very much. On Sundays they all go in the underground railway train and enjoy eating the famous Bengali sweets and also the famous South Indian 'idli', 'vada', 'dosa', not to speak of tea and coffee. Each part of India has its own characteristic items of food.

Standing by the side of the Hoogly, Raman would exclaim, "O, Kolkata, thou art not a city but a state by yourself" He would also exclaim, "O, India, that is Bharat, thou art glorious with the Himalayan ranges across the whole northern border and the holy Ganga!" Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru used to say he was thrilled with joy as he looked at the Himalayas, the Ganga and the vast fertile lands in the plains.

Raman was suddenly rocketed back from his visionary heights by the touch of a

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colleague of his. He said, "what are you doing here?" Raman replied, "I am admiring this great city of Kolkata." "You are right. One would be thrilled with joy as one looked at this city. We don't get such a thrill when we look at any other city. Of course one would be thrilled when one was in one's own place of birth. In fact, Gandhiji said real patriotism is in the love of one's birth place." The friends went to the Coffee House and chatted over a cup of coffee.

One day Kanti Bose was in high spirits relishing the favourite 'macherjol', the fish item in his food. He said "Raman babu appears to be a good boy. What do you say, Maya?" Maya became shy and her mother said, "yes, certainly."

When things were moving favourably for the consummation of love between Maya and Raman, news came from Raman's parents which acted like a bombshell. They wanted him back home as his mother suffered a paralytic stroke.

Raman tried to avoid going home but in vain. He said he would send money for her treatment. His love for Maya pulled him towards her rather than towards his mother. But when he got his father's order to come home without any delay, he was forced to obey and get ready to go back to his native place. He resigned his job and bought a ticket to Chennai. He went to Maya's residence and told them all that happened. On hearing him they all felt sorely disappointed. Maya was a picture of sorrow. Raman at last said, "I will try to come again as soon as my mother recovers. Believe me."

Every parting has the semblance of death, says George Eliot, the English woman novelist of Victorian period.

Raman did not come back 'Man proposes, God disposes,' is the saying. We must submit to the 'Will of God', said Kanti Bose.

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## PASSERINE, ARE YOU TO RUIN?

**K. Revathy \***

Hazy in the morning  
Drowsy we are  
Noisy you are.  
Spared to be in rows  
Cared in our shadows.  
Charming in black and white and brown,  
Warming when we frown.

Eco is numbed of boredom

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\* Poet, Vannankulam, Puducherry

Without you, frying in freedom.  
No, No, you shall not be extinct  
of Stupid man's evil instinct.  
An oath we'll take

Just for the sweet birds' sake.  
Best of nests to rest  
Grain in rain for their zest.

If I brunch you before my burps,  
Won't you come with chirps?

## MY ENCOUNTER WITH A CATFISH

Manju Bonke \*

I opened my eyes and looked out of the window. It was still pitch dark and a bit foggy. It was the beginning of August and I had come for a month's stay in Niederalteich, my home in Germany. I was under the spell of jetlag as I had just arrived the day before from India. Now that I was awake, instead of lying in bed I thought of going for a long swim in the neighbouring lake. I cycled with the moon hanging like a lantern on top of my head. I jumped down from my bike and ran on the dew drop grass till I reached the lake. The water was cool and fresh. At a distance, the fog was melting and a deep silence pervaded.. The world around was still in deep sleep. I swam with closed eyes, relishing the water caressing my limbs. It was just exhilarating! The sky, the moon, the fog..... Everything around seemed so unreal... And yet so real... Just as the world around us should be!

Suddenly in the water I felt some movement and there was a gigantic wall of water gushing out of the lake in front of me...

Thunderstruck at seeing a hazy form of a giant fish and even whiskers, I rushed towards the shore swimming as fast as I could. It was still dark and I felt something chasing me. Being a rather slow swimmer, I must have definitely broken an Olympic swimming record, at that point. At the shore I saw some police patrolling, who seeing me trembling

informed me that a few days back a catfish two meters long was caught there.

So I had encountered a giant catfish!

Perhaps, having gone at an unearthly hour for swimming I had disturbed the creature. I pedaled home all exhausted and wet, still in my swim wear. I sat at my doorstep and saw the first sunrays dissipating the darkness.

My heart was racing like a wild horse. Getting on my cycle again, the towel wrapped around my waist I pedaled towards the lake.

No, not a minute more should I allow myself to be gripped with fear. No catfish was going to keep me away from something I love to do, like swimming.

Jumping again in the water I swam to make friends with this giant fish.

The Mother says: Do not torment yourself, do not worry; above all try to banish all fear; fear is a dangerous thing which can give importance to something which had none at all. The mere fear of seeing certain symptoms renew themselves is enough to bring about this repetition.

**Courtesy : Sri Aurobindo's Action  
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## INNER PEACE

### Siluveru Sudarshan\*

Calmness is the state in which we should receive all life's experiences. Only those who experience harmony within their souls, know the harmony that runs through Nature.

The mind in chaos finds chaos all around. But he who has inner peace can abide in this state even in the midst of outer discord. God's song is the song of calmness. Calmness is the life breath of God's immortality in us. Peace is the Best Medicine for our body, mind and soul. Peace is the altar of God, the condition in which happiness exists.

