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# TRIVENI

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INDIA'S LITERARY AND CULTURAL QUARTERLY



*Chief Editor*  
**Prof. I. V. CHALAPATI RAO**

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## *Remembering Shakespeare*



A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "William Shakespeare". The signature is cursive and fluid, with "William" on the left and "Shakespeare" on the right, separated by a small gap.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

**Triveni** joins the literary world in observing the four hundredth death anniversary of the bard of Stratford - upon -Avon this April by reproducing the portrait of the 'thousand souled Shakespeare' aired by the British media last year considered to have been painted during the life of Shakespeare.

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## TRIPLE STREAM

### WOMEN ARE SILENCED BEFORE THEY ARE BORN

**I. V. Chalapati Rao**

*Karanguli nakhotpanna Narayana Dasakruti* (From whose finger nails of the hand have sprung up the ten *Avataras* of Lord Vishnu)

In ancient India women were highly respected and they were even worshiped by gods themselves. In *Devi Bhagavatham, thrimurthies*, Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara went to Devi Matha, praised Her and adored Her. In *Lalitha Sahasranamas* She is worshiped as *Matha Sri Mahargni Sreemath Simhasaneswari*. This is supposed to be equal to *Vishnu Sahasranamas*. Thus women are considered to be worthy of worship even in Vedas, particularly in Rig Veda women are given equal treatment with men. But today things are different. They are removed from their high pedestal and even ill treated.

We cannot imagine the world without women. Externally a woman may appear to be delicate and frail but she has inner strength and energy and is capable of playing multiple roles in different situations. Women make headway in every field. We have seen how she ruled the country, served the society, conducted war against invaders and also travelled in space. Themistocles, the Greek

General and politician, said "The Athenians govern the Greeks, I govern the Athenians, my wife governs me". Such is the power of women!

Many women are racing ahead of their men within a short space and earning accolades with their hard work and shining in the managerial field hitherto considered to be bastions of male domination. They are piloting aircraft. Their stories are hugely inspirational. They have successfully edged their way into the main stream of the working class, shoulder to shoulder with their men. Watch any University convocation, the first five ranks are won by women students. It is a wakeup call to all those conservative and backward families which yearn for the male offspring to perpetuate the family name. If only we give our intelligent girls love and understanding, they go places and outshine the boys. There are umpteen cases which proved this true. They will change the social scenario across the country.

Yet female infanticide is growing and for every 1000 boys there are 850 girls. With the cooperation of the selfish, commercial-minded doctors who provide advance information about the girl child, they are

committing infanticides. As a fall-out of the skewed up sex ratio, the crime rate is constantly on the rise. Women are silenced before they are born! The first step to change in attitude must begin at home with the family/elders treating their sons and daughters equally. Unfortunately woman is the woman's worst enemy.

Year by year acts of violence and injustice are increasing against women. Even the 1999 U.N. Report said "Violence against women is perhaps the most disgraceful human rights violation and it is the most pervasive. As long as it continues we cannot claim to be making real progress towards equality, development and peace".

If one takes up the newspaper, one finds incidents of terror, atrocities that will make us hang our heads in shame. Quoting statistics from the National Crime Records Bureau (NCRB), Justice S.A. Mukherjee, Supreme Court Judge, said that crime against women in the country has gone up by 873 percent between 1953 and 2011. He asked people to take note of instances when women are misrepresented in the public. "I do not understand why there is a woman in a shaving cream advertisement. Atrocity may be physical or mental. Even asking for dowry amounts to cruelty" (The Hindu dated 13-4-2014).

Inhuman acts of barbarism are being perpetrated. Women as old as 75 have been raped by hooligans who are worse than beasts. What is wrong with our society and much boosted civilization? Where are we

heading? Every 22 minutes a woman is raped in our country. According to NCRB in 2012, 1341 rape cases were reported in the State and out of these 74 were in the city. 32 of the 74 are below 10 years and the culprits are mainly between 20 and 35 years and sometimes many of them are repeat offenders. Nearly 4050 cases are pending trial.

There are many organizations working on women's issues but only a limited number of them focus on sexual offences against women. There should be effective action towards prevention of such heinous crimes. This is conspicuous by its absence. On the other hand there are high placed public leaders who oppose death sentence and drastic action in rape cases . Some persons treat such offences as common mistakes committed by young men.

Training and awareness programmes are necessary. An organization called *Sankalpa* seems to be doing something in this direction. Women should know their rights. Especially illiterate women of villages fall an easy prey to such offences. Educational institutions should take steps to arrest this gender divide. Even though there are many laws to protect women, women are not aware of them. It is in the Constitution, Preamble, Fundamental Rights and Directive Principles. The Constitution also gave powers to the State. But publicity is lacking.

Broad Bridge Financial Solutions Pvt Ltd. is setting an example to other institutions by conducting workshops to strengthen

women's morale and physical training. It will embolden and encourage women to anticipate risk and adopt protective measures. Other companies and government departments also should follow their example.

We should stop discussions and discourses on crimes against women and start

concrete action towards prevention and self-defense.

Home is the place to begin with. Boys and girls should receive impartial treatment. Female infanticides must be stopped. Women should not be silenced before they are born.

\*\*\*

### **BHU SAYANAH :** **(One of the Thousand Names of Vishnu)**

**R .R . Gandikota\***

*Hey! Kshira sagara sayana !  
Hey ! Sesha sayana !  
When did you rest on the ground, Prabhuh!  
In my contemplative meditation,  
He revealed  
"People say I rested on shore of the ocean  
While going in search of Sita,  
abducted by Ravana  
Sleep eluded; memories of Sita  
Flushing down as tears,  
When did I rest; When did I sleep"  
Then Prabhuh! How come your name  
*Bhu sayanah*  
"It was while I was prince charming  
In early teens*

Lovely Lord of mothers three,  
Ever resting on their warm lap  
Father Dasaratha, never let me step on earth,  
I was taken to the thick forest,  
For protecting the *sacrifice*  
By the sage Visvamitra,  
I slept on the bare ground, then,  
When 'Brother Soumitri'; the Adisesha,  
Mockingly addressed  
*Hey ! Bhu sayanah!."*

Oh! Enlightened I am *Prabhuh!*  
How merciful Thou art, Lord !  
To make this revelation astounding,  
To me, a simpleton,  
Thy grace indeed *Prabhuh ! !*

---

\* Principal (Retd.), Kakinada

\*\*\*

## THE STORY OF VANDE MATARAM

**Shyam Sunder**

The mantric song *Vande Mataram* came to Bankim Chandra one evening in 1875 in the countryside of Bengal, when he was walking home from the Naihati railway station en route from Calcutta where he had done his day's work. Now the green fields were around him and above was the clouded sky of a rainy day.

As the story goes, on reaching home he immediately wrote down the poem and put it in the drawer of his desk where it remained forgotten until one late evening when the manager of the weekly *Banga Darshan* edited by him rushed in with an urgent demand for some filler for an empty space in the forthcoming issue. The drawer was opened and the piece of paper on which *Vande Mataram* had been written came forth!

But during the writer's lifetime the value of the song was recognized only by some. Usually songs are written for the stories of dramas or novels, but Bankim wrote the novel *Anand Math* for the song *Vande Mataram* which occupies the centre stage in the plot. Yet, although the novel became popular, the song's impact was not felt by the people. It was first sung in public at the Indian National Congress session in December 1896, i.e., almost three years after Bankim's death in April 1894. That time it was sung by Rabindranath Tagore in his masterly voice. It

would be sung again in 1901 and since then in the annual sessions of the Congress.

In 1897 Madame Cama unfurled the national flag of India, with the inscription 'Vande Mataram', at Stuttgart in Germany at a conference of the friends of India. In India Sister Nivedita also would similarly adopt a flag with 'Vande Mataram' inscription.

Rishi Bankim had predicted a wait-period of twenty five years for the true impact of the song to come about. In fact, the call of *Vande Mataram* would spread like fire in 1905 and the identification of the entire country with Bharat Mata would catch the heart of millions and millions.

Rabindranath, Surendranath, Bepin Pal, Aurobindo Ghose - they were the top leaders in Bengal to carry the fire of the national message and movement which was fuelled by the British Viceroy Curzon through his unfortunate plan of the partition of Bengal. Leaders of the Indian renaissance, poets, musicians, the youth, the middle aged, the old - all got electrified by the mantra and were ready for sacrifices in response to the call. If a tyrant sits on the mother's chest will her child remain a passive onlooker in the midst of the oppression? That was the question openly and largely put by Aurobindo Ghose to the people and there could be only one answer.

Among journals Sjt. Aurobindo Ghose's *Bande Mataram* paper was the chief vehicle of the mantra. Aurobindo would also put forth the visionary concept of India not as a particular combination of plains and rivers and hills, but as *Bharat Mata*.

The geographical entity was visualized and adored as the physical face of the mother goddess.

In 1886 Tagore had sung at a Congress session: *aamaraa milechchi aaj maayer dakey*, 'Here have we gathered today hearing Mother's call'. But from 1905 the vision was getting clearer, wider and more soul-charged.

The song stirred the soul of the people of India. It also stirred the alien rulers, of course negatively. They became allergic to the very words *Vande Mataram* and started banning its pronunciation, enforcing the ban by the use of might and violence. The children of *Bharat Mata* would then pass under the blows of the lathis and the boots of the police, and go to jails, and quite often to the gallows, joyously uttering *Vande Mataram*.

This golden period of the national awakening initiated by the mantric song lasted for some years in its glory. Not only was the alien government obliged to abandon the idea of the partition of Bengal, the inextinguishable flame of the spirit of freedom had also been kindled in the heart of the people.

But in the Congress sessions in the

early 1920s the Muslims began to object to the last two stanzas of *Vande Mataram*. They saw in them image worship and also the adoration of the Hindu goddess Durga, and that was not acceptable to them.

The objection was being overruled till the Haripura session of the Congress in 1938, when the last two stanzas were not sung. And then Jinnah demanded that the song should not be sung at all. From 1940 the Congress abandoned the singing of *Vande Mataram* in its sessions.

And when the national anthem was to be chosen by free India, the political leaders preferred *Jana Gana Mana*, giving a second place to *Vande Mataram* as a concession. They put forth the unsustainable reason of the musical superiority of the former song and chose not to give due honour to the *mantra* which had led them to the seats of power after awakening a nation from its slumber and inspiring martyrs and patriots.

More importantly, they lost the vision of their country as a physical manifestation of *Bharat Mata*, of its presiding mother goddess Durga, the goddess of force and love and knowledge.

The political leaders had by then fallen under the charm of the West, of the materialist, worldly, earthy culture of the West. During these fifty four years of independence India has been getting further and further away from the spirit of her true civilisation and culture. She has been regarded as a source of material

wealth and resources meant to be exploited by the rulers. Naturally, India has been led to travel downhill to the oblivion of her soul.

It must be borne in mind that even after the Congress abandoned the singing of *Vande Mataram* in 1940, the song remained in the hearts of the people and continued to be sung by others. In free India the last two stanzas gradually faded away from the people's memory with the adoption of the first two stanzas alone by the Constituent Assembly. But now, in the new millennium, the song has been sung in full at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram and there is a reseeking for it elsewhere too.

The story of *Vande Mataram* is truly the story of India's rebirth. For the rebirth of India, *Vande Mataram* has to be reborn. The struggle for freedom of Bharat's body was against alien rulers. The struggle for freedom of Bharat's soul has to be against ourselves, against the degradation of our national values.

We, the people of India, have to awaken to values based on eternal principles, on the inner dharma.

**Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action**

\*\*\*

## VOICE OF AN OLD MAN

**Dr. D. Samarender Reddy\***

How trifling seem life's joys  
When grief lends its voice  
Hollow thy victories  
And vain thy pursuits  
When old age awaits you  
To enfeeble you  
And make you helpless  
Dependent

---

\* Poet, Hyderabad

With only oblivion  
Facing you squarely.  
Waste not thy youth  
Drunk as you might be  
With heady powerful feeling  
In seeking glory  
And whatnot  
But seek out Truth  
Before you have  
Cause to repent.

\*\*\*

## SIGNIFICANCE OF GURU

**Gayathri V M\***

Transcending the boundaries of religion, race and culture, from times immemorial, the world has always attributed a paramount and pivotal position to *Guru*. Indian culture has gone farther ahead and acclaimed *Guru* as an equivalent to Brahma, Vishnu & Maheshwara - the *Trimurthi* and the *Supreme Brahman*.

*Gurur Brahma Gurur Vishnuhu  
Gurur Devo Maheshwaraha  
Gurur Sakshath Parabrahma  
Tasmay Shree Gurave Namaha*  
*Adyayataraka Upanishad*

The word *Guru* is from Sanskrit. The syllable '*Gu*' means 'Darkness' and the syllable '*Ru*' means 'The one who dispels it', thus *Guru* is the "Dispeller of Darkness". One can't chase or kick off darkness out of a place, for, as a matter of fact, darkness is not an existence by itself. Darkness is nothing but absence of light. *Guru* is like the moon, whose light dissipates the darkness without eliminating it completely unlike the sun, whose presence annihilates darkness. *Guru* allows the *Shishya* to be herself and accepts the student as she is without any distortion, always bountiful in his gentle rays of love, care, wisdom and guidance, just as the serene lustres of the

moon. *Guru's* light is soothing as moon unlike the sun's light which is seething. The word *Guru* in other Indian languages is borrowed or derived from Sankrit. Nevertheless, there is perhaps an appropriate or equivalent word in non-Indian languages that depicts the sanctity and uniqueness of *Guru*.

India being a land of spiritual richness, the *Guru - Shishya Parampara* flourished and thrived for thousands of years as an uninterrupted lineage and tradition in Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism, through which the knowledge of Vedas, Fine Arts, Yoga, Spiritualism etc was imparted to the students by the *Guru* amidst an atmosphere of absolute trust, dedication and intimacy. That which is not in one's experience can't be taught intellectually nor does the student have the competence to comprehend. The *Guru*, who is at a higher level of intensity of knowledge and energy, is the only one who can take the student to a different dimension for the required impact and experience. *Guru* shouldn't be mistaken as a mere teacher, for, the magnificent role of a guru goes far beyond teaching - *Guru* inculcates progressive attitude, kindles the zest & inquisitiveness, moulds the student in umpteen aspects, reveals many stupendous secrets with a view to preparing her towards consummation, unveils the ignorance, burns the illusions and illuminates

---

\* Writer, Bangalore

the inner being of the student, thus deeply influencing the student and paving way for the student's gratification and competence that would guide her in all walks of life. In the words of one of the Telugu Compositions of Saint Tyagaraja - one of the Trinities of Carnatic Music, *Guruleka etuvanti guniki teliyagabodu* meaning, "No one, however virtuous he may be, without the grace of a *Guru*, will know!"

"Let no man in the world live in delusion. Without a *Guru* none can cross over the shore." - Guru Nanak, the Enlightened Sikh Master.

*Guru-Shishya* relationship, particularly in Spiritualism, has been acclaimed to be at par from other mundane relationships as parent, child, sibling, spouse etc for these are all physical based - physical includes mental and emotional as well. This is purely energy based, finest forms of an intimate relationship with unconditional, and unfathomable love, which is why the relationship is believed to be carried forward to the next incarnations in order to fulfill the spiritual goals - a bond that is covenant, capable of profound and irreversible transformation.

