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TRIPLE STREAM

CIVIC SENSE, SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR

I. V. Chalapati Rao *

India may be no doubt one of the fast developing leading nations with potential for becoming a super power but there will be socio economic demands. Slum dwellers want drinking water, the youth want jobs, village women want toilets, stock brokers aspire for rise in stock market, people want good schools, business people want lower taxes, pensioners want increase in pension, patients want cheap medical facilities and medicines at affordable prices, commuters want good roads and transport without traffic jams. The listing is by no means complete. Like this there is no end to the soaring aspirations of the different sections of the community. Health and hygiene are linked to potable water, modern drainage, sewerage systems and waste disposal plants.

They demand all these things without thinking about their own duties and obligations. Sometimes there will be clash of interests. If prices are reduced, businessmen will be dissatisfied. Apart from this, what about the duties and the obligations of the public? Can any government satisfy this long wish list? The Government has its limitations. Society has its own role to play. The country needs a society which fulfils its part of the contract. The people should be good and disciplined. They should have civic sense and civilized

behavior. Government cannot enforce values which people should learn from their parents and teachers even as children. We know that a preponderant majority of people do not have civic sense, discipline and the right kind of behavior. The concept of greater good is foreign to our people, not to speak of the masses.

It is not enough if the government alone changes. We also should change our ways of public and private behavior. We should keep in mind the poverty and illiteracy of the poor people. We should give top priority to improvement of their condition. They should be given food, clothing and shelter, the minimum needs of survival. No Government can make the poor and the rich equally happy.

We are lacking in civic sense and social behavior like observing an orderly queue without elbowing people aside, peeing in public sight, defecating in the open, hanging our clothes to dry on the balcony and not allowing passengers in trains and buses to alight first. Civic sense is very important. But we are the worst sinners in this. We have to change some of our habits. We don't observe road manners and civic sense. Very few people including the educated, observe queue

system of standing one behind another. When we have to board a bus or railway compartment, we push each other and create problems of discipline.

When we travel by train, we find the compartment filled with groundnut shells or plastic bags. We don't use the tap water to clean the toilet after use. While travelling by train, car or auto, people spit out on the road and throw cigarette butts. People should realize the need to keep the road clean. Wherever we go, we find plastic wrappers lying helter skelter. Educated Indians take their cars beyond the zebra line which should not be crossed. They honk continuously to overtake other cars as though they are on a racing track. Some of them don't respect the red light, keeping a wary eye for the policeman.

We don't show respect for women. We find people sitting unabashed in the bus seats marked for ladies only, even when old ladies and senior citizens stand. Women are not treated as equals. People of all religions and castes should be treated with respect. In public places and in the trains people talk loudly in their conversation or on cell phone, thus causing inconvenience to their fellow passengers. People denounce corruption but they pay 'speed money' and bribes to get their work done in Sub-Registrar's office and other offices.

Officers indulge in prolonged conversation with their friends when visitors are kept waiting. They don't observe telephone manners. They respect power and money. Piracy and disregard for intellectual propriety are common. I can go on like this. Government cannot do much in these matters of civic sense and civilized behaviour. These things cannot be set right by legislation. Learning of good manners and decent behavior cannot be enforced by an Act of Parliament. These things of social behavior are issues of public interest. Parents, teachers and private opinion-leaders have a responsibility. It is good that the Prime Minister has launched the campaign of 'Clean India'. It is not limited to physical cleanliness. It should be extended to civic sense and social behavior. Body and mind are equally important. They are interrelated and indivisible.

India needs sustainable development in all aspects of life. Sustainable development is development which meets the needs of the present without compromising the ability of future generations to meet their needs (World Commission on Environment and Development, 1987). A healthy society needs a healthy environment. Society, environment and economy are interrelated. That is why civic sense should receive top priority attention.

DR. ABDUL KALAM AS I UNDERSTOOD HIM

I. Achyuta Rao*

Using all his multi directional skills and experience, gained while working in ISRO Dr. Kalam got the Indian Guided Missile Development Program (IGMDP) sanctioned for DRDL, soon after he took over the Laboratory as its Director.

The projects under the IGMDP were

- 1) NAG (ATM).
- 2) PRITHVI (SSM).
- 3) TRISHUL (ASHM).
- 4) AKASH (SAM).
- 5) AGNI (IRBM & ICBM).

All of which resulted in total success, in due course of time.

Being a simple, modest and unassuming person, Dr. Kalam was liked by all that worked with him or under him.

He used to move freely with all, learning for himself and making others learn from him, during his interactions with people within DRDO or outside.

He used to appreciate the various skills of people in DRDO and their merits, for purposes of utilizing the same for the success of the IGMDP.

As soon as the Missile Programme was sanctioned he reorganized DRDL in the way it was required. He took into account the expertise and knowledge of senior scientists and their valuable advice.

His motto was 'right man for the right job, at the right time'. He used to stress on dedication to duty. He used to add that hard work alone leads to achievement of fantastic results.

He emphasized on Quality & Reliability of components and Subsystems, besides men, which would lead to total success of the system, with High Single Shot Kill Probability (SSKP).

He further stressed on the concept of Confidence Levels For Reliability Estimation. For instance, failure of

- a) One out of ten (identical items) in 10 trials and
- b) One out of ten (identical items) in 100 trials

are not the same. The latter viz. b) gives a much higher confidence level, though reliability (R) numerically appears to be the same (viz 0.9) for both.

He always used to stress that if you persist strongly with what you desire to achieve you would certainly achieve it. It was

* Director of Systems (Retd.), DRDL Hyderabad

his Favorite Preaching (Incidentally my mother used to teach the same at home. In Sanskrit it is *Yad Bhavam Tad Bhavati*.

Three years after my retirement (in 1995), when I met him outside DRDL and mentioned to him; that His Preaching is emphasized in a Upanishad, he was greatly thrilled and asked for the name of that Upanishad (it is *Siva Sankalpam*).

He stressed on Fault Tree Analysis (FTA) and Failure Modes Effects & Criticality Analysis (FMECA) of each subsystem before integrating it with the overall system.

He often used to quote from Vedas and other Hindu scriptures though he was above religion.

He never showed his anger to anybody. He replied calmly and effectively which led to his success everywhere.

I was fortunate to work under him, during the last decade of my service under

GOI (1982-92). In his reorganization of DRDL, to suit IGMDP, he chose me as the Director of Systems with the following groups under me.

- 1) Systems Analysis and Design GP.
- 2) Mathematical Modeling & Simulation GP.
- 3) Quality & Reliability Assurance GP.

He used to participate personally in
a) The Flight Trials in the Range, of all projects.
b) The analysis of Flight Trials Results, in each meeting of all groups together and.
c) Taking future actions for further improvement of SSKP.

I greatly admire Sri M N Rao's projection of Dr. Kalam, which was submitted to Dhanwatari Vani, three weeks before Dr. Kalam's departure from this world. A worthy tribute from an outstanding mathematician!

Dr. Kalam Succeeded in Joining the almighty with a Sudden but peaceful departure in a Single trial! It was his mighty success in the ultimate! He is worthy of emulation by all others.

I am for doing good to the poor, but...I think the best way of doing good to the poor, is not making them easy in poverty, but leading or driving them out of it. I observed...that the more public provisions were made for the poor, the less they provided for themselves, and of course became poorer. And, on the contrary, the less was done for them, the more they did for themselves, and became richer.

Benjamin Franklin

LITERARY ASPECTS OF APJ ABDUL KALAM: Ascetic Beauty of a Scientific Soul

Naqui Ahmad John*

Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam is the culmination of some of the best attributes of the Indian cultural ethos. A selfless soul, an inventive brain and a heart always aching for the betterment of humanity was all fused into one. Kalam's mind and art was shaped by the rigours of a disciplined life which he imbibed from his father Jainulabdeen. His heart was moulded into a loving and caring one by the affection which his mother showered on him and all those who were near and dear to her. The bonhomie he shared with his cousin and some childhood friends and teachers made him very humane. This was all while he was a child; after he had reached college he became a self-avowed lover of literature. As he reveals in *Wings of Fire*: At St. Joseph's College Trichy... I was lucky to find a teacher like Rev. Fr. TN Sequeria. He taught us English... When I was in final year at St. Joseph's I acquired a taste for English Literature. I began to read great classics, Tolstoy, Scott and Hardy being special favourites despite their exotic settings and then I moved on to some works in Philosophy.

Some of his other favourite authors were John Milton, Khalil Gibran, Maulana

Rumi, William Wordsworth, ST Coleridge, TS Eliot, Yeats, WH Auden, Emerson, Lewis Carroll etc. He was also well read in religious scriptures like the *Holy Quran*, *Bhagavad Gita* and *Thirukkural*. *Wings of Fire* is punctuated with quotations from his favourite poets. The first chapter, titled 'Orientation' which covers his life from 1931 to 1963, starts with lines from the *Atharva Veda* -

*This Earth is His, to Him belong those vast
and boundless skies;
Both seas within Him rest, and yet in that
small pool He lies.*

(Atharva Veda, Bk.4, Hymn 16)

APJ Abdul Kalam always was and continued to be a sky-gazer and he drank deep into the beauties of nature; he also took to the highest trajectories of imagination. Rameswaram shore gave him the twin inspiration of flying high in the sky and also sowed the seeds of poetry in him. It does not come as a surprise when one opens *Wings of Fire* to find that it has a beautiful poem celebrating motherhood at the very outset -

*Sea waves, golden sand, pilgrim's faith
Rameswaram Mosque street, all merge into
one,
My mother! (v)*

* Lecturer in English, Poet, Editor-Critic, Bhagalpur (Bihar)

Also in *Ignited Minds* he gives the youngsters and the posterity an anthem for dedicated service to the nation -

*As a young citizen of India,
Armed with technology, knowledge and
love for my nation,
I realise, small aim is a crime.*
(Song of Youth)

This song was later included as the first poem in his anthology *My Life Tree* (2005). In the anthology the poem is preceded by a note which beguiles our opinion about Kalam as a scientist; the note makes us realise the mystic and the poet in him. Kalam observes: "Desire, when it stems from the heart and spirit, when it is pure and intense, possesses awesome energy. This energy is released into ether each night, as the mind falls into the sleep state. Each morning it returns to the conscious state reinforced with cosmic currents. That which has been imagined will surely and certainly be manifested. You can rely, young citizens, upon the ageless promise as you can rely upon the eternally unbroken promise of sunrise...and of spring." The poems contained in his first anthology reveal his deep love for India and her rich culture. Together with his devotion to God and to his Country, his devotion to humanity is quite articulate in his poems. In his book *The Life Tree* APJ Abdul Kalam takes us on a walk through anecdote and poetry. His poetic world is one of simplicity and beauty in which nature figures prominently as do human relationships and love for the country. He also infuses a constant

benign presence of God. In his poetic conception we find space for all creatures, great and small which he often celebrates as a manifestation of God's grandeur and Nature's beauty. In some of his poems he shows deep understanding of the problems of Indian society and "attempts to find solutions to problems with compassion, detachment, forbearance and sympathy." In one of his other famous books *Indomitable Spirit* (2010) Dr Kalam devotes an entire chapter on Art and Literature. He observes - Art is the benign expression of the inner beauty in nature. Be it cartoon, sculpture, literary composition, it elevates the beautiful spirit of life for everyone to see or enjoy. Such a spirit silently but eloquently conveys the message of love, humour, affection and peace.

He conveys the message that art helps bring out the beauty of life in its noblest forms, imparting meaning and depth to human existence, justifying and vindicating the purpose for which life was evolved. Those who create art, who receive it and criticize it, all partake in a mysterious process which even now no one has been able to describe fully and satisfactorily. There are no purely practical reasons which might motivate artistic creativity. Artistic creativity by definition being utilitarian is not always convincing. We do not need art for our survival as a precondition. Its purpose lies hidden in it and is intrinsic. It makes our life beautiful, more enjoyable and pleasant. There lies a pure act of creativity without much concern for the secondary purpose; it is the clearest reflection of mystery in human nature. It would be useful to point out the connection

between beauty and eternity in the heart of a human. There lies the spiritual explanation of our aesthetic experiences. With the word 'beauty,' we mean a special quality in the created world.

The poems of Dr APJ Abdul Kalam - in his anthologies, *The Life Tree* (2005) and *The Songs of Life* (2010), and his *Biography in Verse and Colours*, *The Luminous Sparks* - are remarkable poetic expressions. His poems may safely be categorised into three types going by the central theme and dominant ideas.

First is the Poems of Philosophy and Creation: In it we may include the poems like *Are We Alone*, *Our Mission is Water*, *The Life Tree*, *God*, and *His Best Creation*. The second is Poems of Nature: The poems of Dr Kalam like *Clouds*, *Whispers of Jasmine*, *The Great Tree in My Home*, *What Can I Give*, *My Garden Smiles*, *Pursuit of Happiness* and *Nature* are some of his prominent poems celebrating the beauty of nature. The varied flora and fauna and their effect on his mind and spirit have been articulated in his verses with imagination and poetic effusion. And the third is: Poems of Social Concern: Dr Kalam's poems like *Song of Youth*, *O Almighty*, *Harmony*, *Anguish*, *Pride*, *Unseen Hands*, and *Rock Wallsfall* under the category of poems depicting social concern. The poem *Anguish* is a very human

poem depicting the pinings of a poet-scientist. Wild wind, troubled water, lightening night, human pain etc pre-occupied his mind. This poem was triggered in Dr Kalam's mind when he learnt in 1991 that Mother Teresa was seriously sick and hospitalized. The most autobiographical of all his poems in the category of the poems of Social Concern is *Tumult*. The poet is in a dilemma as to who would judge his accomplishments which he calls 'soul driven feats.' Would the scientists and historians hold him responsible for creating weapons of destruction or would they credit him for uplifting science? Dr Kalam writes -

*Who will be judging my soul-driven feats,
Scientist or historian or will I have to do?
Was it an effort of uplifting science,
Or verily armouring the country in space
With weapons of destruction to wipe out
the race?*

(*The Life Tree*, 68)

Dr Kalam has been a creative leader fired by idealism yet grounded in reality. He aims at creating borderless minds which in turn can create borderless societies. In his writings an artist's, a humanist's and a scientist's vision crystallizes which shines with brilliance in inspiring and amusing manners. Besides his service to the nation, APJ Abdul Kalam's poetic and artistic vision shall outlive him and keep on giving the readers a message of love, peace and beauty which always cause a transformation of the soul.

Failure will never overtake me if my determination to succeed is strong enough.

APJ Abdul Kalam

THE LANGUAGE VISIONARY GIDUGU

Dr V.V.B. Rama Rao*

Fissiparous, uneven, divisive and iniquitous actualities in our motherland call for knitting all of us together, bridging gaps and widening horizons. A quick stocktaking of what Bharat has been, what she is today and what we as a nation strive her to become tomorrow, would be in order. A holistic approach would take into consideration, among other things, the primacy of language and its potential in the multi-lingual actuality of our nation. Language has to be harnessed to achieve our goals:

- a) integration to face the threat to our cultural unity and national oneness
- b) bringing within reach to our masses the actual use of the fast growing technologies and
- c) consolidating our own literatures with a view to widening our own horizons.

