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Cingireddi Narayana Reddy (29 July 1931 – 13 June 2017), known as C. Narayana Reddy or CiNaRe, was an award winning Telugu poet and writer. Reddy had produced over eighty literary works including poems, prose-plays, lyrical plays, translations, and ghazals. He was also a professor, lyricist, actor, and singer.

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TRIPLE STREAM

THE MAKING OF A POET

From Pial School to Rajya Sabha

D. Ranga Rao*

Poetry has been defined by poets, critics and lovers of literature according to their understanding of the term. It is the language of the inspired ones. Poetry embodies sound, images, imagination, emotional experiences and a deep feeling on the part of the poet. Unlike prose poetry hints at harmony and tends to be musical. It is musical in the sense that its cadences are soothing to the ear. Poetry has an elegant quality about it. It is said that poetry is the language of the soul. By soul is meant the heart. Great works in all languages have been written in poetry making every line possess an intrinsic value, connecting poetry to life.

Modern poetry has not much to do with things like rhythm, meter etc. This new genre called free verse has been overshadowing the classical mode these days in all languages. A knowledge of the classical mode, a ear for beat and rhythm and an imaginative impulse helps one to explore both the genres successfully and the poet in question belongs to this category.

On 9-4-1931, the *Gurupurnima* day, a baby boy was born in the remote village Hanumajipeta in the erstwhile Nizam

Dominions to a tiller couple Singireddy Mallareddy and Buchamma. The boy was named Satyanarayana Reddy. He started his early education on a pial school run by the village schoolmaster. Intelligent as he was the boy evinced keen interest in the cultural activities of the folklore type, in *Burrakatha* and *Harikatha* rendered with action and music by the artists. These sing-song narratives of events and heroes attracted the singer in the boy. As the boy grew up his father wanted to make him a Tahsildar in the government of Nizam. But his mother encouraged her son to pursue his cultural activities.

Young Narayana Reddy completed his college education in Hyderabad in Urdu medium and took his MA degree in Telugu literature from the Osmania University. By now he was proficient in two languages and their nuances. As a college and university teacher he made a mark and produced his thesis for the Ph.D. degree on 'Modern Poetry, Tradition and Experiment' considered as reference material even today. By now he was respected as an ideal teacher and he proved that his birth on the *Gurupurnima* day was not an accident.

It is said that coming events cast their shadows before. As though to prove this saying young Narayana Reddy brought out his first poem *Navvani Puvvu* when he was only twenty. Other poems followed. A poet cannot but pour his feelings out just as a bud cannot but bloom into a flower. This unknown bud blossomed into a flower of multi-coloured petals. He enriched Telugu literature with his poems, plays, songs, *Gazals*, travelogues, translations and other literary outputs numbering nearly 80. While pursuing his teaching career, he brought out outstanding dramatic and poetical works - *Karpura Vasantharayalu*, *Ruthuchakram*, *Viswanatha Nayudu*, *Nagarjuna Sagar*, *Ramappa* to name a few. He won the Central Sahitya Academy Award for his *Mantalu Manushulu* opening his account of awards.

As a crowning glory of his poetical eminence his *Viswambhara* fetched him the *Gnanapeeth* Award, the highest national literary award any man of letters would aspire. It is but proper that this son of the soil should produce his *Magnum Opus* called *Viswambhara* meaning the earth. The earth is the stage of the poet for his narrative dealing with man from the beginnings of the world to the present day. The poem handles aspects like free will, evil and the redemption of man. The poem is a blend of "lyrical romanticism, progressive idealism and healthy realism". It represents the quest of the poet as well as man to understand the artistic, scientific, spiritual levels of man and the relationship of man with nature. This poem written in the free verse form is considered an epic by critics,

comparable with Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Some critics feel that *Karpura Vasantharayalu*, written by the poet when he was only 27 has features that make it his best poem. This poem brought the young poet into prominence and acquainted him with the works of Viswanatha Satyanarana, Dasarathi, Sri Sri, Karunasri and other literary stalwarts of that time.

A striking feature of this poet is his innovative mind, a tendency to experiment. His knowledge of Urdu and his ear for sound and sense made him introduce the popular gazal spirit in his literary career. Being endowed with a melodious voice, his musical sense further encouraged him to sing gazals in Telugu to the delight and admiration of his literary audiences.

A very interesting episode of his colourful writing career is his long stint with the cinema world which he entered with a bang. His first recorded film song was an instant hit which mesmerised and stole the hearts of the cine goers, old and young. He daringly introduced a duet song for the negative character of Duryodhana and his consort in a mythological film at a later stage which was a sensation and was received well by the audiences. His musical diction reached great heights in his film music making the cine goers go ga ga over his songs. He converted every thought into a song depicting different emotions from lullabies to moralizing while keeping the loftiness of the language and expression in his film songs. His lyrical songs boosted the popularity of the films. His

connection with the cinema world was so deep and personal that he was called CiNaRe - Cinema Narayana Reddy which stuck him for good. He wrote more than five thousand songs for the films. Yet he called himself “a little lamp in the worship of fine arts”.

He claimed that he was a professor first and a poet next. As a teacher he had made teaching an art. Yet the poet in him asserted itself over the teacher as to make him say that poetry was his language, his breath and address. "I live only to write poetry" he averred. He said that he would keep writing poetry "till the ink dries and till the flower withers". In this process he rendered great thoughts in simple words in his poems. He was a link between the old and the new, the traditional and the modern in Telugu literature and was at home with both the modes and produced a record volume of literary output. The village gave him the song and the city the expression.

He was the chief guest at thousands of literary meets and made thousands of speeches enlightening the audiences with his lucid talks on the trends and the tendencies in literary writing. He was a must at meetings and his presence added luster to the stage and dignity to the programme where he was the central figure. He would walk down into the arena, the very personification of Telugu dignity, dressed in the typical Telugu man's attire wearing a white *dhoti*, preferably with a red border, in his lemon coloured silk *lalchi* (a loose shirt with side packets and no collar) with a neatly folded upper cloth

(*Uttareeyam*), one end of it flowing down the chest on the left side and the other end going down his back around his neck. The pen clip would keep peeping through between the buttons of the *lalchi*. His round big eyes would look at you directly through the gold rimmed spectacles while ringlets of his hair spread out on either side of his prominent brow and the balding head. He was clean lipped, full faced and looked imposing. Though of average height he was a robust figure and possessed a commanding personality standing upright in his dark stockinged half shoes. In a tickling Telugu *gazal* he described the dress and the preferences of the palate of *Telugu Vadu* in a lighter vein which is an amusing piece of writing.

During the long span of six decades of public and literary life he steered his way with self confidence and gusto bowing to none and seeking no one's help. He scaled great heights step by step with characteristic determination and a sense of purpose. Important public positions came seeking him. He was Vice Chancellor of the Telugu University and the B.R. Ambedkar Open University. He was the most active of the nominated members of the Rajya Sabha for six years and the first poet from the South to adorn the august post. He was the Chairman of the Official Languages Commission and held every other post that chose him with distinction. He was honoured with *Padmasri* and *Padmabhushan*. These honours sat light on him. In spite of his eminence in life he kept away from political leanings and isms with a

deliberate detachment which made him a non-controversial man of honour. Though he was affluent, wealth did not turn his head. On the other hand he was human and charitable in his ways of life. He bore the prolonged illness of his wife and her death with philosophical resignation and instituted an annual reward on her name to be given to a reputed woman writer every year. The way he named his four daughters is again typical of his mind. He called them Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswathi and Krishnaveni. He looked after the welfare of the large family with love and deep affection.

I recall with gratitude his gracious gesture that speaks of his genuine love for literature in general. A few years ago I sent him a copy of my book of essays, stories etc. entitled '*Dear Reader*' in English as an expression of my admiration for the qualities

of his mind and heart, as man and poet. I was an utter stranger to him. To my pleasant surprise I received his considered opinion and appreciation of my work on his letter-head with his typical signature.

This literary giant had no fear of death. In one of his gazals he wrote 'if death comes seeking me what will I say? . . . I'd feed him with milk and put him to sleep singing a lullaby'. His poetic collection which was released on his birthday last year had the title *My battle is with Death*. But Death laid his icy hand on this brave poet in his sleep before dawn on 13-6-2017. The ink dried and the flower withered but the fragrance of his lyrics will linger long.

It is said that poets have no death and their poetry lasts as long as language lasts.

CINARE - THE INSPIRING LYRICIST (Dr.C.Narayana Reddy)

M.G.Narasimha Murthy*

Songs stirring and mellifluous
And lyrics inspiring and spontaneous
Flow from Cinare's prolific pen.
Voice sonorous and eloquence sweet,
To lovers of art, a splendid treat:

Exquisite blend of trends modern
And values spiritual of our rich tradition:
Sparkling streams of thoughts sublime
And tunes enchanting and lilting rhyme
Spring from the depths of Cinare's heart,
Priceless jewels of timeless art!

* Principal (Retd.), Hyderabad.

MAN, MIND AND SPIRITUALITY

Dr V.V.B. Rama Rao*

Faith came into being with the sensitive and sensible Man thinking deeply of matters relating to Birth and then the inevitable end, Death. It started with an immediate insight that everyone born should die one day. Death has always been defying understanding and it shall remain an enigma forever. This led to the belief in many that there must be something, which is beyond surmise, which would perhaps be understood intuitively with some kind of deep and committed envisioning.

Perhaps Good and Bad are posited first. Primarily the sense of right and wrong through a specific sense may be called a religious sense. Then Divine Supreme is posited. With that Good and Bad came to be understood in depth leading to the insight that in after-life, that is life after death, the being which has had a span of life would be assessed by his/her deeds in the broad and never 'scientifically' 'defined' categories, Good and Bad. We the ordinary people think these are just relative terms. The seers knew intuitively that they were best left for the judgment of the Supreme Being.

Great sages and seers, *drashtas*, as they are called in *Devabhasha*, language of gods, Sanskrit, wrote out long and inspired visionary experiences to reveal to us what they

* ELT Professional (Retd.) Maharashtra

envisioned in an inspired effort to illumine what is dark in the likes of us. They invariably believed in a Supreme Being and showed time and again in their envisioned narratives what should be viewed as Good and what its dangerous opposite is.

Belief and Faith are aspects of Theism. Theism is a dynamics of thinking, which believes in these intriguing concepts, intriguing because of lack of basic understanding. This cannot be served on a platter and this is where the concept of intimate one-to-one relationship with God through a mental state and contributory way of living called *Bhakti* emerged.

When bad is done, wrong is committed, it would be brought to book. It would be punished. This belief acts as a deterrent to bad deeds. While asking people to cultivate belief and have faith in God, the sages and seers went on to explain the consequences of bad deeds, also called evil-doings. This is what we now call a two-pronged approach to instil Faith.

While detailing the fruits of right action and good deeds they also told us with deep concern how evil would be 'punished'. In our languages we have *punya* and *paapa*. The western world has near equivalents like 'merit' and 'sin.'

Spirituality is a quality of mind, and a way of thinking, specially given to a human being. Exercising this faculty, man tries to mull and find the relationship between a human being, himself, and the Supreme Being. This attribute of mind leads man to a quest, a search, with yearning to delve deep into the complexities of life and existence. Man is unique in creation in that he is bestowed with discrimination, judgment and capacity to choose between several courses of action. Spirituality surfaces in man when he intently wishes to know the purpose of human life. When he is befuddled and is intent on trying to understand the declarations and caveats of his elders, teachers, the wise and the knowing ones, he is led into spirituality.

Right from his early childhood he finds himself presented with alternative courses of action and even belief. There comes a time when he mulls as to why things should be so, why there should be joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain and all the dualities. Religion, Faith and things like that appear to answer the many riddles in the mind. Discretion, judgment and reason are there to help him make choices according to the situations and conditions he is faced amidst. Either with his own inner resources or with the exposure he has, one begins to be drawn towards things subtler than reason like faith, god or spirituality. Thus spirituality boils down to a faculty, a stance, a condition of the mind. This spirituality is either imbibed or intuited instinctively with the stage and condition of one's own inner evolution.

The lamp of *jnaana* is essential both for physical welfare and spiritual well being

and the soul's journey upward. When worldly desires and turbulent physical pleasures suffocate the psyche all around and all along, there would come a day when the individual is confronted with questions like 'Who am I?' 'What is the purpose of life?' Does life end with the burning ghat, the crematorium or the burial ground?' Answers to every one of these questions have to be found by the individual all by himself or herself. It is at this juncture that the lives and teachings of great *sadhakas*, seers, saints and mahatmas help us to find a little light for the mind groping in darkness. It is only with a sincere effort that we can realize the greatness of our forefathers, the seers (*drashthas*), *sants* and *munis*. *Jnaana*, knowingness, is gnosis as opposed to praxis, action. This is wisdom, a state of fruition. Distinct from this is knowledge. Reading and learning about things in various subjects, acquiring skills, scientific information and so on gives knowledge. But wisdom is independent of knowledge. A mere knowledge of even the Vedas does not guarantee the acquisition or possession of wisdom. Knowledge acquired should reflect in one's own deeds and actions. Wisdom is a matter of ripeness of the thinking, of intuitive understanding.

Spirituality has higher goals than mere acquisition of knowledge or skills. The goal of spirituality is just one according to our Hindu tradition: the release from bondage, the freedom from the birth-death-cycle. Spirituality in Hinduism makes it clear that acquiring liberation, salvation, *mukti* is possible only when the jeevi, the living being

merges with the universal spirit; when *jeevatma* loses itself in *paramatma*. How can one achieve this merger or unification? We are given a route map to travel towards that goal. The Vedas, Upanishads and our eight and ten *puranas* subtly suggest the ways.

Bhakti is a part of our tradition and there is no single word equivalent for this emotive word in English. It is a condition of elevated and enlivened consciousness, largely flowering as faith in the Supreme Being, the Absolute Reality or *Parabrahman*. C.Rajagopalachary, while introducing Adi Shankara's *Bhajagovindam* to listeners, explained it in detail. *Bhakti* is an awareness of the Self as part of the universal spirit. It is the way of devotion not very different from *jnaana*, knowingness. "When intelligence matures and lodges securely in the mind, it becomes wisdom. When wisdom is integrated with life and issues out in action, it becomes *Bhakti*." *Bhakti* and music are closely related in that both are the states of elevated knowingness suffused with faith. The ebullience of *Bhakti* gives rise to harmonious expression in devotional song. Saint Thygaraja (Thyaga Brahma), Purandara Dasa, Meera Bai and many others sang the praises of their godheads setting them to mellifluous music. Thygabrahma, who belonged to a much later age on the wide arena of music in Andhra, composed a *keertan* starting with the lines: *sangeetajnaanamu bhakti vinaa sanmaargamu galade manasa!* Rhetorically, he asks 'Without a knowingness of music and bhakti, is there a path of goodness and rectitude, O! *Manasa*,

Mind-heart?' It is as much the music as the composer-musicians' bhakti that keeps the compositions ever fresh and ever elevating.

Sage, saint, ascetic, renunciate - all are names given to the great aspirants and saadhakas of diverse distinctions. Yati and avadhoota are similar names that great saadhakas got. Teertha is unique in that it is a suffix to the name of a saintly person. This is the suffix the Guru adds to the ascetic's new name he gives. This is done only after the Guru is convinced that his disciple has successfully subjected all his passions and become a *jitendriya*, one who subdues all his sense organs and keeps them under strict control and becomes a devotee in the highest sense.

There are many exemplars of spirituality in this our land, aryavarta, where the most civilized and the most meritorious moved. The sages and seers have always come to the rescue of seekers, the aspirants, saadhakas to make their journey fruitful. There have been men like Bhishma Pitamah, an exemplar of spirituality at the highest level or incarnations of the divine as human beings like Sri Rama of Ayodhya and Sri Krishna of Gokul. There have been any number of these exemplars right from Adi Shankara right up to Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa to name just two. Basically these are all sublime minds who are divinely inspired and blessed for their spirituality, sadhana and setting an example for all others to follow with devoutness and determination. There may be slight variations in their practices but all have an intense sense of spirituality.