The first full moon day in the month of Ashadam ( July - August ) is considered very sacred and celebrated as Guru Pournima. This day marks the very first transmission of the Yogic Sciences from Lord Shiva to the Saptarshis. Shiva, the Adi Yogi ( First Yogi ) thus became the Adi Guru ( First Guru ). This

first full moon day after the solstice is a time when the planet earth is highly receptive of the cosmic energy and possibilities of reaching heights. Besides yogic initiations, this day is celebrated by students to pay their reverence and express their gratitude to their *Gurus*. In Buddhist tradition, this day is celebrated as *Buddha Pournima* in the honour of Goutama Buddha, the legendary enlightened Master, who gave His first sermon on this day. Sage Veda Vyasa is believed to be born on this day and to have started writing *Brahma Sutras* on *Ashada Shuddha Padyami* which ends on this day and hence this day is also celebrated as *Vyasa Pournami*. Besides spiritual disciples, students of classical music and dance who follow guru-shishya parampara also celebrate this day with *Guru Pooja* and offerings.

Great outstanding personalities who have made their lives sublime always owe their success and culmination to their *Gurus* and the lineage thus is going on. Their words indubitably elucidate the impetus and galvanic effect of their *Gurus* who could touch the inner recesses of their hearts and glorify them with not only knowledge, accomplishment, and exuberance but also with humility and ethics. In this context, we can find the emphatic regard, admiration and acknowledgment of *Guru*'s vitality in Saint Kabir Das's *Doha* -

*Guru Gobind Dou Khade  
Kaake logoon pay  
Balihari Guru Aapne  
Gobind Diyo Batay*

If Guru and God both stand here  
 To whom should I bow first  
 All glory to be unto the Guru  
 Path to God who did bestow

*Guru* is highly detached and impartial in his judgment - always imparts the right thing to the right student at the right time. The disciples of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa always envied his special attention and aspiration for Swami Vivekananda and it was enigmatic for the students to see the *Guru* going to the extreme extent of wandering in pursuit of Vivekanada to pacify and appeal the later to come back and carry on with the *sadhana*. This kind of a deportment of Paramahamsa would appear biased while in fact, he, as a *Guru* knew that Vivekananda's endeavours were not ephemeral and dogmatic and that his unflinching focus and dedication is crucial for the *Guru* to complete his spiritual mission post his physical demise. Vyasathirtha, the *Guru* of Purandaradasa, Sangeetha Pitamaha of Carnatic Music, glorified with the magnificence of his disciple expressed *Dasarendare purandaradasarayya* ( If there is one dasa, it is Purandaradasa ) in one of his compositions in Kannada. What a wonderful and rare phenomenon of such an accolade and encomium by a *Guru*!! Even in the recent times India has had remarkable *Gurus* like Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, Jiddu Krishnamurthy, Mysore Vasudevacharya, Aurobindo Gosh, Ramana Maharshi etc. On the contrary, we have encountered *Gurus* like Dronacharya who rejected Karna and Ekalavya under the pretext of being non-kshathriyas and who shed his righteousness

as a *Guru* by ruthlessly demanding the right thumb from Ekalavya, causing excruciating pain and eroding his prospering future. By and large Indian History and culture always has exemplified *Gurus* who are at par their excellence and virtues and one should implicitly take them as role models and brush aside the regrettable instances.

In the perennial stream of life there is no cessation for learning; it's a persistent process and both the Teacher and the Taught are students - an established truth. Eminent personalities have acknowledged that the more one learns, the more he realizes that there is much more to learn. Times have changed considerably and man has slowly got drawn into the vortex of covetousness, self centeredness with diminishing value system and morale and as such, in today's world we seldom find *Gurus* who live to the true meaning of the word. Many of us confront incompetent and unscrupulous teachers and also many of those who are reluctant to unfold their treasure of knowledge. Ironically, the cocksureness, resistance for hard work, inclination only towards the material outcome, lack of perseverance and reverence, which are highly prevalent in today's students, makes it all the more challenging for the right *Gurus* to find promising and appropriate students. In this context, how to find a right *Guru* is a complicated task. Spiritualism acts as a panacea and answers that it need not be such a strenuous effort to find a *Guru*. is only the outer manifestation of one's inner most self. When you tread the path with sincerity, honesty and intensity, Nature is left with no option but

to manifest a genuine master in your life. When the disciple is ready, the *Guru* just appears. Nonetheless, for a true seeker who has the natural propensities to progress with catholicity in his outlook every one and everything in nature would be a *Guru*.

The very purpose of life is to learn, unlearn and relearn, fill this earthen vessel of life to the brim with knowledge and spread happiness and knowledge to others and drown them in the nectar of knowledge and fill their lives too with myriads of aesthetic colours.

\*\*\*

## BEAUTY OF THE SOUL

**Dr. O. P. Arora\***

Limping on his crutches  
a one-legged man  
plucking flowers, watchfully  
slipping them softly in his can...  
I was enraged:  
Why the hell? thundered down the lane...  
Quirky, ravaging the beauty  
solace to the eyes  
they console the soul too  
inspire man to think of higher things...

He turned to me, his eyes mocking.  
Beauty, soul or higher things  
they are Greek to me

I do it for my living.  
I pluck five flowers daily  
in return the devil gives me five loaves  
they sustain me...  
Don't I have a right to live?  
I meditated.  
OK, I shall give you your loaves  
daily  
only stop killing the flowers  
let them live  
gift of the divine showers.

That would be beggary  
but I am no beggar  
he whined  
I work and earn my bread  
I want to live with dignity.

---

\* Poet, Writer, New Delhi

\*\*\*

## 'ATTICUS FINCH' WAS IMMORTALISED BY HARPER LEE

**Dr I.Satyasree\***

Harper Lee, the most celebrated author of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, passed away on February 19, 2016. She was 89. The Pulitzer Prize-winning fiction, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, was written in 1960 and nearly 40 million copies were sold so far. Lee gained immense popularity for this novel, which was voted the best novel of the 20th century. It also became a classroom standard for highlighting the issue of racial injustice in the US. The novel was made into a film, which won critical acclaim besides three Academy Awards. Gregory Peck, who portrayed the role of the protagonist, Atticus Finch, received an Oscar for Best Actor. In 2007, U.S. President, George W. Bush, conferred on her the "Medal of Freedom", the highest civilian honour.

The story, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, is set in the backdrop of segregated American South of the 1930s. It is narrated by 7 year-old Scout Finch and her older brother Jem. They observe their father, Atticus Finch, a small-town lawyer, who tries to save a black man, falsely accused of raping a white woman. The well-acclaimed novel has a universal appeal as it throws light on pertinent issues on race and prejudice, justice and equality and hence, its relevance even today.

Atticus Finch is perhaps one of the most admired fictional characters. People of all ages simply adore him for his wisdom. Atticus's most favourite line - "Gentlemen if there's one slogan in this world I believe, it is this: equal rights for all, special privileges for none," displays his fair-mindedness and tolerance.

He is depicted as a person, who gives a lot of credence to others point of view. He advises his daughter, "If you can learn a simple trick, Scout, you'll get along a lot better with all kinds of folks. You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view." From these lines, we understand his perspective towards people. Sudipta Dutta points out in her tribute, "As children we wanted Atticus Finch as our dad, as adults we wanted to be a parent like Atticus: just, fair, tolerant and always willing to hear different points of view." (*Thank you, Harper Lee*; The Hindu, 21.2.2016).

Although Lee became a literary celebrity with this novel, she was a very private person and shunned publicity. The instant success of both, the classic novel and the film version, raised great expectations among the readers and her fans waited eagerly for the next novel. However, for more than five decades, she remained reclusive and did not bring out any other work of fiction. Then, to

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\* Editor, *Triveni*

the surprise of everyone, in February 2015, Lee's publisher, Harper, an imprint of Harper Collins, made an announcement to publish a manuscript that Lee submitted to her editors in 1957. This manuscript was thought to be lost long ago. In July 2015, the prequel appeared, with the title *Go Set a Watchman*. This was written earlier than *To Kill a Mockingbird* but was set two decades later.

Pre-orders for *Go Set a Watchman* on Amazon.com pushed it to No.1 position in sales even before its release, is a testimony to say that Lee's works of fiction enjoy tremendous popularity.

The literary world lost a genius-par-excellence, nevertheless, Harper Lee's legacy lives on.

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## NOT WANTING TO BE A REFUGEE

**Leonard Dabydeen\***

How I wish to sing you a song  
to let you know my love for you  
is greater than all the world;  
How I wish to hold you tight  
and embrace your coastland:  
your rich mud-banks,  
golden rice fields swaying in the wind,  
sweet sugar-cane burning in the fields,  
punts slowly drifting in the canals,  
bauxite mining and gold diggers panning;  
How I long to watch buck-crabs marching  
and jumping shrimps in dragging seines  
where the Atlantic greets the sandy shores;  
How I wish to see little boys

riding donkeys on red clay-brick streets,  
some playing marble games  
in their back-yards,  
mothers crouched on their knees  
spreading cow-dung beneath stilted houses;  
How I wish to drink sweet coconut water  
sitting by the black-sage bush  
or under a canopy of towering coconut trees  
swaying like giants reaching for the blue skies;  
How I wish to call my country  
my home  
not wanting to be a refugee:  
fleeing from the wrath  
of demon-like men who want all  
not even listening  
if you're begging for some.

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## TAGORE'S WORLD OF LOVE IN HIS 'LOVER'S GIFT'

**A. Mahesh Kumar\***

Ravindranath Tagore was the first ever Asian writer to be awarded a Noble Prize in 1913 for his song-poems *Gitanjali*. He was a poet, dramatist, actor, producer, musician, painter, novelist, short-story writer, reformer, educationalist, philosopher, a critic of life and literature. He was thus many persons yet a perfect and practical idealist who turned his dreams into reality at *Shantiniketan*. The poet was brought up in an environment where Vedas and Upanishads were recited as part of his daily worship. As a result, all his works depict immense joy of existence, along with love, freedom, unity and oneness as essential qualities of a free life. His creative power of expression and intense passion towards life has been revealed in many of his master pieces - one such remarkable work of art is *Lover's Gift*.

Love - a perennial phenomenon of the world which is treasured in the innermost springs of every human heart. The title of the book, *Lover's Gift*, throws light on the prominence of this unique gift of human life - in other words, sharing the immense joy of love to the fellow beings is the greatest gift of mankind. It is worth seeing the world of love through the eyes of Tagore by understanding

his few love lyrics on, nature, literature, child and women.

Tagore in his very first poem appreciates Shahajan's concept of building a monument to immortalize his love upon the beloved. He elevates the beauty of the Taj-Mahal which conquered death to remain as a perpetual symbol of love. He says

*You allowed your kingly power to vanish, Shahajan, but your wish was to make imperishable a tear-drop of love.*

*Time has no pity for the human heart, he laughs at its sad struggle to remember.*

*You allured him with beauty, made him captive and crowned the formless death with fadeless form.....your love is wrought in the perpetual silence of stone.*

Nature is always an integral aspect of Tagore's poetry and life at large; his works remind the undetached bond between man and nature. Many of his poems reveal that he had spent his long life in the closest communion with nature. The spirit of liberation, serenity and oneness in man is blended with nature. This idea can be understood by the following lines.

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*I loved the sandy bank where, in the lonely pools ducks clamoured and turtles basked in the sun; where, with evening, stray fishing-boats shelter in the shadow by the tall grass.*

*You loved the wooden bank where shadows were gathered in the arms of the bamboo thickets; where women came with their vessels through the winding lane.*

*The same river flowed between us, singing the same song to both its banks. I listened to it, lying alone on the sand under the stars; and you listened sitting by the edge of the slope in the early morning light.*

*Only the words I heard from it you did not know and the secret it spoke to you was a mystery for ever to me.*

Further, he expresses his ideas on his own songs. It seems man is engrossed in the busy life of the modern world and has very little time to show his love towards literature and aesthetic elements of life. This idea is perhaps true where the poet worries about the future of literature, in particular, his own songs.

*Where is the market for you, my song? Is it there where the learned muddle the summer breeze with their snuff; where dispute is unending if the oil depends upon the cask, or the cask upon the oil; where yellow manuscripts frown upon the fleet-footed frivolousness of life? My song cries out, Ah, no, no, no.....*

*Where is the market for you, my song? Is it there where the young student sits, with head bent upon his books, and his mind straying in youth's dreamland; ..... my song remains silent in shy hesitation.....*

The poet is an ardent nature lover with philosophical bent of mind who finds no difference between living and non-living entity as long as love is the subject matter. According to Tagore, Everything in the world is lovable, as long as the individual has the capacity to receive the love of others. In this context the following lines show his impartial love towards a Child and even towards a Road-a non living entity.

*'Come, moon, come down, kiss my darling on the forehead,' cries the mother as she holds the baby girl in her lap while the moon smiles as it dreams.....*

*Come, moon, come down , kiss my darling on the forehead'. Once she looks up at the light of the sky, and then at the light of the earth in her arms, and I wonder at the placid silence of the moon.*

*The baby laughs and repeats her mother's call, 'Come, moon, come down'. The mother smiles, and smiles the moonlit night, and I, the poet, the husband of the baby's mother, watch this picture from behind, unseen.*

*THE ROAD is my wedded companion. She speaks to me under my*

*feet all day, she sings to my dreams all night. My meeting with her had no beginning, it begins endlessly at each daybreak, renewing its summer in fresh flowers and songs, and her every new kiss is the first kiss to me. The road and I are lovers.*

As Tagore finds his love in every living entity of this vast world, a number of Tagore's poems on women also show how love is the highest bliss that man can attain in his life. His poems on women took their origin in a mind that is simultaneously happy and longing for an unconditional love. The idea is illustrated in the following lyrics:

*She is near to my heart as the meadows-flower to the earth; she is sweet to me as sleep to tired limbs. My love for her is my life flowing in its fullness, like a river in autumn flood, running with serene abandonment. My songs are one with my love, like the murmur of a stream, that sings with all its waves and currents.*

*I dreamt that she sat by my head, tenderly ruffling my hair with her fingers, playing the melody of her touch. I looked at her face and struggled with my tears till the agony of unspoken words burst my sleep like a bubble.*

*I thought I had something to say to her when our eyes met across the hedge. But she passed away. And it rocks day and night, like a boat, on every wave of the hours the word that I had to say to her. ....*

In these lines the poet shows his deep sense of dearness, an inseparable bond, sincere admiration, self-less love towards his beloved. One of the finest examples to prove this idea is found in the following lyrics.

*I would ask for still more, if I had the sky with all its stars, and the world with its endless riches; but I would be content with the smallest corner of this earth if only she were mine.*

It is observed that these lines come out from a sincere and faithful heart of a person who wishes to live a contended life not by acquiring the riches in the world but by winning the heart his heart-i.e., the love of his beloved. It is found that these lines are splendid in their purity, quality, intensity and sublimity. He addresses his beloved with the same tone in the following poem as well.

*Her Neighbours call her dark in the village-but she is a lilly to my heart, a lily though not fair. Light came muffled with clouds, when first I saw her in the field; her head was bare, her veil was off, her braided hair hanging loose on her neck. She may be dark as they say in the village, but I have seen her black eyes and am glad.*

The vivid description of the lady love resembles the mind of the poet with a sense of belongingness and unifying the self with the beloved for- he finds his own soul in the one he loves. The reflection of his unique perspective in viewing beauty of his beloved is captured in the poem.

Tagore rejoices in spreading his wings of love towards a child, nature, literature, and women. His unique perception of love finds no difference among the love of a sweet child, a beautiful young lady and wonderful nature. He sees in himself all the forms of love and relates to the world around him. The writer has the quality of empathy and is able to view life in its totality. The poet rings the bells of love

through his musical lyrics dancing in the hearts of the readers. *Lover's Gift* is a priceless tribute to the world of love and it is a treasure with true essence of life. His cycle of love poems appear as a proof of his joy in uniting the self with mysterious infinite. Finally, *Lover's Gift* -the work of art on the whole is his mature appreciation of the world and its true essence of life i.e. to experience the joy of love.