The man on the mountain terrain, the peasant, the farmhand and the rural artisan are not able to enjoy the fruits of technology while we in the upper strata are able to. Technology and industrialization, to a very large extent, thanks to globalization and liberalization, have been widening the gap between the rich and the poor to dangerous proportions. The potentialities of language

as a means of economic growth, political enlightenment and sociological equity have to be explored and realized. What our great men and their vision have accomplished earlier would be a pointer to what our strategies for the future should be. In this context we would do well to bear in mind that the 21st Century Reality cannot rest removed from the reality of the past and, more specifically, from the previous century.

Visionaries are beings of a unique order that defies hierarchies with a capacity first to envision and next to strive and accomplish a mission they conceive in their life. Each is distinctive notwithstanding the fact that they draw from the fountain of humane, egalitarian and universally valid faith in mankind's future. A language visionary is one who has both insight and foresight. He can envision the shape of things to come. A visionary in our unifying language Sanskrit, is drashta, one who sees a sacred one. Hence Carlyle's Latin phrase vates sacer. Though each in a different way, the visionaries did put across the idea that language was a basic tool and a device for enrichment of the human condition, for the liberation from fetters physical and mental. Mahatma Gandhi envisioned a free Bharat and swarajya was his ideal. Along with it went equality and happiness for all. For Jawaharlal Nehru the vision was not just a free Bharat but a fast

* ELT Professional (Retd.), Noida

developing nation making rapid strides towards modernization. Subramanya Bharati envisioned a country liberated where men and women, the less privileged and the less fortunate had a way of living happy contented lives. Gidugu Ramamurty Pantulu thought up a vision of ameliorating the condition of the tribal people, who had no access to education and the meaningful things of life, without even a script for their languages.

Eulogistically referred to as pidugu (a thunderbolt) rhyming with his surname, Gidugu, Rao Saheb Venkata Ramamoorthy was a language visionary in Andhra, the land where Telugu is spoken by more than seventy million people today. The primacy of oracy in communication and the changeability of language leading to evolutionary development are part of the understanding of the nature of language consequent on the development of linguistics as a science. Linguistics has become extremely relevant to teaching languages, 'native', inland and foreign.

A record of the contribution of Gidugu in the areas of language teaching, applied linguistics, philology and social service are available now. He was the leader of a successful movement for making vyavaharika bhasha the medium of teaching Telugu and the language of examinations for awarding degrees..

The language of the shasanas (inscriptions), the language loaded with Sanskrit diction of the *kavyas*, and the

language spoken every day, are not the same. For many of the Telugu speakers themselves, *kavya bhasha* is mostly incomprehensible. The *grandhika bhasha* then taught in schools and colleges didn't promote the skills necessary either for understanding or communicating effectively in real life situations. The development of people depends on their language skills. When scholarship is limited to the creamy layers of society because of the difficulty in learning language, the rest of the society is denied access and opportunity for development.

Gidugu was an eminent language visionary. The achievements of Gidugu are many. As a pedagogue he was decades ahead of his time. He recognized the primacy of oracy and the efficacy of the by now accepted 'direct method' of language teaching. He believed in equality: loved the Savaras, a tribe living in the borders of Andhra and Orissa. He gave their language a script and lexicons and taught them, sometimes, at his own expense. As long back as in 1910, he started working on Savara language, which had no writing system. For teaching Telugu, he wanted the spoken language to be the medium of instruction. This engulfed him in a war with the orthodox Sankrit-educated pundits, which sometimes turned even to attrition.

Thanks to Gidugu's tenacity and commitment, *sishta vyavaharika* gained currency and acceptance. A lot needs to be said to present even an outline of his achievement. The British Government conferred on him the title of Rao Saheb not

for loyalty to the Crown but for his service to the Savaras, to pedagogy and to Telugu. Dr. Radhakrishnan was all praise for his Savara lexicons. European linguists like Jules Bloch and Daniel Jones recognized his work on Munda linguistics as pioneering and original. Gidugu translated Otto Jespersen's A Short English Grammar. He addressed the teachers when an opportunity came in 1910 to adopt the direct method to teach English and vyavaharika bhasha to teach Telugu. He came out victorious in the battle against the grandhikavadis who wrongly equated vyavaharika with gramya. Gramya in practical parlance is uneducated, sometimes, vulgar too.

To drive home his pedagogic, literary, humanistic and modernizing points, Gidugu boldly, untiringly and persuasively used the press, publications, the platform, social discourse and even pamphleteering, never once losing his cool and objectivity in argument. Between 1910 and 1914 he went about talking, arguing, convincing, making rapid strides even in the face of stiff opposition. *Balakavisaranyam*, *Gadya Chintamani*, *Andhra pandita bhishakkula bhasha bhashajam* and *Vyasavali* are his efforts to convince and plead with his opponents to see reason.

He saw in his own life time people seeing his point and rallying round him. Veeresalingam Pantulu founded Vartamana Vyavaaharikandhra Bhasha Parivartaka Samajam and as its president endorsed

Gidugu's views. Andhra Sahitya Parshat, Kakinada, withdrew from the fight in 1924. In 1933, Abhinavandhra kavi panditasabha, under the chairmanship of Chilukuri Narayana Rao pantulu, resolved that modern vyavaharika must be the medium of instruction. In 1936 a journal was started publishing articles in the current cultivated Telugu. In 1937, Tapi Dharma Rao started a periodical in this language. The government and the universities had to listen to reason. Today, cultivated current Telugu (Yates's phrase) is the medium of instruction, of examination and even thesis writing. Newspapers use this language generally and so does the electronic media.

Gidugu's work speaks for itself. A number of scholars, linguists and teachers have discussed Gidugu's work and wrote voluminously about his achievement. Most important among them, are Telugu Bhasha Charitra edited by Prof Bh.Krishna Murty, *Vyavaharika Bhasha Vikasam* by Dr Boodaraju Radhakrishna, and Maroo sari Gidugu Ramamoorthy edited by Pro. C. Rama Rao. Late Burra Seshagiri Rao of Bharathithirtha (of Vizianagaram) fame, David Stampe and J. A. Yates are among many others who recorded their admiration for Gidugu's work. Stanley Stravosta dedicated his thesis submitted to Wisconsin University to this luminary. Gidugu was awarded the title Mahamahopaadhyaya. He goes down in history as a visionary. *Vyavaharika bhasha* came to stay.

RUKMINI DEVI ARUNDALE

Theosophist, Humanist and Cultural Icon of India

Prof. V. RangaCharlu*

In our National history whether the renaissance that overtook the country in the early years of the 20th century kindled the freedom movement or whether the freedom movement kindled the revival of the pride in the ancient art and culture of India is a point that engages our attention. Several eminent people began to take pride in our arts and crafts and tried to resurgent India.

Born on 29th February 1904 in an orthodox Brahmin family in Tamilnadu, Rukmini Devi naturally acquired good knowledge of Sanskrit. Her father, Shri. Nilakanta Sastri, an engineer by profession, was attracted to Theosophy and became an ardent follower of Dr. Annie Besant. Rukmini Devi was a social rebel. In 1920 at the age of 17 she married a Britisher, Dr. G S Arundale, a great educationist and co-worker with Dr. Annie Besant. The marriage was met with wild criticism, but it had no effect on Rukmini Devi. On the other hand the marriage gave her an opportunity to bring out the vast talents she possessed.

She became the President of the Young Theosophists of India .And with her

pleasing presence and fluent English, she proved to be a great success. Later, she became President of the Young Theosophists of the World. She travelled widely all around the globe with Dr. G. S. Arundale who had become the International President of the Theosophical Society. Even as a young girl Rukmini Devi made a mark as a singer. She wanted to be a musician at first. However, when she went to Australia in 1926, saw the world-renowned Russian ballerina Anna Pavlova doing a ballet, her interest in dance was kindled. She then learnt ballet from another renowned dancer Cleo Nordi. From time immemorial India has had several classical dance forms. *The Natya Sastra* has been written by Saint Bharata millennia ago. So much importance had been attached to Natya Sastra that it is called the fifth Veda.

During the colonial days , Natya, which was the pride of ancient India, fell into disrepute on account of the lack of patronage from the princes and temples . It became the accomplishment of Devadasis - the courtesans. Their movements and poses were uncouth. Rukmini Devi was deeply impressed with the rhythm, beauty, charm and meaning of these dances. At the age of 28, she studied Natya Sastra and learnt Bharatanatyam from a famous school of dance in Tamil Nadu and mastered the art. The orthodox opinion was

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aghast, critical and abusive. It thought that an elite person like Rukmini Devi had debased herself by doing a Sadir (the contemptible name for natya). Rukmini Devi had the courage of conviction and she did give a public performance of *Bharatanatya* in Chennai. She made several innovations, she redesigned the costumes, copied the jewellery worn in the paintings and sculptures of ancient times. With her stature, face and form, impeccable rhythm and abhinaya (gestures) she held the audience spell-bound and wound-up her performance to thunderous applause of the entire house. Rukmini Devi made one more innovation. While keeping in place elegantly *Sringara* (Romance) she substituted it by *Bhakti* (devotion to God) and thus won the hearts of both elite and general public. In 1936 She started the Kalakshetra, an excellent campus in a 100 acre site on the Sea front in South Chennai and made it the most authentic school of Bharatanatya. She choreographed many Dance-dramas for the Kalakshetra. Students from all over India and abroad like Russia, Japan, South East Asia and the Americas had studied and are still studying in the *Kalakshetra*. Rukmini Devi had an abundant sense of aesthetics. She revived old patterns of sarees and wove special designs in the looms she had set up in Kalakshetra. These were known as Adayar Sarees and are very much sought after. Even now, the *Kalakshetra* is producing a variety of patterns and giving them to the handloom industry. Long before the world woke up to the toxic effect of chemical fabric colors and dyes, India had experimented with natural dyes from plants. Rukmini Devi started this

experiment in the *Kalakshetra* with several plants and mixing a number of them to produce attractive and fast colours.

Dr. Annie Besant invited Maria Montessori, the founder of Montessori system of education for children to the Theosophical Society to run the schools in her method now known as Montessori System. Rukmini Devi introduced the system in the schools in *Kalakshetra* for poor fisherman's children. She was one of the pioneers to encourage and introduce the Montessori system in the schools. Above all, Rukmini Devi was a humanist; she showered kindness and compassion on birds, animals and human beings through out of her life. She fought for prevention of cruelty to animals. As a private member of the Rajya Sabha, she introduced a bill for Prevention of Cruelty to animals and carried it through successfully in both the Houses. Her speech introducing the bill in the Rajya Sabha in 1954 was one of the best pieces of parliamentary eloquence. It was indeed the first enactment of a private member Bill in the annals of our Republic. For several years she headed the World Vegetarian Congress and was the moving spirit behind the Indian section of that organization for her life-long devotion to the cause of kindness to animals she was bestowed the "Prani Mitra" award.

When Prime Minister Sri Morarji Desai invited her to be the President of India, she declined saying her interest was in our ancient art and culture. I am not aware of any other such instance in our annals. Rukmini

Devi's physical form had faded but the fragrance of her memories and contribution to Indian dance and culture will last as long as Himalaya mountains stand and rivers Ganges and Kaveri nourish and sanctify the sacred land of Bharath.

The Indian Posts and Telegraphs Department has great pleasure in bringing out a special stamp to honour this great lady.

A HOUSEWIFE SUPPLICATES !

U. Atreya Sarma*

After sipping off your coffee
Put the empty cup into the sink.
After eating your food
Take the plate to the scullery.
When the calling bell chimes
Answer it, without waiting for me.
When I've to fetch a vessel of water
Offer your helping hand.
Do read your papers and books
But don't clutter them around.
When the phone rings
Don't pass the buck
But pick it up.

I don't mind your spend
On your cigarettes and drinks
On your games and parties

On your lavish tips...
But spare me some pin-money
For my simple wants.

Once in two months, take me out
For a cinema, or to a hotel, or on a picnic.
Once in three months, give me a day off
And cook and serve me delicious home-made food
With your handsome hands.
Finally, treat me as your partner
Which I really am. Care for me
The way you care for yourself.

Please, please try to do these few good turns
Before you or I turn out of this world.
Nothing more I desire, my dear!
It's so simple in my small world.
This is my Women's lib
This is my Women's emancipation.

* Poet-Editor-Translator-Critic, Pune

Don't take rest after your first victory because if you fail in second, more lips are waiting to say that your first victory was just luck.

A.P.J Abdul Kalam

LOOKING INTO THE FACE OF TRUTH

Dr. C. Jacob*

It is amazing why the religionists and theists all over the world have been in an enigmatic stance instead of reacting to Stephen Hawkins's statement that the universe is not the creation of god. On 3rd September, 2010 it was published in newspapers that in the book called The Great Design written by Hawkins and an American Scientist Leonard Molino, it is positively and emphatically stated that the new scientific laws have dismissed the belief that the universe was created by God as sheer nonsense. It was further stated that the universe is an outcome of the big bang and nature is capable of creating itself or destroying itself and it is a genetic engineer.

From the time of Thales, the ancient Greek philosopher, in fact the father of the Western Philosophy, till the dawn of the scientific age, many philosophers like Spinoza and Bertrand Russell were of the view that the universe is the work of nature. Einstein, the philosopher - scientist, termed God as the product of human weakness in a letter which fetched more than 200000 pounds when it was put to auction in the month of May, 2008. He branded religious beliefs as childish superstitions. Charles Darwin, as everyone knows, propounded the theory of evolution. He was a scientist. In the olden days philosophy and science were not

different. Till the end of the middle ages philosophers and great thinkers and scientists like Copernicus, Galileo and Keller, Simpson, Benjamin Franklin and Vesalius were hounded and subjected to untold difficulties by religious fanatics when they discovered new scientific facts to help mankind. One instance may be mentioned here and to cut the long story short, when Vesalius started dissecting corpses, the Christian world was horrified and had falsely charged him that he was cutting up people before they were dead and as a measure of punishment he was ordered to go on pilgrimage to the holy land and he was shipwrecked and died of exposure.

The present age knows that Stephen Hawkins is one of the greatest British scientists at present and he is deemed to be the modern Newton. Isaac Newton, we all know, discovered many natural, scientific laws and opened a new vista of Knowledge and enlightened the world, especially, the scientific world. Of him Alexander pope wrote the following couplet to be used as his epitaph.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night ;
God said , "Let Newton be" and all was light.

In the present scientific age there is realization in the people that modern scientific inventions tend to deliver mankind from the clouds of ignorance, in other words, from darkness and widen their vision and make

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them believe scientific truth. That maybe the reason why not a single man who is a theist or a religionist in the entire world could venture to contradict the statement made by Stephen Hawkins.

At least now, the theologists and theists may open their eyes and look straight into the face of scientific truths and enlighten themselves.