Spirituality is not a matter of birth or one's own station in this worldly life. In fact voluntary poverty is almost a precondition to spirituality. We are reminded of Jesus telling his disciples that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. Celibacy, uprightness, a sharp sense of morality, a rare degree of equipoise and equanimity mark the spiritual exemplars. The monks in the order of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa stand testimony to this. Adi Sankara taught us the simple but grand truth: arthamanartham, Money is Evil. Spirituality is not a matter of physical beauty or social status. Kubja, the devout devotee of Sri Krishna and the maalaakaara, the garland maker, Sudhama are cases in point. The prayer he sends up to Krishna is highly elevating: He asks the Supreme Being to bless him with limitless, immeasurable reverence and compassion for

all living beings. His is a personality permeated with the highest spirituality. Kubja is a hunchback and a servant maid to grind sandal paste in Mathura, Kamsa's kingdom. She draws the love of no less a personage than Sri Krishna. What makes her dear to Him is her simple and absolute devotion. Self-effacement in Bheeshm Pitamah coupled with his sense of duty and high moral sense makes him realize the divinity in Sri Krishna who hails from a family of cowherds.

We read so much, learn so much, earn so much, and spend so much but not many of us go anywhere near real spirituality. This attitude of mind is a culmination of hard, painstaking effort. It is truly God's gift. Service, Simplicity, Rectitude and most importantly, Prayer, these are the means for deserving and obtaining this superb and splendid gift from the Supreme Being.

MAN'S INTELLECT

Dr. C. Jacob*

Man can reduce the universe into a cell,
a cell phone
And also reduce the infinite universe
with a blast

He can create elixir and save mankind
And also create poisonous gas
and vanquish the globe:
The same genius, he can create and
destroy
Just as nature can, for man is
part of nature.

* District & Sessions Judge (Retd.) Narsapur, W.G.
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SATYAM SIVAM SUNDARAM
(TRUTH, GOODNESS & BEAUTY)

R.R.Gandikota*

Sri Rama is *Satya Svaroopaa*. Sita is *Siva-Sakti Svaroopinee*. *Sundaram* is Hanuman. Sri Rama is Truth personified. Sita is Goodness manifest. Hanuman is Beauty incarnate.

Sundarey Sundaro Ramah
Sundarey Sundaro Katha
Sundarey Sundaro Sita
Sundarey Sundaram Vanam
Sundarey Sundaro Kavyam
Sundarey Sundaram Kapih
Sundarey Sundaram Mantram
Sundarey Kim Na Sundaram

Rama, Rama katha, Sita, Asokavana, the epic Ramayana, the emissary Hanuman, the Rama *mantra*, what is not Beautiful?

I am endlessly teased and fascinated by the name and nature of Beauty in *Sundara Kanda*. The more you study, the more you get thrilled. *Sundara Kanda* is verily Beauty Personified.

There are beautiful things, beautiful persons, beautiful dawns, and beautiful sunsets, there are beautiful women, and beautiful flowers, there are beautiful words, and beautiful poems.

* Principal (Retd.), Kakinada

'A thing of beauty is a joy forever'.
But what is Beauty? An abstract term?

It would be a mystical experience, by its very nature is ineffable, indescribable, or it could be a philosophical abstraction. It would be very difficult for a common man to realise this Beauty.

How to distil the essence of beauty from thousand flowers!, a million stars!! Sri Rama is *Parabrahman*. Sita *sadhvi* is *Prakruti*. Their very union is Beauty. Sri Rama is Beauty incarnate. Janaki is Beauty personified. Search for Sita is Beauty Sought. The epic is ever Beautiful. The heart of The Ramayana *Sundara Kanda*, is the most Beautiful. Valmiki's narration is much more Beautiful, being the "First and Ever Living Epic" in the world.

In *Sundara Kanda*, there are anecdotes of Hanuman crossing the sea, search for Sita, the beauty of Lanka, the burning of Lanka, the presentation of signet ring to Sita by Hanuman, solace to Sita that Sri Rama would come soon to take her. Paradoxically none of these anecdotes were considered for naming the title of the book. It was rightly given the title *Sundara Kanda*.

Sreemad Ramayana is not only an epic but also a *maha kavya*. In a *kavya* there are 3 aspects. (1) *Sabda* (word), (2) *Artha* (meaning), (3) *Rasa* (beauty). All these 3 aspects are inter oven like *triputi*. *Sabda Soundarya*: (Beauty of the word).

The *sabdanupraasaas* are galore in *Sundara Kanda*. Musical and magical words mesmerise us. An example of the *Chandrodaya*, is a good example.

*Hamsa yathaa Rajata Panjarasthah
Simho yathaa Mandara Kandarastah
Veero yathaa Garvita Kunjarastah
Chandro api Babhraaja Tathaambarastah*

"Like swan in the silver cage, Lion in the cave of Mandara, Warrior mounted on an elephant-rogue, Moon shone in effulgence - sky above".

Artha Soundarya: (Beauty of the Meaning):

Vaak and Artha are inseparable like Parvati and Paramesvara. *Kavikula Guru*-Kalidasa prays for unity of 'vak and artha'. Good *vak* and good *artha* go together. The story in *Sundara Kanda*, is very beautiful. Naturally it abounds with *upama* and *utpreksa alankaras*. Here is the best example. Hanuman rose to fly in a bid to cross the mighty ocean to reach Lanka. As Hanuman rose into the sky, chanting *Rama nama*, with lightning speed, mount Mahendra, from where he took his stance, shook under his pressure of the gigantic swing. All the inanimate plant life found itself alive and followed Hanuman for some distance, as though giving him a warm

send off and before falling down into the sea, gave him their blessings and promised to await the return of Sita Mai. In turn Hanuman promised to bring back Sita to Rama without fail. The following of uprooted trees is compared to the send off given by near and dear ,and also with the warriors following their king. How natural the comparison is! The slokas are given under.

*Vooru vego utthita vrukshaa
Muhurtam kapi manvaayuh,
Prashtitam deergha madhvaanam
Sva-bandhu miva baandhavaah*

*Ta mooru vegon madhitaa
Ssaalaa schanyeh nagottamaah
Ama jagmurha maamantam
Sainyaa iva maheepateem*

Rasa Soundaryam:

Raso vai saha. In a *kavya*, *rasa* is most important. We find all the *nava rasas*, beautifully depicted in the *Sundara Kanda*. All the *rasas* viz. *Srungara*, *Veera*, *Haasya*, *Raudra*, *Bheebhastha*, *Bhayaanaka*, *Adbhutah*, *Saanta*, *Karuna*, find place in this *kavya*. That is why it is called *Sundara Kanda*.

Beauties of the Main Characters:

Sreerama Soundaryam (Beauty of Sri Rama) :

Rama is known as *pumsaan mohana roopaya*. His beauty enthralled even men .The rishis in *danda karanya*, were captivated at His beauty.

*Sri Raghavam Dasarathatmaja
maprameyam
Sitapatim Raghu kulanvaya ratna deepam
Aajaanu baahum Aravinda
dalaaytaaksham
Ramam nisaachara vinaasa karam
namaami*

This most popular prayer sloka read by millions of devotees is from a work quite unknown to most of the scholars. The author Siddhakavi is also not popular. His full name, gotra, place of birth, period, are also not known. The name of the book is *Sri Rama Karnamrutam*. The sloka that adorns every wedding card of the Hindus, *Janakyah kamala malanjali puteya..* is also from this book.

In *Sundara Kanda*, Sri Rama is described as *Ramah kamala patrakshah sarva satva manoharah Roopa dakshinya sampannah prasooto Jana kaatmajey*. Further in the same 35th *sarga*, the *samudrika lakshanas* of Sri Rama are given in slokas 17 to 21. The beauty of Sri Rama is extolled extremely well in *Sundara Kanda*.

Sita Soundaryam (Beauty of Sita):

Sita is *Tripura Sundari*, most beautiful in all the three worlds. After seeing Sita in Asoka Garden, Hanuman says in adoration :

*Tulya seela vayo vruttaam tulyabhi jana
lakshanaam
Raaghavor harati Vaideheem tam cheya
masitekshanaa.*

Rama and Sita are mutually compatible and can't be compared to anyone else in beauty.

Hanumat Soundaryam (Beauty of Hanuman):

You might have heard the good old Telugu song- *Anda mey Aanandam*. Hanuman is *Aananda Svarupa*. He is the hero of *Sundara Kanda*. It is not the external beauty that matters. One who causes *aananda*, is most beautiful. He caused delight to Sri Rama and Sita by bringing them together, and thereby to millions and millions of devotees throughout the world. For instance your child is missing. You are all worried, going around the town. Then a beggar in the street gives the pleasant news that the child is at so and so place and is safe. There will be no limit to your joy. The beggar looks like an angel. You love him and be prepared to give him anything. You will thank him profusely and even kiss him for the good news. Won't you?

In *Vishnu Sahasra Nama*, there is a name *Sundara*. Mother is *Sundari*. Hanuman is *Sundara* as called by Anjana. As all the three characters are beautiful, the book is *Sundara Kanda*. The book is a tale of three cities viz. Ayodhya, Kishkindha and Lanka. All the three cities are beautiful. As such the book is aptly named *Sundara Kanda*. Philosophically too in this book, *Bhagavat soundaryamu*, *Jeeva soundaryamu*, and *aachaarya soundaryamu* are enlightened to the delight of scholars and devotees. As such the title is very appropriate.

Dr C. NARAYAN REDDY - 'Ci Na Re' - A POET AND LYRICIST
 (An article published in memory of Dr. C. Narayan Reddy)

Dr. K.Rajamouly*

Growing exuberantly for its verdant objectives, the plant of poetry has been in blooms so far with its rich variety of poetic flowers: verses, free verses, folk songs, ghazals, especially film songs for the fragrance of wisdom and knowledge, enlightenment and entertainment in the orchard of Telugu literature. They remain fresh in mind as their essence is universal and substance is essential for enlightening the readers with worldly wisdom. The essence of poetry should not be a sort of fragrance or substance enjoyed for some time and forgotten later. It should be still prevalent to entertain the readers and the audiences ever. The literary flowers turn into ripe fruits for them to revel even after the demise of their composers. This is very applicable to the poets like Dr. C. Narayan Reddy, popularly known as 'Ci Na Re' in the Telugu literary firmament.

Narayan Reddy's poem 'begins in delight and ends in wisdom' as Robert Frost defines a poem. His poem is for the enlightenment of its readers in respect of love, life, death, nature, sculpture, culture, art, human relations, patriotism and others. His

lyrics, the film songs to the tune of 3000 and odd, contributed to the celluloid world for five decades, are both enlightening and entertaining. His poetic output is altogether a rich treasure-trove of wisdom to enlighten its readers in respect of the infinite realities related to the social milieu of his era.

The real essence of poetry is appealing to the heart and the senses when it is good poetry. It should therefore have poetic perfection to be appealing. To give life to poetry, poets should have insightful ability and missionary responsibility. They should maintain *nava rasas* to reflect aesthetic senses as Baddena says in his *Sumatishatakam*.

*Kavigaani vaani vraatayu
 Navarasabhaavamulu leni
 naataka kathhayun...*

Narayan Reddy as a poet excels the variety of aesthetics in his literary output. He touches all kinds of concepts to be a poet exemplary to the poets of his generation and those of the generations to come. He leaves no subject untouched to render his poetry rich and multidimensional and win accolades and rewards. His long philosophical poem, *Viswambhara* wins him the highest honour of the Indian nation, the Jnanpeepth Award. His rich literary contributions also win Padma

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Shri, Padma Bhushan and other national awards like an honorary degree, Kala Prapoorna by Andhra University and Raja-Lakshmi Award by Raja-Lakshmi Foundation in his lifetime.

Narayan Reddy's literary career starts with his debut, the lyrical ballad entitled *Navvani Puvvu* (1953). Later his next contribution to Telugu literature is *Ramappa*, translated into many Indian languages to his credit. He continues to contribute his magnum opus, the Jnana Peeth award winner, *Viswambhara* (also available in Hindi and English translations), *Ningikegisina Chetlu* and so on to Telugu poetry as a successful poet.

The philosophical poem, *Viswambhara* marks distinctive features for its central character is man in general, and its stage is the world with nature as its backdrop. Man plays the roles of Alexander, Jesus Christ, Asoka, Socrates, Buddha, Abraham Lincoln, Lenin, Carl Marx, Gandhi and so on. It deals with the diverse qualities of man. It portrays the journey of man from the early age to the modern age. It focuses on art, science, philosophy and social aspects. It starts with the origin of nature with a special reference to the earth and the blue sky filled with the stars in twinkles. He portrays the fact: Before I was born, there were a blue screen over my head and a dust layer under my feet.

*Nenu puttaka munde
Netthi meeda neeli thera
Kaallakinda dhooli pora...
Minugurulu kanureppalu mitakarinchayi*

The poet realistically portrays the beauties of the earth, the water and the sky employing far-fetched images of lilies, black bees, water, plants, sky, and so on. His poetic imagination reflects the fact: the mud smiles like lilies; the flower smiles like black-bees; the soil, the earth moves like the feet as in the lines.

*Burada Navvindi kamalaaluga
Puvvu navvindi bhramaraaluga
Pudami kadilindi charanaaluga...
Neetiki mokka molichi ninginandukundi
Ningi adugulu kadhili nelanandukundi*

The book concludes with the infinitude of life truth and philosophy in the universe that man is the guise of the heart and the earth (world), the mask of the man:

*Manusuku todugu manishi
Manishiki udupu jagathi
Idi Vishwambhara tatvam
Ananta jeevita satyam*

As a poet, C. Narayan Reddy grows so philosophical that man is the integral part of the soil that he shapes his poetic piece into a universal classic.

Unlike many poets, Narayan Reddy lives in Telugu film literature, entertaining the audiences today and in the years to me. He establishes as a lyrist in the Telugu film industry by giving his break with his lyrics for the film, *Gulebakaavalikatha* (1962). His amorous lyric, *Nannu dochukunduvate vannela dorasaani*, *Kannulalo daachukundu ninne naa swaami...* is still famous in its full echo in.

all musical consorts or orchestra programmes. Later he writes for *Kulagotralu* and *Bandhipotu*. He continues to write songs for many films in five decades and establishes as one of the best lyric writers.

As a poet and lyricist, Narayan Reddy portrays many themes to mark a rich variety. The theme of love, reflecting from his duets, is the nucleus of all the themes. He deals with familial and human relations. He expresses his deep love towards mother, motherly love in *20va Shatabdam* and enriches her unrivalled and unsurpassed status in colloquial language and lucid expressions. Is there any divine greater than mother being? Is there any living example greater than mother?

Ammanuminchi daiva munnada
Ammanuminchi sakshya unnada

As a poet, Narayan Reddy also deals with love for father, fatherly love with the same feeling, giving the equal status of mother to the relation of father in the film, *Dharmadhata*: Father's love (heart) is butter... sweeter than amrit.

O! Naanna, nee manase venna
amritham kannaa...

In *Bangaru Gazulu*, the poet delineates the relation of brothers and sisters, treating a brother as unseen God by his sister as part of familial relations:

Annayya sannidhi adenaaku pennidhi
Kanupinchani daivame aa kanula lona
unnadhi

As man and poet, Narayan Reddy loves his motherland, India in the heart of his heart. He visualizes India as a beautiful garden. He has special love for the region of Telugu speaking people. He identifies with the hero and addresses the Russian-born heroine who marries an Indian and enters as the daughter-in-law of the Telugus, extolling and adoring his motherland as in the film, *Vichitra Kutumbham*:

Russia lo putti Bharathavani lo metti
Teluguvaari kodativai...

The poet's nationalist love is evident in the naming of his daughters, Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswati and Krishnaveni after the names of rivers flowing in India. He has a special liking for the description of Indian rivers. He portrays the Krishna in the film *Krishnaveni*. He deals with his love for the rivers: the Godavari, the Krishna, and the Tungabhadra as reflected in his lyric of the film, *Vichitra Kutumbham*:

Jeeva kalaloluku Godavari tarangaala...
Krishnaveni tarangini jaali gundelai...
Tungabhadra nadheeloya maalikalandu.

