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Prof. I. V. CHALAPATI RAO

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1st January, 2015

Prof. Y. Sreedhar Murthy
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We are happy to inform the readers that back issues of Triveni Journal from Vol. 1, 1928 to Vol. 83, 2014 are available for free reading at our Website trivenijournalindia.com

We regret that some error was inadvertently made on the back cover (Mahatma Gandhi) of Oct-Dec. 2014 Triveni Journal. The artist's name is P. Sivakumar, Courtesy : *Missimi*. But the artist's name was wrongly published as K. Sivamurthy and 'Courtesy *Missimi*' was omitted. We apologize for the lapse.

CONTENTS

	Page No.
Are There Limits To Luxury?	6
A Toy	9
Looking Back- India . . .	10
A Haven Of Smiles	12
Mom Teaches An Object Lesson	13
Hudhud - The Horror	14
Management Lessons . . .	15
Right - Responsions	17
Virus	18
In Praise Of Walking	24
Whirlpool	26
The Controversial Bard . . .	27
An Answer	32
The Auto Driver . . .	33
Happiness, A Blessing In Life	34
In Memoriam . . .	35
The Pathetic Conditions And	36
Life Is Like Playing . . .	37
Is Forgiveness Possible?	38
Good Karma	39
Kocharethi: The Araya Woman:	40
Dhishakti	42
Angel Of Compassion	44
The Need For God	45
A Fallen Man's Heart	47
The Ephemeral Glow	49
Sardar K.M. Panikkar . . .	50
R.K. Narayan's 'Selvi' As	52
Two Planes Of Existence	56
Brotherhood	57
Voice Culture	58
My White Suit	60
Book Review	61
Readers' Mail	63

TRIPLE STREAM

ARE THERE LIMITS TO LUXURY?

I.V. Chalapati Rao *

Persons indulge in luxury thinking that display of affluence is the passport to esteem. The lives of the super rich show that there are no limits to human extravagance and unrestrained gratification of desires.

Let us examine a few classic cases of luxury crossing all reasonable limits 'News Time' dated 9-11-1989 gives a vivid description of the world-famous foot ball player Maradona's wedding. Crowds of press reporters gathered around him as he stepped out of his gleaming black limousine. It was a 'simple' ceremony 'Costing a million dollars'! It was called the wedding of the decade. He arrived at home by a chartered jet with a contingent of 280 guests including teammates from Napoli. His gifts included an Aerolines Argentinos Boeing 707 costing 8,000,000 dollars, a Persian rug, gold-framed pictures, a Ming dynasty jar and other luxury stuff like French Champagne and Italian wine worth lakhs of dollars. A lavish dinner for 1,250 guests was planned at Luna Park-sports arena. There were orchestras and dance performance by top-ranking artistes.

We have some more luxurious weddings of Princess Diana and the one in which the Chief Minister Jayalalitha was the centre of attraction. It was the occasion of her adopted son's wedding. India Today-Dec. 11, 1996 contains the description of her wealth and conspicuous living style. In the

disproportionate assets case, the special court delivered judgement convicting her and she was jailed. According to the Hindu, her Poes Garden residence contains jewellery 27.588 Kg., footwear 386 pairs, silk saris 914 worth 61.53 lakhs. It was a gargantuan judgement. On her appeal, Supreme Court gave stay. She was back in her residence awaiting final judgement.

Another instance of display of wealth was reported 23-12-1989 in news papers about a lavish wedding in Wankhade Stadium in Bombay. The venue was decorated like a fairy land with specially built ornamental gate. Expenditure was estimated at several crores of rupees. 15,000 guests were entertained.

Honacker, the deposed President and party leader of East Germany led a luxurious life. He and his wife owned fourteen private cars including a Range Rover and a Customized Mercedes limousine. They lived in luxurious Wandlitz Estate reserved for Communist politburo members. Every resident of Wandlitz including family members, was entitled to use a Volvo car with driver at any time. Two special petrol stations offered free big octave (petrol) fuelling for them. Honecker ruled for 18 years, but his career ended disastrously.

Nikolae Ceasesell, the absolute ruler of Romania, imposed austerity on the people

but he himself lived in luxury. He was building a presidential palace as a historic monument to himself. He had lavish mountain resorts and sea-side retreats and a fleet of luxury cars. His wife was second-in-command and his youngest son Nico was Regional Party Chief in Central Romania. Their daughter and all relatives held prestigious posts. His daughter Jois Elana's luxurious style included an opulent villa containing Jewels and artifacts from National museums. Her two lap dogs were fed with imported meat weighed on golden scales (*Indian Express* dated 28-12-1989). When Elana celebrated her birthday, she invited culinary experts from Thailand and ordered a fabulous variety of dishes. The flooring of some of their buildings was paved with gold.

The Economist dated 14-1-1990 gives fine description of luxury of Europe's royalty under the caption 'The Concept of Royalty'. The British and the Dutch royalties are the wealthiest in Europe. The cost of Britain's royal family is perhaps 20 million dollars a year including security and facilities for royal functions. The wedding of Prince William and Catherine Middleton is another instance of luxury. Although the entire marriage expenditure was borne by the royal family, the British Government had to spend a huge amount on security and transport arrangements. While wedding expenditure was two crores pound sterling, the Government was believed to have spent 3.2 crores Australian dollars on security, 8 lakh Australian dollars on flowers according to a report in *Enaadu* dated 21-8-2011. Other royalties of Europe have smaller incomes. For example, when the King of Sweden went to

Stockholm store to buy a toy-train for his children, the store keeper asked for his identity! Some of them were so simple.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the commoner who styled himself as the Emperor of Europe, enjoyed power and luxury greater than those of the Bourbons, Czars and other royalties. He invented an imperial crown and wore it with pride. He conferred high sounding titles on his kin and siblings who were installed on the thrones of the conquered countries. He ended his last days in captivity and exile in the island of Elba.

Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi drew flak when his trip to U.S.A. in two Jumbo Jets was supposed to cost one crore of rupees a day in those days. Only the King of Saudi Arabia could afford the luxury to travel in Jumbos and even he used only one at a time. The costly items of food and super luxurious items of extravaganza were mentioned in some newspapers.

According to a report in *Indian Express* (3-1-1990) when Marcoses were forced out of the Philippines, Imelda's collection of shoes was enough for her to change daily for nine years without wearing the same pair twice. General Marcos had an array of houses and apartments in Panama, France and the Dominican Republic, a fleet of aircrafts and 3 large pleasure yachts. They had to leave the country. When Imelda Marcos fled the country, the investigators discovered a bill for an evening gown and six silk dresses that came to 107000 dollars, which is ten times her husband's presidential salary.

The Dominican Republic's Afaci Trujillo controlled hundred and eleven Companies at the time of his death and was worth about 500 million dollars, says his biographer Robert Crass Weller.

The late Nicaraguan President Anastaso Somoza amassed a fortune worth about one billion dollars through investment in gambling and real estate according to Leafier, a contemporary historian.

Even kings of African states were not free from luxury, in spite of the poverty of the people. Emperor Bakassa of Central African Republic spent 20 million dollars on his coronation, consisting of a variety of festivities and display of pomp. Mobutu Sasenseka, the ruler of Zaire, is a high liver. This ruler's worth was expected to range from three to five billion dollars. Perhaps it is more.

Today after 45 years hard work, the Japanese people, the erstwhile savers, have become spenders and addicts to luxury. Their status symbols are Louis Vuitton in the hand, a Rolex on the wrist, Yves Saint Laurent on the back, a big BWM outside the door, Mikimoto pearls, mink coats, Imri china etc. The recent devastation caused by the Earthquake and Tsunami might have caused colossal damage to the country but it will bounce back. They are disciplined and hardworking people.

Michael Douglas and actress Catherine Zeta-Jones got married in New York. The wedding cost was estimated at a million dollars. The guest-list was like who's who of Hollywood.

Now we come to the world's one time richest man, Hassanal Bolkiah, the Sultan of Brunei, whose annual income was 200 crores of rupees. He owns a property worth 2600 crores including London's Dorchester Hotel, Singapore's Hayat Hotel and Beverly Hills Hotel (Los Angeles). His palace is bigger than that of any other person's in the world including that of the British Queen. There are 1788 spacious rooms and 257 bathrooms in his residence located on a sprawling area of 50 acres including ten acres of marble paving (Our Rashtrapathi Bhavan at Delhi with its single occupant has only 36 rooms). The Sultan's Dining Hall can accommodate 4000 guests. In addition to swimming pools, there are 51,490 electric lights with a facility for daily replacement of 250 fused bulbs. The house was built at a cost of 500 crores. When the building was found to be aesthetically unsatisfactory, he constructed another building at the same cost. He rules over one of the smallest countries with 5765 square miles with a population of 2 lakhs.

Madonna and Michael Jackson too were known for super luxury. Dominique Straus-Kahn, the IMF Chief, was arrested on charges of attempted rape and let off. He is known for his luxury and flamboyant life style, tailor-made suits at 32000 dollars apiece, a luxurious villa in Maracas, Morocco and a four million dollar flat in Paris, coveted palaces in Los Vegas, in Washington (*The Hindu*- 16-5-2011).

In India today, we have several cases of industrialists, Cricket players, film stars and politicians of conspicuous riches and luxury. They are known to all of us. One person's residence is a 25 storied mansion with a helipad on the terrace.

However, there are exemplary cases of American trillionaires and multi billionaires who avoided luxuries and led simple lives. Warren Buffet observed economy. He did not have a cell phone. He does not like to purchase electronic goods and gadgets. Although he owned private planes, he preferred to travel in the economy class like an ordinary citizen.

Bill Gates leads a simple life. He likes to cook his own food although hundreds of people are serving him.

Carlos Slim Helu leads simple life. Even now he has only one house in Mexico and did not buy any other house. He goes to

office driving his old car without a driver. Even now he wears his old plastic watch fitted with a calculator. Once he bought a tie in Venice bargaining and getting a discount!

Mark Zuckerberg of Facebook did not buy a house for a long time in California and only in 2011 he purchased his house. He uses even now his old Japanese car. He always wears grey colour shirt.

Azim Premzi, our Indian super rich man, travels in an auto from Bengaluru airport to his office.

All these people spend a large part of their fabulous wealth on philanthropic causes.

A TOY

G. Surender Reddy*

A toy is a source of joy
With a soul its very own
Distinct in its identity
And designed carefully
No age is exempt from its charms.

Toys can talk the talk
Toys can walk the walk
Make your own at home
Or go to the store to buy one
Gift it to your loved ones
And see their smiles blossom;
If you are saddled with an old toy

Don't ever throw it away,
Donate it cheerfully to a deprived child.
A toy may be a Barbie Doll
It could be a Teddy Bear
Or a GI Joe or a chirping bird
Or something cute from Toys 'R' Us
Or any ol' plaything you might like.

Toys teach us many a thing
As ambassadors of learning
They coach us in role playing and caring
And help in preserving pristine childhood.

Design a new toy
And feel like a fairy
Or the accredited Rep
Of the Almighty God.

* Director, EDC & Toy design Centre, SNIST, Hyderabad

LOOKING BACK- INDIA AFTER 67 YEARS OF FREEDOM

Yalamudi. K*

In the great saga of human history, it is true 67 years is not a big time span. May be in the lives of individuals, it is a time-slice, which is a substantial one. In the case of a nation, it is a sum of period, which warrants, a critical focus, at least as a mid-phase course correction. From that point of view, let us have a look at the state of the nation in some crucial areas, as it obtains today and what it foretells in days to come, unless the necessary course correction is initiated at once. Some of the questions that one has to raise in this context are what are the goals of the Indian freedom movement? To what extent, were they realized or being realized? Did the freedom boat miss the way in the midstream of the national reconstruction project?

As with any other freedom movement, there were many goals for which great many noble men strove their best and suffer their worst at the altar of freedom struggle. The obvious one is to make the freedom of the country an opportunity to mitigate the dire economic burden of the multitudes of the people and to make the marginalized ones to feel that they have a say in the way the destiny of the nation is molded. At the same time, it was decided, as it was timely cautioned by B.R.Ambedkar that the plethora of paradoxes of the Indian society have to be resolved to put the democratic experiment on a strong footing. Otherwise, the

system would lose all its sanctity and become more a form, devoid of any substance. It even runs the risk of being blown away.

To quote the exact words of the great man "In our social and economic life, we shall, by reason of our social and economic structure, continue to deny the principle of one man one value. How long shall we continue to live this life of contradictions? How long shall we continue to deny equality in our social and economic life? If we continue to deny it for long, we will do so only by putting our political democracy in peril? We must remove this contradiction at the earliest possible moment or else those who suffer from inequality will blow up the structure of political democracy"

It is true; the absolute poverty has been dented to some extent. Yet, in many human development index parameters, one has to go miles. When it comes to the relative poverty and the great concentration of wealth in the hands of the few privileged rich, (brazenly against the idea enshrined in the directive principles of the state policy) the scenario is sickening to the core. More disturbing is the direction of the economy and the manner the powers that be are allowing the filthy rich to have a dominant voice in the policy formulations in favor of themselves. The height of the tragedy is that it is no longer that necessary for the corporate powers to palm the greases of the politicians as they have some of their own members in the legislative bodies.

* Ex. Faculty, Narayana I.A.S. Academy, Hyderabad

As a logical corollary of it, the other disturbing reality is that the vast majority of the poor have lost the limited leverage that they used to have for some years in the early years of Independence. Now the money power has drained away the very essence of democratic frame and political leverage of the people at large.

When it comes to the social sphere, is the picture any way sufficiently rosy? Unfortunately not. Has the democratic experiment of free India blunted or further sharpened the sharp edges of social evils, let alone ushering in social equality? Ironically, it has sharpened the irritating edges further. It is nobody's case that the country is, as it was in 1947 in its social ethos. There is so much progress in other areas too. Education has made rapid strides, though the quality of it is not a cheering reality. Urbanisation, industrialization have done their bit to register some change in the attitudes of the people on theoretical plane. Still, one is constrained to say that in the realm of practicality, much has not been changed. For sure, some of the disadvantaged groups have got some political empowerment, thanks to the upsurge of identity politics and constitutional provisions for decentralization of power at the local body level. Identity politics as a post-modern phenomenon has been successful to some extent to provide a psychological edge at the feel of power to the hitherto excluded groups.

But, post-modernism has no philosophical tools to take its agenda to the logical end. It has only successfully debunked the limitations of modernist rationality. Thus far no further. The social fragmentation that the globalization has engendered in terms of

multiple identities, despite its avowed aim of western cultural standardization through out the world, has accelerated the process of social disharmony. Now that the agenda is the open promotion of market economy, one is afraid that the future of this country in all important spheres, that is, political in terms of democracy of substance, economic in terms of inclusive growth and distributive justice and social in terms of fraternity fragrance and social sensitivity are in serious peril.

As to the question, whether in the midstream we missed the way in the national reconstruction project, the answer is unfortunately positive. This deduction is based on the gaps that are glaring between the principles enshrined in the preamble of the constitution (which is the very soul of it, according to the noted Jurist and the outright rightist Nani Palkhiwala) and the actual reality of the national governance. Are we any more truly sovereign, independent, secular and socialistic? One may as well argue that these are out dated ideals. Therefore, there is no need to adhere to them. The very failure of the free India is that it has allowed space; one may as well say too much space to the emergence of those fringe elements. It is particularly galling that those forces have become exceptionally articulate these days, so much so that the liberal and sober elements are pushed to the discomfiting defense.

It is tragic that one national party of longest governance duration has rendered null and void the sovereign and independent economic policy frame of the country. The tragedy is compounded by another National party's governance hallmark. This party is all set to drain the spirit of other important

features of the preamble. They are secularism and socialism. The second one's specific speciality is that it is going to finish the unfinished agenda of the cousin congress in economic matters with a greater zest and a focused thrust. So what is in store for the country after 67 years of free rule? What would be the national scenario in the year 2047? These are the disquieting questions. Hence, it is high time that the fragmented and dispirited forces of the liberal and left ethos of India should come together and initiate a spirited fight to protect the freedom of this country from it becoming a tool for the privileged few in furtherance of their own economic and political game plan.

A HAVEN OF SMILES

N.S.Rachakonda *

Your smile
Is the white frost descending in the dawn
On the pre-flowering fields of rice

Your smile
Brings to mind the soft, soundless steps
of a crane
Walking on the lotus leaves in the pond

Your smile
Is the Parijatam which retains its scent
Even when fallen on the ground

Your lips indeed
Are a haven of smiles

Moving amongst your friends,
Dressed in immaculate clothes
And wreathed in crystal clear smiles
You looked like a coral tree in full bloom,
walking towards us.