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## **SHOWER OF NECTAR (Amritadhaara)** **A Birth Centenary Tribute**

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

Perennial streams of songs sublime  
Flow from Subbulakshmi's heart and soul;  
Their unique charm, inborn, natural grace  
And her angelic presence evoke reverence,  
Rising to heavenly heights of excellence,  
She reigns supreme in the musical realm.  
*Hari TumHaro*- her most enthralling hymn,  
Mahatma Gandhi loved to hear her sing.  
Deeply moved by her mellifluous voice,  
Pandit Nehru hailed her a *Queen of Song*.  
Melody sweet and enchanting,  
Like ethereal strains from Krishna's flute,  
Allure and hold her listeners spell-bound  
And they find in her *bhajans* and songs,

An echo of their soul's deep longing  
For the ecstasy of spiritual communion.  
Her rapturous singing of *keerthanaas*  
Of Thyagaraja, Swati Tirunal and  
Purandara Das,  
Annamacharya and Saint Ramadas,  
Subramania Bharati's stirring songs,  
Meera Bai, Tulsidas and Sant Kabir-  
A veritable *amritadhaara*- shower of nectar!  
Spontaneity and fluency of her *aalaapanas*,  
Intricate patterns of *swaravinyasas*,  
Skilful rendering of nuances of various tunes,  
Expressing soul-stirring, ineffable moods,  
Enhance the charm of her classical songs -  
An everlasting source of pure happiness  
And solace to millions of ardent hearts.

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\* Principal (Retd.), Poet, Hyderabad

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## WHY RAJAMUNDRY?

**N. Meera Raghavendra Rao\***

'We are going to Rajamundry on a three day holiday', I announced at a get together of my close friends and relatives and they were all surprised at our choice of a holiday. 'What are you going to do there for three days, we are sure you will get bored,' they echoed.

Not one to be cheesed off with their comments, we decided to visit this town in Andhra replete with history and religious significance.

My husband and I set out on an over night journey by the Sarkar express, reaching Rajamundry at 9.30 a.m. I realized for the first time how time flies if you are in the company of co-passengers who not only have common interests but display the same kind of enthusiasm to get to know one another's work and share their experience. One of them, a gentleman from Delhi was an education consultant proceeding to Bheemavaram and another was a well known lady author/journalist traveling with her family. Sometimes the topic of conversation draws people to participate in the exchange between individuals. Interestingly it was the husband of the lady seated in the bay area who happened to overhear my mentioning the name of the composer Taallapaka Annamacharya

in some context wherein he informed his wife that a subject close to her heart was being discussed. She immediately joined us making the exchange even livelier and topics discussed more wide ranging. A couple seated opposite were keenly watching, their gaze turning alternately at the three of us. I couldn't fathom their reaction as they were silent all the time while we were engrossed in our own world. When wishing good night we were pleasantly surprised when they said they felt happy to have had such an elite company of learned people. 'We got to know a lot of things from your conversation', they beamed.

It was a short drive from the station to Hotel Regency which impressed us at the first sight. Its ambience was beautiful and in course of our stay we found service by the hotel staff lent that important personal touch needed to guests. Even as we checked in the front office manager suggested we grab a bite as the closing time for breakfast was nearing. The wide spread comprising both north Indian and South Indian dishes was absolutely delicious (not spicy as we expected food in Andhra hotels to be).

### **Awesome sight**

Among the various tourist attractions Rajamundry offered, a day long cruise to Papi Hills was first on our itinerary. The journey by

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\*Journalist and author, Chennai

boat commenced from Patti seema, a distance of 35 kilometers from our hotel. The nearly five kilometer drive through the Rail cum Road bridge connecting Rajamundry in East Godavari and Kovvuru in West Godavari and the sight of the smoothly flowing river on either side was simply awesome. 'The bridge is the first of its kind in the whole of Asia,' informed the driver with pride. Its massive structure reminded me of the Europa Brucke which passes through mountain ranges and the sight is still etched in my memory. Both these bridges are marvels considered to be an engineering feat. My excitement ended soon when a bumpy drive started because of long stretches of bad road. The driver engaged us throughout the 90 minute journey talking on everything from corrupt politicians, films, the site of their shooting, to media. He was quite scathing about how media had totally become commercial and journalists, especially the television channels were indulging in paid news, not bothering to highlight real issues and problems of the common man. His analysis and knowledge of politics prevailing in the State just amazed us!

Our, rather my adventure began even before I boarded the motor boat anchored on the banks of the Godavari river. Reaching the spot meant trekking the muddy slope of nearly ten feet watching your every step. I visualized a situation where missing a foot hold would take me rolling down the steep incline and landing in the waters of the holy river. Sensing my plight one of the crew members meticulously led me to the boat within minutes and we set out along with 100 and odd others

on the day long journey to Papi Hills .

### **Nani dons multiple roles**

Welcome to Javali, came the announcement from a slightly built Nani who was a commentator, an event manager and an entertainer, all rolled into one. The first thing we learnt about our destination was how it got its name -it is not Papi Kondalu (Kondalu is hills in Telugu) as is generally thought of but Papidi Kondalu, *Papidi* means the thin partition in a woman's hair on her head in Telugu. Since the expansive Godavari narrows into a thin line while approaching the hills which are three in number, they acquired the name of Papidi Kondalu which in course of time was shortened to Papi Kondalu or Papi Hills.

The seats in the two tier air conditioned motor boat were quite comfortable and through the open window we could view the scenery in all its beauty even as the young driver dexterously maneuvered the boat at an even pace through out the journey. We climbed on to the covered deck from where we found the scenery even more stunning with the spectacular hills that fringed the river resembling a green canopy. Tiny villages dotted the river on the other side. Breakfast was served and Nani donned the role of an entertainer -commencing the day's events by officiating on a mock marriage between an elderly couple among the travelers. From there on there was no stopping Nani who had taken complete charge of inviting or literally goading the passengers

to participate in the activities he had planned for them. He demonstrated various filmi jigs to popular tunes and entreated them to follow. I admired his PR and Communicative skills in drawing out both young and old making them to literally 'dance to his tunes.'

### **The Majestic Hills**

After a brief stop at Gandi Pochamma Temple, post lunch we proceeded to Papidi Hills, the journey was marked with twists and turns. At one point when you are sailing in the midst of two hillocks which appear very close to each other you feel they are within arm's reach and you can go no further but suddenly you find the boat meandering through a narrow passage (which you feel doesn't exist) between these and Papidi Hills loom large before your eyes, looking majestic in all their glory! We noticed some cute cottages nearby and we were informed that they were meant for tourists who wished to holiday here.

On our return journey there was a brief stop at the Veera Bhadra Swamy Temple and very few ventured to trek the distance in the hot sun for visiting the Shrine which we were told was one of the oldest in the village. We reached Pattiseema, our starting point a little after seven p.m.

There is a threat to Papidi Hills if the Government finishes the construction of Polavaram Project. The entire range and the jungle will dip in the water. Perhaps that's the reason tourists are eager to visit this visual treat.

### **The religious side of Rajamundry**

There are several temples situated outside Rajamundry but the most important ones are Sri Lakshmi Narasimha Swamy temple in Antarvedi, Draksharamam temple and Sri SatyaNarayana Swami temple in Annavaram ,which is considered second only to Tirupati. Antarvedi is at the tip of the confluence of Godavari River and the Bay of Bengal. The deity is Lord Veera Venkata Satya Narayana Swamy. Seated on either side are Sankara and Anantha Lakshmi Satyavathi Ammavaru.

After a visit to the temple we could not however reach the spot of the sagara sangamam since the approach by road was blocked. We had to content ourselves by viewing the river and the sea separately from two different points. It is popularly believed that the Tretayuga episode of Ksheera Sagara Mathanam took place in Antarvedi.

The sanctum of the two storeyed Bhimeswara temple in Draksharamam with the ivory coloured gopuram is unique for the form of the Linga here.

Bhimeswara is enshrined in the second storey as a ten feet high Shiva linga which appears like marble. Shiva's consort here is Manikyamba.

### **Replete with history**

The town is also replete with history and is proud of the fact that several luminaries

and freedom fighters have hailed from this cultural capital of Andhra. Rajamundry was founded in 11th century by Raja Raja Narendra .It is the birthplace of AdiKavi Nannayya ,earliest known Telugu author who is held in high regard as a person who revived Telugu language.

Sri Kandukuri Veeresalingam Pantulu ,who is known as the South Indian Raja Ram Mohan Roy belonged to Rajamundry.The leading light is Andhra Bheeshma Sri Nyapathi Subba Rao Pantulu of whom our former President the late Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan had observed 'whenever I think of Rajamundry two things come to my mind. One is the river Godavari and the second is Nyapati Subba Rao Pantulu'.

By way of paying tribute to this iconic figure the grandsons who continue to live in Rajamundry have got a bronze statue installed in the midst of the town which was unveiled a couple of years ago. Among his several contributions in various fields Subba Rao Pantulu was one of the founders of The Hindu. Hence the square is called 'The Hindu Square'.

At the end of our four day stay which included enjoying the hospitality of Nyapati Narasimha Rao's family (he is the grandson of Subba Rao Panthulu) we left Rajamundry stocked with the famous Rajamundry Kaja and Pootharekulu, a delicacy available only in Andhra.

Why not Rajamundry for a holiday? is my refrain now.

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## MUSIC OF LIFE

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

Heavens might seem to fall from hinges,  
Oceans might seem to empty their bowels,  
Quakes might render the earth bottomless,  
Fires wild might scorch forests to ashes,  
Dashing any hope of regeneration  
to the groundless ground.  
But there falls

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A roll of laughter from rosy lips,  
A sprinkle of moist dew from the  
morning petals,  
A wave of melody from the  
drowsy white mountains,  
A peel of laughter from inside  
your honeyed heart!  
Where have all the pains vanished?  
Blown by the music of life,  
never vanquished!

## ONE BEING: AMOEBAHOOD TO BUDDHAHOOD

**P. Bapi Raju\***

*The Name of that is Delight;  
As delight; we must worship It & seek It.  
Isha Upanishad*

Unless and until we connect our entire being and non-being to the Divine, we fail to see any pattern, let alone a meaning.

The history of mankind and the mystery of the Cosmos, i.e., the "Genesis - Cosmogony" relationship will ever remain a deep enigma to understand until we undertake the deep-most penetration in our self.

Unless we adopt a mystical - Divine - touch without totally abandoning our "logic", we cannot cognize the "Wholesome-Unity" which is the support, substance and essence of the "things as they really are". This calls for a highly exalted self-cultured spirituality. Such a life or actualized spirituality resolves all contradiction between "free-will" and "destiny". There is beautiful harmony between "fate" and "feat", each playing complementary music in perfect tandem on symbiotic levels. No longer are we at the mercy of moods of others or our own.

It's high time we took to "Spiritual-healing" of fragmented earth, troubled waters,

scattered stars, and thereby heal ourselves and all the inhabitants, by cognizing the "deep-enhanced-eclectic-Order" and not get carried away by the surface chaos and disturbances. When this Wholesome- Unity is realized and actualized, one achieves the "effortless-effort" state of consciousness.

In this process, the Divine provides one with ample time, resources and what-not to explore the hitherto "Unexplored-Silence" in the depths of our psyche. We then become conscious co-partners with the Universe's Divine Revelry. One never gets wearied in this trip or journey. The means (or the "is" trip) becomes more important to such a One, than the so-called station or destination, which normally the lesser of the mortals secretly hope to arrive at one day or the other.

According to the science of fractals, the microcosm holds the macrocosm and vice versa. The "bubble" holds the "seas". The *Pindaanda* holds the *Brahmaanda* and vice-versa.

The Divine-agenda-Soilhood to Soulhood-is of such sovereign excellence that words fail to explain, let alone contain the whole, however flowery and musical our verbal language may be. The "Subtle Essence of One" of creation is beyond "Knowing" and "Not-knowing".

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Our work here on this planet Earth is to purify the dross-the psychological impressions (both so-called good and bad) or the psychic debris, which we have consciously or unconsciously got connected with.

In "Vedantic" tone, *Man* absolutely has nothing new to acquire-either through having, doing or being-but has to apply himself or herself in removing the *Maya* (tendencies, desires) which has covered the "Cleaveless Truth".

The Earth and the host of other elements resonate with each other in a "Symbiotic-manner", resulting in a highly benignant way or totally catastrophic.

Such a "One" is perfectly at home with the "Vedantic" *Saguna-Nirguna Brahman*. To illustrate this, let us consider the universal solvent: Water.

At O°C, it is in the "form" of ice. This ice form can be talked about or written about as having a certain crystalline logic, reasoning and rationale (*Saguna* aspect of the Divine). Applying some heat, it turns into liquid. With further heating beyond 100°C, the water becomes vapor-without form, hazy, abstract, skyish (*Nirguna* aspect of the Divine). But, for drinking purpose, we can't quench our thirst either in ice form or in the vapor form. So, we have to bring down the temperature of vapor and raise that of ice to some optimum temperature for wholesome consumption of water. Thus one can be divinely satisfied with

both *Saguna-Nirguna Brahman* simultaneously.

Actually, when we even catch a glimpse of our "Immaculate true self" we see that there is absolutely no conflict between the so-called "free-will" and so-called "destiny".

One's expanded / focused awareness of this Nameless Divine Presence is the only Truth worth cognizing in this world of doubtful worth which can be erased, perished, or rooted out any moment by the Divine will.

The goal of our life should be "more consciousness; more and more consciousness....' Perhaps, we may find something profoundly more significant than mere permanency of whatever. Or, for that matter, human-race is perhaps not the last word on the cards of the "Divine Evolutionary Agenda".

Thus the quest to find the hidden secrets of Nature is unceasing. The scientist or the scientific body has not exhausted all the possibilities of some other elements that may perhaps be still waiting to be discovered, explored, to find the naked truth behind the elements. He forever remains a seeker of that elusive "Something". His or her search becomes endless, with no end-in-view but a certain awareness of everything as it arises. It is an exercise in the ecstasy of finding something coupled with agony of finding only a tiny part of the thing "as it really is".

For the wholesome fulfillment to come about in the scientist, or for that matter, any person be it a layman, or a highly erudite scholar, the enquirer has to place himself in the "Divine Trial Stand" and find out how really the "i" is, which he or she, most often, mindlessly goes about using and decorating it, and pampering and parading it.

For this to happen, the "i" ought to strip off every conditioning he or she acquired since "Time" first appeared on the Cosmic Screen. Using a "Spiritual Paradox" of what happens then is : The 'i' loses the 'i' and yet remains as the 'i'.

As Bhagavan Sri Ramana and Jesus Christ enunciate, we lose life which is limiting and are born again as immortals in this very flesh and blood, at this very point of time, and in the very now here.

Also, as Rabindranath Tagore points out: The highest wisdom in the East holds that it is not the function of our soul to gain God to utilize him for any special material purpose. All that we can ever aspire to is to become more and more One with God. Gaining a thing, is by its nature partial, limited only to a particular want; but "being" is complete; it belongs to our wholeness, it springs forth not from any necessity but from our affinity with the infinite, which is the principle of perfection that we have in our soul.

Jacques Lacan has studied in some depth "the subject of unconsciousness". He mulled over Descartes' statement "cogito ergo

sum" - "I think, therefore I am".

Echoing Swami Ranganathananda in his Upanishadic lectures, as an extension to Descartes statement, he says: As *Man* penetrates deeper and deeper into himself, he realizes wider and wider dimensions of his "being".