The poet as a lover of dancing art feels that on seeing his beloved dancing superbly and gracefully in his presence, his mind overflows with infinite inklings and flows into a poem in the way, the cuckoo sings sweetly and pleasantly on seeing tender mango leaves as in the film he says:

Kanula mundu neevunte
Kavitha pongi paaradaa

*Tholichigurulu choodagaane
Kalakokila kooyada.*

As a poet, Narayan Reddy adores sculptures, giving life to them. He becomes one with them. He compares the dancing postures of a dancer with those in sculptures. He wishes her to dance like the Ajanta painting, the Ellora sculpture, the Ragini idol to shine at the front facet of the Ramappa shrine as described in Chellelikapuram:

*Ajantha chitra sundarivai
Ellora shilpa manjarivai
Raamappa gudi vaakita velacina
Raaginivai naaginivai*

The lyricist enjoys the glances and sounds of sculptures. He believes that these black stones conceal all eyes that see and these rocks hide many hearts that feel. He finds sculptures free from sins and thirsts. They are like sages in the forest. He presents his opinion about sculptures in the picture, Amara Shilpi Jakkanna:

*Eenallani raallalo ei kannulu daaageno
Ee bandala maatuna ei gundelu mrogeno.*

*Paapalaku thaapalaku bahudooramulo
nunnavi*

*Munulavole kaaradavula moolalandu
padi unnavi.*

Narayan Reddy deals with death. He personifies death. He addressess Death in his ghazals,

*Maranam nannu varinchi vaste
yemantaanu...*

As a poet, Prof. Narayan Reddy made Urdu ghazals bloom in the Telugu literary orchard for the Telugu people to enjoy their flavour.

Apart from poetry, Narayan Reddy also contributes his critical writings and essays to criticism as a multisided writer.

Dr. Narayan Reddy has love and concern for man and humanity and care and reverence for his nation. In an interview he said, 'I advocate progressive humanism in my poetry. I want the whole of humanity to live in harmony and peace free from all types of exploitation, violence, evils and terrorism.'

Born in 1931 at a remote village, Hanmajipet near Vemulawada in Rajanna Sircilla district, the erstwhile Karimnagar district in Telangana state, Narayan Reddy rises as a great poet and lyricist to remain immortal in the hearts of the readers and the scholars of literary circles by means his rich contributions. He also achieves the positions of the Vice Chancellor and the member of Rajya Sabha to crown his glory as a sign of his all round personality.

WALT WHITMAN'S SELECTED POEMS - A STUDY

Dr. A. VenkatYadav*

Whitman wrote poetry to show his intimacy with nature and to suggest connections between man and the natural world. During the first, superficial reading of Whitman's poetry, the reader would get the impression of reading the poet's observation of the external phenomena, the meadows, hills, the silent stars at night, panthers, alligators, bats, whales, delicate colored lavender lilacs, red morning-glories, nightingales, hermit thrush, a meadow lark - a curious catalogue. But a deep study into his poetry shows that nature for him is a temple, worthy of reverence and protection. His imagination of man and nature are complementary and go beyond the realm of physical to reach the spiritual.

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd is an elegy in free verse divided into sixteen sections. This poem was composed immediately after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Using natural symbols and images Whitman tries to come out of his pain of the loss of the beloved President and makes repeated attempts to understand the incident as an inevitable occurrence that one must accept about the universal cycle of life and death.

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The lamentation starts as he notices the drooping western star. Nature too seems to have participated in the emotion that the poet had been experiencing - "black mark" hiding the star.

*O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night-O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd-
O the black murk that hides the star!*

Later in the 3rd section of the poem he shifts his attention to the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green. The tall lilac bush, with its heart-shaped leaves, is an image that stands for the human heart. Its natural quality is to lament and also of its quality to renew itself, as the lilac bush is reborn each spring.

The lilac's deep fragrance moves the poet's memory of the continual cycles of nature and stirs both sorrow and happiness. This, he expresses in breaking off a sprig of lilac as a tribute to and memory of Lincoln. Section 4 introduces the images of the solitary bird, who is singing in bleeding throat. The poet clearly makes his point that not only is pain and suffering natural, it is also an essential element that unites human beings and nature, and it is what makes the poet to notice, in the ever changing seasons, a reason for the coming of death.

In the next sections of the poem, Whitman provides an elaborate philosophical view of life that combines man and nature with the images of lilac blooming in the dooryard, the reciprocal song of the poet and thrush, and the powerful image of the drooping western star. In the dramatic climax of the poem, the poet shows a path that unites his anguish and to find its expression in nature.

*Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
there in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.*

Whitman feels strongly that human grief must be understood as part of the recurrent cycle of nature, of the change and the return of the seasons and he relies on the simplest of devices.

In the second poem, there are many natural Images and Motifs in *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*. The most powerful of these are the ferry, the sun, the flood tide and the Manhattan building. By a close examination of these motifs and noticing their development, the reader gets the philosophical notion Whitman wants to establish in the poem.

The poem begins with an account of a traveler riding on the Brooklyn ferry from Manhattan to his home after a busy working day. By using many natural images Whitman in this poem achieves a very effective meaning, a spiritual experience that is common to every human being. He considers that there

is a possibility of a metaphysical bridge that covers the gap between the writer and the reader. Whitman starts the poem 'seeing' the 'flood tide' and the 'setting sun' vividly. He immediately realizes that his fellow passengers do not have the same feelings about the natural objects.

*On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are more to me, and more in my meditations, that you might suppose.*

In the next sections of the poem, the speaker shifts his narrative from first person to second person, and with this shift a very strange meaning emerges. The fellow passengers turn out to be all passengers who had been on the ferry for many generations, also all of them who had returned home for many generations, including the reader and the writer of the poem. This idea continues throughout the poem and he comes closer to the crowds and the reader and in an instant moves away:

*It avails not, time nor place-distance avails not,
I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever so many generations hence,
Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky, so I felt,
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd,
I was one of a crowd, closer yet I approach you.*

By continuously repeating the words 'ebb-tide' and the 'flood tide', he makes the poem come closer to the readers as in the motion of the sea tide that hits the shore and moves away. He carefully picks the words to achieve musical effect within each line that can be related to the movement of the tide.

Further, Whitman gives a clear description of the sights and sounds of the ferry ride, says that this experience will be shared by the passengers of future who ride the ferry. All the beings on the ferry, belonging to the past, present and future, also all the objects of nature are comprehensively joined to a greater purpose and all are united in the greater spirit, what Whitman calls it later as 'the soul'.

*We fathom you not - we love you - there is perfection in you also,
You furnish your parts toward eternity,
Great or small, you furnish your parts toward the soul.*

In the last section of the poem the reader becomes the part of 'the soul', which doesn't seem to have any ownership. Whitman brings together the natural objects, the fellow travelers and the present readers into a spiritual realm. Light and dark, reader and writer, past and future, life and death-all become a part of the cosmic scheme as the ferry approaches the shore.

The third poem *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, is a poem that took

inspirations from Whitman's walks on the Long Island beach. It begins with a note on a boy leaving his house at night and reaching the seashore. He starts listening to the song of a bird who lost his mate. The boy also listens to the sea and experiences a kind of awakening. This knowledge makes him realize that he had significant artistic journey ahead, "my own songs awaked from that hour." The mockingbird, together with the sea makes him come to an understanding of his poetic spirit.

The bird's 'despairing carols' that initially sound as the mourning for its mate later on turn out to be effecting the boy's sentiments. Together with the sound of the sea the bird's song deepens the boy's awareness of life and instantly make him a bard.

*O solitary me, listening.....
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was
before what there, in the night,
By the sea, under the yellow and sagging moon,
The dusky demon aroused--the fire, the sweet hell within,....
The unknown want, the destiny of me.*

In the later sections of the poem Whitman writes about the various elements of the universe that constitute for the adult frame of the poet. It is here that Whitman comes to terms with the dualities of the poem: life and death, love and loss, child and man, land and sea, sun and moon, day and night,

south and north, past and present. The final words of the poem bring out the fact that nature contributed immensely for the spirit of the poet to continue his journey in that profession.

Whitman is now a mature poet who now sees a specific sequence in his past. He feels that all the lessons he had experienced must be now transformed into poetry. The pain he had undergone with the death of the bird and the knowledge he gets by the sound of the sea are now unified into an effective articulation.

*With the thousand responsive songs, at random,
My own songs, awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song, and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,.....
The sea whispered me.*

The natural world has always been an important subject for Whitman. For him nature serves as a very important setting that

acts upon the artist. Nature in all of his poems is a living character through which human identity is constructed either through the characters' alignment with the natural world or their struggle against it. Whitman is most often described as a 'nature' poet, in the sense that he was writing as a naturalist, always writing the minute details of the physical environment around him, also he was a self-consciously literary artist who described 'the mind of man' which would work only when closely associated with nature. This fusion between objective description of the natural scene and subjective shaper of sensory experience is partly the result of Whitman's view of the mind as 'creator and receiver both'. Such an alliance of the inner life with the outer world is at the heart of Whitman's descriptions of nature. His ideas about memory, the importance of childhood experiences (as in *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*) and the power of the mind to bestow light on the objects it beholds, all depend on this ability to record experiences carefully at the moment of observation. Nothing in Whitman is simple or singular; he is a poet who almost resists the possibility of final or definitive interpretation and his view of nonhuman nature is likewise open-ended.

Everybody is a genius. But if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing that it is stupid.

–Albert Einstein

NADINE GORDIMER AS AN ANTI-APARTHEID NOVELIST

C. Vijayalakshmi*

The award to Nadine Gordimer, the Nobel Prize for literature in 1991 was an affirmation for the distinctive contribution to twentieth century fiction and to the creation of literature that challenges Apartheid. What exactly is apartheid? The word 'Apartheid' with its English equivalent 'apart-hood' is originally an African word meaning 'separateness' or 'segregation'. It was the term used to justify and legitimize the cruel system of racial oppression. Apartheid system in South Africa was a policy of racial discrimination which meant to maintain white domination over the blacks. The racial discrimination was institutionalized with the enactment of Apartheid laws. These racial laws touched every aspect of social life. They restricted rights of the blacks. Legislation prescribed how the blacks could live, travel, work, be educated, get married and mingle. Apartheid Policy referred as 'separate development'. Apartheid legislation classified the South Africans into four racial groups - White, Black, Coloured and Asian and prohibited the most social contacts between the races. There was territorial separation. Each race was allotted its own area. The blacks living in 'ghetto' or 'squatter camps' suffered from the diseases caused by

malnutrition and sanitary problems. They were not allowed to run business or professional practices in 'white areas'. They worked as agricultural or domestic workers on extremely low wages. Apartheid laws were implemented harshly with police brutality. The penalties for political protest even on non-violent protests were severe. Anyone can be detained without warning. Thus, Apartheid was a social evil which created peculiar racial, cultural, economic and social circumstances in South Africa.

Many writers expressed their protest against Apartheid through their writing. One such writer was Nadine Gordimer. She was a fervent opponent of Apartheid system. She had always raised strong voice against Apartheid. She was a South African writer and political activist. She was born on 20th November, 1923 at Springs near Johannesburg. She was the daughter of immigrants: her mother, Hannah Gordimer was born in England and her father, Isidore Gordimer was a Jew who emigrated from Lithuania at the age of thirteen. Gordimer was brought up at Springs and attended the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg for one year. Her first marriage was in 1949 and she was married again in 1954 to Reinhold Cassirer. Her early interest in racial and economic inequality in South

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Africa was shaped in part by her parents. To know her anti-apartheidism clearly, it is essential to know some of her novels' themes. Gordimer's first novel, *The Lying Days* (1953), an autobiographical portrait of a sheltered African woman who gains Political Consciousness through her affair with a social worker. The novel charts the growing political awareness of a young white woman, Helen Shaw, towards small town life and South African social division. It shows her growing dissatisfaction towards the narrow mindedness of a small town life. When Helen's mother disapproves of Helen's friendship with Mary, a black student at a university, she leaves her parents' home. Her adolescent feelings well up from her inmost self and propel her beyond the narrow life of her parents.

Her second novel, *A World of Strangers* (1958) shows the first fruitful but often frightening encounters between white and black people in the heady days of Sophiatown. It presents the dilemmas of well-meaning liberalism. In *A World of Strangers*, Gordimer, the keen reporter of the minutiae of daily life in 1950's South Africa juxtaposes the lavish excesses of white South African life with the chaotic lives of the South African blacks. It is through the eyes of her reluctant protagonist, Toby, a young English businessman, an outsider that Gordimer exposes the hypocrisy of both African societies. He knows little about apartheid and so at first sees no contradiction in developing a relationship with an elite upper class white woman and with a woman dedicated to fighting apartheid but as he makes friends with

one of the black South Africans, the truth of oppression begins to dawn on him. Toby Hood however, recognizes the injustices but accepts them nevertheless. He is conscious of the unreality of the society life but like a tourist he chooses not to involve himself deeply in the reality.

In 1971, Gordimer published her fifth novel, *A Guest of Honour*, a huge novel about the birth pangs of the new Africa. Gordimer bagged the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for *A Guest of Honour* in 1971. The novel is about James Bray, an English colonial administrator, who was expelled from a central African nation for siding with its black-nationalist leaders and is invited back ten years later to join in the country's independence celebrations. A magnificent literary feat, *A Guest of Honour* was highly recommended by Gordimer herself, "I'd like people to read rather... ignored novel of mine, called *A Guest of Honour*".... It's not set in South Africa, but in an imaginary African country. In terms of some of the post-colonial situation..... *A Guest of Honour* has been in a sense prophetic.

Her sixth novel, *The Conservationist* (1974) which won the Booker Prize for 1974 is a magnificent novel. Like Faulkner's, *The Sound and the Fury*, *The Conservationist* deals with the theme of sterility of white community and racial stratification. A kind of sequel to the first classic of South African literature - *The Story of an American Farm* (1883) by Olive Schreiner, the book depicts South Africa from both sides, the blacks and

the whites in a very realistic way. Written and set in the 1970's, Gordimer's novel is a subtle and sensitive protest against the apartheid social system, then prevalent in South Africa. It is the story of Mehring, the Afrikaner anti-hero, whose farm is as barren as his life. Gordimer observes South Africa's decay through interior monologues, reflections, fragments of conversations of Mehring with the distant son, lovers, acquaintances and the workers of his farm, revealing the emptiness and solitariness of his life. *The Conservationist* can be read as the story of failed domesticity which mirrors national failure of South Africa. Mehring is not a male chauvinist. He is tolerant but not a liberal, who likes to be seen as a country gentleman but sexually he is seen as a colonialist, picking up a coloured girl and taking her to a mine property.

Using Zulu creation myths, Gordimer presents South Africa differently and her powerful landscapes and descriptions and presented with great precision and an unerring eye for minutest detail. Using Mehring's character Gordimer gave us a portrait of a South Africa divided by the Apartheid where social status is linked with the colour of the skin and at the same time gave us an idea of the idiosyncrasy of all the characters mentioned in the story, the Boers, Indians and Blacks who interact and live together but are separated by the racial laws of South Africa. It remains without doubt, Gordimer's densest and most poetical novel as she herself says, "The Conservationist, it's my most lyrical novel".

Gordimer's next novel, *Burger's Daughter* (1979), depicts the story of a daughter who analyses her relationship to her father, a martyr of the anti-apartheid movement. The child of two communist and anti-apartheid revolutionaries, Rosa Burger finds herself drawn into political activism as well. *Burger's Daughter* deals with and tests the collective values of a communist family in the liberation movement against the virtue of individualism through the characters of Rosa Burger and Conrad. He sets in motion herself questioning and it is to him that her memories are addressed although he might already be dead. She comments: "One is never talking to oneself, always one is addressed to someone. Suddenly, without knowing the reason, at different stages in one's life one is addressing to this person or that all the time, even dreams are performed before an audience". Through her exploration of her own desires which lead her to France and England, she redefines her role in the struggle for a society free of exploitation. When she is imprisoned on her return to South Africa as a result of her own choice and not of a restriction imposed by her family. Her process of self-realization including her moments of ecstasy and despair is contained in this complex decision.