We have to keep a secret chamber of silence within ourselves, where we will not let moods, trials, battles, or disharmony to enter. In this chamber of peace, God will visit us.

We should pattern our life by a triangular guide. Calmness and sweetness are the two sides; the base is happiness. Whether we act quickly or slowly, in solitude or in the busy marts of men, our center should be peaceful, poised.

It is a well-proven fact, that the milk of an angry mother can have a harmful effect on her child. Indulgence in constant thoughts of fear, anger, melancholy, remorse, envy, sorrow, hatred, discontent or worry; and lack of necessities for normal and happy living, such as right food, proper exercise, fresh air,

sunshine, agreeable work and a purpose in life, all are causes of nervous disease.

The nervous system was not made to withstand the destructive force of intense emotion or persistent negative thoughts and feelings. The sufferers must be willing to analyze their condition and remove the disintegrating emotions and negative thoughts that are little by little destroying us. The victims of nervousness must understand their cases, and must reflect on those continual mistakes of thinking which are responsible for their maladjustments to life.

As soon as our mind becomes restless, give it a whack with our will and order it to be calm. Lack of proper distribution of nerve force is the sole cause of nervousness. Our body that is relaxed and calm invites mental peace. Feel the energy vibrating there, energizing and revitalizing. Feel that we are not the bodies, we are that life which sustains our bodies.

When we have peace in every movement of our bodies, and peace in our thinking, and in our will power, and peace in our love, and peace in our ambitions, remember, we have connected God with our life.

We should not make a fuss about anything. Fear of failure or sickness is cultivated by turning over such thoughts in the conscious mind until they become rooted in the subconscious and finally in the unconscious.

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\* Writer, Hyderabad

We have to uproot them from within by forceful concentration upon courage, and by shifting our consciousness to the absolute peace of God within. We have to have faith in Him. Why suffer now when the malady has not yet come?

The healing will be instant. Mentally surround ourselves with spirit. we will feel His wonderful protection. Fear comes from the heart, If our heart is truly quiet, we cannot feel fear at all.

The past and the future loads are too heavy for the mind to carry, so we must restrict the amount of the load. Why continue to carry it in the mind? A swan eats only the solid content from the liquid he scoops up in his bill; similarly, we should keep in mind only the lessons we have learned from the past and forget unnecessary details.

When we have too much to do at one time, we become very discouraged. The clock cannot tick twenty four hours away in one minute, and we cannot do in one hour what we can do in twenty four hours. We have to fully enjoy the wonder and beauty of each moment. The more we do that the more we will feel the presence of that power in our life. Thus, isn't it better to live simply without so many luxuries and with fewer worries? More security and peace will be found in simple life.

So, it is with our life. We will easily become bankrupt - emotionally, mentally, physically and spiritually. No matter how busy we are, we should not forget now and then to free our minds completely from worries and all duties...Try to engage yourself for one

minute at a time without thinking negatively, fixing the mind on the peace within, especially if worried. Following that, think of some happy incident; dwell on it and visualize it; mentally go through some pleasant experience over and over again until you have forgotten your worries entirely.

If we can do that, we will find upon awakening that the mental tension has been relieved, and the worry has loosened its grip. Life is entertaining when we do not take it too seriously. One of the best characteristics of the American people is their ability to laugh.

Knowing that we are all children of God we must make up our mind to be calm no matter what happens. Quiet the outgoing mental restlessness and turn our mind within. Then we will see the underlying harmony in our life and in all nature. The beauty and depth of yoga lies in its bestowal of this invariable tranquility.

Flashes of Divine Joy will come with this realization. Sometimes a deep illumination will pervade one's being, banishing the very concept of fear. The delusion of matter, the consciousness of being only a mortal body, is overcome by contacting the sweet serenity of spirit, attainable by daily meditation.

The moment we are restless or disturbed in mind, we will retire to silence and meditation until calmness is restored.

*Silence is All, say the sages.  
Silence watches the work of the ages;  
In the Book of silence the cosmic scribe  
has written His cosmic pages;  
Silence is all, say the sages.*

- Sri Aurobindo

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## **THE REDEMPTION OF THE INDIAN FAMILY STRUCTURE IN ANITA DESAI'S NOVEL CLEAR LIGHT OF DAY**

**Dr M. A. Waheed \***

In this article, an attempt has been made to examine the concept of joint family system comprising an integration, disintegration, realisation and again integration in view of protagonist's perception of unity between divergent elements both in the family and in the world. Anita Desai's characters often suffer from a sense of disintegration within and disjunction from the World around. The Protagonist in the novel *Clear Light of Day*, Bim (Bimla) initially searches the meaning of life, fails in her search but later on reconciles with her 'inner eyes' to integrate the family structure Her preoccupation with the Individual and his/her physic complexities sets her apart from her contemporaries .

Anita Desai's fictional world is not philosophical or social. It is about their characters, and their motivations, their conscience and tensions . In an interview she says: 'I am interested in characters who are not average but have retreated, or been driven into some extremity of despair and so turned against the general current.'

