

ISSN 0041-3135

RNI No. 25269/57

TRIVENI

(Estd : 1927)

INDIA'S LITERARY AND CULTURAL QUARTERLY

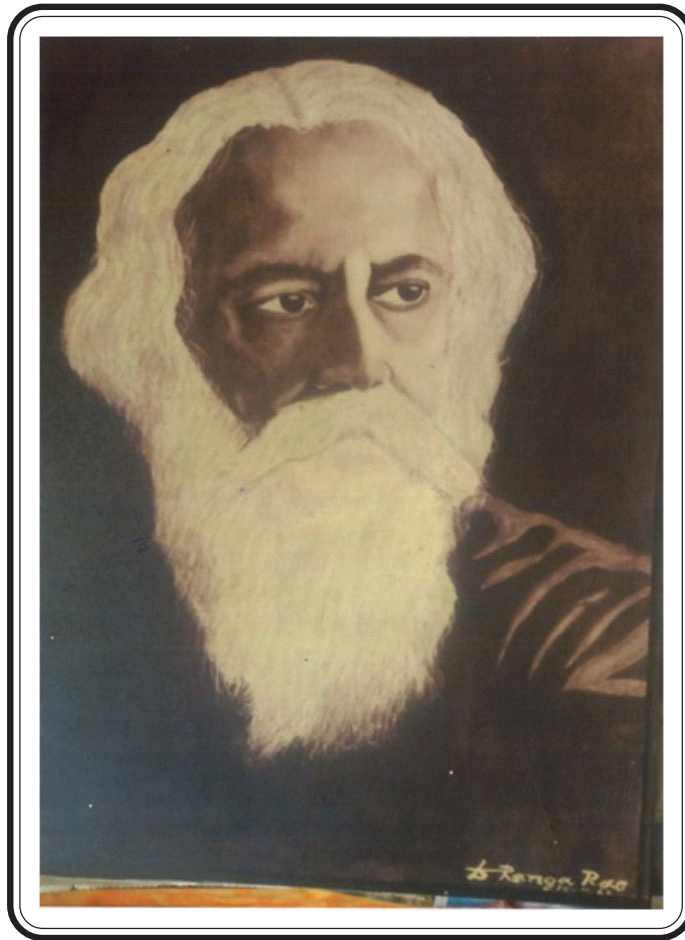


Vol: 87

OCT.-DEC. 2018

No. 4

Rs. 20/-



Rabindranath Tagore (1841-1941)
Portrait in oils by D. Ranga Rao, Editor, Triveni

TRIVENI

INDIA'S LITERARY & CULTURAL QUARTERLY

VOLUME: 87

OCT.-DEC. 2018

NUMBER: 4

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Printer:

Prof. Y. Sreedhar Murthy

Publishers:

The Triveni Foundation (Regd.)

12-13-157, Street No. 2,

Tarnaka,

Hyderabad - 500 017.

Ph: +91-40-27014762

Email: trivenijournal@yahoo.com

Website: trivenijournalindia.com

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TRIPLE STREAM

THE 'VISWA KAVI' OF INDIA

D. Ranga Rao

Among the super sons of modern India, *Viswa Kavi* Rabindranath Tagore, the literary luminary of versatile genius, takes the place next to Mahatma Gandhi. Tagore captured world attention with his creative work as the typical renaissance product, as the darling of the Muse of fine arts, as a story writer, a novelist, dramatist and actor, as a writer of songs, composer of music and a singer, as a painter, as an educationist, as a management expert, as a patriot and a humanist. He is *Gurudev* for Indians.

Rabibindranath was born in a brahmin family of Benarjis called locally as Thakurs because of their profession. The Benarjis came to be known as Tagores thanks to the British and the poet grew into an international personage and a *Viswa Kavi* as Tagore.

Fair, thin and tall, with his greying bushy and wavy hair parted in the middle, his beard flowing down his chest, his looks thoughtful, dressed in his loose robe reaching his ankles, Tagore in his later life strode across the world as a modern rishi spreading his message of universal humanism and love interacting with eminent men of his day.

During the time between the 19th and 20th centuries India was in the renaissance mood trying to harmonise the spirit of the East with the West, the old and the new, the spiritual and the material. The country as a nation was passing through a new phase characterised by change and progress in the spheres of religion, literature and national consciousness spearheaded by Rammohan Roy, Bankimchandra Chatterji and Mahatma Gandhi. The concept of soul consciousness imprinted already by Vedas, the Indian mind was now open to modern thought process influenced by a mixture of the East and the West under the impact of Brahmosamaj on the one hand and by Christianity mainly among other religious faiths on the other.

Tagore was born in this period in a family of thinkers and artists and was the child of heredity, tradition and environment. As a boy he was surrounded by nature from which he drew his early inspiration. He grew up in an atmosphere of prayer and meditation in addition to literature and music, which shaped his young mind and thought process. His father and grandfather were mystics and his study of Vedas and Upanishads as well as the works of Vidyapith and Chandidas developed in

Tagore a spiritual sensibility. He adhered to the doctrine of Bhakti aware of the Divine intuitively.

His study of English literature made him write that Shakespeare, Milton and Byron were his 'literary Gods'. He came under the spell of the romantic poets Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats having been already inspired by the poetic works of the supreme nature poet of India, the guru of poets, Kalidasa. John Donne, the metaphysical poet and the mystics William Blake and Francis Thompson had their share of impact on Tagore's sensitive mind. Shelley among the English romantics influenced Tagore most and Tagore as poet and man modelled himself on Shelley going to the extent of allowing his hair to reach his shoulders which incidentally set a fashion among the budding poets of Bengal of his day! Tagore was called the Shelley of Bengal.

Tagore's poetry is the poetry of experience, subjective experience rising to objective realism. His contact with nature was not physical but spiritual in tone. He was a dreamer but a realist. In his poems and other writings nature blends with man and man merges into the divine. He was intuitively aware of man's kinship with Nature and God. He made objects of nature poets and philosophers. His God resided not in temples but in flora and fauna, hills and dales. His romantic imagination revolved around the universe and the Creator, allowing new heights bordering on

mysticism. His mystic experience is a case of contrasts, the negative explaining the positive. Man to him was a symbol in the vast and greater symbol of Nature and God.

When we talk of Tagore's poetry we invariably use the word 'mysticism' at one place or the other. But what is mysticism? It is just a way of expression, a way of expressing the experience of the inner spirit surrendering itself to the supreme force behind the visible world. In Tagore's poetry we find a complete synthesis between love of man and love of God. It is this new spiritual and artistic imagery that thrilled the critics and placed him on a higher plane compared to the poets of the West.

Tagore agreed with Shelley's statement that "poetry at its height is the interpretation of divine nature through our own" and that "poetry redeems from decay the visitations of divinity in man". Tagore's poetry reflects universal humanism, merging Indian sensibility with Western thought. Unlike the English romantics Tagore's poetry leads to realism, unlike the mystics, his thinking leads to man's kinship with nature and God. Tagore's thought experience made him a unique personality though he was only a poet. The poet in him pervaded his thought sequences whatever he wrote, stories, novels, plays or any other genre of literature that flowed out of his mind and pen. He was the poet extraordinary. Yet he said in all humility that he was only a poet and not a philosopher or leader.

Gitanjali, the English version of his Bengali original, translated by himself in free verse catapulted Tagore to international fame. Till then Tagore was known within the bounds of Bengal. *Gitanjali* is an anthology of more than hundred poems, a string of beautiful disjointed lyrics, each expressing a mood or emotion. The prose poems provide an astonishingly beautiful imagery, the poet's reaction to plant and flower, bird and beast, man and nature, revealing his metaphysical experience as his poetic religion. He offers obeisance not to God existing far beyond man's ken but to God present in man and nature. *Gitanjali* confirms his view that man, who is divine within, is the centre in the scheme of things of God. *Gitanjali*, acknowledged as one of the timeless master pieces of devotional poetry, fetched for him the Nobel Prize in literature. The non Bengalis of India are the losers for they read Tagore only through translations.

Shantiniketan, Tagore's experimental school situated among groves of trees was based on the *Tapovan* concept of the Vedas and Upanishads. Tagore wanted his students to learn by living and working with nature on the model of ancient *gurukula* system of teaching and learning in an atmosphere of mental and physical freedom. Shantiniketan was started by him as a "home for spiritual India" which aimed at international understanding and culture.

Starting the school Tagore said he "started to write a poem, but not in words". The other wing Sriniketan was to help rural reconstruction of India. Through these institutions Tagore sent his message of "unity in diversity or the one in many". He tried to remove class, creed and colour barriers through these institutions.

The songs, stories, novels, plays, paintings and other writings reveal his interests and versatility of his mind. He wrote more than two thousand songs, set them to music and sang them which reverberate as Ravindra Sangeet. The songs with the early effect of Bengali folk songs, reflect the philosophy of mankind as being one and reveal the universality of his mind. Tagore experimented and innovated in his diction and style in his poems and songs to satisfy his inner urge seeking fresh pastures for his poetic expression. He wrote that even if his stories and poetry were forgotten, his songs would live long. His talent in writing songs and composing music for them places him beside Beethoven and Goethe.

As for the short stories he is "the first writer of short stories in Bengali and has remained the best" writes Sukumar Sen. They are stories of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, beauty and truth, life and death dealing mainly with women and children, nature and humanism being their theme. The stories are lyrics in prose. Tagore had himself undergone the above noted experiences in his life with dignity and equanimity.

Tagore's dramas are dramas of feeling and not action. They are examples of symbolism and deal with the identity of man. The later plays hint at Tagore's spiritual progress. The characters are from common lives and from popular legends of Indian Gods and Goddesses. Tagore acted in some of the plays along with members of his family.

The poet was also a painter and drew figures and designs in ink in the margins of the sheets of paper as his pen moved and painted separate landscapes as well. His paintings were exhibited in many countries. He said he had not taken any

training in pursuing his arts. Tagore's literary output has set a world record which stands unbroken.

Just as saint singer Thyagaraja, the karnatic musician of the South and the great devotee of Lord Sri Rama, is and will be remembered by music lovers by singing his *keerthans*, so will Tagore be remembered for his songs in Bengali and for his patriotic song *jana gana mana*, India's national anthem written in Sanskritized Bengali, sung with full throated ease by the young and old alike on ceremonial and special occasions in India and abroad for times to come.

TEACH ME (Fibonacci poem)

Leonard Dabydeen*

Teach
me
how to
love myself
as I need to love

* Poet, Ontario, Canada

this world fragmented with anger.
Without knowing how to share love
to quell this anger
I need to
learn what
love
is.

OUR EXISTENCE

T.S.S. Anjaneyulu*

What all exists in the universe is matter. It is elemental. It is ever changing - all- vibratory and perishable. It is the derivative and projection of the deep all pervading changeless, imperishable, total perception, ocean of substratum-consciousness, on which it floats in its dynamic existence.

There is only one creator, the cosmic intelligence, the one God, the unmanifest absolute. It is the reality which stays same all the time. Vedic people called it *Brahman*. Others called it by different names. All Gods are one - all majestic and all merciful. Niralambopanishad and Chandogya Upanishad say that consciousness is everything and there is no other thing (*Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma*). As it is all-pervading without any space to move, it is ever quiet. It is boundless without beginning and ending and is eternal. It is said to have emerged from darkness wrapped in darkness. Gita says that it is imperishable - cannot be killed by weapons, nor burnt by fire, nor wet by water, nor dried by wind.

The creation comes out from the creator. The creator is both the creative

cause and the material cause as silk comes out from the silk worm. The creator and creation are inseparable. One is unmanifest and the other is manifest in its embrace inseparable from it.

The cosmos rests on two pillars - *Dharma* (righteousness) and *Satyam* (truth). The Vedic *Brahman* is seen as two in one - a *tantra*, the unity of opposites, being and becoming, creator and creation. One is *Purusha*, the male seed energy (*Kshetragnya* - the knower of the field) and the other is *Prakruti* (the field of matter). They are our universal parents.

The reality is a whole - desireless and actionless. It is the cosmic intelligence that meticulously plans everything and every happening in manifestation. It has a signature on everything in the universe and works for the welfare of all. The universe undergoes cyclic rhythm of periodical evolution and dissolution. Nobel Laureate, Roger Penrose writes that being a projection of the reality, the universe is false. Adi Shankaracharya calls it *mithya* (*Brahma Satyam, Jagat Mithya*). It is believed that there are a large number of universes and each has its own characteristics. Vedanta believes that there are fourteen lokas, seven above including the earth and seven below the earth. These

* Writer, Hyderabad

lokas only refer to the levels of consciousness attained by people who live there. Physicist Dr. Everett gave the theory of many worlds (universes)- multiverse.

Gita VII, 4 speaks of two natures, the seed giving male nature and the form-giving mother nature. Biologists today speak of the role of DNA and of mDNA referring to male and female natures. Scientists express the universe and reality in different ways. Stanislas Grof thinks that one is Cartesian-Newtonian mode and the other Quantum- Transpersonal mode. Dr. Robert Ornstein views one as the time and history and the other as eternity and timeless. Dr. Charles T. Tart sees one as the perception of the external and the other as a scheme of eternity. Dr. Bohm calls this as implicate and explicate order. Besides Vedanta (*Gita* and Upanishads) the statements of some quantum physicists, biologists, management gurus and neurologists are given here.

Dr. Isaac Asimov says that the substance of the universe is essentially eternal and the matter making cosmic egg is always present. Says Sir Julian Huxley that every organism predestined to evolve into a new world has been no less predestined of the vanished predecessor. Vedic people call it *visarga bhava* (remnants). When a man dies his mind seed (soul) is carried forward through sub *prana* (*dhananjaya*) and gets into next life through karmic remnants. The universe we live consists of 96% of dark matter (23%) and

dark energy (73%) and only a small four percent is perceivable. The human vision is limited to a small band between ultraviolet and infrared. Recently the 570 megapixel camera at an observatory in Chile (South America) detected a black hole of the size of 660 million times the size of our Sun. Our world is ghastly miniscule mirror of reality. Edison in despair said that we do not know one millionth of one percent about anything.

The universe is elemental. So is man who consists of body (gross), mind (subtle) and soul (causal). He is mortal and undergoes cycles of birth and death. In this cyclicity every birth and conception is a sacrifice. The body and the mind being material die when a man dies. The soul does not die being imperishable. It moves out to other worlds of consciousness. Cell biologist Dr. Robert Lanza affirms it. Swami Vivekananda says that the cosmos is a sum total of souls living or dead and alive elsewhere. *Purusha Sooktha*, a Vedic Hymn says that only a fourth of the people live in the mortal universe. The rest are in immortal universe elsewhere. Said Lucretius in first century B.C that there is a mutual exchange of people between mortal and immortal worlds.

Everything in the universe is interconnected to each other. It is a cosmic web meticulously connected. It vibrates influenced by manifold activities, physical thoughts, intentions and events in the universe and interconnects them. Every man

with a causal soul is a participant of the universe. Being interconnected to everything in the universe - he has no independent existence. His independence is robbed by universal interconnectedness. One can't touch a flower without disturbing a star says Francis Thompson. Any action anywhere shakes everything in the universe (Dr.A.N.Whitehead). You can't hurt or harm anyone without hurting or harming yourself. Your independence is an aggression on the independence of others. So one needs to be careful in one's acts as a doer. - thought (mind), speech (*vac*) and act (*karma*). The law of cause and effect makes you a friend or a foe of yourself. It is formidable. *Karma* refers to individual (human) consciousness and mass (collective) *karma* refers to universal consciousness. The laws of nature are the will of God. Cosmos, nature and man follow the same laws. They are universal and eternal - *dharmic* and *karmic*. They are anthropic. Man has no scope to change them. One has only to abide by them. All the laws are meticulously planned by cosmic intelligence for the welfare of everything in the universe. Any non adherence of the universal laws will reflect on you as destiny as you are the cause of it through your doership.