In conclusion, one likes to quote the famous words of the E.P Thompson, the great British Historian. He writes, "All the convergent influences of the world run through this society: Hindu, Muslim, Christian, secular, Stalinist, liberal, Maoist, democratic socialist and Gandhian. There is not a thought that is being thought in the west or East that is not active in some Indian mind". It is that India which is in peril at this point of time, unless the true spirit of the freedom movement is zealously protected and vigorously promoted.

Watching your smile,
Gave us the confidence
That we could tackle any problem in life
with just a smile

Even like a star
Which disappears at dawn.
Your smile has vanished within our view;
We are searching for ever
for the lustre of your smile
On the lips of the smiling world

[To the memory of the author's friend K. Muralikrishna who met with an untimely death]

[Telugu Original Chirunavvu Chirunama by Sikhamani published in *Sahiti Gavaaksham Andhra Prabha* 2008 - Reprinted in *Tavvakam* a collection of poems 2009.]

* Writer, Translator Visakhapatnam

MOM TEACHES AN OBJECT LESSON ON EFFECTIVE LEADERSHIP SKILLS AND TEAM SKILLS

Dr I.Satyasree *

"I knew 'MOM' wouldn't disappoint" was the first response by the Prime Minister of India, Sri Narendra Modi, on the astounding success of the Indian Mars Mission. How true! MOM (Mars Orbiter Mission) would never disappoint us! Besides, MOM also taught us a couple of lessons on soft skills through this enterprise!

Although much has been written about this innovative Mission, in the present paper, I would like to highlight the aspect of deriving an object lesson on leadership skills and team skills from this historic event. ISRO scientists, through this Mission, imparted constructive lessons in leadership and teamwork, which are the most crucial soft skills for STEM professionals (acronym for Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics).

Leadership is a key soft skill required for STEM professionals. It is an assortment of a variety of skills. Some of the capabilities required for an effective leader are: Taking initiative; Analytical ability; Critical thinking; Logical reasoning; Decision-making; Problem-solving; Taking calculated risks; Crisis management etc. Leadership skills and team skills go together and are quite necessary for STEM professionals. They should be proficient in both these skills, which are indispensable to achieve the anticipated results in a project.

* Editor, *Triveni*

A Visionary Leader

A leader should take initiative, be assertive, have self-confidence, patience and composure. Above all, he should have a vision. 'When the Mars Mission was conceived, ISRO Chairman, K.Radhakrishnan, unhesitatingly chose S.Arunan as the Project Director though there were several other scientists in ISRO. Arunan was the obvious choice since he had the ability to 'look far ahead'. This is an essential trait that all leaders should possess. A leader should have a vision to complete a mission of this magnitude. Only a visionary leader can derive the expected results quite successfully.

The 3 Cs of Team Management

No project can be completed by a single individual. Whenever a project is conceived, several experts are brought on board. It is teamwork that enhances the success rate of any project.

The 3Cs of good team management are - collaboration, coordination and cooperation. The rate of success of any project depends on how efficiently the team works. MOM was a concerted team effort and the challenging assignment was achieved with the collaboration, coordination and cooperation of 200 scientists under the dynamic leadership of Arunan. These highly committed scientists devoted nearly 300 days for accomplishing this monumental task.

Talking about Arunan's single-minded devotion to duty, his wife, Geetha says, 'He would come home well past midnight and leave before dawn, I wondered if he was sleepwalking.' If this kind of dedication is displayed by STEM professionals, no project will fail. Sri Narendra Modi mentioned that initially, the scientists were apprehensive about inviting him for the launch because they were worried about the chances of the mission failing. However, he asserts that he was very confident that nothing would go wrong. This confidence springs from the fact that there are competent professionals handling the project and the assurance that the project is in safe hands. The success of any project can be assured if the Project Manager masters the craft of leadership and teamwork. Thus, we may learn the art of leadership and teamwork from this episode.

MOM has several 'firsts' to its credit. India is the first country to attain this

exceptional feat in the first attempt and also the first Asian country to reach the Red Planet. Because of this rare accomplishment, India entered the Super Exclusive Mars Club. We have shown to the world that Indians can conduct complex missions and act as a reliable Launchpad for commercial, navigational and research satellites, that too with a meager budget of \$74 million, which is much lesser compared to the \$100 million spent on the blockbuster Hollywood film 'Gravity'. The Mission Impossible was made Possible by a team of ISRO scientists and they made all Indians very proud. They created history by setting a new record in exploration of outer space. They truly deserve accolades from the entire world for this ground-breaking research and landmark achievement. These are the real Heroes of our country and are Role Models playing Model Roles. We should emulate them for their persistence and wish that India will produce more such go-getters in future.

HUDHUD - The Horror

Dr. R.M.V. Raghavendra Rao*

When our farmers famished,
We welcomed you with invocations.
Now you have arrived, in famine,
Like a group of hungry guests.
In the strap of indebtedness,
When, laying brick to brick
Man is dreaming of castles,
In your entire firmament there is an outburst,
Exploding your motiveless malignity.
Never apprehended deluge of yours

Is ringing its sadistic wedding bells.
Once your palanquins for man
Have turned out to be his corteges,
In the pyre not a single spark is left
For igniting the fire of recreation.
O damsel of human distress!
Wrongly named, so kindly, as Nature!
O Vamsadhara!
The progenitor of generations-
Stop your degeneration.
O Hudhud! Don't be Behad
Let not Dipawali become a mere Rupaavali.

* Poet, Dallas, U.S.A.

MANAGEMENT LESSONS FROM RAMAYANA-SUNDARAKANDA

B.N.V. Parthasarathi*

While crossing the sea to reach Lanka Hanuman comes across the mountain Mainak. Mainak requests Hanuman to rest for some time, refresh and then continue his journey to Lanka so that Hanuman does not feel fatigue. Hanuman tells Mainak that he is going on a mission to Lanka in search of Sita and politely declines the invitation of Mainak.

Lesson No-1- while on a mission never deviate from your path. Always stay focused.

On reaching Lanka, Hanuman evaluates the strengths and weaknesses of the enemy -Ravan and his army. Hanuman notices that the Lanka fortress is very strong and heavily guarded by army of Rakshasas. Hanuman realises that it requires very high military skills to enter inside the Lanka fort.

Hanuman also analyses that the Rakshasas in Lanka cannot be easily won by force as they are very powerful, cannot be won by luring wealth as they are very rich and also cannot be divided as they are highly united.

When Hanuman meets Sita in Lanka, during their conversation Sita too expresses the same doubts . Sita says " Hanuman. I have a doubt. The sea is very vast and not all

people can cross and reach Lanka. How will the army of monkeys, Ram and Lakshman Cross the ocean? Hanuman, you only have to think of a successful plan to overcome this hurdle. Only you have the strength, competence and intelligence. Plan a good strategy in this regard".

Lesson No.2- Never underestimate the enemy. Assess the strengths and weaknesses of opponents analytically.

Hanuman very cleverly and smartly replies to Sita " Oh mother Sita. In Sugreeva's army of monkeys all are more powerful than me or equal to me in strength. There is no one in our army of monkeys who is less powerful than me".

Hanuman further convincingly tells Sita " Oh Mother Sita. When the leaders want to accomplish a mission, they will send the soldiers and not the chief of the army".

Hanuman goes on to say "the entire army of our monkeys will cross the sea and reach Lanka. I will carry Ram and Lakshman on my shoulders and reach Lanka".

Lesson No.3- Self belief is the key to success. Believe in yourself.

After seeing Sita and before leaving Lanka, Hanuman decides to assess the

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strength of Ravan's army. Hence, he wantonly destroys the garden (Ashok Van) so that Ravan's army would attack him and he can in turn wage a war so as to assess the real strength of Ravan's army.

Indrajit's army carry Hanuman to Ravan's court after tying him with ropes. Hanuman on seeing Ravan thinks within himself "Oh. What a great warrior is Ravan ! He is powerful and mighty. Unfortunately, he is not following the path of righteousness. Because of his wrong doings, people are afraid of him and they desire his death. Had he not succumbed to wrong doing he would have conquered the entire world with his sheer power and commanded respect from everyone".

Lesson No.4- Respect the rivals for the good qualities they possess. Never belittle a person even if he is your enemy.

When the Lankan army lit fire to Hanuman's tail and decides to have a road show, Hanuman feels that he will get an opportunity to see the city of Lanka in open day light so that he can get an idea of the city's layout, its battalion and the people.

After accomplishing his mission of seeing the city of Lanka , Hanuman spreads the fire on the buildings of the city Lanka since he wanted to cause the maximum damage to the people, their properties and the battalion so that by the time the real war is started in due course by Rama, Lanka becomes weak.

Lesson No.5- In a war, even when you are in an adverse situation, try to see if you can still gain something out of such adverse situation. Always look for an

opportunity even in a weak situation. Always have a long term view on things/ situations.

Sugreev comes to know that the army of monkeys led by Angad have destroyed his garden Madhuvan fully drunk and created havoc.

He does not get angry and instead he expresses his happiness. Sugreev tells Lakshman "The army of monkeys led by Angad had gone in south direction in search of Sita as per my command. The deadline given to them is over yet they have returned boldly and have even destroyed my Madhuvan, which is my favourite garden. All these signals reveal that Angad's army has certainly seen Sita. Otherwise, they will not dare to do such acts as they know it will make me angry".

Lesson No.6- Never react instantly when you hear a bad news or something unexpected happens. Apply logic and identify the root cause of such situations before you draw any conclusions and decide on future course of action.

Before meeting Sugreev, Angad tells his army of monkeys "Oh the great soldiers, though I am a prince, I will do as per the wishes of your people and Hanuman who has gone to Lanka and seen Sita. I will communicate to Sugreev only whatever you direct me to do." Feeling happy with Angad's words all the monkey soldiers in one voice say "Dear Angad, you are not only our prince. You are our future King. We are moved by your humble words. All of us will support you in whatever you decide. You give the command and we will just execute it for you."

Lesson No.7- Leader should take his team into confidence while taking crucial decisions. Democratic leadership approach will make the team members to

get involved in the tasks actively, work collectively as a team and abide by the leader's decision.

RIGHT - RESPONSIONS

R.R. Gandikota*

[Telugu Original *Sum Spandanalu* By *Jnanapeeth* Awardee Dr. C. Narayana Reddy]

What to do?
Can't control the urge to write.
At times the letters
I pen on paper
Get offended;
Observing their faces grim
I make some touch ups
Here and there,
Then their faces get sparkled

Letters spelt by soul alone
Take form; verbal or written;
Whatever be their form,
Unless they are meaningful
They are wasteful.

It is not the man alone,
Nature too writes letters
Green leaves are letters writ
By the nodding branches
Of trees in delight.
If looked at micro level,
The inherent attitude of fruition
is understood.

Leaves know they wither
And mix with the dust someday

But till they last
They wish to fill the
Eyes of the onlookers
With enchantment.

Rivulets that flow fast
Write letters of foam
When read in depth
These letters of foam preach
That life's very aim is to rush.

As darkness sets at dusk
Letters of stars are writ
By the invisible hand.
As day dawns
Stars disappear
Where have they gone?
Wait for some time
They reappear once again

Gazing at these stars and
Scribbling letters on paper;
Responsons of my
Writing hand
who knows how they shape!

Note: The Sanskrit word *Sum* has several meanings - Right, True, whole good, Total etc., Responson is archaic, meaning responding.

* Retd. Principal, M.S.N.C., Kakinada

VIRUS

Prof. D. Ranga Rao*

"Mummy! Who is sleeping on my bed in my room?" shouted Deepa rushing into the kitchen.

"Sh! don't shout. I told you that your aunty was coming from America. She came in the afternoon and is resting," said Sumitra softly.

Deepa was furious. "So what? Why did you ask her to sleep in my room? My table and the room are full of her things. How should I read? Remove all that luggage and bags," shot back Deepa angrily though in a low tone. "Shut up, your aunty will hear you. Talk sense. She can't be accommodated in other rooms. Adjust for two days. Can't you?" Sumitra also grew wild.

"Hai Deepa! How are you? I saw you some years ago. How tall have you grown" said Malathi patting Deepa on her back coming from behind her. She hugged her and planted a kiss on Deepa's cheek affectionately.

Deepa forced a smile. "Hai aunty! How are you?" she said dryly, freed herself and went into her room and banged the door shut.

"Deepa doesn't seem to be in a good mood" said Malathi to Sumitra smiling.

"She is always like that. Makes a fuss over everything" replied Sumitra.

"Is she angry that I occupied her room?" asked Malathi.

"Children these days are growing selfish. They can't bear the presence of others and want privacy. They shut themselves in their rooms all the time" said Sumitra a little annoyed.

"Don't worry, I will keep my things in your room and sleep in the drawing room. I don't want to disturb Deepa. Let her enjoy her privacy", Malathi tried to find a solution. Sumitra brought tea and offered a cup to Malathi.

"The children of these times behave like touch-me-nots. They have no feelings of sharing and adjusting. I think they exploit the goodness of their parents." Sumitra expressed her anxiety.

"I thought things were bad in America. They are equally bad in India too. The affectionate relationships of our days are not to be seen now. Indians are no better than foreigners" agreed Malathi.

"You are right. Indians are growing worse than Americans. The children want a room for themselves, a T.V., a computer -all for themselves. They shut the door and chat on the internet. They don't need human company. In our childhood days how happy we felt when relatives visited us! How we enjoyed holidays! Aunties, cousins, uncles, brothers, grandparents, sisters, how full of

* Editor, Triveni

mirth and joy were those days!" Sumitra grew emotional remembering the past.

"What you say is very true. There were not less than six or seven members in each family. When there was a get-together of families there were no less than twenty five members, big and small young and old! We cooked together and ate in batches! we didn't bother what we ate and where we slept. We slept all over the place, some on the floor, some on terraces, some in the backyard. Every adult shared work and no one felt tired. No one expressed disgust. All children were treated alike. How we addressed each other affectionately calling doddamma! attaaiah!, pinni!. Those were great days! Now if guests turn up we feel the house is too small" Malathi shared her feelings of the past with equal emotion going nostalgic.

"It is not the house that has grown small Malathi, it is the minds of people. In those days people lived in their houses. Affection lived in their hearts. There was adjustability among them. Nowadays houses are filled with lifeless objects. How can they adjust like human beings? In those days houses were never small. In the nights beds were rolled on the floors, cots placed in the verandas and in the open. During day time the beds were rolled up and the rooms became spacious. things were kept in one room. Now it is not like that. Every room has one or two bedsteads. The drawing room is full of sofa sets and chairs. The dining room has tables, tea-pots, the T.V.set, the fridge, steel cupboards and what not. They can't be moved. Everyone has grown materialistic and no one has adjustability. The present generation does not experience the happiness and joy we

experienced and enjoyed in those days. The present day youth spend their time with the lifeless computer and think that they are enjoying life. The youth has moved away from family sentiments" regretted Sumitra .

Deepa who was given to chatting and browsing on the internet till one in the night went to bed that day at ten and covered herself up in her blanket. At supper she behaved peevishly to the annoyance of her mother.

Malathi and Sumitra returned late that evening after shopping. Malathi went into Deepa's room to deposit her things. The computer was on. Deepa was not in the room. She must have been conversing with someone on the internet and went into the toilet. "Sorry, Rahul I couldn't talk to you yesterday: You would have waited for me for a long time. Yesterday we had a guest. She turned up like a ghost! I had no privacy. Come quickly, Rahul. If the ghost comes we can't communicate with each other. She has gone on an outing - I can't talk to you "

Malathi was shocked and went pale on reading the screen. Just then Deepa came and shirked "aunty!" and switched off the computer. "Aunty, what the hell are you doing? Are you reading my Email ? You you..... ! I never imagined that you had no manners," cried

Malathi was taken aback. "I just walked in and glanced at the monitor" murmured Malathi as if explaining what she did.

"Don't lie. You read it. Didn't you? I know you read it."

"Why do you shout like that angrily? I came in to keep the purchases here. I glanced at the P.C....."

Sumitra walked in hearing their voices and asked Deepa what the matter was. Deepa directed her angry look at Malathi silently.

"She is angry that I read the mail on the screen" said Malathi very casually. It was Sumitra's turn to shout at Deepa.

"What's wrong if she reads the mail? Should people who walk into your room close their eyes? day by day you are getting worse"

"I don't object if people walk into my room. But why should they read the mail?"

"Sumitra! that is not her point. She had informed her boy friend I was not the guest that occupied her room but the ghost. She is annoyed that I read it" said Malathi smiling.

"But just now you said that you glanced at the screen. Then how could you reveal what I had conveyed to my friend? What happened to your manners? You boast that you live in America!" said Deepa sarcastically. Malathi was hurt.

Hari Krishna returned from office just then and peeped in. "What's all the discussion about?" he asked.

"Your darling daughter is exceeding limits. Ask her to control her tongue. She just talks without any respect for elders. Actually you should be blamed for spoiling these young

things buying for them computers and internet," Sumitra directed her attack on her husband and narrated what happened.