Written in the aftermath of the Soweto Uprising, the novel was shortly thereafter banned by the South African government. Gordimer described the novel as a "coded homage" to Bram Fischer, the lawyer who defended Nelson Mandela and other anti-apartheid activists.

Perhaps Gordimer's most powerful novel *July's People* (1981) projects into the future, the final collapse of white supremacy and what that might mean for white and black people on an intimate level. It offers an unforgettable look into the terrifying, tacit understandings and misunderstandings between blacks and whites in South Africa. It is a futuristic novel about a white family fleeing from war torn Johannesburg into a country where they seek refuge with their African servant in his village. July's people are Maureen and Bamford Smales - he is an architect, she a housewife with three children, a nice suburban house and the servant July. July had been working for them since the past fifteen years. He hides his master's family to protect them from catastrophe. Here, Gordimer portrays a future bloody South African revolution which happily never took place.

Thus, Gordimer's novels chronicalize all the tumultuous political developments in South Africa over the last forty years. She narrates the history of the South African experiences and her resistance to apartheid urging the immediate abolition of unjust institution. She is not afraid to tackle the problem which her more deliberately political counterparts have tended to eschew. Describing herself as a political radical and affiliating herself with no particular party, Gordimer emerges as the symbol of resistance against all kinds of oppression and of a global longing for freedom. Her novels establish her like her fellow Nobel laureates, Gunter Grass, Doris Lessing and J.M. Coetzee. We could do with some Nadine Gordimer in India as well as in many other countries too.

IN MY HIDDEN MAP

Supratik Sen*

Two soft roads break by the brook I still know,
As a child I'd wonder as to where they'd go;
Stories of the place, about the lines that went,
I could feel even now, their sound and
their scent.

Not a public place but I'd call it tavern,
I could hear it speak to me, although taciturn;

I'd imagine anything, pain was also fun,
Flirt with the moon, gold-dig with the sun.

The twin roads are full of flowers,
With precious jewels, rivulets;
Unheard birds and fruits,
Trees breezing leaves, hanging nests.

Every bit of the joint is vivid and clear,
It's hidden in the map of my mind;
I came running in my form to see it from near,
Outside of me, I could never ever find.

*Multilingual Poet-Writer-Editor, Kolkata

INCULCATION

Parminder Singh*

I can recall that it had happened
For the first time during a game
That I hurled a stone at a boy
Who had laughed at my family name.
My heart skipped a beat when I saw red,
'Oh! How profusely he has bled.'

I was about to be sorry for it before
My uncle told it was fine if I fled.
There was nothing to be afraid of,
Dad had taught when I was barely seven.

I drove a car on the roads
Of the city even before I was eleven.
Partying hard with friends was a mantra,
We euphemised 'fast' for rash.

It was hazy when I hit the divider
While returning from such a bash.
High on highway, with loud treble

Of 'The Beatles,' we were on a spree.
The sheets became shrouds for them.
I found out that they were three.

As always, dad was there in no time,
Said, 'son, none will be able to touch.'
He rushed me off, the chauffeur was called,
Seven-figures, after all, was too much.

Amidst all, my only true friend,
She would opine, think and say.

Wedding bells rang and her shine
Was clouded by my shades of gray.
Things changed for me on that night
When I tested her patience and did fight,
Hit her hard on head in a fit of rage
Though I knew I was wrong, she right.
Dad had again concocted a story,
Almost proved that I was out of town.

A drop from eye touched the ground
Before I shot in the middle of my frown.

* Poet, Chandigarh

Want of foresight, unwillingness to act when action would be simple and effective, lack of clear thinking, confusion of counsel until the emergency comes, until self-preservation strikes its jarring gong - these are the features which constitute the endless repetition of history.

– Winston Churchill

PANUGANTI - A GREAT PIONEERING CRUSADER- PLAYWRIGHT AND SATIRIST

T. Sivarama Krishna*

Panuganti Lakshmi Narasimha Raw was pre-eminent as a scholar-poet, playwright, satirist, administrator and orator among the glittering literary galaxy of Andhra Desa in the latter half of the 19th century. Panuganti was the first and foremost Telugu columnist (periodical essayist) of his day. Indeed, he was one of the five great literary lions of his namesakes of his day - Panuganti, Chilakamarthi, Mokkalpati, Kuchi and Munimanikyam.

Panuganti was born on February 11 in 1865, in Sitanagaram, near Rajahmundry, East Godavari District. He graduated in arts and letters. He was an erudite scholar in oriental and occidental lore and learning. He was a man of erudition and culture who combined a love for scholarship with a great talent for administration. Naturally, Panuganti, as a Diwan of Anegondi, Lakshmi Narsapuram and Urlam estates, with his administrative acumen, won the esteem, appreciation and affection of the respective Rajahs and the public. Later, he settled down in the court of Maharajah of Pithapuram, as a poet laureate taking an honourable seat along with great scholar poets like Devulapalli brothers, Kuchi Narasimham and great musicians like Sangameswara Sastry,

Nandigana Venkayya *et al.* Panuganti was a contemporary to the great erudite scholar - Zamindar of Polavaram, Rajah KRV Krishna Rao Bahadur.

Panuganti was very fond of writing humorous prose. He rightly opined that language would grow only with prose and that prose and humour would go hand in hand. He never liked adaptations and translations. He loved to write and speak in his own mother tongue.

Panuganti was a prolific writer and author and produced some forty plays, Prahasanas, short stories, and memorable *Sakshi* essays. But his famous plays are - *Sarangadhara*, *Narmada Purukutisiyam*, *Vrudha Vivaham*, *Radhakrishna*, *Kantbharanam*, *Saraswati*, *Prachanda Chanakyam*, *Vipra Naryana* etc. His *Kantabhranam* and *Prachanda Chanakyam* (a powerful historical play) were stage hits then and they won for him great name and fame. In his plays he employed *Sisam* and *Gita* meters which are simple but highly effective. His character sketches, dialogues and discussions are simply superb. His plays reflect his vast and wide knowledge of men, matters and memories. They are *Gnana Vignana Sahitam*. Thus he was rightly called Andhra Shakespeare.

* Lecturer in English (Retd.) Writer. Kakinada

Strictly speaking, critical, analytical and satirical essay was his wash pot and over playwriting he cast his shoe so to say. His *Sakshi* essays are reminiscent of Addison's essays of the spectator. And he was rightly called the Andhra Addison. He gave battle to cleanse the malaise of the social ills and evils of bad customs, traditions, blind superstitions, religious preaching and unethical practices etc. of contemporary society through natural, purposeful satiric humour, subtle suggestion and reformatory zeal. He rightly opined that reform should be a judicious mixture of liberal enterprise and enlightened conservatism. His range and scope of *Sakshi* was wide and varied.

In *Sakshi* essays we find that there are memorable characters such as - Janghala Sastry, Vanidas, Kala Acharyulu and Borrayya Setti *et al.* His style is full of alliterations. His descriptions are vivid and picturesque and explanations lucid. His style pleases the scholar and the layman alike. *Sakshi*, published in 6 volumes, was a new literary form in those days and it assumed great significance in terms of elegant style. It was so popular that every weekend at the

newspaper office, there was a great rush and scramble for the newspaper for his *Sakshi* feature.

Panuganti was a broadminded and large-hearted philosopher with catholic outlook and culture. Though he was a *Dwaitin* by faith, he admired and embraced Advaita - the most broadminded of all great religions of the world. Though he was a staunch Hindu he revelled in his *Buddha Bodh Sudha*. He was always for religious instruction, sacred and secular, in educational institutions, in order to prevent students from the danger of becoming agnostics. He was a staunch patriot and nationalist. He had that broad and large vision.

The Rajah of Pithapuram granted him a monthly pension.

Panuganti died on June 1 in 1940, full of years and honours.

His monumental work, *Sakshi*, is a witness to the spectacular spectrum of life and letters and it won for him high honour, great name and fame.

There will be no end to the troubles of states, or of humanity itself, till philosophers become kings in this world, or till those we now call kings and rulers really and truly become philosophers, and political power and philosophy thus come into the same hands.

—Plato

HUMANISM: A STUDY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S GORA

Prof. S.Latha¹

S.Ramesh²

Rabindranath Tagore was one of the greatest Indian writers and artists. His indubitable talents moved in different directions. He distinguished himself as a poet, lyricist, novelist, short story writer, painter, musician, educator and social thinker. One important thread that united all these diverse and challenging activities was his deep attachment to humanism. The term humanism carries a plurality of meanings that seeks to underline the centrality of human beings, their thoughts and actions, their freedom and sense of agency. However, this has spread through the world largely as a European concept that has been given universal validity. The important point about Tagore's humanism is that it focuses on the fact that humanism is not one thing but many, and that we need to pluralize this concept.

In the sixteenth century the word humanist was coined to signify one who taught or worked in the studies of humanitatis or humanities. His life shows how he longed to see nature, the rising of the sun, the chirping of the birds and the whistling of the wind through the trees. His intimate relationship with

nature has been manifested through his innumerable poems, songs and writings. In explaining the distinctiveness of human personality, he points out the distinction between man and other animals. Man has the capacity to transcend his necessities and exercises his vast excess of wealth in life, which gives him the freedom to be irresponsible to a great measure. Man has a fund of emotional energy which is not all occupied with his self preservation. This surplus seeks its outlet in the creation of art, for man's civilization is built upon this surplus. Humanism is visible in his awareness of life and the problems of the people around him and in his appraisal and criticism of that problem in the context of the wide humanity and mankind. His novels project the betrayal of human personality engineered by the power of stagnation and rapid orthodoxy.

Gora with its intrinsic humanism is undoubtedly a masterpiece, the greatest novel written by any Indian. In this novel he asserts the importance of man above society and narrow mind-set. Binoy, a member of an orthodox Brahmin family and Lolita, a member of the Brahmo Samaj, decide to marry in spite of the tremendous opposition from both families.

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Warangal

As their determination grows they forget that they were Hindu or bramo, and only remember that they were two human souls. Lolita expresses a similar feeling, condemning the tyranny of society upon Man. Binoy revolts against the diehard Hinduism of his friend Gora. Gora however, does not believe in Binoy's argument. Society for him is the mighty force which cannot be shattered simply and so he sneers at Binoy's words. Gora's words simply bounce back though they are very pungent. Binoy's alerted personality strikes Gora's battering words in total confidence. The very idea of man being separated from other man on the basis of religion, caste and sect upsets Paresh Babu. Regretting the loss of faith in humanism among his countrymen he remarks: "But what I actually see before me is the intolerable aversion of man for Man in our country, - and how this is dividing and sub-dividing our people"

Tagore portrays the effects of the impact of Western liberal ideas on the caste-ridden Hindu society. He shows how under this powerful influence, the Hindu society splits up, into two groups - of those who imitate the Western ideas slavishly and denounce their Indian heritage totally and those who as a reaction against this attitude stick to orthodox traditions blindly and tenaciously. Even while putting the cases of both the groups objectively and dispassionately, the author, being a man of keen foresight and progressive vision does not lose sight of the truth behind this confusion or the way out of this tangle.

The hostilities between the two groups are headed by Haran, a narrow-minded Brahmo, a typical representative of the anglicized Bengalis who find nothing good in their own culture, and Gora, a sturdy patriot whose love for his motherland makes him denounce everything alien and accept everything Indian. Gora develops a strong pollution-complex and becomes most punctilious about ritual, bathing regularly in the Ganges, performing ceremonial worship morning and evening and taking particular care of what he touches and eats. He stops even taking water in his mother's room, as she keeps a Christian maid and does not also permit his friend and fellow crusade Binoy, to eat in her room. Gora is of the firm opinion that foreign and native criticism of Hinduism can best be rebutted by holding firmly to our own customs and beliefs. In the beleaguered state of Hinduism, he considers it his mission to defend castes, rituals and superstitions to the point of being an unthinking fundamentalist.

Paresh Babu is the manifestation of the true union between beauty and goodness. It is the beauty of his heart that lends the greatest courage to swim up the stream of society, 'the samaj' and stand by the side of his daughter who is ultimately deserted by the whole family and the society. He is the silent expression of the goodness of the human soul who steadily holds to humanity throughout his life. Gora feels aloof from all men and remains in his den of belief and ideology. In the end he comes to realize his false decorum and confesses himself before Paresh Babu, with immense joy and surprise of a man who

moves out of darkness to light and open air. Lolita stands as the active, lively, rationalistic and independent character of Tagore's creation. An individualist, a lover of freedom and an upholder of truth is presented as much closer to the basic qualities of humanity. Though protest is her medium of expression, Life, to her, is a practical reality. Constraints like womanhood, tradition and religion cannot bind her spirit of individualism and free thinking.

Ananda Moyi, the truly blissful one becomes the centre of humanity. She tries her best in every way to make Gora's life in that family, where he was merely on sufferance, as comfortable as possible. She felt that the whole burden of love rested on her alone. It had always been her habit to adjust all her anxieties silently within herself.

But for Anandamoyi, love gave the strength to progress ahead. Binoy remains astonished when he realizes that Anandamoyi was far off from his usual expectations. Binoy is shocked to hear the advanced opinion of marriage from Anandamoyi, who feels that marriage is a matter of hearts and not of opinions. Gora stands as an inexplicable character with his acute judgment. Binoy narrates his unavoidable circumstances with reference to Lolita. The discussion becomes hot and fierce. Gora symbolizes his man, striving towards life's fulfillment and realization. Tagore in portraying Gora as an orthodox religious practitioner who did not forget that his character was not a mere character but that he lived basically a man, rather a humanist.

Gora, who seems to be so rigid and abstract in his philosophy, holds an important place for women in the process of civilization.

Sucharita's liberal education begins after her acquaintance with Gora and Binoy. She then revolts against the narrow dogmatic outlook and arrogant behavior of Haran who is regarded in the Brahmo circles as the would-be finance of Sucharita. She refuses to marry him. She is a source of comfort and solace to Anandamoyi when Gora is in the jail. To Lolita, she is a friend, philosopher and guide. She has the highest regard for Paresh Babu, her godfather, preceptor, friend and guide. Sucharita's entanglement with Gora has a stamp of divinity and special purpose for which destiny leads her in a mysterious way. Deep in her heart, she feels that her relationship with Gora is no ordinary relationship of the opposite sexes. In the beginning she finds Gora, orthodox, superstitious and arrogant. But she sympathizes when she hears him speak with great conviction, faith and courage about the motherland and its people. In course of time she understands him. Gora criticizes the Brahmo ideals for which she stands for. But "every successive onslaught against her ideals has made her feel fascinated all the more". She is so free from the narrow sectarian outlook that she encourages the marriage between Lolita and Binoy. Paresh Babu appreciates her. Sucharita unfolds to Gora a new aspect of reality. He derives intellectual pleasure while he discusses or argues with her. He too, like Sucharita, undergoes a mental conflict, but of a different kind. The conflict is between the normal human urge for love and

the loftier ideals of patriotism. But the two are reconciled when he discovers that Sucharita is "the manifestation of all that was sweet and pure, loving and virtuous in the homes of his motherland." He, who was a bigot till then, now understands people outside his community, like Sucharita and Paresh Babu. The union of Gora and Sucharita is the union of tradition and modernity. It stands for universal love which knows no barriers of caste, community, race and nation. Lolita, influenced by Gora's ideal of patriotism and spirit of nationalism could not tolerate the unjustified arrest of Gora by the magistrate, in whose house they are to enact a play. Therefore she decides not to take part in the play and also asks Binoy not to allow himself to be persuaded by anybody.

Lolita inherits her father's non-sectarian outlook, rational thinking and will-power, but she excels him in courage. Lolita has great regard for her father and does not spare anyone who tries to belittle him. She is also influenced by Binoy's non-sectarian and liberal outlook, patriotism and spirit of nationalism, and cannot tolerate the fanatic arrogance and dominating behavior of Panu Babu. She snubs him severely and keeps him at a distance. She does not consider religion an obstacle to marry Binoy. She finds that there is no need for Binoy's initiation into the Brahma Samaj. She tears off the initiation paper procured from Binoy by her mother.