On inmost penetration he realizes that "God" is the "Eternal Divine Within" or (the pulsations of Buddhi) of Man and Universe.

Actually, we cannot formulate or confine Truth (God) in the bay of knowledge (mind). But with the mind turned inward, we can know what the Truth (God) requires of us have, do, and be.

A certain "mature -inwardness" and "inbuilt-humility" has to prevail upon the individual to listen to the hushed "Musical" whisperings of the "Eternal Divine Within".

Deleuze sheds some more light by this passage: "One can call upon the subject to re-enter himself in the unconscious-for after all, it is important to know who one is calling. It is not the soul, either mortal or immortal, which has been with us for so long, nor some shadow, nor double, some phantom, nor even some supposed psycho-spherical shell, the locus of the defenses and other such simplified notions. It is the subject, who is called-there is only he, therefore, who can be chosen. There may be, as in the parable, many called and few chosen, but there will certainly not be any others except those who are called." Precisely, the subject who calls upon one to

re-enter oneself is the unconscious, to encounter the imaginal realms which lie beyond dualist thought. As Lacan tells us, we must not confuse the subject of unconscious with the soul, some double or some phantom. But in the archetypal language it is the soul image (anima/animus or thesis/antithesis) which guides us on the imaginal journey into the depths of unconscious-where we may very well encounter "the subject".

On further investigation of "the subject" the "I am" loses priority and much deeper subjectivity emerges. Then the "I am" is stripped of its last remnant, the "am"ness, and what remains is the infinitely-expanded God-consciousness, which holds no distinction as inner-outer, or external-internal, and so on. There is simply "no-other" in this state.

The 'i' may have cropped up somewhere along the life-line. Instead of crying hoarse as to when and why and where (the i) may be born in the past, because it is the very source of bliss and also the misery, we ought to know the current 'i'. This 'i', like the ancient sages say, is like a double edged razor, which may hurt oneself if not used properly, or it may help out in cutting the roots of the false 'i'.

Now, whom does this "i" which we use (and sometimes abuse) pertain to? Is it the property of individual concerned, or a property of a profoundly higher intelligence, which we can't fathom yet with our limited human intellect. One need not lose hope or faith at this point.

All that is required at this point is a divine leap-of-faith inward. Until this point of leap, we have to and must stick to our human logic and reasoning.

Then after the "Inward Divine-leap-of-faith", the great beyond will take care of him or her, like the rockets in space requiring no fuel, once it has to acquire the escape velocity. It is beyond the clutches of Earth's gravitational pull (or human tendencies when speaking of Man). Similarly the person (or the *Purusa* of the "Vedantic" lore) is untouched by *karma* (be it *Prarabdha*, *Agami* or *Sanchita*). The *Purusa* is ever in his pristine, pure, peaceful state/center. To such a "being of God, God comes into Being"... all "Nature" consciously communes and resonates with his "nature" in sheer delight for he "is forever" "fine-tuned-to-Isvara" in the *Now Here* and *No Where*, both in action and in inaction, through and through, come what may, go what may, stay what may!!

He knows, only more so, that he held his Cross, kept the Vigil, as a friend of the World; fought the good fight ... kept the faith ... Eternally awake in Divine.

Such a true *Purusa* consciously enthrones *Paramatma* alone in his heart. His "Eternal-Within" is "Causeless-Love", with no direction, no goal, no motive or address. He is merely the awareness that prevails when all limiting ideas are stripped off. He or she feels the 'trip is' far more important and of greater significance than the so called "final something".

The *Purusa* consciously attends to Divine in all modes of being, and all levels of consciousness. He has utmost conviction and compassion for One and All, for he is sure in the knowledge that all beings and non-beings rest in One and have their little/lofty play in that One Alone. He loves to play, for the pure love of it, without becoming whatsoever. He takes "immense" joy in his "Communion" with "Love-Divine".

He will never want to trade places or times with anyone, however lucrative the offer may be. He is "altruistically-selfish" with happy Self-Love which he considers the greatest blessing-ever.

The Scientist or a man of religion may leverage the thinking levels or conscience depths of a human-being, but the ground rule is to find "the truth behind all truths", for which One has to take a journey within.

The ground rule serves as a Cosmic-Principle to follow, but the process of taking the journey within to realise this Cosmic-Principle has to be one's own, for no two people/souls may have travelled the same way in their lives.

"Truth" is found within and nowhere else. Our "Vedantic" sages say that for the truth to be made manifest in us, we have absolutely nothing new to acquire outside ourselves, but only remove the *maya* or ignorance in the guise of BMIE (Body-Mind-Intellect-Ego) complex within us. This requires practice, dispassion, a healthy sense of discrimination,

and above all, Soul-Love. Another truth is highlighted through a short story.

Once in the days of yore, there was an old woman mending her torn sari with a needle and thread. At the fag end of the evening, the needle slipped off her hands. She searched a while on the floor, and then went out to a nearby street lamp post and started searching there. A person crossing the street happened to notice this woman searching for "something" and he also started searching for 'something'. A second person saw this and followed suit searching for "something". Very soon, about a crowd of 30 to 40 people gathered near the lamp-post, all searching for that "something".

Around this time, an advanced sage happened to pass that way and noticed the group of people. He went to the nearest person and asked him what they all were searching for. No one knew, until the problem was tracked to the old woman. When the sage asked the old lady what she was searching for, she replied she was searching for her needle. The sage then questioned her as to where the needle fell. The old lady replied, "In my hut there". Then the wise sage asked her as to why she was searching at the street-lamp-post. She innocently said, "Because there is light here".

We may laugh at her "innocence" or "foolishness". But then, that is what most of us are doing here on this Planet Earth. The Kingdom of Heaven is within our (spiritual) heart; but we are searching for this Kingdom

on this Earth outside of us through mindless acquisition and senseless activity, i.e., we are searching for that "something" in the wrong place.

The Divine *Purusa* coming in human form-be it Rama, Krishna, Christ, Buddha-raises the dignity of human being, by "being human" in a Divine manner.

Just by being human, he or she has the innate divine capacity for complete transformation, i.e., man can change from being a puppet or an automaton, to rise above all sensate feelings and have a taste of his intrinsic divinity. Such a change is possible only in a human being. It was said by R.W. Emerson that the heavens long to become our Earth and even the angels pine to become us humans to have a first-hand experience of such a metamorphosis/transformation.

"God in the depths of us receives God who comes to see us-it is "God contemplating God" (The message of Upanishad by Swami Ranganathananda, p. 391).

"A fixed interior milieu is condition for the free life" -Claude Bernard.

In the closing of one of Harry Potter novels it is said, "what has to come will come and you will have to meet it, when it did".

We ought not to wish anything more or anything less than what is already coming to us. We ought to bear our Cross and work for the Universal good.

Here is a small prayer of Sister Marian:

"One Cross, I thought so bitter;  
No greater could befall anyone;  
Until, I learnt, they suffer most,  
Who hath no cross at all to bear."

Sister Marian.

God, Iswara, Allah are not located in some "Time-space-causation and what-not Matrix"; it is just their sheer awareness of Divine immediacy. When One is fine-tuned to this awareness through infinite, intense love and gratitude for the gift-of-life and also the gift-of-death, he also can really know the "Sovereign Reality".

It is a journey of "God Alone into God Alone". Spiritually, this journey is not about coming or going. It is "Profound-staying" physically dead or alive, through all eternity and beyond.

Ancient and modern psychologists have pointed out that the innate intelligence of Man is capable of infinite expansion. We, more and more, ought to find ourselves attending to this Unexplored Silence within us, i.e., we have to find ourselves reflecting more and more on the inner life in silence.

One flash of Soul joy can "redeem" oneself: just making love out of nothing at all. To be still and quiet in the repose of one's Heart is the foundation upon which we can build the Eclectic structures of Peace, Love, Harmony and so on.

Such words and "Vedantic - Utterances" are no longer some long distant post-mortem realities, but can become the very realities in the here and now. It's so amazingly easy that we deny ourselves of this very Truth, because it is so very simple.

Something of the Cosmic Consciousness has to come into play in one's psychic-system to experience the Oneness of the "Individual, World and God". There is then, no more coming nor no more going. One profoundly "Is", gloriously liberated even in the physical body.

This state-of-mind / heart (there is no longer a "So-called" conflict between "Mind" and "Heart") is what the *Advaitins* of the Vedantic-lore extol about with a certain hushed keen delight.

One's "Expanded God Awareness" is the only truth worth cognizing.

In the meanwhile, in our sojourn on this earth (say 100 years), we cry hoarse about belonging to certain caste, creed, religion and what-not ... and create a mess of ourselves and also the environs around.

But then, there's a ray-of-hope. This world is not bereft of well-meaning, good-intentioned people. No matter, how bitter their "Personal-experience" with goodness may have been, they still adhere to faith in Goodness melting into Godness.

May peace, harmony and goodwill prevail in all the "Visible" worlds and the "unseen" worlds.

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## REFORMATION

**Dr. C. Jacob\***

If every man owns his fault big or small,  
How easy it is to reform the world.  
If every man speaks truth though heavens fall,  
How easily we can the mankind mould

What need is there of courts and judges,  
Or documents of proof or law or lawyers.  
Agreements, seals, registration and pledges,  
If everyone speaks what he sees or hears?

If every man like little children speaks,  
And swear not by God or Mother-earth,  
But plain and frank, and not as of freaks,  
How easily can man get peace and joy, both.

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## THE NUMERICAL SYMBOL 'TWO' IN PAULO COELHO'S ‘THE ALCHEMIST’

**D. Vijaya Lakshmi\***

Numerology is the study of numbers and their significance. Numerology can provide insights into the personality and nature, and it influences the life and relationships. Numbers have long been observed as expressions of celestial bodies, possibly originating from ancient Babylonian observations of regular cosmic events, such as day and night, cycles of the year, and the phases of the moon. Observed symbolically, numbers denote quantities and qualities. Pythagoras, the Greek mathematician believed that numbers had souls and magical powers and also said that even numbers were divisible into two equal parts, passive and feminine; odd numbers were active and masculine. Within numerology, numbers reflect specific features, aptitudes and character tendencies that are part of the spiritual or mystical plan. It is impossible to talk about configurations in life without symbols.

Paulo Coelho, a Brazilian best-selling author, radiates people with his novels which are filled with numerical symbols. The numbers two, three, and four are given significance in the novel *The Alchemist*. The placement of the numerical aids in understanding *The*

*Alchemist*. Coelho gives the utmost priority to two as a symbol in his novels. In many cultures, interpretation of the worlds is made up of opposing dualities light and dark, male and female, life and death, and heaven and hell. Others see these pairs as harmonizing, such as the Chinese yin and yang. Two is the number of discordance and battle, but also of balance and marital. This is a favourable number as a symbol of facility.

Paulo Coelho's *The Alchemist* has many references for two. At first, Coelho divides the novels into two parts. Santiago spent two years as a shepherd and he got the complete idea on the Andalusian terrain. In those two years, he learnt everything about shepherding, shearing sheep, caring the ewes and protecting them from the wolves. Santiago met the merchant's daughter and in two hours they exchanged the details of their lives. With the advice of the old man, Santiago wanted to travel two hours from Andalusia to Spain. One of the persons in the fair took money from Santiago and said that he wanted to buy two camels to go to the pyramids. Santiago lost the person in confusion and opened the pouch which consists of two stones Urim and Thummim given by the old man. He said to himself that the two hours difference in travel changed his life. While Santiago was working

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in a crystal shop two customers came in, which was the good omen. Within two days Santiago impressed the merchant and asked him about the display of the crystal glasses and also within two months that display brought many customers to the shop. Two more employees joined the shop as Santiago's helping hands. After Santiago had earned some money he thought that "The hills of Andalusia were only two hours away, but there was an entire desert between him and the Pyramids. Yet the boy felt that there was another way to regard his situation: he was actually two hours closer to his treasure... the fact that the two hours had stretched into an entire year didn't matter" Santiago met an Englishman in the caravan and he came to know about the alchemist who was two hundred years old. The Englishman said that he was unable to decipher the meaning of the book he had been reading from two years. When the caravan started from the desert almost two hundred people gathered. After they reached the Al-Fayoum they observed that two thousand armed men were found scattered through the trees. Santiago and Fatima met each other at the well. When he decided to go along with the alchemist he met Fatima in the tent. On the way, Santiago

saw the flight of two hawks and understood the omens. Santiago and the alchemist passed through the desert for two days in silence.

The alchemist said that still there were two days to reach the Pyramids. Suddenly they were caught by two armed tribesmen and within minutes they became ten and more later. Both of them were taken to a military camp. After Santiago showed his sorcery of turning himself into wind, the two smiled at him; one of them was the alchemist and the other the chief of the military camp. The thief at the Pyramids said that he also had a dream two years ago. With the words of the thief, he identified his treasure which was at the Sycamore tree in Spain where he started his journey.

Paulo Coelho is the popular writer of the theme of quest and spiritual journey. In this novel *The Alchemist*, at every step Paulo Coelho incorporated many a numerical symbol in the novel. Paulo Coelho's stories are not new but his narration is certainly a different one. His writings impact readers with a therapeutic effect.

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So they [the Government] go on in strange paradox, decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, solid for fluidity, all-powerful to be impotent.

Sir Winston Churchill

## WELCOME CUP OF TEA

### (Shared by a soldier - A true story in Kupwara Sector)

A group of 15 soldiers led by a Major were on their way to the post in Himalayas where they would be deployed for the next 3 months. The batch who would be relieved waited anxiously.

It was cold winter and intermittent snowfall made the treacherous climb more difficult.

If someone could offer a cup of tea, the major thought, knowing it was a futile wish..

They continued for an hour before they came across a dilapidated structure, which looked like a tea shop but locked. It was late in the night.

"No tea boys, bad luck", said the major. But he suggested all take some rest there as they have been walking for 3 hours.

"Sir, this is a tea shop and we can make tea... We will have to break the lock", suggested a soldier.

The officer was in great dilemma to the unethical suggestion but the thought of a steaming cup of tea for the tired soldiers made him to give the permission.

They were in luck, the place had everything needed to make tea and also packets of biscuits.

The soldiers had tea and biscuits and were ready for the remaining journey.

The major thought, they had broken open lock and had tea and biscuits without the permission of the owner. But they're not a band of thieves but disciplined soldiers.

He took out a Rs 1000/- note from his wallet, placed it on the counter, pressed under sugar container, so that the owner can see.

The officer was now relieved of his guilt. He ordered to put the shutter down and proceed.

Three months passed, they continued to do gallantly in their works and were lucky not to lose anyone from the group in the intense insurgency situation. It was time for another team to replace them.

Soon they were on their way back and stopped at the same tea shop which was open and the owner was present in the shop. The owner an old man with meager resources, was very happy to greet 15 customers.

All of them had tea and biscuits. They talked to the old man about his life and experience specially selling tea at such a remote place.

The old man had many stories to tell, replete with his faith in God. "Oh, Baba, if God is there, why should He keep you in such poverty?", commented one of them.

"Do not say like that Sahib! God actually is there, I got a proof 3 months ago."

"I was going through very tough times because my only son had been severely beaten by terrorists who wanted some information from him which he did not have. I had closed my shop to take my son to hospital. Some medicines were to be purchased and I had no money. No one would give me loan for fear of the terrorists. There was no hope, Sahib".

"And that day Sahib, I prayed to God for help. And Sahib, God walked into my shop that day."

"When I returned to my shop, I found the lock broken, I felt I was finished, I lost

whatever little I had. But then I saw that God had left Rs 1000/ under the sugar pot. I can't tell you Sahib what that money was worth that day. God exists Sahib. He does."

