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Prof. I.V.CHALAPATI RAO

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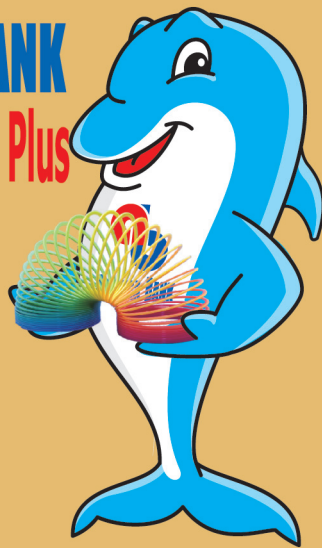
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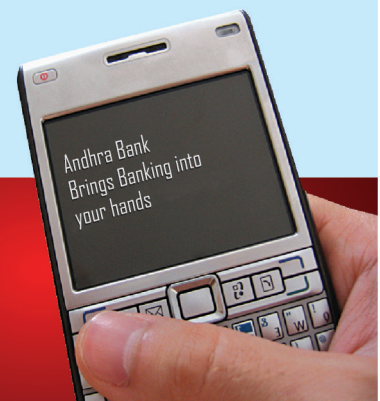
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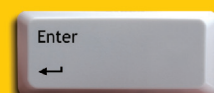


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Email: trivenijournal@yahoo.com

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Chief Editor

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TRIPLE STREAM

INDIAN DEMOCRACY - POLITICAL CLASSES

I. V. Chalapati Rao

Today the Indian democracy is the largest in the world with universal franchise without universal education. Money, muscle power and liquor play a large part. It could acquire legitimacy in the early years of Independence because the political leadership consisted of the patriots who were seen to have made sacrifices and courted imprisonment for the cause of national liberation. Democratic values gained traction as the leaders were dedicated, selfless and totally committed. According to their promise, they could dismantle the princely order and feudal system. The masses believed and were convinced of their honesty and credibility. For this reason, the Indian democracy could enjoy reputation, respect and legitimacy for a long time.

After 65 years of Independence, we are economically developing (euphemism for backwardness), socially divided, politically unstable, ethically depraved, culturally confused and spiritually blind. Our much boasted secularism is vote bank secularism! In spite of our vast and rich resources, we are lagging behind small countries like Singapore, Korea, Japan and Germany. Countries with slender natural resources and war ravaged economies quickly rehabilitated themselves and attained commanding heights of progress.

Chanakya of 4th Century B.C. said long ago: "Weak, corrupt, unacceptable leadership, irresponsible governing mechanism, powerless judiciary and outdated policing of national governance are in themselves a threat to national and human security". To make matters worse, our people lack unity, patriotism, integrity and discipline which are nation-building qualities.

As time passed, a new political class came to the fore as if from nowhere and values became distorted. No thinking person can be unmindful of the vast erosion in the credibility of the new political class. This decline of their honesty and withering away of their reputation can be directly traced to their selfishness, greed, nepotism and corruption. They grabbed power and enjoyed immunity from law. This has become so manifest that it has obstructed the smooth and purposeful working of the democratic institutions. The leaders think that the nation is already built and what needs to be done is to maintain it with the help of Sensex, Media, Film Stars, SEZs and NRIs. The public developed contempt for the political leadership including the ministers, members of the Parliament and members of the State Legislative Assemblies because they were guilty of sectional interests, personal gain and avarice. The deterioration became more

pronounced with the UPA Government and went on skyrocketing along with the prices. The economic inequality exploded as values imploded. The super rich command a large percentage of national income. Even universities are reduced to happy hunting grounds for small time politicians for their political games.

The political class could no longer be deemed to have either the capability or the inclination to take up the unfinished task of nation-building by ushering in an egalitarian societal order in which there will be no domination, discrimination and exploitation by corporate sector, market forces and private enterprises. Government ceased to be dedicated to the public good and social welfare. Godowns are full but the poor go to bed on hungry stomachs. The real problem is not scarcity, but accessibility, as Dr. Amartya Sen, the Nobel Laureate said. Numerous scams involving lakhs of crores of rupees were brought to public notice by CAG. This has deepened the crisis of faith in the political class. Unlimited power is enjoyed by the rulers without an iota of responsibility and accountability. People find political partisans in constitutional offices. They emerged from the back waters, made their way through the ranks and rose to the upper echelons. As the bottle of society was shaken, the sediment rose to the top. In course of time, they bestrode the State. This should be a wakeup call to those who sleep like Rip Van Winkle. Democratic values are spurned. There is an increasing tendency to sanction or approve questionable acts to please group interests even at the cost of violating constitutional mandates. There is no hesitation even to amend the constitution. Public institutions with

investigative powers like the C.B.I., Income Tax Department etc. have become parrots in the cage. It is a healthy sign that the Supreme Court has now been in the process of bringing the political leaders on a par with the common citizen and enquiring into public complaints against corruption, discrimination etc. Media also is active in conducting sting operations to unearth scams. If the black money which is stashed away in Swiss Banks is brought back, there will be less poverty in the country.

In the Parliament, there is no democratic discussion or dissent within the Party on the basis of conscience. Bills are passed when the Opposition walks out. Battle lines are drawn not on the basis of ideological issues but electoral compulsions. There are two power centres at the helm, one constitutional and the other extra constitutional. Soon a third one emerged to make matters worse.

The Prime Minister openly admitted that they had to take wrong decisions on account of coalition compulsions. The policy of reservation of jobs solely on caste basis has become an everlasting and an expanding phenomenon although Dr. Ambedkar wanted it to be of limited duration. Even the creamy layer is not excepted.

Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, who wrote the *History of Indian National Congress* forecast in Current History in Questions and Answers:

"There is cynicism in the public mind about the political system and the decline in the respect of the legislators and politicians and disenchantment with democracy. However, our country will catch up with the

developed countries in knowledge-based economic growth and capacity building in science".

What an accurate prediction!

King Frederick, who was known for his nonconventional wisdom suggested a funny solution to ever-increasing corruption. When the term of the Minister, who was notorious for his corruption expired, he reappointed him. When the people complained, his reply was: "This man has already reached a state of surfeit. The new, hungry man may prove to be more dangerous!". But King Fredrick's solution may not work today. Even millions of rupees will be like placing a plate meal before our modern Bakasuras! It cannot satisfy their lordly appetite.

As Dr. Pattabhi forecast, our countrymen should develop true patriotism and the country should catch up with the developed countries in economic growth and

capacity building in science and other areas. Eliminating corruption with the strengthening of the constitutional institutions like the CAG, CBI, Judiciary and the Election Commission should receive top priority attention. They should be made truly autonomous.

Let us construct the future instead of dissecting the past. Fortunately, the elections of 2014 brought in the long looked for change with an electoral earthquake which caused decimation of the Congress party. The era of coalition compulsions and vote bank secularism has ended. BJP, under the dynamic leadership of Narendra Modi, came to power with absolute majority as a single party with a manifesto promising course correction, good government, stability and development. Let not sour sacks and minoritarians get their minds short circuited with fear and doubt. As we have seen the Gujarat model, let us look for better times. After the rains comes sunshine. Let us hope for better times.

FEELING GREAT

Dr. C. Jacob *

Feel not great of your state or post,
Or your position in life, and boast
You may be king or lord of land:
None by birth worth a grain of sand.

By chance does life come into being, .
It is nature's work, not of the Being
Think for a while the secret of it,
You'll be relieved of shackles knit.

* Retd. Dist. & Sessions Judge, Narsapur

A TRAIN JOURNEY AND TWO NAMES TO REMEMBER

Of two co-travellers who surprised the writer with their graciousness,
24 years ago

Leena Sarma

It was the summer of 1990. As Indian Railway (Traffic) Service probationers, my friend and I travelled by train from Lucknow to Delhi. Two MPs were also travelling in the same bogie. That was fine, but the behavior of some 12 people who were travelling with them without reservation was terrifying. They forced us to vacate our reserved berths and sit on the luggage, and passed obscene and abusive comments. We cowered in fright and squirmed with rage. It was a harrowing night in the company of an unruly battalion; we were on edge, on the thin line between honour and dishonour. All other passengers seemed to have vanished, along with the Travelling Ticket Examiner.

We reached Delhi the next morning without being physically harmed by the goons, though we were emotionally wrecked. My friend was so traumatised she decided to skip the next phase of training in Ahmedabad and stayed back in Delhi. I decided to carry on since another batch mate was joining me. (She is Utpalparna Hazarika, now Executive Director, Railway Board.) We boarded an overnight train to Gujarat's capital, this time without reservations as there wasn't enough time to arrange for them. We had been wait-listed.

We met the TTE of the first class bogie, and told him how we had to get to Ahmedabad. The train was heavily booked, but he politely

led us to a coupe to sit as he tried to help us. I looked at the two potential co-travellers, two politicians, as could be discerned from their white khadi attire, and panicked. "They're decent people, regular travellers on this route, nothing to worry," the TTE assured us. One of them was in his mid-forties with a normal, affectionate face, and the other in his late thirties with a warm but somewhat impervious expression. They readily made space for us by almost squeezing themselves to one corner.

They introduced themselves: two BJP leaders from Gujarat. The names were told but quickly forgotten as names of co-passengers were inconsequential at that moment. We also introduced ourselves, two Railway service probationers from Assam. The conversation turned to different topics, particularly in the areas of History and the Polity. My friend, a post-graduate in History from Delhi University and very intelligent, took part. I too chipped in. The discussion veered around to the formation of the Hindu Mahasabha and the Muslim League. The senior one was an enthusiastic participant. The younger one mostly remained quiet, but his body language conveyed his total mental involvement in what was being discussed, though he hardly contributed. Then I mentioned Syama Prasad Mookerjee's death, why it was still considered a mystery by many. He suddenly asked: "How do you know about Syama Prasad Mookerjee?" I

had to tell him that when my father was a post-graduate student in Calcutta University, as its Vice-Chancellor he had arranged a scholarship for the young man from Assam. My father often reminisced about that and regretted his untimely death [in June 1953 at the age of 51].

The younger man then almost looked away and spoke in a hushed tone almost to himself: "It's good they know so many things ..."

Suddenly the senior man proposed: "Why don't you join our party in Gujarat?" We both laughed it off, saying we were not from Gujarat. The younger man then forcefully interjected: "So what? We don't have any problem on that. We welcome talent in our State." I could see a sudden spark in his calm demeanour.

The food arrived, four vegetarian thalis. We ate in silence. When the pantry-car manager came to take the payment, younger man paid for all of us. I muttered a feeble 'thank you', but he almost dismissed that as something utterly trivial. I observed at that moment that he had a different kind of glow in his eyes, which one could hardly miss. He rarely spoke, mostly listened.

The TTE then came and informed us that the train was packed and he couldn't arrange berths for us. Both men immediately stood up and said: "It's okay, we'll manage." They swiftly spread a cloth on the floor and went to sleep, while we occupied the berths.

What a contrast! The previous night we had felt very insecure travelling with a bunch of politicians, and here we were travelling with two politicians in a coupe, with no fear.

The next morning, when the train neared Ahmedabad, both of them asked us about our lodging arrangements in the city. The senior one told us that in case of any problem, the doors of his house were open for us. There was some kind of genuine concern in the otherwise apparently inscrutable younger one, and he told us: "I'm like a nomad, I don't have a proper home to invite you but you can accept his offer of safe shelter in this new place."

We thanked them for that invitation and assured them that accommodation was not going to be a problem for us.

Before the train came to a stop, I pulled out my diary and asked them for their names again. I didn't want to forget the names of two large-hearted fellow passengers who almost forced me to revise my opinion about politicians in general. I scribbled down the names quickly as the train was about to stop: Shanker Singh Vaghela and Narendra Modi.

I wrote on this episode in an Assamese newspaper in 1995. It was a tribute to two unknown politicians from Gujarat for giving up their comfort ungrudgingly for the sake of two boys from Assam. When I wrote that, I didn't have the faintest idea that these two people were going to become so prominent, or that I would hear more about them later. When Mr. Vaghela became Chief Minister of Gujarat in 1996 I was glad. When Mr. Modi took office as Chief Minister in 2001, I felt elated.

(A few months later, another Assamese daily reproduced my 1995 piece.) And now, he is the Prime Minister of India.

Every time I see him on TV, I remember that warm meal, that gentle courtesy, caring and sense of security that we got that night far from home in a train, and bow my head.

(The Author is General Manager of the Centre for Railway Information System Indian Railway New Delhi)

Courtesy: *The Hindu*

GANDHI IN AFRICA

Prof. Hazara Singh*

With a self-imposed obligation
Coined as 'White Man's Burden'
They too followed the colonists
With beaded rosaries in hands
Wearing loose impressive robes
To lands either declared dark
Or those inhabited by heathens
For showing the heavenly light
To bring them, thus, in Lord's fold
As they loved the natives ardently

The love changed soon into that for gold,
White ivory and pastures, lush and green.
Though the man, black, dark or wheatish
Did not see much of the blessed light,
After that sun did not set on the Empire.
The rosaries and pastures changed hands,
Messengers of the Lord became landlords.
White Man's Burden bonded the coloured

The obligation turned into segregation
Beloved natives got reduced to chattels.

It was M.K. Gandhi who showed them light
Truth was his guide, righteousness his path
Pride or hate was not known to his pursuits
He kissed instead the hand that slapped.
An apostle of peace, crusader for goodwill
Though frail in frame yet strong in mind
Clear about goal, given to rightful deeds
Softened racial ego with moral strength
Preached and followed the gospel of Lord:
'The lowest also has the right to equity'.

The centenary of passive resistance movement
based on truth, goodwill and fearlessness
(satyagraha) launched by Mohan Das Karam
Chand Gandhi against racial segregation in
South Africa in September 1906 was
observed with great fervour. The UN General
Assembly has declared October 2, his
birthday, as International Day for Peace.

* Poet and Freedom Fighter, Ludhiana, Punjab

Worry about your country, you idlers! Misfortunes are coming your way. Indications of your disaster are fluttering in the air. Fail to understand, you and the Indian people will be erased from history

Mirza Ghalib

2G IMBROGLIO - ITS CONSTITUTIONAL DIMENSIONS

P.S. Ramamohan Rao *

The current controversy, on the allocation of 2G Spectrum is not merely an issue of corruption in high places, jeopardizing national interest. It raises fundamental questions about parliamentary form of governance and government. The information made available to the public by the media points to the onset of a systemic rot.

In the Indian Parliamentary System, governance vests in a Council of Ministers (Cabinet) headed by the Prime Minister who is chosen on the basis of his enjoying a majority in the Lower House elected by the people directly. Ministers in the Council are chosen by the Prime Minister. The Council of Ministers is collectively responsible to the Lower House. (Articles 74-75 of the Constitution).

Collective responsibility implies that all policy decisions are taken by the Cabinet while implementation is delegated to individual ministers connected with the subject. Where policy relates to more than one ministry, devices like cabinet sub-committees are employed for execution and oversight. When there is gross failure of policy in matters of national interest, the principle of collective responsibility can lead to a change of the Prime Minister or a new government by another political dispensation or even a fresh general

election depending upon the circumstances of the situation. When there is misdemeanor or failure of performance of an individual minister, the Prime Minister can drop the minister from the Cabinet.

The rules of business for the conduct of the Govt. provide that even in the implementation of policy, as opposed to routine administration, if there is a difference of opinion between the minister and his administrative secretary, the matter has to be referred to the Cabinet Secretary for taking it to the notice of the Prime Minister. When such difference relates to the policy itself, the matter has necessarily to go to the Prime Minister. If such policy is of vital importance, its consideration by the Cabinet at the instance of the Prime Minister becomes imperative. Further policy is not static and immutable. It evolves and changes over time to meet needs of the contemporary situation, more so, in matters of national interest or importance.

The handling of the 2G Spectrum allocation in 2007 has to be examined in terms of the broad parameters outlined above. The question arose whether fresh spectrum should be allocated in accordance with the policy first enunciated in 2001 by a different Govt., or through an open and transparent auction. The Telecom Minister, insistently preferred the former while the Administrative Secretary favoured the latter. When consulted, both the Finance Ministry and the Law Ministry did

* Former Governor of Tamil Nadu

not support the course of action proposed by the Telecom Minister (The Prime Minister gave a different version at his TV interaction, which, however, is being disputed). Independently, at the same time, the Prime Minister referred a number of representations received by him from various quarters including MPs, to the Telecom Minister, advising him to tread carefully in the matter and indicating his own preference for a transparent process. The Administrative Secretary who disagreed with the Minister took the extreme step of voluntary retirement to avoid signing the licenses to be issued in accordance with the Minister's wishes.