OF FARM BONDAGE

***Kshetra Bandham* - Telugu Original :Dr. C. Narayana Reddy
English Rendering : R. R. Gandikota***

As a plough - boy
In my child hood days
Fancied to plough
In my little farm.
Looking at my curved furrows,
Giggled the aged labour -women;
When asked; what for?
They said bemused,
"You plough very well, son",
With false admiring looks.
Encouraged, I ploughed
More vigorously
Creating more curved
Designs of furrows.
The hand that
Held the plough then
Wielding the pen now,
Farming *literature*!
Marking my own impressions.
The then curved furrows
Now reflect in my pen's
Satires and sarcasms
The curved furrows of yester years
Memories of my childhood;

My pen's puns on paper now,
Symbols of syntax and prosody
The recent happenings
Slip from my memory,
But my child hood reflections
Remain firm in the folds of brain,
Like un-erasable *akshara* (alphabet)
Though striding in the
Farm of literature, now;
Then I was in the farm of
Black fertile soil.
As my word *Kshetra* (farm)
Germinates on the paper;
From the ground floor
The tender voice of my grand son
Kshetra Jna, emanates sweetly,
"Grand Pa! I am coming up".
The then *Kshetra* (farm)
Now in the form of *Kshetra Jna*;
Rejoices my mind, in this Farm Bondage

N.B: *Kshetra* is farm; *Kshetra Jna* is one who knows the *Kshetra*. Philosophically our body is *Kshetra*; and one who realises that TRUTH is *Kshetra Jna*.

* Retd.Principal, Kakinada

HOW AUTUMN IS PERSONIFIED BY KEATS

Somachary Yelsoju*

To Autumn describes, in the three stanzas, three different aspects of the seasons: its fruitfulness, its labour and its ultimate decline. Through the stanzas there is a progression from early autumn to mid autumn and then to the heralding of winter. Parallel to this, the poem depicts the day turning from morning to afternoon and into dusk. These progressions are joined with a shift from the tactile sense to that of sight and then of sound, creating a three-part symmetry which is not present in his other odes.

In Personification the attributes of a person are transferred to inanimate objects or ideas. In other words, inanimate objects and abstract ideas or qualities are spoken of as if they are persons or human beings.

In *To Autumn*, autumn is personified in various human shapes. Keats uses a number of imageries to give the autumn the concrete shape of a person.

The poem opens with the poet addressing autumn. He addresses the season autumn as if it were a living person. Then he considers it as the most intimate

friend of the maturing sun. The autumn and the sun are given the human power of making friendship. Autumn conspired on agreement with the sun to 'load and bless' the vines and trees with 'grapes and apples' and also to ripen all fruits to the 'core'. So, in the first stanza autumn is seen to be an active person who is a dutiful person and enjoys his work very much.

In the second stanza, autumn is however given a totally different personality. Here autumn is in the form of a rural peasant woman winnowing, separating the chaff from the grain. But she is tired and is sitting carelessly which indicates her inactivity. She is careless because she is afraid of the future as she has harvested an abundant crop that year. She knows that much corn has already been gathered, threshed and winnowed. Secondly autumn is personified as a solitary reaper, who, in course of her work, is overcome by the sleep inducing smell of poppies and falls asleep, with the result that the next row of corn remains unreaped.

Finally, autumn is personified as a gleaner. A gleaner is a woman who collects grains from the field when the crops have

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been harvested. A gleaner may be seen walking along steadily with the weight of the grains upon her head, crossing a stream. Attributing the personality of a gleaner to autumn indicates that the harvest is almost over. Finally, autumn is given the personality of a cider pressure, who sits by the cider press and watches patiently the apple juice flowing out of the press drop by drop.

Thus in the second stanza autumn is given a concrete shape and the concrete

personality autumn is seen in four different guises corresponding to the different occupations of the season.

In the last stanza the poet is speaking with Autumn. Autumn is seen as an unhappy man, because he is deprived of the beauties of spring. But the poet consoles the season saying that it has its own songs which are no less individualistic.

ABDUL KALAM , THE TORCH-BEARER

M.G. Narasimha Murthy*

India's most loved Rashtrapati,
Gave the nation *Wings of Fire* -
The most formidable Agni missile;
Infused defence with vigour and confidence.
Like Homi Bhabha and Vikram Sarabhai,
Inspired his teams with ideas and ideals.
Being a true teacher, by example,
showed the way,
'Ignited' the youthful Indian mind
To soar like rockets to greater heights.

* Retd. Principal and Poet, Hyderabad

Recall the memorable words of Dr.Kalam -
*Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long way through!*
Here is a sparkling gem of Kalam's wit -
*If you want to leave your footprint
On the sands of time, don't drag your feet!*
Move forward, he said, with hope and zeal,
Keeping pace with time's fast moving wheel;
Strive always to acquire new knowledge,
While upholding our nation's rich heritage.

All birds find shelter during a rain. But the Eagle avoids rain by flying above the clouds.

A.P.J Abdul Kalam

GANDHI AND HIS 'POLITICAL GURU' G.K. GOKHALE

Swati Dharmadikari*

Much has been written about Gopal Krishna Gokhale and Mahatma Gandhi. Few have traced how Gandhi adopted Gokhale, the leading spokesman of the moderates in India, as his 'political guru', almost from their first meeting in October 1896 at Poona. The bond was cemented during their second meeting at Calcutta where they both met during the session of the Indian National Congress late in 1901 and thereafter when they stayed together for a month at Calcutta in early 1902. Gandhi went back to South Africa but kept up regular correspondence with Gokhale and succeeded in persuading him to visit South Africa in late 1912. This article is an attempt to understand how Gandhi had adopted Gokhale as his 'political guru' despite their ideological differences.

In 1893 when Gandhi returned from England after obtaining a degree in Law, a business firm from Porbunder offered to send him to South Africa for a year as their lawyer. He seized the opportunity to see a new country and have new experiences. He said: 'I wanted somehow to leave India'. His mission was simply to win a lawsuit, earn some money and perhaps, start his career. No sooner he landed at Durban, Natal, in May 1893 than he experienced the worst form of racial

discrimination in a train to Pretoria. Since the first shipload of indentured Indian labourers destined for the sugar and coffee plantation of Natal reached Durban in 1860, the tide of Indian emigration to South Africa steadily climbed and many Indians settled in the four colonies and states of the South African Union. Gandhi became the leader of Indian community in Natal and had successfully established the Natal Indian Congress. He had proved himself an effective leader and an excellent organizer. The lawsuit settled, Gandhi prepared to sail for India in June 1896 to fetch his family. He was then twenty-six years old. He had been commissioned by the Natal Indian Congress as their official representative for India to win the support of Indian leaders and the Indian National Congress for the Indian cause in South Africa.

In 1896 Gandhi returned to Calcutta from where he boarded a train towards his home state to join his family in Rajkot whom he had not seen for more than three years since 1893. He was preoccupied with printing a pamphlet for an Indian audience on the grievances of their countrymen in South Africa. He printed about ten thousand copies of his pamphlet called *The Grievances of the British Indians in South Africa: an Appeal to the Indian Public*. It was called 'Green' Pamphlet because of its green cover. The Times of India called it 'Mr. Gandhi's able and striking pamphlet' and provided some examples of the ill-treatment

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to which the Indians were subjected to in South Africa.

Gandhi arrived in Bombay and met national leaders such as M.G. Ranade, Badruddin Tyabji, Pheroza Shah Mehta and addressed a number of influential meetings in Bombay.

From Bombay, Gandhi went to Poona, the cultural capital of the western presidency. It was here that he met G.K. Gokhale, the rising star of Indian politics and the chief spokesman of the moderates. He also met B.G. Tilak, the leader of the extremists. Both the leaders promised to help Gandhi but advised Gandhi to meet R.G. Bhandarkar, a respected Sanskrit scholar and a social reformer, to preside over the public meeting as there was group politics in the city. A meeting was conducted at Poona organized by the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha in the Joshi Hall. Bhandarkar presided. Gandhi, mostly read from the pamphlets, with comments whenever they were required. A resolution moved by B.G. Tilak was passed, sympathizing with the Indians in South Africa and authorizing a Committee, composed of R.G. Bhandarkar, Tilak, Gokhale, and some others to submit a memorial to the Government of India on the disabilities imposed upon the Indians.

Gandhi arrived in Madras on 14 October 1896 where he stayed for two weeks. It was from Madras that Gandhi wrote his first letter to Gokhale dated 18 October 1896. Addressing him as Professor Gokhale, a habit he cultivated. Gandhi wrote:

“We very badly need a Committee of active, prominent workers in India for our cause. The question affects not only South African Indians but also Indians in all parts of the world outside India. I have no doubt that you have read the telegrams about the Australian colonies legislating to restrict the influx of Indian immigrants to that part of the world. It is quite possible that legislation may receive the Royal sanction. I submit that our great men should without delay take up this question. Otherwise within a short time there will be an end to Indian enterprise outside India. In my humble opinion, that telegram may be made the subject of a question in the Imperial Council at Calcutta as well as in the House of Commons. In fact, some inquiry as to the intention of the Indian Government should be made immediately. Seeing that you took very warm interest in our conversation, I thought I would venture to write the above”.

News of the work which Gandhi had done in India had reached South Africa. The pamphlet became the innocent cause of violent repercussions in Durban due to the explosive twist given to it by Reuter's subsequent reporting. Reuter sent garbled versions of his addresses to South Africa, that Indians were treated like wild beasts. The Colonials were angry and the feeling against Gandhi reached its height. They were determined not to allow the Asiatics to land. When Gandhi arrived at Natal in January 1897 he was almost lynched by a section of the European mob in Durban. Fortunately, he was saved by an alert Police superintendent.

In the train Gandhi was attacked by one or two individuals at the Pietermaritzburg railway station and at Durban it was a violent mob that assaulted Gandhi and lynched him.

This incident angered Gokhale so much that he wrote a strongly-worded article in India, a journal of the British Committee of the Indian National Congress established in London in 1889. The article entitled 'The Indians of South Africa,' unfolded a tale 'which no right-minded Englishman ought to read without a feeling of deep shame and indignation'. Gandhi, along with his fellow countrymen, continued the Indian agitation and appealed to many well-placed public men in England for justice. He regularly wrote to Dadabhai Naoroji and Sir William Wedderburn, the Chairman of the British Committee regarding Indian suffering and requested help. He also consulted Gokhale often through mail.

In late 1901, Gandhi came to India to plead for the Indian cause in South Africa. He attended a Congress session at Calcutta and briefly explained how badly the Indians were treated in South Africa. With the help of Gokhale, Gandhi got a resolution passed condemning the treatment of Indians in South Africa by the white minority. Early in 1902 Gandhi had the opportunity to stay with Gokhale for a month. During this period he delivered two lectures at the Albert Hall-one on the 19th January 1902 and the other on the 27th January 1902. The first lecture was presided over by Narendra Nath Sen, the editor of the Indian Mirror. While seconding

the vote of thanks Gokhale recalled his first meeting with Gandhi in 1896 at Poona and how much he had been impressed by 'his ability, earnestness and tact and also by his manner at once so gentle and firm'. Since then he had followed his career with 'the deepest interest and admiration and having studied every utterance of his and every movement in which he had any share, and he would say without any hesitation that Mr. Gandhi was 'made of the stuff of which heroes are made'. In fact, Gokhale, praised him so lavishly that Gandhi was embarrassed.

Events in South Africa compelled Gandhi to return to South Africa soon and he kept in touch with Gokhale all through his years in South Africa. At the Lahore session of the National Congress held in 1909 Gokhale paid Gandhi perhaps the biggest tribute from a Congress platform. He said: "Fellow-delegates, after the immortal part which Gandhi has played in South Africa, it will not be possible for any Indian... to mention his name without deep emotion and pride and I can tell you that a purer, a nobler, a braver and a more exalted spirit has never moved on this earth. Mr. Gandhi is a man among men, a hero among heroes, a patriot amongst patriots".

Recalling his first meeting with Gokhale, Gandhi wrote 'his manners immediately won my heart.' He began to look after Gokhale as his 'Guru' and for arousing Indians to the consciousness of the plight of their fellow countrymen in South Africa. Speaking about his very first meeting with

Gokhale years later to a public reception that was held in Madras in his honour when he returned to India in 1915, Gandhi recalled 'It was in 1896 that I found in Mr. Gokhale my Rajya Guru, and it was here that I found that deep abiding sense of religion which has carried me through all trials'. Again on 4 February 1916 in Gujarat, Gandhi said: "The late Gokhale was then known as a follower of Ranade. He had already at this time dedicated his life to Fergusson College. I was a mere youth, with no experience. The bond which developed between us on the occasion of our very first meeting in Poona never came to exist between any other leader and me. Sure enough all that I heard about Mahatma Gokhale was confirmed by my own experience; but especially the effect which the soft expression on the Lotus-like face had on me has still not vanished from my mind. I instantly recognized as dharma-incarnate".

Gandhi further said: 'After this contact with him in 1896 Gokhale's political life became my ideal. That very time he took possession of my heart as my guru in matters political'. Indeed, he said, his 'features took me by storm.' Unveiling a portrait of Gokhale in Bangalore soon after his death in February 1915, Gandhi said: I have declared myself his [Gokhale's] disciple in the political field and I have him as my Rajya Guru; and this I claim on behalf of the Indian people. It was in 1896 that I made this declaration, and I do not regret having made the choice'.

Recalling his togetherness with Gokhale in 1896 and in 1901-02, Gandhi

wrote much later in his paper *Young India* on 13 July 1921:

"It was different with Gokhale. I cannot say why, I met him at his quarters on the college ground. It was like meeting an old friend, or better still a mother after a long separation. His gentle face put me at ease in a moment. His minute enquires about myself and my doings in South Africa at once enshrined him in my heart. And as I parted from him, I said to myself, 'you are my man'. And from that moment Gokhale never lost sight of me. In 1901 on my second return from South Africa, we came closer still. He simply 'took me in hand' and began to fashion me. He was concerned about how I spoke, dressed, walked and ate. My mother was not more solicitous about me than Gokhale. There was, so far I am aware, no reserve between us. It was really a case of love at first sight, and it stood the severest strain in 1913. He seemed to me all I wanted as a political worker-pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion, and chivalrous to a fault".

Gandhi was devoted to Gokhale since his very first meeting with him at Poona in October 1896. He recalled: 'This relationship of ours was formed in the year 1896. I had no idea of its nature then; nor had he... Still it was Gokhale who bound me to himself. Our new relationship did not take place immediately. But in 1902, when I attended the Calcutta Congress, I became fully aware of being in the position of a disciple... I saw that Gokhale had not only not forgotten me but had actually taken me under his charge'.

RAMASWAMY

D.Ranga Rao*

"Where has Ramaswamy gone? It is time for my coffee", I said stretching myself on the lawn under the neem tree. It was a Saturday and I had come home early.

"He went out after lunch. He hasn't returned yet. He should have been back by now. I'll get you coffee in a minute" answered my wife as she went in.

Ramaswamy was our cook and major domo. He had come to us with a letter of introduction from my father-in-law. He had bowed with a studied grace as he handed me the letter ceremoniously like an ambassador presenting his credentials to the Head of a State. He was tall and well-built. He stood erect and motionless like a statue. His jet-black hair was neatly plastered back and he sported a silver-white handlebar moustache. He had a full face, plump cheeks, a blunt nose, dreamy eyes with a Macmillanian slant and two small appendages on either side of his head for ears. His complexion was as black as his hair and had an oily sheen. There were three white bars of sacred ash above his bushy eyebrows on his forehead. He was dressed in a spotless white tunic with shining brass buttons and well pressed white trousers. There was an expression of supreme disdain and haughty pride on his face. He seemed to

believe that words were not necessary for a man of action. He answered my few questions with deep-throated grunts, bowing at each grunt. He was perhaps in his late forties, may be in early fifties. I thought that such a striking man of his stature and build belonged to the battle-field or the ring and not to the kitchen.

"Your father has sent this man to cook for us and keep the house," I said to my wife as she came into the drawing room.