All your acts get into the nervous system and neurons in cranium and get settled in memory. Says Sir Francis Crick, the discoverer of DNA that all your joys and sorrows lie in your genes. In the universe, every intention or thought is instantaneously communicated. Nobel

Laureate Niels Bohr asserted it. Einstein and other scientists gave the EPR paradox highlighting the non logical nature of quantum reality. The argument that these laws are theological and have no relevance as scientific account is wrong. Scientists are now understanding that everything in the universe including human life is a part of a larger design of cosmic order and also finding the efficacy of *pranayama* and meditation. Dr. John Bell through his Bell's theorem showed the instantaneous communication between local (within space time) and non local (beyond space time) irrespective of the distance separating them.

Said Nobel Laureate Physicist Schrodinger that man lives drawing energy from the environment. We involuntarily breathe (inhalation and exhalation). With the vital breath present in us we are alive. If it leaves we become a corpse. *Prana* is biocosmic - It is God (*Prana Vai Brahman*). Vital breath (*prana*) is what connects all life everywhere - it is universal. The Sun is the source of *prana* (*shakti*). The sound of his breath is *OM* (*Ekaksharam*). It is *Brahman*. Sun (energy), Moon (matter) and Fire, the communicators are all the aspects of *Brahman* that sustain the world nature including all life. Cosmic energy is limitless. So is the solar energy which gives light, heat and *prana*. It gives vitamin D to us. One can through prayer and intention draw cosmic pranic energy from the Sun which floods our body, mind and soul. The flow of *prana* in our spinal nerves, *pingala*

(solar) and *ida* (lunar) purify our heart and soul through universal love and influences our activity in spine and brain. They remove our negativity. They provide us energy and strength (they are the *shivashakti* aspect of our spine). This brings us to the understanding of our evolutionary nature, a harmony of the opposites (energy and matter). We may call them as primary DNA of the father and epigenes (mDNA) of the mother. This highlights the importance of the family, the aspects of parenting of children and the subtle psychological link to our ancestors and progeny.

Solar and lunar cycles and other natural rhythms influence man and woman respectively. Sun provides the quality of the seed by proper ethical living and drawing *prana*. Moon influences the woman through evolutionary ecological nature (alternate light and dark cycles). Nothing in biology makes any sense without relevance to evolution affirms scientist Dr. Dobzhansky. Our biology affects our psychology and further our neurology. The relation between matter and energy and its understanding is important in all our philosophy. All life is linking our lower nature (biophysical nervous system - food, sleep and sex) to subtle mind (thoughts)-psychology through food, ethics, control of senses, mind (thoughts) to higher nature of universal qualities of love, service and sacrifice -here lies the importance of our identity, dignity and the supremacy of our being (soul).

In the life of a being the seed impressions (*karmic*) are carried from generation to generation and get progressively accumulated in the nervous system (mind) and neurons. It is possible to cauterize the seed impressions (change your destiny) to some extent by subtle fire through pranayama and meditation as roasted seeds do not sprout.

Faith is the union of attention, confidence, trust and love. Rig Veda speaks of acting in faith, Brihadaranyaka Upanishad of thinking in faith and *Gita* as loving in faith. Faith is the subject of the head, desire is of the heart and fear is of the mind. Ritual, prayer, pranayama and yoga are the bridges between freedom and destiny.

The goals of life (*purusharthas*) according to *Sanatana Dharma* are, *Dharma* (righteousness), *Artha* (Wealth and Prosperity), *Kama* (Desires) and *Moksha* (liberation) in the long run. It is important to note that artha and kama are interspersed between dharma and moksha in life and living as the banks of a river that regulates the flow of water. This brings in the role of self restraint in biophysical life and psychophysical (material and emotional) aspects of life. Unfortunately man is confronted with six obstacles (*shadvargas*), *kama* (desire), *krodha* (anger), *lobha* (covetousness), *moha* (delusion), *mada* (pride) and *matsarya* (jealousy). While in purusharthas kama is the third in order it is the first in shadvargas. All problems of life

of man arise as he identifies himself with the body (gross) and mind (subtle) and not the soul (causal). Understanding this, grounds him in ethical living, service and sacrifice, to live in awareness and dignity of being,

Developments in physics for six to seven decades and more recently in life sciences have brought the limitations of objective science and understanding that consciousness is everything. Though a man has certain limited autonomy through "free will" it is only to do good. The past karma has also a role in this limitation (Paramahansa Yogananda).

Our senses are limited mind and our mind is limited consciousness as the reality is not revealed to these as Taitthereya Upanishad affirms. Our eyes, ears and mind are only instruments which work under consciousness. Man works at three levels of consciousness - wake, dream and deep sleep. The mind and the senses are present during wake state, mind is also present in dream state and consciousness only is present in deep sleep state. It energises man in sleep. So sleep deprivation is hazardous in human life. *Turiya* is the fourth state beyond the above three.

Dr. Joseph Kaplan and James Clerk Maxwell were aware of the importance of mind-matter relationship and their limitations. Physicists realize that the three constants - Einstein's constant, Planck's constant and Cybernetic constant

constitute an umbrella under which the universe works. So is the triangular guard of shakti, the diverse mother nature of Vjareswari, Kameswari and Bhagamalini elaborated in *Lalitha Sahsrnama*.

Dr. Einstein said in 1929 "I claim credit for nothing. Everything is determined - the beginning as well as the end by forces over which we have no control. It is determined for the insect as well as the vegetable as for the star, human being, vegetables or cosmic dust. We all dance to the tune intoned in the distance by an invisible piper". Said Dr.A.D.Raincoat in his *Eye of Shiva* - "Indian mystics have evolved as science of physics itself. The cardinal fact is that contemporary physics finds a remarkable echo in the Eastern and not Western metaphysics and are of the prime elements of conjunction, of monistic and not monotheistic vision of the underlying reality". Said Marconi that the inability to solve life is absolute. The fact is fully frightening were it not for the faith. The mystery of life is certainly the most persistent problem ever placed before the thought of man. Wrote Max Plank who gave us the four laws of electromagnetism that reason tells us that both individual and mankind as a whole together within the entire world which we apprehend through our senses is no more than a tiny fragment in the vastness of nature whose laws are in no way affected by human brain and on the contrary they existed before there was any life and will continue to exist long after the last physicist perished.

Dr. Dewy. B. Larsen posits that the metaphysical sector involves space sector (material) and the time (cosmic) sector which involves ethical control units in which behaviour, goodness, love, compassion are involved. Dr. Brian Josephson, Nobel laureate, Cambridge University Physicist said that the mystical experience by self development through meditation etc is not only the key for one's own development but also the key to synthesize, science and religion in a solid foundation. It is necessary for the intelligent man to behave properly with love, discrimination and dispassion and suitably balance the body-mind complex to enjoy peace in life. Dr. Carl Jung the celebrated psychologist says, like Isavasya Upanishad, that any mortal has to work out his own individual process.

The role of cosmic order is distinct and non distinct from the phenomena. No wealth, intelligence and weapons have any meaning in the background of *dharmic*, *karmic* and anthropic nature designed by cosmic intelligence which is universal and eternal. Everything in the universal nature, man and mind, works under the substratum the eternal witness. Man does not have any option except to see good, think good and do good if he wants to have good life.

Man is to be aware of his gratitude to his ancestors on one hand and his responsibility to the progeny on the other in providing better genes to them. You will also be an ancestor shortly. Said Nobel

Laureate Schrodinger in *What is life* that the most essential part of a living cell, the chromosome fibre, is an aperiodic crystal. He thought it is the career of life.

The universe is a cosmic expression. God created the universe in space-time (relativity) and man creates his misery through desire, ego, intelligence, and attachment. All living species are subtleties of major planets in the zodiac. Man is involved in them in his spatio temporal existence through his birth, location etc which are destined. Heinz Pagels in his *Cosmic Code : Quantum Physics in the language of nature* (Simon and Schuster, New York, 1982 elaborates this.) Michael Drosni in *Secret Code* believes that there is a secret code in the Hebrew edition of Bible that foretells the world events. In India there are such epics which speak about future.

Paranormal phenomena defy Newtonian biology says cell biologist Dr. Lipton. Scientists Stewart and Penrose say that consciousness resides in the micro tubulars of brain cells which are primary sites of quantum processing and upon death this information is carried with it. Vedic scientists think that the karma is carried by the sub-*prana Dhananjaya* when a man dies. This is transferred as mind-seed (soul) into the later life. The above scientists think that consciousness of quantum gravity (spatio-temporal) affects or at least proto consciousness the basic property of physical reality accountable with quantum brain activity.

Breath, which is verily *Brahman*, is what unifies all humanity. Mind together with *prana* and strong intention (*vac*, mind and *prana*) can take one beyond space-time and can perform miracles. Word is *Brahman*, the universal consciousness. Speech is the essence of humanity. It probably codes to form an alphabetical message of heredity to the metabolism.

Dr. Robin Holiday said that there is no basis to believe that the humans have some unique higher function of mind which provides them much freedom of action and animals do not have such a function. The outer are not determinable or predictable. He says that there may be some "decision making" aspect that makes the brain take decisions which we are not aware of. Recently Dr. Robert Lanza in his *Biocentricism: How life and Consciousness are the keys to the understanding nature of the universe* says that biocentricism teaches that the life and consciousness are fundamental to the universe. It is consciousness that created the universe. Dr. Lanza says that the structure of the universe itself and the laws, forces and constants of the universe appear to be fine tuned for life imply that intelligence existed prior to the matter. Space-time are not objects or things or other tools of our animal understanding. He says that we carry space time around with us "like turtles with shells" meaning that when the shell comes off (space-time) we still exist. The human thought is influenced by embodied consciousness, the mind, the memory and emotion and comes

out as outer speech (*vaikhari*) and language. The thought that comes out undergoes several modifications.

Dr. Philips Rendroff and his colleagues suggest that different parts of the brain cannot by themselves account for conscious recognition of the self. Instead they propose that self awareness is more a diffused cognitive process relying on many parts of the brain. What is needed is to develop restraint in life and looking into ourselves than searching elsewhere. It is a self enquiry, "Who am I" and so on to find a solution as ancient people have done for ages. It is living pure, ethical and simple tuning ourselves to nature of our being and invest in love, service and sacrifice. Experiencing love and peace has no relevance to place and time or language and religion. Love is the essence for all our joy - without love there is only distress.

The end of physics is metaphysics and the end of biology is theology. This sets us to limits in our behaviour in desire, thought, speech and action. We need not run away from the material world but learn, take to any profession, to earn and enjoy within legitimate limits of control of body and mind and use *prana*, yoga and meditation for clarity of mind, peace in life, and as a bridge to reality. Man may, however, attempt to explore what is explorable through science and technology to benefit mankind without loss of humanism.

V.S. NAIPAUL - A CONTROVERSIAL NOVELIST OF POST COLONIALISM

Dr. P. Satyanarayana*

V.S. Naipaul, the Nobel Laureate who documented the migration of peoples, the unraveling of the British Empire, the ironies of exile and the clash between belief and unbelief in more than a dozen unsparing novels and as many works of non-fiction, died at his home in London on 11th (Saturday) of August, 2018. He was 85. His life was a series of journeys between old world and new. He was a walking sack of contradictions of postcolonial world. He was a cool and sometimes snappish mediator between continents. In some ways he was the archetypal writer of the shifting and migratory 20th century.

Vidiadhar Suraj Prasad Naipaul was born on the 17th August 1932 in Chaguanas, Trinidad. Trinidad is one of the islands which together are called the West Indies. Trinidad became an independent country in 1962. Naipaul's grandfather had migrated to Trinidad from Benares/Varanasi in U.P. in India. He was an indentured labourer in the sugar plantations. V.S. Naipaul was the second child of Droapatie Capildeo and Seepersad Naipaul. His younger brother was the writer Shiva Naipaul. Naipaul's mother came from

a prosperous family. Seepersad was a reporter for a newspaper called the *Trinidad guardian* and also a short story writer. It was Naipaul's father who provided for Naipaul the first models for the latter's literary and journalistic interests. From an early age, Naipaul chose to develop his literary heritage while rejecting orthodox Hinduism and the Colonial society in which he was born. V.S. Naipaul had decided to escape from the island of his birth. He went to England in 1950, graduated in English from Oxford University in 1953. In 1953, Naipaul's father died. He worked at odd jobs and borrowed money from Hale. Settling in London, he married the English lady, Patricia Ann Hale in 1955. He met her at Oxford. The couple never had children. Pat died in 1998. Later he married a divorced Pakistani Journalist, Nadina Khannun Alvi who was 20 years his junior. In 2003, he adopted Nadina's daughter, Maleena, who was then 25. He permanently settled in London. He took up writing as a career. He travelled a lot. He visited different countries. He visited India in 1962. A novelist of international renown, he got many prizes and awards. He was knighted in 1990. He received Nobel Prize in 2001 for literature. Naipaul published a book every year or two for much of his career.

* Professor of English, IGNOU, Bangalore.

In over five decades of his writing career, Naipaul published more than 30 books, both fiction and non-fiction. His works reflect the belief that individuals are shaped by history. His famous novels are- *The Mystic Masseur* (1957), *The Suffrage of Elvira* (1958), *Miguel Street* (1959), *A House for Mr. Biswass* (1961), *Mr. Stone and The Knights Companion* (1963), *The Mimic Man* (1967), *Guerillas* (1975), *A Bend in the River* (1979), *The Enigma of Arrival* (1987), and *Away in the World* (1994) and the last one is *Half a life* (2001).

His first novel, *The Mystic Masseur* (1957) is about Ganesh Ramasumair, a failed school teacher who becomes a masseur and later guru and politician in Trinidad. His second novel, *The Suffrage of Elvira* (1958) is set in an isolate region with a predominantly Indian population. It represents the picture of a rootless society, imitation and aimless in values. Chittaranjan, one of the characters to achieve dignity, is one of the losers in a society obsessed with material gains even if they are achieved at the cost of self-respect. His third novel, *The Miguel Street* (1959) is a volume of linked short stories. It has for its subject an impoverished area of Port of Spain. Miguel Street is a racially mixed community, predominantly black, brown and Indians, but with some Spanish, Portuguese and whites. Naipaul's fourth novel, one of his most outstanding novels and considered by many to be among the best novels in English literature, is *A House for Mr. Biswass* (1961). It is set in Trinidad.

It is the story of his dependence on his wife's domineering family. Naipaul's fifth novel *Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion* (1963), is of West Indian life, about man's search from authentic identity. The novel was written in Kashmir in 1962 during a year when Naipaul was examining his relationship to India. While Naipaul's Journey to India had been made in the hope of discovering his roots, his experiences there only confirmed his rootlessness. He states, "I was not English or Indian; I was denied the victories of both". Three years later Naipaul published *The Mimic Man* (1967). The novel's title suggests focuses on the theme of colonial mimicry. The novel has a complex narrative structure, with the Protagonist, "Ralph" Kripal Singh piercing together fragments of his life to give his autobiography some semblance of chronological order. Singh's feeling of abandonment at the end of the empty world highlights the familiar theme of alienation predominant in Naipaul's fiction. Both *Guerillas* (1975) and *A Bend in the River* (1979) dwell on the detrimental impact of colonialism and emerging nationalism in the Third world. *Guerillas* is a novel based on the report on the murder of a white woman, Gale Ann Bensen. Mr. Naipaul's novel *A Bend in the River* centers on an Indian from East Africa is an unnamed, newly independent African nation. This novel has been compared to Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. *The Enigma of Arrival* (1987) and *A Way in the World* (1994) are to a great extent autobiographical. Naipaul's latest novel *Half a life* (2001) portrays the

ironical existence of Diaspora through the story of William Somerset Chandran.

Commenting on his literary output in an interview with Ronald Bryden in 1973, Naipaul stated, "All my work is really one, I'm really writing one big book".

V.S.Naipaul's novels deal with the complex fate of individuals, societies and cultures. They are concerned with the individual's identity. His recurring themes are clash of cultures, colonial psychosis and the motives within the individual which create a structure of human relationships. He projects an individual struggling with the conditions in which he is placed and the way he overcomes it. With this problem he may succeed or fail or finally survive. Naipaul's fiction, thus, acquires a three dimensional structure- historical, social and psychological. Naipaul is thus a chronicler, a historian and a biographer.