The flurry of correspondence, on just two days i.e. 1-2 Nov 2007, between the Telecom Ministry on the one side and Finance Ministry, Law Ministry and the Prime Minister on the other side revealed, both urgency and speed which were most uncharacteristic and unusual for a bureaucracy ridden government. The stakes involved in the matter were obviously high. Then there was an eerie and prolonged silence for as many as 55 days till 27 December 2007, when the Telecom Minister responded to the Prime Minister's letter explaining what he intended to do and why. The Minister stuck to his guns and claimed implicit support from the External Affairs Minister and the Solicitor General when consulted by him. Thus, this was a text book case for consideration by the Cabinet. The bureaucrats in the Prime Minister's office should have raised the red flag and advised the Prime Minister to take the matter to the Cabinet. An erudite Prime Minister, with otherwise impeccable credentials, could himself have considered this course even if his secretaries did not tender such advice.

Surprisingly, however, the Prime Minister merely thanked the Minister for updating him on the progress of 2G allocation. This amounts to both inaction and acquiescence which have provided the basis for the Minister's claim that he did nothing on his own. If the consequence of all this is a colossal loss (even if Rs.1,76,000 crores could be an exaggeration) to the national exchequer, it suggests failure of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet itself. There is an additional dimension to this constitutional responsibility. Article 78 Clause (3) empowers the President of India to require the Prime Minister to submit for the consideration of the Cabinet any matter on which a decision has been taken by a Minister and not by the Cabinet. Article 78 Clause (1) enables the President to know by whom the decision was taken. 2G Spectrum allocation was certainly such a matter considering the stakes involved and the open controversy surrounding it. It can be argued that if Article 78 Clause (3) cannot be invoked in matters like this, then it would remain a dead provision. Perhaps, the 2G controversy has also a lesson to offer with regard to the complaint that the Environment Ministry is blocking the expeditious execution of a number of developmental projects of vital interest to the nation in the areas of industry, energy security, food security and infrastructure. Should decisions on such matters of national importance be left to a Minister of State, riding his own hobby horses, and thereby impeding progress. They will carry the much needed conviction and legitimacy if made collectively by the Cabinet after full consideration of the various issues involved.

The "2G" episode also throws up a constitutional grey area. The compulsions of

the Prime Minister in forming a coalition Govt. are well recognized. But, can they go beyond the scale and strength of representation of each political party in the coalition to fetter and handicap him in his choice of ministers and allocation of portfolios? In the latter case, the constitutional requirement of collective responsibility becomes a casualty with each minister looking to his party leader rather than

to the Prime Minister and treating his portfolio as his personal fiefdom.

Obviously, it is for Parliament to fix responsibility for this failure and draw lessons for the future. Perhaps, how it deals with the matter will decide the contours of the next Lower House.

WHY DO PEOPLE RUN?

Dr J.Bhagyalakshmi*

I know a lot many people who run
They run diligently
With a lot of discipline
Nothing crosses their mind
While they are running
At that moment it looks
As if the sole purpose in their life
Was to run,run relentlessly
They run as if in meditation,
They concentrate,take deep breaths
Gather all their energy and run
Are they in a race?
No.
Do they want to win a gold?
No.

Are they looking for applause?
No,not at all.
Then why do they run,
Undergoing such a strain and stress?
I abruptly stopped the one who was running
And asked the same.
At first, he looked blank
Then between deep breaths he said,
"For my pleasure, for my own goal.
To be fit and fine."
He paused,smiled and added,
"Life is not a race
You live life to the full,
Good you noticed,thank you."
I saw him resuming his run
Without a backward glance,
His eyes watching vastness before him.

* Poet, New Delhi

Air is my brother. Rain is my sister. Nothing is unnatural in Nature.

St. Francis of Assisi

We have forgotten that the earth is our mother.

Oscar Wilde

HUMANIZING EDUCATION

Yalamudi. K*

Many educationists are worried that something is basically amiss with the educational system of the day. The major thrust of their argument is that education is failing to inculcate the humanistic touch. An equally valid assertion is that there is an absence of the critical and liberating angle in the academic exercise, which is going on in the name of education. They also contend, with a greater credibility, under a secular constitution per se, it is supposed to take place invariably. Bereft of this basic dimension, no education system would help one smash the entrenched structural inequities of our society, which are aplenty all around. Seeing eye to eye with this argument broadly one loves to add something more to it.

At this point, one is tempted to raise a question. Was there any point of time in our history, when education was critical at mass level? This question is raised not to justify the existing one as such, but to have a historical perspective of the problem at hand. Unfortunately, for centuries, education was confined to the privileged segment of the society. Even that was not, one is afraid, critically bent. The question of liberation did not arise, as those sections were socially well-placed. Liberation in the sense of traversing from darkness to light is a relative one. Therefore, the idea that one is trying to drive

home is, our educational tradition does not put much premium on critical thinking. Rote learning was given much importance. Questioning was never tolerated, let alone encouraged. To this day, in essence, the same pattern is the order of the day.

There are some subjects like maths, which do not admit of the rot of rote business. In fact, it is one discipline, where Indians historically stand always on a strong wicket. Sadly, it too did not go beyond the reach of a very small section of society, as was the case with the other subjects. The original sin of us is that the progressive concept "Knowledge is societal" was foreign to us for a pretty long time. It was a family property that was to be bequeathed to one's progeny, like any other material property. Hence, it is no wonder that the success of a person is measured in terms of money one earns by using one's knowledge, not by the scale of societal contribution of a particular person.

Strangely, even now the NAAC parameters that are used to assess the quality of an educational institution are like, How many alumni got employed? What is the strength and pass percentage? What is the range of infrastructure? How many teachers have got Ph.D degrees? The very important question "What is the contribution of Alumni to the society at large?" is never thought of. It is true there are some other parameters, which are certainly scientific. Yet, the presence of the questions above, underscores the point

* Member English faculty, Narayana I.A.S. Academy, Koheda, Hyderabad

that, there is a cynical indifference on the part of the educational planners towards the meaningful goals of education and how they transform the lives of the less fortunate. To make the confusion worse confounded, the neo-liberal agenda of education is in its elemental fury, with lop-sided goals. So the malady of education relates both to the manner of teaching / learning/testing process and the very purpose of education itself.

One feels it is in the aspect of the purpose of education that the declining significance of the liberal stream of disciplines spells a greater doom. Social sciences and languages, if they are taught in the critical and creative manner, as they are supposed to be taught, even now, there is a possibility to stem the tide of decay. Unless, the shallowness of entire learning process is not checked on a war-footing, it would corrode the shrinking democratic content of the system to the lees. The importance of dissent, dialogue, a space for reflection, an urge for generation of ideas, sense of proportion, the capacity to look at something from the other side, more fundamentally giving up the single solution option to all problems, in brief, the capacity for abstraction, would be in greater jeopardy, unless a paradigm shift is initiated in the teaching and learning process of social sciences. It is these qualities that go a long way in instilling humanistic and critical core to one's personality.

Therefore, it is time, the alluring veneer of the neo-liberal agenda of education is stripped of and the real agenda of it is put in the main focus and countered. At the same time, it is time, the real agenda of education is

given the necessary thrust. It is that, any education is a public good, besides being a liberating agent on an individual plane. It can be a dynamic force of progressive touch if it is acquired in a critical mode. Then only, it would be in a position to imbibe the values of humanity. It would be in a position to cut through the maze of confusion that is all around us now. But, a troubling fact, which gets bypassed very often, is the down playing of the significance of the social science stream in the pecking order of disciplines and the uncritical quality of social sciences and language teaching and learning, if at all any solitary exploration is done in that direction. Albert Einstein argued that the art of liberal arts teaching is fundamentally "a training of the mind," not pumping in information to pump out at the time of examination.

In particular, English language teaching has become such a comic exercise that it is either literal translation or mechanical communication. The heydays of "language through literature" are no more. Right now, the concept is "confidence is communication" and any context is a text book to pick up a modicum of communication. In this farcical ambience, many life skills and human values are neatly buried. To cite an example, the famous lines of Shakespeare in his celebrated tragedy *King Lear* are "We are to Gods, What flies are to wanton boys". Is it possible for any coaching center of spoken English / language slanted text-book to convey the tragic human predicament of these lines? In brief, the malady that afflicts our educational scenario is deeper than, what one is prepared to believe and, much more than one is ready to confront with.

RAJA KALASYA KARANAM TRAITS OF RAMA RAJYA - IDEAL STATE

Justice P. Kodanda Ramayya *

There was no fear of fire nor any living being drowning in water, there is not even an iota of fear from wind and any fear of fever; there is no fear of starvation nor that of thieves. This was the state of administration during the reign of Sri Rama. - *Valmiki Ramayanam Balakanda* - Chapter 1 - S 92, 93.

We see day in and day out fire accidents, reported in our daily newspapers, in hospitals, in holy places like temples, mosques, and markets; official places like Secretariat, even Presidential buildings. Recently, when the presidential candidate began to address at Gandhi Bhavan in Hyderabad fire broke out, and people had to run out of the building. We had a great calamity in Tamil Nadu Express due to fire and immeasurable human suffering. This is known as *Agni Bhayam*.

Similarly, we get reports very often of floods inundating villages resulting in deaths and injuries, further we get reports about children and adults drowning in holy places like rivers and also some pools. Brahmaputra often causes immeasurable damage to life and property during monsoon. Recently, we experienced Tsunami (upsurging sea causing very high tide on to the land) in India. This has happened for the first time in India. This is known as *Aps Bhayam*. Peace and prosperity of subjects, seasonal rains, disease and death

and other calamities, all depend on the king. The Sea God promised to devas not to transgress the shore - *Ayodhya Kanda* - Chapter 12 - S 44. That promise is no longer enforced as the earth is afflicted of *Adharma*.

Nearly 10 years back, coastal area in Andhra Pradesh suffered severely because of a cyclone and *Sri Paramacharya* of Kanchi described that it was due to awful sin. This year again coastal area of Andhra Pradesh suffered heavily due to devastating gale causing several tons of food grains getting destroyed. A cyclone is one which makes wind rotate inwards, while a storm is violent wind. In the United States of America, Tornados (heavy winds circulating inwards and moving rapidly in one direction) cause heavy damage to properties, such as houses and cars lifting them away and disposing the same at distant places. This is known as *Vata* (wind) *Bhayam*.

It is reported that 85% of Indians are sick. Fever has become a normal occurrence. Apart from fever, we now experience innumerable types of diseases, T.B., cancer, diabetes, heart diseases etc. It is reported that cities are under the grip of viral fevers. This is the state of health hazard in India. It is said that in an ideal state, there is no fear of fever also. *Raja Ranjayati Prajah* - The righteous and the truthful king succeeds in pleasing his subjects. 85% of India's population are reported to be sick as per the report of the Social Worker, Sri Rajiv Dikshit, submitted

* Former AP High Court Judge, Hyderabad

to the Ministry of Health, Government of India in the year 2000. According to Sri Rajiv Dikshit, health means not only physical health, but also sound mental health and considering that aspect also, the figure was quoted as 85%.

We are now reporting deaths due to famine. Food and water go together. Innumerable villages are suffering from lack of water and farmers are committing suicides due to failure of crops. This is known as *Khsud Bhayam* (Fear of Starvation).

We are reporting thefts in railways, buses, even in rickshaws apart from houses. A police constable snatched the gold chain from a woman and a traveling agent duped people with tour packages. It is reported 55,000 children were kidnapped during the period 2009 to 2011 and used for sexual trade or for removal of organs for re-sale. Teachers, bank employees, high dignitaries are found to be guilty of stealing and emptying till of the state. Reformists call them white collared offences. This is known as *Taskara Bhayam*.

All these calamities are happening because people are not following Dharma - their duties. The absence of Dharma is due to the fact that the ruler is not following Dharma and hence people are not following the same. The well known axiom is *Yadha Raja Tatha Praja*. The King is responsible for period of his time. Sage Veda Vyasa said in *Mahabharata* "You should not doubt that whether it is the king that makes the age or it is the age that makes the king; the truth is the king makes the age (time)." He is responsible for all that happens during the duration of his reign: *Raja KalasyaKaranam. Santhi Parva*

Chapter 69 - 79. He also said "Fie on that king in whose kingdom, a *Brahmin* or any other man starves. The king who tells his people that he is their protector but who does not or is unable to protect them, should be killed by his subjects in a body like a dog that is affected with the rabies and has become mad." (*Anusasana Parva* Ch.61-29 to 33). In democracy, we get into power by making promises. In this context, the statement of Swami Vivekananda is apposite referring to the promises made by reformers for getting into power. He said, "if you wish to be a true reformer, three things are necessary - 1) Are you fully aware of that idea of sympathy? 2) Have you discovered means by which to keep that gold without any of the dross? 3) What is your motive? Are you sure that you are not actuated by greed of gold, by thirst for fame or power?"

Thus, we see that the Ruler should follow the dharma absolutely.

In the celestial song, *Bhagavatgita* Sri Krishna said "I imparted the imperishable *Nishkama Karma Yoga* (doing his own duty with earnestness and without ego and unmindful of the result) to *Vivasvan* (Sun God) who imparted it to Manu who in-turn imparted it to *Ikshvaku*". The Kings were known as *Rajarshis* who followed this and all beings on the earth were peaceful and prosperous. But as time lapsed, this Yoga dwindled and it got neglected by the Kings. So, it is imperative that the Ruler himself should follow *Dharma*.

Sage Veda Vyasa, at the end of his work *Mahabharata*, composed what is known as *Bharata Savitri*. "With uplifted arms I am crying

aloud, but nobody hears me. From *Dharma* originate profit and pleasure. Why should not *Dharma*, therefore, be sought? For the sake of pleasure or fear, or cupidity, or even for life one should not forsake *Dharma*. *Dharma* is eternal. Pleasure and Pain are not eternal. *Jiva* is eternal. The cause, however, of *Jiva*'s being

invested with a body is not eternal".

Similarly, in Ramayana, Valmiki says "From *Dharma* follows wealth, *Dharma* begets happiness, by recourse to *Dharma* one gets everything. The world has *Dharma* as its essence" - III-9-30.

KHUSHWANTSINGH -A WORLD CITIZEN

M.G. Narasimha Murthy*

To Khushwant Singh, life is ever fascinating,
Vibrant, enigmatic and challenging.
Nothing escapes his keen, watchful eyes -
Achievements rare, events shocking and
scenes comic
Evoke comments stimulating, witty and
sarcastic.
Steeped in India's history and rich tradition,
He sees the changing world
in right perspective
And pleads for sanity, justice and equality.
Painful memories of partition,
helpless victims' migration,
Never- ending militancy, war and destruction
Fill his anguished heart with compassion.
Grieved to see Bapu's teachings
thrown to the winds
And ever-increasing greed and extravagance

He ridicules our leaders' display of
wealth and arrogance;
Scoffs at 'god men' who use cunning tricks ..
And their- dubious role in resolving conflicts
Being an agnostic, he thinks man's faculties
too imperfect
To know 'Reality', 'Truth', 'God' and 'Fate'.
Yet, he treats all religions with due respect;
Defends authors and artists
who defy the prevailing trend,
Women harassed and innocent victims
who need a friend.
Comments on erotic art and views whimsical
In a manner jovial, spicy and inimitable.
Nature's beauty and variety delight his heart,
Yet, her fury and vagary shatter his thought.
Liberal, kind, unbiased and outspoken,
Breaking barriers that divide mankind, .
He has the heart and vision of a world citizen.

* Retd. Principal and Poet, Hyderabad

Power corrupts. Poetry cleanses
Jon F. Kennedy

BRANDING WITH THE TRENDING - AMUL STYLE

Dr I. Satyasree *

She has been the darling of millions of Indians ever since she was born - the cute chubby and ageless beauty - the most effervescent and the most vibrant mascot of all times, the little Amul Girl who hums the catchy tune, *Utterly Butterly Delicious*, that has become a symbol of India's White revolution initiated by Padma Vibhushan Dr Verghese Kurien (1921-2012) better known as the Father of White Revolution and the Milkman of India. The advertisement was conceived and conceptualized by Sylvester daCunha more than five decades ago and the ad campaign still maintains its uniqueness and consistency and is one of those ads that is being run uninterruptedly, for so long, despite occasional controversies.

Dr. Kurien gave complete creative freedom to daCunha and his team and that is the reason for its phenomenal success. daCunha says that the tagline *utterly butterly delicious* just happened over a casual conversation he had with his wife, Nisha. The caricature of Amul girl was drawn by his art director Eustace Fernandes. The pretty little girl, with the polka-dotted frock and a matching ribbon in her ponytail has become the face of AMUL brand ever since and is now the mascot for almost all its products. She still maintains the same bubbly, animated and cheerful look and adorned nearly 4000 billboards across the country so far.