The faith in his eyes were unflinching.

Fifteen pairs of eyes met the eyes of the officer and read the order in his eyes clear and unambiguous, "Keep quiet".

The officer got up and paid the bill. He hugged the old man and said, "Yes Baba, I know God does exist. And yes, the tea was wonderful."

The 15 pairs of eyes did not miss to notice the moisture building up in the eyes of their officer, a rare sight.

The truth is YOU can be God to anyone.

**Source : Internet**

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Most of us would be upset if we were accused of being "silly." But the word "silly" comes from the old English word "selig," and its literal definition is "to be blessed, happy, healthy and prosperous."

-Zig Ziglar

## EFFICACY OF EXPRESSIONS AND RETROSPECTIONS OF THE TWEINTH CENTURY WRITERS

**Manisha.N.Rathod\***

At the Time of the inauguration of Sahitya Academia, Dr.Radhakrishnan uttered a truth: "There are many languages in India but one literature and so with the Indian literature and its novel." The expressions generating notions, concepts, content, emotions and thoughts through a language make literature. India continues to be a colossal country with twenty two officially sighted languages where in Indian writers explicit their apprehension of the times as well as the hopes and dreams. One should never deprecate the authenticity that India English Novel was born with the emergence of Bankim Chatterjee as a novelist. The Great Indian Novel is in pursuit to adduce the political history of the tweinth century India through a fictional metamorphose of events, episodes and characters. Thus India English Literature is now a verisimilitude which cannot be ignored. One of the most conspicuous gifts of English education to India is fiction, for though India was the fountain- head of storytelling, the novel as we know the form today was an imperative form of the west. The earliest specimens of Indian English fiction were the stories rather than novels. In fact the other novels in the last two decades have made fortuitous endeavours to unfetter English Fiction from complexes, apologetic self-

consciousness and diffidence. Of the writers who had launched themselves about the turn of the century made daring experiments with fictional techniques and innovativeness which is no less remarkable. Presumably the most sensational literary event of the 1980's was the publication of Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children* in 1981. The new generation writers refract colonial authority. These life bearers of the new generation writers endeavour to deal with the maladies of the society and of the meaning of the citizens of the respective country. The post - independent critics and authors take an anti-essentialist approach to identity. The post-independent theory celebrates creoleness, diaspora and hybridity and at the same time problematises all forms of subalternity and subjugation.

Indian literature is both single and pluralistic. India is a country with many states and languages. But in spite of its disconcerting potpourri and diversity, India has sustained to be the nation down the centuries. The duality of the Indian English fiction has beguiled world-wide engrossment. Sometimes we wonder whether the Indian-English fiction novel is a part of the Indian tradition or the European tradition (English) or the abstract of the world tradition which is so many things to so many people. The Indian English fiction in post independent India is now

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free from the social and political overtones of an expeditiously nationalistic variety. This is especially true of Indian Writing in English of the trio Mulk Raj Anand, R.K. Narayan and Raja Rao. Contemporary Indian literature is dominated by fiction. The first of the new novelist to appear was Salman Rushdie (1947). He started with a bang with his first novel, *Midnight's Children* (1981). It is perhaps the outstanding novel of the period which is a multifaceted narrative and a stylish experiment. His technique registers jubilance in the work of fiction. Ostensibly following Rushdie's example, several new novelists have tried their hand at Magic Realism. Shashi Tharoor's first novel, *The Great Indian Novel* (1989) is an outstanding example. By a daring stroke of imagination, the novelist finds the uncanny concurrence between characters and events in the three thousand old *Mahabharata* story and political figures and events in modern India.

The new novel differs from the old. Manohar Malgonkar had tremendous contingency to write about a major political novel on Bangaldesh, but instead he established a riveting narrative of espionage. On the other side Khuswanth Singh sets out with industrious historical chronicle, but his penchant for sex ensures that the history is conclusively drowned in a sea of semen. Of the novelists of late sixties and seventies Arun Joshi certified a definite departure in his posthumously published *The City and the River* (1994). Which was a powerful allegory which held political and existential purport. The paramount rush was about Indira Gandhi's

notorious Emergency of 1975 which was a fable about the role of Evil in human life. Later social realism gained flavour of its own especially when it percolated against the backdrop of an enunciated ethnic group. The Parsi writers in India were a minuscule efficacious ethnic group who activated their writings. The Parsi writer by the name of Cornelia Sorabji published three volumes of fascinating short stories; the *Sun Babies and Between the Twilights, Love and Live behind the Purdah* and two autobiographical works in the twentieth century. D.F. Karaka was another early Parsi novelist and a reputed journalist, who produced some novels in the 1940s and 1950s. Nergis Dalal was one of the most prominent feminist writers of India. She also brought out four novels in the 1960s and the 1970s. Perin Barucha wrote a novel called *The Fire Worshipers*, and the same was published in 1968. The novel gives stress on the customs of the Parsi community and it also gives preponderance to the problem of inter-caste marriage, several current social problems faced by the Parsi community in India, etc.

The academic world doesn't interest our novelists much. Of the two notable were D.R. Sharma's *Miracles happen* (1985) is utterly pedestrian and Ranga Rao's *The Drunken Tantra* holds more spiritedness than its narrative structure. It can be said that these novels can be placed over magic and social realism. On the other hand the political theme, which was one of the staples of the Indian English Fiction, now seems to captivate fewer novelists. The most publicised political novel

of recent days was P.V. Narasimha Rao's *The Insider*.

A New genre that has been added to the repertory of the Indian English fiction, that is science fiction, the pioneer is appropriately enough, is a distinguished scientist Jayant Narlikar. His novels *The Return of the Vaman* (1989) and the message from the Aristarchus (1992) present quite conceivable narratives, though the style is rather rigidly functional. Women novelists of that period form sizeable writers. The senior novelists are Kamala Markandeya, the author of nine novels and R.P. Jhabvala seems to impinge ingenious *Fasting or Feasting* (1999) written after her immigration to the U.S.A. Anita Desai's stress is primarily on the life of the mind. Nayantara Sahgal is perchance our best exponent of the political novel, though she is not prosperous in combining the two worlds of political augmentation and private impasse in a unifying manner. Vikram Seth, wordsmith of *The Golden Gate*(1986) and *A Suitable Boy* (1994) is a producer who uses a purer English and more realistic themes. Being a self-confessed fan of Jane Austen, his assiduity is on the story, its details and its twists and turns. Contemporary novelists in India such as Arundhati Roy and David Davidar show a direction imminent conceptuality and rootedness in their works.

Arundhati Roy, a trained architect and the 1997 *Booker* prize winner for her *The God of Small Things*, calls herself a "home grown" writer. This award winning book is set in the immensely physical landscape of Kerala.

Davidar sets his *The House of Blue Mangoes* in Southern Tamil Nadu. In both the books, geography and politics to the narrative. In his novel *Lament of Mohini*(2000), Shreekumar Varma contingencies upon the exclusive matriarchal system and the *sammandham* system of marriage as he is engrossed about the Namboodiris and the aristocrats of Kerala. Jahnavi Barua, Bangalore based author from Assam has set her critically extolled collection of short stories *Next Door* on the social scenario in Assam with insurgency as the background.

Metropolitan society and life have not received much attention, expect in Namita Gokhale's *Paro, Dreams of Passion*(1984) and Sagarika Ghose's *The Gin Drinkers* both interpret the political party circles in Delhi and as well as there is evocative scenario of life in a middle class joint family in Bengal in Chitra Banerjee Divakaurani's *Sister of My Heart* (1999). The Ethnic Variety of the Indian sub-continent is once again stressed in the fiction of the women. The East -West nexus is a cherished theme for women, especially those who lived in the west. Bharathi Mukherjee, declared that she is not an Indian-writer but in fact an American author (the response to this is not know). Her *Jasmine* (1989), which is a melodramatic tale of a Punjabi girl's sexual escapades, after she has entered the U.S.A.

The best known of the Kerala women novelist is Arundhati Roy who married a Bengali. She drafted *The God of Small Things* (1977) set in the ambience of Kerala. The book is semi-autobiographical and a

major part captures her childhood experiences in *Aymanam*. This catapulted Roy to international fame .The story is about an untouchable who commites the sin of abating in love with high-caste Christian women, and pays the inescapable penalty. Coorg is one of the most picturesque regions of Karnataka comes to life in Kavery Nambisan's *the Scent of the Paper*(1996) and perchance the sole conspicuous representative of Andhra Pradesh is Meena Alexander's *Nampalli House*, set in Hyderabad. There is probably no exceptional fiction by women in Gujarat and Maharashtra, with the exception of Sohaila Abdullal's *The Madwoman of Jogare*(1998); Shauna Singh Baldwin's *What the Body Remembers*. All these three fictions accentuate the plight of young Punjabi girls chafing under the tight control exercised by the tyrannical fathers and traditional society.

History and politics don't seem to interest the 'New' novelists much. Nina Sahibal's camouflages a century and half of the Punjab's discombobulated; and even more distraught saga of three decades of life in Kashmir is the subject of "*The Dogs of Justice* (1998), .Shona Ramaya's *Flute* (1989) is a very phenomenal Raj novel, in which an aristocratic Englishman who plays on the flute exquisitely is appropriated to be an *avatar* of Krishna.

It is also paramount to note that Diasporic or Expatriate writers like Salman Rushdie, Vikram Seth, V.S. Naipaul, Amitav Ghosh, Shashi Tharoor, and Rohinton Mistry have cropped up as momentous contributors

to Indian English Fiction. Nevertheless the west seems to have its own standards in adjudicating the worth of literary works emanating from such writers, it is gratifying to note that more and more novels in India English Literature are confiscating assiduity. Our cultural heritage of storytelling, the narrative of an event, our sense of life and its wide and complex diversification, all have bestowed to the making of the Indian novel. In this context again, one may assert pre-eminence of production in India English is as invidious as any contempt of Indian English Writing by chauvinists in the regional languages. It depicts diminutiveness of mind and impotence to see merit wherever it appears. Perchance in our inherent and ingrained multi-lingualism what is needed is fairplay amidst various Indian Languages. It manifests smallness of mind and ineptitude to see merit wherever it appears, and no claim of superiority of creations in one language above the other. Thus Literature in India, in the future as in past, should exercise as a mystic bond of union between the individual and the state, the provincial unit and the national aggregate. Without being branded as 'reactionary' or 'revolutionary' ,Our men of letters will play the 'divine literates, and bravely spell out the message of the human soul venturing undaunted into the still unborn future determined to build here, in Bharatavarsha ,a new heaven and a new earth. As Bhartrihari has judiciously opined that the conquerors of the world are not the lords of the land but infact the credibility goes to the regal writers whose high victories are there quintessential works.

## MINGLISH: UNPARLIAMENTARILY BROKEN ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN INDIA

**Dr Adi Ramesh Babu \***

In the modernized world, plenty of languages are born and used. India, a democratic and populated country with uncountable languages, received new culture, traditions and modernization which have brought different languages as well as broken languages. Are all these languages enough for English which is an international, library and official language not only in India but also of other foreign countries? In India, there are many local languages like Hindi, Telugu, Tamil, and Marathi so on. Tamil is more popular language in India after the national language, like Hindi. Since English is compulsory for all the students from first class to graduation, many people are aware of using it orally and in writing. Do all these people speak English effectively? Do all these people use appropriate English without adding other local languages in these days? No, most of the conversations including formal and official are explained with the help of the local languages. English is mingled in these days with the local and foreign languages such as Tamil, Hindi, Telugu and other languages. As rural people hardly use English, they can look at other languages to share their ideas. When the speaker does not understand or know how

to use the structures, he may tend to use the mother tongue which is a comfortable language for everybody. In some places, English is used limitedly for greeting, asking small questions, leave taking and giving the short answers. One can easily surmise why the people abandon English in the middle of the conversation is lack of skills in English communication.

Many people, who are not good at English, usually, break it to use it in their day to day lives. This kind of language might be called Minglish which is a combination of English and other languages. I found some of the professors using Minglish in the universities. The Minglish language is a good idea. Minglish brings reputation to the speaker as he uses two or three languages at a time. It can make the speaker and listener friendly and has been mostly used in the middle of conversation to make the listeners to understand. But in using Minglish, we have some problems. People may be habituated to it which will make the speakers dull in the language. It forces the speaker to forget the Standard English. No official documents will be printed in Minglish to avoid people to get into trouble.

I think that Minglish is the suitable word for this kind of English. Though it was not recognized by any Government as a

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\* Asst. Professor of English, GDC, Jammikunta, Karimnaar

language, it is used by more than forty percent of the people. I personally feel that it is a boon as well as a bane. The good thing is that it

makes people aware of English language even to illiterates also so that people come to know the importance of the language.

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## MOTHER

**Telugu Original *Amma* by Garimella Nageswararao  
English Translation: N.S.Rachakonda\***

Thinking of writing a poem on mother?  
Melt your heart and fill up into your pen.  
Shake up with your affections  
and pour it on paper.

Words there are none  
to describe a mother's love.  
Rewrite the dictionaries  
so as to place the word "mother"  
against "sacrifice".  
See her image in kindliness.  
Notice the jealousy in the face of the moon  
while she is coaxing a morsel  
of rice pudding tastier than nectar

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\* Physician (Retd.), Visakhapatnam

in to a child's mouth.  
The discipline taught by her when young  
shapes the future of the child.  
In the stories told by her  
child becomes a prince  
riding upon a winged horse  
to kill the demon of fear .  
Every episode of love  
experienced with the mother  
is a book in it self.  
Mother is an unparalleled bond  
with a heart filled with affection  
That is why  
if there were a deity giving a boon  
I would ask for the same mother  
for any number of births.

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Regard your good name as the richest jewel you can possibly be possessed of - for credit is like fire; when once you have kindled it you may easily preserve it, but if you once extinguish it, you will find it an arduous task to rekindle it again. The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

- Socrates

## THE TASK OF WRITING A MODEL CV/RESUME

**P. Suneetha\***

In the light of the establishment of National Skill Development Body by the Government of India in the recent past, the focus in recruitment for the job lies in exhibition of skills by the job seekers. Naturally in one's own CV/Resume the inclusion of the element 'skills' gains a prime of place. This article throws light on the technique of writing a model CV/Resume which would play a vital role in winning a job in the competitive world. Most of the 'job seekers' do not choose to give the right resume for the right job. With only one resume with them they perfunctorily rush/enclose it to any job which they come across in Advertisement. Naturally there is a desperate need for sending the right and appropriate resume that suits the job market. In today's competitive world, any corporate company would prefer to recruit truly competent folks for their concern/organization. Before the conduct of any interview, the 'job givers' may like to go through CV/Resume (originally 'course of life' in Latin) of the job seeker. So in the modern context there is a desperate need for the drafting of an impressive, attractive, covetous and agreeable CV/Resume so as to enable the 'job givers' gain confidence and call the applicants for an interview. Recently the Head of NASSCOM

lamented rightly over the fact that only 25% of the technocrats in India are eligible to gain a job whereas 75% would pale into insignificance in the competitive world.

There are two fairly representative CVs/Resumes in vogue at present viz the British model and the American model. In the former, the expression CV goes well whereas in the latter the word Resume runs smoothly. Though the two expressions are used in the job market in relation to their purpose, there is little difference between the two. A CV, an abbreviation for Curriculum Vitae, is not always job specific and as such it usually records chronologically a candidate's academic life including the jobs he/she has done. A Resume, by and large, a job specific, connotes one's education and the jobs one has held in the past. Mostly it figures in gaining a job but not for winning any scholarship / fellowship/ other academic accomplishments. A CV may be sometimes long and comprehensive whereas a Resume is distinctly brief and doesn't go beyond two pages normally.