Lolita does not believe in the traditional division of duties between men and women. She wants to serve the people by

teaching and starts a school, but the *Brahmo-Hindu* conflicts stand in her way. She wishes to take part in the national movement and involves herself in the upliftment of the country. In matters of marriage too, Anandamoyi's views are more liberal than others. She tells Binoy not to marry Sashi, the daughter of her step-son, Mohim, since she is a child. On the other hand, she encourages the inter caste marriage of Binoy and Lolita. Without caring for social customs and despite the opposition from Gora, she takes upon herself the responsibility of arranging the marriage of Binoy and Lolita. Born in an age of tradition and taboos, Anandamoyi is not a docile woman. She is such an independent person and staunch individualist that she does not follow any of her husband's religious fads. She does not think it inconsistent to lead a life different from that of her husband and at the same time serve him and her child.

Anandamoyi shows the same love, affection and concern for Binoy that she does for Gora. She understands like a mother all the subtle workings of Binoy's mind. She does not hesitate even to oppose Gora in her support for Binoy's marriage. Binoy too has great regard, love and devotion for Anandamoyi. He wishes to return to God all his learning and knowledge to take refuge in her lap, and become a child once again. He tells Sucharita that he is prepared to die young if only Anandamoyi, who knows his drawbacks and virtues, writes his biography. In short she is 'the image of all the mothers in the world' for Binoy. The fiery, dashing and rebellious Lolita, at her first meeting with

Annadamoyi is overwhelmed by the latter's compassion and affection. Her troubled mind finds peace and solace in Anandamoyi's company.

Anandamoyi's relationship with her son is not an ordinary one, commonly found between a mother and son. Her faith that Gora is a consecrated child born to fulfill something great gives her strength to break away from the traditions and oppose the whole society.

Her great confidence in Gora's mission in life makes her believe that he is not a coward to allow any man-made laws to stand in the way of what he feels to be right. Rationality in Anandamoyi saves her from becoming a blind mother who knows only to love the child, but never to criticize. Her love is critical and therefore she is not blind to Gora's drawbacks. She warns him about his religious fanaticism, and never accepts his dogmatic religious view. A comparison of Anandamoyi with Paresh Babu enables us to understand her better. Both have a secular and liberal outlook and sympathetic understanding of the people they come into contact with in life. They have clear thinking, unperturbed minds and are free from fanaticism. Both act as philosopher and guide to their respective wards. Both are humanists. The difference between Paresh Babu and Anandamoyi lies in the way they realize the unity of humanity. The former realizes it through his intellect and the latter by her heart. Anandamoyi's liberal attitude is the result of her adoption of Gora but Paresh Babu has no such emotional experience. Anandamoyi in contrast to Paresh Babu is 'intensely alive'.

Anandamoyi is unique and the noblest creation in the galaxy of Tagore's women characters. In her non-sectarian and liberal outlook, pervasive love and sympathetic understanding, Anandamoyi is 'nearer to Tagore's vision of life' and a unified symbol of humanity. No other character is endowed with the same culture, enlightened mind and advanced views on life and marriage.

Harimohini is a typical example of the narrow-minded, orthodox Hindu woman. From the portrayal of Harimohini one can get an idea of Tagore's wide range of experience and observation of the fanatical traits of orthodox women. In contrasting such a mean, crafty, wily woman against Anandamoyi, Tagore made an attempt to sketch the depth of humanity. Anandamoyi's role is a symbol of Humanism. She extends her peace and warmth to one and all without any discrimination. Anandamoyi stands as an unending source of confidence and support. In contrast to this, Harimohini's role is a symbol of inhumanism. She is known for her sneering, accusing and taunting characteristics. Further, she accuses him of not following his ancestors and observing religious rituals. With her narrow minded outlook she looks down upon the intimacy between Lolita and Binoy and regards it as a Christian kind of behavior and calls it "shameless intimacy". She does not even spare the much respected Anandamoyi from her taunts. She accuses her for taking Sucharita's help for the wedding preparations of Lolita and Binoy.

Besides, she finds fault with her for having "no scruples about her caste." Thus,

the shy and wicked Harimohini is in reality a "tigress in the guise of a lamb". Tagore in portraying her, as a contrasting character to Anandamoyi, indirectly stresses the importance of humanity while cautioning us against the inhumanness or the extremes of man through the personality of Harimohini. Barodasundari though falling into the group of narrow-minded sectarianism still holds a redeeming feature in her character. As a typical representative of the Brahmo society her behavior is arrogant as she tries to exhibit her superiority over the Hindus. Beyond all this

she holds on to some range of humanity in cooperating with her husband in bringing up the motherless children. Sucharita and her brother Satish, in such a way that the people around her do not know that they are foster children.

The novelist expresses the concept 'humanism' through every character in this work. And he gives more importance to the Indian traditions. His idea of humanism is not confined to India only but to the entire world.

SUNSET GLORY

Dr J. Bhagyalakshmi*

At the end of the day
Life becomes simple
No busy schedule, no breakneck speed,
No restlessness, no nagging feeling
That you should have done this or that
Or refrained from this, or followed that up.
Now, no shattered dreams, or heartbreak.
Just sit back and relax
Enjoying the setting sun
And the golden hue that spreads
Across the western sky
That reminds you of divine glory.

You feel the presence of the Almighty
Your own insignificance comes to the fore
Does it matter whether you failed or
succeeded?
After all, what is your grief, what is your
happiness,
Your name, fame, glory or nothing to report?
Everything peters out
As if nothing existed
So enjoy this most placid moment
And lift your eyes in gratitude
For whatever you are, and
whatever you had been.

* Poet, New Delhi

NO TEARS TO SHED

Rachakonda Narasimha Sarma*

This is the story of an Indian called Sati Leelavati. This is also the story of a virtuous woman no less pious than legends of mythological fame such as Sati Savitri, Sati Anasuya etc. Leelavati's husband Veera Venkata Ramana is now in the throes of death after having committed all the evils he should not have committed. Relatives and friends who gathered at the death bed were consoling her. The news of this dying person reached Yama, the King of Hell who sent his messengers to the earth to assess the situation at the death bed. One of them sent for that purpose returned at once like a ball bounced back from the wall and reported to Yama

"Alas! Alas! my Lord,! A sacrilege has been committed. A lot of folks are weeping bitterly but." and remained silent for a while. "What happened you fool! Is it possible that messengers from heaven have gone for this evil man by mistake? What is the matter Chitragupta? Have you carefully gone through the record of good and bad deeds of the dying man?" questioned Yama.

"My Lord, there is no way our counting could go wrong" Chitragupta replied and turned to the messenger shouting at him

* Physician, Poet and Translator, Visakhapatnam

"You, stupid! You stopped in the middle of what you were saying with a "but" and left me and Maharaja in suspense. Blurt it out even now".

"Excuse me, My Lord; the dying man is undoubtedly a sinner. But his wife who sat there silently is not shedding any tears at all" explained the messenger.

"Oh! That then is what it is. We are not justified in taking away lives unless the tears of his wife touch the ground" commented Yama.

"Yes, My Lord, that exactly what I wanted to say" the messenger said nodding his head.

"But then, is it possible that the sinner fellow suspected the character of his wife even as Sri Rama had done? What else could be the reason for her to remain without shedding tears," remarked Yama turning his head towards Chitragupta.

"No, there is no reason at all to suspect like that. Her husband is a vagabond and drunkard. On the other hand, she is spotless in her character. It has been her misfortune to endure the evil deeds of her husband helplessly," replied Chitragupta.

"Yes, it is true my Lord, instead of praising the dying person, people there go on applauding her" confirmed the messenger.

"What else could have happened? Is it possible that this wise guy lost her in a wager as Pandavas had lost their queen in gamble?" Yama expressed his doubt.

"No, no", said Chitragupta nodding his head in a strong dissent and continued, "The situation had changed long ago. The women folk now have to run the house hold and bear the entire family burden. In this case the husband's food and shelter is provided with her hard earned money. What is worse she was forced to pay for liquor. Mythological parallels do not apply to the present generation. It appears that some new changes unknown to us have taken place on the earth. We have to go there and examine the same."

"How can any such changes occur without our knowledge? Is it possible at all Chitragupta?" Yama questioned.

"The whole universe is always in a state of flux, My Lord. As you know well change is the law of nature. We have received some information that kings and kingdoms have reappeared on the earth in a new avatar" replied Chitragupta.

"Didn't you yourself tell me some time ago that feudal kings and kingdoms had been extinct long ago? I feel proud that my reign in Hell has been going on successfully so far. Well, I am glad to hear that monarchy has reappeared on the earth again" said Yama.

"Your gladness apart- let us find the solution to this knotty problem now. It seems necessity has arisen for your highness to visit the earth in person" said Chitragupta.

"Am I to go there now after so many aeons? Long, long ago when I had to bring the life of Sati Savitri's husband with my Yamapasha, it was a herculean task for me. Wonder, what may happen today. Alright, let's go", declared Yama proceeding towards the earth with Chitragupta while two other servants followed them.

"Who is it moving around the patient's bed?" spoke a woman in a loud voice. Perturbed at this remark, Yama questioned within himself

"Probably this woman has no knowledge of the affairs of Hell, that's why she is questioning me"

After a while he addressed her openly "Oh! Leelavati, virtuous woman, I have come down to the earth again only because of you. Your husband is a known sinner. Of course, you had the patience to endure his wrong deeds but it is impossible for me to excuse him. Don't come in my way. I am discharging my duty".

"Sir, is it you, the king of justice! How come you are standing there hiding in darkness? Please come in front of me. You are free to take his life" said Leelavati in a firm voice.

"Surprising indeed, that you are not obstructing me any way! How strange it is! I thought otherwise. I came here on the advice of Chitragupta. I thought you would beg me to grant the life of your husband. I was ready to grant any boon except that. Sati Leelavati, I really admire you and your strength of character."

On hearing these words of Yama, Sati Leelavati said somewhat angrily "You have proved yourself once more to be a foolish king. You seem to be entirely ignorant of conditions of women folk here. Women here are living in a hell far worse than yours. Better you finish your work without any further delay. Rest assured I won't obstruct you any way. I am eagerly waiting to obtain relief from this hell of sufferings."

"Please do not think otherwise my dear woman, I am mistaken. I was influenced by ancient ways of thinking. Excuse me! I can't understand how it is that you are not shedding any tears at the feet of your dying husband!" Yama enquired.

"Not just you, but many are there here in such a state of stopper. Your lordship is well versed in the code of justice, how come you are ignorant of changes in our way of life" Leelavati asked.

"Our sacred texts loudly declare that a virtuous wife should mourn at the death of her husband, however much of a sinner he may have been, isn't it so Chitragupta? You at least try to convince her".

Chitragupta remained silent. Then Sati Leelavati intervened.

"It seems then that your sacred texts have become obsolete. Be that as it may. I want to ask a question based on common sense only. I hope you would reply, your Excellency".

"You can ask anything without any hesitation, my dear. Although I am the Lord of Hell, I am not so cruel as not to understand your anger and agony"

"Very well, questioning is not usually encouraged here. It is forbidden in our culture. Please do not think otherwise. Just observe my neck" so saying Leelavati approached towards Yama and Chitragupta.

They both stared at her and at each other. She continued

"You have seen how my neck is bare. Does any wife ever remain without a marriage thread while the husband is alive? How can a wife be considered *Punyavati* (woman whose husband is alive) when there is no marriage thread? A woman like me has lost her sacred thread and has shed enough tears during the whole period of wedded life. Then how can she have any more tears to shed at the time her husband's death?"

Yama and Chitragupta were taken aback by the volley of questions that struck like arrows. Yama's heart was filled with sorrow and sympathy. Unable to suppress thoughts raging in his mind, he asked her excitedly.

"What happened my dear child that you talking so bitterly?"

"Not only talking but I am also cursing our rulers. Their unjust rule will come to an end one day and the suffering of women will be avenged thereby. They want to enhance the revenue of the government by any possible means in the name so-called development. And what is more they declare without any shame that selling liquor is the main source of their income. They don't care how many millions of people are getting addicted to alcohol and how many thousands of families are getting ruined because of it. Husbands are getting dead drunk selling even the marriage thread of their wives," she paused for a while and spoke again in a stern voice

"Our elders say that woman's tears augur ill for the society. What good can be achieved by women shedding tears without

an end till they are dried up while her agony is suppressed deep in her heart? Why then are you insisting on shedding tears?"

Yama could not give any reply nor Chitragupta any advice. However, Yama said to Chitragupta shaking with rage

"Come, let's go and smash the power and pride of these wicked rulers" Then throwing his mace on to the shoulder he declared loudly

"We should take immediate steps to relieve the misery of women folk like Leelavati. We should reward the good and punish the evil among the living rather than in the dead"

[Telugu short story original by S.G. Jignasa, (S. Govinda Rajulu) a social activist. He is a short story writer in Telugu]

TWO APPLES

A lovely little girl was holding two apples with both hands. Her mom came in and softly asked her little daughter with a smile: my sweetie, could you give your mom one of your two apples?

The girl looked up at her mom for some seconds, then she suddenly took a quick bite on one apple, and then quickly on the other. The mom felt the smile on her face freeze. She tried hard not to reveal her disappointment.

Then the little girl handed one of her bitten apples to her mom, and said: mommy, here you are. This is the sweeter one.

No matter who you are, how experienced you are, and how knowledgeable you think you are, always delay judgment. Give others the privilege to explain themselves. What you see may not be the reality. Never conclude for others.

Internet

AGE OF VEDAS

No one knows how old the Vedas are.

HMV had once published a pamphlet giving the history of gramophone record. Gramophone was invented by Thomas Alva Edison in the 19th century.

Edison, who had invented many other gadgets like electric light and the motion picture camera, had become a legend even in his own time.

When he invented the gramophone record, which could record human voice for posterity, he wanted to record the voice of an eminent scholar on his first piece.

For that he chose Prof. Max Muller of England, another great personality of the 19th century. He wrote to Max Muller saying, "I want to meet you and record your voice. When should I come?" Max Muller who had great respect for Edison asked him to come at a suitable time when most of the scholars of the Europe would be gathering in England. Accordingly Edison took a ship and went to England.

He was introduced to the audience. All cheered Edison's presence.

Later at the request of Edison Max Muller came on the stage and spoke in front of the instrument. Then Edison went back to

his laboratory and by afternoon came back with a disc. He played the gramophone disc from his instrument.

The audience was thrilled to hear the voice of Max Muller from the instrument. They were glad that voices of great persons like Max Muller could be stored for the benefit of future generations.

After several rounds of applause and congratulations to Thomas Alva Edison, Max Muller came to the stage and addressed the scholars and asked them, "You heard my original voice in the morning. Then you heard the same voice coming out from this instrument in the afternoon. Did you understand what I said in the morning or what you heard in the afternoon?" The audience fell silent because they could not understand the language in which Max Muller had spoken. It was 'Greek and Latin' to them as they say.

But had it been Greek or Latin, they would have definitely understood because they were from various parts of Europe.

It was in a language which the European scholars had never heard. Max Muller then explained what he had spoken. He said that the language he spoke was Sanskrit and it was the first shloka of Rig Veda, which says "Agni Meele Purohitam."

This was the first recorded public version on the gramophone plate!

Why did Max Muller choose this shloka? Addressing the audience he said, "Vedas are the oldest text of the human race. And Agni Meele Purohitam is the first verse of Rig Veda. In the most primordial time when the people of Europe were still jumping like Chimpanzees from tree to tree and branch to branch, when they did not know how to cover their bodies, but with fig leaves, did not know agriculture and lived by hunting and lived in caves; at that remote past, Indians had attained high civilization and they gave to the world universal philosophies in the form of the Vedas".

According to Max Muller, Vedas are the oldest texts of the human race. The antiquity of the Vedas is appreciated by Max Muller and HMV. ...

The HMV passage goes on to say that Max Muller asked Edison to play this passage once again.

This time when Agni Meele Purohitam was re-played, the entire audience stood up in silence as a mark of respect for the ancient Hindu sages; this time there were no claps, there was only a mark of respect.