"Oh! It is nice of him" she replied vaguely, taken aback at the apparition of Ramaswamy.

"Your father writes that this man has seen service in the homes of District Collectors and Judges and that he is dependable."

At these words Ramaswamy straightened himself up further, puffed up his chest like a prize fighter and bowed to my wife with the first faint hint of a smile on his dark lips.

"Dad, the man's face has a resemblance to Brutus," whispered my twelve year old son from behind the sofa. I silenced him with a hiss.

Brutus was our dog, big and sluggish with a sad and pensive expression in his eyes

* Editor, *Triveni*, Translator.

which slanted downwards. Brutus had shuffled uneasily and growled deeply at the arrival of Ramaswamy. And the visitor answered it with a deeper grunt of disapproval at bad manners. Brutus had given up another attempt at showing his displeasure at the intrusion by the stranger but curled himself up into a huge ball at my feet, badly beaten in an unequal battle.

Early next morning I was awakened by the silver tinkles of a bell. As I walked towards the kitchen I saw Ramaswamy standing in his white bath towel before half a dozen deities, of both sexes, benevolent and malevolent, ranged on the wall, his muscular body shining like ebony; his right hand moving round and round with burning camphor in a brass tray while his left hand kept ringing the bell. Cloudy curling whiffs of fragrance rose from the incense burners. My children were the interested spectators of this ritual which was new to them. Brutus too was at the doorstep standing reverentially with a quizzical look. Ramaswamy had smeared sacred ash on his forehead, arms, chest and belly in three cross bars and the kids were amused at the sight. They began to giggle as Ramaswamy gargled deeply and sonorously but undistinguishably the holy hymns deep down his throat.

At breakfast time he had put on his official 'uniform' but the sacred bars of ash were still there on his forehead. He served first three bits of "prasadam" to all of us and threw a piece to Brutus. He kept up this ritual every day.

My wife appreciated the religious fervour and the calculated efficiency of Ramaswamy and said half jokingly and half seriously that I possessed neither of the virtues which was true indeed.

Ramaswamy was thorough in his work and kept everything neat and tidy. He would silently walk about in his white canvas shoes. His presence could be known only by his grunts. He had different grunts to suit different occasions - grunts to suggest approval, disapproval, reprimands, appreciation and the like. His ceremonial bowing while handing coffee cups would bowl his bitterest enemy over. He had a peculiar habit of receding into the back - ground noiselessly like a ghost. I could not learn details about him, details like his place of birth, parentage, previous stations of service etc., by engaging him in conversation. He hid his past behind a Sphinx-like immobility of expression, behind an impenetrable armour plate of silence. A lamp post on the road side would speak eloquently if approached.

It took quite some time for us all to adjust ourselves to his presence and his weird ways. But he was not a bad cook. Though we discovered that he suffered from short-sight which sometimes created tickling situations that amused my children, things were going right. What astonished us most was that Brutus took to this man with a friendliness that was not in his nature and in no time he was frolicking and gamboling about in an ecstasy. There was seen a happy glint in his eyes which before the arrival of

Ramaswamy, bore all the sadness of the world.

During the first week-end after the arrival of Ramaswamy, my son came running to me excited.

"Dad," he said, "Ramaswamy can speak the language of dogs. I have seen him and heard him talking to Brutus."

"Yes, Daddy," piped in my little daughter. "Brutus nodded his head and smiled when Ramaswamy spoke to him."

"Brutus is a strange name for a dog, however philosophical looking. Now that he is no longer a sad thinker, let us change his name," said my wife as she joined our group. I could see Brutus happily leaping high at a fly under the neem tree on the lawn.

We all felt jolly and cheerful as never before.

As days rolled by, Ramaswamy grew more and more authoritative and less and less communicative. His grunts grew shorter and deeper. He had taken so complete a command of the management with such haughtiness of spirit that my wife was the first to feel disappointed and depressed. My children began to complain that Ramaswamy was imposing himself upon them like a tyrant. They gave him nick-names and called him 'Black Knight,' 'Black Diamond' and other names which they could think of. I on my part was growing tired of his silences. He would take his sweet time in setting the table at

breakfast or dinner and before long I found myself shouting at him in impatience asking him to hurry up for God's sake. My wife had every cause to disapprove of him, as he started to ignore her and do things according to his wishes. The only member of the household that seemed to be blissfully happy was Brutus.

At the beginning of the third week my wife approached me, fretting and fuming and told me that the provisions had all been used up (God knows how, she said) earlier than they should be. For according to her calculation they should have lasted longer. She had also found items of cutlery and crockery and stainless steel things dwindling in number. Having finished her account of her woes, she looked at me with accusing eyes as though I was responsible for the shape things had taken, while forgetting that it was her father who was about to bring ruin down upon us by sending this man to us.

I had myself discovered piles of newspapers and magazines missing in my room but had not given a thought to it until my wife's tell-tale complaint. As I sat looking up at the ceiling wondering what could be wrong, my son said that the conversation bouts between Ramaswamy and Brutus were growing less frequent and shorter while my little daughter said with a tear in her eye that Brutus was thinning and falling back into his original moods of sulkiness. Ramaswamy evidently was not paying attention to Brutus any more.

As I lay that afternoon on the lawn

under the neem tree wondering why Ramaswamy had not returned, my wife brought the coffee pot.

"Ramaswamy," she spoke dreamily, "has been behaving queer for some days. Did you observe that the bars of sacred ash on his forehead disappeared a few days back? Yesterday as he served us food, I felt a lingering perfume about him."

As I sipped the steaming coffee, I forgot all about Ramaswamy but began to marvel how keen of sight and smell women were and looked at my wife with eyes full of appreciation born out of utter inability on my part to understand the mind of a woman.

"By Jove," exclaimed my wife, startling me out of my musings on woman-kind, "Ramaswamy is in love!"

It was as though a sudden flash of lightning had driven away all darkness. The key for the mystery was found. Things began to answer themselves and a clear picture began to emerge. Under the influence of the shafts of Cupid, Ramaswamy was selling things to buy presents for his sweet-heart!

"There is no knowing to what lengths he would go and bring shame on our heads", said my wife, anxiety playing on her face.

"Yes, we must wait and see" I replied stupidly. I

"Dad, Ramaswamy smears his face

with Fair and Lovely cream and uses Pond's Powder in the kitchen a number of times" said my daughter.

"I know where he goes in the afternoons on Sundays" said my little daughter. "He spends his afternoons in uncle Subrahmanya Iyer's house."

Subrahmanya Iyer, a lawyer, with little practice lived a few blocks away with his six unmarried daughters.

"I have also seen him there. I will go now on my bike and find out what he is doing" said my son offering his services to unravel the mystery and play the spy.

"Don't. Don't be silly. You are doing nothing of the sort," I said to him harshly. "As soon as he returns, I shall tell him that he is fired."

"Will you?" enquired my wife with relief in her voice, her eyes brightening up at my wise words.

"Yes dear, as soon as he returns."

Ramaswamy who left that Saturday afternoon having received his pay-packet did not return at all.

My wife has been doing all the cooking with an expertness never known before and all of us are happy except Brutus who has become moody and irritable after Ramaswamy's mysterious departure.

DISPASSION

Siluveru Sudarshan*

When we avoid attachment, aversion will not take root. We should maintain relationship with others such that we are not psychologically dependent upon them. We should not give undue importance to anything. However much we love an object we have to part with everything when we go to sleep. In sleep, body consciousness is absent. This shows that we are not truly attached to anything including the body. This gives us freedom.

Attachment is bondage and dispassion is freedom. This freedom leads to unconditional love. Self - surrender helps us to gain dispassion. We should not confuse dispassion with indifference.

Every relationship happens only in time. In the flow of time, two human beings from different backgrounds come together by the will of God, remain together for a while, and separate again by the will of God .

This applies to all human relationship within marriage, in friends or members of a family. We come together in time, to get separated eventually. All life ends in death. This has to be realized by everybody.

Certain relationships that are important to our survival result in misery and heart ache. Such adjectives become the source of sanga and create fear, anxiety. If we stress something as important, we are sowing the seeds of attachment, dependence and misery. There is only one thing of importance that is our devotion to God. We have to shake off all other allurements in our lives. We should allow relationships to mahatmas, love neither directed nor denied towards anyone. This is the way to express pure love that is devotion towards the entire universe which in turn points to God only .

All duty is sacred. The essence of message is we should hand over the reins of our lives to God. We have not come into this world by our own choice. It happens with the order of God. We are all children of God only.

Every human being comes into this world with a certain set of *karmas* that are reflected in this particular life. If we take a child to be ours, we cannot alter his *prarabdha*. If the child has good IQ, It is God's will. If it is handicapped, we should accept God's will. We have to perform our duty and remain witness to *prarabdha*.

Nobody is competent to cure all the miseries of this *Jagat*. Many mahatmas have tried to eliminate our sorrow. In spite of the

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fact that they have deeply influenced the human psyche, the human predicament still remains. If we understand the concept of self surrender, no defeat will be there, there is only acceptance and moving on. Regarding human relationships, we have to make our heart a strong, loving and dispassionate one. Then only the present delusion which brothers us will be neutralized.

We should be careful in our relationships, and in all contacts with the objects of the world. In our thinking what we own is our property, we become the property of objects instead. We have to learn to live in the world without being attached to the world. This body is a combination of the five basic elements and subject to disintegration.

A devotee does not bear any ill will towards any life form. There should be no place for hatred in one's heart. Hatred is like fire. It turns the very wood that sustains it to ashes. Hatred eats away at our own heart, like corrosive acid.

Enmity is the cause of the clash of egos. If one gets happiness, it is granted by God and is a result of earlier meritorious

actions. If we face some misfortune instead, it is again by the dictates of God. Happiness and misery is based on the receiver's earlier karma. God neither favors nor dislikes anyone.

We have to learn to forgive and forget and not nurse any ill will towards anybody. Hatred destroys the very person that harbors it. It is through devotion that one achieves true inner growth and qualifies to recognize that life is divinity. Not bearing any ill will towards any life form is the foremost quality of a true devotee. Hatred is opposed to devotion, which is love.

God says we should fix our minds in him only. We should engage our intellect on him. Thereafter we will undoubtedly abide in him alone, then only we will get lasting peace and happiness.

"Complete surrender to God means giving up all thoughts and concentrating the mind on him. If we concentrate on Him, Other thoughts disappear. If the actions of mind, speech and body are merged with God, all burdens of our life will be on Him".

--- Sri Ramana Maharshi.

Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. This is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the clouds of war, it is humanity hanging on a cross of iron.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

MAN-WOMAN RELATIONSHIPS IN 'SAKHARAM BINDER'

Dr. Vani Devulapally*

Vijay Tendulkar's shocking and stunning play *Sakharam Binder* is considered one of the representative plays of the Marathi theatre of cruelty. Antonin Artaud's theatre of cruelty and the angry young playwrights of Britain influenced Tendulkar to some extent and was also driven by the spectacles of human anguish. Tendulkar perceives the realities of the human society without any preconceived notions, reacts to them as a sensitive human being and writes about them in his plays as a responsible writer. He deals with gender inequality, social inequality, power games, self-alienation, sex and violence in his plays. The theme of violence is a common subject in most of his plays. According to Tendulkar, the most important point is to keep the violent raw while depicting it on stage, not to dress it up with any fancy trappings, and not to make it palatable.

The present attempt is to focus on the violence that takes place in man-woman relationships in the play *Sakharam Binder*. It explores how environment and heredity play a vital role in socializing humans in society and how it works as a determining factor of one's character. It also examines the crudities of patriarchy in all forms turning man into monster. *Sakharam Binder* depicts the violence of the

lower middle class society which is a genuine stench from the abyss, whether that abyss means lower middle class hell or the economic and sexual aggression inherent in our inequitable and repressive society. Perhaps, this was the first major breakthrough of the self-imposed confines of modern Indian drama to bring neglected areas of our common life nearer the theatre, as the theatre is a dynamic medium (if necessary a force). Hence, we witness the stark reflections of reality, since Tendulkar seeks to demonstrate a deeper sociological and moral significance.

Tendulkar's *Sakharam Binder* was initially banned. His depiction of a character like Sakharam who rejects the artificial values imposed by the society and his use of extremely vulgar and outspoken language incensed the censor authorities. Later the restrictions were lifted and the play became extremely popular. Prominent actors such as Amrish Puri, Khulbhushan Kharbanda, Sayaji Shinde, Nilu Phule, Sulabha Deshpande, Sonali Kulkarni, Sarita Choudhary and Bernard White have acted in the play.

The entire story revolves around the character Sakharam, who is a book binder. The first act is devoted to the delineation of the relationship between Laxmi and Sakharam, while the second act portrays that between him and Champa. The last act

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depicts the three-cornered association between the two women and Sakharam. There is, thus, a wonderful symmetry in the construction of the drama. The language used is extremely coarse, rugged, laden with abuse but at the same time crisp and colloquial.

Sakharam, who though a Brahmin, is the antithesis of the general idealized conception of a member of that caste. Through the depiction of this character, Tendulkar explores the manifestation of physical lust and violence in a human being. Tendulkar weaves a matrix of intricate interrelationships between his characters. Sakharam, who does not believe in the institution of marriage and arranges for live in relationships with single women who have been deserted by their husbands. After Champa's arrival to his house, he is transformed into a sensuous, lewd, drunkard with thoughts only of sexual enjoyment. The presence of Laxmi and Champa at the same time has a strange effect on Sakharam as if the two different modes in his character come into direct confrontation, creating a psychological disturbance in him resulting in his temporary impotence. Champa does not foresee any possibility of competition from Laxmi when she is prepared to give shelter to Laxmi; rather she pities this homeless woman, because Champa is quite confident of her physical charms. It is this kindness of Champa that makes it possible for Laxmi to stay in Sakharam's house. The two women between themselves share and satisfy the different needs of Sakharam- one his domestic, the other his physical demands.

Laxmi develops an asexual friendship with Shinde, husband of Champa, while Champa has a sexual relationship with Dawood. Though Laxmi finds nothing wrong with her association with Shinde, her moral sense is angered by Champa's affair with Dawood and she cleverly uses this opportunity to take her revenge on Champa. This brings out the latent hatred in Laxmi for Champa. When Sakharam knows the fact of Champa's physical association with Dawood, his masculinity is doubly hurt since he himself can no longer satisfy her. Hence, in his anger, he kills Champa.

Yet, there is in this play, a subtle underlying tone of sensitivity and tenderness towards humanity as a whole. In the scenes of Sakharam's playing of the mridanga and the joy he finds in it, in Laxmi's friendship with birds and insects and Dawood's loyalty to his friend until he is charmed by Champa's attractions, in Champa's generosity towards Laxmi- the kinder aspects of human nature and its inclination towards higher values are unfolded. In fact, Tendulkar's inspiration comes from the society around him since he is a keen observer of human relationships, especially in lower and middle class society.

The play *Sakharam Binder* is divided into three acts. Though Sakharam dominates in all the scenes in the first act, later we see Champa's dominance over him. As soon as the third act commences, the play takes a new turn with the appearance of Laxmi at whose instance Sakharam murders Champa because of her illicit contact with Dawood Miyan.