Amul girl's image is so popular that people instantly identify her and it is no exaggeration to say that everyone, right from the common man to a superstar, admires her for her ready wit and repartee. Her subtle satirical remarks about current affairs, political events, socio-economic problems, women's issues etc; not just at the national level but also at the international arena attract wide attention. Prime Ministers, Presidents, Chief Ministers, Politicians, Business leaders, Sportspersons, Bollywood Actors/ Films, Corporate Houses, everybody/ everything is a subject of scrutiny for her. She makes a clever analysis of the scenario. Although, her comments on some sensitive issues raised controversies, and Amul had to withdraw the ads on a few occasions, she has demonstrated over the years that she is there to make a point, that too in her own inimitable style.

Amul has mastered the art of 'branding with the trending' which is peerless. She is the one mascot, who stood the test of time, and continues to enthrall millions of Indians with her eternal charm, engaging smile and mischievous look. Her punch lines coupled with a striking message are truly remarkable. She is a wonderful critic. She has a very clear perspective about current issues and does not hesitate to take a dig at erring politicians and corrupt people.

She celebrates life in all its myriad forms. When Dilip Kumar, the legendary actor, became a nonagenarian, she conveys her

* Editor , Triveni

wishes 'Happy Butterday Dilip Saab' and hums his most popular number, in her own sweet way, 'suhana safar aur yeh makhan haseen!'



She pays rich tributes whenever a statesman, a musician, a singer, or the world's most admired CEO such as Steve Jobs passes away. She mourns his demise and bids a tearful adieu 'iGone' Apple loses its core! 'Amul-iStore.iPac.iHad'.



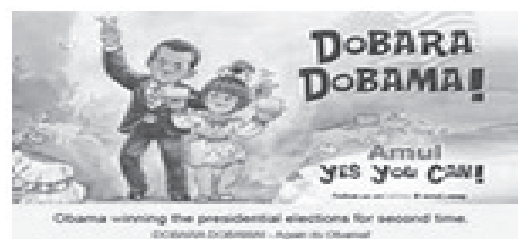
She pays homage to Nelson Mandela reverentially, when he passed away, by saying 'He rose every time we fell.' 'RIP Madiba (1918-2013)'.



There are no words, only tears, when she offers tributes to the - one and only - Shammi Kapoor - in his own classic super hit number, 'Taarif Karu Kya Uski...' 'Shammi Kapoor -1931-2011'.



She demonstrates that she is not just a 'desi girl' and dons a 'foreign avatar' occasionally. She is interested in events happening outside India and has a keen eye for international affairs too. When Barack Obama won his presidential elections for the 2nd time she hailed him 'Dobara Dobama!' 'Amul- yes you can!' This was his most popular slogan 'Yes, We Can' that brought him name and fame. She uses it very skillfully in this ad.



She has Bollywood connection too. Whenever a Bollywood film/song becomes a super hit, she responds immediately. Ranbir & Deepika's recent blockbuster song 'battameez dil' is transformed into 'Buttermeez Dil!' 'Amul-for jawaani & deewani!'



Shah Rukh & Deepika's Chennai Express became a Box-office hit and Amul girl croons the pop number and shakes a leg with them. In her tongue-in-cheek style, she says it is a 'Bokwaasoffice Hit?' 'Amul- For Express Breakfasts!'



Issues pertaining to trade and commerce, corporate mergers, business transactions by MNCs are all reviewed by her from time to time. Recently Facebook acquired WhatsApp for an astounding \$19bn. This historical deal is mentioned 'Fb boughtsapp!' 'Amul-Whatsapplied to bread!'



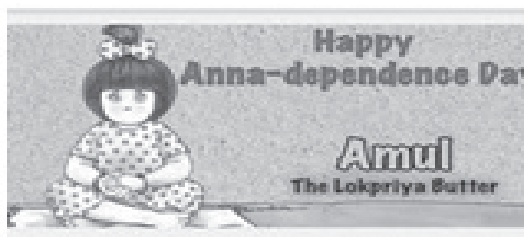
The much awaited arrival of Aaradhya, the Bacchan Baby, is rejoiced 'Abhi Baby!' 'Amul-Utterly Bacchan-Ly delicious'.



Sharukh's third child through surrogacy too invites her attention, 'Shahrugate baby?' 'Amul-Kids Love it!'



She sits in a solemn mood extending her support to Anna Hazare's fast for Lokpal Bill. She is here, wishing him a 'Happy Anna-dependence Day' 'Amul- The Lokpriya Butter'.



The recent political developments in Andhra Pradesh left her dismayed and she paints a dark and gloomy picture, very aptly, depicting the current situation there as 'Andhera Pradesh!' 'Amul-Blackout.Yellow in'.



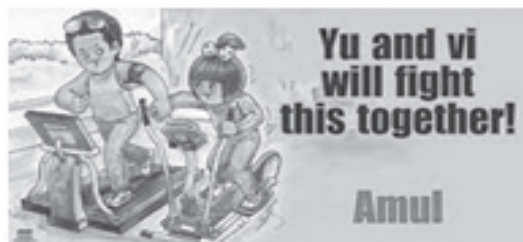
She readily acclaims the achievements of sportspersons. Dhoni's leadership skills, that brought the World Cup to India, makes her elated and she showers lavish praise on him 'Anhoni ko Dhoni karde!' 'Amul- The Brat Pack'.



When Sachin hit a 100 Ton, she is exulted and shares the joy of billions of his fans all over the world. On behalf of all of them she says, 'HE CAME.HE SAU.HE CONQUERED.' 'Amul-Tons of BUTTER'.



In the same breath, she empathises with Yuvraj Singh, lends her moral support in his fight with cancer and says we are with you, 'Yu and vi will fight this together!' 'Amul'.



Perhaps, the only occasion she shed tears and wept bitterly is when her creator, Dr Kurien, passed away.



She joins millions of people in offering her profuse thanks for this Milkman of India, a visionary, a genius-par-excellence, who

worked for the welfare of his countrymen in general and for women's empowerment in particular, 'Thank You for Giving Us Hausla, Pragati & Anand. Dr. V. Kurien (1921-2012),

Long Live Dr Kurien & Amul Girl!!!



AN APPEAL TO MY CALLERS

Turai Muralidhar *

I am enamoured of words unspoken
I love the language of heart
Do not heat up the cellular phone
By talking about trivial matters
Your phone talk must remind me of
A beautiful waterfall
Your talk has to resemble
Playing on the violin
Do not assault on my ears by making a call
Do not call up to create boredom
Your talk has to be like
The music of a moving flower plant
I expect your call to remind me of

A ripe mango falling in the cup of my hands
Do not use your mobile to pass time
Or to take revenge on someone
Mobile talk must cure illness
Conversation must remove all fears
Most of you remind me of slush
While you talk
Every call has to rejuvenate me
Every call has to treat my wounds
I do not have pills to cure headache
Your language has to create good climate
When you call me up next time
Do not forget to make our conversation
Meaningful and fruitful.

* Writer, Secunderabad

An idea that is developed and put into action is more important than an idea that exists only as an idea. The need to be right all the time is the biggest bar to new ideas.

Edward de Bono

NEW WOMAN: AN ENLIGHTENED INDIVIDUAL

A Study of Anita Desai's *Where Shall We Go This Summer*

Dr. N. Venu Latha *

Women have served all these centuries as looking glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size.

--Virginia Woolf

Woman has been magnifying man twice his size; whereas viewing herself and the world through the eyes of man all her life reduced her own potential and place to almost nothing. History reflects home to be the woman's world, where she spends all her life toiling and committed to her man and his obligations gracefully. Sharing of responsibilities and distribution of duties is true and accepted but the problem arises only when she is not given enough space for herself and in decision making in the family matters despite her dedication and hard work. This obviously leads to a great desire in her to be heard and taken seriously. There is a compelling urge in her for a particular way of living - a life full of love, respect and dignity. But it is sad that these three things are found missing to her. Also the possession of woman as an article in the guise of so-called protection to her: father in childhood, husband after marriage and son at a later stage of life, unknowingly leads her to a life-long bonded slavery topped with complete dependency on man that is saddening and paradoxical.

In support of the context, Sita's character from Anita Desai's *Where Shall We Go This Summer* faces a similar situation. In the novel, Sita reflects the picture of a traditional Indian woman as a wife. She is sensitive and poetic with an admiration towards Nature, an introvert and imaginative. She is the daughter of a well-known freedom fighter who is a follower of Gandhi. She has an elder sister Rekha who is a melodious classical singer, and a younger brother Jeevan who is a mischievous brat. She was told in her childhood that their mother had left them alone and gone to Benaras. After independence, her father selects an island called Manori to settle down with his three children. He calls his house *Jeevan Ashram* and "The Home of Soul". There was none to take care and bring-up Sita in a systematic manner. She spends all the time with her father and his disciples. Her father undertakes many social welfare activities and cures diseases with magic and medicines. Gradually, all the villagers of Manori start admiring him for his social work. Later, when Sita's father dies, his close friend Deedar's son Raman, marries Sita. He is a businessman from Bombay. He gets attracted by her beauty; and on the death of her father, he marries her and brings her to Bombay. They have four children, three boys and a girl. Sita becomes pregnant for the fifth time. On learning this she gets disturbed, grows aggressive, thinking of all the boring work and pains involved in raising a child and

* Lecturer in English, UCE, KU, Kothagudem

decides not to give birth to her fifth child and introduce the child to the polluted world. At the same time, she does not want to abort the child; she wishes to keep her child in her womb unborn. Sita is frustrated by the world and its people, full of violence, sex and food and to make her situation still worse, finds no love in her marriage except for an adjustment with Raman.

Sita then starts understanding her mother as an individual, and respects her decision of leaving the family of four and going to Benaras alone despite her father, who being called a second Gandhi. The differences between Sita and her husband intensify; unable to bear it any further and wishing for a miracle in her life, she takes her daughter Menaka and youngest son Karan and leaves for the "Magic-land" Manori. Her father's house is surrounded with abundant Nature and she decides to stay the rest of her life there, expecting a better and peaceful life in that magic land. She hates the idea of bringing the child in her womb into this vicious world; she wishes to keep her child unborn. Later, Raman comes to Manori to take his children back to Bombay and in this process becomes successful in pursuing Sita to return to their previous life by reminding her about her commitments. Though Sita follows her husband against her will, she is left with no choice but to compromise because of her commitment to her family and society. There is a radical difference in her not only when she entered Manori but also when she leaves it; now she is a realised self who takes her compromise as her own choice and decides to live the rest of her life with this realisation. Her realisation can be clearly understood from her remark:

Instead of being what I am, I should have known how to channel my thoughts and feelings, how to put them to use. I should have given my life some shape then, some meaning. At least I would have had some for me.

The question is shockingly found common to almost all women, who face at one point or the other in their lives.

After a woman's lifelong commitment and sincere services to her man and his relations, keeping aside her aspiration for career, she remains unacknowledged and devoid of identity to self. It is this inconsiderate treatment given to woman by the patriarchal society that plays a vital role in prolonging the period of her subdued position that in turn delays her realization for self. Many a time, the oppressed situation of woman not only favours man but the balance of justice is tilted more towards him making a woman's life still more weighing and burdensome.

Woman's life is bound to blindly follow the conventional norms without an awakening thought for self that seems to be like passing through a dark and narrow passage without a ray of enlightenment throughout, to realise what her life is all about, in true sense.

Very late, she realizes that life which presents a challenge every day requires an all-time process of self improvement. Her father's comment aptly strengthens the statement:

See the fisherman painting his boat. Mending it. Testing it. So we should go over our hearts and heads, mending and repairing, regularly, to remain seaworthy.

Life is a challenge to one's instinct for self-improvement. As soon as you have grasped one rung, reach for the next.

Woman's realisation results in understanding the fact that life does not mean just existing; life means living. It is to live with a meaning, for a purpose and with a great satisfaction of being an individual. This realisation is completely lost due to her dependent life throughout. Margaret Fuller in her quote points out the reason for woman's dependency that hinders the path to individuality, "Woman's economic dependence on man makes her a child, or ward only, not an equal partner". It is true that monetary dependency of woman on man being the primary reason of her suffering, independence in decision making becomes an unreachd mile-stone in her life.

All the women who suffer the patriarchal treatment realise the cause of their suffering that the socio-economic and psychological barriers seem to be the hurdles to their self-reliance. Such women are slowly but definitely trying to break the hard shell. She has to realize her inner potential that has been subdued for ages that can help her come out of the confined and stereotypical womanhood. The moment she realizes this, the search for identify and an independent life begins.

The realisation of self with respect and asserting her position in the family and the society is the ultimate achievement of a woman as an individual retaining her feminine element of being ethical and moral which is emotionally fulfilling. These are the New Women who have

not abandoned the traditional image but are evolving it, changing it and improving upon it. They are neither passive nor indifferent to their plight. They are slowly but surely acquiring the capability to face their lives, to break the customs which so far chained and crippled them.

The metamorphosis of woman from the egg-stage at home, creeping into the society slowly like the larva, made the modern woman to fly free like the full-fledged butterfly. This liberation into a free stage transcending the obstructions on physical, psychological and societal levels, could be realised by women only by making themselves independent thinkers.

In order to achieve the thinking stage, the woman has to fight with self and society and gain self-confidence and self-respect, and educate herself totally to suit the changing world. There are many women who have transcended the traditional roles of a woman, like Indira Gandhi, Benazir Bhutto, Golda Meir, Sirimavo Bhandarnayake, Chandrika Kumaratunga, Khalida Zia, Kiran Bedi and Letika Saran to mention a few. Such women should be taken as role models not only to create an identity for self but also to establish self as an individual that render a true and complete meaning for a woman.

To have one's individuality completely ignored is like being pushed quite out of life. Like being blown out as one blows out a light.

Evelyn Scott
American writer

GOD'S WAYS

M.L. Swamy*

In our country, India, there are lakhs of villages, big and small. In every village, philanthropists of the village gathered together and donated their wealth, partly or fully and built temples for the worship of Gods and also to act as common meeting places for the people of the village every day. The properties of the temples and their income were managed by the elderly philanthropic persons of the village, very dutifully and well, without any pilferage. Over a period of time, world and its values changed and so, the temple managements and their ways. The vast landed properties and even the valuable jewelry of the deities are swallowed systematically by the influential and rowdiest trustees of the temples, with the result that the deities in temples have become paupers and even their daily pujas have become difficult to perform. The swindling of money and properties became easy and even the deities could not guard their own properties. There is no fear left in the swindlers either from man or God. Even God could not help it!

There is a holy shrine called Tirupathi in Chittoor district of Andhra Pradesh state. The deities in this temple are Lord Venkateswara and Aluvelumanga. Another name for Lord Venkateswara is Balaji. He is also called in Telugu, *Yedu Kondala Vadu*, the Lord of Seven Hills, as you have to climb seven hills to reach the temple at Tirumalai. *Tirumalai*

means 'Holy Hill' in Tamil. This shrine is also called *Dakshina Kasi* (Kasi of South). This temple has got vast landed and other properties, as also very valuable jewelry of the deities. Tens of thousands of devotees visit the temple every day and give their offerings to God in money, jewelry and other forms. The devotees are from all parts of the country. Lord Balaji's temple is the richest temple in the country, with income of tens of lakhs of Rupees every day. This temple is the best managed temple in the country and the facilities provided in this temple for pilgrims are also the best in the country.

While this is so, it is amazing to find how these vast landed properties and Jewelry of the deities costing hundreds of crores of Rupees are intact over the decades! While the properties of other temples in the country are swindled systematically in different degrees, how is it that there is no swindling of properties and moneys of this temple? Who are protecting these vast properties of the Lord? Is it the management of the temple, the officers, the staff and the security or the pilgrims? Or is it God Himself?

I had some association with Tirupathi in my early professional career. Actually, I set up my family for the first time after marriage at Tirupathi, when I was posted as Assistant Engineer PWD in 1951. Later in 1962, I worked as Executive Engineer PWD at Tirupathi in charge of construction of buildings

* First Engineer-in-Chief, PWD, Govt. of AP (Retd.)

and irrigation works in Chittoor district. While I was able to easily get contractors, good ones too, for my works, my counterpart, who was in charge of works in Tirupathi Devasthanam could not get contractors so easily. I studied a little and asked some of my contractors, why were they shunning to take up the works of *Devasthanam*, while they were having a cut throat competition to get works from PWD. They replied "Sir, it is not good for us to take up the works of the *Devasthanam*, as, in our profession, we cannot be straight. We have to cheat and do substandard work to get high profits. But, when we do such things, God will punish us in other ways. The monies we illegally make will not stay with us for long and our good monies are also lost in course of time. That is the experience of the contractors that took up *Devasthanam* works. That is why we prefer to take up PWD contracts rather than God's works. We don't want to cheat God". I am told that the monies pilfered or illegally earned by even officers of *Devasthanam*, like peishkars and other staff won't stay with them too long. They had gone through hardships later.