The job seeker must not submit an irrelevant and inappropriate CV that may not suit the requirements of the job he is seeking for. For example, when he applies for the post of a manager in a company, his CV must

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\* Head, Dept. of English, Govt. First Grade College, Gauribidanur, Karnataka

contain in brief, the details regarding his aptitude etc for a managerial post. It must not be normally more than two pages of A4 (210x297 mm) size with the most important details of his strengths. Begin with the item Name and Address for communication. Furnish the present Address as well as permanent Address. It is advisable to give Email Id also.

The second aspect pertains to the aim and objective of the candidate. He must overtly specify why he intends to choose a particular job over other jobs. So he must express his primary aim in achieving the goal. Generally in the Indian context, the candidate puts forth his one and the only one objective in serving the company. In fact, keeping in mind the job in question he must incorporate the aims and the objectives related to it. Supposing, he applies for the post of a quality manager in some Establishment, he must say overtly that his aim is to impart the element of quality and also rouse the consciousness of the work force there. If the post is that of a marketing manager, he must put forth his aim and objective of fulfilling his goal of promoting sales and business of the company and also his own life. The main point is that the objective almost varies from one post to the other. One must shirk a little of one's own self-interest by putting forth the interest of the company also. The next element relates itself to the most useful information regarding the candidate's education as well as experience in the field. In the British model the caption 'profile' connotes the work experience of the candidate during the period of his study and also the relevant

details regarding the job which he/she is seeking for. Naturally this is a more comprehensive account of the candidate's ability in the field. In the British model, the head 'Education and Qualifications' includes appropriately the candidate's academic pursuits as well as the relevant and requisite professional gen. The jobseeker must begin with the latest Degree/Diploma/ Title won by him. He must furnish the details for a period of ten years so as to enable the employer to know whether he has any break/discontinuity/failure/ etc in his studies. The candidate who has a brilliant academic career easily gains good impression from the job givers.

In the American model, the column Education alone appears. Here, the candidate merely gives his latest academic accomplishments, mostly for six years. This is rather inadequate as it mars the impression for it sadly ignores other years of his study. Next appears the column training in primary, secondary, collegiate, and the University level educational institutions in the country. Besides academic and educational details, the candidate must give the details related to various training programmes and special programmes undergone in the past. In fact, the training programmes constitute the requisite qualifications for a job. The column education alone cannot serve the job needs of the candidate. So there is a desperate need for giving a detailed account of the qualifications pertaining to genuine training. Here the American model is rather inadequate because it doesn't relevantly include the relative features connected with the job.

The next aspect pertains to the practical knowledge of the candidate relating to the job. In the British model, it is aptly called 'Work experience' whereas in the American model, it is termed as merely experience. In fact, Work experience records comprehensively the candidate's practical knowledge. For example, for the post of a junior executive in any Human Resources Development wing of a concern, the practical experience like the conduct of group discussions/debates at the district level can easily go well in drawing the attention of the job givers. Sometimes any camp in NCC/NSS/SCOUTS etc would also speak for the candidate. Similarly the conduct of communicative English course at the intercollegiate level would adorn the CV of the job seeker. In the American model the word 'experience' may connote something general that does not have immediate bearing on the job sought. Even here, the job seeker can cleverly furnish only those details which have some bearing on the job.

The most significant constituent refers to the element 'Skills'. Quite in keeping with the competitive world, the Indian Government introduced recently a Skill Development Body with a view to making the country the Skill Capital of the World. Naturally, this element which is highly focused, has a prominent place in the entire CV. The candidate is supposed to exhibit his linguistic, computational and soft skills including his abilities in a specific job. His fluency in Globish (English), French and Spanish besides any one of the Indian languages preferably Hindi, is most welcome. Now a days companies prefer the candidates

who are proficient in persuasive skills as well as negotiation skills which would play a major role in conflict-resolution strategy. As the skills of the candidate must commensurate with the performance in the job, he is supposed to give an objective, realistic and a dispassionate state of his skills. Any exaggerated and fabricated account of them would easily lead to the loss of job in the future. As the scenario is fast expanding one must have a thorough knowledge of Globish which is another form of English, an international language. A strong knowledge of computer applications preferably Word, Excel and Flash may adorn and enrich his CV.

A word about hobbies may be mentioned here. Now a days the expression 'interests' is used in place of hobbies. Naturally one's hobbies of possessing histrionic talents like dramatic and theatrical activity may be appreciated. Sometimes one's interest in National Service Scheme, NCC and other voluntary bodies at local societies may be applauded.

Most of the job seekers forget to include References which would easily testify the credentials of the candidate. If well reputed leaders in the field are referred to it may not be very difficult for the employers to validate core information from the referees about the job seeker. Other significant aspects which the applicant forgets to consider are a) Enclosing a good covering letter specifying his key arguments for winning the job b) Updating the CV periodically c) Posting the CV on different online media like 'Monster India',

Naukri, etc. One can see here below a model CV or Resume.++

### A Model CV or rèsumè

Name                    Sharmila Devi

Present Address:  
 310, VindhyaChal,  
 Indian Institute of Technology,  
 Hauz Khas, New Delhi -110016. INDIA  
 Telephone: +91 9246865700  
 e-mail: pln\_nic@yahoo.com

Permanent Address:  
 29, Venkateshwara Nagar,  
 Vijayawada -520001, INDIA  
 Telephone: 011 2659 7135  
 e-mail: pln\_nic@yahoo.com

**Objective:**  
 To obtain an entry level executive position and promote myself and also develop the organization.

**Education and qualifications:**  
 2015 - M.A in Mass Communication,  
 University of Hyderabad.  
 2011-2015: B.A in Communicative English with History,  
 Jawaharlal Nehru University,  
 New Delhi.  
 2003-2010: Kendriya Vidyalaya,  
 Hyderabad.

The following model for the post of a junior executive in HRD department may serve the purpose.

August 2013 - October 2014:  
 Ran communicative English classes for juniors

November 2010 - May 2011:  
 Participated and also assisted the organizers to run a sandwich course on 'psychology for living'.

July - October 2010:  
 Conducted a short term programme for socially depressed classes.

August -September 2009:  
 motivated and also led the hostel dwellers in cleaning the campus under Healthy India Programme.

The next item relates itself to the honours/titles/prizes/medals by the job seeker. So the seeker may furnish confidently the details regarding the encomiums/merits etc convincingly.

**Honours:**  
 Received from the participants the scale "Outstanding Tutor" during 'Psychology for living' programme in 2011.

**Work experience:**  
 August 2013-December 2014:  
 Team teaching in Rajiv High School. Taught English to large classes and Hindi to small groups. Ran spoken English classes for small groups in the evenings.  
 July 2010-October 2010:  
 Ran a Theatre workshop and produced one play in Hindi during weekends.  
 April 2010-June 2010:  
 Participated in NCC Camp and performed vigilance camps during nights.

**Encomiums:**

Special incentive for successful arrangement of picnics.  
Won certificate of merit from DWARF travel agency for meaningful participation in group discussion.

**Skills and Aptitude:**

An optimist with the strong belief in lateral management. Fluent in Hindi and English; conversational Arabic and Spanish.

Competent in computational skills including Microsoft Office, HTML and Cloud computing,  
International Driving License.

**References:**

1. R.S. Gokak, Chairperson,  
Department of Management Studies,  
Pondicherry University, Pondicherry,  
INDIA 605001.  
e-mail: rsg23@yahoo.com
2. M.B. Gill, Chairperson,  
Department of Management Studies,  
Punjab University, Chandigarh,  
INDIA 160017.

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**DVAITA AND ADVAITA****V. Lalitha Kumari\***

Tastes differ like sour and sweet,  
Weather varies with cold and heat  
To a hungry man all tastes are one  
To a tired body no moon no sun.

Objects if cute catch the eye  
A dreamy mind passes all by;  
To several sounds the ear is acute  
When the brain is busy it turns mute.

The world with its rich mosaic  
May seem to a sage just prosaic;  
The great and the mean are poles apart  
A noble soul takes all into heart.

To *Dvaita Advaita* is not converse  
It is the same coin's obverse;  
What the senses project as *Dvaita*  
The spirit presents as *Advaita*.

[Reprinted from Triveni Platinum Jubilee Souvenir]

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\* Poet, Guntur

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## **ROLE OF ANXIETY AND MOTIVATION IN LEARNING ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**Prof. T.Narayana<sup>1</sup>  
Mutyalu Balaji<sup>2</sup>**

English is the means of international communication in the world. It has broken down the boundaries and made nations part of global village. As an international language, it created not only better understanding among countries but also facilitated mobility of the teachers and students from one nation to another. It has provided worldwide opportunities in the field of employment, trade, politics, ease of travel, science and technology so we should learn English language correctly and accurately to meet the different purposes in our day to day life. Many students have knowledge of English grammar but they fight with anxiety and lack motivation. According to Jesperson "Language is the set of human habits, the purpose of which is to give expression to human thoughts and feelings especially to impart them to others". Therefore language learning is a process from which we can learn new habits of productive language skills through various techniques. There are many motivational techniques available to teachers who provide motivation to students and use them in the language class room to reduce anxiety and encourage the students to learn English language happily.

English language teaching has been developed under the influence of its sister discipline psychology. It implies that there are many psychological factors like, mental health, motives and desires, intelligence, success, praise and blame, auditory memory span, readiness to learn, punishment and awards, emotions etc... Their role is significant in learning English language. Anxiety and motivation have considerable role while learning English language so it is necessary for the English teacher to understand the influencing role for effective teaching and learning . A famous educational psychologist, Harold E. Palmer said, "Language learning is essentially a habit forming process, a process during which we require new habit". It is realized that they are very important for productive language skills. Anxiety has shown a negative effect on motivation and affects student's performance in learning English language so the teachers should create a learning and supportive class room atmosphere which gives students more comfortable situation in class room.

**Anxiety:** Anxiety is a feeling of tension or apprehension associated with the situation of learning English language. It is one of the negative factors in language learning. It might hinder the success in English language learning.

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1. Prof. Dept. of English Andhra University  
2. Research Scholar, Andhra University, Vizag

Research shows that everyone experiences anxiety, but there are different levels in students' anxiety. The students who have low language anxiety will succeed in their language learning whereas the students who have high anxiety level will not, however it is not confined to low performing students. It is present in highly advanced students also. So the teachers have to understand the role of anxiety and teach their students and improve their learning skills. Gardner (1991) mentioned that anxiety is one of the best predictors of success in the language. Horwitz said that anxiety stands out as one of the main blocking factor for effective English language learning. It can influence language learning performance and make individuals appear less-fluent than they really are, hence teachers should pay attention on its role in learning and take it into consideration. The fact that it plays an important role in students' learning English language they can create learning techniques which accommodates all the students in class-room environment comfortably.

**Reasons for anxiety:** According to Horwitz and Cope ( 1986,in Zhao Na,2007) ,there are three main interrelated factors that block the students in the language class-room . They are 1) communication apprehension, 2) fear of tests, and 3) fear of negative evaluation. The first one is communication apprehension which is commonly found among students. The research shows that self -imagination of students plays important role. If the student feels low ability himself/herself it causes anxious feeling among many students. The second one is the fear in the tests deal

with students' fear of being tested. The last one refers to other students' evaluation that their evaluation causes anxiety among students themselves and being evaluated by their teachers. They affect the students in many ways. All these show that if the teachers understand the reasons for anxiety .they can make their students skillful in English language class room. The teachers need to pay attention on each students' strengths and weaknesses so that they can create techniques in learning English language. It is clear that the real problem may not be language but anxiety affects the students so the role of anxiety in English language learning becomes undisputable.

**Techniques to overcome anxiety:** We understand that anxiety is false feeling. It can be altered. In this connection, the role of the teacher is significant to find the reasons which block the students to learn English language in the classroom and introduce suitable techniques that allow students to participate in language activities to overcome anxiety in the class room.

- Providing positive reinforcement to the students.
- Motivating students with inspiring activities or things.
- Creating an easy and friendly environment in the class-room.
- Encouraging the students to communicate their willingness.
- Accepting variety of answers to the questions.
- Creating confidence among the students. Making students prepare in advance.

This shows that teachers should pay attention on students individually and give them confidence to learn English language effectively without anxiety.

**Motivation:** Motivation plays a significant role in learning English language. It is a driving force to sustain the long and often tedious learning process. It gets students moving towards particular goal. Students face many difficulties in learning English language and are often demotivated to learn. So the teacher's role is very important and certain motivational techniques should be adopted for helping the students in language learning. Students are most likely to show the beneficial effects of motivation when they are intrinsically motivated to engage in classroom activities. Students who are extrinsically motivated may perform well in a particular task. Extrinsic motivation reinforces for academic achievement whereas intrinsic motivation sustains students over the long run. Both forms of motivation have exactly the same effects on learning English language by providing effective techniques in the class room to increase students' motivation. No matter what kind of motivation the students have, the role of the teacher can increase the students' performance in English language.

**Reasons for lack of motivation:** Even though there are many reasons for lack of motivation, here are 1) uninspired teaching 2) irrelevant material and 3) class-room environment. These are often to become the source of students' motivation or demotivation. Uninspiring teaching affects students to get monotonous in many classes and reduces the

students' motivation due to their feeling of boredom. Babu (2010) states that lack of motivation in learning English language causes students' hesitation to learn English language in the class-room. Material makes the students feel fatigued because of lack of language activities or tasks.

**Techniques to create motivation:** It is noted that everything, the teacher does in the English language class, has two goals. One is, of course, to further language development, and the other is to generate motivation for continuous learning English language hence the teacher must have clear plan to motivate the students in the language class. Some possible techniques are 1) encourage the students to participate in activities because the encouragement makes students feel secure and welcome their learning language. 2) Promoting awareness of the importance of English language. It creates interest in English and develops their self confidence. 3) Using suitable method to create interest. The method used by teacher is very important because it makes students understand effectively. 4) maintaining enthusiasm. It is another one that plays an important role in students' motivation. If students recognized their teacher's enthusiasm to the task, they too will be enthusiastic. 5) Creating supportive and enjoyable atmosphere which is the most productive because a cohesive students group has a motivational impact in the learning process. 6) Providing feedback on individual performance affects students' motivation and their success in an activity. 7) using teaching aides i.e pictures, short films etc... It captures

students' attention in learning activities so that students can involve and move themselves towards language in a different way. Finally the teacher should help the students create realistic belief about language learning. Some

students bring some unrealistic learning beliefs. So teachers should explain the complexity to learn English language and develop students' understanding of the natural process of language learning.

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## LIFE, 50 YEARS AGO

**Dr. Leo Rebello\***

Mother made Food  
And first fed the kids,  
elders and the servants  
Then she sat with father  
and they ate together with  
great satisfaction.

Dogs, Cats, Squirrels, Crows,  
Parrots, Sparrows, Goats and  
Cows all came for food.  
No stale food was left  
at the end of the day.

Washing machine, microwave,  
Refrigerator was unheard of  
Aquaguard was not there,  
Pot water tasted so pure.  
We carried water to school  
in glass bottles and not  
plastic bottles.  
50 years ago we slept on

the floor, on the terrace,  
under the starry sky with  
no fans or dengue mosquitoes.  
The doors were never locked.  
We had less money, but  
no worries, no fears or jeers.  
We fought, but said sorry  
before going to bed.

Houses were made mostly of clay.  
Policemen were friends.  
Area postman knew everyone.  
Doctor came, sat, talked, told us  
stories. And did not spread his  
hand for fee. For he was called  
the Family Doctor.  
Today we have everything,  
but frankly nothing.  
For relations are hollow,  
Houses are empty, children  
are left with nannies.  
Husband sleeps when wife works.  
and vice versa.  
Family life is lost.  
No one trusts anyone, anymore.