"First say sorry to your aunty" said Hari Krishna to Deepa who was taken aback at her father who never spoke so harshly to her before. Yet she stood her ground.

"She should say sorry to me for reading my mail" replied Deepa. Hari Krishna lost his cool.

"Say sorry first, you have no business to talk to her in that manner whatever she did. She is my sister and my guest. If you don't apologize to her within two minutes I will throw the P.C. out. I mean it" burst out Hari Krishna.

After a pause he continued. "Apologize to aunty ... sleep in the drawing room during the days aunty stays here as you don't like human company in your room".

Deepa went pale at her father's rage "Sorry" she said looking daggers at Malathi and rushed out.

Malathi felt bad at Deepa's action. "Children these days are stubborn. They are as bad here as in America. We can't reprimand them. We don't know how they react. Deepa has gone out in the darkness"

"Nothing happens. Don't worry. Girls are not like girls now. They are taking undue advantage of the education they are being given. She will be back after she cools down" said Hari Krishna and went in. Deepa returned after an hour. No one spoke to her. She did not join others at supper. At ten she collected

her pillow and slept off on the sofa in spite of Malathi's protests.

Four years passed. Deepa completed her computer engineering and was proceeding to America to do her M.S.

"Aunty will receive you at the airport. She will attend to all your needs," said Hari Krishna to Deepa. Her parents saw her off with a heavy heart.

"Thank God" murmured Deepa to herself as the plane took off. Hari Krishna was against her going to America to do I.T. there. After the September 11 incidents many software engineers lost their jobs. He wondered how he would find money to fend his daughter there if no aid was forthcoming. Deepa argued that she would manage and was bent on going. Malathi offered to help Deepa financially and encouraged her brother. Deepa got admission in Arizona University which was close to where Malathi lived. Deepa left fifteen days in advance to get herself familiar with the place, the University and the climate.

"Did you note, Malathi forgot the past and came forward to help you. You should realise that relatives help each other in times of need" said Sumitra to Deepa gently pulling her up. Deepa had yet to mellow down. "I will return her amount as soon as I find a job if I don't get aid,," replied Deepa curtly. Malathi and her daughter Haritha received Deepa at the airport. Deepa felt happy at the friendly nature of Haritha.

Reaching home Malathi said "Haritha! keep Deepa's bags in your room. you both

have to share a room". Haritha happily agreed and led Deepa into her room. "We have only three bed rooms, keep your dresses in the wardrobe. Freshen yourself, we'll eat food" said Malathi to Deepa. Haritha helped Deepa in arranging Deepa's things quickly talking all the while. Deepa was impressed by Haritha who was smart.

Malathi took Deepa to the University, got the fee paid and submitted the certificates in the office. She contacted a few Indian students and introduced Deepa to them. She arranged accommodation for Deepa in an apartment with the Indian students. The apartment was self-contained and had all facilities. Deepa felt happy that her roommate was a Telugu girl. Malathi opened an account for Deepa in a bank and handed her the cheque book. Deepa felt grateful to her aunty for her timely help in a strange place.

The classes commenced in the University. The surroundings were new, the climate unfamiliar, new faces and new language as well as a new culture. Deepa could not but appreciate the help extended to her by her aunty. Malathi kept calling up Deepa on phone every two days to find about her welfare. Within a month Deepa settled down to her schedule of work of study. Deepa visited her aunt if she had holidays for a few days.

During Christmas holidays, Deepa went to her aunt. Margaret, a friend of Haritha, was there to spend the short vacation. Margaret was fair and tall with a well shaped nose and attractive blue eyes. She was cheerful and sprightly. The three of them had a nice time going on picnics, visiting hotels and attending discos.

"Aunty! Margaret spends her holidays here. Does she not go to her parents? Has she no relatives?" Deepa asked her aunt one day.

"She has relations alright. Her parents got divorced. They live separately with their new families. Now Margaret has a stepfather and a stepmother. As a child, she could manage but as she grew up she could not get on in the new set up. She began to feel lonely though she had parents. Poor Maggi, we pity her plight. She spends her holidays with Haritha".

"Deepa! Indian parents sacrifice for the sake of their children though they may have misunderstandings between them. But here people live for themselves, not for others, not even for their children", said Malathi

Deepa fell into a fix, which system was better? Which was the happier of the two? Indian or American?

On Christmas they all went to Church. Malathi bought gifts for the three girls. "Thanks aunty" said Maggi with moist eyes. She became emotional.

"To tell the truth I feel jealous of your family. If I had not met your family, I would not have known at all what relationships, love and affection are and what they mean. I would not have known the meaning of the word 'cousin' but for you. You Indians are lucky people. You help each other; support each other, bring up the children with great care and affection, perform their marriages, tend the grand children, keep visiting your kith and kin oh! how great are your bonds of affection and love! Our parents throw us out

once we attain youth like parent birds pushing out their younglings once they grow wings. We are left to our self and they don't interfere with us or bother about us whatever we do. If there is somebody called God I will pray that I should be born in India if there is a rebirth". "Maggi! Don't talk like a sentimental fool. Why do you say you have none? I am with you" Haritha hugged and kissed Maggi.

Deepa who was listening to Maggi wondered whether members of an American family meet each other at all.

"Family for us means the husband, the wife and the children. Relatives don't meet each other frequently. Greeting cards for Christmas and New Year do all communications for us. We meet relatives with prior appointment. Lunches and dinners are arranged in hotels. Cooking in homes at any time of day or night is not the practice. Gifts are given or sent on birthdays and wedding days," explained Maggi to Deepa.

"Your parents have divorced each other. Who will take care of you! Where do you go for vacation?" asked Deepa. She was curious to learn how Maggi managed herself.

"I have a new father, he may be husband to my mother but how can he be father to me? I have a new mother now who is no mother to me".

"I feel embarrassed to stay with them. I can't adjust myself there. So I don't go to them for the holidays. My daddy has the responsibility of looking after me till I settle in life. Now and then he telephones and visits me."

Maggi's details shocked Deepa. How helpless was Maggi, poor girl. How lucky she herself was! Her parents were prepared for any sacrifice for her. How much care they take to keep her happy and guide her in her life! How worried are they about finding a good groom for her!

Maggi's observations on American life and comparing it with Indian way of living changed Deepa's attitude. She began to feel that the Indian family system was far superior to the American.

Deepa expressed her appreciation of the Indian family system with conviction to Malathi. She could not but do so. Malathi was happy at Deepa's assessment. She told Deepa that the Indian family system had a sound and strong foundation and the numerous relatives and the kith and kin will be of support and help at every stage of one's life. The institution of marriage in India was another feature that increased the bond of affection between families.

Malathi fell into a mood to sermonise. She told Deepa "Youngsters should try to understand and respect the parents who think only of the future of the children. The youth should accept responsibilities along with their demand for rights. The parents should not seek old age homes when they grow old. The children should not grow selfish and ignore the old parents. If they do so, families will get destroyed. Bonds will disappear. The institution of family will get dissolved. The very nature of society will get altered."

She continued. "I brought up my children with these thoughts and ideas. As a result, they love all our relations and friends. We all sit together at least once a day and eat gossiping and trying to appreciate what the others have to say. Communication both ways is characteristic of man." She paused and took up the thread of her thought.

"The present day youth is getting used to loneliness sitting before the P.C. chatting and browsing. This is also a sort of virus. It is more dangerous than AIDS! AIDS may destroy the body but this virus destroys the mind and human relationships. The computer may give you company for a time but cannot share your joy and happiness. It can't come to your rescue when the need arises. The computer has no feelings, no sentiments as parents have.

The young of these times have to save human relationships from this new virus and help in retaining the family system intact and the institution of marriage from being damaged beyond repair, Deepa". Malathi concluded with emotion. Deepa was convinced about the truth behind her aunt's words and silently accepted the trend of her thought.

"I have understood the truth in what you say. I realised long ago after my arrival here how difficult it would have been to manage in this new country if you had not been here to help and protect me" said Deepa embracing her aunt with all her heart.

[Telugu original by D. Kameswari, Novelist and Short Story Writer, Hyderabad. From *Telugu Paluku* -TANA Silver Jubilee year - 2002]

IN PRAISE OF WALKING

Shiv Visvanathan *

Walking is the act of the body exploring itself as it traces the world.

My father loved to walk. It was his great ritual, his idea of prayer and work. Every morning at four, the house would echo with the thump of his shoes, the tumbler of coffee, as he hurried out. My Dachshund, a wise ten-year-old, would wait impatiently, grumbling melodramatically about any delay. Whoever talked of walking a dog never understood man or beast. Walking was an act of companionship, a way of saying hello to the world, sniffing, grumbling, and greeting every morsel, smell, object, sight and human being. To add to the excitement, my neighbour's dog, an oversized young Doberman called Marcus would join them. It was a strange troop - a Dachshund striding in front, Doberman casually behind, each attentive to every signal from my father. As the years went by, the Dachshund got older and more tired but he refused to miss his walk. My father would carry Fritz around the lake and release him just as he reached home so he could stride the last lap with dignity, the Lord of all he surveyed.

My childhood memories are full of walks. It left me convinced that, without a walk, friendship was impossible and old age insufferable. As one walked, one remembered, one talked of worlds far away. Walking becomes a way of mapping the world. Philosophy, I felt, began with walking. Think of Thoreau, Emerson, Certeau, Heidegger,

Patrick Geddes. Because they literally walked the talk, their philosophies were richer and more concrete.

The many messages of walking:

There is something about walking as a ritual, elegant in its routineness that we must grasp. Walking is a great equalizer, democracies' greatest act, more primordial than the vote. Walking is the act of the body exploring itself as it traces the world. It could be in an alley in a street, a meandering amble by a river, an act of communing in the forest or merely marking turf in a neighbourhood. Walking is exploration, discovery, conversation, companionship, meditation, reflection, prayer, even a constitutional, unlimbering the stiffness of a tired body. I cannot think of anyone act that combines so many messages in the routineness of its being.

It was play and pain as you challenged the body to do that last mile as sweat raced its rivulets down your body. No conqueror was more triumphant than an individual who walked that extra mile as he collapsed for his tea and Parle-G at a welcoming dhabba. When you walk, you talk to your deepest self, even as you listen to the silence of the body and its rhythms. Walking is therapeutic, curative, even an act of exorcism. Walking beats psychoanalysis as it lets you live with yourself. It is, as a wise man told me, a way of living with the world.

One wishes there was a history of walking. Yet a walk is one of the celebratory movements of life. When a baby first walks, after all the tentative painful experiments, the joy of parents is indescribable. It is a toast to life. Even the child has that unbelievable look of heroism, of achievement. No medal or prize can beat the poetry of the moment. Parents and grandparents break into echolalia storytelling, merely watching the moment. The first step is history in the making.

Walking invites the sensorium, the collective repertoire of the senses. You see, you touch, you pause, you remember: a flower here, a face there. Walking is always an act of memory. In retracing your world, you remember it, sense the presence of the familiar, savour silences and absences. It is the beginning of civics and citizenship. I always felt curiosity begins with walking and so does science. In walking you not only converse with the world but question it, seeking a deeper understanding. Walking and time go fascinatingly together. In a way, the space of walking creates sociology, while the time of walking creates a philosophy. Walking is the body in rhythm; each step a statement of presence.

People often talk of walks in nature but today walking defines the nature of the city and its politics. Gandhi argued that a locality should be defined by a day's walk. Walking is the drama of enacting a public space and cities have become hostile to walking. Pedestrians are seen as a threat. Walking is biology but a vehicle is seen as intrinsic to the history of city. I feel great cities and neighbourhoods survive because of walkers. Their rituals defined the city, created

zones of familiarity, symbolic markers which gave meaning to a city. A bicycle is still human, but with the car you begin the dehumanization of the city.

I believe city planning has to begin with the walk. When you walk a city, you live a city, you embody it. When you survey a city, you abstract it as a grid. It is geometry or space without life. A survey is space without a sense of place. Walking curbs your sense of power and domination, provides you with a sense of modesty and locality. I remember Patrick Geddes, the great urban sociologist, believed that urban planning should begin with a walk. When you walk a city, you treat it as a friendly organism. Demolitions, grids begin when the walker is no longer the prime citizen of a city. The footpath as a way of life, as home to the hawker, the peddler, disappears when walking dies as the megalopolis is born. Walking loses its poetics and literally becomes pedestrian at that moment. Without walking, one cannot understand or care for the informal economy where 70 per cent of our citizens live. In fact, walking defines the informal rhythms of a city because when you stop walking, cities die. The bazaar, the roadside cafe disappear because these are but punctuation marks in the everyday travelogue we call walking. Imagine Marina beach without its walkers, or Connaught place without its flaneurs walking lazily around the circle, peanuts in hand. Walking creates the affordable city. Chaat wala, chai wala, bhel puri man, peanut seller, paan wala, hawker, scavenger, peddler. ... they can only belong to a city which understands walking. Food, sound, entertainment, and the familiarity of strangers all make walking the everyday adventure of the city.

I remember many older people talk of walking as a form of ethics, of character building. When they talk of their friends they often add that they walked every day. It was as if walking was almost spiritual, a substitute for the act of prayer.

A form of protest:

I think Gandhi had the sense to understand and build on it. His theory of Satyagraha, the Dandi March are enactments of the drama of walking, of standing for or against something. The body becomes the icon of the most elementary and profound of protests. Gandhi used walking to bring down an empire. In fact, Gandhi understood walking is still within nature. A march is a linear act of history. In fact, his theory of Swadeshi is a philosophy of locality and walking. You own up to what you walk around and you care for what you walk around. Walking, creates the

spirit of Swadeshi as caring. I wish people spent more time writing about the Gandhian walker than the weaver. Walking gives weaving a different depth and complementarity.

Walking and walkers haunt me as I walk old lanes and beaches. As I trail across neighbourhoods, I miss all the old walkers. Each returns to my mind as a songline connecting two points; each is a way of life. I sense cities have changed, forcing walkers to artificial parks or a few localities. Yet, the community of walkers survive by telling the world: "I walk, therefore I am." Walking is the poetry of self and community, of loneliness and friendship which no society can do without. It is the gentlest toast to life and living.

*Courtesy: The Hindu
Sri Aurobindo's Action*

WHIRLPOOL

C. M. Mohan Rao*

The end I know
I know, you too, know it
of course, it certainly comes
but when and how
I am sure nobody knows
but meanwhile
before it comes

* Poet, Vijayanagaram

the self centred many
in a chasing hurry
strut over the blood stricken
norms and qualms, values and ethics
and achieve their own ends.
can they over jump it or stop it
except hurling down their simple souls
voluntarily, even by force
into the deep whirlpool
of endless beginnings

THE CONTROVERSIAL BARD: U. R. ANANTHAMURTHY

Nandana Reddy*

Udupi Rajagopalacharya Ananthamurthy or Ananthu as I affectionately called him was one of the Bards of Indian polity. Not unlike William Shakespeare, the Bard of Avon, he commented on events, ridiculed fundamentalism and mocked authority. From his deeply embedded Socialist convictions he examined modern times through the lens of Democracy. He questioned all things and analysed all motives in the belief that it would lead to a deepening of democracy. On January 26, 2014 he said; "...everything is politics. In a democracy, one has to constantly respond...it is not about what is right in the eternal sense. We'll have to do some things that are right at the moment. But that is politics and we'll have to do what is right." He believed that the role of a watch dog was not a duty that can be abdicated by anyone irrespective of who they were.

Our paths first crossed in 1967. I was 15 and though my parents were not in politics, they had many friends in the Socialist Party that shared their political beliefs, but also their love for art, music and literature. One day over lunch at our home Shantaveri Gopal Gowda, a long time friend of Ananthamurthy's and the one who introduced him to Lohia Socialism and shared his passion for Kannada literature, told the story of Ananthamurthy's novel, *Samskara*, to Dr. Lohia and Madhu Limaye.

He said that Ananthu was a Lohia follower [though he had never met Lohia in person]. My parents, Sneha and Pattabhi, were struck by the story and decided to make it into a film. Dr. Lohia encouraged them and with the help of many talented friends the film was made and Ananthu became a part of the 'Family Pattabhi'.

Interestingly *Samskara* the novel was inspired by a film. When Ananthamurthy was in England he went to see *The Seventh Seal* by the celebrated Swedish Director Ingmar Bergman with his teacher Malcolm Bradbury. Thought it didn't have subtitles he 'experienced' the film and could relate to the plague, the atmosphere of death and the indecision of the Protagonist. There had been a plague in his hometown and he remembered how the upper caste were treated by the doctor while the Dalits were not.

Ananthu was intrigued by the fact that time was so linear in the West while in India they ran spirally like an archaeological site where the layers of time were sandwiched together as Ananthu said; "You in England or Europe in order to create the medieval ages, you have to go back to a library and collect all information. But the medieval times are already there in me. They are there in my mother. I can see and feel the 18th century in my mother and the 10th century in my grandmother. Different times in Europe are simultaneously present in India. As we walk the road, we are simultaneously walking the different times."