According to Smitha Mishra, "Sakharam has no social taboos. He drinks heavily, has no sense of guilt and admits to all his vices. Sakharam is a bitter critic of the institution of marriage and attacks husbands while pitying wives. He assures every woman he brings home of his 'good' treatment" (Mishra 117). He frames certain rules for his women companions. He tells Laxmi who seeks shelter in his house. "...you'll get two square meals. Two saris to start with and then one every year.... I like everything in order here.... I'm the master here..." (SB 125-126). By posing himself as a saviour, Sakharam never attempts to value the man-woman relationships by projecting higher moral values and tenderness onto it. Rather, he is prepared to throw out women when 'there's no spark left' in them. He brings down the man-woman relationship to the status of a contract - the contract being 'a link based on need' and 'the need ended, the link snapped'. Sakharam is a peculiar caricature. As soon as he returns from the press, he drinks a cup of tea for which he orders the woman who lives with him. It is he who speaks and dominates. He does not allow the women to have freedom of expression. His word is a law in his house which should be implemented at any cost. He has lived with six women before he brings the seventh one named Laxmi. On reaching home, drinking a cup of tea, playing mridanga and enjoying chilam are his regular pastimes. Saying how he is bluntly open and foul-mouthed Sakharam he tells Laxmi: "I've been like this right from birth. Born naked, I was. My mother used to say, the brat's shameless. He is a Mahar born in a Brahmin

home. And if I was, who's to blame? It wasn't my doing..." (SB 127).

His hypocrisy is seen at its peak while detesting the tyrannical husbands; he shows the same tyranny towards those women. While explaining his terms and conditions, Sakharam says that he must be respected in his house and he is the supreme in every aspect.

His world is an entirely different kind of world. For him the man-woman relationship is something absolutely commercial. He does not believe in the institution of marriage and he is a bitter critic of the institution of marriage and attacks 'husbands' while pitying the 'wives'. Sakharam seems to think that he has helped the helpless women thrown out by their husbands by providing them with food, clothes and a shelter. In return, he expects them to slave for him and satisfy his animal instincts. Catherine Thankamma comments: "He is not bothered by the fact that by exploiting their helplessness, he is subjecting them to a kind of prostitution" (83).

Sakharam is totally a hedonistic character who wants to enjoy life to the maximum extent possible. He says that without harming anyone one should enjoy life to the hilt. Only one should not be a liar or a fraud. Sakharam is afraid of both the women, of Laxmi because she is a moral force and Champa because she is a sexual challenge. He needs to hear Laxmi laugh even in the midst of her pain, to give him the courage to seek his sexual rights for her. Champa, on the other hand, can only satisfy Sakharam's demands

when she's drunk. That helps her forget her own self against an act in which her pleasure has never been considered. Because of this perspective, people consider Tendulkar a feminist. He shows how painful and torturous it is to indulge in loveless sex. Laxmi secretly regards Sakharam as her husband, because she cannot otherwise see herself in the kind of unsanctified union he proposes. She therefore, wears a mangalsutra in his name. She not only thinks Sakharam as her husband but also master and God and believes that her place is at his feet. We see in her a typical fidelity which is rooted in Indian culture practised by women, which mirrors cultural hegemony.

Laxmi is also a typical example for the dropouts of family and society at large. Tendulkar's concern for women is seen in her portrayal. But here is a difference between man and woman. Woman has to pay more price in Indian society when she is deserted by her family since she is dependent on man. Laxmi is thrown out of home by her husband because she does not beget children. She seeks shelter under the roof of Sakharam. Whether Sakharam is called 'a dehumanized brutal wretch' (Pandey, Barua 33) or 'confused hedonist' (Samant 67), it is to be understood that he is nothing but a product of our dehumanizing culture and surroundings.

Tendulkar's exposure of hypocrisy in the man- woman relationships in the marital life in the traditional Indian society through this play is quite unique. He tries to analyze the complex situations of human life. The

characters of Sakharam, Laxmi and Champa are the examples for three typical personalities in Indian modern society. Sakharam is treated negatively by his own parents and the feelings of his tender heart are hurt deeply. Unable to bear the torture of his father he leaves home at the age of eleven. From then he lives his life of a cactus. His frustration is reflected in his cruel and anti-human nature, being a victim of circumstances. He inherits his father's cruelty. Champa is an antithesis of Laxmi. She leaves her husband as she can no longer bear the sadistic torture of Shinde, while Laxmi is left by her husband for not bearing children. Champa never bothers about tradition. Her mother sells liquor and tobacco. Fouzedar Shinde comes to the shop on a raid and sees Champa. He takes her away from her mother even before she becomes a woman. The sadistic treatment of her husband makes her not only confident and courageous, but alienated and frigid. Champa becomes violent and aggressive due to these bitter circumstances she has undergone in life.

Champa is portrayed as a modern Hindu woman who struggles to establish the norms of the society at the cost of her self-respect. She likes Dawood for his human nature and she feels endeared with him. As she finds human love more in Dawood than in Sakharam, she wants to indulge in love making with Dawood. This is clearly seen when Sakharam becomes impotent. She is honest in what she does. Unlike Laxmi, she prefers human goodness to human tradition: She breaks the tradition in order to be human and humane. It is through Laxmi and Champa that

Tendulkar shows how deep-rooted women's exploitation in society exists. Laxmi is hegemonically suppressed, used and abused. But there is no 'reversal' in her realization; still resumes continuing in the same condition with more fervor. But Champa is different.

The play ends with Sakharam's pride shattered. The bitter critic of marriage as an institution is proved, at the end, to be a staunch

male chauvinist. Though he hated the tyrannical husbands, he himself is no better than them. Sakharam represents the double standards of patriarchy

The play *Sakharam Binder* not only explores man-woman relationships in the marital aspect but also human predicament through the glass window of the patriarchal society.

DARK DAYS COMING AHEAD

Dr. Suresh Chandra Pande*

Once unexpectedly
Sans prior intimations
With unequivocal verdict
In ethnic phonemes
She communicated in
A benevolent Gnome
An unearthly nixie
Came out of the blue
she accepted cordially
My humble hospitality
While dining together
An antique table witnessed
Our close cuddle
Bound by habit
We smoked together
Chatted lots of things
Formal & informal

Smoked again
An unending smoke
In the intervening time
Her left hand
Unmindfully drew the sketch
Of a sapling
/On the inner leaf
Of my cigarette box
Days weeks have gone by
/I want to intimate her
That the sapling
Has grown on my cigarette box
Flowers have come
Blooming blossoms
So now please/Come once more
Have a visit again
To see the reality of the past
And the futility
Of dark days Coming ahead.

*Poet, Nainital.

A CRY OF DISTRESS

Telugu Original: Aarta Nivedana Author: Elanaaga (Dr.Surendra Nagaraju)

Translator: N.S. Rachakonda

Did you think you were doing her a favour
by showering acid on her face
Or that you were decorating her neck
With the deep wounds of your knife

Oh Lover diabolical,
was this your parting gift?
To torture Your sweetheart w
ith a swan-like gait!

This definition of love your action betrays--
What loftiness of mind does it portray?

What words can describe
Your strange romantic and unbridled passion
Turned to destructive rage?

To a beloved dearer to you than life itself
A deadly danger, you proved yourself to be!

A fiend you were, but not a friend
You were a relentless pit of raging fire!

Strong as your desire might have been
How wrong of you to expect an echo
in her breast

Retired Physician, Visakhapatnam

Catastrophic the results
In not realising this simple truth

Violence--young man!-
Should not be a part of human nature.
Freedom is not the monopoly of some
But the prerogative of all.

The choice of a life partner
Is only sowing the seed for a delectable event
Unfolding in the fulfilment of a lifelong dream

Sentiments of love
do not sprout under iron heels
Nor do delicate buds of passion blossom
When bound up in fetters

Above all, my friend
Let sincere and sacred love be your goal
Place it on a pedestal
Remove your knife to the attic

Stand up and listen to the voice of distress
Just make but one turn
Towards the road of friendship and harmony
Rise victorious over a violent nature,
And enhance your moral stature!

EVERY HEART

Dr. D. Samarender Reddy*

Every heart has a story to tell
Stories of regrets of the past
Or anxieties about the future.

Every heart carries a burden
Burden of failed expectations
Or unfulfilled relationships.

Every heart has a store of tears
Tears for the sufferings felt

Of self or near and dear ones.

Every heart has a few dreams
Dreams of this and that
Or of some grander shores.

Every heart longs to connect
Connect with those around

Or with some nobler truth.

* Poet, Hyderabad

Time To Think

Henry Ford hired an efficiency expert to go through his plant. He said, "Find the nonproductive people. Tell me who they are, and I will fire them!"

The expert made the rounds with his clipboard in hand and finally returned to Henry Ford's office with his report. "I've found a problem with one of your administrators," he said. "Every time I walked by, he was sitting with his feet propped up on the desk. The man never does a thing. I definitely think you should consider getting rid of him!"

When Henry Ford learned the name of the man the expert was referring to, Ford shook his head and said, "I can't fire him. I pay that man to do nothing but think - and that's what he's doing."

Source: Internet

AMITAV GHOSH'S 'IBIS TRILOGY': A STUDY

Deepa Bavanasi*

During the past two decades Indo-Anglian Literature acquired a new change and life. The exploring thoughts on colonization, decolonization, recolonization and neo-colonization demonstrate the study of migration, diaspora and rootlessness in the works of talented second generation of Indian writers. Among the second generation writers, Amitav Ghosh occupies an important place. Each of his books is driven by his commitment to certain personal opinions and his own specific views. In the present study, an effort has been made to reach out to the substance of 'Ibis Trilogy' written by Amitav Ghosh. It is a post-colonial critique of the imperial exploration of the people of Asia. Two major historical phenomena act as a backdrop to the plot of the 'Ibis Trilogy' - 'The Great Experiment' which involved transport of indentured labour from India to work on the sugar plantations of Mauritius and the trade of opium between India and China. The British played a significant role in both of these. Ibis Trilogy has three novels-*Sea of Poppies* (2008), *River of Smoke*(2011) and *Flood of Fire*(2015). In the first, the story is set in the first half of the 19th century. It deals with the trade of opium between India and China run by the East India Company and the

trafficking of coolies from Calcutta to Mauritius. The trilogy gets its names from the ship, Ibis, on board which most of the main characters meet for the first time. These books are not easy books. They are fat and dense books. Each book of trilogy is quite different from the other. It is not like one long book divided into three books. The series is high on research. Ghosh went to many places in China, Hong Kong and Singapore and went through many books and documents in libraries. It all started in 2004. It was a very different and difficult research. The themes of these books are free trade, the opening up of China to the outside world and migration. The first two books, *The Sea of Poppies* and *The River of Smoke* deal with the events leading up to the first opium war. The third book, *The Flood of Fire* encompasses the military and non-military events revolving around the war, wherein English East India Company backed by British naval support wages a limited war against China, eventually arm-twisting the middle Kingdom to accept a trade deal that favoured the British.

Sea of Poppies:

Sea of Poppies is a story of troubled people. It is set prior to the opium wars, on the banks of holy river Ganges and in Calcutta. The characters in the novel are like poppy

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seeds that outgrow the field as if they form a sea. It is a story about understanding common and ill-fated people. Deeti, a simple woman is introduced at the very beginning of the novel. She is a dutiful mother and a housewife. Her husband Hukum Singh is a crippled man who works at Ghazipur opium factory. Deeti is given opium at the time of her marriage so that her brother-in-law could consummate the marriage in place of her infertile husband. Deeti begets a daughter, Kabutri, through her brother-in-law. After the death of her husband, she prepares to go through sati ritual but a well-wisher of Deeti, Kalua, comes to her help. He rescues her and they elope and stay together. For the conventional villagers this is not acceptable. As both of them cannot return home they become indentured servants on the Ibis, the ship. The Ibis becomes a refuge to the people who are troubled for one reason or another. Ibis' destiny is a tumultuous voyage across the Indian Ocean to the Mauritius Islands. The people on board are sailors, coolies and convicts. As they sail down the Hooghly and into the sea, their old family ties are washed away. They view themselves as ship brothers, who will build whole new lives for themselves in the remote islands where they are being taken. The other people of deprived sects on the ship are Neel, Paulette, Ah Fatt and others. They share a common past of disrespect. Paulette is the orphaned daughter of a French Botanist who passes as a coolie and Neel, an Anglophile Raja, wrongly sentenced to a penal colony on Mauritius. The panorama of characters makes this novel as a master piece in the fictional world.

River of Smoke:

The next novel of Amitav Ghosh is *River of Smoke*. In September 1838, a storm rages on the Indian Ocean and the Ibis is caught up in the whirl wind. When the seas settle, five men had disappeared—two lascars, two convicts and one other passenger. Among the survivors are Neel, Paulette and Deeti. The other ships are also caught in the same storm—'The Anahita', a vessel carrying opium to Canton and 'The Redruth', which is on a botanical expedition, also to Canton. This novel is woven on the warps of history with woofs of individual lives. It is the tale of a city—the city that is called Canton in the years that led to the first opium war that shocked China and caused its awakening. China is exposed to the modern western ideas and practices. The imperial mission of civilizing the natives in the colonies, teaching them the gospel of Jesus and of the free trade, and of making the world a better place for themselves was the central factor in this novel. In *River of Smoke*, Seth Bahram can be seen as an ally and Commissioner Lin Zexu as an antagonist of the imperial powers. Opium, the powerful economic force, is a very potent drug. It controls human brains and leads to addiction. Those who controlled the production and supply of opium also controlled its slaves. Opium became the medium of strengthening and expanding the Empire, as it generated huge revenues that went into the Empire building. The Chinese did not want none of British products. Opium became the medium of change when it was insidiously inserted into the Chinese market, legally and later, against

the law of the land. Lion Zexu was appointed imperial maritime commissioner in 1838 to stop the opium war (1839-42). The addicts of China suffered a lot. They wanted opium. So the Chinese emperor made a war against the British but the war ended with a shameful defeat for the Chinese. This defeat opened China to the Western influence and resulted in its modernization. Free trade was the excuse that the English merchants gave to explain away their unforgivable conduct. They had the license to exploit under the banner of free trade.

Flood of Fire:

The Third book of the Ibis trilogy is *Flood of Fire*. It deals with the fortunes of the travels on board after China's defeat in the opium war. It is 1839 and tension has been rapidly mounting between China and British India following the crackdown on opium smuggling by Beijing. With no resolutions in sight, the colonial government declares war. One of the vessels requisitioned for the attack, 'The Hind', travels eastwards from Bengal to China, sailing into the midst of the first opium war. The turbulent voyage brings together a diverse group of travellers, each with their own agenda to pursue. Among them is Kesari Sing, a havildar in the East India company who leads a company of Indian sepoys; Zachary Reid, an impoverished young sailor searching for his

lost love, and Shireen Modi, a determined widow enroute to China to reclaim her opium-trader husband's wealth and reputation. *Flood of Fire* follows a varied cast of characters from India to China, through the outbreak of the first opium war and China's devastating defeat, to Britain's seizure of Hong Kong. It is a beautiful novel in its own right, and a compelling conclusion to an epic and sweeping story.

The trilogy involved a tremendous amount of research by the novelist on Opium war. Ghosh says that he loved every character that populates the trilogy. He enjoyed writing about all the characters. The Ibis trilogy is not a lineal series, we can read any of the books as stand-alone novels as well. Ghosh says that there is a sense of loss with the end of the series, but argues that he will not miss any of the characters. "They are always with me. They have become an important part of my life", (interview to *The Hindu*, *The Beginning of an End*) says Amitav Ghosh. Post the trilogy, Ghosh is working on a couple of non-fictional projects, one of them dealing with research he undertook for the series.