Anita Desai depicts in *Clear Light of Day* (1980) the extreme situations arising out of conflicts - the conflict between reason and instinct, the will and reality and the involvement and detachment. These conflicts focus in the characters of the novel. In the Das family, based in old Delhi, there are four siblings under

the uncaring parents. Out of the four siblings, two are sisters and two are brothers with their own identity and temperaments uncompromising to each other. They are Bim (Bimla), Tara - sisters, Raj and Baba - brothers. The sensitive young woman, Bim is caught between movement and stillness like a musical piece in the novel as the novel begins with the song of a koel and ends with the song of old master. The bird koel belongs to eternal world but the old master's voice belongs to age and time. Thus, the theme of the novel is connected with the paradox of change and connectivity as the 'Time' is regarded as destroyer and as the Preserver, according to T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*.

T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* has four parts. Similarly, her 4 parts untitled in the novel are parallel. In part one, the novelist sets in the present telling of the unforgettable sweetness and sourness by Bim and Tara are described. These two young girls grow up in a typical loveless atmosphere though the parents are alive, as they are indifferent and disinterested. The girls have to adjust with their diabetic mother and father. They have to live with theirmentally retarded brother, Baba. Besides these aspects of family situation, they have to coexist with a young but tubercular brother, Raja and an alcoholic old aunt Mira, the distant cousin of Mrs. Das called on to stay with them to take care of Baba. This domestic drama of absurdity takes place against the background of partition of the

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country. This suggests another pattern of violence, bloodshed and absurdity. The death of parents makes the children emotionally destitute. Tara, the younger girl, gets married and goes abroad with her husband Bakul. Raja, the elder of two brothers, gets married to the daughter of a Muslim neighbour Hyder Ali. So, Raja leaves Old Delhi and lives with his wife Benazir in Hyderabad. Thus, Bim is left alone to take care of herself and to take care of her mentally retarded brother, Baba.

In terms of theme of continuity in the change of family structure, Anita Desai makes Tara and Bakul to visit Old Delhi and subsequently Hyderabad to participate in Raja's daughter Moyna's marriage. Both Tara and Bakul find no change in the house and Tara finds the home boring. She is unable to recognize the impact of time. Tara again feels astonished at the changed attitude of Bim towards her brother Raja, once a sweet relation but now bitter. The reason, is the letter he addressed to Bim after Hyder Ali's death.

So, Tara also was equally hurt with this letter. The letter made her to understand that Raja became the owner of the house where his sister Bim lives in Old Delhi as the property belonged to Hyder Ali. She feels insulted. That's why, Bim was angry with Raja. Anyway, Tara suggests Bim to forget the past and remove misunderstandings in the interests of the family.

Part two of the novel sets in the past and the novelist portrays the life in Old Delhi during the partition in 1947 with horrors of riots and terrorist activities. The portrait of aunt Mira with a strange type of disease of fits and hysterical fit show her obsession with the image of well.

Part-three sets in the further past of Das family with some significant events in the early life of Bim, Tara and Raja before 1947 with which part two of the novel is linked.

Part four of the novel shows Desai's art of skilful structure and reflects time as the fourth dimension. The brothers and sisters of this family enjoy music not only for entertainment but also for livelihood. Dr. Biswas finds Bim in suppressed and depressed mood and suggests her to join the music programme as he himself gets joy in music. Since Bim decides not to marry now that all have left her keeping Baba at her custody, finds days to spend horrible. The music programme she attends with Baba gives her relaxation. While reading the book entitled 'Life of Aurangzeb' in the last words of Aurangzeb she finds the inspiration selflessness and a move towards others. Aurangzeb's realization "alone he had lived and alone he was made to die (P.261) of the isolation inherent in the nature of human life and of mortality, inspires in Bim a desire to recast the Past and Present for the ultimate journey into future.

The vision of death instead of causing terror and despair makes her stretch her concept of time from the present in two directions, backward and forward. With this, Bim's attitude changes and she is repentant of her wrong attitude towards Raja. Her misconception disappears, paving the way for her to see everything by "Clear Light of Day". Bim sends a message through Tara telling Raja to visit Old Delhi and meet her so that integration of family takes place. Thus, redemption of the Indian family structure materialises in a harmonious mood.

## CALAMITIES BEYOND CULTURES

**DR. V.V.B. Rama Rao\***

Natural disasters are veritable bolts from the blue. Myths and sometimes matters of Faith tell us of disasters and cataclysms, tsunamis, or volcanic outbursts as acts of ire of the indignant celestials or the Supreme Being. When we see or read of these calamities, we begin wondering whether God is always the compassionate and benevolent one as many generally trust and believe. The cataclysms of nature are beyond the domain of culture or cultures. There is no nation, no culture, which has not trembled for the large scale deaths owing to the rumblings of nature. Suffering and pain caused by horrid turbulences tell us about the utter helplessness of the humans. Potentates and emperors too have blood curdling experiences of fear, caused some times, by the normally benevolent nature.

The devastating earthquake in the districts of Killari and Osmanabad on 30th Sept. 1993 in Maharashtra killed thousands of men, women, children and animals. The poet C.V. Krishna Rao, a retired state govt. officer then, rushed to the quake quelled area for relief and succour. In the annals of cataclysms people are distraught and suffer agony. Only poets of the higher order record the experience of the horror and suffering. The killer cyclone of Orissa in Oct-Nov 1999 ignited the poet's agony making him produce the poem *Idi Pralayam, This a Deluge*.