Naipaul describes the complexity of feeling personally felt and experienced. It is because of his Indian background eroded by the time with its oppression hold on people's sentiment and outlook on life. His Indian background gives him the experience of mixed culture. His West Indian culture is the product of his cultural displacement. To Naipaul, the individual in a colonial set up needs both - temperament and posture of a mimic man to look down upon his own community and desires to achieve the glorious life of a colonial culture. The colonial individual

exposes an elastic individuality and seeks to emulate (copy) from outside. He tries to escape from his dependence and goes out of nostalgia to fantasy, and in this way works out for his own self. Naipaul is Brahmin in Trinidad, a West Indian in London and cosmopolitan prodigal in India and he presents life as a search for identity. He seems to carry his wounded soul with him wherever he goes, only to rediscover the agony of his own solitude in the third world. He deals with solitary, alienated individuals. His fiction is a social document with artistic detachment. In portraying secular, cosmopolitan, humanistic, detached, ironic and precious art, Naipaul has created a body of imaginative fiction which touches the contemporary society without anger and without tradition. His fiction is designed to convey to the reader the experience of a particular situation in which we have a sense of alienation, and absurdity. It deals with the conflicts of the third and the first worlds in the colonial and post-colonial situation. He combines the autobiographical and the biographical modes of fiction. He switches between first and third person narrative to convey the reality surfacing the society on the individual and adds to the credibility of the story on its form.

The Swedish Academy Committee noted Naipaul's affinity with the novelist Joseph Conrad. "Naipaul is Conrad's heir as the annalist of the destinies of empires in the, oral sense", V.S. will be remembered for his extensive works, which covered

diverse subjects. Mr. Naipaul exempted neither colonizer nor colonized from his scrutiny. He was a giant in all that he achieved. His unsympathetic views of postcolonial life made V.S.Naipaul as one of the most controversial writers of his time. His contemporary fellow writers were

Derek Walcott, John Updike and Iris Murdoch, but he excelled them all. With the demise of Naipaul ends an era of life time commitment to writing and it creates a void in the literary world. Writers of his stature are made but once and for all.

HUBRIS

(Telugu original: Dr. C. Narayana Reddy-Jnanapeeth awardee)

R R Gandikota*

Heard it is a mine of jewels,
Have been digging
However deep dug not a jewel unearthed,
Just lumps of earth.
No more digging, have neither interest
nor the capacity to dig further.
How is it this mine acquired
such a name and fame!.
Even among men, some get such reputation;
"He is a great man", it is advertised.
His show off too will be like that;
When real test of time dawns,
his 'capacity' is unveiled.
"Circumstances not in my favour,
else what of me , always an 'avant grade';
making such tall claims,

he gets over from time to time.
I can sit so any long time, he claims;
Is it meditation, no silence draped,
not knowing what to speak.
Mind within goes on,
drilling 'word-exercises',
Waiting to gush out, if someone asks for.
Pity! If someone never cares to
address him, or seeks his opinion.
"What of these steps!
Seen so many higher-ups"
Thinking so, he starts climbing,
As he climbs, more steps to be climbed;
Feet cooperate no more;
'No use, let me climb down';
He thinks-confirmed-
"Strength is required,
You see, to climb down even".

* Retired Principal, Kakinada

EXISTENTIAL AND METAPHYSICAL INQUIRY INTO LIFE IN ANNAMAYYA

Prof. M. Rajagopalachary*

It is significant to note that Annamacharya's sankirtanas exemplify not only his devotion to Lord Venkateshwara, but also metaphysical and existential inquiry into the nature and meaning of life. They probe the complex relationship between the body and the soul. Quite a few sankirtanas of his explore the nature of pain from both the existential and metaphysical perspectives. They impart a lot of worldly wisdom and life skills necessary for a man to toe the righteous path on the earth and reach heaven after death. They help, in a way, personality development of modern man through moral instruction of edifying principles. They teach the ideal way of life and the do's and don'ts for the present generation rocked by skepticism and lack of values. This study seeks to examine Annamacharya's existential and metaphysical exploration of life, body and soul.

Existential and Metaphysical Exploration of Life : Annamayya recounts the troubles and travails, anxieties and torments, desires and fascinations, arrogance and wretchedness the embodied soul undergoes due to the illusion created

by the Almighty, in the sankirtana, *Edituda deeni kedimodalu*.... There is no beginning or end for the embodied soul, i.e. Jeevatma. The embodied soul is lost in the illusion due to its own free will and existential choice. Annamacharya seems to suggest that the only remedy for this existentialist struggle and pain is to seek the refuge of Lord Venkateswara. One need not be condemned to suffering and pain endlessly and irrationally as in an absurd existentialist world. This perspective sets Annamacharya apart from the modern existentialists.

How many worries and excitements?
How many aspirations and hardships?
All these are but Lord Venkateshwara's play!
He is none of these, whatever He may witness! (Translation mine).

Annamayya traces the origin of the existential agony of pain and suffering of man on the earth to his past karma in his sankirtana, *Katakataa yitu chese karma baadha* He suggests the inevitability of consequences of one's karma on the earth. No one is exempt from his karma of the past births or present birth. Man's life itself is ridden with pain-the pain of appetite, livelihood, sexual urge, egocentricity and

* Professor (Retd.) Kakatiya University, Warangal

the destiny. The greedy are oppressed by their desire for rejoicing. There is the pain of desire on the festive occasions. The wicked thoughts come in the way of the wise. The earthly ties come in the way of fulfillment in the other world. The resolute suffer from doubt. Souls suffer from the pain of the cycle of births.

Alas! The pain of our actions on the earth! None, great or small, is exempt from it!

The only way to come out of this muddle is to seek the refuge in Lord Venkateswara.

Annamayya examines the transient nature of life in his *sankirtana*, *Emani cheppedidi Eeswara maayalu....* Thanks to the delusion conjured by God, "an artificial doll" called man has come to possess the three worlds of the body-flesh and blood, nervous system and life. Man is addressed here variously as "an artificial doll," "a lump of flesh," "a leather bag with nine apertures," "a bubble formed with sweat and blood," "a lump with fresh crop of thick hair," and "a network of multipronged nerves." Ultimately, it is due to the grace of Lord Venkateswara that this transient physical body is given life, name and fame. The *sankirtana* reveals Annamayya's insights into the physiology of the body of man.

We find a metaphysical interpretation of the meanness of human birth with an existential retrospection on life in Annamayya's *Cheechee naruladeti*

jeevanamu...". Annamayya pooh-poohs the life of man and finds it meaningless without the grace of Hari and the *prapatti marga*. Man's life is characterized by such menial deeds as begging, flattering, vexing and serving others. Compared to this, life in any other form is better. He suggests that it is better to live as an animal, bird, or a tree rather than cringe and crawl like a man before other men due to his past karma which goes on piling up interminably. Is such menial service worth the trouble for such a mean life of human being? How can one get rid of it and be redeemed from such karma? He finds the answer in the grace of God. Instead of serving other men for this mean life, it is better to serve God and be redeemed.

The *sankirtana Bhaaramaina vepamaanu paalu posi penchinaanu ...* is a meditation on the existence and reveals a lot of worldly wisdom. It suggests that old habits die hard and the body and mind are always prone to committing sins however hard you may try. Only God's grace can save a sinner. The neem tree cannot shed its bitterness and turn sweet even if it is nurtured with milk with a lot of affection.

Does a heavy neem tree shed its bitterness and turn sweet
However fondly you may nurture it with milk? (Translation mine)

A dog's tail cannot be straightened however hard one may try, as the crookedness is ingrained to the nature of the body.

An axe cannot become soft merely by soaking it in water. The body is prone to the pancha mahapaatakaas, Five Great Sins, namely- killing a Brahmin (*brahma hatya*), drinking liquor (*suraapaanamamu*), stealing gold (*swarnasteyamu*), dishonouring a teacher's wife (*gurupatneegamanamu*) and association with such as are guilty of any of those sins (*ee paapamulaacharinchina vaarito snehamu*). It is difficult to get rid of such sins however hard one may try to wipe them out.

This body is a prey to the five great sins
How can it mend, however hard you may pound it? (Translation mine).

In the *kirtana Ayyyo poya braayamu kaalamu...*, Annamayya ventilates man's belated sense of regret and remorse in life. He regrets like Milton in his sonnet *On His Blindness* that his prime time is lost in passion for his own people. He could not fix his mind on Sri Hari and wasted his time on his desire for passion, wealth and deeds, i.e. dharma, artha, kama, neglecting the final emancipation, i.e. moksha.

Man struggles in vain for his parents, brothers and sisters, family and relatives thinking that they are real and fails to pay attention to Lord Sri Hari. He does not realize that all these relations are temporary and *midhya* (fiction), and God alone constitutes the reality and the truth. The only remedy for this delusion is not to

forget Lord Sri Hari and seek His saranagati as indicated in the *sankirtana Marachitimante mariledu...*

Think of the Lord ardently, O Heart!
There's no way out, if you forget!
(Translation mine)

In *Parula sevalu chesi bratikerataa...*, Annamayya presents a realistic picture of human life. He says that there is nothing uncommon about the servants of Lord Venkateswara getting rich and elevated when ordinary people with earthly deeds get distinguished. The sankirtana reveals social consciousness of Annamayya when he says that Lord's servants get elevated though whatever caste they may belong to.

Annamayya suggests that one should choose the right path between those of Mukta and Baddha. In *Edivalase neevade seyu indulonavo jeevaatmaa...*, Annamayya refers to the two diverse paths- of Mukta enjoying liberation and Baddha wallowing in troubles due to *karma*. The mean deeds of Baddha result in taking low birth as a dog or pig, whereas the penance, meditation and chanting of Mukta saints like Narada and Sanaka result in their ecstatic liberation. Man has to follow in the footsteps of the Mukta and attain redemption from the earthly ties as Lord Venkatesha has graciously come down to Tirumala on this earth to save us. Who can afford to miss such an opportunity of seeking His refuge?

Some souls like us have taken birth on the earth
 As animals like dogs, cocks and pigs!
 Look here at their misfortune bound by their day-to-day activity!
 Look there at the great fortune of some like Sanaka and others
 Who joined the service of Lord Krishna.
 (Translation mine)

Annamacharya cautions in *Urake dorakunaa unnatonnatha sukhamu...* that the highest bliss of liberation from this world cannot be attained simply without any effort. Imprisoned by his karma, man is caught in the web of desire, anxiety and arrogance. He is not able to cross the ocean of earthly ties and attain peace in his soul.

How can you attain the highest bliss within for free?
 How can you succeed unless you catch its spirit?
 (Translation mine)

There are six enemies of man (*arishadvargas*), namely-*kama*, *krodha*, *moha*, *mada*, *matsaryas*. Blind arrogance (*mada*) is one of these six hostile forces. This *mada*, it appears, is of eight kinds-(i) *anna madamu* (arrogance of food), (ii) *artha madamu* (arrogance of wealth), (iii) *sthree madamu* (arrogance of possessing women), (iv) *vidyaa madamu* (arrogance of possessing education), (v) *kula madamu* (arrogance of caste), (vi) *roopa madamu* (arrogance of beauty), (vii) *udyoga madamu* (arrogance of employment), (viii)

youvana madamu (arrogance of youth). Unless man is free from these hostile forces on the earth and surrenders to Lord Sri Hari with enlightening wisdom, he cannot attain liberation, the highest fulfillment of life. One should be rid of all these forms of arrogance and achieve peace of mind to attain liberation (Lakshmanaiah 133-135).

How can you cross the ocean of wordly ties and attain bliss,
 Unless you serve the Lord?
 (Translation mine)

Metaphysical Exploration of Body and Soul: In many of his *sankirtanas*, Annamayya makes a metaphysical exploration of the nature of body and soul in clear terms. *Evvarevvari vaado yee jeevudu...* is a metaphysical exploration of the nature of the soul. It contemplates the cycle of births the soul takes in this world and its changing relationships and localities. Caught in the chain of births and deaths, the soul is lost in the deluge of earthly ties. In different births of the past, it must have borne relation to many as son, brother or relative. It must have visited a number of places and taken a number of bodies and positions. Its relations may be different in the present birth. At the same time, it is not sure of what kind of birth it is going to take in future. This, says Annamayya, is due to the illusion conjured by God. It thinks only of the relationship in the present birth oblivious of the past and future births and grieves over it.

How many did this soul belong to?
What was its kinship with others in the past
lives?

.....

Hasn't it entered a number of bodies in the
past?

Hasn't it attained a number of positions,
Trapped in the illusions conjured by Lord
Venkatesha?

Yet, this soul remains immortal, though the
bodies perish!

(Translation mine)

The ontology of the being is an
abstruse subject discussed by the Vedas and
Upanishads without any finality. Annamayya
wants to drive home the point that when
one recognizes the fact that the soul is
permanent and immutable in spite of the
cycle of births, one attains the stage of bliss
beyond any grief or pleasure (Laxmanaiah
18).

Annamayya contemplates on
different ways to reach God with
metaphysical disquisition in *kadaludipi
neeraadagaa talachuvaaralaku....* He
disputes the commonly accepted theory that
one can reach God at the end of one's life
after satiating all one's physical desires and
that only a bhogi can become a yogi in tune
with the spirit of the adage- *kaami gaani
vaadu moksha gaami kaadu*. Since desires
are insatiable and flare up like fire
quenched with oil, it is futile to postpone
your efforts to reach the grace of God till
you become old and ineligible even to
dream of it. Annamayya suggests that it is
better to seize the earliest opportunity to

know God rather than postpone it to the
stage when it is too late.

*Jeevaatumai yundu chilukaa
nee....* is a metaphysical *sankirtana*
describing the non-duality of individual soul
and Supreme Soul in the folk tradition using
the refrain *chilukaa*. As said in the
Brihadaranyakopanishad, both the Supreme
Soul and the individual soul are like the
two birds sitting on the branch of a tree-
one remaining a spectator to the happenings
around untouched by the karma, and the other
involved in the karma and reaping its fruits.
The first one is Supreme Soul while the
other is individual soul. Both are one and
the same. The only difference is, the
individual soul is caught in the cycle of
births and deaths while the other is free
from such constraints.

You exist here as an individual soul, O
Parrot!

And as the Supreme Soul outside, O Parrot!
(Translation mine)

The individual soul is caught up in
the cycle of karma. It is vulnerable to the
five senses and six hostile temperaments
unlike the Supreme Soul. Yet, there is the
advaita of both.

Who are you? And who am I?

There is no absolute difference between
you and me, O Parrot!

You worship him in your heart and mind

On Sri Venkatadri, O stubborn Parrot!

(Translation mine)

Annamayya discusses the true nature of redemption and bondage in *Telisi the mokshamu teliyakunna bandhamu* ... as lucidly as possible. Liberation is nothing but knowing the Truth; and the reverse is bondage. A knower of the Truth is like a *sthithaprajna*. The *sankirtana* describes the qualities of a *sthithaprajna*. The *sthithaprajna* is one who does not care for good or bad, pleasure or pain, ambrosia or poison, sin or virtue, fear or forgetfulness, relatives or enemies, this world or beyond. For him, this transient world is like a dream. He is above the dualities having fixed Lord Venkateswara in his mind. As said in the *Bhagavad Gita*, "karmanyevaadhikaraste maa phaleshu kadaachanaah," man has authority only on his karmas and not on their result. One who does karma without any interest in its result is not the doer of that karma as he is not attached to it. According to Vasishta, bondage and liberation are the result of *vidya* and *avidya*, knowledge and ignorance. That is why, Annamayya says that it is redemption if you know, and bondage if you do not know. The Upanishads also emphasise *mana eva manushyaanaam kaaranam bandha mokshayoh*, the impressions of mind alone are responsible for liberation and bondage (Laxmanaiah 114.)