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Malcolm Bradbury challenged Ananthu to write and apparently the novel *Samskara* was written as my father said; "in four furious days, synchronising with the four day time lapse in the novel. A very great part of the novel reads like a film script. The details and mannerism of the Brahmins are so graphic and visual possibly, due to the influence of the film on the novel. Besides these superficial similarities the novel is brilliantly original." He wrote it in 1965.

The book created a literary sensation in Karnataka and when the film was banned by the Censor Board, it sparked a major political controversy. It was finally released in 1970 and won the National Award for Best Film and several International Awards including the Bronze Leopard at Locarno. A. K. Ramanujan, Professor of linguistics at the University of Chicago, saw the film and said; "If I had seen this film in Chicago, I would have danced in the streets with joy!" In 1976 he translated *Samskara* into English and began using it as course material. The film was path-breaking and ushered in the parallel cinema movement in South India and took Ananthu to the International Stage.

Interestingly, the controversy around the book was after its publication while the controversy generated by the film died out after its release. My father felt that this had something to do with the treatment of the story in the film. "One major departure of the film from the novel is the latter half. In the novel the burning of Narayanappa's body, takes place halfway through. In a way, the story ends half way through the novel" wrote my father in his paper 'Literature and Film'. He said; "The interest in the novel is sustained by

Praneshacharya meeting Putta and undergoing experiences the exact opposite of his earlier experiences. His previous religious ritualistic Brahminical world is contrasted with the amoral physical world of the Non-Brahmins, with its cock fights, prostitutes and sensual entertainment. The novel's interest is further sustained by the device of dramatic irony and black humour where the Brahmins prepare for an elaborate funeral for a non-existing body, which has already been spirited away by the Muslims." He felt that this will not work in the film. "Both the novel and the film start with the problem of the dead body. If the dead body is disposed of half way through the film as in the novel, the film will lose interest. In the novel, literary devices like dramatic irony could be made use of to keep interest. Not so in the film. The film starts with the conflict of to burn or not to burn the body of Narayanappa. The conflict is resolved in the very end when Praneshacharya returns back to the village to do the cremation. Thus the interest is sustained till the very end".

"According to Sri A.K.Ramanujan who translated *Samskara* into English, *Samskara* is a novel of decadent Hinduism. This is exemplified by the Madhva Brahmin Community's concern with materialism and greed and their internecine quarrels. Even Praneshacharya, though inspired by noble motives, is forever in the grip of indecision and scarcely shows any leadership. The dead body is a symbol of decadent Hinduism and the Brahmin community is unable even to dispose of it, where as the Muslims cart it away in a jiffy and cremate it. When we made the film, we had no doubt that the Muslims stealing the body and burning it should totally be omitted. There arose a big literary controversy

when the book was released. We did not want that to become a communal controversy when the film is released, besides the censors would have certainly objected to it. We tried to tone down the literary controversy that the novel was anti Madhva by ennobling the character of Praneshacharya in the film. Praneshacharya in the book discusses his inner feelings of guilt of doing secretly what Narayanappa did brazenly, but he is unable to tell anyone. In the film by his open confession to Putta, his stature rises immeasurably. The film has a positive ending and Praneshacharya redeems himself by his open confession of his guilt and his new determination to act; that is to cremate the dead body."

Strangely *Samskara* has several associations with the lives of both Ananthu and my father. It brought them together, not only on the artistic plane but politically as well. They were both writers with strong political moorings in socialism. They were good friends. When my father was alive, they would visit each other at least once a month to discuss their latest ideas or work. Invariably, the personal intertwined with the intellectual as they both drew heavily from their life experiences. They had much in common and yet were very different beings. Their life in a way mimicked their art - or was it the other way around?

Ananthamurthy is considered one of the pioneers of the '*Navya* (new) movement' in Kannada literature that began with his novel *Samskara* that was a scathing attack on decadent Hinduism and critic of Brahmanism, its superstitions and hypocrisies. My father is considered the father of modern Telugu Poetry as he rebelled against the sweet, rhythmic

poetry of Tagore under whom he studied at Shantiniketan and wrote instead about the squalor and filth of Calcutta city.

They both fell in love and married Christians - Ananthu made that a political statement; while my father never did. We, even as their children, were never conscious of the fact that our parents not belonging to the same religion was a daring and courageous step to take in those times. Marrying the person you loved was just the right thing to do!

Ananthu who was born on 21 December, 1932 in the village of Melige, in Tirthahalli taluk in Shimoga District, grew up in an orthodox Madhava Brahmin family as the grandson of a priest. His schooling began in a traditional Sanskrit school before he went to the University of Mysore and to Birmingham, England, for a doctorate in English on a Commonwealth Scholarship where he was awarded a doctorate in 1966 for his dissertation on 'Politics and Fiction in the 1930's'.

The amalgam between politics and his literary expression began early and as he grew older developed into a literary activism very few writers have achieved in history. In a TV interview he stated that "We should not be politically correct - then we are NOT correct. If there are enough people who can swim against the tide, then democracy is safe. Hence political correctness which places all value on the majority is a wrong thing. Even one voice is enough, because ideas have a way of living... We should be able to say whatever is unpleasant..."

Ananthu was greatly influenced by Lohia's writings and that was another thread that bound us. Just before Indira Gandhi promulgated a State of Emergency, we saw a lot of Ananthu. My father and mother were shooting *Chanda Marutha* [Wild Wind], an uncanny prediction of things to come. Then my mother passed away after eight months in jail. Ananthamurthy wrote her obituary in which he said; "It is hard to believe that Snehalata is dead at the age of forty-four. She will remain a vivid memory for people from all walks of life: socialist leaders and intellectuals, theatre artists from India and abroad, writers and above all many young people still searching for a meaning and purpose in life. She could never tolerate injustice and ugliness.she is one of the martyrs of our age. By her manner of life and death she has redeemed us who have had to live in a state of sin, because of our quietism and indifference in the face of evil."

This was perhaps a turning point in Ananthu's life. The Emergency strengthened his convictions and he became the most vocal secular, socialist voice Karnataka has seen in recent years. Ananthamurthy was greatly influenced by Mahatma Gandhi and Shakespeare during his childhood, which shaped his political and social conscience. He was also a close associate of stalwarts of socialist movement, like Jayaprakash Narayan, Madhu Limaye and Shanthaveri Gopala Gowda.

After the Emergency, during the Chickmagalur elections, where I campaigned against Mrs. Gandhi, Ananthu had been campaigning too and when I was beaten by the police and lay in a semiconscious state, he

visited me. He was the person who accompanied me back home from the hospital to Bangalore at night shining a torch on my face so the crowds that had gathered could see me.

In 2013, he made a statement that in the Mahabharata it is described how the Brahmin community used to eat beef, but this was claimed as baseless by several prominent people like the Pejavar Mutta Swamijee and the Vishweshwara Thirtha Swami, Udupi. The Pejavar Mutta also requested Ananthamurthy to reconsider his statement, as it hurt sentiments of a caste, but Ananthamurthy ignored his request.

He set off another controversy when he denounced the politics of Gopalkrishna Adiga even though he considered him to be one of the leading poets. He believed that being left of centre was better than being right of centre and that it was important to say these things out loud.

Many people create controversies, some unknowingly, some to stay in the news and most out of stupidity, not so in Ananthu's case. These were not just spontaneous acts based on emotion, not principled responses to situations - even though that may have been the original motivation - but well thought out calculated and sculpted political interventions designed to cause ripples of controversy and debate. This also ensured that the space for democratic dissent remained intact.

The controversies reached a new height during the recent elections, when he said he does not want to live in an India where Modi rules. In a telephonic interview with CNN-IBN from his hospital bed in

Bangalore, he said; "I won't live in a country ruled by Narendra Modi. When I was young, I used to criticise Prime Minister Nehru. But, his supporters never attacked us. They always respected our views. Modi supporters are now behaving like Fascists. They are behaving like the Fascists in Germany during Hitler. I don't want to see a man like Modi in the chair, where once a man like Nehru sat and ruled. I am too old and unwell. If Modi becomes the PM, it will be a big shock to me. I won't live."

Ananthu was gracious enough to attend a screening of *Samskara* just three weeks before he passed away. He came and spent two hours interacting with Tom Cowan, the Australian cinematographer of *Samskara*, the audience and the press. On the dais he whispered to me about Modi. He was concerned that Modi would bring about a "shift in our civilization." He said; "I have a feeling that we are slowly losing our democratic rights or civil rights, but much more than that when there is a bully we become cowards." I added that we were already in a state of emergency, but only this time, Modi did not have to promulgate it - he was doing it through the brute force of his election mandate.

That was the last time we met. He was his charming and affectionate self though one could see the strain his illness was having on him. I spoke to him a couple of times after, inviting him to lunch at home, but he could not make it as he was in hospital that day undergoing dialysis.

During the last months, he often joked about his illness and the extreme cleanliness it imposed on him and those around and compared it to the *Madi* or cleanliness he had

to observe in his orthodox Brahmin home as a child where he could not touch anything without washing and bathing.

The day he died, I went to visit him in hospital with another close friend Dr. Ratna, not knowing that a few hours later he would be no more. He was on a ventilator, but looked so peaceful and serene. We did not want to disturb him so we spent time with Ester, the children and grand children. The doctor's prognosis was positive, so we left with the hope that he would recover as he had done so many times before. After all he was a fighter!

By the time I reached home, we got the news that he was no more. He had threatened to leave India if Modi came to power and some members of the Sangh Parivar had bought him a ticket to Pakistan. Ananthu then recanted his statement and said; "That was too much to say because I can't live anywhere except India." Ananthu decided his own departure - not by an Emirates flight, but his own.

I said my goodbyes to Ananthu in the privacy of his home the evening he died. I did not want to share that moment with the large crowds that would be part of the State Honours. Ester was inconsolable and I was at a loss for words. What can you say to a partner of more than 50 years, one who cared and watched over him? Despite her own ailments she guarded and protected Ananthu zealously. She was his strength and foundation. Ananthu could not have done what he did without her. Though this was rarely recognized, Ester is the reason for the person Ananthamurthy is.

Many were surprised that his last rites were performed according to religious convention. Though Ananthu broke all traditions, his fascination for the spiritual was deeply imbedded and perhaps his inner strength came from this. My father was the same and this was not a contradiction, but an intellectual rejection of the negative aspects of organised religion while pursuing the search for a greater truth.

Now Ananthu is in good company - my father and mother, Lankesh, Lohia, Gopal

Gowda, Madhu Limaye, Karanth and Ramanujan and many others with whom I am sure he is debating our predicament here in this world.

Farewell my dear friend and God speed. May your journey to the other world be safe and adventurous and your search of answers exciting. May the mysteries of the universe unfold and your explorations take on another dimension. We thank you for your legacy - we who remain, will try and keep it alive by taking the struggle forward.

AN ANSWER

Shubham Ashok Gandhi*

For ages this question stayed with me
 'What keeps me alive?'
 But none answered me
 Till then
 I had lived among books
 And they within me,
 I asked them a question
 But they wouldn't see
 So, I took it on myself
 My question, my scream
 Small as it seemed
 It was an ocean in a stream
 I went searching by and
 I pass through a street
 Where something glitters
 I pick it by hand, I am no longer bitter
 I stare at it,
 It's there in my hand, shinning with a dim
 I watch it paints me pink, making me a 'rising

Him'
 I look closely now and
 It's just an ugly piece of a shining litter
 And from that stinking pink
 I am grey much better
 I return home and slam the door
 I curse myself death and wait to die
 I make way for an end yet I'm alive
 But can't give on what keeps me alive
 I thought hard and wild, and lo,
 It's the friction of thoughts that keep me alive
 I got my answer so I made a song
 That I sing in the ages
 When the hopes are gone
 That,
 "The beauty of a question
 Doesn't lie in its answer,
 It sleeps in the distance
 Between you and the answer"
 And
 The day you have crossed
 A thousand

* Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad

THE AUTO DRIVER WHO "CHANGED" MY LIFE

Sashidhar V.R.

In the summer of 1992, the six-decade-old movement for separate statehood for Jharkhand took a serious turn. Jharkhand which was then a part of Bihar was in turmoil after years of agitation led by the JMM (Jharkand Mukti Morcha) leaders who were essentially from the tribal belt of Bihar. The economic blockade in March gave an ugly impetus to the movement. The city of Ranchi, which would eventually become the capital of Jharkand, became the centre of the violence. People who were opposed to the economic blockade were beaten up and rumours were spread that many landed in the gutters as corpses.

I had a field trip to make in late April during the summer of 1992, to the Agricultural university twenty kms on the outskirts of the city, a good one-hour journey by auto rickshaw. My scientist host had warned me not to come to the university guesthouse late in the evening or at night by auto. My train from Bangalore via Chennai reached Ranchi six hours late at 9 PM after forty hours. Tired and famished I completely forgot about the warning and hopped into an auto. It was raining cats and dogs. The one-hour journey goes through villages on the highway with no functional street lightning. Half an hour into the journey I remembered the host's warning with a shock. The auto passed through a fairly large village with a pan shop. I was so foolish and naive that it did not occur to me to ask the driver to turn around and go back to the city. At the pan shop, the driver got down and

spoke to two rough looking characters. I braced myself for what I thought would be a mugging and got my wallet out of my pocket. I told myself that I would give them everything I had including my watch and request them to spare my life. The driver got back into the auto after a few minutes of chatting and apologized. He said they were his relatives and he had some land issues to sort out with them. We reached the university guesthouse in pitch darkness. I was exasperated to hear from the Vice Chancellor's security staff who were stationed there that the caretaker had gone home after locking the assigned guest house and would be back only the next day. Not surprising in the Bihar of the 90's when nothing moved either in government offices or at the universities. I was tired and famished and I kicked myself for not staying back in the city. The driver who had stayed by his auto said in Hindi "Saab. Do not worry, All this will happen. You speak to some other officer and get accommodation in some other place. I shall wait till then. Do not worry Saab. If you still don't get it, I will take you to a decent safe hotel in the city". The VC's personal security had a battalion of CRPF jawans in those troubled days. The subedar told me "Saab hum log khana kha rahein hai. Aap khaoge hamare saath"? (Sir, we are eating, will you eat with us?) They were magic words for a famished person. I had a dinner of 4 chappatis and some sabji, met the Dean at his residence and he immediately, booked me in the VVIP guesthouse. The auto driver had not left. He asked me if everything was

okay. Overwhelmed by guilt and relief I gave him four times the metre fare instead of the agreed upon "Double the metre". The simple man said something I remember to this day. He said in Hindi "Saab Pahli bar kise ne dil se itna paisa diya hai mujhe. Mein apko kabhi nahi bhooloonga aur hum zarroor phir milenge". (Sir, this is the first time someone has given me so much money from the heart. I will never forget you and we will surely meet

again). Twenty-two years later, I still feel guilty for distrusting a simple, honest auto driver. Twenty-two years later, my agnostic belief does get a little shaky when I reflect on the last words of the auto driver, Hum zarroor phir milenge. Was he a 'messenger' in the true, pure spiritual sense? I believe he was although it does not fit into my strong agnostic stance.

Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action

HAPPINESS, A BLESSING IN LIFE

Dr. Emmadi Pullaiah*

Happiness, the very motto of life,
a commodity free but rare
in the present world tinsel
and make-believe, a frame-work
of mind, within us like the sun-rise
and the sunset in life.

Happiness is in complacence
with one's possessions acquired
by fair means, desires beyond the
reach banishing, bidding adieu
to cupidity for wealth.

Happiness is in upright behaviour
and sharing in weal and woe with
the close-knit and an eye for
family harmony with care and
concern with no hope of returns.

Happiness is in health robust,
tension-free, stress-free life,

welcoming waves or changes
with compromise nature
tuning to times without baleful,
and dagger looks even in
position coveted and exalted.

Happiness is in humour healthy,
gladdening one self and the others
sparing some time for hobbies
with passion for music and fine-arts,
treading the path of peace,
with a bent of mind divine.

Happiness is in doing what one wills
for the well-being of society,
turning a blind eye to the torrent of
criticism destructive from the cynics.

Happiness is hospitality hearty,
to the guests with a will
"Treat others as you want to
be treated by others" with a mindset,
"Lasting bliss is a blessing in life,
relished in giving not in taking".

* Retd. Reader in English, Warangal

IN MEMORIAM - MY MEMORIES OF 'BAPU' THE LEGEND OF ART

R.M.V. Raghavendra Rao*

That was the year 2006. The conference of NATA took place in Sugarland, Houston, USA, under the management of Sri. Vanguri Chitten Raju and some other impresarios of Telugu culture in America. Bapu was the chief guest of the two-day conference. His paintings were displayed in two big halls much to the delight of the continuous viewers. In the poetry reading session, which Bapu presided over, I had the chance of presenting two of my humorous poems in Telugu. The theme of one was the several faces of humour and the other was my experience with some of my African colleagues at Asmara University, the then Ethiopia, Africa, where I taught for four years.