This article deals with the havoc caused by two natural disasters described by the poet of eminence in his two poems 'Killari' and 'Idi Pralayam' written in Telugu. The two were rendered into English as *Fierly* and *Fierce* by this author in 2000.

Great poets do not deal with ideologies or polemics. Real life situations and particularly those which wring hearts move them to poetic expression. In his introduction to the English translation of C.V. Krishna Rao's book mentioned above, Phani Kumar wrote: "What turns a poet upside down? What factors churn up his emotional entrails? Whose tears shake him up? What experiences transform the agony of his crying heart into memorable literature immortalising and universalising a local tragedy? His own sensitivity above all. True poetry is created by one's ability to emotionally respond to the events in the outside world. Art of poetry comes much later".

An appreciative and highly emotionally charged critic, China Veerabhadru wrote: "A poet can invoke deities, but before catastrophes, he is stricken dumb. Only a heroic warrior can face danger and disaster. And openly he does it. That's the reason why when natural calamities, hunger, famine, hurricanes, typhoons and tidal waves come they are preceded by the birth of heroes. And only after the disasters occur, poets sing of these as deities.

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\* Retd. Principal, Poet, Translator, Noida

The lightening suddenness of the quake begins the long poem Killari in nine parts. The first part starts with the mother, a girl and then a small distraught child, to cite only a few.

### KILLARI

*The mother who promised kheer  
The little one under her chin  
The lovely doll in her hold  
The sheen and sparkle on the doll's pavda  
(skirt)*

*Not a teardrop from the eyeball*

*The colours on the broken portrait ran  
A sigh from afar  
Calling, fled skyward  
The little pod broke and the seed split  
Mother, be careful of the pot of boiled milk  
pot*

*There's hindrance to father's concern  
The nest little sister built is shattered  
The little brother is anguished  
Age when one does not know  
The heifer rushed  
With rope, tether and peg  
Why does the cow moo?  
The kitten going round and round  
It's not known what that paragon of  
Loyalty smells*

There is no way even to send up a prayer.  
The rumblings of a frightful deluge are heard.

*Cheeks pressed together tight  
God doesn't want to be even called  
Dumb-stricken mantra  
Whichever power can invoke?*

The horror of the nests blown away is another

painful description:

The nest never so much as trembled  
Now the tree whole is blown off  
Whether it is the scalding sun or the breaking  
cob

*Men never run helter-skelter  
Truth indelible it is  
In a gooseflesh-raising uprising  
Petals become ashes  
Seven bindings to life's rafter\**

(\* refers to the seven twists of the rope round the corpse on the bamboo bier)  
Then there is death and the shutting of doors and the deluge in all entirety. This is the way life came to a shutting bang:

*That night  
Those who slept fast  
Didn't wake up to talk  
Of anguish, of earthquake  
Fallen roofs, collapsed walls, columns  
sagged  
Rafters in pieces, heads broken,  
Splintered bones, torsos in bits.  
Flag-post swayed  
False throws in the sanctum  
Bells did not ring: gods played dice  
Man became dust  
Graveyard came home.  
It is all a grave yard.  
It is all a grave yard . . . .*

The stanzas become rapid as the trauma increases

*With the silent articulation of the tired  
The graveyard stretches itself  
Lives are bubbles  
In the sky and under the earth  
Dance of the planets*

*Explosion never could be heard again  
Removed, wiped away is illusion*

Death is liberation, a consummation devoutly  
to be wished but where is time for that!

*The liberation from pain the wound got  
The freedom land got from anguish  
In the ruins, digging up slabs of soil  
Would this wick burn  
Feeling it, closing the stiff lid on the eye  
Whirls of tears flowing in spate  
Burning, becoming branches of fire  
Whether a hand or a foot  
It's a corpse only*

*Liberation from the red necked vulture dire  
From the fox whistles  
From the cactus shrubs of the grave-yard  
Without seeking thanks  
Enfolding in embraces loving  
Saving the wound from pain  
Wherever the address of those affectionate  
bonds?*

Myriad deaths are delivered in a single night  
with no birth pangs.  
Torsos and heads are under slabs.

The firmament above becomes dim. Corpse  
trays move to the accompaniment of bolts of  
thunder.

*Faded, the sun sunk to the ground  
The flower drawn by magnets bowed down  
its head*

*The bird didn't come down to its nest  
Rooted to earth, the tree trembled  
Twisting the eyelids, the day is knocking  
The walk is hesitant, afraid of defeat  
It's not known*

*Except yesterday - no tomorrow  
Grace lost and dignity fractured thought  
is interred.*

*Don't look back  
Go peel the nose-stud  
Why ornament for a nose  
That cannot inhale  
The threshold swayed  
The barn collapsed  
The spine of the roof rose and fell*

There is no history only death came and  
disappeared

*Already came in the path of history  
Killar, Saastoor,  
Latoor, Osmanabad  
History is a body dead  
Water and tears the same.  
Shoulder doesn't search for the arm  
Pus and blood from the wound  
Pain oozing drop by drop  
The pot and its top rim broken  
Collapsing tales  
History embraces weaving  
No padlock for the safe \* of memories  
(\*chest)*

*No tomorrow for the corpse in the coffin  
No difference between light and dark  
Populace with broken backs in the earth  
quake  
Cannot worship the demon of surpassing  
peace.  
Whatever did the ears tell the thunder in  
the sky*

After the earthquake in Latur and  
Osmanabad in 1993, there was a flood like a  
deluge in Orissa (now called Odisha). This is  
short poem, shorter than the earthquake  
scene.