Dehamu is the body, and *dehi* is the soul. While the body is transient and mutable, the soul is eternal and unchanging. While the body is made up of five elements, the soul is beyond these five elements. The

soul does not have the six changing forms called *shadbhava vikaras*, namely- *asti*, *jaayate*, *vardhate*, *viparinamate*, *apaksheeyate*, *nashyati*, i.e. conception, birth, growth, transformation, decay and death which the body undergoes (Lakshmanaiah 230-33). Just as man leaves his clothes to wear new ones, the soul changes its old body and takes to the new. As it is immortal, it cannot be killed, cut, drenched, dried or shaken. It has no beginning. It is beyond the senses and mind. It is under nobody's control except that of Lord Sri Venkateswara. Annamayya says that this is the only plain truth to be grasped.

O my heart engulfed in desires! Don't forget this!

The body is mortal; the embodied spirit is immortal!!

Natanala bhramayaku naamanasaa ... is a *sankirtana* referring to the illusory world which entices us with all its pomp and show. Annamayya exhorts us not to be carried away by the illusory stage play created by Hari in this world to distract our attention from the truth. This world is like an enticing elephant engendering false hopes in us. Illusion appears like reality, but disappears like fog the next day itself as soon as the Sun shows up. The earthly life is like a fair which shows the play regularly, but is love-struck by the night. This illusory body takes many forms, but disappears the moment one is at peace with oneself. If one knows the truth, it is not the body but Lord Venkateswara

who comes to the fore always as He is the indweller of all individual souls.

In *Naanaati batuku naatakamu...* Annamayya like Shakespeare describes this world as only a stage play. The only reality is Lord Venkateswara. Heaven is the object which cannot be seen by man; but attained as a result of our merit in the past lives. Birth and death are real, as it is said, Jaatasyahi dhrivo mrityuhu. Birth takes place before us on this earth; but heaven can be reached only after ending our cycle of births and deaths. Minimum needs like eating rice and wearing clothes are real; but our pursuit for other luxuries in the middle is a play. Heaven can be reached only when man is above the sin and virtue and surrenders to Lord Venkateswara as the ultimate saviour.

This life day in, day out is a stage play.
What cannot be seen is the heaven
Attained as a result of our merit in the past
lives
...

Ennadu vijnanamika naaku.... reveals metaphysical introspection of Annamayya about man's inability to be free from desires. Annamayya yearns for self-knowledge. His earthly ties and desires are so strong that they cannot be cut even if one wants to do so, because of the illusion in which he wallows. Similarly, anger and vexations do not leave him. Things fall apart. He finds the only antidote to this in Lord Venkateswara's refuge.

Alas! Things fall apart without harmony between them!
There's an antidote to these contrarities
Only in Your refuge O Lord of Venkatadri!
Paving the way for happy times!!

Thus, Annamayya explores the nature of life, body and soul both from the existential and metaphysical perspectives and drives home the truth about the transience of life and immortality of the soul and Supreme Soul. The only way out of this existentialist mess is the saranagati to Lord Venkateswara.

[Annamacharya (1408-1503) popularly known as Annamayya was a mystic poet singer who was born in a village called Tallapaka in A.P. He is reputed to have composed 32000 keerthanas of which 14000 have been recovered. He has other religious works also to his credit. He was a great devotee of Lord Venkateswara of the Seven Hills of Tirumala. His songs are on the Lord and human life.]

AN EMERGING TREND IN ENGLISH STUDIES

Dr Chhote Lal Khatri*

Digital Humanities: Whatever else it might be then, the digital humanities today is about a scholarship (and a pedagogy) that is publicly visible in ways to which we are generally unaccustomed, a scholarship and pedagogy that are bound up with infrastructure in ways that are deeper and more explicit than we are generally accustomed to, a scholarship and pedagogy that are collaborative and depend on networks of people and that live an active 24/7 life online. Isn't that something you want in your English department?" (Matthew G.Kirschenbaum D H Bulletin) Increasing interface of computer, different electronic gadgets and Apps, successful launching of hypertexts, ebook, e-zines, various literary search engines, databases, editing softwares and the similar developments taking place every day in humanities more so in English studies led to the evolution of a new discipline called Digital Humanities. It is still in its nascent stage of theorizing, philosophising and standardising the process of its application in the field of research, evaluation, teaching, publishing and visualisation of texts, and above all the meaningful integration of

computational tools with a largely subjective realm of literary interpretation of works of art, media study and social sciences. It offers a two-way relationship between humanities and the digital as it employs digital tools for research in humanities, and subjects the digital to humanistic questioning. It is a paradigm shift that computational tools/ applications are being used by researchers and faculty in the Departments of Humanities, social sciences, media studies, etc for research, teaching, curricula designing and development, publishing, marketing as well as evaluation of a work besides the usual computational work of data storing, data processing, data analysis and 3D visualisation. It is a trans discipline project combining the theories and methodologies of all conventional disciplines and ever expanding digital tools beginning from digitisation print materials, publication in digital form to data analysis, visualisation, research, and an endless chain tool-building, software, web language development. This new development holds exciting challenge for the scholars of English studies/ Humanities to equip themselves with the DHT (Digital Humanities Tools), explore the possibilities and problems the new discipline holds. It has pumped into new thoughts, new perspectives and a new

* Professor of English, Pataliputra University, Patna

set of terminology which are always evolving and changing. The paper is an attempt to understand this new discipline-its tools, methods, scope, significance and limitations in the context of English studies, and it probes the impact of digital culture on our cultural heritage.

Definition: Although the Digital is by nature against conventional practice of Humanities to define a discipline, the scholars of Humanities have tried to define it to understand its premises rather than to fix its boundary. The Digital knows no fixity; it is always open access. However, a few defining statements may be quoted here: Digital Humanities (DH) is an area of scholarly activity at the intersection of computing or digital technologies and the disciplines of the humanities, it includes the systematic use of digital resources in the humanities, as well as the reflection on their application.[Drucker, Johanna (September 2013). "Intro to Digital Humanities: Introduction".] DH can be defined as new ways of doing scholarship that involve collaborative, transdisciplinary, and computationally engaged research, teaching, and publishing. It brings digital tools and methods to the study of the humanities with the recognition that the printed word is no longer the main medium for knowledge production and distribution. [Burdick, Anne; Drucker, Johanna; Lunenfeld, Peter; Presner, Todd] D H can be said to

involve every facets, tools, techniques, fields like digital archives, quantitative analyses, and tool-building projects or anything that is thought of, can be thought of or in future will evolve in course of this interface/ intercourse between Digital technology and Humanities. It is well acknowledged that it is difficult to define in concrete terms as it is still evolving its tools and fields and will always keep evolving and this act of evolving includes its mediation with different disciplines at different levels, remediation, phasing out of tools and products and recreating and innovating things at unpredictable speed. What is in practice today may go out of practice tomorrow

Historical Background: It's origin can be traced back to 1940s when Jesuit scholar Roberto Busa and in collaboration with IBM developed computer generated Index Thomisticus of Thomas Aquinas' writings. Electronic screen culture in cinema in 1960s and 70s also contributed to its growth. The first journal in this field Computers and the Humanities was launched in 1966. The Association for Literary and Linguistic Computer (ALLC) in 1977 and the Association for Computers and the Humanities (ACH) 1978 went a long way in promoting it through organised activities. The next milestone in this direction was Text Encoding Initiative (TEI) launched in 1987 and its complete guidelines for hash-tagging digital text came out in 1994. It paved the way for digital

scholarship. It ushered in an age of Extensible Markup Language (XML) moving a step forward to HTML. XML is a tag scheme for digital editing. In nineties a major leap forward was the formation of Digital Archives in the U S. With the growth of personal computer and world wide web the Digital project achieved the power of pervasiveness and became less entered. John Unsworth, Susan Schreibman, and Ray Siemens edited the anthology *A Companion to Digital Humanities* and published in 2004.

Alliance of Digital Humanities Organisations (ADHO) founded in 2005 is an official body of its constituent organisations working in different countries for promotion of research and teaching in Digital Humanities through conferences/seminars/workshops/fellowship, Current Applications, Digitisation of texts, Publishing, Teaching, Packaging, Branding and Marketing. Research: Data mining, data curating and analysis and visualisation. Criticism/Evaluation Pedagogy: Its pedagogical approach combines the creation of digital projects in tandem with critical reflection on the cultural, historical, and ideological values that information structures and platforms embody.. Development of software, Apps, Tools, etc.

Hypertext: Hypertextual editing is structured around links and nodes, as opposed to the standard linear convention of print. Multimedia: The multimedia nature

of the internet has allowed Digital Humanities to incorporate audio, visual, video, and other components in addition to text. Data visualization Information retrieval Data mining, Statistics, Text mining Digital mapping Hashtag TAPoR (Text Analysis Portal for Research) It offers programmes like Voyant.

Tools which only require the user to copy and paste either a body of text or a URL and then click the 'reveal' button to run the program Word Press and Omeka: Publishing tools Poemage: Data visualisation tool WordHoard: It is a free application that helps us read and analyse in new ways, deeply-tagged texts. It also helps in data mining and data analysis and visualisation. Researchers data mine huge digital archives to investigate socio cultural phenomena reflected in language and the usage in born digital and remediated digital sources. Natural language processing techniques are being used to discover macroscopic trends in history and culture, including gender bias, geographical focus, technology, and politics, along with accurate dates for specific events. Therefore, its pedagogical approach combines the creation of digital projects in tandem with critical reflection on the cultural, historical, and ideological values that information structures and platforms embody. No doubt a massive movement to digitise and virtualise everything possible is going on. The craze is so high among the policy makers that the deficit in human

resource in service and manufacturing fields is thought of being met through this channel. The virtual classroom, virtual offices, virtual banks, digital teaching materials, digital governance, digital economy, automation, robotics and artificial intelligence, virtual conference.... less paper, less humans in offices and institutions tomorrow maybe manless offices like paperless or cashless. Even your signature is not needed. All you need is OTP and ADHAR or your iris. One wonders will there be any space for this vast human population? I am calling human population because you have to count robot/cyborg population also. Humans' predilection has to be kept in mind. Otherwise what is made for the good of humans may become Bhasmasur for them. It is also a pertinent philosophical question how far human concerns-social, psychological, cultural- have to be dealt by machines. (preposition 'by' is a deliberate use here). Humans need human touch in dealings with human concerns. And humans must accept even human deficiencies. I am not denying the important role of machine in human life but the blind race, overdependence or attempt of substitution is a worrying factor. It is advisable to use digital technology in classroom but how far is it advisable to replace the teacher with a teaching tool? I tried to explore the tool Peonage for critical evaluation of a poem, but I could not be convinced that the critical appreciation is the job of a machine; and act just like an operator or better concentrate on devising a digital tool

or some software. Even ETI has serious limitations. It will provide you data regarding references already tagged to the digital text not beyond that. This development poses several questions that scholars of humanities have to ponder over while framing standard policies and principles of Digital Humanities. In many respects they are opposed to each other at philosophical level. The Digital is always fluid, indefinite, evolving, unstable, and opposed to any normative standardisation. Constant remediation with the digital text by external sources can liquidate the authorial identity which is the core of Humanities. Some scholar has rightly said: " the benefits of being able to encode information, knowledge, artifacts, and other materials in digital format is always in tension with the liabilities-the loss of information from an analogue object, or, in the case of a born-digital artifact, its fragility to migration and upgrade." (introduction to Digital Humanities) Another question is-are we creating binary code or shifting from one code to another? Is machine limited to a tool in the hands of man or is man going to be a tool in the hands of machine? Do humans need human space, human touch, however deficient may be, or just digital space and digital touch? A shift from human centric code to machine centric, a shift from print to eprint, individual authorship to collaborative authorship or effacing of authorship has potential danger of losing age old values dear to humans. No doubt the Digital system is infinitely more powerful in its reach. But

can it guarantee the success of a work? I wonder if it can produce a Ramcharitmanasa, a Mahabharata, or a Shakespeare.

IN QUEST OF TRUTH

(A Tribute to J.Krishnamurti)

M.G. Narasimha Murthy*

Krishnaji's benign countenance,
Pleasing and serene,
Reflect his illumined mind:
His searching questions probe the depths
Of human consciousness
And awaken thoughts of every kind
And liberate listeners from shackles old;
Break the fetters of beliefs blind
And dispel doubts and fears that haunt
mankind.
Questions varied and perplexing
Material and metaphysical,
Mysteries of life here and hereafter,
Baffling the best of brains.
Dualities of ephemeral existence -
Sorrow and suffering, grief and pain,
Visions of heaven, fears of hell,
Religious dogmas, rituals blind,
Systems old, habits ingrained,
Distort and confuse the human mind.
Men and women, old and young,
Gather around Krishnaji, benevolent sage,
And bare their hearts and minds.
Christlike, kindly and compassionate,
Ever willing to listen and share,
He finds every question and gesture,
A gateway into the mind.
Like Socrates, instills love of inquiry,

Guides gently along healthy lines,
In the light of reason and perception,
Breaks through veils of ignorance;
Illumines the caverns of the mind
And frees the psyche from inhibitions.
Turns keen and critical attention,
Unbiased and impersonal
On scriptures ancient and doctrines old,
To find their value and significance;
Rejects beliefs false and irrelevant.

Like the refulgent moon in a cloudless sky,
The mind emerges, clear and bright,
Cool, tranquil, dispassionate,
Observes facts of life in perspective,
Takes wings like birds set free:
Never suppressed nor enslaved by
authority,
Nor confined to beaten tracks of orthodoxy:
A light unto itself, unswerving,
"To the pathless land of truth" *
And the inner world of reality.

[* "The pathless land of truth.... " These words are from the speech J.Krishnamurti made in 1929. "...I maintain that truth is a pathless land, and cannot approach it by any path whatever, by any religion or any sect. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free. ..." Krishnamurti always insisted that there should be no cult built around him.]

* Principal (Retd.) Hyderabad

BHAKTI YOGA

Dr. Muddu Ramakrishna*

It is a way of life and *Sadhana* in which the aspirant has a relationship with his *Istadevata* or ideal. Generally, the devotees with Bhakti will have Rama, Krishna, Shiva or any other manifestation of God as their ideal and *Istadevata* and will go on doing *Japam* and Pooja of the particular deity. By constant *Sadhana*, the deity is manifested and the devotee sees the Lord and even has talks and discussion with Him, Saakar Parmathma, God with form.

The Bhakti movement spread in our country from the 10th century onwards and it has a mass following also. Chaitanya Mahaprabhu in Bengal, Ramananada, Kabir, Vallabhacharya in the North and Jnandev, Namdev, Tukaram, Eknath and such saints in Maharashtra exemplified the Bhakti aspect. Beautiful songs sung in the name of Krishna or Rama as the case may be and Keertans, Bhajans, Bhagavata reading and Satsanghas are the usual activities of Bhaktas.

The lives of Saints who lived on this line is the proof of its authenticity. Bhakta Mira, the Rajput princess, spent her life in Brindavan for the sake of her Lord Krishna. Surdas, the blind poet spent his

life over there in Brindavan. Sri Krishna always was with him physically, helping him even with food, water etc. Tulasidas had the *Darshan* of Sri Ramachandra and he wrote the entire *Ramacharitamanas*, Ramayana based on his vision of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana and the entire *dramatis personae*.

Puranas are full of stories which give the lives of Bhaktas and their method of life, how they got the vision by living the life of Bhakti and devotion. In the South, there are two schools, the Saiva and Vaishnava. The Alvars and other saints have lived the life of Bhakti. The *Periyapuranam* is a treatise on Bhakti.

The disciples of Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu starting with six Goswamis of Brindavan have written extensive literature on the subject. The treatise by Rupa Goswami is entitled *Bhakti Rasamrutha Sindhu*, the nectar of devotion. It is a text of Vaishnava Bhakti philosophy as exemplified in the lives of Vaishnava saints. Later, Baladeva Vidya Bhushana, Vishwanatha Chakravarti and Bhakti Vinodi, Bhakti Siddhanta Saraswath wrote works on this Bhakti Philosophy.