I left Tirupathi by end of 1964 on transfer. Later my friends at Tirupathi told this incident to me in early seventies. The top executive of the *Tirupathi Devasthanam* is the Executive Officer (EO). At that time, the Executive Officer was an administrative officer, deputed to *Devasthanam* by the state Government. At the Tirumalai temple a big *Hundi* is kept outside the sanctum sanctorum, for pilgrims to put their offerings to God. The offerings consisted of currency, coins, jewelry, and many other things. These offerings are taken out from *Hundi* every day and counted by the *Devasthanam* staff and accounted for in

the *Devasthanam* finances. I believe, one day, some anonymous philanthropic devotee put a Diamond necklace, valued at around Rupees one lakh, into the *Hundi*. At the present rates it may cost about Rs.1.5 Million. The Executive officer of the *Devasthanam*, who was known to be a good and upright officer, in one of his weak moments, snatched the necklace and kept it outside the accounts of the *Devasthanam*. Later, he wanted to dispose of the necklace slyly and make money. He knew it will be very risky to dispose of the necklace at Tirupathi, as it is a very small town. So, he went to Madras (now Chennai) and explored the possibilities of disposing it off. He went to big jewelers like Bapalal, Surajmal and others. But, he was again afraid, as Madras is very close to Tirupathi and he may be exposed. After exploring a few other places like Bangalore, he finally landed in Bombay (now Mumbai). In Bombay, he explored a few jewelry shops and finally entered into one big, posh jewelry shop and showed the diamond necklace to the owner of the shop, a Sethji. The Sethji looked at that necklace and asked the officer suspiciously, "Whose necklace is it?" The Executive Officer replied that the necklace is his wife's. The Sethji said 'How can it be yours? It is Mine. See these engraved initials of mine on the necklace. Last month I went to Balaji temple at Tirupathi and put it in the *Hundi* as my offering. How did you get this?' The story turned topsy turvy to the dismay and fear and anxiety of the Executive Officer. He immediately went down on his knees and begged the Sethji to take back the necklace and pardon him and not to expose him and report to police. Luckily, the pious Sethji relented and left off the Executive Officer. He later went to Tirupathi again and put the

necklace in the Hundi of the Lord!

Now, I realize who is protecting the vast properties of Lord Venkateswara at Tirupathi. Is it the Management? Is it the Executive Officer? Is it the Peishkar, staff, security or

the pilgrims? No! No! No! It is Lord Venkateswara Himself, who is protecting His own properties!

God's ways are many! Probably this is one of them.

AN OBITUARY NOTE

Ramakrishna Rao Gandikota *

Mr. Radhakrishna Murthy Challa is no more. R M Challa as he is known in the literary world, left the street of Ink, leaving an indelible mark in the annals of journalism on 29- 4- 2014 at the ripe age of 88, peacefully.

For over two decades, he contributed to the columns of Indian Express. He was a great scholar in English, Sanskrit, Telugu, Hindi and many more Indian and foreign languages like French, German, and Italian.

He was a poet, philosopher and a vedic scholar. He was a True Teacher. A mere wish to learn something, by any one of his acquaintances, makes him bounce like a boy, and gets ready to teach, not caring his or the learners difficulties. I am one of those beneficiaries. He loved cycling even in his sixties.

He used to take me out to the city outskirts of the Rajahmundry town and sitting under a green wood tree, pour out as in a trance his views on philosophy, poetry, pronunciation etc.,

Beauty of the Poet, a long poem, is his magnum opus. It deserves to be included as text for the students of english literature.

Mr. T. Siva Rama Krishna, Challa's Boswell, so far brought out 5 volumes of Challa's contributions. The 6th and the last volume is ready for release on Challa's next birth day which falls on June 28th.

Challa's sad and sudden demise came as shock to both of us, who were his ardent admirers for over four decades.

May his Soul Rest in Peace.

* Retd. Principal, Kakinada

SAMUEL BECKETT'S *ENDGAME* AND BADAL SIRCAR'S *EVAM INDRAJIT* IN COMPARATIVE PERSPECTIVE AMALGAMATION OF THE EAST & THE WEST THROUGH MODERN DRAMA

Dr. D.R. Pratima Roy *

Endgame of Samuel Beckett and *Evam Indrajit* of Badal Sircar are the Allotropes of Atrophy. It is a known fact that 'Modernism' arrives in popular theatre with Samuel Beckett. His plays have become known all over the world for all their strangeness and are continually being revived by both the professional and the amateur theatre. His plays are termed as our 'Modern classics'. He has drawn the international audiences for a theatre which is intensely inward. This is what W.B. Yeats called as a drama of the most interior being. During Yeats's day such a drama was confined to Dublin and London, but Beckett's virtuoso skill and also his humaneness made this to extend greatly into the public domain, and in doing so, changed the course of modern theatre. It is in this context that the Bengal architect- a Civil Engineering graduate- Badal Sircar has to be talked about. There are many things in common to these two playwrights that makes their seminal plays comparable, though one is from the West, born two decades earlier than the other from the East.

Beckett's *Endgame* is one of the plays of the post-war years. The play carries its own influential, apocalyptic message, right from the

setting of the play to the other aspects. The setting and situation suggests an underground bomb shelter, possibly after the occurrence of a nuclear holocaust. His active part in French Resistance and semi-hiding until German collapse and the isolated existence - all these are reflected in his plays, especially in his *Endgame*. The title *Endgame* reminds of the moves of a chess endgame, the moves of which is usually decided before the endgame occurs. The characters in the play, like the chessmen at checkmate, cannot end their game of life. They only pass the time, mortifying each other and toying with fears and illusions of a possible change.

Twentieth century witnessed turmoil and troubles politically and socially in India. Indian struggle for independence and the instability of the post-war independent India shattered the hopes of educated Indians. The ongoing frustrations, burning problems and inconsistencies in life have become a routine for modern man. It is in such an age that *Evam Indrajit* holds relevance. The very title *Evam Indrajit* (which means "And Indrajit") exemplifies modern man's state of identity crisis. He prefers to be confirmed to the dictates of the society, like his peers, Amal, Vimal, Kamal. He is ...:"and Indrajit", a part of the whole.

* Lecturer in English, St. Joseph's College for Women, Kurnool

Endgame and *Evam Indrajit* dramatize the situation of horizontal man caught in vertical time and circular evolution. In this situation, a step forward is, by definition, a step backward. *Endgame* has the opening lines, by Clov: Finished, its finished, nearly finished... (and the concluding line of the play by Hamm: You ...remain). There is an echo of Biblical language. At crucifixion, Jesus Christ utters the words It is finished. By these He means that through His sacrificial death He has granted rebirth into Eternity for the believing mankind. Death-related endings in the play are one and the same with beginnings. The rest of the play hammers away the idea that beginnings and endings are intertwined, and that existence is cyclical. Another instance of this is that Hamm and Clov killing a flea, from which humanity may be reborn. There are numerous references to Christ, whose death (and resurrection) gave birth to a new religion.

In *Evam Indrajit*, the cyclical nature of the play is emphasized by the people go round and round. For instance, Auntie (called as *Maasi* in Bengali) is seen persuading the Writer, the main character, to have food, and *Manasi* - an inspiration, appearing as a woman - ('the creation of the mind', perhaps an Indian counterpart of Jung's *Anima*) enquiring about the play. They keep popping up and repeatedly asking him:

Auntie: Aren't you going to eat? While
Manasi: written anything? (*Evam Indrajit* P.6)

Throughout the play, Auntie and Manasi counterpoint each other.

Like Hamm and Clov who can't finish ending their lives, the Writer also poignantly

admits in the same tone that he can't finish the play. For this, Indrajit says: what's the point of finishing it? It won't ever get completed. Its end is its beginning (*Evam Indrajit* P.59).

In both the plays, the characters have no hope because they know the future. Their past is one with their future. They know that what is behind will also be ahead of them. It is the endless road where there is no respite and they must go on round and round and round. The result is a circle - a zero. They are struck in a perpetual loop that never allows them final closure. Clov's frequent failed attempts to leave the room (and his final return after vowing to leave), Hamm's insistence on returning to the centre of the room and Indrajit's failed attempt for a suicide - show that there is no escape.

But in both the plays, there is one exception to this circularity. In *Endgame*, Nell's death may be an aberration as it is a play where death seems impossible. But since Nell is the one character who sees the absurdity of the situation, perhaps she is rewarded by dying. In *Evam Indrajit* too Sircar suddenly changes the scale. He is very accomplished in this feat and employs this 'shift of scale' as a major technique throughout. This is done by Manasi intruding upon Indrajit's cogitation to ask him to eat some food, which has been the function of the mother so long. The writer feels betrayed and Manasi is shocked at what she said and reverts to her original role to ask 'Have you written anything yet?', (*Evam Indrajit* P.50). Perhaps by a change of scale, Sircar means to show that people change, but their action is the same without any meaning.

He also emphasizes this through his characters that by being many, but played by

the same person. A conversation between the Writer and Indrajit establishes this point. After Indrajit comes back from London, the Writer asks him if he is married to his beloved cousin Manasi. Indrajit says that he is married to someone else by name Manasi. When the Writer is perplexed on hearing the same name Manasi, Indrajit says, 'That's what usually happens. Manasi's come and go. One can get married to only one of them. The others come and go. Manasi's sister Manasi. Manasi's friend Manasi. Manasi's daughter Manasi'. Then the Writer asks: Like Amal, Vimal and Kamal? (*Evam Indrajit* P52). Indrajit answers in the affirmative. The Writer also plays the role of a peon and the boss in the office. Sircar wanted to imply through this technique that there's no essential difference between the two: both were human beings. Likewise the different characters of the play appear to be the different aspects of the writer himself, reflecting his psyche. There is one detail pointing to the other.

In *Endgame*, there is a mention of two boys - one is the boy in Hamm's story about the beggar, and the other is the boy at the end of the play - function as symbols of regeneration. Hamm's story takes place on Christmas Eve, giving the sense that the boy (who may or may not be Clov, as Beckett is ambiguous about this conversation) is a more explicit symbol of regeneration. Clov calls him a potential procreator (*Endgame* P50).

Traditionally, a symbol signifies something different from itself throughout and consistently. But in *Endgame* and *Evam Indrajit*, it is seen that a character stands for himself, for a certain aspect of human personality, for all the men in an age, for man

as species, or for the entire life. This is like the critic who approaches a Beckettian play, and finds himself playing with the author a kind of chess game, because whatever his moves are or interpretive strategies (like the naturalistic, expressionistic, symbolic, Cartesian, Jungian, Freudian, etc), he is constantly check-mated. This goes on and on until the realization dawns that such is the experience of man in his game with the world - in his search for the meaning of life. It is futile to insist on any realistic or symbolic interpretations for any consistent meanings. It is worthwhile to take the essence of the experience that a work affords.

In *Endgame*, it is the experience of continuing to play a game that is over so as to feel what it means for man to be condemned to exist in a world in which he has been filled in every effort of his to play a significant role. The very idea of the Endgame is taken from the game of chess, where the concept designates the last, and entirely predictable, stage of a game. The chess motif amplifies Samuel Beckett's vision of a repetitive cyclical universe.

Similarly, in *Evam Indrajit*, Indrajit tells Manasi and to the Writer that they have to go on the endless road. In the end Indrajit sternly tells to the Writer and to Manasi to call him Nirmal Kumar Ray and not Indrajit. At the start of the play, when the Writer did not accept the name of the fourth of the four latecomers, as Nirmal Kumar Ray, Indrajit shied away from giving him his real name Indrajit (the name of the mythical rebel Meghnad, who defeated Indra, the Indian Zeus). Fear prompted him to practice this minor deception. It is the fear of the

consequence of deviating from the social code. From this point, the Writer probes into the lives of Amal, Vimal, Kamal and Indrajit and takes over like an ubiquitous and omniscient presence.

Amal, Vimal and Kamal become cogs in the wheel of the society. Indrajit endeavours to do something meaningful in life. He attempts to impart meaning to the daily activities of life, love, marriage, profession and prevents himself from submission to a humdrum existence. The protagonist eventually realizes that there is no escape. The fulfillment of his love too does not provide him with a refuge for escapism. His visit to London further frustrates him, and he verges on suicide. But he fails in this regard too. He concludes: The past and the present are the two ends of a single rope. This is parallel to Sartre's *No Exit* where there is no escape. Therefore the play is unconsciously coloured with Sartrean Existentialism. The theme is evolved through the dreams, despair and disillusionment of the protagonist Indrajit. He is described in terms of society and not in terms of his own existence. His identity is yet again questioned by his teachers, who call him by a mere roll number. He can therefore easily pose as Amal and answer his roll call.

In *Endgame* the characters - or players - enact repetitive rituals that are part of their endgame. Like a losing player who strains through the final moves even though his demise is imminent, the characters make routines out of their lives and do whatever it takes to get through one more day, even though the game has lost, the appeal it may have once had. Beckett parallels the chess conceit to the endgame of life and constructs to the chess

motif with movements on stage.

Beckett was one of the lynch pins behind the French theatrical movement called the Theatre of the Absurd. The Absurdist took a page from the Existentialist philosophy believing that life was absurd, beyond human rationality, meaningless, a sentiment to which (both) *Endgame* (and Badal Sircar's *Evam Indrajit*) subscribe, with their conception of circularity and non-meaning.

The language of both the plays transports the spectators / readers to the world of Absurd Drama with its cyclical and repetitive pattern. The stichomythic design adds to the phenomenon where single lines are parts of lines spoken by alternate speakers. Badal Sircar was asked in an interview whether he considered *Evam Indrajit* as a political play or an existential play. He said that he never considered the play as a political play, and he did not know the philosophy of existentialism. Therefore, the play can be perceived as an Absurd play. The play keeps echoing that our existence is a pointless particle of dust..

Both the plays are an expression of despair. There is Sisyphean labour, carrying on the burden of existence in a world devoid of fear of God, or meaningful living. The tenor of language (to depict a life that is inexplicable and humanity that is incapacitated by the lack of any dependable faculties of communication) with its meaningless reiterations epitomize the absurd flux of life. The claustrophobic interior, cut off from the world (suggesting a possible nuclear holocaust in *Endgame*) or the world in total [where Indrajit is seen to have travelled from India to London (in original version and New York in

later translated version, implying that it does not matter whether London or New York, as any place in the world is same) in *Evam Indrajit* makes no difference. They have the cosmic pattern of the asymptote: as the length approaches infinity, content approaches zero.

Conclusion: Taken together, they comprise a miniscule version of the story of the mankind in its floundering evolution, within the prison of time and space. Only thus can one explain why there is heroic grandeur (though the characters are unheroic and

undramatic stuff as Sircar calls) on the one hand and the stench of dissolution on the other. For plays like *Endgame* and *Evam Indrajit*, even the 'tragicomedy' would not be an adequate label. Instead of juxtaposing, alternating, or interlacing the tragic and the comic, here, everything is simultaneously and concurrently tragic and comic. This is a distinguishing feature of Modern drama, where the movements and the artists of the theatre tend to be hard to pin down to one particular generic label or artistic method.

BROKEN VALVES

Dr. R. M.V. Raghavendra Rao*

We have heard of continental drifts,
When races after races went to pieces.
We have heard of universal deluge,
When the elements waited eternally for refuge.
We have read about world wars,
Leaving civilizations with ineradicable scars.
We hear now of loving couples,
Instantly parting without smiles,

Having vowed to travel for miles.
Now we have a single culture
Torn asunder by self-seeking vultures.
Monuments of values are broken asunder
Memories of great minds are made
to surrender.
By strategies of bloodless surgery,
By coteries of political jugglery.
Air, water and light are divided,
Alas! Will they ever be reunited!

* Associate Professor of English (Retd), Poet,
Hyderabad

There's a danger in the internet and social media. The notion that information is enough, that more and more information is enough, that you don't have to think, you just have to get more information - gets very dangerous.

Edward de Bono

FROM HAMPI TO HARAPPA

A tribute to Acharya Tirumala Ramachandra on his Birth Centenary - 2013

Ramakrishna Rao Gandikota *

Honorary prefixes, suffixes, degrees and titles are superfluous for scholars of eminence like Maha Mahopadhyaya Tirumala Ramachandra (1913-97).