Standing beside Bapu in his chief guest's seat as I read out these two poems much to the thunderous applause of the audience, Bapu nodded his head approvingly and with a smile gave me a warm handshake. As I came down Bapu was seated in the front row of the audience. Taking leave of him, when I greeted him, he offered me the seat beside him asking me to sit down. By that time there were already aspiring artists swarming for his

instant pencil sketches as appropriate cover designs for their creative works. He stopped all of them for a while, turned to me, took my hand into his and said "Your poems are very appreciable; you should write more of humorous poems." With these words I was beside myself.

Over and above this, he told one of the photographers in front of him to take an instant photo of both of us with two copies. He handed over one copy to me (which prominently adorns my drawing room, in Hyderabad) and tucked the other one into his pocket.

Many may have contacts with celebrities, brief or long. This association of mine with Bapu which lasted for an hour has made a delightful impact on me. Here was a legendary artist, every piece of whose art is endowed with the spark and value of divinity reminding us that there is "A divinity that shapes our ends." His heart was as large as his art. His recognition and his encouragement of me, sparing his invaluable time and kind attention to me, a humble writer, speak volumes for his divine magnanimity.

* Writer, Houston, USA

Great Attitude:

Once a bird asked a Bee, after a continuous hard-work, you prepare the honey. But a man steals the honey. Do you not feel sad?

Then the Bee replied: Never... Because a man can only steal my honey not the art of making honey...!!

(Internet)

THE PATHETIC CONDITIONS AND AGONY OF WOMEN IN MARGARET ATIENO OGOLA'S THE RIVER AND THE SOURCE

Dr. Aadi Ramesh Babu*

Margaret Atieno Ogola is a Kenyan woman writer. She is not only a writer but also doctor. She served as a paediatrician and the medical director of Cottonlengoo Hospice for HIV and AIDS orphans. It is very difficult job for women writers to write in the male dominated society. The African women are suppressed by three things. They were oppressed by white men because of their colour. They were tortured in a patriarchal society and by other Black women also. The African culture and tradition tell the greatness of men, not about the women but it has given the sufferings of African women. Chetin (1989: 121) says that "African women have a history of oppression within African culture and most of women's problems are rooted in the tradition that men held a superior position to females." Her book *The River and the Source* won the Commonwealth Writers' Prize for 1995. She was the recipient of the Familias Award for Humanitarian Service of the World Congress of Families in Geneva, Switzerland in 1999. Regarding her first novel *The River and the Source*, she recollects that "The inspiration for this book came from my mother who handed down to me the wisdom and lives of her own mother and grandmother. This strength and support that is found in the African

family is the most important part of our culture, and should be preserved and nurtured at all costs."

The novel is a tribute to the African woman. In a list of acknowledgements, she says it is partly based on the life and times of her own great grandmother, and she also names a living person, Grace Hagoma Okumu, as most closely portraying the spirit of the book "that of the undefeatable womanhood of Africa." It is the story of the lives of three generations of women.

The novel opens with the birth of a girl baby who is christened as Akoko, the only daughter of a great chief of Luo community. Her birth occurs early in the 20th century, "about thirty seasons before that great snaking metal road of Jorochere, the white people, reached the bartering market of Kisumu" (02). When she comes to an adult age, one of her suitors loves her and agrees to pay thirty heads of cattle as her bride price. She is cheerfully married. She is happy for some years and gets children by him.

When her husband dies, problems come one after another. His family members try to steal her wealth. As a black lady, she knows white people but she never reaches a white person. To get her assets back, she walks five days to meet a white police man

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and finally pours her problems before him.. The District Commissioner investigates the case and her wealth is returned. However, she leaves her husband's village. Her daughter Nyabera is also a widow. She is also neglected by her in-laws. Meanwhile she comes to know that a new religion has emerged in their community that is Christianity. She visits the Catholic mission and gets absorbed by the faith. Her mother Akoko and Nyabera's daughter Awiti also join there. Awiti is a very intelligent girl. She gets scholarships from Government. She too marries well and gets seven children. They settle in modern fields. They are experienced modern Kenyans ideas and life.

The characters in the novel see the society's distribution of gender roles as suppressive and oppressive to them. There is

no scope for women to tell what their problems are so they use symbolism and satire to show the conditions of women in the society. Ogola questions Kenya's historiography with the reference to how it treats women. "She privileges women within this narrative with the aim of offering a counter narrative to recent history: a woman writer's view on Kenyan history as opposed to that told by men like Ngugi wa Thiong'o or Meja Mwangi" (Tom Odhiambo, 2001: 25). Although the present writers bring out the problems of African women, some of the earlier writers could not put it on the papers. The women, who are timid and suppressed by men, would become strong and bolder. The writers make them to overcome their problems. The women, who faced a lot of problems, are realising the male domination.

LIFE IS LIKE PLAYING ON A PLAYGROUND

Neeharika Bandlapalli*

Life is like playing on a playground
there are slides, swings, tunnels, monkey bars,
and zip lines too
But, a playground also has dust, steps, and
jagged edges
sometimes we make mistakes
and topple to the ground
then, we get up,
and try again.
We learn from our mistakes,
we approach the swing slowly,
soon after, our feet are swaying in the air
brushing the treetops

and our eyes tightly shut.
Life is like playing on a playground,
the gravel on the ground, the sun on your face,
and the smell of freshly cut grass
a moment never to be forgotten
Life is like playing on a playground,
sometimes you trip and fall,
and sometimes you cry and bleed
But, you never give up,
you get up and run to the swing again
no matter if it hurts the first, second, or even
the third time,
if you keep trying you'll succeed
Life is like playing on a playground

* Austin USA 7th Class 2012

IS FORGIVENESS POSSIBLE?

Abhi Prakash Janamanchi *

Today's service comes a week after the end of the most holy time of the Jewish calendar - the ten day period between Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, and Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. During this period, our Jewish brothers and sisters are enjoined to search their souls for the transgressions against the commandments which separate them from God and to seek forgiveness, reconciliation, and atonement or "at-one-ment."

On the surface, particularly for Unitarian Universalists, the idea of an annual period of repentance followed by a day of fasting and atonement might sound rather dismal but the process, called T'shuvah, is a powerful and poetic one.

Imagine taking ten days in your life each year to reflect on your personal relationships ... relationships with your parents, your siblings, your partner or spouse, your children, your grandchildren, your great-grandchildren, your business relationships, your relationships with other members of your faith community, with your neighbors, with strangers. Ten days when you ask yourself, "Was I always fair? Did I gossip at all - even a little bit? Did I lose my temper? Was I always kind and considerate? Was I always respectful? Did I tell the truth? Did I always set a good example for my children?"

I know that I could not truthfully answer "yes" to any of these questions, especially when the question includes the word "always." Imagine taking ten days to reflect on your relationship with yourself. Ten days in which to ask, "Did I disappoint myself this year? Did I do the things I know needed to do in my life? Did I keep my promises to myself?" Imagine having ten days in your life each year to let all of your excuses fall away. Ten days to develop deeper compassion and kindness for ourselves. Ten days to be courageous and honest with ourselves, ten days to develop compassion for others.

Central to the process of *t'shuvah* is admitting our mistakes and making restitution where we can. So T'shuvah is about taking responsibility ... response-ability. The ability to move from our deep knowing of what is right - not from our excuses. It is about seeking and granting forgiveness to ourselves and others. Jewish people believe this is the way we can draw closer to the meaning of life and the center of that deep abiding mystery in which we live, move and have our being.

But forgiveness is hard. It doesn't come naturally. It's hard to do, it's hard to give, it's hard to receive, it's hard to talk, about, it's even hard to think about. Forgiveness is soul work at the deepest level. It is really hard because we almost always feel that it is really we who have been sinned against. We're all like prisoners. Every prisoner is in prison by mistake.

* Writer, USA

`It's easier to hold on to anger than to forgive because anger makes us feel righteous. Anger draws a lot of energy so life feels really intense. Anger feeds our egos. It shields us from having to expose our vulnerabilities. As long as we hold on to our anger, we don't have to acknowledge there is a part of us that

could have done to others what we believe others have done to us. We all know that. We all know what we're capable of-both the good and the not so good. Yet anger helps us create a cocoon that insulates us from looking inward and allows us to turn our anger outward.

Courtesy: Dharma Sadhani

GOOD KARMA

Dalai Lama

- Take into account that great love and great achievements involve great risk.
- When you lose, don't lose the lesson
- Follow the three R's:
 Respect for self,
 Respect for others and
 Responsibility for all your actions.
- Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck
- Learn the rules so you know how to break them properly.
- Don't let a little dispute injure a great relationship
- When you realize you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.
- Spend some time alone every day.
- Open your arms to change, but don't let go of your values
- Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.
- Live a good, honorable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll be able to enjoy it a second time.
- A loving atmosphere in your home is the foundation for your life.
- In disagreements with loved ones, deal only with the current situation. Don't bring up the past.
- Share your knowledge. It is a way to achieve immortality
- Be gentle with the earth.
- Once a year, go someplace you've never been before.
- Remember that the best relationship is one in which your love for each other exceeds your need for each other.
- Judge your success by what you had to give up in order to get it.
- Approach love and cooking with reckless abandon.

KOCHARETHI: THE ARAYA WOMAN: THE FIRST NOVEL BY ADIVASI WRITER

Jaiwanth Rao*

Narayan's Malayalam novel Kocharethi is described as Kerala's first tribal novel which was translated into English Kocharethi: The Araya Woman by Catherine Thankamma. The novel got Kerala Sahitaya Akademi Award. Narayan is one of the first tribal novelists from India. He studied tenth class in the local government school. He got a job in the postal service. He likes to read books. He struggled a lot to get good education. He had habituated to read books. He says "When I joined school the system of providing free rice gruel at noon hadn't started. Education was not free. Right until Independence, the school fee was a chakram per annum. I went without food at noon. One day someone said that if I remained in the class room when others left for lunch and something went missing, I would be blamed. This frightened me so I began to visit the reading room opposite our school. There were three or four newspapers, a few books and a periodical. Soon the owner began to leave me in charge of the place when he went for lunch. I used the time to read whatever I could get hold of" (Thankamma, 2009: B2). There are a lot of tribal stories and Dalit stories but adivasi's stories are less in number.

Kocharethi: The Araya Woman is the first novel by Narayan. It is about adivasi's culture and tradition and it gives how much

the people like their culture and how they can't come from their bounded tradition. Nayar (2011: B2) says that "it is a novel about a community's transition to modernity that requires them to not only abandon older ways of living, but whose transition is rarely voluntary but is imposed on them through poverty, dubious and discriminatory modes of development that benefit the upper-caste landlords and the corrupt state machinery." The novel gives a detailed picture of the lives and customs of a community.

The novel deals with the lives of its protagonist Kunjipennu and her childhood love and her husband Kochuraman. It explains Malay Arayan, a tribal community's history, traditions and culture. It is the realistic history of the struggles and travails of the Malayaraya tribal community. It shows the community's interface with modernity and its painful separation from its past, culture, myths and rituals and ways of life. It is set against the backdrop of the Western Ghats in the pepper belt along the Kerala and Tamil Nadu border. Even then certain features distinct to tribal communities remain: self sufficiency, honesty, willingness to work hard, pride and an indomitable spirit.

Kunjipennu refuses to marry her maternal uncle's son and marries Kochuraman. They are happy for some years but when their son dies in a forest fire, their problems start one after the other. "A cycle of drought and

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torrential rain pushes the entire Mala Arayan community into debt and alcoholism to which Kochuraman too falls prey." (Nayar, 2011: B2). As the people from the community are poor and they are exploited by money lenders and rich people, Arayans lands are captured and they are beaten cruelly. The people who are completely uneducated cannot understand what to do. Kunjipennu gives birth to a baby, Parvati. She and her husband want to provide education to the people. School in the village brings social changes. Parvati gets education and a job in Kochi. She marries against her parents' wishes and later on she moves from her community.

Since Parvati has left them, Kochuraman has struggled a lot. He has liked her very much and he can't bear as she has left him and his community. He has started to take more alcohol and finally he is forced to be admitted in take hospital in Kochi. In the hospital, Parvati's husband and his friends support him. Kochuraman is told to get surgery but he and Kunjipennu left the hospital because of the fear of modern medicine.

The writer and the translator are "doing something to provide visibility to the work that depicted the miseries of the sidelined community." (Suresh, Meera, 2012: B2) The author wanted to portray the true lives of the tribal community, who are often misrepresented in other works. Hence, being a part of the efforts was a gratifying experience" (Thankamma, 2009: B2). The writer wanted to convey that it is not so easy to forget culture and cross the culture. It is a socio-critique. The society and people have to think regarding the lives of adivasis. Indeed, adivasis found so many edible things. They invented a lot but they are not identified. Kancha Ilaiah (2013: 50) rightly says that "It was the adivasis who first discovered selected and standardised most of the food items we eat today." They are wrongly labelled as tribals. The government should take some necessary steps to help the adivasis to emerge from the forests to survive in the society. It must provide them good education.

TODAY'S REALITY

Big House	-----	Small Family	
More Degrees	-----	Less common Sense	
Advanced Medicine	-----	Poor Health	
Touched Moon	-----	Neighbours Unknown	
High Income	-----	Less Peace of Mind	
High IQ	-----	Less Emotions	
Good Knowledge	-----	Less Wisdom	
Number of Affairs	-----	No true love	
Lot of friends on Facebook	-----	No best friends	
More alcohol	-----	Less Water	
Lots of Human	-----	Less Humanity	
Costly Watches	-----	But no time	(Internet)

DHISHAKTI (Power of 'Mind' with Heart)

K.K. Sharma*

Brother, you came to realize that your 'Mind' is an invaluable instrument. It is that only which elevates you to a higher level of being or throws you down to a lower level. You may be able to keep your eyes, your hands and legs under your control, but to keep your 'Mind's Activity' under your control is very difficult. Staying inside you, it gives you any kind and number of troubles. How could/ would you manage to make proper use of it? Your 'Mind' (this term is used to imply/include the influence of heart also on mind) can give you light. It is capable of making you feel untruth as truth. It can also tease you by making it difficult to decide either way, throwing up doubts. It's working is like exercising on a knife. Shows like a suitable way to do a thing, but turns out to be very risky.

But think about one thing in particular. Outside matters can be examined at ease. Physical things, chemical substances, living cells, etc. after scrutinizing and experimenting, analyzing, etc. you can determine their symptoms and legitimate properties are determined by you. They are all far outside you. But your mind is inside you and is much nearer part of you than all other outside things. But 'Mind' stays only with you at all times of wakefulness, sleep and dreams. It can lull you

to sleep, provide comfort, rest and even get you golden dreams.

When it is staying with and looking after you at all times, why do you not make efforts to know its strengths, depths, weaknesses, nature and its inner capabilities etc.? People who are far outside you are liked and sought after as near relatives. Your 'Mind' staying in your own house and always keeping watch is treated as a distant relative. Why, brother, so much forgetfulness?

Look how Handi-craftsmen keep sharp their instruments/implements of daily use by frequently oiling and grinding. If their instruments get spoiled, what happens to their work? They go out of their work. Look at a carpenter, he keeps his chiseler frequently sharpening on the grinding stone / device, just as he keeps his saw too sharp by grinding its teeth as frequently as needed, so that it can cut the wood quickly and correctly.

Look at the players of stringed musical instruments, who keep the strings tight enough in tension to produce sound at the required pitch to produce the tunes and words in music. When the outside instruments are kept with care to be in proper condition for use, your invaluable 'Mind' (inner instrument) which is many more times necessary, maintained and used carelessly, how can your affairs be managed properly?

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If you manage to know its secret, will it not be a gold mine? Will it not open up before you all sciences and make you a specialist in all branches of knowledge? Can it not make you listen to the music of its imagination and make you a great artist? It can gather all its strength, place it at your disposal and make you a great executive of action. Will it not throw up unlimited light in a matter and make you enlightened person (Maha Gnaani)? A thing which is always with (as part of) you, is ready to serve you in any situation. When this is the position of 'Mind' in you, is it not illogical and irrational to run for implements! Instruments outside?