Through Ibis Trilogy, Amitav Ghosh has carved for himself a niche of distinction in contemporary Indian fiction in English and has attained great internal fame.

WILL I RETURN MY CERTIFICATE?

N. Meera Raghavendra rao*

When I read recipients of national awards have returned their awards (some along with cash received) to protest 'growing intolerance in the country', and the government stifling their freedom of expression, their act left me thinking. I wondered if the famous writer R.K. Narayan, who was the first recipient of the *Sahitya Academi* award in English for his novel *Guide* would have followed suit or must have thought it wise not to join the rest of the authors who protested against increasing intolerance. Talking about institutions I was shocked to find a prestigious business school in Chennai is shutting down one of its departments shortly. Again I am reminded of my own Alma Mater, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan where I underwent a part time post graduate diploma course in journalism which was started in 1970 along with similar courses in Marketing and Advertising. We were 39 students in all, 34 men (all working) and five women, all fresh graduates. We had an excellent part time faculty, professional journalists (one of them qualified from Columbia School of Journalism and worked abroad) working for *the Hindu*, *Indian Express* and *the Mail*, who taught us Reporting, Editing and Writing, the core subjects. Our principal, Shri S.A.

Govindarajan whom we all were very fond of was strict with a smile. Mr. V.P.V. Rajan of the Mail succeeded him and continued his association with the institution for a number of years. Unfortunately, the college saw several principals thereafter and one fine day due to extraneous reasons closed down a few years ago. I take pride in the fact that some of the alumni are placed in senior positions in newspaper organizations and have turned into published authors of quite a few books which are doing well. (To my knowledge I am the only alumni, belonging to the first batch of students of journalism who has been pursuing my journey of 45 years in writing having published seven books in different genres ever since I passed out in 1971).

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was started by Dr. Kulapathi K.M. Munshi on seventh November 1938 with the blessings of Mahatma Gandhi. Born on December 30, 1887, Munshi was a versatile personality, a philosopher in action, a man of great ideas and great courage and multifaceted genius. He believed in the saying 'It is Never too late to learn' and besides the various cultural activities Bhavan strode to promote Indian culture, equal importance to education at different levels was given as well by the founder of this great institution. To attain this objective apart from schools (CBSE) and colleges run by the

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institution spread all over the country , professional part time post graduate diploma courses were introduced a few decades ago in some cities and towns for the convenience of working people. It's heartening to find that the college continues to run part time post graduate diploma courses in major cities and towns where it has started with the exception in Chennai .Here it started with a bang in 1970 and ended in a whimper a few years

ago .I write this with nostalgia and a heavy heart but certainly I am not going to return my certificates received for post graduate diploma in journalism, certificate courses in Public relations and Public speaking (I stood first in both) which I underwent in this institution because what little success I achieved in my field ,I owe it to the dedicated part time faculty of Bhavan's college and loyalty to the institution.

UNTIL ETERNITY

Manojna Potturi*

The bond between a mother and child
 So beautifully unbreakable
 The mother Earth
 Her infant tree
 A strong, valiant infant
 A love so intimate
 So strong at the roots
 The roots which pass life
 Life from mother to child
 The roots which keep near
 The child to her dear
 Roots which creep deep
 Deep to the heart
 Roots that channel love
 The mother expresses by giving life
 But what means does the child hold
 On an autumn morning
 A chilly morning,

The tree drops her best flower
 Floating down
 Dancing with the breeze
 It falls down to the Earth
 As a gift of love
 A gift every year
 One flower
 One love
 From child to her mother
 The mother keeps the gifts
 So lovingly sent
 As the heap gets bigger
 Her tree gets weaker
 Her child gets older
 Then comes that day
 When the tree says goodbye
 And falls
 Falls straight
 Into her mother's embrace
 A peaceful slumber
 Until eternity

* 14 year old, Hyderabad

MULK RAJ ANAND'S 'UNTOUCHABLE' Great Religion Or Great Culture Is A Sense Of Oneness In Society

Dr. V. Giri Prasad*

Mulk Raj Anand is back all times. We can say the bard is back. Although born in a higher caste, as a child Anand mixed freely with the children or the outcastes attached to his father's regiment, and such friendship far off from caste divisions had continued to his youth. These early playmates and friends became heroes of the novel *Untouchable*. The novel *Untouchable* portrays the life of an urban dalit. The protagonist is Bakha, a scavenger by profession. Bakha desires to buy coats, boots, and putties from the rag-sellers's shop. His financial constraints and social limitations force him not to enter the shops. He glances at the items from outside the shop. A sepoy presents a pair of boots and encourages Bakha but Bakha fears that the shop owner may beat him by recognizing his language. Through this incident we can understand that the social practices are stringent and that the untouchables are placed inferior to the other castes. The untouchables are placed at a distance from the sociological currents of society. The economic status of dalits also keeps them backward in different spheres of life. One of the inferences we can draw from this situation is that if the dalits are to dress like the upper castes and speak like them, their life styles must improve, which can

only happen when their economic condition improves. Anand says good culture comes from education. Education is dependent on economic conditions. Bakha wants to go to school. His father tells him: "*The schools are meant for babus not for untouchables*". (37)

Anand says that upper castes feel that educating the lower castes amounts to degradation of the Hindu society. There are two pathetic conditions when Bakha goes to purchase the red-lamp cigarettes and jilebis. The shopkeepers exploit Bakha because of his low status. He joins his hands and begs to know where he could keep the coin. The shopkeeper points to a spot. The beetle-leaf seller sprinkles water over the coin before taking it. After purifying the coin, he picks up the nickel piece and puts it in the cash box and throws a packet, "as a butcher might throw a bone to an insistent dog sniffing around the corner of a shop." We can see that purifying the coin is very humiliating. Professor I.V.Chalapathi Rao in his article Indian Democracy-Political Classes, dated July 2014 mentions that after 65 years of independence "we are socially divided, economically backward, politically unstable, ethically depraved, culturally confused and spiritually blind." Anand is preoccupied mainly with three problems of society. The problem

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of oppression and exploitation of the lower classes by the upper classes, the tyranny and torture by the higher castes towards lower castes of Hindu society, and the ignorance and superstition of the people caused by illiteracy and orthodoxy. He viewed that these are hurdles to the progress of the society.

It is interesting to note that Gandhian thought converted Anand to a deeper and more liberal humanism and freed him from the Marxist ideology fashionable in 1920s and 1930s. Recalling his participation in Gandhi's civil disobedience movement in 1921 when he was a college student in Amritsar, Anand describes how he came under Gandhi's spell. "I became vaguely interested in his idea, particularly in the ethics of simple living that he was insisting in the press. Spinning, weaving and weaving of home spun, the campaign against untouchability and the great doctrine

of *Ahimsa*, Non-violence as practiced in the liberation movement."

Anand portrays three convenient solutions which would emancipate the outcastes. 1. The Gandhian approach, 2. The mechanical device and 3. Conversion to Christianity. Gandhi says untouchability is the greatest blot in Hinduism. Sheena Shukkar says, in India, caste system is functioning as gender system in the whole society. If we take the report in the year 2015, there is much violence taking place in India specially about caste. How can India be developed? When we say India has a great culture, it should mean 'equality among people not hypocrisy, not oppression, not discrimination, not casteism, it means India has a fine culture free from discrimination.

Great religion or great culture is a sense of oneness in society

GOD, ALMIGHTY!

Dr. Anuradha Veluri*

You and you alone can perceive
The past, present and future.
Man, in Nature's lap,
Wonders if he can clap
To get through a SAP!

Oblivious he does become,
Of the source he has come from,
Futile are our trials,
Fragile are our lives,
Docile are our claims,
Forgetful are we, to run and roll after trivialities,
Losing our tempers,
With little realization that,
Our journey ought to be towards You.

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BETTERING ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION OF THE TELUGU MEDIUM STUDENTS THROUGH SONGS AND RHYMES

Pavan Kumar Nowbattula*

Over the years the concept of language learning acquired a new dimension. Some researchers believe that maximum exposure to a language will result in learning. Exposure can be through presenting language in a systematic way. But, some believe that language can be presented through natural conversation outside the class. Without language no one can communicate with one another. The most common language to communicate with others is English. English is the compulsory language in education, today. To compare, there is much discrimination between regional medium students and English medium students in acquiring second language, i.e. English. Most of the students are unable to learn English since they are completely habituated with their mother tongue and having lack of awareness in the significance of English language and communication skills. English language teachers are also helpless in improving regional medium students, especially Telugu medium students' strength in English and communication skills.

Creating communicative competence in the students is a crucial objective of the English Language Teaching. The teacher must inculcate the interest of learning English in the

minds of the Telugu medium students to improve their competence in communication with English medium students. What the teacher has to do to develop such an interest among the students is he/she should apply activities in the classroom.

The present attempt mainly focuses on improving the receptive skills of the regional medium learners to improve productive skills. There has been a close link between the receptive skill, listening and the productive skill, speaking. Listening is the most important skill to enhance other related skills, such as speaking, reading and writing. In the words of N. Krishnaswamy, "Without listening, no speaking is possible. So, in order to speak one has to listen" (89). Hence, both listening and speaking skills are inter-connected. Learning by listening to pronunciation enhances one's ability in speaking.

Pronunciation involves the phonemic sounds, the stress and the pitch tone while speaking. Most of the teachers teach pronunciation in the classroom, just by showing the phonemic symbols to the students and pronouncing orally. Some teachers of English language have been using audio aids to teach the pronunciation. That is what happens in the present scenario and that is the main reason why pupils are not showing

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interest towards learning such things. The learners of Telugu medium always try to speak in English only with their L1 (mother tongue) influence, as they are strictly locked with their mother tongue since their childhood.

Getting the leverages of music can create a model atmosphere for language learning since songs can link the brain's fragments and build the retention more flexible due to the supplementary functions as the right fragment acquires the melody while the left deals with the words. More generally, music in language teaching provides a rich-sounding atmosphere. The musical approach is a possible educational option that can build up the English learners' knowledge of tone, sounds, etc.

During the English language classes, it was observed that most of the learners were not aware of pronouncing the words and spellings properly. For an instance, one of the Telugu medium undergraduate students mispronounced the word "pick" as "pig", when he was asked to speak something about the context the teacher discussed in the classroom. Another student of the same class, who adopted English as his medium, pronounced correctly. Similarly, the word "pills" was also mispronounced as "bills" by some learners in the same class.

The regional medium students often mispronounce the words and spellings in the class. The teacher also accepts that and does not correct the wrong pronunciation uttered by the students in the classroom.

The teacher should catch the attention and interests of the students and should implement various methods to enhance their skills in English. It is obvious that what people listen to consistently, they speak the same in their day to day lives. Many people, today, are interested in dialogues delivered by their favorite actors and actresses, songs, etc. Through such elements, students can be trained in pronunciation. And even through rhymes, the teacher can empower the students to enhance their English pronunciation. Whatever the standard of the students is, from kindergarten to under-graduation or post-graduation, the process can be the same. Nursery rhymes can also be helpful in improving the utterance of English words. To opine, Muffin songs are better references. The nursery rhyme, we all know, "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" is one of the best rhymes for our research.

Practicing listening to the songs and rhymes continuously and singing them, the learners of English can enhance their listening and speaking abilities in terms of second or foreign language sensitivity. Many authors searched and researched various innovative things in this subject. But, teachers still are unable to implement such material in their teaching, may be due to time constraints or lack of awareness regarding these things.

Playing the songs and rhymes in English can improve the interest of the students in learning and can improve their abilities in listening and speaking skills. Today, most of the learners are interested in songs. And it is

also one of the best materials for learning in and around the classroom and even outside the classroom. Students spend much time to practice in listening to songs and rhymes. Hence, teachers of English language should

motivate them to utilize the time to practice such listening activities and to grab the pronunciation that they can grasp. By consistent listening, one can easily enhance one's ability in speaking.

THE CREATIVE PARADOX

RMV Raghavendra Rao*

"No writing is creative!"

"All writing is creative!"

"Only some writing is creative!"

Poet Banabhatta has, of course, only Left the 'chewed cud' for later writers. But Kalidasa's *Upamas* (similes) Inspire us even for more.

And even a house-wife's grocery list is creative. If the creative hunger had not been ravenous,

Would there ever be dawn in the caves!

Would 'dark-beauty' and 'wise-fool'

Forever be a part of our living phenomena!

Will not the Maid Muse's celestial fire

Be burning down to ashes eon's of corrupt chronicles!

The 'Cosmic third eye' is raining

Its creative canon into the human muse,

The magnetic mother is forever commissioned By its passive infant stirring under the debris of destruction.

* Poet, Houston/ Dallas USA

EGO

B.V. Prithvi*

When distress follows empathy,
Tremor and shiver of the fear,
That he might come to conquer,
Into the deepest veins of heart,
And make him sober apart...

Against overwhelming odds,
Acknowledged by goodness,
Still he remained a black hole,
And black hole - I mean it all!!!
For the odds to wash away,
And created by human race,
It needs bright limelight,
To keep hearts tight and right...

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THE HINDU HOME: RE-DISCOVERED

Dr. Bhogaraju Pattabhi Sitaramayya*

So engrossed is India in her politics and so enraged is she at her slavery, that she has little time left to examine her own social laws and domestic institutions. Indian newspapers do not devote a line to the study of the Indian Home as do the English papers. But what is infinitely worse, the educated Indians have accepted the ready-made appraisements of their customs and manners by globe-trotters, missionary sojourners, civilian critics and interested political opponents of their country. Their discontent with their own homes has been little concealed and it is Sir George Birdwood that had the vision to see and the frankness to declare that the English-educated Indian is disgusted with his own home and hearth, his mother and sister, and his wife. If that is the result of our education, we cannot be very proud of it. But that is also the result of the silent influence exercised by one civilization over another, more especially when the two meet on unequal terms. The civilization of the ruling race is always bound to set the pace for the subject people and the latter are apt to imagine that the fashions and fancies of their rulers must be accepted.

* Dr. Bhogaraju Pattabhi Sitaramayya was a renowned Freedom Fighter, a very illustrious personality and the historian of the Indian National Congress. He was a qualified doctor. He established Andhra Bank

The King - The Social Head, Absent:

In a self-governing country, the king is not merely the political head of the State but the leader of society. The king's subjects imitate the court dresses and the court manners. When a custom has to be changed, all that has to be done is for the king and queen to inaugurate the change, and this one example puts the royal imprimatur upon innovations in age-long customs and makes them current in society. Likewise the tone of morals, the code of ethics and the sense of amour propre which must guide, direct and control society, always owe their origin to the monarchs that sway the hearts of people as much as they rule the destinies of the nation. In a country like England where the political powers of the king are altogether curtailed, the value and importance of kingship lies in the compensating increase in the status and position of the king and the queen as the heads of society. The court is the means of bringing them into touch with the aristocrats of the land, and from the aristocrats, alike of culture and wealth, ideas and ideals filter to the populace. In India, unfortunately, there is neither king nor queen who are at piece with the people, who think out their social problems, share with them their domestic embarrassments, and strive in common with them for the solution of the numerous social and domestic questions that confront them from day to day.