In recent times, Sri Bhakti Vedanta Swami Prabhupada of ISKCON has also

* Writer, Hyderabad

done a lot of service in giving more than 100 books on the different aspects of Vedic Literature from the Bhakti angle. They are a treasure in the Vaishnava literature. The love centres around Radha and Krishna and beautiful temples have been built around the world, more than 108 in number. The movement has spread all around the world with the *Harekrishna Mantra* and *Nagara Sankirtana* as its main plan of activities. It is the *Madhava Gaudiya Sampradaya*. Dualist philosophy of Madhava are taken as the basis in addition to the teachings of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu. There is another classic, *Chaitanya Charitamrita*, written by Krishna Dasa Kaviraja Goswami.

The Bhakti movement also gave rise to Sikh religion through the life of Nanak, the first Guru of the Sikhs.

It also gave rise to the Sufi movement in Islam. Islam forbids ecstasy and higher *Bhavas* as permitted and experienced in *Sanatana Dharma*. According to *Koran*, reason and mind should be employed. One should not go beyond intellect and reason to deeper levels of spirituality and forget oneself like Hindu saints in Samadhi. However, there have been individuals in Persia, Afghanistan and Europe and Arabia also, who went beyond *Koran* to feel the divine as Mohammed or any other saint in India or as Christianity did. The Sufi movement is not an

organisation as such. Individuals who have delved into depths have been the examples of saints. There is no association of saints just like any materialist association. All saints have their own individuality, do not mix nor have association with others.

Bhakti movement has the basic easiness to follow the Mantra with devotion and realise the ideal. Hence, it spread in the masses. It can be a popular method of realising the divine. Not much philosophy is needed to pursue this path.

The scriptures followed by Bhakti Schools of philosophy are *Gita*, *Bhagavatam* and *Puraanas*. Some of the Upanishads which lend themselves to dualist philosophy are quoted. All the Upanishads do not lend themselves to *Sakar Paramathma*. The lives of saints in the *Bhagavatam* are the ideal for Bhaktas. Prahlada, Dhruva, Ambarisha and others give proof of Bhakti. Narada, the celestial singer and saint has given *Narada Bhakti Sutras* which delineate the characteristics of good Bhakti, what Bhakti is and what a Bhakta will do.

The saints and philosophers are Ramanuja and Madhava in South, Vallabha, Nimbarka in North and Chaitanya in Bengal, who have given philosophy based on Bhakti. They lived the life of Bhaktas as a proof of their own teachings.

POEMS OF SHANKHA GHOSH: FROM INTROSPECTION TO DIALOGUE

Uma Chattopadhyay*

A poet of quiet and reflective self, Shankha Ghosh is a perceptive observer of our time fraught with dilemma and disillusion. He is one of those contemporary poets who have been exploiting their fine sensibilities and linguistic mastery to capture moments of personal revelations about the present social realities, the declining equilibrium and an urgency of recovery. On the whole, he tries to approach the contemporary situations through an act of personal introspection. His poetry is a process of intense self-examination as well as a dialogue with the troubled surroundings.

Interestingly, the poet notices two concurrent (mutually inclusive also) conditions at the core of the crises of an individual today: man is constantly trying to resist all forms of domination and exploitation, and he also fights against his own unresolved contradictions and dilemma deep inside. The complexity of the thought process, involving one's own self in connection with the social situations has lent his poems profundity.

Consistent with the long lyrical traditions of Bengali poetry, poems of

Shankha Ghosh are rooted in strong personal emotions. His first book of poems *Dinguli Ratguli* (1956) came out two years after the death of Jibanananda Das, a pre-eminent poet of his time, whose conscious attempts to avoid Tagorean literary idiom and stylistics had already set a new poetic paradigm. Bengali poetry was assuming different dimensions in its tone, diction and tenor with the distinctive styles of such major poets as Bishnu Dey, Buddhadeb Bose or Subhas Mukhopadhyay. Shankha Ghosh carries forward his predecessors' keen sensibilities about every experience of social upheavals and changing realities. At the same time, he has evolved his distinct poetic vocabulary characterized by a conscious avoidance of lyrical effusions in order to achieve balance, proportion and moderation.

An individual's urge to survive through conflicts, his desire for love, and desperate efforts to connect his self with the external surroundings have been recurring themes in his poems from the beginning. His tone is noticeably discreet and subtle, while his expressions are laconic, ambiguous and nuanced in a way that they are likely to be lost in translation in most cases.

* English teacher in Santiniketan, Visva-Bharati

In his literary discourses also, Shankha Ghosh is unfailingly critical about the perceived trend of extravagant insubstantial words and hollow statements that characterize our time: 'If a poet is really able to disengage himself from this verbosity, from the tendency of false, inflated claims, and he opens his own self, inside and outside, in the face of the terrible strife of modern man, he may justify his existence in the best way possible, that is, his poetry.' ('Shabda ar Satya', first published in 1982). A poet, therefore, is neither a moralist nor a stickler for values and he just articulates his perception of the reality of his time, 'accepting elements of personal smallness, insignificance and failure in the process.' (ibid) Uncontrolled rhetorical devices or effusive styles may dissociate poetry from life, and 'sweep the poet away into a vortex of words.' (ibid)

Jamunabati, one of his early poems composed in the early-fifties in the background of contemporary incidents of atrocities, begins with a palpable sense of foreboding: 'The fire still smoulders, dear / Poke it a bit, please / It's a bliss for some more time/ To survive!' The preceding quote from Thomas Hood's 1844 poem 'The Bridge of Sighs' already sets the mood of poignancy and fear. The next expression of the speaker's disquiet 'What a pity I let you starve' (repeated with slight alterations) is immediately followed by the same agonized appeal that acts like a refrain throughout: 'Since it still smoulders / Poke it, please/ Flames excite the veins of my bones / In

joy of death!' The lines proceed with two different strands of emotions curiously intertwined - an intense suffering and a calm resignation to its inevitability. Finally, indications of a desperate resistance and potential conflict convert the mood from anguish to anger: *The girl wages a war!* And the poem turns into a comment on all forms of coercion being opposed to human values. Thomas Hood describes the woman being immersed in grimy water to suggest pathos; the central image of fire in *Jamunabati* is possibly more potent and somewhat reminiscent of indigenous mythological associations also.

The poet's conviction that sheer verbosity typical to the intellectuals of our time may showcase intellectual rigour but often fails to convey true feelings is unmistakable. He observes with a sense of alarm that a persistent use of attractive but redundant expressions has been accepted as a marker of social 'achievement' today. His poem *Murkho Baro, Samajik Noy* (literally, 'quite unwise, unfit for society') develops the issue in a wider social context as it opens: 'You feel weary of endless words once you are home? / All this conceit, too tedious?' Apparently, the intellectual retires to his room at night lapsing into a dismayed silence after the day's struggle of words is over.

Interestingly, the self-critical note in the poem indicates that even an apparently complacent conformist (*samajik*) may one day question his own tiring compromise and

face the inevitable moral dilemma. Finally, the façade crumbles away: 'If so, then think of a return. Conceit, you leave me. / It makes little difference, anyway / Let people call me rather unwise, even unfit for society.' The poet contemplates a bridge between proposition and action.

What we generally assume as a state of 'peacefulness' in the social situations is often an illusion and deceit; it is virtually fraught with intimidation. This observation of the poet works as a dominant leitmotif in many of his poems. He identifies elements of pathetic self-deception as we assert our 'well-being' while accepting the fact that there is a pervading mood of fear. The poem *Apatata Shantikalyan* (literally, 'peace and well-being is assured for the time being') is a perceptive commentary on this dangerous complacency: 'With a dagger popped out from your waist / We can move about so free / Everything is quiet now, everything fair.' The imageries suggestive of the hidden threat---a half-visible dagger, stomach of 'liquid fire' (verse 1), a stone hung across the neck (verse 2), and thunder with its rib cage thrown open (verse 3)---at once contradict the repeated assertion: 'Everything is quiet now, everything fair / The truth comes through loud and clear.'

Poems of Shankha Ghosh are steeped in resonant imageries that often involve elusive mystical elements. The obscurities of 'darkness in rhythms' or 'waterfall of fire splashing over a sense of

failure' or 'tides in the void' or 'oars splashing in the rib cage' continue to stir the reader's consciousness with their visual as well as cerebral impact. However, he alerts his readers that a poetic imagery may be reduced into a 'preposterous play with symbols' and therefore a serious obstruction for approach, in case it is 'disengaged from life or overblown in nature.' (*Shabda ar Satya*) For him, the imagery in modern poetry 'transcends its sensual and temporal limits to absorb a broad sense of time.' (ibid)

The image of somebody standing with a painful awareness that his face disappears behind advertisement hoardings in his poem *Mukh Dheke Jay Biggapane* is a stark reminder of the reality today: the individual is virtually reduced to obliteration and his love to non-existence in this fiercely commercialized time. Absorbed in critical introspection, the speaker takes account of the loss he has suffered: 'All our glances are sold out/ And everything we held so dear to us/ Neon has changed into commodity/ All that is personal.' Discreet and reticent, he stands alone with a sense of dejection, trying to reconcile himself to the prospect of losing his love. The final image of a 'tired mask' dangling from the commercial hoardings is a sharp blow to the glittering façade of urban culture, to our illusory sense of 'well-being' and confused priorities. Deconstruction of traditional romantic imageries has given his love poems a subtle twist. However, the terseness and severity of expressions and metrical schemes of

Shankha Ghosh remind us of the styles of Subhas Mukhopadhyay.

A ritualistic act of 'invocation' introduces his enigmatic hymn: 'You are the vortex, the sacramental lump, the gossamer / You are breath-absorbing, marrow-consuming, mind-crushing'. The deceptive tone of 'veneration' introduced by the title itself and the series of unusually obscure, lofty and grandiloquent expressions leave a cryptic message. Slowly, an impression of some vain, arbitrary and threateningly omnipotent authority (political /social) looms large and the tone implies a forced subjugation to that. The poem of five short compressed verses ends in somewhat macabre suggestions: 'You are the vortex, the sacramental lump, a brilliant funeral pyre!' The expressions, otherwise so pure and rich in measured cadences also, weigh heavily on us!

However, the poet's censure on the presently perceived moral bankruptcy of politics is perhaps the most direct in the poem *Tumi Kon Dale* (literally, 'what's your party'). With eleven long unpunctuated lines, the poem sounds somewhat like a delirious soliloquy from the beginning:

'Before somebody rushes to get hold of the bus handle ask him what's your party
Before you offer a morsel to the hungry mouth question him what's your party'

The last two lines, however, contain an impossible starkness:

'As you bring down a stale suicidal corpse from the loop whisper to ears what's your party

Before you sleep and love at night make sure what's the party what's the party'

The poet is unfailingly critical about the murky realities of party politics of this time, with its all-pervasive menace to smother opposition. But he is conscious that a poem is neither a vehicle for overtly moral/ political views nor for polemics, and any intended 'message' might blur the distinction between poetry and propaganda. His poems, however, are essentially rooted in empathy, understanding and pragmatic approach to situations.

When explaining the parameters of a sensitive reading of poetry in *Shabda ar Satya*, he recommends a totality of taste as opposed to rigid compartmentalization: 'We often imagine contradiction between feeling and intellect, magic and reason, mystery and transparency, individual and society, grievance and restraint, docility and resentment, desire and satire...and we like to believe that the poet or his creation strictly falls to either this category or the other one.' He further explains: 'A poet absorbs fragments of conflicting experiences as parts of a composite whole that life is, with all its changeability and epical magnitude.' (ibid)

It is not surprising, therefore, that readers of Shankha Ghosh constantly wind their way through moments of desperation

and delight, despondency and wistfulness, and multiple voices continue to emerge. Elements of abstraction often blur the borderland between dream and realities in his poetry. *Bhumadhyasagar*, *Dinguli Ratguli*, *Pnajare Dnarer Shabda*, *Gandharba Kabitaguchchha* and *Gangajamuna* are poems marked with such profundities of thoughts and emotions that often characterize Tagore's works. In *Sedin Ananta Madhyarate* (literally, 'at that eternal midnight') the surrealistic images of incessant rain in the dark, glistening bark, a boat laid down on the ground and 'mindless' darkness engulfing the void touch larger issues of existence. Furthermore, as the opening line 'It rained on the path that endless night' culminates into 'It rained in the heart that eternal midnight' at the end, the spatial and temporal dimensions expand into the eternity of life and time.

Poetry of Shankha Ghosh is a voice of conscience, sanity and equilibrium, and as such a part of our existence, our living culture. Apart from their chiseled words, metrical virtuosity and brilliant images, the poems enthrall readers with sheer sublimity of thought and intense soul-searching. *Babarar Prarthana* begins as the emperor Babur, devoid of all associated glory and

prostrated with grief exclaims ruefully: 'Here I kneel, face towards the west / Spring has nothing to offer today----/ Destroy me if you so desire / Let my children live in dreams.' The speaker's remorse for his sins, his desperation for sparing his children from possible consequences and his gesture of submission overwhelm the readers with poignancy: 'Have the germs of sin in my body/ Turned redemption for the future impossible?/ Does my rude exultation of victory / Invite death to my own house?'

The speaker's appeal 'Ruin me, oh god / Let my children live in dreams' is reiterated at the end and we start contemplating the reality of leaving behind a grossly sinful world for the posterity. The poem, on the whole, touches broad issues of the perceived forces of violence, tragedy and decimation of human lives as well as the necessity of eventual redemption in this critical time. It as well poses a very serious question that we often ignore: would our future generation be left with a legacy of destruction? Almost invariably, what begins as a contemplative personal utterance in the poems of Shankha Ghosh slowly converts into a significant dialogue with the time now.

The small wisdom is like water in a glass: clear, transparent, pure.
The great wisdom is like the water in the sea: dark, mysterious, impenetrable.

Rabindranath Tagore

FROM A FOREIGN TONGUE TO INDIAN ENGLISH: [THE JOURNEY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN INDIA]

S.Nabiya Banu*

Today, no country can live in isolation and no country is a separate political or economic unit in itself. In the present day to day race, interdependence has become an integral part of every nation for its existence. English, as a global language has become a handy instrument of communication and has prevented isolation among various countries of the world and has become the *Lingua Franca* of the world.

Though English is a foreign tongue for Indians, it could be easily adopted by Indians. Indians have been handling the English language even for creative purposes for nearly two hundred years. This research paper is a humble effort to explore the experiments of Indian writers in making this foreign language (English) into 'Indian English' and to establish itself as a distinct and independent literature by embellishing it with Indian tone and color, and to make it different from other literatures originally produced in English.

English language gives access to the treasures of knowledge. It is a language which is rich in literature, humanistic,

technical and scientific. If we, under sentimental urges, give up English, we would cut off ourselves from the living stream of ever growing knowledge. Unable to have such access to this knowledge, our scholarship standards would fast deteriorate and our involvement and participation in the world movements of our thoughts and actions would become negligible. Its effects would be disastrous for the nation and its political life, so living nations must move with the times and must respond quickly and intelligibly to all kinds of challenges of their surroundings. English prevents our nation to be enveloped in the dark curtain of ignorance and to act unwisely in the matters of international affairs.

A Brief Story of English in India: Before Independence

When the Britishers came to India, English became the court language. In all the provinces as well as at the centre, all affairs were transacted in English. In 1716, the training institutions for teachers were started by Danish Missionaries. Two charity schools were started in Madras for teaching English and the principles of Christianity. English missionaries persuaded local Rajas of Tanjore, Ramnad and Sivaganga to open English schools.

* Research scholar, Department of English,
Koneru Lakshmaiah Education Foundation,
Vaddeswaram, Guntur, A.P.

In 1818, a college was opened at Calcutta to teach English to Indians and to train Christians as preachers. The same year the Serampur college was established and raised to the status of the university. In 1833, one school each was opened in Bombay and in Poona. The Elphinstone College was also started at Bombay in 1834.

Thus English was becoming the lingua franca of India. Trade and Commerce were stimulated by rapid means of communication like the railway, the telegraphy and the automobile. As the British rule expanded from the east to the south, opportunities for employment to the educated in other provinces increased.

The famous Minute of Lord Macaulay(1835) and William Bentinck's Dispatch of March 7,1835, led to the establishment of schools in which European Literature and Sciences were taught through the medium of English. Educated Indians like Raja Ram Mohan Roy tried for the spread of English. In 1844, Lord Hardinge issued a proclamation that preferences for service in public offices should be given to those who were educated in English. After Wood's Dispatch of 1854, universities were established in 1857 and thus English stepped up in India and went on becoming more and more popular.