True - it is not always in your control. But the fault is yours and not of the 'mind'. Even the implements utilized from outside, are they free of any risk factor sometimes? If a needle is used for stitching and if not used in the appropriate manner knowing the technique, it can prick your finger bringing out blood and giving pain. In using a knife, similar care and alertness are required in using it for cutting vegetables or fruits. The utility of the instruments largely depends upon acquiring right skill and carefully utilizing the instruments. Your 'Mind' is much sharper and capable of doing many more tasks than these outside instruments. Hence is it not much more necessary to know it well, acquire the capacity and skill to use it properly. Even to acquire the skills to properly utilize outside instruments/ implements (say like those of a carpenter) is it not necessary to work as an apprentice under an experienced carpenter well up in his job, to learn similar skills and techniques of the craft of carpentry? Many years of learning theory and practicals are necessary for handling machinery. Are skills and knowledge of action inherited by birth automatically? If one wants

to spin yarn, seeds have to be got separated from cotton, then cotton has to be softened and made into small cones, then a spinning wheel has to be readied for spinning, both hands have then to be slowly used suitably and, while one hand turns the wheel the other has to apply the cotton cone in a proper way for spinning even a small length of yarn properly. If our 'Mind' which is softer than even a piece of cotton becomes like a diamond, ray of light, colorful tunes, extremely tender thoughts / feelings, great strategies and creative ideas, formulae for tasteful juices, great philosophies, seemingly beyond ordinary understanding and meditation, are to be brought up, how much more specialized effort will be needed to achieve such capability?

External instruments are as needed to be suited for handling by your hands. You can see them and touch them with your hands. You can find out after examination of their good features and short comings. But your mind though inside you, it is not physically cognizable, appears to be at hand to be grappled and at the same time not available to be taken into your grip. Unless you know where, when and how much to take into your hand, it is not possible to know what and how much it can yield the right result. How-much-ever others assist you from outside, you can acquire the ability to use it only by your own effort and experience by your own mind functioning. Making proper use of it for securing good result, no doubt is not an easy (task) thing. Hence, there is no surprise that it is so.

Even if many books are read on the subject, did apprenticeship under the guidance of a specialist, only by your effort with

concentration and with fully utilizing the capability and skill of your own 'mind' and putting that on the job taken up as intensive cultivation, the required result can be secured. Think and see how many subtle points are to be noted and steps needed to be taken to cultivate the 'mind' to become a good cultivator of that vast field. Your land (fields) may not yield such crop-yield as expected, but as much as you properly cultivate your mind-area, so much more will it yield desired fruits of different varieties. All kinds of cereals will it yields. Hence the saying that good and pains taking efforts will yield proportionately good fruits. Either you make your 'Mind' occupied by thoughts and deeds for sensuous enjoyment and convert it into a palace appropriate for such activity or cultivate into a garden that yields flowers and good fruits like a 'kalpataruvu in chitamani island'. Your 'Mind' (Manassu) can yield for you all you desire.

Do you call it an Instrument? No, it is a gold-yielding precious diamond.

From light to enlightenment, from juice to the essence of it, from strength to the strength of it, it can lead you. See where from you have started and where you have been able to reach- Ray has become a part and parcel of light, a great wave has become a part and parcel of Great Ocean. All is creative energy - your body, your life, your 'Mind', heart, your world - all is creative energy.

All the existing beings, called by different names, are there in the total Creative Energy of Existence.

[A free translation of the article *Dhisakti* (power of 'mind') by the great intellectual, Late Sri Mutnuri Krishna Rao, Ex-Editor of Krishna Patrika under the general title *Inner lights* in Telugu]

ANGEL OF COMPASSION

M. G. Narasimha Murthy*

Mother Teresa - love immortal
In frail human frame;
Angel of peace and compassion,
Knew no bounds of caste or creed;
With arms outstretched,
Waded through slums forsaken
To help the poor in their humble homes;
Orphans discarded, dying destitute,
Deserted cripples and lepers deformed,
Found in her a ministering angel
Whose gentle touch revived hope,

Brought cheer and comfort.
Unmindful of praise or blame,
To serve the poor was her only aim,
And never did she crave for wealth or fame.
Like, make me an instrument of Thy peace,
Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
Where there is injury, pardon,
Where there is doubt, faith,
Where there is despair, hope . . .
Life inspiring, a splendid saga
Of selfless service and sacrifice;
Forever she lives in the loving hearts
Of those who strive to rid the world
Of sorrow, misery and distress.

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THE NEED FOR GOD, THE GOD WE NEED

Acharya P. Sitaramabrahmam*

There is a hidden power, a creative energy, an inexhaustible reservoir of all that is worthy and precious, guiding the destinies of individuals and nations to higher and higher stages in the scale of evolution, not only on the material plane but more and more on the mental, moral and spiritual planes. That power which is working sometimes directly, sometimes through veils thick and thin has to be tapped by conscious organized self-effort of man. For this, integration of the inner personality is the first requisite.

Sometimes we do certain things not for fear of punishment or persecution, not for fame or benefit but for the delight of self expression or in obedience to the pressure of inner necessity. Work done under that inspiration is of a high quality. That work is creative and original. That inspiration reveals itself in a variety of ways - patriotism, humanitarianism, philanthropy, poetry, scientific discoveries and fine arts. A person fired by that inspiration knows no fear and selfishness which are the main impediments for doing the right and avoiding the wrong. He violates the existing evil laws of the society and the Government setting higher standards and values. Secrets of Nature and mystery of the universe are revealed to the vision of that Inspiration. That inspiration is divine as it proceeds from planes of consciousness above the mind. What we call ideals are not the highest truths. The highest and all - perfect truth is only one and it is far above the mind. Ideals are mental concepts of truths, glimpses,

reflections, twilights, distant flashes, intimations of what is beyond the mind. Ideals are nearer to Truth and so more real than the actual.

A change has to come about within the individuals to discover the law of being within themselves. When one discovers the law of being within himself, he out grows the need of all external laws of the State and the society. Discovery of law of one's being is possible by attunement, to the truth that is above mind. We mean that truth when we say "God."

A life regulated by an ideal is very different from a life that has no ideal. Life without an ideal is like a boat without a rudder. The difference is seen not only in needs but more in the way of doing things and far more in the spirit of doing. The idealist cares more for the idea than for the form. He loves the idea in the form and serves the spirit behind the idea. God is the all - comprehensive, inexhaustible, eternal, perfect ideal including and exceeding all other ideals. To live wisely, boldly, to maintain peace and equipoise under all fluctuating fortunes, God is immensely useful. There are so many sorrows and sufferings and in those agonizing hours God alone can give solace. All difficulties cannot be solved without knowing the truth of things as the nature of truth. Every immediate truth is linked with the ultimate truth. Sense of separation, the cause of selfishness, Death, the source of fear and sorrow prevent us from

doing good and induce us to do wrong. These can be overcome when we realize that we are eternal entities and that we are in unity with all. The realization is part of God realization. Keeping ourselves in contact with God we should cut our destiny in double dimensional development altitude and extension. We are undying spiritual realities, we are in harmony with all.

Like every other force, the force of idea of God too is misused. Man conceived God through his needs, greed, desires, jealousy, prejudices, passions, appetites. God is institutionalized, commercialized, auctioned, black-marketed, advertised, with hawkers in the streets who are proclaiming. "Here is God at a cheaper rate. Here is religion and morality at a discount" - competitively recruiting more and more votaries. God is used to support all the unholy acts of man. Pages of religious history are red with blood.

Horizontal conversions are something like running round and round the rugged rock. What is required is vertical conversion of continuous progressive change of heart. Man is not to be judged by the religious denomination he proudly proclaims but by the degree of his conquest of the beast and the devil within himself. An idea or belief or worship of God that does not awaken the divine in oneself, that does not nourish feeling of kinship with the creation and creatures, that does not induce sacrifice, that does not inspire love of truth, that does not help in upholding ethical, human, spiritual values, that does not support in withstanding storms and winds of life is seriously, if not dangerously defective. The wrong use of a thing is no argument against its right use. Rightly understood and used, belief in God is immensely valuable for the highest good of the individual, family society, nation, and mankind.

Courtesy: Dharmasadhani

WWII. Lithuania. The Japanese Ambassador, who was a compassionate and noble person, disagreed with the Nazi crimes, and was concerned with the future of the European Jewry. He used his status and provided them with visas to Japan. From Japan they immigrated to America. Thus he saved the lives of thousands of Jews.

When the Germans found out they demanded that the Ambassador will be removed. The Japanese, allies of the Nazis, followed the request. But he still had 2 weeks until his return, and he used these 2 weeks, and worked around the clock, days and nights, and recruited people to help him issue more

visas. The lives of many more Jews were saved this way. This was a very dangerous act, deserving of admiration.

Prior to his leaving a mission of Jews from the Vilna Synagogue came to thank him. "What you have done for the Jewish People will never be forgotten, and we will pray to God to bless you and your descendants."

This wonderful person returned to Japan, and miraculously all his punishment was that he was fired and lost his pension.

In order to help his family he started a small workshop. His name was *Mitsubishi*.

A FALLEN MAN'S HEART

Elanaaga*

Dafedar (Name of a rank in police/revenue department in olden days) Thirupathaiah entered the loom shed and asked in a voice of authority "Has everybody come? Why is there no sound of looms?" Then he started counting the prisoners present in the shed.

The prisoners were talking in groups of two and three here and there, about the fellow prisoner who was hanged that day. As soon as Thirupathaiah came, they dispersed and sat in their respective places.

"Has Gandaiah not come?" Thirupathaiah asked.

"No sir. He hasn't" replied a prisoner.

"No amount of preaching can set him right. He always keeps roaming somewhere. Since the term of his punishment is long, I had been talking a bit closely with him. But I fear he will bring a problem for me" said Thirupathaiah. Then leaving the shed, he ordered "Let the looms be in motion" and went for searching Gandaiah.

Immediately after Thirupathaiah left, the prisoners resumed their chitchatting.

"Have you noticed? There's not an iota of sorrow in Thirupathaiah's face" said one.

"Why sorrow? Who is that fellow and who is this bugger?"

"Poor fellow. We don't know whether they will tell his kith and kin about his hanging or not".

"Even if they are told, what will they do? He went back to the place from where he had come".

"That's O.K. But when a person's hands were tied and he was hanged, how could the people standing around, watch with their eyes open? I didn't even feel like seeing his corpse".

"What a strange deluder are you? Tomorrow if you are given the same job and asked to hang a prisoner, what can you do except to obey the order? As per the law, everybody has to obey. Do you think that law is a child's play?"

While the prisoners were discussing in this manner, Thirupathaiah returned to loom shed along with Gandaiah. Noticing that weaving was stopped, he warned "What happened to you all today? You are not working at all. Listen carefully. I will take you all to Jailor saab and make you stand before him".

Gandaiah who was standing behind Thirupathaiah with face turned to the ground sorrowfully, wiped his tears and said "Why to Jailor saab? Take us to the room of hanging".

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Observing Gandaiah's tears, Thirupathaiah was moved. He put his cap on the ground. Smoking his beedi, he said "Gandaiah! Today you are playing a drama by weeping like a woman. I don't know whether you saw his face even once. Yet when he died, you are wailing as if your own relative has died. Why?"

Gandaiah replied in a serious tone "If we the prisoners are not relatives to one another, can you become our relative? You are a man with a family. You have children too. How could you take a 25 year old youth with you like a bride groom to hang him? You may be angered by my words but I would say that you are not a human being".

Thirupathaiah smiled and replied inconsiderately "If not me, someone else will be ready to do that work".

"I am not talking about you alone. I am referring to hangmen in general. I don't know who discovered this method. But instead of hanging, it is better to imprison for 50 or 60 years" said Gandaiah.

Thirupathaiah laughed mockingly and said "Would it not be better to follow your or you gang's method?"

Gandaiah said in a huff "Thirupathaiah sir! Are you exulting, assuming that you are better than us? You may think whatever you wish to. But I am saying it out. It would be better if judges impose rigorous punishment even to the hangman just as they give punishment to us".

"I hanged as per the government's

order and in accordance with the law. Don't you know? Who will punish me? O.K., too much talking has been done. Now you go and sit near your loom. It's time now for jailor sir to come" said Thirupathaiah, and stood at the gate, adjusting his dress.

"Today I will ask even the jailor sir. Come what may. It's not proper to hang people so unjustly" said Gandaiah and stood beside Thirupathaiah.

"Why are you so shameless? How many lives you and your gang have taken? How many weddings did you stop from happening? Ruined how many families? You are such a merciless fellow. Yet you are crying over somebody's hanging and arguing in several ways. When did you become a faultless man?" reprimanded Thirupathaiah.

With these words, Gandaiah's anguish assumed furious form. He even forgot that he was a prisoner and talking to one of the jail officials. Getting enraged, he said "How are you comparing yourself with us again and again? We, who drank heavily, consumed half cooked meat and spent time in the company of whores, had killed people in a frenzied state. We waylaid and stole brides' ornaments. We plundered many a house. Sometimes when our alcoholic intoxication subsides, we are filled with remorse. We are uneducated and uncouth fellows. There is not a single man amongst us who is educated. Nor anyone has any scruples. From childhood, we had been living in the company of thieves. We only moved with them. Our minds and ways of life are similar to theirs. If anybody comes forward to educate and transform us into righteous persons, I cannot promise about our gang,

but I myself am ready. But what do you say about yourself? You said you had hanged as per some law. If the esteemed elders who wish to correct us by putting in prison, formulate acts to kill human beings, what should people like us learn from them? How can the law which says killing is wrong, recommend hanging? Why don't you answer Thirupathaiah sir?"

Looking at Gandaiah queerly, Thirupathaiah said "It seems you will go mad. Go. Go inside. Jailor sir is coming" and stood in attention. Gandaiah stood at a distance too and looked towards jailor's entry point.

The jailor entered through the gate while the Jamedar (A rank's name in police department in olden days) followed him. The Jamedar accosted Gandaiah in an anger-filled roar "Why didn't you accept porridge today?"

Gandaiah folded his hands and said "Sir, since the hanging has taken place, I am extremely disquieted. I know not what to do. If even people like you who are educated do such things, what to say about us?"

In an authoritative tone, Jamedar asked "Will you drink porridge, or not?" and ogled at the jailor. The jailor was at a loss but shook his head with affected sauciness.

"I won't drink sir" replied Gandaiah intrepidly. The jailor said "Put this fellow in a separate single cell and bring him to me. He will become alright if we teach him a proper lesson. He will then drink porridge and will know about educated people" and left.

[The original story was written by the renowned writer Vattikota Alwar swamy during the period around 1950. This (2014) is the centenary celebrations year of Vattikota Alwar swamy.]

THE EPHEMERAL GLOW

Dr. K.Rajamouly*

Life is in charms abound in the lilt of
transience
But its trial in pursuit of eternal existence
But for its ideals of excellence
But for its goals of eminence
That lives ever to conquer time-power flow
That means to shine brightly in the
celestial glow

Dews strewn on the blades of lush green grass
In quest of embrace with sunrays in moss

Prof. of English, Warangal

They shine like stars to twinkle
And like pearls only to sparkle
But gleams to shatter all glooms temporal
Eventually trickle down to prove all ephemeral

Flowers in bloom on boughs in time
endless stream
Fondly satiate soon their long cherished dream
Only to sprinkle their all fragrance
Only to purvey their nectar-essence
For all but fall on their own on the dear earth;
Perish to break the ties of all near and
dear for mirth;

SARDAR K.M. PANIKKAR: A MULTI-FACETED GEM

Siva Rama Krishna*

K.M. Panikkar was a many-splendoured personality in every sense of the term. He was a poet in Malayalam, an erudite scholar in English, a one-time Professor of History, sometime Editor, Adviser to Princes and Minister in states, later-day diplomat and always a historian, writer and author of distinction, a man of fine culture and political acumen - he was really a legion. Thus, as a man of parts, he played his parts very well with great capacity and ability, as to the manner born. Whatever he touched he adorned with grace and charm.

K.M. Panikkar had his education at Trivandrum, Thalavadi, Kottayam and Madras. After his matriculation, he went to Oxford for Historical Tripos. Though an Oxonian he not only knew his mother tongue Malayalam full well but also he loved it. He never feigned ignorance of his mother tongue. He wrote poems, plays, novels and finally his autobiography in Malayalam. He used almost every leisure hour to write in Malayalam, that is, when he was not writing in English. It is very interesting to note that he was President of the All Kerala Sahitya Parishad and the First President of the Kerala Sahitya Academy.

After his return from Oxford, he worked as Professor of History in Aligarh Muslim University. Later, for some time he was Joint Editor of Swarajya in Madras. At that

time he raises it to the highest level possible. Then he was bitter critic of the Justice Party and of British Imperialism. He stormed the ministerial citadel of the Justice Party by a fierce exposure of its administrative ineptitude and political reactionaryism and of its Tammany Hall methods in a series of articles, later compiled in a pamphlet form under the caption "The Cult of Incompetence". Really, it was first rate political journalism.

Later, for some time he was Congress representative with the Akalis at Amritsar. He missed the Vaikom Satyagraha of which he was the Prime instigator, only because he was at that time at Amritsar on the Akali mission and Gandhiji prevailed on him to complete that mission. Thus after completing the mission to Gandhiji's satisfaction and his own gratification, he wrote a satirical poem in Malayalam called Panki Parish yam in Amritsar.