Religious Heads-Discredited:

While the hold of the political head of the country on matters relating to society has disappeared, that of the religious heads has considerably been discredited and weakened- and this for obvious reasons. A purely secular education imparted by avowed antagonists of Hindu society and religion, or agencies who have taken up an equally avowed attitude of neutrality towards these problems, has helped to shift attention from them altogether and left them to suffer either by default or under misrepresentation, cavil and abuse. I would now plead for a little attention to these seemingly trivial problems of home and society.

Home Suffered More Than Society

As between home and society, it is perhaps difficult to draw a fine line of demarcation. It is the multitude of homes that make up society. Yet it is not impossible to distinguish affairs social from those purely domestic. In the domain of society, we have given a little attention, chiefly under the helpful criticism of some of the earlier Christian missionaries to questions like the abolition of caste, widow- marriage and women's education. But we have left the home severely alone. It has been left either to take care of itself or no care has been taken of it at all. Boys who spend the formative period of their lives in hostels or hotels and colleges are divorced from the domestic environment, where alone there is room for the cultivation

of emotions. They spend their time in towns and are seldom anxious to return to their village homes during the vacation. They have no theatres or cinemas there, nor have they restaurants and clubs. The lime-light of towns yields place to little castor-oil lamps, and in place of the motor bus and car, one comes across the village labourer plodding his weary way home with his plough and his team of lean oxen. Our boys feel as strangers in their own homes. They are out of tune with the celebration of the national festivals, and the gods and goddesses worshipped by their mothers and sisters do not appeal to their imagination. The ceremonies, the religious rites, the annual observances, are all Latin and Greek to them. Most of our young men have no grounding in Sanskrit and cannot therefore follow the significance of the religious outlook which the Hindu home always strives to cultivate. The fact is that nations having self-government are proud of their kings and statutes, their religion and philosophy, their culture and civilization, their customs and manners, their art and ethics. We who have no kingdom of our own, have no country, have no society, have no homes. We have to rediscover them, reinterpret them and to recover them.

Outstanding Features Of The Home:

To the observant eye, the cardinal features of the Hindu Home are its quadrangular house, its joint family, its intense domestic affections, its religious basis, the high status accorded to its women, the equity with

which its laws of heritage work, and the spirit of hospitality that pervades the home. None of these is a perfection in itself. The reasons for it may be many. For instance 'arrested development' and 'disuse atrophy' may be two potent causes for the imperfections noticeable in respect of these attributes. For more than ten centuries, foreigners have been ruling the country. And India is sharply divided into two sections, -the one directly under alien rule, and the other indirectly so, being under the rule of titular Indian sovereigns who preserve some of the effete ancient customs, but have neither personality nor power left to them and are themselves aping western ways and fashions. Nevertheless, the contrast between Indian India and British India is not only noticeable but glaring in many respects. Both have albeit come under the blighting influence of a new age, and the innovations worked out in the home and society have the unfortunate character of being haphazard, ill thought-out and unorganized. They are not as if a new sadachara has been inaugurated by the wisdom and example of good men and true, but they are the outgrowths or tubers that disfigure the trunk of the national civilization and sap its strength. A careful examination of each of the attributes enumerated, would show that the changes, -call them the reforms, if you please-introduced into home and society are more the result of recklessness than reason, and in either case, lack that spontaneous character of changes worked out under the unobtrusive influence of recognized heads of society, and appealing to the popular mind as much through instinct as through reason.

The Quadrangular House:

Let us start with a model Hindu house. It is a quadrangular enclosure, admitting light and air into the very centre of the house, and placing the inmates in constant touch with the star-spangled Heavens and the blue firmament. They are enabled to lead an open air life. A house so constituted is expansive and bound to be hospitable. The ideal is to accommodate a thousand people at dinner in the four verandahs around the quadrangle. That is an ambitious ideal to be sure, but all ideals are ambitious. Their value lies in the principles they embody. The Hindu home is unprepossessing at the entrance, except for the magnificent threshold richly carved. The craftsman seldom stipulates the charges for executing it. His is the choice to prepare one that will be in keeping with the rest of the house. A common gateway is at first fixed by the family carpenter, and some day, after or before grihapravesam, he brings the permanent, artistic one and fixes it and takes his present, -not price-and goes his way. No one may dictate to the carpenter or the mason. They do their work in accordance with the shasthras and these may be relied upon, alike for sanitation and engineering, for comfort and beauty. No naked and unadorned beam is allowed. The western portion is reserved for the dining-hall. To its south is the kitchen well-lighted and aired. The house simply expands and brightens as you go from the drawing-room to the dining-hall. It is commodious where it ought to be. The deeper you enter, the more hospitable does it prove, even as a good

householder would show, only when you study him deeper and deeper, how he conceals a capacious heart behind perhaps a crude exterior. Suites of rooms are constructed on either side of the inner quadrangle. (There are two such quadrangles in the better class of houses). If to-day, the quadrangles have become contracted and even closed, they only show how the spirit suffers behind the letter, and how in the modern age, men's hearts and openness are contracting and becoming cribbed. When Keir Hardie came to India, he was taken to the kitchen of an Ayangar home. He was struck by the marvellous cleanliness of the culinary apartments, the bright shining brass and bell-metal ware, the perfect orderliness of the store-room, the sacred niche in the wall for the family god, and the composite and clean character of the whole structure. Nor could he see a heap of debris-feathers of birds, jills of fish, and bones of animals, and caked-up gore, just behind the kitchen, as he did in the European bungalows, which are clean and beautiful and artistic at the exterior, but betray few of these attributes either at the kitchen or in the backyard. It is the first morning duty of the Hindu mother or wife to sweep the whole house, -frontage, rooms and courtyard, sprinkle water mixed with cow-dung and allay the dust, and make artistic *kolams* (*Muggulu*) with a mixture of chunam and fine paddy-husk. Day in, day out, the ideal of cleanliness and beauty is borne in upon the children of the home by the elders of the family.

The Joint Family:

The plan of the Hindu house has been designed for the joint family. Just as the joint family has been broken up by modern conditions of life, even so the quadrangular house has yielded place to houses of the bungalow style. Really the Hindu household is a co-operative society of credit, production and consumption. The male adults divide the functions equally or equitably. While one member looks after cattle, another attends to agriculture, a third manages the household affairs, and a fourth looks to money matters and, in the latter days, litigation. No one ever robs another, and all place implicit faith in one another. Unfortunately this co-operative unit has been broken up by the non-co-operation of the brothers that have received an un-co-operative English education. The graduate in Arts and Medicine, or Arts and Law, sets up his practice, hoards his earnings and conceals them, and claims a share in the patrimony. The elder brothers that slave and toil the whole day have to share the spoils with the younger brother, who however reserves the 'gains of his learning' unto himself and his town-bred wife. On the women's side, the ideal of corporate life is still preserved. The supreme ideal of the mother is to tend the children, manage the household, and look after the dairy, the kitchen and the children. The educated brother and his wife, however, live apart and live for themselves and maintain little contact with his brothers beyond drawing them into litigation for statement of family accounts. The old ideals of village life have

disappeared. When a marriage is celebrated, yarn and ghee from the whole village used to be placed at the disposal of the family most needing them, on the implied understanding that these amenities would be returned to others during their need in turn. All this is a chapter of past history. We do not know how our relations are, much less do we know or care for our neighbour. The ideal of the individual has displaced that of the corporate, separatist interests have prevailed over those of the joint. Rights have supplanted duties. The old saying that every Englishman's house is a castle, which merely means every individual's home is the citadel of his rights, is really a fort through which society protects him and those rights of his, -this has conquered the hearts of educated men in India, whose homes, besides being homes for the family, were never citadels, but guest-houses, shelters for the poor, orphanages and centres of philanthropic interest.

The Ideal Of Marriage:

The outstanding feature of the Hindu home is the intense domestic affections prevailing amongst the members of the family, and even near relations outside the family. The Hindu husband and wife, the Hindu father and mother, the Hindu brother and sister, son-in-law and daughter-in-law; mother-in-law and father-in-law, each deserves a chapter for himself or herself. It is true, that the system of marriage, which is the basis of the family, does not centre round that principle of wooing in the limelight. This is virtually unknown to the Hindu family, and if any wooing takes place

at all, it is the wooing of the bride's family with the bride- groom's. The whole principle is the principle of engrafting, -engrafting one twig on another tree, one girl on to another family, and if the graft is to take, it must be engrafted while yet it is tender and its individuality is undeveloped. The choice of husband and wife is made by the parents who think out the best measures and methods for effecting a union, not merely between two individuals, but between two families. Society thus becomes a group of corporate families, knit together by ties of close relationship, with the utmost spirit of democracy prevailing within each group, but each group preserving its integrity, individuality and purity, by a kind of isolation so far as inter-marriages are concerned, and a less rigid isolation so far as inter-dining is concerned. These groups are analogous to the bundles of nerve fibres and muscular fibres held together by connective tissue and membrane, but all responding to one common impulse emanating from a common centre. Thus constituted, the Hindu home, while rigidly safeguarding its integrity, individuality and purity, extends its hospitality alike to the Moslem brother, and to the panchama farm-servant, and treats them with the utmost tenderness and consideration. It represents really a series of concentric circles, with love radiating from the centre to every circumference. In order, therefore, to understand the spirit of Hindu marriage, you must view it as a sacrament rather than as a contract, yea, rather than even as a sentiment. We are not unaware of the high ideals of love, love at first sight, love sedulously cultivated and nurtured, which is supposed to be at the

root of the marriage ideal in the West. But dispassionate observers will agree that, alike in the West and in the East, marriage is both a success and a failure, and if percentages are at all a guidance to us, there is as much to be said in favour of the Indian system as of the western. If marriage is a business proposition, then the Hindu system has nothing to be ashamed of. If it is a love-affair, the half-an-hour halt of a railway train at Indianapolis in U. S. A. for divorce at the railway station, perhaps over the quarrels picked up on the way; the one year, two year, and three year experimental marriages that have recently come into vogue in America; the challenging of the marital tie in Soviet Russia; the French laws that declare a child, legitimate if born within six months after marriage; the English system that compels, and very rightly, a man of whatever nationality to marry a maid that has been betrayed by him, -all these must make us think twice before we deliver our verdict in favour of the western system. If the tug of war is between love and ethics, then we have nothing to recant in enforcing ethics, even at the expense of love, but broadly speaking, we have accepted Goldsmith's ideal of marriage being the best for the average man and average woman, yea for every man and woman, in preference to that other ideal of men choosing to remain single and claiming the right to remain a bachelor and to speak ill of society. When once this ideal is accepted, child-marriage, or at any rate, parental choice follows. I hold no brief for either. In modern conditions, we may have to change, and social reformers have been at pains to reorganise society and to infuse into it new life and vigour.

We wish all success to them. But institutions of standing must be understood, reinterpreted, and if necessary regained. After all, child-marriages in India are the rule only with a community which forms barely three per-cent of the population, and even there, provinces have their own exceptions.

Intense Domestic Affections:

We have digressed into the question of marriage, as it is the key to the family, and family ties and affections. Dealing with the question of affections itself, the first point to notice is that the married son is not constituted at once ipso facto as a separate unit of society, is not sent out and turned adrift. He is as much a part of the family as ever before, while his wife is a daughter newly acquired, who is treated with all the tenderness and care due to such an acquisition. Doubtless, differences spring up between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law, but they are the inevitable offshoots of that jealousy between the mother and the wife for the attentions of the son. The mother feels that the boy, who is her own begotten son, whom she nursed and tended, whom she brought up and educated, whom she married and settled in life, has slipped out of her hands, no more cares for her company, seldom consults her in domestic affairs, and is enslaved by a new queen of his heart. Soon, that child whom she looked up for months for the son before his marriage, whose family she wooed, whom her son wedded, who was a daughter unto her when her own daughters had left her home, on whom she hoped to rest in her old age, has become a rival that

has stolen the heart of her son, an enemy in the home. I have painted this picture in lurid colours. But there is nothing untrue in the criticism. While this is so, let us see how modern conditions have disrupted the intimate ties of the inmates of the Hindu family. When the young man returns from the college to his village home after the close of his studies, he finds himself a stranger in a strange land. Town life and hostel life have this-distinct disadvantage, namely, that they estrange him from his sister and brother. He has nothing in common with his brother whose interests and outlook are rural; while perhaps it is some years since he ever saw his married sister, his nephews he has not seen at all, and probably he was absent in the stress of college life from the marriage of his sister and brother, nephew or niece. He has perchance not seen his aunt after his uncle's death, and does not know how many sons and daughters his uncles or aunts, maternal or paternal, have or where they have married or how they are situated. After the close of the college career, the young man has to rediscover all these relationships, and very soon the affections dormant in him for so long become rekindled. They flame forth ere long in all their brightness and beauty, and until he begets his own daughter, his little nephew and niece engage his affections; for, in the Hindu home, the grandson and the granddaughter grow as often and as much on the lap of the grand-mother or the grandfather, as in the arms of the mother and the father. We might go on unfolding the working of the young man's heart, its daily expansive growth, its ever-widening receptivity, but sufficient unto the day is the description thereof. I would only

ask, 'where is the Hindu home where a few boys outside the family circle, nephews or cousins, distant relations or unconnected urchins, are not brought up with care and concern', and it behoves the young men of the day when they settle down in life, to copy the noble example of a passing generation.

The Woman's Status:

This naturally leads us to a consideration of the status of the woman in the Hindu home. How often have we not heard the hackneyed phrase that the Hindu woman is chattel and goods, having no personality or position! Yet, a more perverse reading of truth we have not come across. If the transport of the woman from the father's house to the husband's makes woman chattel and goods, then all countries are equally guilty of sending such consignments. But in India more than in any other civilized country exists, notably amongst certain well-to-do non-brahman communities, and in Kerala, the system of husbands going to their wives. Amongst the kammias of Andhradesa, the daughter remains with her mother and the husband goes to her until she bears two or three children, when she and her children will join the father-in-law's home. Apparently the idea is that she must acquire status before she joins the new home. The period of probation, usually spent by the girls in a large section of the Hindus with the mother-in-law, is abridged in this case. Only, it is the son-in-law that undergoes the probation. In the south, the son-in-law of the family is the 'son-in-law' or 'Mapilai' of the village. 'Has Mapilai come' 'when will Mapilai

go" 'what is Mapilai doing', is the popular way of friendly enquiries. Amongst the kshathriyas of the Andhradesa, the son-in-law is so much revered by the village that it is the duty of the first kshathriya 'house-holder who sights him at the village boundary, to invite the incoming son-in-law, and he should accept the invitation and may not go straight to the father-in-law's place. Whether it is the son-in-law or the daughter-in-law that undergoes probation, the process itself is passed through by all people in life, men and women, tradesmen, journeymen, lawyers and politicians. And why not by housewives? Even a member of the Servants of India Society has to pass through a period of unquestioning obedience to the First Member during the first five years of his career, and during that time, talk nothing, write nothing, say nothing, except under control and supervision. We all know how a young lawyer begins his career while devilling for a senior, how a clerk having in him the potentialities of a collector remains humble, self-repressing and obedient, and bides his time. All the while, his faculties are developing and his emotions are being kindled. So is the young Hindu daughter-in-law. For a time she is tended with the affection due to a daughter. Then she becomes an object of jealousy. Finally, she establishes herself as the queen of the house. Institutions are devised by which, through vratams and ceremonies, she is introduced to the mother-in-law's village, relations, and friends. She controls the servants ere long, handles the finances of the family, supervises the dairy, secures the crops, and manages the farm and domestic servants. When her daughters and sons are to be married, it is her

will that rules and her voice that prevails. The husband, the nominal head of the family, is really its major domo. He has to slave all day long, earn and provide for the home, till and sow, build and furnish. The queen of the home is busy in her own way. She may not go out in sun, but she is tied up to the hearth. We seldom know what a toil it is to get ready things for the kitchen. The rice has to be cleared of stones, the vegetables washed of their sand, little insects have to be weeded out from green leaves. To separate the grit from the common salt of the sea is a job for the housewife. To sift the particles of sand from condiments and spices, such as mustard and anathe is a task for which I would easily exchange the lifting of a hundred-weight load or the walking of a twenty-mile distance. Women take their part in life equally with men, and in recognition of it, the Hindu woman is soon installed in the position of the head of the family. She is not a suffragette. But equality is a disrupting force, not a uniting one. That is how the French Revolution has virtually failed and the shibboleths of the 18th century have yielded place to the cementing forces of Nationalism in the 19th. Love is a quality that implies regard behind it, and mutual regard only springs from a sense of mutual subordination. It is this sentiment that lies at the root of the success of the Hindu home. Where a husband takes a false view of life and accounts himself the superior of his spouse, he becomes either a brute or figures in society as a failure. Most of you may have seen the picture of a couple before marriage and that after marriage in the stereoscope. For the old nursery song, after all, embodies a truth when it says,

When tabors played their best
 With lamps above and laughs below,
 'Love me', sounded like a jest
 Fit for 'yes' or fit for 'no'.
 And it takes a little time to discover that colors
 seen by candle light are not the same by day.