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\* World Peace Ambassador , Director Natural Health Centre, Mumbai.

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## 'SOCRATES IN VERSE' BY Dr. C. JACOB - AN OVERVIEW

**D.Ranga Rao\***

Dr.C. Jacob, lawyer, judge, theosophist, poet and writer in his preface to his book, *Socrates in Verse* says , "Of all the lives of great men I have read, what impressed me most is the life of Socrates." The poet-biographer's admiration for Socrates makes him choose the poetic form to present the portrait of his hero with consummate skill and ease exciting the reader's interest.

In appreciation of Dr. Jacob's poetic biography it is profitable to recount briefly a few details about Socrates "who brought philosophy down from the heavens to earth." He founded Western Philosophy. This is the intriguing story of an intellectual who did not put anything down in writing himself and one who spent his time in oral discussion enlightening his hearers on philosophical and moral aspects and problems that trouble common minds through questions. This system is called the Socratic Method which is used even today in scientific research.

Strangely Socrates lives in the writings of his devoted disciples Plato, Xenophon and the dramatist Aristophanes of his day. For all the goodness and humanity, Socrates was indicted falsely for impiety, for corrupting the minds of the youth, for neglecting Greek Gods and was sentenced to death by his misguided,

prejudiced and thoughtless countrymen. It is equally surprising that Socrates invited death cheerfully with stoic philosophy, wronged by the jury, some of whom were his students, for doing no wrong.

Socrates was born in Athens about the year 470 B.C. His parents were Sofronicus the sculptor and Phenerate who was a mid-wife. He was married to Xanthippe who was a shrew. The couple had three sons but Socrates was indifferent towards his family. He worked as a stone mason and sculptor for sometime and is credited to have sculpted the statues of the Three Graces which existed till the 2nd century A.D. He soon gave up his traditional profession.

From the available sculptures and paintings of his figure we find him stout and of middle height, with a snub nose, bulging eyes, broad nostrils, a wide mouth, a high forehead with scanty but curly hair, drooping moustache and a short beard. This ugly person was "all glorious within , the most upright man of his times" as Plato, his disciple said. In some portraits Socrates looks different and better.

As he grew up he spent his time wandering about in streets and market places shirtless and shoeless, conversing with all and sundry, young men, merchants, poets, philosophers, politicians and the rest about

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\* Editor, Triveni and Translator

matters pertaining truth, justice, democracy, god, pursuit of goodness and ethics. Moving about in the markets and seeing the wares exhibited there, he is said to have exclaimed "I am amazed to see how many things there are that I don't need!"

Socrates cultivated poverty like a sage. He was convinced that he would have to compromise if he took up a job. It is said that he was a teacher for some time without receiving payment. He had also been a soldier during the Peloponnesian wars and proved his mettle as a valorous fighter. He was senator for some time in the Council of Justice. As a young man he was greatly interested in natural sciences and kept himself abreast of cosmology and mathematics.

He was a mystic and an enigmatic person, but a man of deep piety given to going into trances. He believed that he was ordained by god for a mission in life to improve himself and rid his fellowmen of their ignorance. He stressed on self-development than on pursuit of material wealth. His spiritual leanings made him choose a hard life.

He thought that the stories of gods were invented by the poets and detested the worship of multiple gods. Yet he had a strong belief in 'God' as the ruler of the world. He thought that the order he saw in nature spoke of the existence of God. Did not people believe in God universally? His prayer to God was: "Give me what is good." He believed in the immortality of the soul and tried to make one's soul as good as possible, making it look like God. He was of the opinion that there

was one good called knowledge and one evil called ignorance.

The Oracle of Apollo at Delphi declared him the wisest man even before he had gained reputation of possessing a philosophical bent of mind and a spiritual outlook. But Socrates did not believe this verdict of the Oracle and wanted to test it. He mixed freely with people of all walks of life and talked to them questioning them to find the veracity of the Oracle's declaration. His questioning bouts made him realize that they knew very little and were not wise and that the Oracle was right. He assumed that he was wiser than others because he was aware of his ignorance. He declared : "I know that I know nothing." He said that "The life which is unexamined is not worth living."

The so called wisemen of the town were made to look foolish by him through his questioning method. His enemies grew in number as no one likes to be known as a fool. At the trial he turned the tables on the judges using his method of questioning and enquiry to examine the concept of justice and goodness. He proved the jury wrong which further enraged them. It is a pity that a man who stood for goodness, virtue, justice and truth was denied justice. Though he had a chance to escape and save himself, he chose to face death by drinking the cup of poison given by his jailor with a philosophical calm and cheer. He died in 399 B.C.

The last words spoken to Crito, his friend, were : "To Asclepius we owe a cock,

please do not forget to repay the debt." Asclepius was also the name of a Greek God known for curing illness. Critics say that the last words of Socrates mean that death provides 'the cure and freedom to the soul from the body' for which he was grateful.

Dr. Jacob's admiration for his hero makes him choose the poetic form as a special gesture to project the personality of Socrates, his life and thought. A biography in verse form is a daring attempt. In this poetic composition Dr. Jacob succeeds in sustaining and exciting the interest of the reader keeping fiction at an arm's length. His style is simple and clear with no flights of fancy.

The narration is divided into two chapters running into 252 four lined stanzas with *aabb* rhyme. The first chapter deals with the life of Socrates and the second chapter with his trial and death. The stanzas run

smoothly carrying the reader along. The solemn and dignified narration is interspersed by pathos and humour as the occasion demands. The poet extols the courage, bravery and patriotism of Socrates as a soldier and also exposes the eccentricities of the philosopher like his getting lost in trances of deep and 'fruitful thoughts', his drinking bouts, his keeping the host waiting by going to a feast after half the banquet is over.

Dr. Jacob brings out all the known facts about his hero with sympathy and understanding. The trial part of the poem is the highlight of the book and the author excels in picturesque presentation of the events which move the readers.

The book is published by Adhyayan Publishers and Distributors, 4378/4B, 105, J.M.D. House, Murari Lal Street, Ansari Road, Darya Gunj, New Delhi, 110002, Pages 38, price Rs. 150/-.

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### Ten Rules for the Good Life

- 1 Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
- 2 Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
- 3 Never spend your money before you have it.
- 4 Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will never be dear to you.
- 5 Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
- 6 Never repent of having eaten too little.
- 7 Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- 8 Don't let the evils which have never happened cost you pain.
- 9 Always take things by their smooth handle.
- 10 When angry, count to ten before you speak; if very angry, count to one hundred.

-Thomas Jefferson

**Golden Article reprinted from Vol.1 No.3 May 1928 *Triveni***

## **ENVIRONMENT AND CULTURE**

**P. T. Sriniwas Aiyangar\***

"It is the task of ethnology to study the manifestations of life among a definite portion of mankind, whereas that of anthropology is the study of the human organism . . . The manifestations of human life have their source in the human organism, and they . . . ultimately react on the human organism . . . All human impulses have as their ultimate aim self-preservation and the propagation of the species. But . . . the manifestations of human life are conditioned not only by the human organism, but also by the milieu. Even where the human organism is the same, a change of milieu produces a change in the manifestations of life; and these in turn react on the human organism."

Hence anthropological methods have so far but led to an ever-changing series of classifications of the human species into the varieties called races; whereas ethnology, which studies the life of people from the geographical point of view has been more fruitful of results. It is proposed in this study to follow the ethnological method and trace the growth of human culture in South India in ancient times as conditioned by the

physiographic environment in which the people lived.

The ancient Tamils noted that the habitable parts of the earth's surface were divisible into five regions or Tinais as they named it. Tinai seems to be derived from a root tit, or tin, which means a stretch of land and has given birth to the words tittu a sand-bank, a little hill, a dry spot in a river bed, tittai, tidar, tidal a sand-bank, a flat shoal, highland, tinnai a raised platform. The root tin also means strength, firmness, and the word tinai, was used also in the sense of the earth in general. The ancient Tamils observed that the land-surface of the earth consisted of five natural regions and the manifestations of human life were conditioned by the characteristics of the milieu in which the tribe has grown. The five tinais were called (1) Palai, dry waterless sandy regions, (2) Kurinji, the hill country (3) Mullai, the jungly tracts that intervene between the uplands and the lowlands, (4) Marudam, the lower courses of rivers, the peneplain worn down by centuries of erosion till its level has become approximately the same as that of the river in flood, and (5) Neydal, the littoral tract, that which skirts the sea. All these five kinds of natural regions are found in the Tamil country,

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\* Doyen, Indian historian, linguist, educationist and great scholar,

though in a small scale, and as man has continuously inhabited South India since he first appeared on the globe, he successively passed from region to region and developed therein the stages of culture which each was calculated to produce.

The earliest region to be inhabited by man was the Kurinfi, the tracts where stand the low hills resulting from the age-long erosion of the Deccan plateau by the never failing yearly monsoon rains. Below the hilly regions was the thickly wooded tropical forest named after the demon Dandaka, in which abounded the rivals of early man in the struggle for existence-his big-limbed foes, the lion, the tiger, the elephant, the wild buffalo, the python, as well as the minute insect pests which are even more destructive of human life than the larger animals. In the Kurinji early man could easily find shelter from the sun and the rain and from his animal foes, behind boulders and within natural caves. He had not then invented pots for storing water, but he found reservoirs of water in the rocky pits which abounded in the hilly region when the natural spring failed him. The pebbles that he could pick up from under his feet served him as a primitive tool and the abundant supply of flints of various shapes stimulated his inventiveness and he learnt to shape the axes, and the spears, the choppers and the scrapers that he needed. Hence was evolved in this region the earliest stage of human culture, that called palæolithic; the artefacts belonging to this stage are chiefly found in the kurinji regions which abound in the Cuddapah, Nellore, North Arcot and Chingleput districts.

Early man in kurinji land at first subsisted on fruits, nuts and tubers. But the variations in the supply of these articles of food due to seasonal changes soon impelled him to add the flesh of animals to his dietary. This fact, more than the necessity for guarding himself against his animal foes, made him an expert hunter. Hence man's first profession was that of the hunter, and his earliest mode of life, that of the nomad. Palæolithic implements all the world over are of the same patterns and this proves that the early man was a great wanderer over the surface of the earth.

This environment in the kurinji regions also led to two other very great inventions of the hunter-stage of human culture, namely the bow and arrow, and the process of making fire. The bamboo grows abundantly in the kurinji regions of Southern India and the kuravar, as the inhabitants of that land were called, shrewdly noted the elasticity of the trunk of the bamboo and bent split bamboos, tied a bit of dried creeper to them and learnt to shoot thence long thorns. This was the origin of the bow in the use of which the Indian hillman has always been an expert, as is proved by the facts that the Indian bow-man was a much prized component of the armies of Darius and Xerxes, and the Indian shikari to-day can kill a tiger by discharging a single arrow from his bow.

The other invention of the early kuravar, the greatest of human inventions, was the making of fire. Early in the Paleolithic age, the inhabitants of the kurinji land noted the

origin of forest fires by the violent friction of bamboo stems against one another during the fierce monsoon winds and learnt there from that he could start a fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood. The first use to which fire was put was the roasting of the meat of the animals which they hunted.

While the males of the settlement were out hunting, the women were engaged in picking fruits, digging for roots, and garnering the seeds of the cereals that grew of their own accord around their places of abode, especially wild rice, bamboo-rice and panicum.

The other duty of women was to look after their children. Man at this stage of culture did not learn to build houses. They were scarcely necessary, for the South Indian climate was so beneficent that no shelter other than the covert afforded by trees or big boulders or natural caves was needed for protection from sun and rain. Houses were first built by man not so much for shelter as for the safe storage of primitive wealth in the form of food-stuffs and the early Paleolithic man had not yet felt the need of storing provisions. The necessities of a nomad life and the want of permanent homes did not encourage the free development of domestic instincts on the part of the men; hence the matriarchal form of tribal life was first developed.

Another circumstance encouraged the formation of this type of life. Primitive man was not encumbered with elaborate forms of the marriage-rite. Love at first sight and its

immediate consummation, followed in some cases very leisurely by a tribal feast, constituted the wedding ceremony. The marriage tie, we may take it, was not always of a very permanent character. All these causes, and more especially the want of development of personal property and a sense of attachment to a permanent house, encouraged the persistence during long periods of the matriarchate.

Love of personal adornment has always characterised men and more especially, women. The kurava women spent their leisure moments in picking shells and stringing them together for purpose of making garlands of them for decorating their persons. Their lovers presented them with trophies of hunt, like the claws of the tiger which they shot, and these, worn round the neck, became, in much later times, the proto-type of the tali, so much prized in South India as a symbol of a married woman. Another kind of personal adornment was the leaf-garment, a number of leaves tied together with a bit of dried creeper and worn round the waist, a custom which still prevails among the most primitive of the jungle tribes.

The palai, the dry sandy desert, can scarcely be considered as a subdivision of the habitable regions of the earth's surface. When drawn by the chase of the wild animals, the sturdy hunter would be compelled to make a temporary abode in the palai region. But the call of the desert finds an echo in the bosoms of those who are born with a love of adventure, and wander-lust is the main motive power that impels the lives of many men who

possess strong sinews and a stout heart. The men who lived in the desert region for a short time or all their lives were Maravar, men of Maram, heroism, and Kalvar, the strong men, (from kal, strength, hence kaliru, the elephant, the strong animal par excellence, also the shark and kal, liquor, the strength-giver, and kalam, the field of battle). The palai region being infertile and its men being noted for prowess in arms, the maravar and the kallar took in later times the profession of soldiering and of preying on the rich but weakly inhabitants of other regions and maram has come to mean cruelty, and kallar, thieves. But in early times men took to the palai regions chiefly on account of their love of adventure. Life in these regions must have accentuated the, matriarchal organisation of tribal life, for while the men were roving through the desert, the women and children were thrown in each other's company to enjoy whatever domestic amenities were available.

When human beings multiplied in the kurinji regions and the available food supply began to shrink, they began to migrate to the next region, the mullai or forest land. By that time they had taken the next great step in the advancement of human culture, the domestication of animals like the buffalo, the cow, the sheep and the goat,-the dog having already been domesticated in the kuravar stage. This led to the growth of the second rung in the ladder of human progress, the pastoral culture. Cattle breed fast, especially, in the mullai, and hence arose the institution of private property the possession of which facilitated the fission of tribes into families.

The primitive form of what may be called natural marriage-the union of lovers at first sight, unimpeded by the observance of marriage-rites and formalized merely by the presentation of a tali of tiger's claws and a garment of strung leaves for the waist, was called kalavu in early Tamil literature, and was, in the pastoral regions, replaced by karpu, in which the marriage-ritual preceded the consummation of love. The essential portion of this ceremony was the feasting of the men and women of the tribe underneath a pandal, the ordinary tenement of pastoral men decorated with flowers and leaves.

The institution of the karpu form of marriage and the development of private property led to the evolution of the patriarchal form of society, as the father of the family, being the possessor of a large growing herd of cattle, acquired the great influence of wealth. The joint family system now arose because pasture lands parceled out into tiny bits would become too small to maintain a flock: and the family which resulted from the sub-division of the tribe, could maintain itself against competition only if its members held together and constituted a growing unit. The patriarchal head of a large family developed into a king. That the institution of kingship first arose among the pastoral tribes in mullai land is- proved by the facts that the Tamil word for a king, kon, also means a cowherd and that for a queen, aychchi, means a cowherdes.