Later, he was appointed as the First Editor of Hindustan Times, Delhi. As an Editor, he made a mark there. During that time, he came into contact with great many national leaders, got insight of political affairs, carried out responsible tasks and gained rich experience. At that time, he was barely 30. And again he went back to England and enrolled himself at the Middle Temple. In England, he published a book on the Indian Princely States. Really, it paved the way for Panikkar's induction into the service of the Indian Princes. Yet, he was no apolitical of the

* Writer, Kakinada

princely order, though a defender of Princely interests.

And after his return from England, he took up the job of political Minister in Patiala and Prime Minister in Bikaner. From there he went waltzing to the Constituent Assembly in Delhi and then to the United Nations as Member of the Indian Delegation. And onward to Nanking as Independent India's First Ambassador to Kuomintang, China. He witnessed the coming of the Communists to power in China and was India's first Ambassador to the People's Republic of China too. Later he served as Indian Ambassador to Egypt and France with, in between, a stint in India as a member of the States Reorganization Commission. And after that, he became Vice-Chancellor of Jammu and Kashmir. Thus he was like a conqueror ever on the quest of new worlds.

Panikkar contributed a brilliant article "Is the Indian Renaissance Anti-European?"

PhD graduate and an ordinary man went on a camping trip, set up their tent and fell asleep.

Some hours later, the ordinary man woke up his friend: "look up at the sky and tell me what you see?" The PhD man replies: "I see millions of stars" the ordinary man asks "what does that tell you?"

The PhD guy ponders for a minute: "astronomically speaking, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that

for Iswara Dutt's periodical - Twentieth Century. Iswara Dutt says that Panikkar gave the journal not only a start but a fillip. Iswara Dutt says that once when he was in desperate need of an authoritative article on the JPC Report (which was published only a week earlier then) he turned to Panikkar, and Panikkar promptly sent in the article just in time. And that his splendid article brought him to the forefront of as a crusader in the cause of Federation. It was first rate polemics; yet a superb exposition of the inherent virtues of the Constitution. It made a great impression in White Hall. And that the then Secretary of State for India, Sir Samuel Hoare, in a speech at Cambridge, was all praise for the splendid peroration (article). Panikkar wrote a brilliant book "Asia and World Dominance".

Thus, K.M. Panikkar, as a complete man, touched life at many points. As an all time Journalist-Historian he taught History, wrote History and made History.

Satan's in Leo. Time wise, it appears to be approximately 03:15. Theologically, it's evident the Lord is all-powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What does it tell you?"

The ordinary man silent for a moment and speaks: "Practically..... It tells me that...." "The tent has been stolen!!"

Be educated in the right way and apply it where it's applicable

R.K. NARAYAN'S 'SELVI' AS A REWRITING OF 'THE GUIDE'

Somachary Yelsoju*

A book is the product of a different self from the self we manifest in our habits, in our social life, in our vices. If we would try to understand that particular self, it is by searching our own bosoms, and trying to reconstruct it there, that we may arrive at it. (Marcel Proust, *Against Saint-Beuve*) "Selvi" is one of the most intriguing short stories by R.K. Narayan, and possibly one of his highest achievements within this genre. It was published for the first time in 1982 among the "new pieces" in *Malgudi Days*, mostly a collection of reprints. Here Narayan proves to be keen and perceptive observer deploying irony and mystery to beguile the reader into an exploration of the protagonist's self. As it is with most Narayan's works, in "Selvi" Narayan's irony creates a detachment that both intrigues and puzzles the reader. I shall contend that this ironic detachment is strictly connected with a subtle use of knowledge within the story, and that the whole story may be described as a partly disappointing quest for Selvi's personality. The story line is very simple and it closely recalls part of the plot of Narayan's most renowned novel, *The Guide*. Selvi is a very talented singer from a lower class family in Malgudi until Mohan, a former Gandhian freedom fighter, "discovers" her and becomes both her husband and impresario. Under Mohan's

management Selvi achieves fame and success, but when her mother dies alone in her poor house, Selvi decides to leave her husband and her glamorous life to establish herself in her late mother's destitute dwelling place, where she gives free concerts and apparently lives on offerings.

Likewise, in *The Guide* Raju, the protagonist, becomes Rosie's lover and manager. Rosie is a Bharata Natyam dancer who achieves fame and success thanks to the man's support. As time goes by, the manager-lover loses interest in art and becomes all-absorbed in business. Raju exploits Rosie's art to make money until he gets into trouble and ends up in prison; this puts an end to his affair with the dancer who becomes her own manager.

In "Selvi" the manager is actually a "lawful" husband, but otherwise the liaison that mingles love, art and business is pretty much the same and much similar is the epilogue.

The Guide was published in 1958 and has been the most acclaimed of R.K. Narayan's novels ever since. There is no telling when R.K. Narayan actually wrote Selvi, but it is certain that he did not publish it before 1982. Why would Narayan go back to more or less the same plot after over twenty years? It would not be surprising if the short

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narrative had preceded the longer one, because this might be taken as an expansion of the former. But, apparently, things stand the other way. Is there anything in *The Guide* Narayan was not happy with? Is there anything he wanted to add to the story he had, in a way, already told? A comparison between the two plots will hardly show any significant difference. Aesthetic issues or even the artists' training are not mentioned in the two narratives. In both narratives the point of view is masculine and the women do not talk much. The marital relationship within the two couples does not really mark any significant difference. Yet whereas, starting from the very title, in *The Guide* the protagonist is Raju, the man, in "Selvi" the protagonist is the woman. *The Guide* is the story of Raju, told partly by an omniscient narrator, partly by himself; "Selvi" is the story of a woman, told by a semi-omniscient narrator with an internal focalization shifting from Mohan, Selvi's husband, to Varma, a representative of Selvi's fans.

The peculiar choice to bind the focalization to characters other than the alleged protagonist triggers the reader's curiosity to know something about Selvi as a person, her conscience. Narayan's technique creates a void beyond Selvi's name. Her true self remains a mystery. Selvi becomes the name people give to a body or to a performer, but never a character in its own right. So much so that Selvi's story develops like a detective story, around a fundamental question - who is Selvi, what are her motives? What is her true self? Selvi is the protagonist in

the same way the mystery may be the protagonist of a detective story. Yet there is a major difference between a detective story and "Selvi", namely that there is no fictional detective here, no real truth seeker, at least none but the reader. In a way the mystery remains partly unsolved, and Selvi's true self inscrutable. In a classical crime story the reader is usually led to share the detective's point of view and to sympathize with him, at least in so far as both reader and detective search for the same truth. In "Selvi" there is no character actually interested in the question and the detection is left to the reader. Selvi's choice to retire from the world may be read as a typical Hindu choice of leaving the world of deception. Yet, being reminiscent of *The Guide*, Narayan's readers have a right to be sceptical about this interpretation. eventual choice is not said to be the last step in a long spiritual journey. Actually two characters might be interested in pursuing Selvi's motives, but apparently they both fail for opposite reasons. In fact both Mohan and Varma - or those he stands for - are not interested in her self, but either in her body or in her gifts. Mohan is actually too interested in her physical being (the colour of her skin, the pitch of her voice, the thickness of her eyebrows) to actually understand her as a person, while her fans are actually too interested in her art to get to know her. Selvi's self between her body and her art can never be grasped. Throughout the story Mohan thinks that Selvi should be grateful for his work, and when he realizes that she is not, but, on the contrary, wishes for a different life, he pronounces her a "fool" and an "ungrateful wretch".

Similarly Varma, the prototype of her fans, sees her as a goddess and not as a human being. Possibly the only person who ever saw Selvi as a human being was her mother, but we are never given a glimpse of her.

David Lodge (2002) claims that this self is the product of the negotiation between one's soul and the environment, including one's body. A novel, Lodge contends, is usually an exploration of this most subjective and inscrutable part of the individual, and its value lies in this subjectivity, uniqueness. Narayan offers a description of both Selvi's art and body, but not of her self.

However to the readers Mohan's greatest sin is his neglect of his wife's spiritual needs which originates in his lack of interest in her self; this is particularly enervating for the reader who is more interested in Selvi than in Mohan.

Likewise the reader will only sympathize with Varma inasmuch as he is ill treated by Mohan, but, again, he is never much more than an enthusiastic fan. To him Selvi's aloofness makes her similar to a deity, so much so that she is named "The Goddess of melody" (169) and her fans hope to have a "darshan² of Selvi" (166).

This technique of focalizing on minor characters leaving the protagonist unfocused is rather peculiar to "Selvi". One of the most striking differences between Narayan as a novelist and Narayan as a short story writer is that as a novelist he explores the consciousness

of his characters in detail, while as a story teller, he entails a behaviourist reading. Characters are mostly described from outside, and even when their thoughts are described, they are usually sociable thoughts, unspoken sentences directed to someone, not inner perceptions.

Readers will seek clues about Selvi in her interaction with her husband and in the opinion of her admirers. In the marital relationship, Selvi is by far the stronger, while Mohan suffers from an inferiority complex. Consequently he tries his best to assert his own importance by Selvi's admirers and often prevails upon her for no other reason than to be Regarded as her guru.

In fact, as she will state quite bluntly toward the end of the story, he has never been her guru. It is worth noting that despite the apparent modernity of his management, the old Gandhian freedom fighter seeks a quite traditional position, which only Selvi could grant him. One of the reasons for Selvi's strength may be that she does not have to compromise with the petty details of life and her predicament is strongly rooted in the sacred tradition of Karnatic music. Even her meekness may be interpreted either as a part of her character or a sort of conscious asceticism. Varma sees in Selvi's art a reflection of a superior soul, while Mohan only saw a body; but if we follow Proust's cue that the work of art is the product of a different self than the one expressed in our habits, neither Varma nor Mohan, has actually sought Selvi's self in the right place.

In the end it is not possible to know what Selvi really thought and to apprehend her self, it can only be surmised. We don't know when exactly Selvi has decided never to go home to her husband again... whether she has ever had doubts about this decision. In fact, while in *The Guide* Rosie is actually rather loyal to Raju and leaves him only when there is nothing more to be done to help him out of prison, Selvi leaves her husband quite suddenly and without explanation. After all she had let him think that she was happy with their life and had never tried to change her plight. The reader can only guess her thoughts.

The Detective story within "Selvi" has had only a partial solution: readers learn that she was unhappy with her husband and that she never considered him as a guru. But this is probably too easy an explanation; Selvi appears to be the female counterpart of Raju. Her story is the story of one who has achieved a spiritual enlightenment through art, and it is

hard to describe the consciousness of a saint without making him/her seem ordinary. Consequently Narayan opts for an external focalization. Even the Gospel hardly offers a glimpse into the mind of Jesus. Narayan's own novel *The Guide*, leaves its protagonist's thoughts the very moment he is achieving an illumination. Yet an inevitable corollary of external focalization is doubt and unreliability and we remain unsure of Raju's fate. Likewise those who see in Selvi a saint are as justified to do so as Mohan is justified in calling her an ungrateful wretch. In fact, whether her choice to leave her former life for a life of retirement in Vinayak Mudali street is a sudden inspiration, or a spiritual renunciation of luxuries, or a form of commitment to art, or even a passive atonement for neglecting her mother, will forever remain a mystery. Ironically the search for knowledge of Selvi's real truth remains unfulfilled, like her listeners enjoy her music without ever talking to her, we can only enjoy her story and be content to speculate about the unattainability of ultimate truth.

Our great democracies still tend to think that a stupid man is more likely to be honest than a clever man, and our politicians take advantage of this prejudice by pretending to be even more stupid than nature made them.

-- Bertrand Russell, *New Hopes for a Changing World*

I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical. Unsuccessful rebellions indeed generally establish the incroachments on the rights of the people which have produced them. An observation of this truth should render honest republican governors so mild in their punishment of rebellions, as not to discourage them too much. It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government.

-- Thomas Jefferson, *Letters of Thomas Jefferson*

TWO PLANES OF EXISTENCE

Sai Shivanarayana*

I had recently thought of a two plane existence: the two levels that may be called- 1) Thought-level: a broader intellectual perspective 2) Action-level : day to day existence: feeling and experiencing what is, rather than visualizing.

The 'common man', I felt, operated on plane 2 whereas I existed in plane 1. It did seem farcical to me. The logical mind would reject it just as the emotional heart accepted my being "special." The farcicality arose, I had reasoned, from excess thought. I had decided to shift to plane 2, at the same time retaining the 'conscious' mind: the brain, to THINK. The semi conscious/unconscious spiritual mind, is what may be achieved only in plane 1.

JK says that one should remove all sense of attachment, all strains of duty / necessity, to achieve the 'neutral' mind free of prejudice. Akin to renunciation clearly, my plane 1 But recall, I had called my thoughts (dreams) farcical (that) was probably in my words, conscious mind in plane 1 hence leading to the vagueness.

Hence, true plane 1 is achieved by 'blanking out thoughts' and SEEING which may indicate flowing thought waves received through meditation. It also says clearly that the mind is supreme and indicates its total ability to perceive when unhampered by the

conscious mind. This is probably what 'God is in you' is. For probably 'God' is THE (Truth?)

Where does that leave action? That is karma, duty. But then, Krishnaji says 'seeing is action: Then what is conscious action worth? Obviously nationalism, 'social service' and concern for humanity arise as a result of experience, and conscious thought. Seen differently, a care for the people, seeing them and yourself as individuals or 'the masses' instead of recognizing 'illusory' this is definitely plane 2 and such 'good deeds' are basically physical action oriented (Karma Orientio).

But the scriptures etc., induce man to SEE or attain 'Nirvana' or salvation. There is the AUM life force to be lifted to the highest level. In short, plane 1 induces, 'Development Of The Individual' whereas plane 2 envisages 'Development Of The Mass.' Which is right?

The answers are in the caste system, perhaps (Kshatriyas operating on Karma basis, Brahmins on the meditative angle). The answer is also in structured life such as education-house holder status (Plane 2). Meditation (Plane 1) -Renunciation(Plane 2)

In this material world, what is one supposed to do? Am I wrong in feeling proud of India, or disliking Krishnamurthy just as a 'man of words?' Me, the logician, cannot permit a concept which just speaks, does not act (at least, relating to people physically.) I cannot accept a religion of renunciation of all Things Physical as illusory.

* Early works by Sai Shivanarayana, hardly at the age of 16 years passed away leaving these "Songs of Saddest Thoughts".

BROTHERHOOD

Ram received an automobile from his brother as a birthday present.

One day when Ram came out of his office, he saw a street urchin was walking around the shiny new car, admiring it. "Is this your car?" - He asked.

Ram nodded, "My brother presented me on my birthday." The boy was astounded. "You mean your brother gave it to you and it didn't cost you nothing? Boy, I wish ..." - He hesitated. Of course Ram knew what he was going to wish for. He was going to wish he had a brother like his brother but what the lad said jarred Ram all the way down to his heels.

"I wish," the boy went on, "that I could be a brother like that." Ram looked at the boy in astonishment, and then impulsively he added, "Would you like to take a ride in my automobile?"

"Oh yes, I'd love that."

After a short ride, the boy turned and with his eyes aglow, said, "Would you mind driving in front of my house?" Ram smiled a

little. He thought he knew what the lad wanted. He wanted to show his neighbours that he could ride home in a big automobile. But Ram was wrong again.

"Will you stop where those two steps are?" The boy asked. He ran up the steps. Then in a little while Ram heard him coming back, but he was not coming fast. He was carrying his little crippled brother. He sat him down on the bottom step, then sort of squeezed up against him and pointed to the car.

"There he is, brother. Like I told you upstairs, his brother gave it to him and it didn't cost him a penny. Some day I'm going to give you one just like it then you can see for yourself all the pretty things in the shop windows that I've been trying to tell you about."

Ram got out and lifted the crippled boy to the front seat of his car. The shining-eyed older brother climbed in beside him and the three of them began a memorable ride.

Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action

I won't close down a business of subnormal profitability merely to add a fraction of a point to our corporate returns. I also feel it inappropriate for even an exceptionally profitable company to fund an operation once it appears to have unending losses in prospect. Adam Smith would disagree with my first proposition and Karl Marx would disagree with my second; the middle ground is the only position that leaves me comfortable.

Warren Buffett

VOICE CULTURE : PROJECTING ONE'S IMAGE ON TELEPHONE

Dr I.Satyasree*

This is the age of conversations and more so telephonically. Especially, with the advent of mobile phones, most of the transactions happen over a telephone conversation and that too while the persons are on the move. Therefore, it requires lot of training and skill to handle a telephone conversation. Nowadays, telephone has become an indispensable tool in conducting day-to-day affairs. Interviews are held, business deals are finalized, services are offered, conferences / meetings are conducted via telephone. Hence, it requires a great amount of caution while answering a phone call because the speaker's image is being projected on a phone. The receiver can easily assess your personality by the way you speak on the phone. And also, it is a known fact that most of the official transactions conducted on phone are done in English. Therefore, it is obligatory to know the nuances of English language in order to be successful in handling a telephone call.