After Independence

When the English departed, there was a voice against English. Advocates of vernaculars made stormy speeches. They

wanted the priority of vernaculars at the school stage and in trade and administration. Hindi was declared as the national language. Vernacular took the place of English even at the university stage. In some offices also English was discarded. In some universities English was not a compulsory subject but an optional subject.

In spite of all these changes, the study of English was continued. Moulana Abul Kalam Azad predicted the importance of English and said, "Indians can neglect the study of English as a subject at the risk of loss to themselves. I am convinced that in the future as well, the standard of teaching English should be maintained at as high a level as possible."

Jawaharlal Nehru stressed the importance of English in the following words: "Why do we want a foreign language? Well, for many reasons We lost touch with the changes taking place in the rest of the world at a time when vast changes were taking place in science and technology, during the Industrial Revolution and we got left behind. Steeped as we were in our own self developed culture, which was very good so far as it went, we were hopelessly left behind. It was important, then, but it is of the utmost important today, that we should have these avenues open to us, to know what is happening in the rest of the world. The windows of our mind should be opened to them and the best window is that of language. Most of us who know English can

easily read English literature, English or American journals, reviews, magazines and so on. Now the language link is a greater link between us and the English-speaking people than any political link or common wealth link or anything else. It is also simply because we can see how their thoughts are functioning, much more than in other European languages. I attach the greatest importance to this, to keeping the windows of our minds open to what is happening to foreign ideas and naturally that can best be done by knowing the languages. We can and should translate them. We should have very efficient programmes for translating foreign books. But it is really quite impossible to keep pace with them..... so I think what the regional languages must have the basic, the primary position in our education and work and so English - and of course Hindi- should also have a very important position." (Nehru, March, 1953).

English serves as a common language of the states of India. It has taken the place of common Indian language. It has, therefore been helpful in bringing together people from different parts of India. Indo-Anglian English Vs Anglo Indian English. The term 'Indian English' or 'Indo-Anglian' is used for original literary creation in English language by Indians. There is a difference between 'Anglo-Indian' writing and 'Indo-Anglian' writing. The former is the genre written by the English men on the subject and themes related to India and Indian life. For example Rudyard Kipling is an Anglo-Indian writer.

The latter is written by the Indians through the medium of English language. This type of writing has been enriched by internationally recognized figures such as Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu, Rabindranath Tagore, Jawaharlal Nehru, Sri Aurobindo, Mahatma Gandhi, Aurobindo Ghosh, Swami Vivekananda and many more. The contribution of these eminent writers made this 'Indian- writing' or 'Indo-Anglian' writing to grow and flourish as a distinct entity.

Indians could produce literature in all the genres - poetry, prose, drama and fiction. Indian English literature has four phases of its development. The first phase is called 'The phase of Imitation' (The works of this phase are imitative of British models). The second phase may be called 'Indianisation' (works produced in the last quarter of the 19th century. Example: The works of Toru Dutt). The third phase is of 'Increasing Indianisation' In this period Indian writing in English language acquire national conscious and also became popular in the West. The fourth and the last phase is of 'Experimentation and Individual Talent'. The works of the pioneers have originality and are remarkable for their growing confidence in the writing of Indian English.

The Making Of The Indian English

English has been remade with many Indian languages and voices. More and more local words are added to its basic vocabulary- words like, memsahib, purdah, guru, chutney etc. Hobson- Jobson: A glossary of Anglo Indian Words, compiled

and published in 1886 by Colonel Henry Yule and A.C. Burnell, is a classical summary of the mingling of the two cultures during the pre Independence era. It deals with the words that are used in the daily intercourse of English in India, among all classes of Indians. Starting with freedom fight, English in India got more and more Indianized. It has varieties within varieties. A number of words and expressions clearly mark the use of English in India. Words like *gurudhwara, darshan, puja, grinder, mixie, Eve-teaser, flower bed, play back singer, lunch box, water bottle, as helpless as a calf, I bow at his feet, nation building, a key bunch, a welcome address* and host of other expressions add Indian color and flavor to English and make it Indian English.

In 1976 the Little Oxford Dictionary included a thirty two page "supplement of Indian words" and in the last forty years, many other dictionaries have brought out supplements expanding the list in the Oxford Dictionary. A number of words like *satyagrahis, razakars, naxalites, gheraos, achar*, etc. are also included.

Now 'Indian English' has its own literary credibility and a number of writers have created an international market for Indian writing in English. There is a distinct Indian coloring in English Language as Raja Rao said-"the tempo of Indian life must be infused into English expression, even as the tempo of American or Irish life has gone into the making of theirs. We in India, think quickly, we talk quickly, and when we

move, we move quickly. There must be something in the sun of India that makes us rush and tumble and run on".

English as a matter of fact has lost its foreign character in our country. It has become a more powerful vehicle of our thought and activities, and the following prediction of Raja Rao, regarding the position of Indian English in his 'Fore word' to *Kanthapura*, is proved true : We cannot write like the English, we should not. We cannot write only as Indians. We have grown to look at the large world as a part of us. Our method of expression, therefore, has to be a dialect which someday proved to be as distinct and colourful as the Irish or the American.

Presently, almost all the Indian languages have been influenced by English. Thousands of English words have been used by Indians in almost all their native and regional languages as though they are the words of their basic vocabulary. Examples for such words are : motor, court, bus, bulb, switch, auto, lorry, pump etc. The effect of English in India is a two way process-The Indianization of English and the Englishization of Indian languages. English is also responsible for the offshoot genres like short story, novel etc in other languages of India. Globalization has also played a vital role in narrowing down the space between English and the Indian languages. As a result Indian English has become one more tongue of India.

'BHANGAGAAN'-BROKEN SONGS

Madhulika Ghose*

Music gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination and life to everything. - Plato

Music, the universal language, transcends all material and spiritual barriers to influence each soul it touches. Interpreted differently by each individual, it acts as a steady companion unwaveringly supporting us in all situations of life. The songs composed by Rabindranath Tagore are stellar composites of beautiful melody and meaningful lyrics. As we journey through the river of life, these songs are the wind in our sails, propelling us forward through good times and bad. Rabindrasangeet consists of a wide range of songs on different themes. These songs are influenced by music from all over the world. Some songs known as *Bhangagaan* (Broken song) are direct manifestations of Rabindranath Tagore's creative genius and ability to reinvent. These songs are of three types- the first two types were created by changing a song's lyrics (Bengali or some other language) keeping the tune same; while the third type was generated by composing a new tune for lyrics which were already present.

From a very tender age Rabindranath was surrounded by different types of music, ranging from Western folk to Eastern classical. Influenced by one such genre, the *Dhrupad*, he created the marvellous song *Prathamaditaboshakti* [*Dhrupad song: 'Prathamaaad Shiv shakti*, a masterpiece of the legendary musician of medieval India, Baiju Bawra]. Traditional Indian classical music was so magnificently imbibed in him that he produced gems such as *Aanondodharabohichebhubone* [a song singing praises of nature's beauty and divine bliss, influenced by the *Maalkoshraag* based *Laagi more thumakpalangana*] and *Ore bhaifagunlegeche bone bone* [a description of the blazing beauty of a forest in the Hindu month of *falgun*, influenced by the *Parajbaharraag* based *Erima sab ban amuwa mole*].

India is blessed with a rich cultural heritage of which regional music is an integral part. Rabindranath researched music of the Mahishur region of South India, giving rise to songs such as *Labonyepunyopraan* (a song on the Spring season when the inner beauty of the soul is reflected in the ravishing beauty of the macrocosm) and '*Aanonodoloke mangalaloke* (a devotional song asserting the all-pervading nature of the omnipresent divine). He was assisted in his endeavours

* Faculty Member, Shikshayatan College, Kolkata

by his niece Sarala Devi Chaudhurani, the founder of the first women's organisation in India- the Bharat Stree Mahamandal. The creation of the evergreen songs *Jodi tor daakshunekeunaashe* (a patriotic song, 'If no one responds to your call then go ahead alone') and *Bhengemor ghorerchaabiniye jaabikeamare* (a song yearning for the beloved, 'Who will break the locks of my house and take me away?') can be attributed to the rustic, free-spirited *Baul* songs of rural Bengal. The soulful strains of *baul* music preaching liberal love have also been incorporated in the song *Aamarshonar Bangla* which was adapted as the national anthem of Bangladesh. No inspiration is too small or insignificant to the fertile mind of a creative artist. Not only did Rabindranath get inspired by the bards of Bengal (the *Bauls*), but also by Robert Burns, the bard of Scotland. His song *Auld Lang Syne* (long

long ago) provided a template for the popular song *Puranoshei diner katha* (Can the memories of the good old days ever be forgotten?).

There are very few songs of the third type of *Bhangagaan* where a tune was composed for others' lyrics. Two songs of this type are *E bhorabador* and *Sundariradheaaobani* in the words of Vidyapati and Govindadas respectively.

This confluence of lyrics and music from different sources provides us with an array of unique melodies which were reconstructed and taken to new heights of excellence and popularity by Rabindranath Tagore. They add a new dimension to the already vast melange of Rabindrasangeet - a lifeline to Bengalis all over the world.

WIFE

Dr. C. Jacob*

You are not nothing, not worthless,
Supreme you are in all respects;
You are the queen of your domain;
None can replace you in your kitchen.

You govern your man and rule the rest,
Envied is your worth with distrust;
With those you live with day and night:
When do they know your fears and plight?

Ignore them and forgive them soon,
It is a great relief and a boon,
Besides peace of mind and happiness too;
Forgiveness is your utmost virtue.

* Dist. & Sessions Just (Retd.), Narspur, W.G.Dist. A.P.

I AM THE ENDLESS MYSTERY

Siluveru Sudarshan*

Tagore bridged both worlds. He would become a mystic who made no distinction between scientific wonder and spiritual awe. Saints were like scientists who journeyed into the unknown and came back to report, through their mystical experiences, that God is real.

Referring to a mystical inner journey, he once said "You cannot cross the sea merely by standing and staring at the water" or by measuring the waves in an ocean with a scientific instrument, he might have added.

In *Gitanjali* songs to God, he wrote:
*Thou hast made me endless, such
 as thy pleasure.*
This frail vessel though emptiest
Again and again,
And filleth it ever with fresh life.
This little flute of a reed thou hast
Carried over hills and dales,
And hast breathed through it
Melodies eternally new.

He was the non European to receive the Noble Prize for literature, which came in 1913, just three years after *Gitanjali* was published and even more astonishingly,

only a year after it appeared in English. If Tagore's had been an isolated voice, I doubt that Einstein would have taken him seriously or even agreed to meet him. Their talks, over three days in 1930 inside Einstein's home outside Potsdam, made the world listen. When Tagore met Einstein, he was seventy and Einstein fifty.

Tagore made a statement about love that turned into a major quotation "Love is not a mere impulse, it must contain truth, which is law". Einstein was too much of a physicist to allow "Truth" and "Law" to be used so loosely. Yet he went Tagore's part farther than one would have expected. He even went on to say that "Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind". Both held that God was a mystery beyond complete understanding. To Tagore, mystery was internal, to Einstein it was external. By 1930 all these things turned out to be true. Einstein was not the only quantum pioneer who looked with doubt and a degree of dread, at what he had uncovered. The world of physics itself was in for a shock.

For Einstein, nature existed in an orderly, stable way, even though he could not prove it. He laid out this idea in front of Tagore, and the irony is that the Indian

* Writer, Hyderabad

mystical poet held a view that was much closure to quantum physics. Tagore was a polymath and he had been brought up in a privileged household where children were taught mathematics and the natural sciences. Because consciousness is so central to our existence, letting us see, hear, touch, taste and smell the world, we must find out where it came from. The only viable answer was that it came from itself. Tagore when he portrays himself as a tiny speck, it is the infinity of God's creation.

*At the immortal touch of thy
Hands
My little heart loses its limits in joy
And gives birth to utterance
Ineffable.*

*The infinite gifts come to me only
On these very small hands of mine,
Ages pass, and still though poorest
And still there is room to fill*

Every atom fits into a scheme that is innately orderly, not to mention beautiful intelligent, loving.

Tagore never wavered. This was the inner journey of a spiritual seeker. The vedic sages declared that "The world is as you are". The one is higher reality.

*Love is the only reality, and it is
Not a mere sentiment.
It is the ultimate truth that lies at
The heart of creation.*

Tagore

TRANSLATION OF TYAGARAJA'S LYRIC 'NAGUMOMU'

S. Madanmohan Sarma*

Hey Raghuvara, Thou art supreme
my cup of woe is full
desolate am I in the winter of discontent
to witness Thy benign form
I wonder

* Poet, Hyderabad

my tale of woe was not whispered to Thee
perhaps the lord of winged-ones
was dragging his feet
or
grieved to dive down the planetary distance
I seek, Thee none other
I pray for showers of mercy.

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AND LITERATURE

C. Neeraja *

Domestic violence is as old as human civilization. From the dawn of civilization it has been present till today all over the world. In every race, tribe and community, in the long procession of human civilization, domestic violence has become an integral part and this universal phenomenon may continue in future also. And domestic violence, though a time and time again seen evil, has been there in literature, in Poetry, Prose, Drama, Folk songs and other forms of Art like sculpture and architecture. There cannot be any literature without this element of domestic violence.

By the by, what is domestic violence? In the common parlance it is physical, mental and psychological dominance of man over woman at home and within home in the day to day life. Wife-beating, wife-burning, subjecting woman to harassment for dowry and driving her to commit suicide by burning or poisoning, putting woman in constant fear of neglect or deserting or divorcing her, if she is not submissive, imposing sexual violence, forcing woman to unwanted sex and keeping woman under the psychological impression that a woman is created by God inferior to man, with unscientific scriptural

support and a host of other things come under domestic violence. In other words, it is basically gender inequality maintained in society on the basis of social, cultural, religious and economic factors.

Almost all civilizations are patriarchal societies. Only the male member in the family will have all rights. He alone is entitled to social, economic and religious freedom. In the course of human civilization because of customs, traditions, superstitions and irrational beliefs woman is slowly reduced to be a slave, no, a domestic animal and an instrument. If we open the books of history of human civilization what we are sure to notice is that scriptures were written by man, laws were made by man, and prophets, saints and sages and all law-givers in the past were only men, men, men and none but men. In this context it is just to recollect the remarks made by Bertrand Russell, one of the greatest philosophers of the 20th century. What he says is that if scriptures came to be written by women, they would have been different. What he means to convey by this is that Genesis would have been begun with the words "God first made woman and from her rib created man".

Coming back to the subject, the sufferings of women compared to man are inexpressibly more. Her life is pitiable,

* HOD in English, B.G.B.S. Womens' College, Narsapur, W.G. Dist. A.P.

miserable and a saga of woes, an Odyssey of untold hardships and humiliations. Biologists and great scientists like Thomas Huxley have said and proved, and proved beyond doubt, that woman is biologically in all respects equal to man except for the sexual difference. Sexual difference is not a minus point in her life. It cannot be treated as a disability. On the other hand it has potential qualification as that of man. If so why should woman be still treated as inferior to man?

Civilisation remained stagnant during Dark Ages and Middle Ages. Only after Renaissance and Revival of Learning in the 15th century and when human rights were realized and Princely States and Monarchical Governments had gone and Republics and Democratic forms of Governments came into existence, the thought of freedom of woman germinated. Ever since then the struggle for gender equality has been going on.