Pastoral life outside India, as in the steppes of Central Asia, differed from the life of the idaiyar of the mullai land, i.e. the people

of the mid-region, between the hills and the plains, in two respects: (1) the use of tents, (2) the constant shifting of the herdsman tribes from one patch of grass land to another. The invention of tents was needless in South India on account of the equability of the climate all the year round. A few fan-like Palmyra tree leaves thrown on a frame of dried sticks propped up by some bamboo pillars which proved enough to afford shelter to man and beast. The fertility of the soil and the periodicity of the monsoon ensured the growth of pasture on the same spot year after year. So that it was not necessary as in the steppes to break tent when the grasses round a settlement was eaten up by the herd or parched up by the summer sun and to seek pastures new. The pastoral life in South India hence was not semi-nomad but was a settled life capable of developing the amenities of civilization.

The life of ease made possible by the leisurely tendency of cattle in the forest led to the invention of the flute, the kulal. The flute was a bit of bamboo with a few holes drilled along its length and from it was produced mellifluous music which relieved the cowherd of the ennui due to the long hours of waiting while the cattle grazed.

One section of the pastoral people were the kurumbar who tended the short-legged well-fleeced variety of sheep called the kurumbadu. They learned to weave kambalis from the wool of their sheep and even to-day these Kurumbar inhabit the mullai regions of the Madras Presidency and follow their

traditional occupation of kambali weaving, though the irrepressible steam-engine has now established itself in mullai tracts and the weaving of wool with the power-loom is depriving the kurumbar as also other kinds of handicraftsmen of their age-long means of earning their daily bread.

The next region to be occupied was the neydal, the sea- board. The broad bosom of the sea, heaving and falling as if animated, invited the adventure-loving men with broad chests and finely-chiselled muscles to court its dangers and venture forth to obtain its inexhaustible wealth of tasty fish. From fishing near the coast, they went on to fish in deeper waters. Hence the environment turned the paradavar,<sup>35</sup> as the inhabitants of the littoral tracts were called, into boat-builders and fishermen. The first boats were primitive canoes made of two logs tied together. Catamarans of several logs bound together to form a float or toni, wicker-work basket covered with hide, followed next. The chief produce of this region was fish and salt. The paradavar had to take them into the interior and barter them for other forms of food-stuff. Their environment again made the paradavar turn merchants. Placing their wares in double bags on the backs of oxen as their modern day descendants, the balajis, do to-day, they trudged along the marshy paths and exchanged their goods for the produce of riverine plains. From the paradavar also rose the race of ancient Indian sailors who later carried Indian goods in boats to Africa and Arabia in the West and to Malaya and China in the East.

The last region to be occupied was the marudam, the low-lying plains between the mullai and the neydal, and that was at the close of the palæolithic period. With the neolithic age began modern civilization. The domestication of plants especially the rice, the plantain, the sugar-cane and the mango, probably begun in the relatively settled life of the pastoral age, was completed.

The arability of the land in this region taught the ulavar, the ploughmen of the marudam, the method of raising cereals after ploughing the ground and the easy slope of the land in the margin of the rivers taught, the Vellalar, the rulers of the flood, the method of conveying the life-giving water to their fields. Thus were the arts of agriculture developed to such perfection in early days that modern science can add but little to the traditional wisdom of the South Indian farmer. Beyond the river-valleys lay the land whose soil was made by the mixture of the rain-washed detritus of the trap rock of the Western Ghats and the decaying vegetation of the Dandaka forest. This was the birth-place of the cotton plant and neolithic man learnt to spin the cotton fibre into thread and weave the thread into cotton cloth.

Men now began to build houses of timber wherein to stock their superfluous store of food grain and cotton cloth. The barter of superfluous articles for things which were not easily available in the marudam region, like the salt and the sea-fish, with the paradavar, and milk and milk-products, especially ghee, with the idayar, and stones and stone tools

(and after the discovery of iron, iron-tools) with the kuravar, led to the development of carts for transport by land, and the circle of the evolution of civilisation was complete. The perfection of neolithic culture and the arts and industries of the marudam region represent the last great step of human civilisation, for, since neolithic times no new food-producing plants have been domesticated and no new process of making cloth to cover the body has been invented. The discovery of metals, from iron in ancient times to aluminium in our own times, and the invention of steam and oil gas engines have but rendered, quick and easy, ancient methods of agriculture and manufacture and speeded up transport, but they have not produced either new food-stuffs or means of shielding the skin from the sun and rain and changes of atmospheric temperature.

The five subdivisions of the habitable regions occur contiguous to each other and in a small fraction of the earth's surface in India south of the Vindhya. It is therefore easy to understand how increase of population and alterations in the natural supply of food-stuffs brought about here at different periods the migration of men from region to region and the consequent development of the different stages of human culture, the hunter, the nomad, the pastoral, the coastal and the agricultural, due to the differing stimuli provided by the changing milieu. In other words, the geographic control of the growth of human civilization can be worked out and set forth clear as on a map by a study of man's progress in this restricted portion of the surface of the earth. Outside India, these five natural regions

occur on a vast scale, e. g. the mullai, the vast steppe land extending from the Carpathians to the foot hills of the Altais, the kurinji or the great mountain chain from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas and beyond forming a grand girdle round the waist of mother earth, the neydal, the coasts of the Mediterranean sea, the Indian and the Atlantic oceans, and the palai, the great desert of Sahara and its continuation in Arabia, Persia and Mongolia. Did the passage from stage to stage of civilisation; first occur in the restricted region of South India and thence spread to the vaster tracts beyond or vice versa? The problem is almost insoluble at present. But it may be pointed out that the migration of population from region to region and the consequent development of higher and higher forms of culture is more likely to have taken place in a restricted portion of the earth's surface where migration from region to region is easy, than in tracts of immense extent. It will help us to understand the ancient history of man if we imagine that nature's laboratory, was, and her first experiments in human culture with the geographic forces available to her were conducted in, Dakshinapatha, India south of the Vindhya, and not in the great physiographic division of Eurasia and Africa. It is more likely that these different cultures of ancient times sent out offshoots to appropriate regions outside India so that Nature might reproduce on a larger scale what she had succeeded in achieving on a smaller scale in India, than that she produced these cultures on a magnificent scale outside India and then squeezed minified copies of each stage of civilisation into Southern India so as to make it a complete anthropological museum.

Many writers of Indian history seem to hold it as an incontrovertible axiom that the fertile land of India with her wonderful wealth of minerals underground and vegetables and animals overground should yet depend on importations from barren countries beyond her borders for her human inhabitants and for the various cultures that adorn the pages of her history. Some writers conduct the ancient "Dravidians" with the accuracy of a Cook's guide through the north-eastern or north-western mountain passes to the western or the eastern coast of India and drop them with a ready-made foreign culture on the banks of the Kaveri or the Vaigai. Others discover an Aryan race and an Aryan culture redolent of the Indian soil but yet crossing the north-west gates of India and creeping slowly along banks of the Sindhu and, the Ganga without leaving a trace of that culture in the imagined land of its birth. But the above account of the continuous evolution of South Indian Culture—whose growth in South India is evidenced by the presence of artifacts of the Paleolithic, Neolithic and early iron ages throughout the country, and is traceable in the earliest strata of Tamil language and literature, shows us that the growth of civilization in the Tamil land is entirely due to geographical causes operating in situ and not to historical events such as incursions of foreigners.

Besides cooking and clothing, another great invention of man is speech. Speech may be either rhythmic or arhythmic. Whether prose preceded poetry in speech as is assumed by most people, or whether, as is more probable, poetry and prose were later

differentiations of an original method of speech which was partly rhythmic and partly arhythmic, it is difficult to determine; but it is certain that in the development of literature, poetry preceded prose by long ages. The words pan and pan meaning, a piece of music, (whence padu, sing, pattu,) belong to the earliest stratum of Tamil, thus proving that singing was one of the earliest recreations of the Tamils. The panar, originally singers and after the institution of kingship in the pastoral stage of culture, royal bards and panegyrists,

followed an ancient and honoured, though ill-rewarded, profession among the Tamils. The ancient panars were the friends and counsellors of kings during the long ages when the pure Tamil culture flourished, but when Aryan culture from North India mingled with that of South India during historic times, the persistence of the panar in the over-indulgence in meat-fold and drinking of ardent spirits brought about their social degradation into one of the lowest and most untouchable castes of South India.

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## **READERS' MAIL**

The Jan-Mar 2016 issue of Triveni has, as usual, offered a healthy fare of variety. Especially the erudite article by Naqui Ahmad John on the literary aspects of APJ Abdul Kalam and the imagery-rich poem on the same legend by MG Narasimha Murthy have struck a chord with me. So also the write-up 'Will I Return My Certificate?' by N Meera Raghavendra Rao comes off as a whiff of fresh breeze in the current ruckus kicked up by the 'award-waapsi-wallas'.

**U. Atreya Sarma, Pune**

The journal has been received today. Many thanks for giving place to my words.

Other articles are of very good standard. I was happy to find some on Dr Kalam. The paper on Civic Sense is a good act towards sensitizing people. It provides altogether a novel perspective to relevant issues. The article by Mr Somachary is good enough. I feel this journal will make me a better thinker and writer.

**Naqui Ahmad John, Kolkata**

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## BOOK REVIEW

**Gender, Space and Creative Imagination: The Poetics and Politics of Women's Writing in India | Rekha | Primus Books.**  
**2015 | x + 224pp, HB | ISBN: 978-93-84082-44-4 | Rs 1,050/-**

Every kiss, each caress  
 Seal the contours; emotions  
 And feelings remain muffled.  
 An undrawn circle restrain  
 The feet from taking another step  
 Under the watchful eye that  
 Occupied and expanded beyond  
 The sky; I'm confined to the  
 Dark spaces between two stars...

But you may say, we asked you to speak about women and fiction-what has that got to do with a room of one's own? (Virginia Woolf)

Many a woman, who does not even have a room to bolt herself from the world and herself for a while to recharge in silence; the cry for a room of one's own still remains voiceless; even to desire one is blasphemous; nay, woman herself feels guilty of the desire. Creativity, thy name is woman. Woman who is instinctively creative has been manipulated systematically to restrict her creativity to the kitchen and to decorating home and herself to please the man. How many stories have been lost in the process! How much poetry

has dissolved in the dark space! As a woman myself, the eons of lack of self-worth did not allow me to share openly all that I scribbled; I would either tear them off or would hide them away in the most unreachable of places that included my heart! As Virginia Woolf says, "Anon, who wrote so many poems without signing them, was often a woman." How hard those unknown women must have struggled to gather themselves as Anon and share their writings with the world! Isn't expression beyond gender, whatever may be the times? How a cultural construct had begun to impose restrictions on half of the population in the name of gender, given that the gender differences are cultural and social representations, as social scientists and gender studies reiterate? "There is no difference between the writings of men and women, writing is beyond gender," says Pratibha Ray, a Jnan Pith awardee. At the same time she also adds that "writing from a woman's point of view comes naturally [for women]."

Rekha's *Gender Space and Creative Imagination, The poetics and Politics of Women's Writing in India* explores in depth all the issues pertaining to the poetics and politics of woman's creativity and imagination in relation to four well known women writers in India, namely, Krishna Sobti (b.1925) a stalwart of Hindi literature, Mahashweta Devi (b.1926) who needs no

introduction for the social activism she has been involved in, Kamal Desai (1928-2011), a scholar and Marathi writer, C.S. Lakshmi (Ambai, b. 1944) a well-known English/Tamil writer, and Gita Hariharan (b.1954) an Indian-English writer.

This well researched book with scholarly inputs written in six chapters with a Preface and a comprehensive bibliography is a researcher's delight. The focus of the study - gender dynamics in relation to space and creativity - has been well defined right at the beginning vis-a-vis the 'vibrant domain of competing voices and viewpoints.' Rekha boldly states how women's writing - so referred to patronizingly in India - has 'moved towards a space that is thematically inclusive,

ideologically assertive, imaginatively fecund and critically provocative, even daring,'(p.1). The writer showcases the writers listed above to substantiate the fact that Indian women writers inhabit 'inherently complex and rich' creative and literary space. The selection of the writers too is very apt given the fact that they represent a cross section of Indian cultural ethos, each in their unique way.

The reviewer feels that the book could have toned down the jargon a bit to bring more readability when discoursing upon the issues. This book is highly recommended for libraries and for serious researchers of Indian Literature.

**Indira Babbellapati  
Academic-Poet-Translator, Vizag**

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**Book: Finding The Mother, H.H. Valmiki's Sundara Kanda in English Verse - English translation by Mahathi (Mydavolu V.S. Sathyanarayana). ISBN 978-81-7273-818-1.**

*Finding The Mother* is a book written by Mahathi (Mydavolu V.S. Sathyanarayana), not in any obtuse sense as free verse, but as a superlatively spiritual endearment of an English poet, translating in English verse H.H. Valmiki's *Sri Sundara Kanda* - the ultimate 5<sup>th</sup> Canto of *Srimad Valmiki Ramanayam*. *Srimad Valmiki Ramanayam*( *Ramayana*) is one of the zenith epic poems of Hinduism, in which is empowered that virtue is superior over vice in all stratagems of life. And *Sri Sundara*

*Kanda* is the episodic adventure of Sri Hanuman (Hanuman was also known as Sundar) - the selfless devotee of Lord Rama, symbolizing ultimate strength, perseverance and unwavering devotion - the quintessence of Vedic Hindu Dharma. The book itself is unequivocally a mastery of English narrative verses, in rich visual imagery, translated with clever craftsmanship from the *Sundar Kanda*, published by Geeta Press, Gorakhpur, in Sanskrit original with translation into Telugu by the unmatchable Mahathi. Many other texts were also researched to make this a true work of English literature.

In his initial opening dedication remarks of *Finding The Mother*, Mahathi writes:

*Unknown, unseen, beyond the human ken  
some power made me write this epic grand;  
with harsh commanding wand, but loving  
hand.*

And in true spiritual intensity, blended with clever poetic skill, Mahathi lets his readers see his virtuosity that shines like an ever-glowing halo, nurturing his soul for writing this beautiful book (*Sundara Kanda*) in his Prayer:

*Hey Ram, O' Sita Ma, O' Lakshmana,  
hey Hanuman the Great, hey Valmiki -  
You made into a poet this rookie, raw !*

*Finding The Mother* is replete with sincere praises from H.H. Swami Tejomayananda Saraswati; a remarkable Foreword by Prof. I. V. Chalapathi Rao, Editor-in-Chief, Triveni, Hyderabad; Dr. Tulsi Hanumanthu - English poet and exponent of classical English poetry; Dr. Indira Babbelapati - English poet and English translator of *The Night of Nectar*, Professor of English, Andhra University, Vizag; Shri Ranjit Ravindran - a nascent English poet who contributed in the editing of this beautiful work. Other important key players also shared their

expertise and skills in maintaining narrative flow of this book. In essence, this is truly Mahathi's best concerted writing effort, inviting all readers with "true power of spirituality hidden in every living soul, through the divine character of Shri Hanuman". The book opens a tsunami of flood-gates with an indelible strain of point-counterpoint, blended in love, pain, sorrow and a host of emotional drama, climaxing in victory over evil.

Reading *Finding The Mother* is a "mammoth task" indeed, imagining Sathyam completing the translation from Telugu to English. The book is divided into three parts - Part I: *Sri Sundara Kanda* - divided into 68 chapters and the crux of Sri Hanuman's journey into the city of Lanka in search of Mother Sita, and the anxieties of Lord Rama; Part II: *Yuddha Kanda* - The Great Prize, and Part III: *Sri Rama Pattabhishekam*. In 358 pages, Mahathi has created a blessing for humanity. This book is certainly a must read.

**Leonard Dabydeen, Ontario, Canada**

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