In *Yoga Vasistha*, it is said

Plants also live and birds and beasts live. But he lives (truly) whose mind is live by thinking.

The fauna and flora live, at times for even hundreds of years, but they do not have the thinking faculty. Man, the Homo sapien, alone is bestowed with that faculty. But seldom we do think, we merely act; seldom we do live-but survive. We do not court worries, troubles, police arrests, court martial etc., if given an opportunity to have a comfortable life and a secured income. But this is not the case with Prof. Tirumala Ramachandra.

Dr. Ramachandra is a multifaceted personality with peculiar life style and a chequered career. His life is a combination of contrasts, complexes, dualities. He is orthodox by appearance but modern by way of thinking. He got his 'acharya' suffix in his name deleted voluntarily, not to be identified with caste. What a revolutionary decision! (Originally he was named Ramachandracharya). He was a linguist and epigraphist! He was a great scholar

in Telugu, Sanskrit, Hindi, Urdu, Persian, Tamil, Kannada etc.

He is a master of extremities with mercurial movement and lightning speed in taking decisions. Sri Tirumala Ramachandra is simplicity incarnate, humanity personified even at times of adversity. He is a man with eternal quest for knowledge, a true *Karmayogi*, never caring for fruits of his action. He considered himself a *Bhasha - Sevakudu*, in the most humble way. His forewords to books were titled *Manavi Matalu*;

*Whoever wanders world over
Whoever serves the scholars galore
His knowledge spreads like
A drop of oil on the surface of water*

Like a *sanyasin*, he wandered from place to place, with no attachments, never caring for comforts, recognition or even career prospects, leave alone power and pelf. With his personal contacts with several stalwarts of freedom movement and eminent scholars, he could have adorned very high offices - academic or gubernatorial, if he wished. He had the honour of travelling with Mahatma Gandhi by car, from Chirala to Madras. He remained obscure and we too have forgotten him. Unfortunately, it is the same case with Mahamahopadhyaya Kasi Krishnamacharya and Mahamahopadhyaya Kokkenda Venkata Ratnam Pantulu garu.

* Retd. Principal, Kakinada

Sri Tirumala Ramachandra was predominantly a patriot and a journalist to the core. As a journalist, he worked with (a) *Daily Telegraph*, Kanpur, (b) *Mizan* of Adavi Bapi Raju, from Hyderabad. (c) *Andhra Prabha*, (d) *Andhra Patrika*, (e) *Andhra Bhoomi* etc. He was secretary *Balala Academy* during 1979-80.

He worked in *Saraswati Mahal Manuscript Library* of Tanjavoor and Oriental manuscript library of Lahore. He brought out about 20 research issues. There are more than a hundred forewords and over one thousand book reviews to his credit. In those days, to get an article published in the magazine *Bharati* of *Desoddharaka* Sri Kasinadhuni Nageswara Rao, was like securing a D.Litt from the University of Madras. Sri Tirumala Ramachandra's first article on *Andhra Chando Viseshamulu* appeared in the September 1935 issue of *Bharati*. That article was appreciated by *Rao Saheb* Gidugu Rama Murthy Pantulu Garu. In that context, Sri Tirumala, humourously wrote that he felt so happy as if two D.Litt. degrees were awarded to him by the university of Madras.

Autobiographies written by Journalists are rare, rarer still are in regional languages. *Hampi Nunchi Harappa Daka*, autobiography of Tirumala Ramachandra in Telugu, is quite unique. Kamalapuram, the village he lived in during his childhood, is the starting point of the accounts of the historical ruins of Hampi, Vijayanagar empire. *Virupaksha* temple is very near to Kamalapuram Village. In his childhood, he visited Hampi and after serving in the army, he visited Harappa. He bathed in

Tungabhadra as a child, and *Sindu* as a matured man. That is how the title of his autobiography is most appropriate. There are 61 chapters. Each chapter begins and ends with a beautiful Sanskrit *sloka*. Further, there is a generous sprinkle of Sanskrit aphorisms which highlight the book as a reference book. Sketches of Amareswara Rao enliven the reading. The racy style of anecdotes, picturesque presentation of the then society and people, make the book un-put-downable. We feel as if we are reading a novel. Having read once, we will be tempted to read again and again and make use of the pithy maxims in our own personal life.

Tirumala Ramachandra was born on 17th June 1913, in Raghavampalli, a hamlet in Anantapur District. He had his early education in the villages of Ragampalli, Anegondi and Kamalapuram (Bellary Dt.). His parents were Smt. Janakamma and Sri Seshacharyulu. All his family members were supporters of the congress and were involved in the freedom movement. They attended the meetings of Belgaum congress and Cocanada congress. They were ardent followers of Lokamanya Bala Gangadhara Tilak.

In 1923, at the tender age of 10, Ramachandra attended the Cocanada (Kakinada) congress meeting along with his uncle Sri Tirumala Venkatacharyulu. From there he went to Tirupati, where he studied as a boarder in the *Devastanam's* Sanskrit College.

On the midnight of January 30th in 1932, Sri Tirumala Ramachandra along with a couple of his friends, hoisted National Tricolour Flag atop the Temple Tower of Nammalwar Koil,

which was the most historical and sensational incident of those days. Overnight, he became a hero. Not satisfied with it, after a couple of days, he got ready 500 manuscript pamphlets, seeking people's involvement in the freedom struggle. He was caught red-handed, with evidence, and tried in Chandragiri Court, and was sentenced one year Jail term. It was the first freedom movement case in Chittoor District. He was incarcerated in Tiruchirapalli Jail. He was released from the Jail in 1933 and was simultaneously expelled from the *Devasthanam's* Sanskrit College, Tirupathi.

With the blessings of Sri K.V. Raghavacharyulu, a leading lawyer and a congress sympathizer, Ramachandra got admitted in the Vedic Sanskrit College, Nellore.

Later on, he joined in Sanskrit College, Mylapore, Madras. It was during this period, Mr. Tirumala Ramachandra got involved in the Madras conspiracy case. He was charged with treason, punishable with death.

Andhrakesari Sri Tanguturi Prakasam Pantulu garu, the renowned lawyer and leader of the freedom movement, defended the case. With his inimitable style of argument for over an hour, giving no chance to the accused No.1 i.e. Sri Tirumala Ramachandra, to open his mouth, so that he may not reveal the truth, succeeded in not getting Ramachandra arrested. However, the case was not closed and Mr. Ramachandra was under police vigilance. He was expelled from the Sanskrit College, Mylapore Madras, as the management was afraid of losing government grant.

After he came out of the Madras High Court un-convicted, in the conspiracy case, he had nowhere to go. As the poet Coleridge says 'Water-water everywhere water, but not a drop to drink', the whole world was before him, but no one to receive him, including his own parents. He got frustrated and even attempted suicide by drowning in the sea. But two beat constables rescued him and were good enough, not to file a case of 'attempt to suicide'.

Again it was his uncle Mr. Tirumala Venkatacharyulu, who was by then working with Bharati, as an assistant editor, who came to his rescue. From then onwards, started the journalistic career of Sri Tirumala Ramachandra, which lasted for about five decades. He was a mentor and idol, to hundreds of journalists of those days. He was closely associated with Sri Veturi Prabhakara Sastri, Sri Bulusu Venkata Ramanayya, Dr. Yellapragada Subba Rao of Lederly fame, whom the M.S.N. Charities, Kakinada sponsored for U.S. trip to undertake research, Sri Mallampalli Somasekhara Sarma, Sri Vissa Appa Rao (Principal A.U. Colleges) and many more luminaries of yester years.

He served in the army as a clerk-*havaladar* (1940-44) during which time he stayed in Baluchistan, Quetta and Chaman. To help a starving colleague, Mr. Ramachandra, was prepared to face a court martial. It shows the humane nature of the eternal fighter and writer, Mahamahopadhyaya Tirumala Ramachandra. He was awarded with the title *Patrakara Siromani Award*, on behalf of *Udanta Martanda* Calcutta. He was honoured in the

world Telugu conferences in Hyderabad and Kaulalampur. He received *Ekata* award, Hyderabad, and A.P. Sahitya Academy Award. He married Anantha Lakshmi in 1938.

Acharya Tirumala Ramachandra's journey came to an end on 12th October 1997 at a ripe age of 84 years. His autobiography *Hampi Nunchi Harappa Daka* got published

two months after his demise, by AJO-VIBHO Publication (U.S.A.). Prior to publication in book form, the autobiography was serialized in *Andhra Prabha*, illustrated weekly for 61 weeks from 20-03-1996 to 21-05-1997. Week after week, readers waited eagerly, to read these anecdotes. Virtually, it was a mental pabulum both for the erudite and common readers in those days.

WHY MEN GET THE BLAME?

Kumarendra Mallick*

Curse me...
Why the men get all the blame?

Poor fellow,
he needs to be a Shakespeare
or in monsoon a Kalidasa to see
in her flying curls a cloud,
a crescent moon in her wink
or a cloudburst in her warm tears

Gym he has to visit daily
and practice yoga and pranayama
to strengthen his heart and arm muscles
on each birthday to pick her up

* Poet, Hyderabad

In a Mall, man is another mannequin,
a bystander to carry her shopping bag
and to nod each time to say yes to her choice
and empty his purse time and again

After all these
if he is late from the office,
Or found chatting with a pretty thing,
a piece of her mind she gives him,
she rains fire even in spring

Care and concern even in her dust storm
do touch a man's heart, she needs a soft caress
to shower her deep love to make life
enchanting!

In her rose garden, the thorns are sharp
the roses, too, are ever smiling...

An expert is someone who has succeeded in making decisions and judgements simpler through knowing what to pay attention to and what to ignore.

Edward de Bono

THE JOY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE

Silloo Mehta*

Conscience is inborn. It enters with our first breath and remains as a guiding light. It always points to the truth. Heed it. Your first instinct is the right one; before the mind brings its motives of self-interest. It is a hard task master not comfortable to live with. Guilt is its companion. Be on guard for motives. True altruism, or a cloak for a hidden agenda? It is so easy to rationalise one's desires.

Like conscience, happiness is inborn. We spend our lives seeking it, sometimes selling our souls for this elusive Nirvana. Yet, unknown, it often enters our lives, its touch as light as a butterfly's. A baby's smile brings forth instant joy and a responsive reaching out. True friendship warms the heart. Treasure it. The beauty of nature brings a calm soothing happiness for the wonders of creation. Above all, feel the joy of giving. Give when you see need, give without expectation of return. Give even when it hurts - and then forget about it. That is the hardest part. An appreciative word, a gesture of affection makes life so much easier.

Renowned philanthropists like Bill Gates and Warren Buffett, established foundations which will continue to manage their vast wealth for charities around the world. Our own House of Tata is a shining example. In a recent interview with Rockefeller representatives, Ratan Tata mentioned that 4.5 per cent of their income went to charities.

The world needs more goodness, less greed and lust for power, which have engulfed

our country in a sea of corruption. The next bought election is not the answer. We need to pray for an Avatar.

Rising New India: Everyone wants to be happy, yet we sow the seeds of our own unhappiness. Life's sharp edges can rub us raw but angry response will solve no problems.

Nurturing grudges is like ingesting slow poison. It affects the health, robs the day of joy and makes for dreary companionship. Once we decide to forgive and forget, suddenly a load is lifted from our shoulders. Love enters the heart and we can be happy again. There will always be regret for the lost years, but don't let it spoil the present.

Possessions do not buy happiness. They merely encourage greed. Nothing is ever enough. The mindless consumerism that TV has brought into our homes has set in motion a huge discontent. Everybody wants everything and they want it now, especially the young. They also realise that education is the key to prosperity. For the first time it is open to all. Parents work over-time, take on multiple jobs, and the children show boundless ambition. It is common to be introduced proudly to "my M.Com. daughter" or "Engineer son". Their self-esteem has soared. In a single generation they have joined the middle class. We rejoice in the rising new India. May they fly far, yet not forget their roots.

Courtesy: The Hindu

WALLACE STEVENS' "THE EMPEROR OF ICE-CREAM" AS A POEM OF MODERNITY

Dr. P. Satyanarayana *

The Modernist revolution in American poetry was essentially accomplished during 1912-1922. Wallace Stevens was an American Modernist poet. He was born on 2nd October 1819 in the city of Reading in Pennsylvania State. During his school education, he learned French, German, Latin and Greek. After his high school education, he studied at Harvard University to study English, French and German. He began writing poetry as a student in Harvard (1897-1900). According to him, "Poetry is a way of Life". The poetry of Wallace Stevens is of the most lavish variety and the most proud unity. His poems range in length from two lines to thirty-odd pages, taking the form of aphorisms, images, soliloquies, dialogues, anecdotes, parables, myths, invocations or lectures. We see in his poems a meticulous use of wide vocabulary, concrete imagery, and disciplined correct sentence structures. There is a clarity yet there are also puzzling elements. One such poem of Wallace is *The Emperor of Ice-Cream* which is taken from his first collection of poetry, *Harmonium*.

According to Wallace Stevens, this particular poem was his favourite. The antithesis between death and life is presented in a realistic manner without focussing on the contradiction. In fact, the poet has juxtaposed images of life with the images of death exactly

as it is in reality. Let us now look at the poem for understanding its interpretation.

Poem - Text

*Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month's newspapers.
Let it be finale of seem.*

The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

*Take from the dresser of deal,
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam.*

The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

--Wallace Stevens

In the first stanza, the poet depicts the woman who is dead in an American city. Her corpse is still lying. It is uncertain whether the residence is a house or an apartment. Apparently, people of Latin American ancestry live in the neighbourhood and work rolling cigars (Wrapping cured tobacco in a cigar leaf) to earn money. The narrator of the poem calls for a muscular cigar roller to make

* Former HOD, Department of English, PVKK PG College, Anantapuram

ice-cream in the kitchen. Besides this, he has to serve it to the visitors, attending the 'wake' for the deceased woman. In earlier times, a wake frequently took place in the time of the deceased. Besides paying their last respects to the dead person, visitors often ate, drank and told stories. Thus, a wake was sometimes a festive occasion. In the poem, the narrator tells what will happen before and during the wake.

There will be the ice-cream. The boys and girls come and bring flowers in last month's newspaper. They flirt and make eyes. It seems to be a party at someone's house. People forget the dead woman. The flowers have a symbolic significance here. They are symbolic of the world of fertility or vitality with passion and growth and beauty. They are also symbolic of paying homage to the dead.

When we move to the second stanza, we realize that there is a woman's dead body lying in one of the rooms of the same house. Instructions are being given as the body is being laid out. A sheet which had been embroidered by the dead lady some time ago has to be taken out of cheap deal wood dresser, lacking the three 'glass' knobs, to cover her face. The wood dresser is the only one possession of hers. It shows her poverty. She cannot boast of any other luxury. The sheet, not long enough, would now serve to cover up her face but leaves the "horny feet" protruding to show how cold and dumb she is. Despite the festive mood, there is no disrespect for the dead. The boys and girls have brought flowers in last month's newspapers. The visitors come for fun and socialise the event. They are not with the mourning for the loss of a neighbour. The

expression 'horny feet' evokes the poverty of this wretched woman more effectively than any treatise on the subject. In the midst of this dismal scene, we are relieved to find the presence of the lamp. "Let the lamp affix its beam" says the narrator of the poem. In the midst of the mutability of the world, this lamp is the only stabilizing factor which symbolizes a certain steadfastness and dignity as suggested by the words "affix" and "beam". This poem leaves us pondering whether the lamp with its affixed beam will suffice or the emperor of ice-cream will suffice.

The newspapers, the dead woman and the ice-cream all seem to point to the impermanence of events and objects. Ice-cream is short lived and it is this quality of ice-cream that seems important to the poem. Death seems to be symbolised as *The Emperor of ice-cream*! The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream that is repeated, probably to indicate that death will overpower every one of us and with this knowledge every moment that to live must be savoured fully as we would savour ice-cream. The relationship between life and death is conveyed in a matter-of-fact way by Wallace Stevens. He has attempted here something which he had not attempted in his other poem, *The Death of a Soldier*, which is very similar to this poem in theme and situation.