**A DELUGE - THIS**

*The Universal Eye bats an eyelid  
Sword of darkness  
Slashes the Earth  
Land of Para Deep  
Became  
Deserted, lifeless, shapeless  
Of blind aeons  
The wild, wicked cyclone  
Swept away mankind*

*Crushed as ants  
Under the steel-shod hooves*

... ..

The two poems were presented first in the monthly meets of lovers of imaginative expression in various moods and with varied excellence called poetically NELA NELAA VENNELA Monthly Moonlit Evenings organized by the veteran poet Krishna Rao C. V. Only brief parts of the poems are quoted here for fear of exceeding available space.

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**YOUTH TODAY**

**K. Rajamouli \***

Youth in the internet generation  
Grown fairly different  
To find them squarely affluent  
In the era of software globalization  
They don't mind sunrises and sunsets  
They rise to the tune of their mindsets  
They say the sun is too early  
But they are not too late to rise  
Long after sunrise; it is all a surprise  
To have breakfast at noon  
Lunch in the late afternoon  
And dinner beyond surmise  
Times and timings go astray  
They earn rupees but spend dollars

Their minds dream entertainments  
It is all thrills all life all feels and fills  
Dine at star hotels; move by travels  
Dance at pubs as joys are their hubs  
Their financial disciplines ride horses  
Human relations search for address  
They know parents pretty well  
But not their grandparents as well  
They have comrades and companions  
For them they are only fellow citizens  
Their habits know no reading  
Knowledge and wisdom in the offing  
But only browsing online  
Is their true life-style and real lifeline  
All tend to transform from the formal  
The traditional and the conventional

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\* Professor, Ganapati Engineering College,  
Warangal

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“Science investigates; religion interprets. Science gives man knowledge, which is power; religion gives man wisdom, which is control. Science deals mainly with facts; religion deals mainly with values. The two are not rivals.”

-- **Martin Luther King, Jr.**

## **COLOURS OF FREEDOM AND HUNGER IN BHABANI BHATT ACHARYA'S SOMANY HUNGERS!**

**Dr. E. Ram Bhaskar Raju, Dr. Pitchaiah Paindla & Prof. J. Yellaiah \***

Bhabani Bhattacharya's first novel *So Many Hungers!* (1947) deals with the hunger for freedom, hunger for food, hunger for power, hunger for sex, wealth, and for fame. The Bengal famine of 1943 and The Quit India Movement of 1942, have as the central theme man's hunger for food and politica- the first, story of Samarendra Basu's family with young Rahoul as the central character and the story of a peasant family with the young girl Kajoli as the principal character.

The two stories represent the freedom movement or the struggle for freedom and the agonies of the famine respectively. Bhattacharya has dealt quite forcefully with the theme of hunger and the concomitant theme of human degradation in his novels *So Many Hungers!* and *He Who rides a Tiger*" (Verghese, 1971: 120).

Devesh Basu (Devata) is the connecting link between the two stories. He is the grandfather of the young Rahoul and father of Samarendra Basu. Samarendra Basu, a lawyer, is quite opposite of his father Devata. He is a greedy and selfish man. His only aim is to earn more and more titles and to please the British rulers. He is badly and blindly after money and for that he can do

anything, by forming a trading concern with the ironic name - Cheap Rice Limited. He collects rice and hoards it, and later on sells it at a very high rate. He wants Rahoul to hold the highest post of technical advisor in New Delhi. But his castle of dreams is broken to pieces when he gets to know Kunal missing and Rahoul's arrest for joining the Quit India Movement.

The Bengal famine of 1942-43 left no section of the population untouched. For the haves it was an opportunity to fulfill their hunger for money, fame and position and for sex. The haves are behind the problems or suffering of the have-nots. For the have-nots, it was the hunger for food and freedom.

Bhattacharya has captured most authentically the state of the nationalist movement for freedom in all its varying aspects. Through the perspective of Rahoul, the reader has a firsthand account of what every awakened Indian thought at that time. Thus, Bhattacharya is able to reveal the universal feelings of contempt for the Britishers in every Indian's heart, in those terrible times. The hope was that Britain, fighting for democracy, would not deny India the same.

One of the major socio-historical realities that touched the creative genius of Bhattacharya in this novel was the great Bengal Famine of 1943 which is an epitome

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\* The three writers are connected with the Kakatiya University, Warangal

of the second part of the story which deals with the life of Kajoli and his family living in a village known as Baruni.. The novel unfolds the tragic story of a largely man-made famine, in which over a million people died of sheer hunger. It is the record of the most tragic calamity in Indian history.