[Swami Ranganathananda mentioned this while delivering the chairman's benedictory address at a seminar held on December 15 and 16, 2000, at the Ramakrishna Institute of Culture, Kolkatta, India. The theme of the seminar was 'Max Muller and His Contemporaries'. All these can be seen in the book 'Max Muller and His Contemporaries' by Swami Prabhavananda, The Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Kolkatta-700 029. India]

Courtesy: Internet

GENDER SENSITISATION

G. Surender Reddy*

Sex is Nature's creation
For companionship and procreation
Gender is man's own creation
Comprising socially constructed differences
Which in their turn have created dissensions

It needs to be realized by all
Both genders are equal before law and God
Abominable is any deed of discrimination

* Director, IEDC & Dean, Triple-I,
SNIST, Ghatkesar, Hyderabad

Understanding is the desirable prescription
Gender equity and equality' is a noble vision
Affirmative action is now a global mission
Respect rights and honor responsibilities of
genders
Endorse their interdependence and
independence

When both genders work in unison
Harmony and progress are the outcome
Abuse and harassment are a passé
Mutual respect is the order of the day

THE THOUSAND FACES OF NIGHT

N. Satish Kumar*

Gita Hariharan is the internationally acclaimed Indo-English writer, born in Coimbatore, grown up in Bombay, educated in the United States and settled in New Delhi as the freelance. Her first novel *The Thousand Faces of Night* (1992) which won the Commonwealth Writers Prize, deals with Devi who returns to Madras after obtaining a degree from the USA, falling a prey to the chaffing pressures imposed upon her by the old existing order. Her love for Dan, her boy friend in America was only a 'brief dream' because it is impossible to conceive a life with him. "The possibility of imposing a permanent thing such as marriage- however flexible in transient America- was somehow obscene".

On her return to Madras, Devi feels that she is held fast in the thick, sticky walls of 'secure womb' of her mother Sita. The mother's womb has been called the child's environment. Sita nurtures the dream of a happy conventional marriage for her daughter - the modern *swayamvara*. The bride has to be 'fair' 'beautiful' 'home-loving' and 'prepared to adjust' in marriage which is supposed to give her warmth and comfort in human relationships. This made Devi recollect the stories of her grandmother and her vocation

which had the same quality of warm reassurance. For Devi, a six-year-old girl, her home, a small dilapidated house in the agraharam and her grandmother's lap and her mythical stories prepared her mind for the 'dignity' and solemnity of a *swayamvara*. The nostalgia for childhood and the search for motherliness in the country side during vocation in the experience of 'rootlessness', part of reaching out towards nature, an experience of the need for living interconnectedness.

In the Indian value- based system, early childhood with the grandparents is of paramount importance. Through the story of oral tradition, the girl child learns about her inborn qualities like sympathy, kindness, sacrifice, patience and self-discipline. Each story told by the grandmother concerns an emotional and intellectual development of Devi. Her mythical stories are centered round marriage- the Nala-Damayanthi *swayamvara*, the 'self-choice' ceremony that will allow the bride to choose her husband, the story of Gandhari married to a blind rich prince with self-sacrifice, the story of the beautiful girl who married a snake who turned out to be a handsome young man in the bridal bed; the disappointed mind of Amba in marriage due to the kidnap of Bheeshma; the motherhood of Ganga and Shantanu. These stories deconstruct the representation of the

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ideal woman with delicate feminine sensibility. These stories of womanhood indelibly imprint themselves in Devi's mind, "I lived a secret life of my own. I became a woman warrior, a heroine...I rode a tiger and cut off evil, magical demon's heads".

The dignity and destiny of a woman is seen in marriage. Whether educated or uneducated, she has to suppress her dislikes and pretend not to disobey her parents. Devi marries Mahesh, 'a diligent and serious minded business executive', a regional manager in a multinational company that makes detergents and toothpastes. Mahesh is most of the time away on tours with no time to spend with his wife. "A marriage must grow gradually like a delicate but promising sapling", Devi, in her new home on Jacaranda Road surrounded with the lush Jacaranda trees in the garden, can barely suppress her increasing longing for companionship. She passively listens to Baba's stories which remind her of her grandmother's stories. Her stories were a 'prelude to her womanhood, an initiation into its subterranean possibilities'. But Baba's stories are functional, having for their centre point 'an exacting touchstone for a woman, a wife'.

Failure to find joy and happiness in marriage reduces the woman to loneliness and existential angst. Traditions colour and contour Indian womanhood and its power on the collective Indian psyche demands conformity to the feminine mystic syndrome. In the Indian social structure, the legacy of cultural codes depicts women as symbols of reverence, a 'devi'. But Devi is inferiorized and bludgeoned

to play male-scripted subordinate role. Devi has some expectations from her husband to support and understand her on emotional grounds but her expectations are not realized. She is happy that Mahesh is not impotent but she is inexpert to 'adjust' to the new environment. She is interested in learning Sanskrit from Baba and she desires to apply for the position of research assistant. As there is not much to do at home, she would like to overcome her boredom. But Mahesh questions her capacity and sees her only a homemaker, a mother. He wants Devi to have his baby, to have control over her body and emphasizes the role of a mother. All through the ages, women have sought the deep content that comes with motherhood.

In myths, motherhood is sacred and Devi affirms that motherhood will soothe the knotted, disconnected raga in her mind.

What is higher than the earth? A mother

What is higher than heaven? A father

Who is the friend given by the Gods?

It is the wife who is that friend and safe refuge, answered Yudhishtira.

A cradle by her bed will hold Devi to reality. But having a baby is not like buying or selling a product. When Devi undergoes clinical tests for fertility, she realizes her conscious possession of her body and its needs. She is the owner, the mistress of herself, she has to rise from the position of an object to that of the intelligent individual. Susan

Zimmermann in her dissertation on 'Sexual Reform' says " The idea of such a right to self-determination over the body, a body which was analytically, clearly seen as separated and apart from consciousness, has its roots, quite obviously, in the freedom of the individual from personal dependency and direct personal subjection. (quoted in Ecofeminism 11)

Devi is attracted towards Gopal who is her neighbour and his music vibrates independent thoughts in Devi. Devi thought

'My grandmother fed me fantasies; my father, a secretive love. My mother sought me out with hope....I have mimed the lessons they taught me, an obedient puppet whose strings they pulled and jerked with their love. I have made very few choices....I have stumbled on-stage alone, greedy for a story of my own.'

She makes her choice to go with Gopal thinking her life would be better than that with Mahesh. But soon she realizes that Gopal too is self-centred and makes the decision to return to her mother to start life anew not a defeated or dejected loner but a fugitive sure of her survival, determined to stay and fight, to make sense of it all, to start from the beginning.

Perfect symbiosis of man and nature is possible only through the feeling of love. The growing discontent, persistent insecurity and faithlessness are the natural consequences of the ravishing scenario of nature. Besides mental imbalance, Devi experiences loneliness that made her elope with Gopal but she felt an ignorant child imprisoned in a woman's body displaying her rebellious, independent spirit. The mind or the deepest thought of Indian women is generally influenced by violent powers that control unfairly her acceptance and admittance of defeat. Women, even in the changed context are yoked with the traditional image of ideal womanhood and they are unable to express their anger towards those who are responsible for injuring their 'pride and dignity'. Devi was blindfolded into marriage like Gandhari but defiant in protest like Amba. Within the social structure of the male oriented society, Devi could not define her identity, ie, as wife under an arranged marriage with Mahesh or even as a rebellious lover with Gopal. The restrictions of the society do not allow her to bring out her womanliness. So she decides to go back to her mother Sita, who was 'hesitant and childlike, inviting her into the house'.

The production of too many useful things results in too many useless people.

—Karl Marx

THE SHAMELESS HUNGER

Chandramahanti Madana Mohan Rao*

Continuous knocking
 At the backyard door
 Near the kitchen
 Of a tile roofed three roomed house
 With an open six feet front verandah
 Who is there? Coming coming
 Responded a sweet soothing voice
 She is not too tall but looking noble
 Of pure ripe turmeric paste colour
 With a glow of piety and peace
 Majesty and integrity.
 If anyone happens to see her
 He automatically lifts his hands
 And salutes her in utmost reverence
 "Open the door mother Seethamma,
 I am very very hungry," appealed the old man
 With deep lined face and wrinkles
 Embodying the age and its silent assaults
 "oho, uncle, you, you are at this time
 Knocking the back door"
 "yah yah, I am I am my child
 I could not help it, much i tried but"
 Taking breath slowly he continued
 "you can understand my position, my dear,
 Please give me some curd rice
 And a piece of mango pickle, sweet one,
 And save me from this ungrateful rascal hunger
 Who is not satisfied however much you feed
 him"

"yah you but uncle you are on diet it seems"
 "oho, these people are over doing things
 As if they can stop what is going to happen
 In the name of development and progress
 Blasted are the hills and mountains
 Destroyed are the densest age old forests
 Erased to the ground are the villages humming
 with life
 In the name of health and fashion
 Starved undernourished are the old, the young
 and the children
 They are not let to have their natural growth
 Overdoing may lead to any unforeseen
 calamity."
 "no, no uncle I am afraid
 Your people may blame
 As if I were spoiling your health"
 Fear don't fear , nothing will happen to me,
 my dear
 Fear is the first and last enemy
 Man suffers from birth till death
 It is a lame excuse
 Don't drive me out under its cover .
 The course of the inscrutable destiny, you
 know,
 Is not always a straight and smooth one.
 Many a time dotted with twists and turns
 unexpected
 Why , nobody knows so far
 Do you think my child
 It is a sin and crime
 To serve the sick, to feed the hungry

* Poet, Vijayanagaram

To help the needy, to protect the meek and the mild
 Then you don't help me
 But mother Seethamma remember
 You have never turned away in the past
 Anybody in need who has come to your door
 Either for food, clothing, shelter and even for money
 Your left hand never knows what your right hand has given
 Keep it up, give me food and save me
 From this merciless shameless scoundrel hunger."

Her heart melted at the sight of the helpless
 She served him curd rice only with ginger chutney
 He ate it to his fill, belched loud with satisfaction
 Saying god bless you my dear child mother
 Seethamma

He walked away with the confidence of living another term of life
 Radiating happiness in all directions.

WHEEL OF TIME

C L Khatri*

It's an old forgotten saying:
 'First farming, servile service,
 Mean business, begging forbidden.'

It's very hard to believe
 The son failed in Board exam,
 Father distributed sweets:
 'Thank God, my son will stay back with me
 Carry on parent's profession.'
 The land was their mother.

The wheel of time keeps moving.
 I saw farmers selling farmland

* Poet-Writer- Academic-Editor, Patna

To fetch public service for their sons.
 Salary is like a wife, charm lies in extra.
 You can't dream anything decent.
 Things take care of themselves.
 Eat and let others eat.

Every age discovers its own maxim of life.
 An honest man's bread can be
 Sweeter than a king's cake.
 A start-up can rule the state
 Better to be a giver than a seeker
 Peasants are poor but providers.

The clock's hand says tic... tic...
 It's midnight, time to take a flight to London.

A RAINBOW CLOUD

Tenneti Venkateswara Rao*

Just 9:00 a.m.
Rays hitting me at 60 degrees
It doesn't happen often
To see a rainbow colored patch
Of cloud...clouds in the eastern sky
That too on a sunny
Fair weather morning - is a rare phenomenon

Yet
I watched such things
As water colored cloud fringes
Fluffy petal-like vaporous clouds
In all colors -
Pale rose
Navy blue
A bit of brinjal violet
Are they cirrus?

Is it only me?
How lucky am I to discover
Such a pure joy!
Pity! Only I can see these
Semi-transparent colors
Many people miss them
Often we just
Drive through life in a hurry
Barely we got time to bend
See our reflection, ponder
These waving autumn Acer saccharin colors
in canal waters

* Physicist, Poet and Author, USA

Alas, we are utterly blind to
Such beautiful celestial scenes
We lack "the third eye vision"
We are stuck in muck,
Ever sinking deeper, welded to this earthly
gravity
To the daily grind

Is that why?
Siva is always peaceful
With half-closed eyes
Though the world goes
Through all sorts of upheavals, pain
Through wicked inane wars, ruthless
plundering
Yet, He is forever in deep meditation
Because the answer to violence
Is not more hurtful action
The Trident(s) must be put away

All the treachery, manmade, of course
Luckily it's countered by
Enormous beauty in nature
The eye-piercing dark blue skies
Of the northern latitudes
The Aurora colors, the breathtaking
Paintings of evening westward sky
The (sky) blue is nothing but Siva's neck -
It is trying to keep out the
Timeless poisonous flames of
Cosmic rays, bursts of ionic radiation
And the solar flares

Who can get this? Who can feel this?
 What I am describing here -
 Who can really?
 A Tagore can understand, he was blessed
 With the inner eye
 Perhaps a modern Krishna too
 Certainly, Sir Raman can even
 Derive a correct explanation, an exact
 equation

But here, now
 Explanation is not the point
 Just looking at such clouds
 Makes my day
 It is a gift from our sun,
 (Adi-Narayana)
 Yes - rain, moisture, cloud, water
 And light - it's all due to sun
 It keeps reminding me
 There are things in the world
 Beyond my imagination, my limited vocabulary
 It tells me to look high up
 Reach those skies, it's beckoning me:
 "Come, float in my lap
 Touch these cool wispy clouds
 And lose yourself in my gentle embrace"

If I ever find my
 Sweet loving angel, my Urvasi
 It will be there, in those
 Rainbow clouds
 There I will merge with her
 Then, in that instant, I too will be lost
 In those patches of icy clouds

One day I too will
 Reach those majestic heights
 And relax in my lover's arms
 There, at last I will be beyond
 All bonds, limitations of earthly existence
 Then, I too shall travel and see
 Beyond the bounds of time, space
 And even beyond colors, light, and dark
 Beyond everything
 Word, sound, and even silence
 Except maybe, just
 A bit of zero-point energy

There
 I shall lay my tools and talents
 At the feet of Siva
 With a bow I sublimate
 Into vacuum and beyond.

What an astonishing thing a book is. It's a flat object made from a tree with flexible parts on which are imprinted lots of funny dark squiggles. But one glance at it and you're inside the mind of another person, maybe somebody dead for thousands of years. Across the millennia, an author is speaking clearly and silently inside your head, directly to you. Writing is perhaps the greatest of human inventions, binding together people who never knew each other, citizens of distant epochs. Books break the shackles of time. A book is proof that humans are capable of working magic.

—Carl Sagan, Cosmos

ROLE OF TECHNOLOGY IN TEACHING ENGLISH

Dr T.Narayana¹
M. Balaji²

Language is a tool of communication. English is an effective tool which helps us to develop our knowledge and helps us to communicate our feelings, ideas and thoughts. The beauty of the English language lies in the methodology of learning and acquiring it. Present days, students need to improve their English Language and communication skills especially in Listening, Speaking, Reading, and Writing skills. Language proficiency for present day aspirants has become a necessity to meet the global competition.

Due to tremendous progress in information and communication technology, the scenario of contemporary teaching has entirely changed, and the teacher of 21st century should shed traditional concepts and adopt innovative techniques of classroom teaching and modern teaching techniques. Conventional ways of teaching alone cannot give the student much scope towards improvement of English language and communication skills. If the traditional, technological aspects and activities are clubbed, the results will be really effective.

Language is always changing, evolving and adapting to the needs of its users. If English had not changed since 1950, we would not have words to refer to modems, fax machines or cable T.V etc. The fact that English changes so much, shows that it is alive because Languages never stop changing. It is a fact like everything else in nature. The English language is a labret in progress.

Globalization has changed the status of English Language. Now, English is no longer a foreign language, it is considered as a world language. Global Revolution changed the entire scenario of English language in association with technology which further explores into Net, web, blog etc., The main objective of teaching English to students is to train students for the purpose of gaining practical ability; therefore, it has now become more important to teach students the English language with the help of technologies. Technology includes computer technology blogs, e-learning, overhead projectors, mobile furniture, language rich classroom, etc,

Teaching English depends on the potential excellence, skills and update knowledge of English teachers. The role of English teacher in present context has remarkably changed because of various

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factors such as social, cultural, economical and technological developments across the globe. The subject of teaching of English at this level is very wide and the difficulties the teacher faces are large. English language teachers must be innovative, imaginative, and resourceful. It is necessary that they should have a thorough knowledge of the subject and adopt new techniques to change socio, economical status of the country.