This poem suggests different ideas to the readers. One reader may regard the planned festivity at the wake as disrespectful to the deceased woman. Another reader may regard it as a positive response to the woman's death. After all, life must go on. The point is that perceptions of the world differ from person to person. They are like images on the

canvases of painters from different schools of art. All the painters could paint the same scene-a field of flowers for example-and all paintings would be different in some way. Similarly, this poem's interpretation differs. Wallace Stevens chooses words that subtly reinforce his theme. The meter of the poem is varied, as does the pattern accents. The last two lines of stanzas of 1 and 2 each form a couplet and the last line of the second stanza repeats the last line of the first. Stevens "plots" this story of the poem into two equal stanzas: one for the kitchen where the ice cream is being made, and other for the bedroom where the corpse awaits decent covering. One faced with life in the kitchen and the other faced

death on the bed. This poem represents Stevens' views on religion and Christianity.

Reading this poem, one is suddenly immersed in a world of aesthetics. The Jazz age, the depression decade, World War II, social and economic problems of America are touched here. Stevens can be called a philosophical poet because his poem engages us with abstract conceptions of 'Reality' and 'Imagination' or 'Seeming' and 'Appearance'. In other words, 'Seeming' is being and 'Appearance' is reality. This life is a movement, flex and appearance but reality is death.

I LOVE MUSIC

Himabindu Kopally*

Music is such a wonder,
That I listen to it when my mind ponders.
It's a rhythm divine,
Which makes me forget the time.
It runs in my soul
As I sing it aloud in a role
Pop, rock, romantic, soft are the varieties
I am addicted to,
Favorite, energetic, adventurous,

soothing are its synonym
Adjectives too..
I write this poem while listening to the music
which I learn too.
Beatles, simple plane, Simon & Garfunkel Avril
Lavi are
Some great singers are bards.
I hope to sing like them in my own band
Music gives me my life's imagination,
I love it it's my heart's deepest passion.

* B.E. (II)

I am a firm believer in the people. If given the truth, they can be depended upon to meet any national crisis. The great point is to bring them the real facts.

Abraham Lincoln

REMOVAL OF POVERTY

Shyam Sunder

A great and free India has to be an opulent India. In spite of the inevitable element of asceticism in her religio-culture, "there was never a national ideal of poverty in India as some would have us believe, nor was bareness or squalor the essential setting of her spirituality."

"Valmiki, our ancient epic poet, includes among the signs of a just and enlightened state of society not only universal education, morality and spirituality but this also that there shall be none who is compelled to eat coarse food, none uncrowned and unanointed, or who lives a mean and petty slave of luxuries. The acceptance of poverty is noble and beneficial in a class or an individual, but it becomes fatal and pauperises life of its richness and expansion if it is perversely organised into a general or national ideal."

Rather, "Athens, not Sparta, is the progressive type for mankind, Ancient India with its ideal of vast riches and vast spending was the greatest of nations."

Yet today India is in the list of poor countries with millions of underfed, ill-clothed people with no roof over their head. Until we gained political independence we were blaming the foreign government for it. Their economic exploitation of the country was always declared to be the cause for it. But the problem of poverty continues to be about the same in magnitude even after 67 years of the end of the foreign rule. The diagnosis is there

when Sri Aurobindo says: "Poverty is no more a necessity of social life than disease of the natural body; false habits of life and ignorance of our true organisation are in both cases the peccant causes of an avoidable disorder. The existence of poverty is the proof of an unjust and illorganised society, and our public charities are but the first tardy awakening of the conscience of a robber."

If poverty is a consequence of false habits of life and unjust social organisation, it will not be difficult to see that as before 1947, so also afterwards, there has been no serious and true effort in this direction. Mitigation of poverty here and there, help to the poor at certain points, the politicization of the work for the poor instead of humanising it, these are palliatives, not a cure. The root causes are to be removed, as Sri Aurobindo says: "Help the poor while the poor are with thee; but study also and strive that there may be no poor for thy assistance". Vivekananda said, "Love the poor, the miserable, the downtrodden, and the Lord will bless you. I believe in God and I believe in man. I believe in helping the miserable. A few thousand graduates do not make a nation; a few rich men do not make a nation. Try to revive society on the old grounds of universal salvation and equality as laid down by the old Masters such as Shankaracharya, Ramanuja and Chaitanya. Him I call a *Mahatma* whose heart bleeds for the poor, otherwise he is a Duratman. So long as the millions live in hunger and ignorance, I hold every man a traitor, who

having been educated at their expense, pays not the least heed to them. The real spiritual man is broad everywhere. His love forces him to be so”.

It should be interesting to note that in respect of the Auroville township Mother said, "Begging is not permitted in Auroville. Persons found begging on the road will be distributed as follows; children to school, the old to a home, the sick to the hospital and healthy to

work. A school, a home, a hospital and special work areas will be arranged for this. They will not be mixed with the others, because some people may come from outside and begin to beg in the street”.

For the wage-earning village labourers working in Auroville, Mother has started providing simple and nutritious lunch in addition to normal wages.

Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action

THIRST FOR PEACE

C. Padmaja*

I want Peace
I thirst for Peace
I want a quantum amount of Peace
In search for Peace
I went to the market first
There, a march for roll-back of prices
I returned with great despair.
I went to a temple next
There, stone pelting at
Immersion of Idols seen
I came back frustrated.

Then to a Mosque I went
Cops quelled me out in search of Bombs
I turned back helpless.
Later I went to a Church far-off
Oh! It was razed to the ground by hooligans
I turned disheartened
Where ever I went there was rush,
push and stampede
What I wanted I could not get
Now I have come to know
There is no place of Peace anywhere
All these events made me know one truth
My Home is only my fort of Peace.

* School Asst. Govt. Girls High School, Narsapur

We the people are the rightful masters of both Congress and the courts, not to overthrow the Constitution but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution.

Abraham Lincoln

ARE WE FACING AN EVOLUTIONARY CRISIS?

Manoj Das *

It seems that the human race is beginning to lose its intellectual and emotional abilities.

Albert Einstein, in *Out of My Later Years*, warned us not to trust our intellect because it had no conscience though it had muscle. Those familiar with this warning will not be surprised by the thesis put forth by Dr. Gerald Crabtree of Stanford University in a recent issue of *Trends in Genetics*, suggesting that the human race had begun to lose its intellectual and emotional abilities. As expected, the scientist makes a brilliantly detached analysis of the situation in terms of genetics and mutations but leaves it to us to evaluate the socio-psychological consequences of his deduction that runs against the modern man's self-assured complacency about his mind. But the suspicion that the attributes of mind - intellect, intelligence, wit, et al - are proving to be increasingly less dependable for the fundamental needs of life (peace, happiness and a certain stability of faith in the very purpose of life) has been felt for some time now.

We have to focus on some developments within a wider range of life to appreciate this assumption: If two persons from the same milieu and more or less similar in everything and suffering from the same malady are treated with the same medical and psychiatric care, the signs of healing should be more or less the same. But it was observed that while one's response to the treatment was

along expected lines, the other staged an inexplicably sudden recovery. The regularly monitored physical and emotional reactions of both did not provide any clue for this phenomenon. The question several such cases raised was this: could our consciousness contain an unidentified faculty that responded in a positive way in the second case?

Several experiences of this nature, after thorough discussions on them by the Executive Board of the World Health Organisation at Geneva in 1978 as well as in its subsequent meetings, led it to pass a resolution at the 36th World Health Assembly 1983 to add to the prevailing scope and definition of health, which was *a state of complete physical, mental and social well being*; the factor of spirituality. Under the auspices of the WHO, the then chief of Health Services of the Government of India, Dr. D.B. Bisht and Director, Nimhans, Dr. G.N. Reddy, convened a workshop at Bangalore, in February 1985, to assess this proposition in the Indian context. It was an unpublicized brainstorming event in which 40 of the country's leading medical practitioners, life-scientists, psychologists, psychiatrists, jurists and a few students of the mystic lore (which included this author) participated. Although spirituality was an age-old concept, to determine its relevance to as down-to-earth a field as health, was a challenging exercise.

Concrete cases were cited that could lead to the hypothesis that deep within man a hitherto ignored constituent of consciousness

was demanding recognition and its suppression could lead to several problems, mental, emotional and physical. What had been for ages an experience only with *Yogis* and mystics, an aspect of consciousness that was its very basis and which sustained the whole structure of our being despite its other constituents like mind and emotions constantly fighting among themselves, was probably at last trying to assert itself, slowly but surely, in the life of a greater number of people.

Hence the hypothesis: if polygraph, popularly known as the lie-detection test, leaves us in little doubt that there is a part of our consciousness that shrinks from falsehood - and the fact that despite all the deviations and aberrations, civilisations survive on the ideal of truth and values aligned with it - it should not appear unrealistic if the élan of evolution strove to bring to the forefront what is already involved in us - call it *Factor X* if not Soul. In the wake of Dr. Crabtree's thesis the significant finding of a research conducted by the Notre Dame Professors of psychology, Anita Kelly and Lijuan Yang, has come to light. It claims that those who avoid speaking lies enjoy a better quality of health. Simply through a casually developed habit we utter lies - exaggerations included most of which were unwarranted. The well-oriented and documented research shows that those who willed and stopped the habit got rid of a lot of irritating disorders.

The research only confirms what is an inborn knowledge with us: we unconsciously

respect truth and honesty. We spontaneously exclaim with appreciation, "What an honest man is he!" We do not exclaim in the same spirit, "What a dishonest man is he!" Needless to say, truth and honesty are not the natural virtues of mind and its instrument, the intelligence. If we have to realize these goals, we have to surpass mind. According to Sri Aurobindo, "At present mankind is undergoing an evolutionary crisis in which is concealed a choice of its destiny; for a stage has been reached in which the human mind has achieved in certain directions an enormous development while in others it stands arrested and bewildered and can no longer find its way. "Sri Aurobindo envisions a future when the mind could be transformed into a Supramental gnosis.

Dr. Crabtree's thesis leaves us with a choice between two attitudes: we resign to a future when technology would mould our fate, our mind a growing cipher, or we cultivate a collective aspiration to release what remains involved in our consciousness. To a Professor who was logically convinced of Sri Aurobindo's vision but wondered if the ugly man of today could really grow into something beautiful, a rustic school teacher told, "If a wonder like the lotus could bloom out of mud with the Sun's Grace, why can't out of our muddy mind bloom the Supramental with the Divine's Grace? We may replace Divine's Grace with an Evolutionary thrust, if we please.

Courtesy: *The Hindu*

THE NEED OF A FUNDAMENTAL EQUALITY

Kittu Reddy *

Today India is an organised nation with a strong sense of unity, despite certain fissiparous movements and tendencies in some parts of the country. However, there is one area of very serious concern which is coming in the way of complete unity: It is the emergence of a dominant class made up mainly of the political and corporate worlds. Added to that is the huge mass of poverty and the glaring difference in standards of living. According to a new Oxford University study, 55 percent of India's population of 1.1 billion, or 645 million people, are living in poverty. To illustrate this huge gap further, here is an extract from the *New York Times* written by Manu Joseph:

Daily life in India is a fierce contest between the affluent and the educated on the one side, and the brooding impoverished on the other. The pursuit of India's elite is to protect themselves from India - from its crowds, dust, heat, poverty, politics, governance and everything else that is in plain sight. To achieve this, they embed themselves in their private islands that the forces and the odours of the republic cannot easily penetrate. The islands that protect Indians from India are simple and natural: A luxurious car with an unspeaking driver who works for 12 hours everyday at less than \$200 a month or at least an S.U.V. with strong metal fenders that can absorb routine minor accidents. A house in a beautiful residential community that the other Indians can enter only as maids and drivers. Membership in an exclusive club. Essentially

a life in a bubble where there is no sign of the government except for the treachery of the service tax.

This is not the life of the terrifyingly rich alone but also the skilled middle class employed in the private sector. The numbers of these "sovereign republics" inside India are small, and there are islands within islands, each one characterized by, how much money it can invest to make its walls higher and thicker to keep India out. The best protected are, of course, the 60-odd billionaires and almost-billionaires, who are even shielded from the justice system. They escape India even when they go to meet their gods in the country's holiest temples. While hundreds of thousands jostle for a glimpse of the deities, and scores routinely die in stampedes, the rich are whisked away from their choppers for special appointments with their benevolent gods."

It is evident that this cannot go on much longer. Here is what Sri Aurobindo writes:

"But this phenomenon, whether of dominant classes or dominant nations, can never be more than a temporary necessity; for the final aim of Nature in human life cannot be the exploitation of the many by the few or even of the few by the many, can never be the perfection of some at the cost of the abject submergence and ignorant subjection of the bulk of humanity; these can only be transient devices. Therefore, we see that such dominations bear always in them the seed of

their own destruction. They must pass either by the ejection or destruction of the exploiting element or else by a fusion and equalisation.....

Absolute equality is surely neither intended nor possible, just as absolute uniformity is both impossible and utterly undesirable; but a fundamental equality which will render the play of true superiority and difference inoffensive, is essential to any conceivable perfectibility of the human race. Therefore, the perfect counsel for a dominant minority is always to recognise in good time the right hour for its abdication and for the imparting of its ideals, qualities, culture, experience to the rest of the aggregate or to as much of it as is prepared for that progress.

Where this is done, the social aggregate advances normally and without disruption or serious wound or malady; otherwise a disordered progress is imposed upon it, for Nature will not suffer human egoism to baffle for ever her fixed intention and necessity. For where her aims are frustrated, Nature inevitably withdraws her force from the offending unit till she has brought in and used other and external means to reduce the obstacle to a nullity." (CWSA Vol. 25 P287-288)

It is time the Government of India woke up to this harsh reality and took immediate and necessary steps to reduce this gross inequality.

Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action

TRIVENI

V. Lalitha Kumari*

It is the confluence of great rivers
That makes Prayaga pious pilgrim-place;
It is the quality of prose and verse
That lends Triveni rare glory and grace.

The crystalline Ganges coming from East,
The affluent Yamuna flowing a main,

The calm Saraswathi that shows the least,
There merge pristine waters to absolve men.

Gleanings from the Literary garden,
Flowers picked from
History's boundless field,
Fruits of Artists and Scientists' acumen,
Are dealt here deftly, rich rewards to yield.

To sow and spread values is this book's aim
Success therein has brought it name and fame.

* Poet, Guntur

WALKING THE STREETS OF THE WORLD STOP, LOOK & SEE

Anu Nadimpalli*

How many times have we taken the time from our busy lives, to notice a beautifully painted manhole cover?

How many times have we looked at a reflection in a glass and wondered what that shape might be?

How many times have we taken the time to Stop, Look & See a plain wall completely transformed by a mere shadow?

This is the genesis of my first solo photography exhibition that was held at the *Icon art Gallery*, last year. It was graced by the presence of not only well known photographers like Ranjit Sinha, Prabhakar Kusuma and Sathyaprasad Yachendra, I was also fortunate to have the presence and blessings of the esteemed Chief Editor of *Triveni*, Professor I. V. Chalapati Rao. Walking the streets of the world with a hunger for travel and a thirst for photography, I stop, look and see the world through an architectural lens. I see forms and shapes, both built and natural, inside whatever medium that presents itself. They beckon to me with the same zeal as the locals I encounter in my travels. My aim is to urge us all to notice that hidden world that we so often miss, while we are busy living our lives. As a photographer, I like to show the

viewer how the most ordinary view and objects in our daily lives are transformed into something truly extraordinary with the injection of slight light and shadow.

An ordinary looking lamp, for instance, can become a silent artist, painting with a brush of 'light' on the wall around it, showing off its glowing artistry.

All we have to do is to take a few minutes to notice. I was in a plaza one day ordering lunch. My friend, sitting across from me had just removed his glasses and placed them inside his pocket. One of the lenses was protruding from his pocket reflecting the scene outside.

And there it was. I could see the plaza inside the lens of his glasses.

Another day, we had stopped at a plaza after a long day of seeing the sites. My husband had just gotten his beer. The waiter placed it on the table and left.

At once this simple glass of beer became a site of its own.

Two and a half years ago, I moved to Barcelona, Spain. Here, I was struck by the various types of balconies that I had encountered as I was traversing the streets of this beautiful city. Most visitors and tourists that frequented here, however, didn't seem

* Travel Writer & Photographer, USA

to notice my fascinating subject of interest. They were too busy peering into their guide books searching for that next monument and site mentioned in the pages. Most locals for their part, had been around for so long, they stopped looking altogether. I, on the other hand, was more curious to see what else this city had in store for me. I started a collection of sorts of the various balcony patterns I found and photographed along the streets. I simply loved the different colors and textures of these various terrazas, as they are called here in Spain, so much so that I did a coffee table book on them.

My fascination for scouting out the unnoticed and ignored didn't stop there. We were at an Easter parade held here one year. There was the brass band player, minding his own business. He didn't even realize that I was taking a picture of his instrument.

Everyone, including him, were focused

on the parade and I could see the entire parade being played out inside the broad mouth of his his beautiful instrument.