The social fact of hunger in the wake of the Bengal famine shook Bhattacharya inwardly in moral and spiritual terms and compelled him to give his inner urges an artistic outlet. The novel presents the fact that under the stress of starvation, man not only loses his normal reason, he also becomes emotionally dead. Rahoul, the grandson of Devata, while reading a newspaper comes across a story of moral depravity.

A starving mother with a child at her breast was given food at kitchen. While the child died in her lap, the mother ate on. She finished her meal, and then left with her dead child (181).

Then there is another instance of depravity caused by hunger. A destitute woman gets some handful of rice after strenuous efforts throughout the day. When at sunset she lights fire and is about to cook the rice, a hungry man pounces on her and runs away with the grain.

The fishing boats are destroyed by the government. The peasants are forced to sell their grain to the government agents and the greedy hoarder. Finding no hope in the village, the peasants had to leave their village for the city because they didn't find any other way to get out of these miseries and Kajoli also leaves the village and now they are ready to face uncountable difficulties.

Before leaving the village Kajoli married Kishore but her happiness is short-lived because Kishore is killed in an accident on the railway embankment on his way to Calcutta. But his tragedy is not known to Kajoli and her family. They begin to live on roots, figs and whatever they can get for food. A brothel agent from Calcutta tries to tempt Kajoli. She angrily rejects the offer. On the way to Calcutta Kajoli is raped by a soldier who had given her a piece of bread. Just in return for bread she fulfilled his sexual hunger. A jackal attempts to eat up Kajoli but Onu somehow drives it away. Kajoli is admitted in the hospital by the repentant soldier while her mother and Onu had to live on begging as pavement dwellers. At that time the innocent people became animals, just because of hunger and they start eating what the animals refuse to eat. In this struggle for food the animals prove stronger than the suffering people. Onu is defeated in his fight with a dog for possession of a jam-tin dug-out from the rubbish. The boys fight with each other for scrap of food. The scene is too pathetic to be commented upon. How the hunger leveled the difference between man and animal, Bhattacharya himself observes: "Destitutes and dogs in those days often fought for possession of the rich city's ten thousand rubbish heaps, in which scraps of rotting food lay buried" (171).

K.R. Ashok Bachchan points out: "Bhabani Bhattacharya uses the device of contrast to highlight the problem of hunger. He presents the contrasting scenes of hunger for food and hunger for wealth simultaneously. Kajoli, Onu, mother and the dispossessed suffer from hunger for food. On the other hand, Sri Abalabandhu and Samarendra Basu suffer

from unquenching lust for wealth." (Bachchan 1994: 31). Kajoli's mother is happy that Kajoli is at least temporarily in a hospital because now there is no need to think about the food. After her discharge from the hospital she

decides to become a prostitute but is finally saved from it. The mother tries to drown herself in the Ganges. Other scenes of hunger are no less harrowing. A girl of six is sold to a procuress for ten silver rupees.

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## THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE

Dr. R.M.V. Raghavendra Rao \*

You fill the udder cups with milk for the calf to be born,  
With your moonlit palms you glue verdant leaves to creepers,  
In perfumed pollen you feed the black bees with honey,  
At dawn you paint the buds with hues peculiar.

The roses are red,  
The violets are blue,  
You make the trees with dew and rivers with waves,

You make the star-studded milky way,  
You make smiles of a child like a shining ray,

You made man with tears of joy and sorrow,  
After every dark night you have made the morrow.

Nothing is not there in your creation,  
Adding to everything you gave the poet his re-creation.

To refill your universe with love and kindness,  
For in them you always dwell in your myriad rays of forgiveness.

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\* Retd. Professor, well known poet in English and Telugu, Hyderabad

Note: the first four lines are inspired by the immortal Telugu poet 'KARUNASRI's poem 'ANJALI'.

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### Life Lessons from an incredible bounce-back story of Steve Case, the inventor of Social Media

1. Falling is inevitable and undeniable fact of life but how you perceive them and take action to them decides your failure or success.
2. Some are inspired by the challenges they face and become fearless to take chance on any opportunity regardless of the consequences. On the other hand there are some who decide to maintain their comfortable inaction throughout their lives.

Contd. on Page 63

## NO MAN'S LAND

**Dr. J. Bhagyalakshmi \***

There comes a time in life  
 When you feel you are in  
 No man's land  
 You belong nowhere  
 Either to earth or to heaven  
 This no man's land is empty  
 But not a vacuum  
 You are alone but not lonely  
 You take interest but not involved  
 You recognize pleasure  
 But don't say "Hello"

All are friends but no companions  
 There is a drama before you  
 But you are not part of it.  
 What an existence!  
 Is it a passing phase  
 Or end of the road?  
 But one knows for sure  
 That you cannot reside  
 In no man's land  
 You are there, no doubt,  
 But you have to move  
 Either forward or backward  
 With or without your consent.

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\* Famous poet and writer, Delhi

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## READERS' MAIL

Your erudite knowledge and choice of articles, poems, reviews and Reader's mail for publication in Triveni from contributors from all walks of life is really truly, very commendable and deserves appreciation.

**Bhavana S. Chary,  
 Satna, Madhya Pradesh**

Thanks a lot for the Jan-March 2013. It is very rich and profound. Your editorial 'Vanity Fair' is simply marvelous.