There is enough of literature and there are a number of feminists and Feminist societies today highlighting the importance of woman's rights, economic, social, cultural, religious and so on. Great social scientists, thinkers, philosophers and writers have been indulging in this articulation from the beginning. Leo Tolstoy's "War and Peace", a classic, is an excellent literary piece that pertains to woman's domestic and social life. Similarly Thomas Hardy's "The Mayor of Caster Bridge", in which the drunkard husband sells his wife and female child in

auction and leaves them to their fate. Havelock Ellis, a modern British social scientist, in his famous book "The New Horizon in Love and Life" has dealt with a number of issues pertinent to woman's freedom. He observes, "A woman cannot be sexually free unless she is economically free". That means the prerequisite for sexual freedom of a woman is economic freedom. She must have right to education, employment, earning and owning properties and so on, to live as an individual with a body and a soul unclouded and unshadowed over by male's personality. Bertrand Russell, the Nobel Laureate in his immortal work "Marriage and Morals" has said that a house-wife or a family lady does not have so much of sexual freedom as a prostitute has. He observes in his book "Roads to Freedom" as follows: "Often and often, a marriage hardly differs from prostitution except by being harder to escape from it. The whole basis of this evil is economic status. Economic causes make marriage a matter of bargain and contract, in which affection is quite secondary". About the drunken cruelties of a legal husband he further makes this pungent, sarcastic remark: "Nowadays many men love their wives in the way in which they love mutton, as something to devour and destroy".

The Amnesty International Secretary General, Irene Khan, releasing a report on "Violence Against Woman" described the phenomenon as a "cancer" eating away into the core of every society.

One in every three women suffers violence in her life". In France, Switzerland, Spain, why, in most of the European countries and in America the situation is the same or even worse. Even doctors, lawyers, judges, bank officers or men in high position are no exception to this vice against women. Statistics provide us with appalling figures of wife - beating, wife-burning and wife-killing and all kinds of cruelty imaginable under the sky.

Slowly women are coming out of darkness and their ignorance at present. Even Muslim women in Islamic countries are now a days emerging out, at risk, of course, from their burkas to achieve their rights of freedom. The scourges of subordinate life of woman with her own partner of life, her husband, in the male dominated society is giving rise to powerful and emotional expressions and urges for her total freedom.

A Muslim woman recently gave expressions to her thought in a poetic form:
 The life we have lived begging
 Is not a life worth living;
 These are times when we have to plan and
 Let us come together
 And dare to question -----
 No more succumbing with bent heads!
 Every day feels like death
 Due to this double faced justice
 When we make the law for men,
 Then they will learn,
 Let us talk of a common justice
 And attain our victory - - - -
 (The Hindu, Sunday, 30-10-2004)

In India, there is already our Constitution which guarantees equal rights to man and woman besides some safeguards and protection for women. Our penal laws have provisions of punishment for offences against women. There are also civil laws regarding her property rights, marriage, divorce, adoption, maintenance etc. In addition to all these, on account of women's rights, organizations, agitations and representations, our parliament recently enacted a law regarding punishment for domestic violence against women by men.

There are only two important ways for woman to escape domestic violence, that too, permanently. They are education and economic freedom. In fact education means liberation. "Only the educated are free", according to Epictetus, the Greek philosopher. The realization on the part of woman that she has been under bondage and that she is also an individual like man and that she is neither inferior nor superior to man is the prerequisite for her liberation. Since no man voluntarily leaves his unethical social privileges, it is for the woman to fight for her rights, not on paper and to have them in law books but in actual life and in practice. Until then half of humans will be free and the other half will remain in bondage. Therefore, in conclusion, it may be said that books have a great role to play in redeeming woman from bondage and removing the yoke of slavery, and to be optimistic. That day is not too far to achieve.

DESHPANDE'S "MASKS AND DISGUISES": A PERSPECTIVE STUDY

P. Radhika*

Shashi Deshpande is an award winning Indian novelist. She has created a place for herself in the galaxy of Indian women novelists in English. She was born in Dharward, Karnataka in 1938. She is the second daughter of famous Kannada dramatist and writer Sriranga. She was educated in Bombay and Bangalore. She has degrees in Economics and Law. She received M.A. in English literature also. When she was living in Mumbai, she did a course on Journalism and worked for a couple of months as journalist for the magazine *Onlooker*. In 1962 she married Dr. D.H.Deshpande who worked in G.S.Medical College, Bombay. In 1978 her first anthology of short stories was published. Two years later her first novel *The Dark Holds No Terrors* was published. In 1990 she got Sahitya Academy Award for her novel *That Long Silence*. Now Shashi Deshpande lives in Bangalore with her pathologist husband.

Masks and Disguises:

Shashi Deshpande's novels are mainly based on women's lives and their problems particularly in the Indian context. For this reason she has been labeled

feminist. She explored the realities behind the silence of women. She raised her voice against torment on women and also created mass awareness in this matter through her writings. One such writing is her essay "Masks and Disguises". This essay is taken from her famous collection of essays titled, "writing from the margin and other essays". In this essay she observes that women writers have had a long and bitter struggle, masking and disguising their revolutionary thoughts and feelings.

When Shashi Deshpande was five years old, while returning from school, she was seized with the urge to write. She wrote her name in large letters on smooth gravel efore a public building. This was reported to her parents and they scolded her for her act. As a child, Shashi did not know why she was rebuked but later she understood the reason for it.

Women's need for Freedom:

Many years later Shashi read P.Lal's transcreation of the *Mahabharata*. Draupadi was the common wife of her five husbands. One day she explains to Sathyabhama that the best way for a woman to please her husband is to erase her ego, be modest and gracious and above all remain silent about what she thinks. A wife

* Lecturer in English, Govt. Degree College, Urvakonda, Ananthapur Dist.

should not be demanding. She only says that a woman should express her thoughts to other women in private. A woman should not express her thoughts, loudly in public. 'The Lakshmanrekha' must be observed by all women. The women stepping beyond this 'rekha' run the risk of being branded unchaste. This advice of Draupadi makes Shashi Deshpande to get upset. She argues that this is an injustice done to women folk.

Women writers' problems:

Shashi Deshpande says that whatever the woman writer says in her fiction is attributed to her. Shashi's very first short story is about the love that sparks between a man and a woman at a party. This short story won a prize at a competition conducted by a woman's magazine. The story is about a woman, who is married and has two sons and later she gives up her husband switching over to another married man. A relative of Shashi's thought that she was voicing her personal longing in her story; Shashi 'squirmed' on hearing this personalized interpretation of her work. Ashapurna Devi said that it is easier for a woman writer to speak a social truth than a private one. Shashi wholly accepts this view. Shashi says that it is easier to write generally of women's wrongs than of a particular woman's abuse by her husband. It is easier to say that women have dreams but harder to depict a particular woman's desires. A man's failings are not criticized as much as a woman's are. For example, Devadas drinks himself to death in Sharat

Chandra's novel but the author presents him as a tragic hero. But a woman who drinks herself to death is only presented as debased figure. Similarly, the English novelist Charlotte Brontë passionately loved doltish students. But these feelings are carefully blacked out Mrs. Gaskell in her biography of Charlotte Brontë glorifies her as an ideal daughter, a loving sister and a suffering woman and writer. Shashi Deshpande says that the woman writer in India masks her protests as well as rebellion. A woman's rebellion may result in defeat and loss of even the little freedom that she enjoys. Hence, a woman masks and disguises or conceals her real thoughts and feelings. Shashi Deshpande says that women are given less space or no space in the outer world. They can confine themselves within the domestic walls. The moment the women step out of their self is the moment of revelation and pure knowledge for them. This is what Jaya, the protagonist of Shashi Deshpande's *That Long Silence* does in the novel.

Way of women writers Mask and disguise their thoughts and feelings:

Shashi Deshpande says that women writers adopt many strategies to mask and disguise their thoughts and feelings. Emily Dickinson said, "Tell the truth but tell it in 'slant' or indirectly". That is, it is better to say the bitter truth not overtly but covertly. Jane Austen adopted this technique in her novel *Pride and Prejudice*. Women's sufferings are conveyed slantingly, that is, indirectly in this novel. Charlotte Lucas

marries the stupid Collins because he supplies her all the comforts that she needs. The alternative to marrying Collins is to remain a spinster. Thus, Jane Austen expresses her disapproval of women's low status in a subdued manner. On the other hand, Charlotte Bronte expresses her anger and protest very strongly. Hence, her novel, *Jane Eyre* is termed as "unwomanly" novel. This remark hurt Charlotte Bronte profoundly.

The second technique adopted by some women writers to hide their identities is to write anonymously or under a pseudonym, and some others use "By a Lady". But this is not always possible.

A third device to ward off public criticism is the woman writer using a clownish or mad character to voice her trenchant criticism of men and matters. The Bengali writer Nabaneeta Debse and the Kannada writer Vaidehi are two Indian women novelists who use the fool to convey their views. Charlotte Bronte uses the device of the mad women in her novel *Jane Eyre*.

Sometimes a woman writer's heretical views do not attract any public notice. For example, Shashi's short story about a lesbian scarcely caused a ripple.

Shashi Deshpande calls all such techniques as mask and disguises.

Finally, a woman writer cannot explicitly deal with sexual experience. Shashi says that she was thrilled when she read Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*, full of frank account of sex. Balamurali Amma mother of Kamala Das, wrote about her sexual experience in a superficial manner, describing her husband's cheek, face etc. Pratibha Nandakumar of our time is more explicit in her poem *Erotica*, in which she writes about a sixty three year old husband putting his "tobacco-scented tongue" into his thirty-six year old wife's 'wet intimacy'. His "exploring pointer" conducts 'grand tours' on her 'uneven geography'. Mallika Sengupta's poems- *Tell me, Mr. Marx* also belongs to this genre.

Shashi Deshpande says that she felt very uncomfortable when she wrote her short story, *The Intrusion* which deals about a woman's first experience with a man. Many forget the fact that sex is as much part of women's lives as it is of men's. Language is also a problem and a disguise for women writers. Many women prefer to write in another language as it gave them a freedom of expression and a shield to protect them from slings and arrows of their own men.

UNIQUE TELUGU NOVELIST

Dr V V B Rama Rao*

Vaddera Chandidas is the nom de plume of Cherukuri Subrahmanyeswara Rao (1937-2005), an academic in the Dept. of Philosophy, Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati who wrote two novels, *Himajwala* and *Anukshanikam* in Telugu. His first novel was serialized in the widely read Telugu daily *Andhrajiyoti*. Apart from these, his letters written to a personal friend Adluri Raghurama Raju - whom he called Raghur, from 10th Jan 1984 to 21st Dec 1991 were brought out in a volume *Premato ... Vaddera Chandidas* by Telugu-One Grandhalaya -(With Love.. from Vaddera Chandidas) in 2007. In these letters the novelist-philosopher-thinker expressed his intentions and attempts to delve into his innermost and candid feeling about consciousness, *chetana* or *chaitanya*.

In 1969 Vaddera Chandidas added a seven-page epilogue about himself which along with his letters to his friend Raghur may be read as a summing up of his personality, or individuality, if you want it to be called so. Following are some of his averments:

I write the following few words thinking that the readers must be tolerating the

tiresomeness of reading bearing the confusion of the layers of my mind-heart's (manas - in one word) existential nuances, for the darkness of passions

... ..

By now the readers must have dropped their lips with boredom or tiresomeness for passion in their eyes must have been washed out. For that reason, whatever I might say I don't bear responsibility.

... ..

I can only write, only when I cannot help submitting to some tension. For that reason, I may not perhaps be a writer.

... ..

The plot has been moving in my thoughts for quite some time but it took its shape in 1960. At the beginning of 1961 the first chapter took its shape. Starting again in 1968 I completed it in five months. In the interregnum I did not write even a single word. The flame of snow secretly raising the heat remained in me.

... ..

Dramatization, pure narration, stream of consciousness - joining and intermixing these into one these- not a very clear idea - stays in me. The idea is to keep all without tearing away the layers of the links between the external and internal movements. There is a desire to know some empty secret.

* Retired ELT Professional

... ..

Except for the picturing the inner consciousness of the two main characters nothing of that in others is done, I don't know their deeper minds inner. I'm limited to their outward, external acts.

... ..

In my view the experiencing of rasa is the great goal and some jignyasa- a passion to know. And some benefits are its related qualities. There is a wrong idea that the feeling of rasa is limited to sex. The feeling of thirst naturally is universally felt. This thirst expresses itself in umpteen types of hunger.

... ..

It is said that literature is a mirror of contemporary living. But, if it is just a piece of glass, a mirror, it would be a mere photograph... In my view it is a total waste... Life is a never-ending self-extinguishing piece of camphor used as aarti.

... ..

The one who having gone into a world of silence and deep thinking for years and years and breathed his lost in ennui is Chandidas. Only those very few who understand his intensely philosophical thinking and secret inner life would appreciate his work. He violated limitations and won only a very few intimate friends. Of these Lenin Dhanisetty was one. This Lenin along with his friend Mastan Khan recorded bits of Chandidas' s views, opinions and attitudes. As was his wont the philosopher-writer did not show any interest to send these to any newspaper. But

the duo Lenin and Mastan passed on their jottings to Andhra Jyoti and here are some excerpts:

– *For some reason music captivates me. I don't know why. I expand my life with music.*

– *I like Whitehead for some reason.*

– *Of Feminism, Dalitism, Post Modernism I don't know anything.*

– *A teacher from Kakinada came asking me to speak something to his students about Himajwala to clear their doubts. I told him that all that I wanted to say was in the book and there's nothing more for me to say.*

– *In the book written by Laurence Hope (while the British were in India) he wrote:*

To ask no question

To make no prayer

To take what fate God gives

Thus I believe in God.

– *I have no fear of death. Wish to die, wish to live, - both I don't have.*

– *Thus living thus living for nothing. Basically, living thus - Living for Nothing.*

These the newspaper carried with the title Conversation with a Great Sage in their feature *Vividha* as *Mahaamaunitho maataamantee* on 7th Feb. 2005.

Himajwala (Flame of Snow) created a sensation and won acclaim from his avid and enthusiastic readers. Chandidas himself went on record saying that the first hundred pages were written in 1960 and after a gap of seven years the rest

of the novel was completed in 1967. The central character of the novel was Krishna Chaitanya. *Chetana* - awareness, consciousness, existence - was at the base of the writer's thinking and the expression in the novel, especially in the initial part of the writing. Besides narrative and dramatization, interior monologue and interior dialogue with deep inward feeling made the novel very stimulating and powerfully expressive. There were some attempts at maligning and vilification for the unusual way of the novelist's thinking and expression. But they were negligible and were set aside by the youthful and imaginative who regarded the work as a masterpiece.

As regards plot construction, there are seven parts in *Himajwala*: Stain of Radiance, The *Veena* that Went Dumb, Godavari rose in Spate, Inner Feeling is Shameless, Love is Innocent, Search for a Mirage, Remnant of Life. The two major characters are Krishna Chaitanya and Gita Devi. Chaitanya is the son of Vijaya Saradhi, a rich man and a widower. He doesn't make an appearance till Chaitanya leaves his father's house Nafiz Manzil. Gita Devi is born rich but the sudden death of Vijaya Saradhi makes her poor and almost a dependent on her friend who supports her. Chaitanya goes under eddying waves of inner conscience and loves Gita Devi. She too goes into inner consciousness but leaves Chaitanya with the remark: "Professor Sir, a human being is not hungry in the stomach alone." Moral issues never crop up in the chief characters. Chaitanya

is a dreamer and mostly with deep inner consciousness.

The foils are Seshank a close friend of Chaitanya and Gita Devi. A journalist Seshank is always down at heel. He is intimately loved sometimes and protected by the philosophising with inner consciousness. The other foil is Gita Devi's friend, a young woman who supports her. Having gone away from Chaitanya, Gita falls for Sivaram and marries him. Chidambar Rao is a sickly person. His lascivious wife Madhuri Devi seduces Chaitanya. Vijaya Saradhi has affection for Gita and Gita tells Chaitanya when they meet after a long time that she was his father's lady love, a keep and, by law, his step mother. Chaitanya's uncles come for the cremation of their brother. Seetamma, his aunt, a widow, wishes to give her daughter Nirmala in marriage to her nephew. But he puts his foot down saying that he wouldn't marry that very young girl. He promises that he would educate her and perform her wedding. When his father is vilified, he tells all that the world could malign even an old man. He tells his friend Nayak: "Gita Devi is not our relative. She has acquaintance with me. When I was going off for research, I advised her to go to Bombay and study for her MA Degree in Bombay University. When dad went to Germany she remained with me. I wrote to her after her MA to come to our home and stay with dad as a supporter. Whatever did people think of the ripe old man and the young woman who's not even twenty-five?"