Computer assisted language learning (CALL) is dynamic and interactive and helps us improving our language skills. Language learning software was first created in 1960. Computer assisted language learning plays a vital role in teaching English at tertiary level. The computer has grown more powerful and multimedia has become more integrated, CALL. The major focus of CALL is on receptive skills. The internet is mainly used for reading and listening to audio and video files. Though the limited access of CALL, it reached its full potential.

Classroom outside the classroom Blogs:

Blog is derived from weblog. It is a diary or a regular opinion column posted on the internet. In blog, the writer posts diary entry which others can read and comment on it. Web blogging is for learners' autonomy. The blogs are used in two main ways in English language teaching. The first, learners can be encouraged to write and post their blogs. If learners are learning to write journals or engaged in other form of extensive writing in the classroom, the blog is the right place to

check their ability of writing. The second, the most common in the language learning, the teacher can write the main blog entries, which learners can then comment on. Even teacher can send assignments or projects to students on the taught topics, by which students can complete the work and send them back to teachers. It is very easy for the teacher to access the work through the blog and students can rectify their mistakes. So the blog can encourage teachers to control teaching outside the classroom.

Blogs with basic functions:

1. Classroom Management:

Class blogs can serve as a portal to foster a community of learners. As they are easy to create and update efficiently, they can be used to inform students of class requirements, post handouts, notices, and homework assignments, or act as a question and answer board.

2. Collaboration:

Blogs provide a space where teachers and students can work to further develop writing or other skills with the advantage of an instant audience. Teachers can offer instructional tips, and students can practise and benefit from peer review. They also make online mentoring possible. For example, a class of older students can help a class of younger students develop more confidence in their writing skills. Students can also participate in cooperative learning activities that require them to relay research findings, ideas, or suggestions.

Emerging Social networking:

Social networking websites were started in 2003, and it is the most popular way to network. In July 2006, for instance, social networking site My Space received more hits than Google (Geftter 2006). Other well-known social networking sites includes Face book, Friendsthr, Bebo and You tube. YouTube and Flicter provide opportunities to improve communication skills as well as language learning. For example, learners can be encouraged to make a video of their presentation and post it in the public domain on YouTube and learners can use sharing sites to find and exchange resources with other learners (Godwin-Jones 2005).

Wikis:

A wiki is a website that provides the platform for collaborative writing. It is used within a private domain as well as public domain for collaboration. Wikis is particularly used for language learning which records all drafts, emphasises and focuses on the writing process as well as written products. Anyone can change any page or create a new page.

I C T (Information and Communication Technology) in English teaching:

It has been used in almost all fields of life. Searching for information on the Internet, chatting and game playing (often in English) are obvious parts of the lives of many young people in the 21st century. The opportunities that digital media provide today's language teachers are enormous. Never before has it

been so simple to bring the world into the classroom and help students use authentic materials and participate in real communicative contexts. Many teachers, however, are still afraid of bringing computers and the Internet into the classroom.

Mobile Phone Assisted language learning:

Mobile phones are considered as miniature computers because of their additional facilities like texting, gaming, email and recording. Mobile Phone Assisted language learning covers PDAs, iPods and wireless computing. MPALL applications consists of mini lessons of grammar points, closed ended quizzes or games testing discrete language points available through SMS, the web or downloads, the vocabulary lessons, short definitions of words with examples of use, recording lectures for better understanding, dictionary, and a communicative language learning games using actions.

Digital age language learning:

The powerful information and communication technologies available have opened up new social and educational opportunities, creating new needs and requiring the development new skills. 'The development of literacy and communication skills in new online media is critical for success in almost all walks of life.' (Shetzer and Warschauer 1999:171) Digital age language learning, this new concept focuses on the need of adopting new technologies to incorporate digital literacy skills to language curricula.

The intension of a learner in the classroom is changing day by day. Credible results can be obtained if the technology and activity way of learning are clubbed because it provides a space in which the facilitation of learning can take place. It primes students motivation and learning interest. Specially coming to language learning, the theoretical approach is discouraging and that of getting them involved in the language learning as an 'Experience Curriculum' has to be employed so that a perfect learning process occurs. It should be like where the students really

understand or make sense of what they have studied. They should also feel engaged in or 'hooked by' by the ways they have learned. The latter can greatly enhance the former. If this happens, the learning process will be cent percent effective.

In conclusion, It is believed that this process can fully improve learners' ideation and practical language skills which is helpful and useful to ensure and fulfil an effective result of teaching and learning.

IF YOU FORGET ME...!

Swathy Prasad*

In the long pathway of time-travel,
In the hurricanes of rain and snow,
In the dusty afternoons of sunny loo,
In the horrific cries of cold winter nights,
"Didn't you notice my shadow?" dear friend!!

My soul was longing for you,
My heartbeats chasing you...
Even in my silence I pronounced you,
Even the life of heavenly bliss would be futile...
Without you...!

Will the buds give fragrance if taken from
the plant?
Will there be flame once kept in the rain?
Will my heart go on once taken away from
you?

Just like the pearl resting in the eternity of
ocean,
You will reside in my heart till the ultimate
salvation!

If you forget me... my friend,
I would submerge in the depth of
unworthiness...!

* Poet-Writer-Academic, Kochi

Golden Article reprinted from *Triveni*, July-September 1928

SANSKRIT CULTURE: ITS VALUE

K. Krishna Somayazi*

We hear so often the word culture. And it is worthwhile to investigate and find out the truth about it before we proceed to its application. Culture is not simply knowledge. For then, there should be as much culture and true civilisation in a country as there are B.A's, M.A's and Chartered Accountants. And this is not the case. Again, culture is not simply good-nature or even good conduct; for then, there should be as much culture and the consequent health, harmony and peace in a society as there are non-convicts and non-criminals, as we can only proceed on the assumption that whosoever is not bad is good. But this too does not satisfy our notions of culture. What then is culture, claimed as a supreme test of fitness alike by the Englishman and the Indian, the man with a worldwide empire at his back, and the man that is no better than a slave on his own soil?

As far as we can see, culture is not the result of power or politics. On the other hand, the politics of a people may be said to be the fruit of their culture. For politics, internal, aims at the regulating and perfecting of society through the individuals that compose it, while politics, external, as when carried out of its legitimate, geographical limits, aims at

appropriating to itself whatever useful accrues out of the conduct of individuals and groups of individuals on whom it is brought to bear. And here the aims that politics sets itself, the methods and means it employs for the attainment of those aims, must be the logical and inevitable outcome of its own life and manners at home, the standards and rules of conduct it inherits, in short, its cultural outfit. So then, by culture we may understand the highest and the best form of life a society has evolved for itself, the laws and regulations it has invented for perfecting its conduct, the philosophy it has brought, may be from the clouds, but reduced and turned to its work-a-day living practice. And when we remember that knowledge and virtue are the two highest principles of human conduct in the world, the conclusion is very easily reached that the measure of a people's culture must be the measure of the Truth and the Virtue that enter into its life, the degree of Beauty it has attained, on the strength of these two factors.

So then, culture is the proper commingling in conduct of the two great principles Truth and Virtue, or in their resultant, the Beautiful in conduct and life. Here the sweetness of Virtue lends itself to Truth and

Truth sheds its light around Virtue, and both together make man look like an angel, much like a God. Well, this conception of culture is nothing peculiar to one clime or country, nor is it the exclusive possession of a single people on the earth. Only it varies with various peoples and is superior or inferior according as their aims and aspirations have been high or low, according as they have striven, well or ill, to suit their means to their ends. And viewed from this standpoint, the Sanskrit culture, as I should like to call our own, is second to none in the world. Nay, judged by common standards, It must be given the first and foremost place of all. We shall presently see how.

I call our culture 'Sanskrit' culture, because there is no other thing we have that embodies and explains it so well as our language, Sanskrit. This is the case with any language. It tells us all about its people, at least far more than any other, say science or art. Science is the pursuit of a few at a time, and while it represents the heights scaled by a Nation's mind, does not reveal to us much of the general level of the manners of its people. Similarly, Art is a symbol less common and less easy to comprehend for the mass than literature, and therefore less cultivated and less representative. The bulk of the life of a people, the richest and minutest possible detail about it, is furnished by their literature and language; and the proper study, in order to survey a people's life, ought to be of its language and literature more than anything else. We think in words and speak our thoughts, and literature is the store-house of a people's thoughts and

words, no less than a preserver and expounder of their deeds. Language tells us as much about the deeds done as of deeds undone that would have been done, and thus is the most faithful and reliable source from which to trace the culture and civilization of a people. And the dictum 'Literature is Life,' is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of Sanskrit, in our own country. Here is a great language which gloriously fulfilled the mission and function of ministering to the harmonious development of Ancient India in the different fields of National activity, so far as that development could be accomplished by means of intellectual instruments, literary and cultural aids. What English literature is to the growth of the English people, that was Sanskrit literature in relation to the growth of the people of India. In ancient times, however, Sanskrit was the sole medium of communication of the cultured classes and the only vehicle of higher learning and culture in the country, and thus was enjoying for ages an unchallenged monopoly in supplying the nation with all the mental and intellectual aids that were necessary for its development in the two broadly distinguished spheres of material and spiritual progress.

We must dismiss the cheap assumption widely made that Sanskrit literature is principally religious and philosophical in its character. It is of course true that the religious and philosophical branches of Sanskrit literature are the richest in the world, but this extraordinary growth in one direction should not blind us to its growth in other directions.

There is quite a rich crop of Literature hearing upon the exact and abstract sciences like arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, geometry, and the concrete sciences like astronomy, medicine, anatomy, physics and chemistry. Some of the renowned books on metaphysics contain much of physics. Similarly much literature has grown round each of the 64 arts to which such constant and unmistakable reference is made in all our books. For instance, dancing as an art is treated by Kohala in several chapters in his work on *Natyasastra* which explains the various movements connected with the art. Kohala mentions, besides, not one but several schools of dramatic art that preceded him, each school having developed its own Literature, its own *Sutras*, *Bhashyas*, *Vartikas*, *Niruktas*, *Sangrahas*, (compendiums) and *Karikas*.

It is superfluous to name the various works on Poetry, Drama and Philosophy, but from the account just given it is sufficient to have an idea of the extraordinary range of subjects dealt with in Sanskrit Literature in spite of the fact that much of that Literature has been lost, lost beyond the hope of recovery, owing to the political convulsions through which the nation has once and again passed.

Even quite recently some of the countries outside India, strange to say, have yielded their buried treasures of Sanskrit Literature, namely, the deserts of Gobi, and Taklamkan. Even China, Japan, Korea, Tibet and Mongolia are giving fresh proofs of the

extraordinary volume of this Literature.

All this vastness and variety must be said to be ultimately due to the extraordinary longevity of the Literature. Even if we date its beginning with European scholars, from 1500, B.C. which is now an exploded theory, it still presents a length of life which is hardly equaled by any other Literature in the world.

I am probably tiring the reader's patience by such longwinded encomiums of Sanskrit Language and Literature, but I do so because I think it is quite necessary for us to estimate the volume and worth of Sanskrit Literature before we can properly judge its value and utility to us in our own times. Fallen as we are politically, whatever is best in our life and Literature has been thrust into the background, first by our rulers and then by ourselves, and you should not be surprised to learn, if I tell you from my own experience, that there is amongst our own people less knowledge of, and more prejudice against Sanskrit than you could possibly imagine. That our fallen condition is due to our politics, no one can deny. That the culture of our political masters is opposed to our own culture, to the Sanskrit culture, no one can deny. That they sought and successfully sought to kill this culture, in order to impose upon us their own, this no one can deny.

Pray, look here, Lord Macaulay, that evil genius of Modern Indian Education, speaks for himself. In writing to his father in the year 1836, he says, "the effect of this Education, that is, English Education on

Hindus, is prodigious. No Hindu who has received an English Education ever remains sincerely attached to his own religion. Some continue to profess it as a matter of policy, but many profess themselves as Deists and some embrace Christianity. It is my firm belief- and no man ever believed himself more than Macaulay did - that if our plans of Education are followed, there will not be a single idolater, among the respectable classes in Bengal 30 years hence." This is the 'holy spirit' of English education and culture in India. According to this arch-contriver, English and English culture were calculated to make in the first place renegades of us all, fallen from our faith, and in the second to leave us doubters, if not possible converts to another faith. There is not a worse tragedy in the world's history. Macaulay combined politics with mental and moral sciences and discovered the secret of death, not of individuals merely, but of whole peoples. He was an author and an artist of the first rank and choosing the Indian mind for his subject, breathes such venom into it that you witness to-day the greatest tragedy ever enacted on a Nation's own stage-its mind overthrown. A greater prophet than Macaulay has not been born; a more effective life-killing process, on a war-scale, than this, has not been invented; and a more grievous crime against a Nation's civilisation and culture has not elsewhere been committed. The whole story stinks in the nostrils, and the less said about it the better. One thing stands out from the rest, namely that the mind of India is over-thrown. Go to the Schools and Colleges; go to the Offices and Councils; go to the farmers and the fields; go to the meetings and market-

places. Truth has given place to lies, Virtue to Vice; Faith has given place to Reason, and Duties to Rights; Order to Disorder, Seriousness to Levity; Friendship to Faction, Honesty to unqualified Hoax. It is nothing but the dance of death that we see about us, and this is our new Kultur. There is only one remedy to this deadly malady, and that is to recover the mind that we have lost, that is Sanskrit. The Sanskrit culture is the culture for us, if we should continue to live as Indians. It has stood the test of ages, for it is founded, as I have already hinted, on the two great principles of life, Truth and Virtue. Its Truth is the truth of Nature and its Virtue or goodness is the goodness of the human soul. If only we can visualise to ourselves the Sanskrit society, in all its pristine purity and glory, we cannot help being impressed with the everlasting foundations on which it was built, the orderly and harmonious adjustment of its parts, the glory of its domes and turrets, the light of its interior, and the music that fills its whole space. Sanskrit culture holds in its bosom not only what was best in the past but what is best for the future. Let me illustrate my meaning by a few concrete examples.

Sanskrit culture stands by Faith, not Reason. That is, it subordinates Reason to Faith, as Reason's Reason. The modern culture, or the Western culture, taking Reason as its sole guide, finds itself on the high seas of materialism and is lost in its own bewilderment and confusion. Reason is the extension of the human mind, whereas Faith is like a silken ladder let down from Heaven, and to let go our hold on Faith is to cast ourselves to the

four winds, with no rest for the foot, no shelter for the scorched head. In Sanskrit culture there is a permanent source of Faith going deeper as your Reason goes deep, and such Faith is a sheet-anchor in life's storm.

Again Sanskrit culture stands for duties, not for rights, which is simply tearing the modern world to pieces, and hunting limb against limb and part against part. The gospel of duty is evidently superior to the gospel of right, but the new world with its reason-fed egoism would stand on its full rights before everything else. We can imagine a whole world in which anyone goes on doing his duty with the maximum of profits to all, but we cannot think of two people fighting over their rights. For, rights for their own sake do not imply duties. A right on your part can only be a duty on your neighbour's part; so, that culture that upholds duty as against right as an inferior function must make for the good of the world. The Sanskrit word *Dharma*, which perhaps occurs in Sanskrit Literature more often than any other word, is proof positive of this theory and the world, tired very soon of its Culture of Right, must come to the Culture of Duty that Sanskrit is.

Thirdly, Sanskrit culture expands, in its own life, the first law of learning, namely order and harmony as the vital forces of social organisation and activity. A society in which any individual makes an experiment of his life, with nothing of past experience to begin with or lean upon, is going to waste, compared with a society in which the individual in ordinary circumstances finds his place and

work ready for him with the least fear of erring in his choice or being overwhelmed by self-started competition. Sanskrit culture stands for an organised and well-ordered life, and the individual has everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Sanskrit culture stands for the economy of the past in the making of the present, finding heredity to be a mighty and incontrovertible fact of life. Other cultures which have just come to recognise this factor in individual life have not had the courage yet to tackle it to social ends, and our culture has it as an accomplished fact.