**Dr. O.P. Arora, New Delhi**

Your editorial, Triveni Jan-Mar 2013, is superb. It speaks lot about change of time and a leap forward to display of vanity. Most interestingly, from Oscar Wilde,

Shakespeare, Gold Smith et al quotations are interesting. Your style of delineation, specially your comment on old age, is just unique. Among the items, article on 'Where ignorance is a virtue' and the tit-bit 'A Blank Wall' are catchy. I share the pleasure as a life member of the 'Triveni' family.

**Dr. Manas Bakshi, Kolkata**

In 'Vanity Fair' the writer presents a mirror of views and tastes of people who show intense interest and zeal in dress and glamorous appearance, following the latest fashions of the day to hide their ages. It is interesting to know even the global icon like Ghandhiji's passion for dress with a desire to appear like an Englishman.

**Dr. Emmadi Pullaiah, Warangal**

## BOOK REVIEW

**"SILENT TUNES" by P.S. Rao released by The English Club, Narsapur (W.G.Dist) 534275, India. Printed at Sree Vani Offset Printers, Machilipatnam, A.P.**

The book is blessed with a Foreword by the esteemed and well known Chief Editor of Triveni Prof. I.V.Chalapathi Rao. The in-depth analytical commentary by Sri K. Rama Murthy, Dr. Potharaju Ramakrishna Prasad and Sri M.V.S. Chalapathi Rao add to the worth of the book. The book is dedicated to Dr. C.Jacob. "A Judge of rarity".

The poet opens his "Silent Tunes" with "Prelude" which conveys the purpose and meaning of his "human existence" - compassion for all creatures as he prays to the "Divine Muse" for a "a blessed tomorrow of blissful tunes for all the creatures."

Every poem in the book has some sublime thought to convey. Personifying poetic inspiration the poet says, "You are the lovely companions of all generations" without whom life remains "a soulless desert of loneliness."

The poem, "The Silent Benediction" narrates a supernatural experience of the poet.

The poem "Sublime Beauty" is arrestingly beautiful.

In "Pleasures and Pains" we sense the poet's attitude of self effacement as he feels happy for others' happiness and well being and feels

"drowned in their unfathomable miseries".  
"am for the day when suffering is least for all"

In "Open Letter To The Creator" the poet feels for the suffering creation, But who is suffering? The Creator Himself in the guise of his creation. Hence,

"How long do you opt to bear this self torture?"  
.....  
And let not the 'earth become a hell'

Again

"Do you just question yourself through my mouth?" in III Fate. Man asking God is Spirit asking Spirit in the ultimate sense because all is Spirit according to the Upanishadic thought.

In "Nature Speaks To Man" the Nature explains to arrogant man as 'to why all his, "..... pride and vanity is an unwanted story." -- a death blow to the pride of even the most famous man on earth.

The words of a sage in "Despair" are akin to the timeless teachings of the Sacred Gita,

"Duty is your food, Duty is your abode,  
Duty is your friend and Duty is your God;  
Result is nothing to worry about."

"Satanic Shadows" refers to falling values in today's society, but the poet hopes for a "sinless morn" for all. .

In "Oneness" the poet says  
"I am the parent, I am the child  
I am the mind I am the body"

again referring to the oneness of All Pervasive Spirit.

"Let me not injure myself or others in the name of loving God, who is in everyone." (While Loving Myself).

Love for God and for God in all is implied but in "God's Song" the poet sings, "I wish to cut off my earthly attachments To wander in the open skies'- if one can realize that love is different and attachment is different.

Part I concludes with a beautiful narration of the great Buddha's renunciation and Enlightenment "Buddha Poornima" and a prayer for the grace of Buddha to bestow peace on earth.

Part II of the book speaks of the poet's feelings of love for children and his hopes for the future of the world - "A tender and delightful creation brought down to this planet by playful children" (Welcome Note).

This section has poems like, "Christmas Carol of Children", "Singing Garden", "To The Child Singer", "The Little Rules" and others..

To the poet a child is the maker of Heavenly future. Hence, "Say glory to the Child and say again while looking at the manifestation of the Word and God who are but one".

God's creation as an emanation from the sacred "Aum" sound is implied.

Words can hardly do justice to the sweetness

and beauty of the lines on children in this section. To quote a few more lines, "For the first time I saw myself clearly Not in my age old mirror, but in her smile; I wish to live always in the smiles of a child." (The Smile of A Child)

"Be proud, you are second to none but to your child." (Second to None )

"The world is vast and wide, But your cradle is the biggest of all; Many things there may be of worth, But you are the most precious diamond on earth" (A Grandmother Speaks )

"Silent Tunes" stands out as a poetic work of lofty and sublime thought, unique ideas charmingly presented in lyrically beautiful lines refreshingly new and thought-provoking and delightful at times, and enlightening - should be read by one and all. Can be an interesting and worthy gift to be given to friends.

**Ms. Satyavathi, Hyderabad**

**"The Hues of Mystic Light", Author: Dr, J Bapu Reddy, Publishers: Jubilee Publications, Hyderabad, Price: Rs 150 US\$10**

I read somewhere "A Great Poem Can Move you, Shake you, Remind you what it is to be."

Dr. Bapu Reddy's collection of poems reminds you as to what it is to be a great poem and it applies to every poem in the collection.