One thing we need to ask ourselves is: What is it about not noticing these miniscule moments and concealed "monuments" anyway?

Why do we get so carried away with our supposedly important chores and activities?

Are we really so busy to think that little things don't matter that much?

After all, big things do come in little packages. Beauty can be found in the most unlikely places. All we have to do is to notice them. My photographic "finds" are a testament to that. So, let us all Stop, Look and See the sites that we so often miss, as we are walking the streets of the world.

NO RETURN FROM IT

C.M. Mohan Rao *

Words have many meanings
connotations and interpretations
but the truth is one
shining like a diamond
beneath the pitch dark layers

* Poet, Vijayanagaram

of the myopic vision of the man
Man can understand things
only through senses and words
but one must go beyond them
to see, to understand, to visualize the truth
Once one grasps it, that is enough
no return from it

THE ESSENCE OF POETRY

K. Rajamouli*

No Definite Definitions:

Poetry is multisided and multifaceted for its infinite characteristics to reflect a definite goal like the flower of infinite petals to spread the definite perfume. It is the queen of all genres as it is not just like a novel, short story, essay, drama or anything else as it includes all the merits of every genre else. It is everything to be beyond the defining parameters. If it is defined in a specific way, it is not poetry since it marks unlimited rich variety. It is indefinable as it is inadequately definable in the way the ocean with its infinite shores in all directions is invisible to the physical eye. It is not confined to any age, any nation, any region, any faith or any sect or any class or any person. It surpasses the boundaries of time and space. Right from the dawn of civilization it has been so variously defined by poets and critics. All look and aim at one goal, the sole goal of poetry. It has the definite goal or specific purpose of communication with a profound feeling to have its indelible impact and inerasable imprint on its audience for a reform or good change. A poet aims at a definite message through a poem as Rabindranath Tagore delineates the Divine infinite gifts that are offered for the welfare of man but they run back to Him without becoming less in his poem, *Thy Gifts* and rightly puts it,

*From the words of the poet men take
what meanings please them; yet their last
meaning points to thee."*

(Gitanjali, Poem: 75)

Poetry is the result of imagination from the mind of a poet when he beholds the sight of beautiful daffodils or the dance of a peacock, a scene of bloodshed or listens to the song of a nightingale that recalls something delightful or sorrowful to his heart; the wreck of a ship, or any other moving incident. It rises from the mind as a response in the form of imagination to get transformed only to be appealing to the heart of a reader. The poet is the creator of a poem like a deity and the reader is like the devotee in the process of reading like that of devotion or adoration. Milton has the specific purpose of definite goal, the attitude of the Task-Master as he presents,

*As ever in my great Task-master's eye
(The siren's Song, 7)*

Poets have different modes of expressions to vary one from the other but all their poems-long or short, aim at the sole goal of poetry. Their reflections are various but their expressions flow from the sole channel of poetry for the definite goal.

Life and Poetry:

Life is also defined in different ways but not in a definite way. It is indefinable like

* Professor of English, Warangal

poetry. Poetry and life are therefore beyond the scope of their definitions. Life has all joys and sorrows, ebbs and tides, ups and downs, tears and smiles, etc., to be away from boundaries of its definite definition. Poetry is the most befitting medium for the portrayal of life. All ideas, experiences, feelings, etc. that arise in life are transformed and transmuted into beautiful poetry by virtue of imagination born in the poet's mind and grown in the poetic process to result in a beautiful poem as the rough caterpillar transforms into the pretty butterfly in the natural process. It is the stethoscope to hear the heart-throbs of the poet or the lens through which we watch the picture of life in the mirror of poetry, the most suitable genre. Lord Krishna expresses his message through the Gita when humanity at the verge of colossal human loss and the hour of fatality is flagrant to the physical eye.

The heart with overwhelming joy knows how to reflect in the hues of poetry. The soul with woes and throes is pretty aware of the tears, needs the medium of poetry for its expression in snapshot details. Anger coming from the heart of a person, deprived of deserving privileges and suitable opportunities vested in the hands of the selfish to offer, erupts from the heart like lava from a burning volcano. Parching throats and deepening hungers; deprivations and discriminations; etc have their expression from aching hearts and crying souls of creative minds. Joys are also expressed in equal spirits through the medium of poetry as delightfully as the flower blossoms. It subsumes all kinds of feelings, emotions, experiences, dreams, thoughts, etc. that have a suitable expression through it. All these are viewed, felt, heard or experienced to the fullest extent in the kaleidoscope of poetry.

Poetry Knows No Boundaries:

Poetry is universal and philosophical rather than individual and historical as it originates from imagination to reflect higher truths and higher realities. It is not confined to any region, any age, any idea, any faith, or any ism or anything specific. It may be subjective or objective but aims at a definite goal. It is not outdated nor is it updated as it is universal in its exquisite expression of universal ideas and frank exposition of permanent values for universal appeal. It has the aesthetic goal of its own for the audiences for ever as Keats opines, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'. The beauty of poetry is a glory for ever as it is full of lessons on virtues and sermons on values for the reader. It is not confined to any ism which of course is not its criterion. It welcomes all facts of life in the fidelity of expressions. These are the facts that leave it indefinable.

Poetry Is Unlike All Others:

Poetry in variety and diversity marks no exact or correct definition and no limit to its genuine expressions. Though it was, is or will be written all over the world, it is one but poets are many and poems are infinite with different forms and dictions to express different subjects. They have their own ways of feeling-expressions and word-utterances but they abide by the laws of poetry which is the expression of emotions and passions by and large. It is not the rainbow that has only seven pretty colors to expose seven hues of expressions and exhibit its wonders to be a rare spectacle that falls inferior to poetry as it is the rainbow of infinite colors to express infinite ideas to be far greater for expressions.

If I feel privilege to define it, I can define it as the rainbow of infinite colors; a bower of flowers with multi-petals and lots of varieties of fragrance or a multi-sided weapon to aim at different goals. It is words arranged in a systematic way to express the feelings of the poet to share his feelings with his audience and so on in the language of the reader. I, as a lover of poetry, define it from my point of view as follows:

"Every poet lets us listen to his heart-throbs for our heart-responses. It is his primary goal and bounden responsibility to describe events, incidents, experiences, dilemmas, problems, etc that he glimpses and witnesses in life. Poetry is his medium and spectrum he expresses through, and weapon and organ he fights with for the aimed reforms and desired solutions. It rises from the reality and the actuality of life in the way the plant rises from the ground of truths to bloom the flowers of facts."

(Language, Literature and Culture, 54-67)

It is sometimes a source for pleasures, sometimes an avenue for fears but has the aesthetic goal of its own for satisfaction on the part of the reader. It has multisided functions for multidimensional effects. The key ones of poetry aim at are bloom-like evolution and bomb-like revolution. We should all mind that poetry is therefore beyond the scope of defining it in an exact or correct manner. Different definitions in use, as poets and critics defined in the past, are defining now and will define in the future in different ways in different ages and places. Other genres have exact definitions and mark a clear-cut difference from poetry. The differences in poetry are so diverse and its definitions are so varied but it

is a whole and the one to represent human emotions by means of word-expressions, thought-interpretations and sound-modulations. It cannot be confined to limits: size, time, space, mood, or anything nor can it be defined in a way alone. *Paradise Lost* and *Mahabharata* are poems to run to pages and pages to be bulky enough but they are for pleasure. There is no size-limit and time-limit for a poem to be completed in one sitting. No such limits are imposed to it as the valid are portrayed in it. So, it is not to record events like history to state what has happened. Poetry is to reflect what should happen. It is not science to have a specific definition nor is it mathematics to say two plus two is four. Of course, sciences express realities as they are but it, in its modified fancy, expresses higher realities and broader outlooks for the enlightenment of the reader. So it has a goal higher than sciences for they mark limits.

Poetry and Effects:

Poetry is the amalgamation of views to reflect the synthesis of inklings that occur in the mind of a poet for a spontaneous expression. It is a solo or duet or chorus or something else of diverse rhythms to move the heart of a listener or reader and teach him or her higher truths. It is a multi-sided weapon for a reform or correction. It is a garden with different kinds of flowers to offer perfumes in variety. It is lava to burn vices and a bullet to shoot the vicious enabling the virtuous to lull in the swing of peace. It is a vehicle for the poets for their aesthetic communication to the audience. It is glory never to diminish or vanish but to flourish and cherish as long as man lives in emotions, feelings, ideas, experiences, etc. It is not a series of ideas to be abstractive but

to be constructive as it has powers to effect on the aimed lines. It is always alive and can at any cost survive in its glory and glitter, flair and fervor, lessons and sermons, sense and essence all concomitant to be important in the life of man.

Silent and Open Expressions:

A word articulated by mouth is the microcosm of expression through the macrocosm of poetry. It reveals an idea, advice, instruction or something else for the response of the listener's mind. Poetry therefore has a series of responses and reactions in the process of experiencing by listening or reading. In the same way by viewing and smelling, the human mind can have feelings in the form of responses at the sight or smell of a flower or any object of nature. The eyes also express different kinds of feelings by means of their contact. The raising of eyebrows reflects the sense of wonder. Gestures and postures have ideas to express, and facts to confess. A hen expresses fear or anxiety in protecting its chicks at the sight of a kite or an eagle. All these are silent poetic expressions of the thoughts in mind for response. The flute or lute conveys a thought without a word. Similarly, different tunes constitute music. It can therefore be conveyed by sound-utterances and facial expressions. The objective of poetry is the most effective silent or voiced expression of thoughts, emotions, and so on in the form of word-clusters in rhythmic expressions, rather than the dialogues of dramas or novels.

Main Types and Parts of Poetry:

Poetry mainly exhibits either of the two

facets: subjective or personal to express the poet's own experiences in odes, elegies, sonnets, etc, or objective or impersonal poetry to deal with the events taking place around, with less reference to his personal matters in the narratives like stories in verse, ballads, epics, idylls, etc. It has the two essential components: form and structure; content and sound which are complementary to each other as the one enriches the other. It employs the sound and the sense as the sound echoes the sense, for its chief objective is the aesthetic pleasure the reader loves most as his poetic goal.

Poetry, Prose and Drama:

Poetry, prose and drama are the three major forms of every literature. Drama welcomes poetry to it apart from dialogues in prose for a greater effect. They are therefore interrelated. Poetry is more effective than the other forms as it has all their characteristics in it for its effective ways of expression to mark unique and distinctive in its stature. It is altogether for higher values. It is primarily connotative unlike prose and drama and is different from sciences that are denotative.

Poets and Critics; Definitions and Subjects:

Through passing ages, poetry has been composed by different poets in different ages to mark infinite variety. When we talk of poetry, we talk of different 'isms': classicism, Puritanism, neo-classicism, metaphysics, romanticism, Victorianism, modernism, surrealism, post-modernism, realism, etc as poetry in the ages has been found aiming at different trends. They have their own isms and

unique ideas to be transformed and transmuted through the antenna of poetry. They have had different trends or approaches: general approach, sociological approach, psychological approach, formalist approach, archetypal approach, etc to portray their emotions and passions. It employs words, diction, language, image, meter, tone, theme, etc to enrich its expression. Different poets from the Anglo-Normans to the present day and critics from Plato to this today have defined it in different ways but they are inadequate to reflect the true essence of poetry. I totally agree with Philip Larkin's comments on poetry:

"I write poems to preserve things I have seen/thought/felt (if I may say indicate a composite experience) both for myself and for others, though I feel that my prime responsibility in the experience itself which I am trying to keep from oblivion for its own sake. Why I should do this, I have no idea, but I think the impulse to preserve is at the bottom of all art."

Essential Factors of Poetry:

All such definitions of poets and critics cannot justify the definition of poetry and its scope. Poetry in general is never defined as it is not confined to the limits of its definition.

The essence of imaginative and emotional substance is the nucleus of poetry. There are other essential parts to enrich its beauty for its full blossom and all perfume for the enjoyment of the reader. The diction with the choice of apt words in metrical and syntactical devices, adds beauty to poetry. Its sounds must echo the sense by its rhythmical and musical effects. The felicity and beauty of expressions also depends on the employment of figures of speech like simile, metaphor, personification, irony, alliteration, hyperbole, pathetic fallacy, etc. There may be any meter, any verse, any rhythm, any style or anything else in poetry but it solely aims at an imaginative or emotive expression as all roads lead to Rome.

Poetry, a Living River

Poetry lives in the moving expression of feelings, ideas, inklings, etc through the poet. It reflects in newspaper headlines, sub-titles and titles, maxims, dictums, quotations, slogans, emotional utterances, etc. It echoes from the oasis-expression of fulfillment, the joy-jubilation of achievement, the tear-emotion of bereavement and so on. It flows from imaginative, emotive and creative minds in flowing ideas for moving expressions to the audience. It is the living river of the ideas to flow from the mind to the senses through the mouth-piece of the poet.

It's the questions we can't answer that teach us the most. They teach us how to think. If you give a man an answer, all he gains is a little fact. But give him a question and he'll look for his own answers.

Patrick Rothfuss, *The Wise Man's Fear*

The most important thing is, don't stop questioning.

Einstein

HUMAN INTEREST

Dr. Sheila Balakrishnan*

I was in London some time ago on a short visit and happened to witness an incident. A very trivial one, but it set me thinking. I was taking a walk in one of the suburbs and there was this teenage girl ahead of me taking her pup for a walk. As is its wont, the pup decided to use that moment to relieve itself. The girl took a plastic bag from her pocket, cleaned up the mess and then walked on to the nearest bin to dispose of the poop!

What would have happened in our country? Not hard to guess! What specially impressed me was that this was a teenager. This is an age when there is a natural tendency to rebel but this civic sense was so deeply ingrained in her that she didn't think twice about acting the way she did.

Whereas we are enthralled by many things westerners do, they do not include the sense of responsibility those citizens have. What about traffic rules? Every single user of the road in India seems to feel that the road belongs to him or her, be it the automobile driver, the two-wheeler user or the pedestrian. At night, every driver tries to outshine the vehicles coming in the opposing direction! And the incessant honking which we all know is of no use at all. Even when the traffic is chock-a-blok! Compare that with the disciplined silent driving in most other countries. Foreigners who visit our country are appalled at our driving. Remember what Oprah Winfrey said when she was asked to comment on what she didn't like about India!

Public place behaviour is another such example. How many times do we see co-passengers in trains talking loudly, with no consideration for our eardrums! And when children cry loudly or disturb others, they look on indulgently with a proud smile. Of course, our children are lovable even when they are a public nuisance! It is a common practice to drag our children to hot, stuffy, crowded places and torture both the child and the lookers-on!

When I used to have private consultation, many couples would enter my room with kids. And both parents would look on indulgently as the child pulled down everything on my table including my stethoscope. While I grit my teeth and try to smile! Later on I quit this façade and asked them to refrain from bringing children into the consultation room. This has caused many people to look at me with shocked faces!

On mobile phone etiquette, the less said the better - the entire world is a mouthpiece! The other day, I read that a cashier in a supermarket abroad refused to serve a customer until she had finished speaking on the phone. And though the supermarket management chastised the cashier, even top political leaders deplored the action of the customer and reiterated the importance of phone etiquette.

Civic sense or rather the lack of it has been widely discussed and somehow it is an

undisputed fact that we Indians don't seem to care much for it. This attitude cuts across all ranks and sections. We don't think it deserves much importance. People today are so driven towards their personal goals that civic sense as an ethic has become a low priority, almost nuisance.

Many people think that civic sense is just about keeping our surroundings and roads clean. No, it is much more than that; it consists of abiding by laws, showing respect to and consideration for fellow countrymen maintaining decorum in public places. Civic sense is social ethics. And, alas, right down at the bottom of our list!

Courtesy: The Hindu

FOUR LINERS

Dr. E. Satyanarayana *

He who attempts to paint others in bad words
Unmistakably makes himself hostile to gods
And he who selfishly snaps human bonds
Meets his nemesis in the Almighty's hands

It is real bliss for you to be a child
In watching you grow up parents take a delight
And waste no time with neighbors to fight
Whenever your mischief turns unbearably wild.

It is an agony to keep track of one's birthday
For it reminds one of the impending doomsday
Foolish is he who prides himself on his
growing age

* Asst. Professor of English, Govt. Degree College,
Narsampet, Warangal

For every passing year tears off a life's page

Men may come and men may go
But in His Book the number remains the same
Ordinary mortals miserably fail to know
They are only props in the eternal game

Sweet are the words you utter
When you keep apart
Why does then the family cart
Together you board slip into a gutter?

He who fails in the class as a teacher
Becomes an unstoppable lay preacher
And brazenly scripts the pupils' fate
Offering them cheap counsel as bait.