Emotions Kindled:

The Hindu home is the training ground alike for intellect and emotions. The carefulness with which the emotions are nurtured surpasses all expectation. From the dawn of childhood to the onset of old age, lessons in emotional training are being constantly imparted. Folk-tales and stories of epic and historic interest are narrated by old women to children day in, day out, and help to brighten their imagination. Almost the first experience that opens out the hearts of children is the system, prevalent in the poorest of homes, -but alas! fast beginning to disappear from the richer ones, -of distributing alms every day. Attention is thus called to the poor and their unenviable lot, and when one child of five was taught the meaning of a Telugu verse extolling the virtues of mercy and truth, and was roughly told that it meant the cultivation of the instinct of helpfulness to the poor, he at once confronted the father who was turning away the beggar in the street empty-handed: 'Is this your *Daya* (mercy) and your *satyam* (truth)? It is thus that the child is taught to be kind, hospitable and generous. The attention and respect accorded to the guests in the Hindu home is something marvellous. Most elaborate rules have been formulated and even most unreasonable concessions are allowed, in the

matter of honoring guests. The master of the house must go out to see before dinner whether any one is waiting, and the guests themselves are classified into those that come in time and those coming out of time. Both are alike entitled to the householder's sathkaram. We have been taunted civilization is not an organization. It is an outgrowth, artificial and superficial. Nature's bounties in the Orient, the indulgences permitted by a tropical climate, and the spiritual bent of the national tradition, have minimized our wants as well as our endeavours. And we need suffer neither from that militarism which is organization for war, or that industrialism which is organization in peace, which really constitute the bones of life in the west. Thank Providence that we are left free to develop our intellect and emotions as befits the human mind and the human soul!

Religious Atmosphere:

If religion is the development of the emotions in man so as to advance him in his march Godward, then surely the Hindu home is the best training ground that can be thought of in order to evolve a religious bias in the child's mind. The whole scheme of social life, both for boys and girls, attuned to religious key. You may not worship the idols at home in your new iconoclasm, but the celebration of festivals, so assiduously attended to by the Hindu mother, has the inescapable effect of making the children devotional and religious. These festivals, whether seasonal or historic, or astronomical, enjoin on the Hindu youth the admiring worship of Nature, the reverential

praise of ancestors (heroes, martyrs and saints), and the devotional prayer to the avatars of the Almighty. Our gods and goddesses have been described and even decreed as monsters, but the standpoint of judging Religious Art apart, it must be admitted that gods have never been intended as statues of beauty, and substitutes in the temple of the home, for the dainty girls of the drawing-room or the promenade. An atmosphere is created for worship, and the scheme of worship-with its fasts and prayers, its songs and vigils, its bhajans and sankeerthan, its vratham and ceremonies, its festivals and enjoyments, has been admirably designed to draw out all that is best in the child-mind, the boy-mind and the girl-mind, in the adult-mind, and in the mind of middle age and advanced life.

Summary:

The Hindu home is what it is, because of the equities observed between brother and brother in the distribution of property, of the tender regard for woman and the delicacy with which she is handled and engrafted on to a new family, of the intimate domestic affections sedulously nurtured, of the ever-widening circle of relations admitted to charity, of the early care bestowed on the development of emotions and the cultivation of a religious outlook. To me, the Hindu home is a fine economic unit and an embryonic co-operative society. It is a model hygienic abode, a cultural and emotional centre, a miniature philanthropic organization and a perfect temple of Praise and Prayer. It is hard to reconcile oneself to the policy of detaching the young boys and

the young girls from its sobering, elevating, chastening and purifying impulses. The school and the college may supplement the culture and training of the home, but may not supplant them. But for the conservatism of the Hindu home, Indian Nationalism would have been dead and buried ten centuries ago, and clean forgotten long before the battle of Plassey. We are free to own the numerous drawbacks of the home, both domestic and social. In an age of transition, we cannot be blind to the changing requirements of the times. The lot of the widow, however austere conceived, cries out to the hearts of all living beings for sympathy, and amelioration and adequate provision in that behalf-educational, economic and hymeneal, may yet help to bring out child-marriages in their brighter side. And too, it is necessary to provide better laws of heritage so as to make the girls participants in patrimony in a measure-at least in the measure in which our Moslem brothers have conceived and planned out. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to embrace or traverse the wide sphere of Hindu Social Reform. The writer's purpose is served if it directs attention to the ancient ideals of the Hindu home and the virtue that still dwells in it despite the stagnation of centuries, and he will feel rewarded if the young men who may have chanced to read these pages will cultivate a higher regard for Hindu womanhood and a greater sympathy for her in the discharge of her many arduous duties as sister, wife and mother, as the repository of National culture, and as the conservator of the rich and inestimable treasures of Indian Nationalism.

BOOK REVIEW

Book: Culture Capsules - Golden Heritage of Indian Culture

Author: Prof. I.V. Chalapati Rao

Price: Rs.200/- (US\$20) Hard Bound

For copies:: Sri Yabaluri Raghaviah Memorial Trust, 4-4-102/A St. No.3, Bhavani Nagar, Nacharam, Hyderabad-500076 Ph.+91-40-27014762/ 27171383

Sri I.V. Chalapati Rao garu brought out yet another book entitled The Golden Heritage of Indian Culture which will be an invaluable addition to the collection of his brilliant books. In a rewarding career that ran into the span of 75 long, fruitful and well organized years, he pursued his goal unswervingly and tenaciously, adroitly blending his inexhaustible vigour radiating buoyancy and rich experience. While writing these 68 articles, he deals eloquently on the incomparable Indian culture and also the irresistible literary works and matchless eminent men whose endeavours helped in progressively transmuting human limitation. Their combined efforts, needless to say, made the glory that is india and the grandeur that is Bharat.

Prof. Chalapati Rao incessantly pursues the esoteric knowledge of our scriptures and the way of life lived amidst repose and idyllic atmosphere in the golden past. He is like Mathew Arnold's scholar gypsy, an inveterate quester with "one aim,

one business and one desire". Like an intrepid fighter, he never allows his self - confidence knuckle down before iniquitous circumstances. He on the other hand, takes the youth along with him, exhorts and motivates them to fight with the challenging situations, as lord Krishna did with Arjuna. Prof. Chalapathi Rao never pretends to be the self - opiniated and condescending high - brow. He does not sermonize like a preacher from high pedestal but shares his intense anguish, a pain he felt by the whimpering and waning Indian culture.

We have a veritable cornucopia here in these 68 articles, this inevitable, nay, ubiquitous article on Indian culture. Prof. Chalapathi Rao is seized with the subject as it were. The Ithihasas " Ramayana" and "Mahabharata", the coruscating gems of India are discussed as Prof. Chalapathi Rao zealously and meticulously evaluates the epics. Valmiki's *Ramayana* is not an inchoate and primitive attempt at versification but it is fully blossomed and comprehensive epic whose efflorescence and aroma envelope us in an ineffable joy. Rama's name is chanted as *Taraka - Mantra* and he has become a byword for Dharma i.e righteousness. *Ramayana* is happily ensconced on the pinnacle of splendorous glory and is venerated down the ages. *Mahabharata* is a human drama, played in the theatre of human soul. All the characters strut and fret with sound

and fury but ultimately it is Dharma that Triumphs over the blood curdling and massive carnage.

Prof. Chalapathi Rao crisply and succinctly remarks about the great Vivekananda whose clarion call reverberated in all directions of the world. "Vivekananda was a humanist, educationist, thinker, democrat and an intrepid fighter for a bright future not only for his countrymen but for all the mankind".

Prof. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, the erstwhile Vice Chancellor of Andhra University, wrote a brilliant poem Sitayana glorifying Sita's eminence. Prof. Chalapathi Rao also becomes her spokesman and treats her character (Sita - Nature's proud Daughter) with paternal solicitation. We do not see an embittered, rueful and vindictive Sita in the end. She willingly yields to her lord's i.e. Rama's command. She is at peace with herself as she is given to stoical resignation. She calmly enters the entrails of the mother - earth . She is winner in the end .

Like his great predecessors Sri Kandukuri Veeresalingam Pantulu and Sri Gurajada Appa Rao. Prof. Chalapathi assumes the role of a diehard feminist and dons the mantle of a crusader to fight the

gross injustice meted out to many women by the unconscionable men and equally debased society (Atrocities on Women).

Like a conscientious citizen he goads people to make surroundings more hygienic and cleaner. He exhorts civic sense to all and sundry to quickly realize the dream of making our country a completely Swaccha Bharat.

Savitri is Sri Arobindo's magnum opus - an epic running in to 12 Books, 49 cantos and 24000 lines. It is longer than *Paradise Lost* of John Milton. Savitri, in winning back her husband Satyavan from the clutches of Lord of Death, Yama ceases to be a mortal but transforms into Mother-Earth, Mother of Light in all naked Divinity.

These 68 articles carry the innate convictions of the author, a courage never to submit nor to yield and the razor - sharp intellect that tears away veils of duplicity and dogmatism of the society. Go immediately, buy it and read. You will be better persons tomorrow. You will catch the author's infective optimism "Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new".

This book is for keeps.

K. Aruna Vyas, Hyderabad

In order to become the master, the politician poses as the servant.

Charles de Gaulle

Book: Searching for You

Author: Leonard Dabydeen.

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Music and literature are the two breasts of Goddess Saraswathi. The first is eternal sweetness and later, the nectar of thought.

Blossomed thought when surges out freely and solidifies as sweet nectar of words, it can not be anything but poetry. A poet is very much like the Creator-Lord Brahma. He collects the clay of his unintelligible thoughts, shapes them with his language, embellishes with jewels of figures of speech or alankara and gives out as sweet poetry.

Leonard Dabydeen's latest anthology of poems *Searching for You* climbs few more steps in its authenticity of thought and expression from his earlier collection *Watching You*. This book sounds more solemn and solid with an admixture of poems expressing sweetness, joy, pain, poignancy with clarity and cogency. This time he added Fibonacci form of poems to his signature form of tetractys. Composing poetry in classical forms is a real challenge. When such challenge is accomplished, the invariable result is lovely poetry. Poetic forms like Tetractys, Fibonacci, haiku, senryu, haibun etc. though not

accentual like other metrical forms of classical English poetry, but only syllabic; their respective numerical structures and expressional disciplines, give them a typical toll of melody and unfailing dignity. Adjusting a bubbling out thought or idea into a small, fixed form; thickens the density of expression and feel, thus achieving the very purpose of poetry as compared to other forms of literature, like novel, story essay, travelogue etc.

The very forte of Dabydeen is shoving great thoughts into a succinct form, with striking imagery and bursting out sentiments. See this:

*If
you come
to take me
to my maker
do you have to make other people cry?*

Even while accepting the inevitability of death (with dignity), he pleads for his people with such simplicity, his expression renders us spellbound with pain and poignancy.

Again there is poem like a haiku, with a plain statement of nature on a particular day of winter, with all its beauty.

*Snow
rains down
from the sky
blanketing the earth
snowflakes cover vehicles and driveways*

When he comes to the traditional way
of describing nature he says:

*Dance
for me
wings of joy
among flowers
you flutter with happiness full of love*

The title of this tetractys is butterfly.
But he didn't use the word butterfly; instead
he referred as wings of joy; a real hallmark of
a true poet.

While describing the inevitable evils
of life he says :

*You
want me
to be quiet
but the shouting in my head cannot stop*

Is this not everyone's experience and
an effort made to vain end?

The most beautiful poem with dense
philosophy I loved most was:

*Put
your heart
and your mind
to rest in peace
flowers will blossom again after the storm*

Compared to his earlier work
Watching You, this tome seems to me a
better (if not the best) compilation of various
human feelings, nature, world and what not;
laced with philosophy and striking imagery.
Here see the depth of his expression :

*Here
in
the dark
I become
a prisoner
trapped in emptiness of dreams.*

My idea of writing a review is
certainly not quoting most his poems and
deprive the prospective readers of incumbent
joy and thrill. Indeed there are gems in this
book, for anytime reading by anybody;
simple, thought-provoking, intense with feel
and emotion. It's a real readers' pleasure, I
can't help but strongly recommend to all poetry
lovers.

M.V.S. Sathyanarayana, Nellore

I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society but the people themselves;
and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome
discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education.
This is the true corrective of abuses of constitutional power.

Thomas Jefferson

READERS' MAIL

I wish to congratulate you for your excellent production of TRIVENI as a tribute to its funder Sri K Ramakoteswara Rao. 'The Renaissance in Andhra' published in 1928 was a masterpiece of those times. The cluster of articles on varied subjects are praiseworthy. The writing on Brahmarshi Raghupati Venkaa Ratnam Naidu is a great contribution on his illustrious life. Equally fine is the one on Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam and is timely in adoring the famous TRIVENI. I have no words to express any appreciation for steering the journal, with its grand past. Some of the old contributions in future issues are a welcome change.

K. V. Nageswara Rao, Hyderabad

I am very happy that you continue to write brilliantly in your characteristic manner offering critical comments as well as valuable suggestions. Commercialization/news for money, sensationalism/bias, violence and consumerism and the other four evils recall Gandhiji's description of the seven deadly sins: "Wealth without work; pleasure without conscience; knowledge without character; business without morality, science without humanity; worship without sacrifice; politics without principles." This is an excellent tribute to Gandhiji as well as an inspiring message to journalists to strive "to generate public opinion in favour of a good cause."

M.G.Narasimha Murthy, Hyderabad

AN APPEAL

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

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Prof. Y. Sreedhar Murthy
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