Sanskrit culture stands for the principle of association and grouping together of individuals with similar tastes and avocations as the most natural and effective principle of social organisation, and if the new world has not adopted it, it is simply because it has not understood the scope and purpose of such organisation. So we see in these and similar other institutions, which are the embodiments of Sanskrit culture, the highest principles of conduct yet known to man turned to social and individual ends, and here is the superiority of Sanskrit culture to any other. If by civilisation you mean the adaptation of means to ends with the minimum of waste and maximum of profit in the moral as in the material world, here it is for all of us to share. So then, the 'singular importance as I understand it, that attaches itself to Sanskrit and Sanskrit culture is in its power of curing the feud of civilisation through which the world is passing. 'Civilisation and its cure,' the cry

has no doubt started, but the cure is not yet found. It is here locked up in this treasure-chest and it is for us Sons of India and Sanskrit, first to cure ourselves through this new power and then to try it upon the chronic ills of the world. We in this country must confess we are in a whirl of life. The old order is changing giving place to new, probably much faster than we think it is, and viewing the phenomenon calmly and dispassionately, we must own we are changing for the worse. Cry hoarse as we do about our aims and aspirations in any department of life, we are caught in the slough of despond, and cut off from the past on one side and with the future thronged and blocked in its path by a mad-rushing humanity on the other, we are without a way out. At this juncture the only safety lies in pulling up in mind and body, and coming to our own. We must realise that we were good and great, and this confidence and faith in our schemes can come only through a study of our past. Without the pride of the past, burning in the Soul, patriotism is a lifeless thing, and

all patriotic sacrifice is make-believe. Sacrifice is born of love, and love of knowledge. To know your great past is surely to love it, and to love the past is not only to discard and trample down the present, but to aspire and to soar into the future. Sanskrit Culture which contains in itself all the elements of national life, undoubtedly better conceived and better combined than elsewhere, will once more furnish us with the ways and means of organising ourselves for the present successfully against the contending forces, and will also give us now, as it did so splendidly in the past, the right view-point as to our march into the future. The choice is between English and English culture on the one hand, and Sanskrit and Sanskrit culture on the other. On the one side are ranged Reason, Right, Social chaos, and thirst for power and self. On the other are ranged, Duty, Faith, Order, and Search of Truth and Beauty as the ambition of life. Which is to lead and which to follow? The choice is obvious.

If it was asked what is the greatest treasure which India possesses and what is her finest heritage, I would answer unhesitatingly 'it is the Sanskrit language and literature, and all that it contains. This is a magnificent inheritance, and so long as this endures and influences the life of our people, the basic genius of India will continue'.

—Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru

BOOK REVIEW

***Missing Woods* by Dr. J. Bhagyalakshmi, Published by Yash Publications, 1/10753, Street No. 3, Subhash Park, Naveen Shahdara, New Delhi, Pages 79, Price Rs.450/-.**

Poets are a class by themselves. They react to what they see, hear and imagine with super sensitiveness. They see visions and hear voices. They fathom the depths of the inner life of man and journey across human worlds on 'viewless wings of poesy'. They moralize and philosophize, chide and applaud by turns. They feel the pulse of man and nature, gloat and grieve at life, now appreciating and now cautioning, now being earthly, now ethereal, extending a helping hand to pull people out of despondency.

Missing Woods, Dr. Bhagyalakshmi's book of poems, makes the reader to through the poems seeking to find why the woods are missing. The reader finds that nothing is missing. The woods dark and bright, are there thick with trees aplenty, the living examples of life experiences and thought experiences, described and defined in plain and simple words in a friendly chat.

To touch upon one of her mind pictures. The poet is clear about the creation and the parts the creator and the created play. The poet says that leading a life is like riding

a tiger. We have to be cautious as the tiger is a tiger. As for herself she lives and let others live without trampling on their toes. Yet she is disillusioned. The life she witnesses is not real. It is just a shadow. She wonders why the journey of life began, where it would end and asks what for was the life begun.

The poet philosophises. In the words of the poet our entry and exit in life in this world are not in our hands. It is the Director's prerogative. We are only the Director's actors and should remember that we are not the Director. The stage front is not important, The behind is - the Omnipotent. He writes the script with a firm hand.

What then? We should live life to the full, to the brim not with a grim face and a knitted brow. When we are in midstream we have to drift along as we can do nothing else. We have to face life because it is Hobson's choice for us. Only the Almighty knows what is right and wrong. Get detached, she says, and everything runs after you. Play the game she says, the pleasure is in playing not so much in scoring.

The poet offers palliatives for the problems and burdens of life. "A little introspection, a bit of analysis and a brief dialogue with self" makes over journey of life comfortable.

As one goes through her woods, they reveal more and more truths of life. It is for the reader to explore the woods for the wealth of thought they present. The poet's woods are filled with beautiful little thoughts, pearly white, shining forth with insight and wisdom, plain and friendly. The poet's verses come very near to the harmony of prose.

Missing Woods is a book of thought-provoking verses, a delight to read and reflect.

**D. Ranga Rao
Editor, Triveni**

Sampaadaka Silpi Padmasri Dr. A.S. Raman by Dr. Avadhanam Nagaraja Rao, published by Print India Process, Industrial Town, Rajaji Nagar, Bengaluru, Karnataka, 2013. Pages 170. Price Rs.120/-

This book in Telugu by Dr. A. Nararaja Rao gives details about A.S. Raman, the famous journalist about whom very little is known to the present day general public. The author has taken pains to present authentic information about Raman's life and achievements. Going by the name A. S. Raman one may mistake him to be a Tamilian but Raman was a Telugu, Avadhanam Sriramachandrudu, The young Sriramachandrudu changed his name as A.S. Raman after C.V. Raman, the Nobel Prize winner scientist for whom the Telugu Raman had great respect and admiration.

A.S. Raman was born in Kadapa, A.P. in 1919. An honours graduate in Economics from the Andhra University, he was selected for ICS (Indian Civil Services) but chose journalism as his profession. As a young man he was fair and handsome and looked like a European. He was a fluent speaker in Telugu, Tamil, Hindi, English and was proficient in French.

He was the first Indian Editor of the Illustrated Weekly of India and raised the journal's status to the national level making it a standard, popular literary and cultural journal which enjoyed great reputation. He wrote enlightening articles in elegant and charming English which won the respect and appreciation of Jawaharlal Nehru, C. Rajagopalachari, Radhakrishnan and others who were themselves noted for their fluent and beautiful English. The editorials and writings of Raman have the exquisite qualities of a perfectly chiseled sculpture. Raman was a fearless writer who cared for ethics in journalism. He was a poet, dramatist and a noted art critic. He was honoured with Padmasri late in his life. He passed away in 2001.

Dr. Nagaraja Rao, the author, includes in the book some of Raman's literary pieces in English and Telugu as well as extracts from the famous "Chiaroscuro" column of Raman from the Weekly. The interviews with Jawaharlal Nehru, the Paramacharya Sri Shankaracharya, Sri Satya Sai Baba as well as an account of the great Telugu artist and painter, P.S. Ramarao unknown in India but

famous abroad. These writings stand as Raman's brilliant expositions in chaste English. Photographs of Raman's family with the VIPs with whom Raman interacted and also his horoscope included in the book bring the reputed editor nearer and close to us.

Dr. Nagaraja Rao has done great service to the memory of A.S. Raman who stands on par with luminaries of journalism like Khasa Subba Rao, M. Chalapathi Raw, Kotamraju Rama Rao, Eswara Dutt of his times by bringing out this book.

The book deserves a place in every library as it helps as reference material to enthusiasts of journalism.

D. Ranga Rao
Editor, Triveni

A Compendium of Nalayira Divya Prabandham and Its Commentaries - Author: Dr. M Varadharajan, Sri Ananth Publications, Bhakthamrutham, 18/33 Madhavaperumal Koil Street, Mylapaore, Chennai -600004, Priced Rs.300.00, phone No.044-24660990, 9841884972

Bhagawath Ramanuja (1017-1137 AD) established the *Visishtadvaita* philosophy so dear to *vaishnavites* all over India on a firm footing by his erudite commentary on Vyasa's *Bodhayana Vritti*. He sought the blessings of the Lord of the Seven Hills before embarking on this arduous

task. In his *Mangala Sloka* he addresses the Lord as Brahmani Srinivasa. Ramanuja's philosophy is often described as qualified non dualism as distinct from Adi Sankara's monistic *Advaita* philosophy. Scholars have often wondered at the depth of Ramanuja's studies of the Vedas and the Upanishads while writing the commentary on *Sri Bashyam*. Ramanuja himself declared that inspiration for the work came not only from the Vedas and the Upanishads but also from the works of Tamil *Savants* known as *Alwars* who were the authors of the Celestial Psalms known as *Naalayira Divya Prabandhas*. Nammalwar's is revered as the chief propagator of the *Visishtadvaita* philosophy. His poems known as *Thiruvaimozhi* numbering 1102 are highly philosophical in contents and attracted commentaries from several scholars. Ramanuja declined to write a commentary himself. The commentaries on the *Alwar's Divya Prabandhams* are in *Manipravala* style, a mixture of Tamil and Sanskrit. Depending on the number of *granthas* used, these commentaries are designated as *Muvayira padi* (3000), *Aarayira padi* (6000), *Onbadhanayira padi* (9000), *Panneerayira padi* (12000), *Irubaththu Naalayira padi* (24000) and *Muppathi Aarayira padi* (36000) known as *Eedu*.

The authors of these commentaries were giant scholars known for their piety and wisdom. The *Divyaprabandhams* and the commentaries have remained the exclusive privilege of the *Srivaishnavite* community.

The world outside Tamil Nadu is ignorant of these commentaries and the works of the *Alwars*. 1000 years after the birth of Ramanuja in 2017 AD, attempts are being made to spread his gospel outside Tamil Nadu. The book under review summarizes the 4000 *Divya Prabandams*. The commentaries in English are in just 204 pages.

Dr. M. Varadarajan, the author is a celebrated *Srivaishnava* scholar who retired as Professor of *Ubhaya Vedanta*. A prolific writer. He has written 52 books, in English and Tamil. He has participated in conferences and seminars. With his profound knowledge, he has translated Sanskrit works like *Rama Stavam* of *Govindarajeeyam* into English. He lectures extensively on the Srivaishnava tradition.

The book is a first of its kind. Published on the occasion of the *Sahasrabdhi* of Saint Ramanuja and his preceptor Thiruvaranga Perumal Araiyar. The book is an extremely useful introduction to the sacred doctrines of the *Vaishnava savants* known as *Alwars*. The commentaries are often referred to as *Rahasya Granthas* or the secret doctrine. Like Ramanuja of old, Dr. M. Varadarajan has chosen to publicise in English what the secret doctrine of the *Alwars* was about. Notable scholars like Dr. Rangarajan of Madurai University and Dr. Rangachari of Annamalai University are among those who gave encomiums to the author for the studious manner in which he undertook the work. The book reflects the hard work put in by the author. Sample this extract talking of Sri

Manavala Mamuni, the author refers to his erudition in ancient scriptures.

"Mamunigal gave 189 verses from Sanskrit texts, 542 verses from *Tattvatraya* and 492 verses from *Sri Vachana Bhushanam*, and 555 verses from *Acharya Hridayam*."

Dr. Varadarajan is to be commended for this wonderful intellectual pursuit which is unparalleled and uniquely original in approach. For a work of this nature, the price quoted is rather low.

T.C.A. Ramanujam, Chennai

***Sandhyaaraagam*, Translated by Dr Rachakonda Narasimha Sarma (Of the Telugu Original By Dr Sunkara Venkamamba), Shyam Offset Imprints, Visakhapatnam, Pages 53, Price Rs.50/-**

Literary Translation is an honest and committed attempt of a translator to bring at least a part of the glory of the text before a reader, who has no access to the original. Late C D Narasimhaiah mentioned to me in a private conversation that a (literary) translator's goal is not making an idol (*utsava murti*) for taking around in a festive procession, but making and unveiling the manifest God (*udbhava murti*). Once in an interview to a newspaper, Dominique Vitalyos, the French Translator, expressed this interesting opinion: "An author's expression deserves to be interiorized until you hear the author speaking French in your head. For me translating involves a double process of

disappearance and creation. Ideally, there should not be any trace of my own 'style' in my translations. If at all, I would love to be recognized through my absence." This said, I say again, a good translation is an instance of successful interiorization.

Distinguished nonagenarian Dr Rachakonda Narasimha Sarma has distinguished himself as a poet and literary translator too; witness the love poems he rendered into English with aplomb in this slender volume. The prefatory pages by Dr LSR Prasad, Dr Elanaga, Dr Sahadeva Rao and Mr Krishna have already made the spirited literary translator distinctive.

This book contains only fifty poems of intense feeling in the original composition in Telugu. Their renderings in English in more than four lines is for obvious reasons - the first being the need to present the entire content in a different language. The theme is a lover expressing his amorous feelings to his sweet heart.

The poet Dr Sunkara Venkamamba won the acclaim of the editor of Chaitanya Kavita and when she requested Dr Narasimha Sarma to translate the poems he readily agreed to translate the poems which he loved for their sweetness and imaginative fervour. Here are a few samples:

*Your smile - a silver gleam of moonlight
Your heart - a storehouse of love's nectar
That is not a lip that I behold
But only the crescent moon
Who has walked out of the sky
To take its place.*

*These gems of poems I had wrought
While you had been my one and
only thought
Store them in the treasury of your heart
Just one alone is enough
To win your tender love for and ever.*

**Rama Rao Vadapalli V B,
Maharashtra**

Here's to the crazy ones. The misfits. The rebels. The troublemakers. The round pegs in the square holes. The ones who see things differently. They're not fond of rules. And they have no respect for the status quo. You can quote them, disagree with them, glorify or vilify them. About the only thing you can't do is ignore them. Because they change things. They push the human race forward. And while some may see them as the crazy ones, we see genius. Because the people, who are crazy enough to think they can change the world, are the ones who do.

– Steve Jobs

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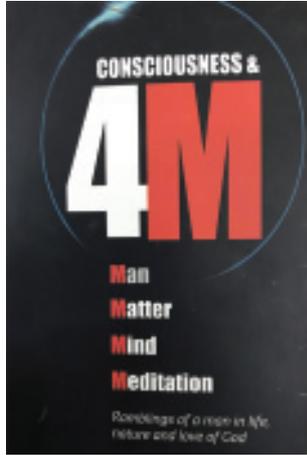
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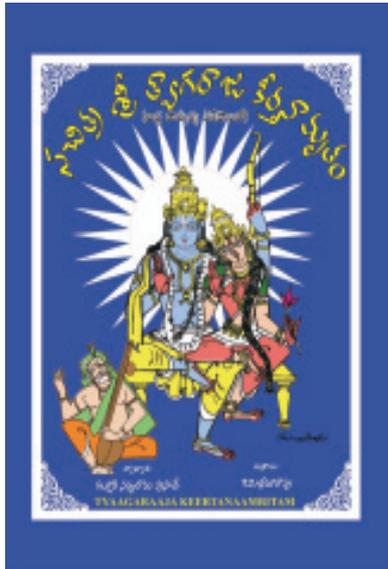


Author : Sri T.S.S. Anjaneyulu
Tel - 9177093000.

Pages 1300. Price Rs.999/- .Also
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What is the purpose of human existence and where does humanity figure exactly in the universe? Answers to these questions have been sought from time to time. Ancient holistic knowledge answers us that there is no other thing except universal consciousness which is everything. Modern science is coming to the understanding that everything in the universe including human life is a part of a larger design of cosmic order. Life is much more beyond learning, earning and enjoying. It is also beauty, music and values, love, compassion and sacrifice. These aspects have been highlighted in the book. It attempts to present both the matter and the spirit in harmony in all aspects of human life and activity. Consciousness & 4M - Man, Matter, Mind, Meditation has twenty chapters in two volumes, first volume has twelve chapters and the second of eight chapters.

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