English has acquired a global status wherein every country has its own accent and intonation. We have different varieties such as the British, American, Australian, Canadian and Indian English. However, in the current global scenario, we have to speak the language in such way that it is not only acceptable but also intelligible since spoken

language plays a very important role in enhancing your image.

The English alphabet has 26 letters but the sounds are 44. There are 20 Vowel sounds and 24 Consonantal sounds. Vowel sounds are further divided into 12 monophthongs (pure vowels) and 8 diphthongs (combination of two sounds). The diphthongs create a problem for non-native speakers like Indians. Moreover, English is a stress-timed language. So, it is imperative that job aspirants, new recruits, corporate employees learn the rules of stress, accent, pitch and intonation. They should also master the accent of different countries, otherwise, they will not be able to handle international clients. Even in India, English has a local flavor and is spoken differently in different states owing to mother tongue interference (MTI).

People from some regions of India find it difficult to distinguish between the sounds 's' & 'sh'- and say 'sip' for 'ship'; 'b' & 'v'- they say 'bery' for 'very'. Consonant clusters also pose a problem, for instance, clusters such as 'st'- for 'best' they say 'besht'; 'kst'- for 'next' they say 'neksht'. They prefix / suffix a vowel sound and say 'iskoolu' for 'school', 'ishtashanu' for 'station'. Such mispronunciation certainly leads to embarrassing situations, so, it is always better to gain proficiency in English and speak the language as it has to be spoken. Knowledge of Phonetics will be of great help in this regard.

* Editor, Triveni

The classic example is Bernard Shaw's most celebrated play, *Pygmalion*, where Eliza Doolittle, the protagonist, who has a dreadful accent, is trained in pronunciation by Henry Higgins, a Professor of Phonetics and speech therapist. He meticulously works on her accent and transforms her from an ordinary flower girl into a sophisticated high society lady.

Intonation is yet another significant aspect while answering a phone call. It brings out the distinction among the different types of sentences and clearly indicates when, why and how a speaker chooses to raise or lower or sustain the pitch of the voice at particular points while speaking. By using intonation appropriately, we can convey new information, reveal mood / personality, show contrast, and also express meaning. English has four varieties of 'tones': Rising tone, Falling tone, Rise-fall and Fall-rise. However, in India we tend to speak only in a dull monotone. This kind of tone reflects unprofessional attitude. Tone should have life and warmth. This may be achieved if the four varieties are used skillfully.

In marketing and sales sector, post-sales service calls are handled by an executive, who is generally located in metros. His greeting itself conveys so many meanings. The opening sentence, 'How may I help you?' projects his attitude clearly, shows whether he is truly in a mood to help us or is just trying to handle the call as a routine matter. Also, service executives must avoid showing anger / irritation / boredom on phone. Voice expresses several emotions and voice culture is an art by itself. A pleasant voice is the hallmark of a pleasing personality. We observe teachers / speakers / actors / dubbing artistes / news

casters / anchors modulate their voice beautifully. Voice can be cultivated if one has the inclination.

The next important thing is selection of words. English contains certain expressions, mentioned below, that must be carefully avoided in telephonic conversations:

- **Deadwood:** Unnecessary words / expressions - 'In my opinion, I think....'
- **Buzz Words:** Expressions that become very popular and are overused for a brief period and then fade out - low-profile; bottom-line; lifestyle; rocket science.
- **Nonce Words:** Result from making a word from another word by adding suffixes - tightish (tight); twelvish (twelve); oldish (old).
- **Tautology:** Needless repetition of the same meaning - mutual agreement; necessary essentials; revert back.
- **Jargon:** Pompous, obscure, and verbose expressions - your valued favour; your goodself; we beg to say; thanking you in anticipation.

Besides these expressions, even abbreviations should not be used on phone. Using abbreviations while talking to customers show a casual approach. These days, food orders are also taken on phone. It is rude and unsophisticated to say 'What do you want, veg or non-veg?' This is surely not telephone etiquette! The restaurant might lose an esteemed client!

Clarity in diction is the key in telephone conversations. The pace with which we say the words also matter a lot. Some people speak extremely fast and some are

awfully slow speakers. Both the methods are erroneous. According to experts, the ideal rate of speed is 150 -160 words per minute. This is the range that listeners can comfortably process and comprehend. Therefore, it is better to speak with moderate speed so that the listener understands what is being said. Speaking uninterruptedly for quite long time is another flaw. Especially, some recruiters, while conducting telephonic interviews, are very aggressive and not concerned about the candidate's emotions or feelings. They just go on shooting question after question and this

might make the interviewee very diffident. Particularly, it is difficult to elicit answers from the shy and reserved type. Enough time should be given to the speaker on the other side to reflect on the issue and to express himself.

On a telephone, we project not only our image but also the image of our organization. A resonant voice is certainly an asset. Use it effectively to enhance your image. It is very essential to cultivate one's voice. A bright voice is a mark of a bright personality.

MY WHITE SUIT

Dr. P. Satyanarayana *

My dad gave me two pairs
Of white suit of cloth his hand woven
Seventy years ago,
How can one realize
The history that repeats?!
He blessed me while putting me to school.
To-day my Guide bade me
Get a pair likewise
He showed the way putting me to a
Research school
For the next day I would need it
While approaching the V.C at
XX Convocation
To get my credentials of Doctor of Philosophy.

The warmth is self same,
The suits, a bit different
The earlier, coarse and a crushed pair
While the present is smooth and
well pressed one.
Now, I can realize the history that repeats!
For God has spared me and the Guide kept
A seat apart for me
To cherish the longed for scholastic life;
Lest I should carry the unfulfilled desire to
That side of the imminent grave
Now I would carry the warmth of
both the hands
I wish I would get another pair of
my white suit
If God is as great as the Father and the Guide!

* Prof. of English, Warangal

BOOK REVIEW

In an Antique Land

Author: Amitav Ghosh

Published by Granta Books, London

The novel is a travelogue with historical anecdotes. The writer starts his journey from the states (U.S.) to Egypt to do research in social anthropology. That was possible as he got a scholarship to study in Egypt. He steps in to Masra (the name long forgotten). He stays at Lataifa, a small village near Cairo, to study the connection between Benyiju and his slave Bomma. The slave mentioned as Ms. H.G. name appeared in your kipper, was for the first time and for the second time in a letter by Khalaf ibn Ishaq written in Aden to Abraham Benyiju in Mangalore. This was included in a collection of "Letters of medieval Jewish traders", translated by S.D. Goitein of Princeton University.

When the letters were found in Ginza in Cairo, Amitav was in Egypt at Lataifa, near south east of Alexandria. From Kalaifa's letter, the author finds Benyiju as a Jewish merchant, originally of Tunisia, who went to India via Egypt as a trader, spending seventeen years there. He married a Nair lady and settled in North of Malabar, now known as Mangalore. He amassed great wealth and returned to Egypt. He was a calligrapher, scholar and poet. He treated his slave as his own son, whom he sent to Egypt to deal with flourishing merchants like Madmun. His letters to Bomma and Madmun were found in Ginza, built in the synagogue in Cairo. Benyiju spent

his last years in Egypt. He lost his sons, but his daughter survived, who was married to one of his nephews, living in Sicily. Ginzas were built in synagogues to enable the traders to send their documents, letters to their respective destinations (from) out of Egypt.

Amitav, while staying in Lataifa makes friends with Shaik Musa's family and thus comes in to contact with many a Muslim. Some of them believe that Indians burn their Dead, instead of burying and bow to the cows and were ignorant of married life. They used to question Amitav as to why Indians were against burial and killing of cows. He had experience of many Muslim farmers like Khamees, Zaghlout, who believe in Black magic and witch craft practiced by Imam of Mosque and Amtala.

In the beginning, the Muslims were poking fun at the author but later became very friendly, when he helped them in repairing some machines and implements. They even praised him for possessing knowledge in Technology and started believing that other countries outside Egypt were also civilized. Amitav could change their low opinion of Al-Hind i.e. India and the Indians.

The book is an eye opener to all on Egyptian civilization and their trade connections with India; and other European cities and China. Amitav brings out the Jewish traders life style especially of Benyiju, who was regarded highly respectable by Egyptians traders and high officials. This book

reveals the day to day life of the Egyptians, who are very poor due to the heat, drought and occasional rains. The plight of the youth Hussien in the army, the suffering of Naseeb and Ismail who try to earn money in Iraq, and now Nabeed a commerce graduate becomes a labourer in Iraq only to help his brother to build a house, show some of the pathetic conditions of the people of such a great civilization. Amitav moves with the people closely and he learns Arabic to socialize with the Egyptians. Three cheers to Amitav and his research on social anthropology. The book is a mirror projecting the true life of Egypt, a boon to book lovers.

S.K. Mangammal Chary, Hyderabad

Policing by Common Sense

Author: Sri B. Maria Kumar, IPS

Addl. DGP, Madhya Pradesh

Publisher : Sardar Vallabhai Patel National Police Academy, Hyderabad

The book "Policing by Common Sense" authored by Sri B. Maria Kumar, IPS, is a novel and unique portrayal of the multi-dimensional, multi-disciplinary, and challenging professional subject of policing. It is novel in terms of arithmetical equations, diagrams and acronyms used to imprint indelibly the art and science of police management in the minds of police officers and other readers. It is unique considering the comprehensive, elaborate enumeration of traits, characteristics and attitudes in policemen for assuring them of professional successes. Psychological factors and the faculty of Common Sense have laced through various facets of policing succinctly delineated in the book with delightful clarity. Common Sense, it is said "is a basic ability

to perceive, understand and judge things, which is shared by / common to all people". It is also stated that Common Sense is "sound and prudent judgment based on simple perception of the situation or facts". The end product of Common Sense is wisdom. Wisdom is distilled Common Sense. This carries unerring relevance in various matters of policing.

Sri B. Maria Kumar, the author has nearly three decades of eloquent experience on the wide range and campus of policing. He is a prolific writer and has harmoniously blended his solid experience, scholarship and COMMON SENSE in authoring this book. What enhances the value of the book is its empirical coverage and apt anecdotes on handling and dealing with complicated and challenging issues of policing. Common Sense is the core in profiling in this book the plethora of Acts, codes, rules, Standard Operating procedures, processes, response of police personnel, cathartic handling of victims of crime, gender related offences, interrogation of accused, and people/ community and media relations. All this and more is presented in a forthright, simplified, absorbing, streamlined, well structured and systematized style substantially and essentially drawn from the author's treasure house of abundant Common Sense.

This book is an invaluable addition to the Art and Science of policing. Being of encyclopedic and authentic coverage the book serves the purpose of a ready reckoner and infallible guide to all police officers. Police training institutions and all Police Stations in the country will do well to acquire this book, besides all police officers possessing personal copies.

All codes on Civics, and Ethics emphasize that as a measure of citizenship responsibility there is a policemen in every citizen's conscience. Common Sense underscores this responsibility. This book, therefore, enriches every citizen's

understanding of the police and draws out the best in all citizens to supplement police efforts in Preventing, detecting and bringing to book violators of law and in the maintenance of public order.

A.Venkat Rao, IPS (Retd), Hyderabad

READERS' MAIL

Your editorial on Bhagavadgita sums up most of the exhortation of Sri Krishna, bringing out their universal and everlasting significance. Fascinated by the amazing progress of modern science and the material benefits, people tend to neglect our exemplary cultural and spiritual heritage. Articles of this kind play a vital role in changing their attitude and guide them in the right direction. With a generous sprinkling of short sentences - characteristically yours - simple, clear, elegant, thought-provoking and memorable, the article is a precious gift to all Triveni lovers. Aphorisms such as the following:

*It is not failure but no action that is a crime
Failure is a detour but not defeat
Our moves are called actions and God's counter moves are called consequences
When self is in, sense is out
We should scrawl our mark in history and should not become footnotes in history*

Brief, stimulating comments remind us of Francis Bacon's famous, epigrammatic maxims. References to Jesus Christ's assertion "A mustard of faith can move a mountain" and the Sufi saint Jalaluddin Rumi's highly imaginative and uplifting verses
*You were born with greatness
You are not meant for crawling*

*You have wings
Learn to use them and fly*

And Swami Vivekananda's soul-stirring call to mankind "Amritasya putra" greatly enhance the grace and sublimity of your invaluable writing.

M. G. Narasimha Murthy, Hyderabad

In just two pages, the essence of the Gita is churned out for the readers to absorb the Gita in a unique way with the substance of its message: 'We should be master copies to be duplicated by others but not Xerox copies'. It deserves encomiums. I am bound to appreciate the article, 'Anger, Human Aspect' as M.L. Swamy exhorts all, saying, 'It is nothing wrong to have HDL-Anger.' Dr. VVB Rama Rao rightly expresses his deep agony for 'the dwindling cohesion of our society'. The story, 'Misconception' is heart-rending and tear-shedding for the most unexpected pathetic plight of a mother. I thank M.G. Narsimha Murthy for appreciating my article, 'The Essence of Poetry' (Jul-Sep Issue).

I wish you and the readers of TRIVENI 'A Happy and Prosperous New Year'

Dr. K.Rajamouly, Warangal

NEW MEMBERS

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

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AN APPEAL

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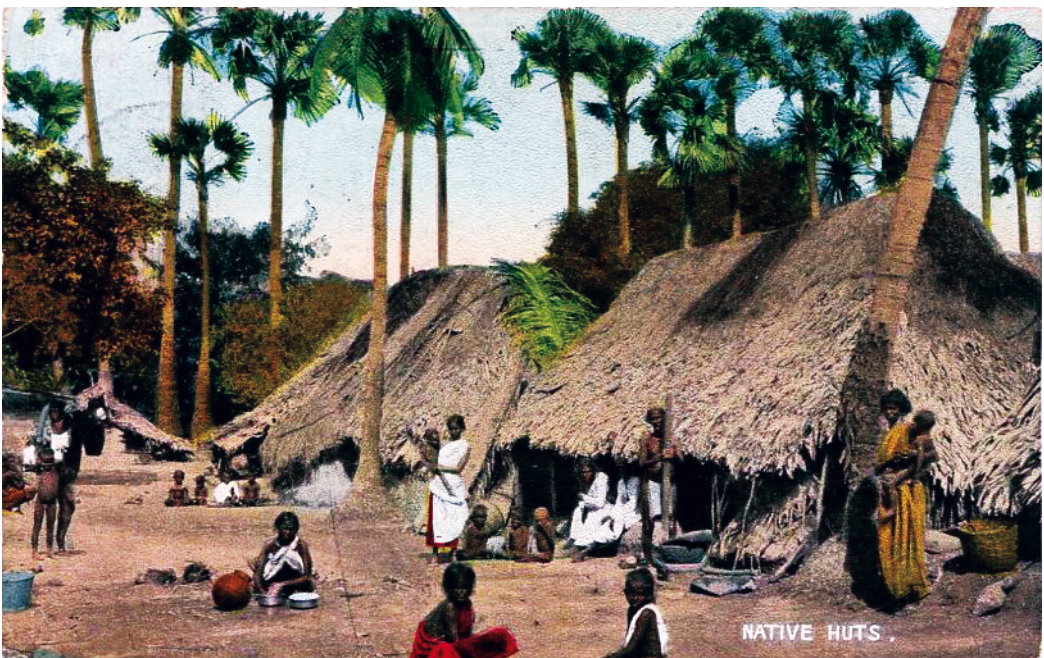
TRIVENI FOUNDATION

FREEDOM TRIUMVIRATE:

Congress president Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose flanked by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel in 1938.



Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru



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ఆరోగ్యం
సంతృప్తి
భద్రత
భరోసా

5 రెట్లు



యస్.టి.ఆర్.భరోసా

నిరుపేద వృద్ధులకు, వితంతువులకు, చేనేత, గీత కార్మికులకు
పింఛను రూ॥ 200 నుంచి రూ॥ 1000 కి పెంపు

వికలాంగుల పింఛను
రూ॥ 500 నుంచి రూ॥ 1500 కి పెంపు



డా॥ పద్మే రఘునాథరెడ్డి

సమాచార పేర సంపాదకులు, సమాచార సాంకేతిక మరియు కమ్యూనికేషన్స్
తెలుగు భాషా సంస్థ, ప్రజాసాంఘిక సంపాదకులు, సాంకేతిక
మరియు ఆర్థిక సంస్థల పరిశోధన, సాంకేతిక శాస్త్రాచార్యులు
ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ ప్రభుత్వం, హైదరాబాద్

జాతీయ చరిత్రానుబంధం: సమాచార పేర సంపాదకులు శాఖ, ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ ప్రభుత్వం