The weak are dominated by their ego, the wise dominate their ego, and the intelligent are in a constant struggle against their ego.

Hamza Yusuf

You are born with wings. Learn to fly.

Jalaluddin Rumi

RESERVATION IN JUDICIARY

Dr.Arbind Panjiara*

The Indian Democracy is not only a political Democracy but a social democracy as well. If we wish to maintain Social Democracy not merely to inform, but also in fact, we have to do constitutional methods of achieving our social and Economic Objectives. One of the Social Objective before us is to have Social Representation governing the Judicial System of our country so that every section of Society has feeling of getting fair and unprejudiced justice rendered by the Justice Delivery System. On the other hand, being Social Democracy every section of society must have real participatory reflection in the judiciary injustice delivery system. Thus, it is relevant to point out here that nowadays the much discussed judicial reform and accountability has drawn the attention of the country at large and legal fraternity in particular. If at all not possible for throughout whole of the judiciary, it may be appropriate and beneficial to a great extent if all India Judicial Service is to be set up on the pattern of Union Public Service Commission with some amendment as it is provided under Article 312 of the constitution.

The Supreme Court of India in 1993 (4) SCC 228 (Para 52) has directed the Central Government to setup all India Judicial Service for uniform function of Civil & Criminal

Courts. It would be more practical if the Judicial Accountability is to be fixed to a body which is to be created under the constitution by a constitutional amendment which in fact, will be regulating the process of evolution of functioning of the said courts with some powers to check and balance.

Not only this clause 3 and 4 of article 312 of the constitution have been brought about by and through 42nd Constitutional Amendment Act, 1976 with the object of creating All India Judicial Service to include District Judges and Judges Superior thereto by enacting a law of parliament in pursuance of resolution in the councils of State in the manner referred to in Clause 1 of Article 312. When such All India Judicial Service would be created its members shall be governed by the Law of Parliament in connection with the judicial service.

However, it is relevant to point out here that every logic is advanced by the other side that ours is a federal system having jurisdiction by the State and the Union Government in connection with the Justice Delivery System for regulating the Justice Delivery System and their appointments. One of the fundamental principles advanced in this connection is that ours governance in the country is based on separation of power meaning thereby the legislature, executive and judiciary has to act in its own field and jurisdiction on the principle of separation of power. Hence, any provisions

* Associate Professor, Dept.of English,
T.N.B.Law College, Bhagalpur, Bihar

for reservation in the Higher Judiciary including in the High court and Supreme Court is violative of basic principle of the constitution if any reservation is made in this regard as the High Court and Supreme Court are autonomous and does not have concept of principle of enforcement of provisions of reservation in the name of Judicial Service as the High Court and Supreme Court is out of jurisdiction of governmental services.

As it would be clear from the procedure adopted in the appointment of the judges of the Supreme Court and High Court after coordinated consultations, is regulated under Article 124 and 217 of the constitution of India. It would not be appropriate to narrate detailed operational mechanism development in this behalf but suffice to state in *SP Gupta's* case known as *First Judges' case* (1982 (2) SCR 365) majority judges of 7 judges bench held that consultation envisaged in Article 124 and 217 between the Chief Justice of India and the Union Council of Ministers and the State Government is not 'concurrence'. But opinion of the Chief Justice of India is entitled to great weight, which is the opinion of the head of the judiciary. The Ultimate power of appointment rests with the Central Government and that is in accord with the constitutional practice prevailing with all democratic countries.

However, on the reference made to the Hon'ble Supreme Court, the 9 Judges bench of the Supreme Court again decided the issue which is known as *Supreme Court Advocates-on-Record Association vs. Union of India*, 1993 (4) SCC 441 popularly known as *2nd Judges Case* in which the majority held that 'consultation' with the Chief Justice of India is

concurrence. If the executive desires to differ with his view it should again be consulted and the opinion after consultation with the Chief Justice be final and binds the government. Thus, the Primacy to the executive is negated in this case and the primacy must, therefore, lie in the final opinion of the Chief Justice of India unless for the very good reasons known of the executive and discloses to the Chief Justice of India that the appointment would not be considered suitable. Thus, the president is to act in accordance with the advice of the council of ministers, is the requirement of Article 124 (2) and 217 (1) and any deviation in ordinary condition is not warranted.

Thus, the word 'concurrence' invalidates the earlier provisions of appointment made under the same provisions of the constitution and the non-accountable Chief Justice of India and his collegium has wrenched the power to select Judges from amongst the people than Judges living in ivory towers.

Thus, now it is important for us to point out that the preamble of the constitution when it assures Social Justice to every Citizen and Article 38 imposes duty on the state to inform social justice in all the institution of National Life in a parliamentary democracy where participation by all segments of the society in its democratic governance is inbuilt, implicit and sine quo-non lest people lose faith in its efficiency and the parliamentary democracy fails.

That is why, when the constituent assembly debate was going on, Dr. Ambedkar said on the draft article 193 (1) that drafting committee had considered the appointment of judges in two countries, namely England

and United States. In England, no doubt informally judges and lawyers would be consulted before making appointments. He further said that in India we had not reached the maturity which had been reached in England to entrust the appointment absolutely to the executive. As to the United States, the appointment required confirmation by the Senate which is a political body. However, Dr. Ambedkar said "The Draft Article therefore steers a middle course. It does not make the President, the Supreme and absolute authority in the matter of making appointments. It does not also import the influence of the legislature. The provision in the Article is that there should be consultation of persons who are well qualified to give proper advice in the matter of this sort, and my judgment is that this sort of provision may be regarded as sufficient for the moment".

Thus, it is emphasized that the due consideration of every legitimate expectations in decision making process is the requirement of rule of non-arbitrariness and therefore, this also is norm to be observed by the Chief Justice of India in recommending appointments to the Supreme Court. There should be proper representation of all sections of the people from all parts of the country. This means that all community including SC/ST & GBC should have representation in the Supreme Court and High Courts and Judges from all the states should be on the bench of Supreme Court. This is to ensure that the people from all parts of the country including SC/ST & GBC of the country have a sense of participating in the Apex National Judicial Institution and no state or community should have the feeling being neglected or discriminated against. Thus, the selection

should be made as a result of participatory consultative process in which the executive should have power to act as a mere check on the exercise of power by the Chief Justice of India to achieve the constitutional purposes vis-a-vis the social objective.

The legal fraternity at large seems to be dissatisfied with the procedure adopted for selection of judges of the Higher Courts after second Judges decision. It is not known how the Chief Justice of India and his 2 senior most colleagues and other colleagues deliberated and how a final decision is ultimately arrived at. Everything is shrouded in the mystery and there is a total lack of transparency.

Undoubtedly, the previous procedure in appointing Judges of the Supreme Court or High Court appears to be more practical than now, while the apex judiciary got the prevalence over the executive in appointing the judges of the High Court and Supreme Court. There is other part of the story for SC/ST & OBC of this country as pointed out by Justice Pandian in 2nd Judges case that from the statements of Ministry of Law placed in the parliament at the relevant time from the sanction strength in the Supreme Court and the representing the Dalits, Tribes, OBCs and Women as was pointed, out of 18 High Court Dalits are not represented in 12 High Courts and Tribes were not represented in 14 High Courts and 6 Courts representing OBC and no OBC is represented in 12 High Courts. Only 15 women Judges were appointed at the relevant time. Thus, the percentage of representation of Dalits and Tribes do not have even 4%; women do not have 3% and OBC do not have even 10% and the same situation has been continuing till the report

submitted by Kariya Munda on this subjects. We do not know at present what are the representations in the Supreme Court and High Court and I think that in any case it would not exceed more than 6% which is an unprecedented lack of representation in the Higher Judiciary and one cannot expect how the Social Democracy would survive in this country. Hence, it is imperative that the suitable amendments would have to be carried out in

Article 124 and 217 of the constitution to provide the proper representation of SC/ST & OBC as well as other minorities of the society of this country and thus, it is imperative right now to constitute a National Judicial Commission to assess the claims of the eligible persons representing the Higher Judiciary with ensuring accountability and transparency in appointment of the people of the country for India being a functional democracy.

MOTHER TERESA

Dr. Ram Sharma*

O! Thou angel of poor
In darkness engulf
But can't take her into itself
O! thou lover of humanity
With your Midas touch
Transformed the poverty
O! thou bride of grieves
Distributed spell of happiness

Among rags of sadness
Beauty of Lord Shiva
Ash-smeared body
Draped with a lion skin
The moon on his forehead
The Ganges as his crown
Garland of skulls round his neck
Beeds of rudrakshas on his chest
Snakes round his neck
Spirituality in eyes
Meditating for the welfare of the world

* Writer, Poet, Meerut

People tend to be generous when sharing their nonsense, fear, and ignorance. And while they seem quite eager to feed you their negativity, please remember that sometimes the diet we need to be on is a spiritual and emotional one. Be cautious with what you feed your mind and soul. Fuel yourself with positivity and let that fuel propel you into positive action.

Steve Maraboli

BOOK REVIEW

**Flowering of Indian English Literature-
New Dimensions- Prestige Books
International, New Delhi : Sydney
Pages:288, Price:Rs 800/-**

The book is a collection of 32 critical essays by different authors and is brought out as a Festschrift for Prof M.Rajagopalachary, by his colleagues, friends and research scholars, on the occasion of his superannuation on March 31, 2013. It deals with recent literary themes pertaining to Indian English Literature, such as Diaspora, Multiculturalism, Marginalisation, Feminism, Theory and Translation. The book is edited by B.Krishnaiah.

Anita Desai, Shobha De, Shashi Deshpande, Amitav Ghosh, Arundhati Roy, Salman Rushdie are some of the authors, whose popular works have been critically analysed in this book. N.Anil Krishna in his article, 'The Image of New woman in Shobha De's Sethji' examines De's Feministic perspective and he is of the opinion that all her novels project the image of 'new woman'. Women's writing is currently engaged with social, legal, and political issues and presents new definitions and scope and it is moving from marginality to self-assertion. These writings are now more varied, meaningful and purposeful and are redefining an Indian woman's status in the family as well as in the society. Shobha De is quite bold and candid

in expressing her views on various women's issues. In her novel Sethji, she portrays the protagonist, Amrita, as a strong character, who is elevated from being an innocent girl to a future politician. This transformation is brought out strikingly in the novel.

The other themes that are dealt with in the book are - Trauma of Partition in Indian English Fiction, Love and Repentance, Magic Realism, Marginality and Oppression, Love and Revenge etc. These themes make a very interesting study for research scholars in general and for those, who are working on Indian Writing in English in particular.

In this anthology, there is an essay by Prof I.V.Chalapathi Rao, Editor-in-chief, Triveni, on 'Aspiring Writers! Persistence Pays!' which talks about the rewards of being persistent in one's efforts. He writes about the rejection faced by prominent writers such as George Bernard Shaw, Oliver Goldsmith, Edgar Wallace and others and how they showed patience and perseverance in their efforts. This is a nice motivational piece of writing that can inspire the young and aspiring writers to buck up and not to despair.

The cover page is designed aesthetically and the volume is well-brought out. It is a must for all libraries.

Dr I. Satyasree, Hyderabad

I NEED A LETTER and Other Poems A translation of Pogachoorina Aakasam by Dr. Addepalli Ramamohana Rao - translator Ramana Sonti - For copies Dr. Addepalli Ramamohana Rao, 3-5 Madhuranagar, Kakinada 533004 - Price Rs.75/-

Mr. Ramana Sonti's *I need a letter*, an English rendition of the compilation of telugu poems entitled *Pogachoorina Aakasam* by Dr. Addepalli Rama Mohan Rao stands out as being faithful to the original in so far as the tenor and spirit of the text is concerned. Unless the translator is an ideal reader (sahridaya) who absorbs the spirit of the poet and imbibes the heart's passion of the poet, he cannot translate the original with ease and skill.

I found the translated version of Mr. Ramana Sonti enthralling, gripping and illuminating for different reasons which I would like to present here. Most of the poems in Mr. Ramana's book *I need a letter* are enthralling because he has taken every care to keep himself close to the spirit of the original poems in so far as the thematic content is

concerned notwithstanding the fact that he had taken liberties with the structure of some of the poems in the original.

Mitrama!

*Doora vani, gundeku daggaraine vanini
dooram chesindi*

*Podi podi varthala swara vayu veedhullo
Tadigontu ekkado inki poindi*

Yantramlokijaripadi

Prakruti tana chirunama marichi poindi

Friend!

*Long distance phone calls have removed
the heart's voice to a really long distance
among airwaves littered with lukewarm
chatter*

*A genuine voice has faded away
Amidst this maze of machinery
nature has lost her bearings*

As Mr. Ramana Sonti had thoroughly enjoyed reading Dr. Addepalli's poems, he could make a successful effort of translating the original poems.

Dr. Pothuri Venkata Subba, Khammam

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.
You cannot further brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred.
You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.
You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn.
You cannot build character and courage by taking away men's initiative and independence.
You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves."

William J.H. Boetcker

READERS' MAIL

The editorial on the Raghupati Venkata Ratnam is timely. India needs ideal teachers like him who could inspire the students. It is not enough if the teacher covers the syllabus and prepares the students for the examination. An ideal teacher should be an agent for social change and culture transmitter.

N. Bhasker Rao, Visakhapatnam

It is good to know about the princely generosity and women's encouragement by the Maharajah of Pithapuram. Maharajah of Vizianagaram and the Maharajah of Mysore were also benefactors of society and patrons of education. When democracy came, politicians began to exploit the people.

B. Nagesh, Bangalore

Through *Triveni*, I would like to thank Dr. C. Jacob, Narsapur for appreciating my article on the *Triple Streams* by ranking it *excellent*. For its publication, I sent the article to the journal in Nov., 2012. It was not published in the issues of 2013 as it was felt to be published in other journals. I am happy to inform all the readers of *Triveni* that the

article was published in the festschrift: *Flowering of Indian English Literature: New Dimensions* (Prestige Book Publishers, New Delhi). *Triveni* also published the article in Jan-Mar 2014 issue, including my letter I sent in Oct., 2013. My letter to the Editor in the issue therefore sounded superfluous. I whole heartedly thank Dr. Jacob for his compliment and encouragement. I agree with him regarding the triple stream and its being the crest and the best of all the articles in every issue. Credit goes to Prof. I.V. Chalapapathi Rao. This time he portrayed Dr. Sir Raghupathi Venkatratnam Naidu, a distinguished personality as an object-lesson. P.S. Rammohan Rao's article marks a crystal-clear note on corruption, 'a cancer eating into the vitals of the Indian polity and economy.' Malini Sheshadri's article is really worthwhile as it states the role of 'our senses to take in beauty and spread around.' Dr. Sri R. Venkatratnam's comparison of the epoch of Indian history, Raja Ram Mohan with Bhagirath is truly apt. I conclude with the fact that *Triveni* is known for the accommodating of articles and poems to leave them read with abiding interest.

Dr. K. Rajamouli, Warangal

We are responsible for what we are, and whatever we wish ourselves to be, we have the power to make ourselves. If what we are now has been the result of our own past actions, it certainly follows that whatever we wish to be in the future can be produced by our present actions; so we have to know how to act."

Swami Vivekananda

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The following is the list of Donors/ Members who have joined the TRIVENI family during April- Jun 2014. The TRIVENI FOUNDATION welcomes them.

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AN APPEAL

Journals like **TRIVENI** devoted to literature and culture, naturally cater to a limited number of intellectuals and are not to be considered as successful business propositions in any country. They need the active support of the cultured few. We earnestly solicit the patronage of philanthropic persons to enlist themselves as Patrons and Donors and extend their co-operation to the cause of Indian literature and culture. Donations to **TRIVENI** are exempt from Income Tax, Under Section 80G (2) &(5) of the I.T. Act, 1961. vide Proc. No. DIT (E)/HYD/ 80G/52(04)/Ren/08-09, dated: 21-08-2008 of Director of Income Tax (Exemptions), Hyderabad, deemed to have been extended in perpetuity vide IT Circular No.7/2010 [F.No.197/21/2010-ITA-I] dt.27-10-2010. Donors are requested to draw Demand Drafts/Cheques in favour of 'Triveni Foundation' payable on any bank in Hyderabad.

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

TRIVENI FOUNDATION

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Near Santoshi Mata Temple
Satna - 485 005 (M.P.)
Telefax: 07672-257735 Mobile 09425330801, 09414065027
Website: www.vardhmaninfra.co.in
Email: vardhmaninfra@gmail.com**



Photo: Y. Raghuram, ONGC

Majestic River Ganges at Shivpuri, Rishikesh Badrinath road on the way to Haridwar