The whole gist of the collection of his poems found is in the first poem, "God in Man" where he with a child like musing asks... if man is god and god is man why should god kill god... why these killings in the name of creed, caste and colour and why not we make every heart and home an abode of god?

The poet is a lover of nature and when he talks of it his pen flows like the cool breeze of the autumn spreading the fragrance of flowers all around. He loves nature, blames the nature for fitting poisonous fangs to the venomous snake.

He brings out the conflict between Heart and Mind in a language of a real poet. Time changes, the baby sucking the milk filled with love from mother, the wicked time... changes the scenario. Does the author mean the environment and the changing times have made the innocent playful baby into the monster he turns out to be with the passage of the time?

His references to Swami Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo are very timely in this era of deception and human degradation.

The poet talks of the enigmatic cry of the baby in the very best of the poetic rhyme. The brilliance of the poet comes out with the same fervor.

Only a poet could imagine the earth shivering under the feet of the marching ants... mosquitoes composing immortal lyrics in their murmurs over the stinking sewers... yes the environment is so polluted... both hygienically and mentally..anything could be imagined. I

appreciate the far reaching imagination of the poet. I am reminded of the great Telugu Poet Sri Sri according to whom any subject is worthy enough for writing poetry - a puppy, a match stick, the only thing is it should make some sense.. it does in the case of Dr. Babu Reddy.

The reader feels the poet's heart crying when he reads the poet's anguish craving for living in peace and making every human a shrine of peace and this beautiful earth a bountiful heaven.

The way in which he explained the philosophy of Yogi Vemana in "The Man and The Moon" and the way he described the present day degrading human character and asks the reader in a sarcastic manner should we accept Darkness as our National Colour in "Protean Darkness" are to be read to be appreciated.

His comparison of world to an aerodrome and... yes he is right... we are all passengers and we do not know from where we are coming and where we are going.... sound philosophy.

Every poem has something to say... the poet talks of his philosophy, his love for nature and the deep anguish for the way the world is degrading and making a hell out of this heaven on earth.

I wish the flow of the pen of the author goes uninterruptedly for many more years.

**Ramakrishna Chitrapu  
Rajahmundry**

**Between Flower And Flame by Dr. Manas Bakshi published by Script, Kolkata P - 80 , Price Rs. 120/- .**

This is Manas Bakshi's ninth collection of 36 poems illustrated with 36 sketches by Debabrata Chakraborty. A 'major voice' in Indo - Anglian poetry, Bakshi's poems are vibrant with such thought - waves, both realistic and philosophical, as create resonance somewhere deep in human heart. From the plight of a whore (Kalighat Bridge at 6 p.m.) to the starvation death of a worker of a closed Tea Garden ( Darjeeling ), from the nocturnal mystery of ' Marine Drive, Mumbai ' to the ecological threat (The Island of my Dream) and several other poems bear it out.

Bakshi also excels in poems on human relationships depicting love, betrayal, detachment and moral values. And it is evident from lines like "She comes or not / Raindrops on earth / will visualize / Her footprints ( When A Woman Betrays)" or, " Love's not that feline act / Waiting with sufferings, tough as / Mosquitoes in load shedding / Romantic eyes with an ageing mind / Doomed to cataract" (Some Woman).

The tumultuous days of the preceding Century reflected in "Smell the mist today / Behind the bullet - ridden wall / There was a plaster of sublime ism - /Left to live, paying the price everyday / For one day's political romanticism" ( The Seventies in Retrospect) is as much a concern for Bakshi as wild life. "Some of the crustacean creatures / Colliding in vain in the dragnet / The jungle breeze whimpering / In constant threat / Of deforestation and poaching - / Look back in shame / If we still have the human skin" ( Sundarban ). Poems like Mirrored Motifs, The Other Side Of Life, Parable Of Peace, Orbit, Composition, Jungle - Jerks are really touchy.

The apparent depression Bakshi seems struck somewhere with vanishes when the poet , as a seer, avows at the end "Pokhran or Chaghai / Atom will ignite / Atom or no Atom / Humanism will survive" (Truth). Selection of words and topics, blending of diction and metaphors make the book worth recommending for wider readership. The book is priced reasonably

**Ramakrishna Chitrapu  
Rajahmundry**

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3. Effective decision makers always win but only consistent decision makers can become expert in making them. Take decision consistently without worrying about consequences, because the more decisions you take the more you envision for the right ones.
4. Stay prepared to have a better perceptiveness on how and when to make tiny shifts in the techniques if they are not working for you.
5. Perseverance is another most significant tool for success. One who has mastered it can achieve anything he/she dreams of. Perseverance is time's test that makes you a winner upon passing it.

## New Members

The following is the list of Members who have joined the TRIVENI family during January - March 2013. The TRIVENI FOUNDATION welcomes them and thank them.

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Our dear subscribers may note. In view of the escalation of the paper cost and printing charges it has become increasingly difficult to meet the expenditure of the journal. We are constrained to increase the annual subscription to Rs.200/- and life subscription to Rs.2000/- We shall be grateful if our old members also cooperate with us by sending the balance amount. Donations are welcome.

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The Editor is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors. They should accept responsibility for their articles - **Editor**