During the course of the movement of things Gita Devi leaves Sivaram for his harsh, un-understanding and possessive ways. At the end Chaitanya and Gita Devi go to the railway station to see off Seetamma, his aunt, and her daughter Nirmala. When the train was just departing, they hear somebody crying loudly Gita's name and saw somebody jumping off the train. That is Sivaram. He was taken to Nafiz Manzil where he quarrelled with her asking her to go with him. He beat her head with his pate. Both got severely injured and both fell down dead. This is the high-level drama with which the novel ends. The book ends with sentences which indicate the entry of the writer's mind into another narrator: "Life has not ended. There is more to happen - the cremation and funeral rites are not theirs. They are rites that occur always and ever."

There are many moments when Chaitanya's inner consciousness comes up. Chandidas has found a new expressive device for expressing his inner thinking. Here are some of those statements beginning with a hyphen.

Traversing slumber, dream and profound sleep, desiring to go beyond my and your complete divine consciousness and become so and realizing below such going into another unconscious is not the good movement, or travel. That is going. That is disappearing. That is a stupid, idiotic condition.... What can I write? That the bunch or ball of tangled hair of

contradictions, the birth marks of non-compromises

....

He was calling her. She turned around laughing. Why doesn't she speak, reply? From between the curtains of snow, from the red tinged ...

Gita!

Who is Gita?

Aren't you Gita Devi?

Me, me Gita! Ha, ha, ha?

Then what is your name?

Rita

No, you are Gita Devi, tell me where you are.

In the Mars

In the Mars -what I feared about has happened. Who has taken you?

He took a stone to chisel Rodden's head but couldn't and beat his head on the stone, dead, poor man!

What are you doing there?

What am I doing? What can I do? I was tightly held in Antonio's embrace.

Then Cleopatra?

Where is Cleopatra, poor one, dying in paralysis. Getting treated with Ayurveda.

... ..

Her back is pressing in his eyes. Melting in the eyes of consciousness - under the white blouse ... shining yellowish from the marble back are visible the curves and turns of veins ... the blood turning, bubbling through the nerves - in thousand bright electric lamps ... in her back - in that compound shades round and enlarged shadows .. Green shadows of stones -

It's feeling like their being held compressed in his hands. The electricity frozen must have taken such shape.

That inspiring rasa

"Gita!" in the limitless compound his throat got split.

"voo" A hundred wired veena vibrated, trembled. . . . (pp 64-67)

The same is the condition of Gita Devi's mind at this juncture:

She stood on the veranda looking at the moon - pressing the moon on her forehead, embracing the blue sky in the valley of the Himalayas. Disturbing her primordial loneliness, becoming permanent in the drops of time... (p.64)

Her hair dishevelled and falling down is brushing her cheeks. With no petty coat under her sari, visible through the muslin is the movement of her yellow limbs. The slope of the green grass - the valley - the flame broadly spread on the sky - are not allowing his glance to shift... (p.71)

The state of inner deeper consciousness and thinking of the feelings deep within are limited to the part of the novel written first. The quality of writing in the parts added later is just mundane, no more other-earthly things. With the end of the first chapter stop the succulent and captivating presentation and portrayal of chetana. There is a distinct qualitative variation of excellence between the first and later parts of the novel.

The second part titled the veena that went dumb is after the parting of Gita Devi. Then follow Gita's marrying Sivaram and her staying with Vijaya Saradhi, all without the knowledge of Chaitanya. The action finally shifts to Nafiz Manzil, Saradhi's acquired residence and concludes there.

Vaddera Chandidas's averments about the layers of his heart-mind (manas) are highly significant. The disturbance of existence which he called *asthitwa* and the passion he describes as a creeper of lightning the readers enthusiastically wade through. For literary enthusiasts who admire creative writing at a higher pedestal, this writer's declarations are captivating: Only when I find that I cannot but yield to some pressure I can write. The reason is that I may not be a creative writer.

In my view experiencing *rasaanubhuti* is the ultimate goal of literary pursuit, some amount of intense thoughtfulness and some purpose. There is also a feeling that the experience of *rasa* is limited to sexual happiness. But the feeling of satisfying thirst is naturally beyond the terrestrial. This thirst is expressed as hunger in many ways.

More truthful than truth is the mirage of life which has no limit or end. Life is self-burning camphor (on the plate) which would never get spent.

Love which goes high as a fire cracker makes life a whirl pool.

We are told by this writer that he had an idea of mingling the narration of a story with inner consciousness he calls chetana. His desire is to show movement, travel and flow in writing, unravelling the external and internal movements without disturbing the linked layers with an effort to discover 'empty secrets'. Having been a student of metaphysics he deals with abstractions like

the nature of existence with aplomb. Being an academic teaching philosophy to post graduates, this writer is bestowed with extraordinary tendency for rumination. As a man and as a writer he is unique. The very thought of calling himself Vaddera has immense significance. In ordinary parlance Vaddera is a stone cutter. Chandidas is a sculptor. Chaitanya is a bewitching statue.

BROTHERS IN LAW

Dr. Pitta Satyanarayana*

I longed to have brothers
For I was the lonely son,
I called the cousins akin
To take me as one like theirs.

As I grew, the enmity was seen
Between every two brothers,
a fierce scene
God saved me from the bitter agony
Of a big brotherly oppression,
a monotony

For reasons unknown
my duty to the younger
Who exceeds in power, his wife a monger

Of lowly look just for position high
that lingers
On account of the sacrifice of the elder
brothers!

My father a believer in support
And a very gifted rapport,
From my brothers-in-law
He arranged to get for me one or two
While fetching a bride for me to woo
At the expense of my choice of course!
The moment they mounted the screen
They tortured me, I knew the law
A brother- in-law is for law,
They found pretext to separate us,
The members united in profit or loss.

* Prof. of English, Vaagdevi Engineering College, Warangal,

Either the brother or one in- law
Proved our wish a concrete flaw!

TO KILL A MOCKING BIRD OF HARPER LEE

Rajendra Singh Baisthakur*

To Kill a Mocking Bird is a delightful, thought provoking and conscience stirring novel narrated by a girl of nine about life in the US in the '30s. Though the main theme is apartheid, it throws light on various issues like life of a child, education, discrimination based on gender or race raising it to the level of drawing a contrast between values of life on one hand and mindless social conventions and time honored prejudices of people on the other.

The story in brief: Atticus is a lawyer living in a small place with his son Jem and daughter Scout in the US in the '30s. Atticus tries to defend Tom, a Negro, accused of attempting to rape Mayella, a white girl. Though Atticus proved beyond doubt that Tom is innocent the Jury finds him guilty and he is sent to jail. Atticus is targeted for supporting a Negro. His two children are attacked by Bob, father of Mayella. A neighbour of the children, Arthur Radley rescues them and Bob dies in the scuffle. The Sheriff does not book any case as he thinks that it is a sin to kill a mocking bird viz., Arthur Radley.

The writer presents the world as seen by a nascent mind, a girl of 1st

Standard. Her pictorial imagination, fear about a phantom in a neighbouring house which always remains closed, playing in a tree-house, pleasure of finding some gifts in a small hole of a big tree, the feeling of love, comfort and security in the lap of a parent, a feeling of love towards a boy of her own age, the nuisance of a teacher in the school are all presented graphically. The uninhibited natural thoughts uncorrupted by societal norms give the freshness of a child's face to the novel. For example Scout wonders why ladies in the neighborhood have to wear hats when they meet in a house "across the street" (P.253). Jem feels "why can't they get along with each other?why do they go out of their way to despise each other?" (P.251) about the different kinds of people he finds around him.

Here is a worthy commentary on the education system. The teacher is dumb enough to punish Scout as she is able to read in her 1st Standard which according to the teacher she must learn much later. Obviously the child wants to avoid school to keep away from the teacher who kills her spirit to learn. To her school is "twelve years of unrelieved boredom". Her learning from her father "Hold your head high and your fists down" (P.84) is not a part of or a result of schooling.

* Lecturer in English in AP

It is surprising to find how some ideas are inherited in every society. Scout believes "Boys don't cook" (P.91). Atticus feels sorry "Miss Maudie can't serve as a jury because she is a woman" (P.244). These are clear cases of discrimination based on gender.

There is a candid explanation of a "mixed child" "They don't belong anywhere. Colored folks won't have them because they are half white, white folks won't have them because they are colored, so they are just in-betweens, don't belong anywhere" (P.177). Atticus and his family are singled out and attacked by about all white people for supporting an innocent Negro. Mayella, a healthy white girl of nineteen invited Tom, a Negro to have sex with him. Tom, knowing that he will be in trouble, resists and on seeing her father coming, runs away. For no fault of him the jury finds him guilty of rape. Atticus had to say "In our courts when it is a white man's word against a black man's, the white man always wins". Jem comes to know "Our kind of folks don't like Cunninghams, the Cunninghams don't like the Ewells, the Ewells hate and despise the coloured folks" though the "background", on which these distinctions are based, is not certain. Jem

says "...We might have come straight out of Ethiopia during Old Testament" (P.178). Scout tells her coloured Governess Calpurnia about Walter Cunningham, a tribal and her classmate, "He ain't company, Cal, he is just a Cunnigham". This shows how the mind of the child is conditioned and a prejudice that a tribal can't be a company to a gentle girl like her is inherited.

Atticus is the hero of the story. He is a true Christian and Miss Maudie acknowledges it (P.237). He believes "...before I can live with other folks I have to live with myself. The one thing that does not abide by majority rule is a person's conscience." (P.116). So he defended Tom. He thinks his son Jem killed Bob and argues with the Sheriff who thinks otherwise.

Boo Radley considered a symbol of oddity or even insanity turned to be Mr Arthur Radley who kept himself away from all the ills of life and remained a mocking bird.

Thus this beautiful novel gives the reader an experience of freshness and makes him think about human predicament.

Golden Article reprinted from *Triveni* January-February 1931

THE ARTIST'S SOLUTION TO THE WORLD PROBLEM

C. Jinaradasa*

In spite of every religion and every philosophy that exists, mankind will never give up asking certain questions concerning the origin of things. In far-off days in India, men asked: "At whose behest doth mind light on its perch? At whose command doth life, the first, proceed?" (Kena Upanishad). In spite of the answers given by the Upanishads, we still ask the same questions. Till lately, in the history of civilisation, two types of answers are familiar to us; they are the solutions offered by religion and philosophy. The answer of religion is either that all life is the action of a Personal God, a Creator, or that it is the manifestation of an Impersonal Principle, an Absolute; the answer of philosophy is largely to show that in man himself is the solution.

With the rise of modern science, another answer is offered to us which, summarised briefly, is that all life is the result of a mechanical process due to forces inherent in the composition of matter itself. 'Evolution' is the word which sums up the solution of science to the world problem, just as religion sums it up in the word 'God' or philosophy in 'Unity'.

There is yet another solution to the world problem, to which so far little attention has been paid. It is that given by Art. Scarcely any seeker for truth looks to Art as having solutions to his puzzles, for mankind mostly looks upon Art, the cult of Beauty, as merely the embellishment of activities, the result of refinement and sensitiveness to civilisation. That Art may have a solution to the world problem equal in rank or value to that of religion, philosophy or science, is perhaps a novel theory.

But it is that theory which I wish to propound, though I cannot expound it here at any very great length. Indeed, somewhat as a pioneer, I have to feel my way far more by intuition than by clear mental sight; and hence there will necessarily be many gaps in my exposition.

Let us start with an example, that of a rainbow. Suppose one were to ask, "What is a rainbow?", we shall certainly have the scientific explanation, that it is an effect due to the refraction of light, as that light is broken up by prisms made by falling rain-drops. That explanation is true. But it is only one explanation. But a second explanation, not less true, is that of Art: "A

* Sri Lankan scholar, lecturer, writer and theosophist (1875 - 1953)

rainbow is an exquisite thing of beauty." The two truths do not contradict; nor do they supplement each other, for they move on two different planes. But what will be the effect of a rainbow on a sorrowful man or woman who sees one? It will be to suggest a "way out", for however brief a time, from the prison-house of grief, by offering pictures to the mind, or tenderesses and realisations to the intuition. Does not an artistic reaction to the beauty of a rainbow contain a solution to one part of the world problem?

I have before me as I write a small picture by Manishi Dey, the size of a postcard, of a Madras jutka and pony. The moment I saw it, I "fell in love" with it, and purchased it. My heart went out to the pony, and every time I look at him I feel that he is the archetype of all the suffering jutka ponies of Madras. Certainly he is bony, and depressed; but the artist has made him near to my heart. I know that that picture whispers to me one tiny part of the great answer which I am seeking. Opposite to me on a bracket on a wall are two brass lotahs picked up for a few rupees the other day in Calcutta, and a tiny earthenware cup (its worth is one-twelfth of an anna) found in Benares some years ago, and now mounted in a glass case; I know they too whisper some part of the great solution. My shelves are full of books describing this or that solution to the great problem; but so do my artist, my brassware maker, and my potter. For where Art is, there too is something of a great solution.

Who can describe what type of solution is offered by a great landscape? It cannot be stated in words; yet a solution is there. We cannot describe in words the formula for an algebraical equation; the formula is a sequence of symbols, and yet to the mathematician the sequence gives an illumination, a solution. I know by experience that the following lines are true, for they describe the way that a landscape, or the painting of one by a great painter, affects me.

Once,
On looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun-
A land of broad green meadows, through
which poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea-
Thus as I looked, I know not how or
whence,
Was borne to my hush'd expectant soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted
man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

What a different type of a solution to the riddle of life is offered by a great piece of architecture, for instance, that of the Taj and its attendant mosques and gardens. It is as if some great Divine Thought had descended to earth and become materialised in marble, with an aura of green trees and sunlit water. So too is the effect of Borobudur in Java.

It is when we come to music, that the solution given by Art to the great

problem is profoundest and most lasting. Thus speaks Adelaide Anne Procter in her *Lost Chord*:

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

That one single chord of ten notes should link "all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace"-does not that prove that Art has a solution to the great problems? It is only when we come to the 'abstract' music of the West-its sonatas and symphonies-that we find the majestic power of music, especially in this particular aspect which I am considering of Art as offering solutions. Every sonata and symphony of Beethoven-particularly Beethoven-has to me a solution. What that is I cannot state in words. It is the same with every musician's composition.

Consider the solution to the problem whither death leads offered in the three great "funeral marches" of Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner. They tell us of *Something*, greater, nobler, more majestic than anything we know in our human experiences, more poignant in sorrow,

more radiant with hope, more certain than life itself. I think the Upanishad gives a faint realisation whither great music leads. "What no word can reveal, what revealeth the word, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below." Of all the three funeral marches, it is Wagner's that moves me most. It describes the life history of Siegfried-the love of his father and mother, his heroic youth, the curse on all three, his glory and his failure, the strange karma of it all-by the interblending of musical 'motives,' in a slow march so awe-inspiring and majestic, that one feels that the composer is uttering truth, describing not only why an earthly hero must cease to be but also why a whole cosmos must come to its cessation.

All who know what Western music at its greatest can be feel immediately that it was a far-reaching truth which Browning uttered when he said:

Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us, whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

So Art too has its solution. The poet, the sculptor, the painter, the architect, the musician gets a flash of that solution, and states it adequately or inadequately in his creation. Not less a great dancer also. But

as to the dance, do we not know in India that Shiva is ever dancing a cosmic dance, and that the flow of His rhythm is in the clouds as they fly and in the branches as they wave? Let us certainly be thankful to

the saint, the philosopher and the scientist for showing us 'the Way'; but not less thankful to the artist that he too is showing us that Way, even if his own feet are not yet treading it.

WHO ?

A. Mahesh Kumar *

Who taught synergy to ants, symmetry to spiders
Who filled brilliance in nests, fragrance in flowers
Who brought sweetness to honey, fastness to light
Who processed brightness to day, darkness to night

Who trained punctual planets and seasonal seasons
Who bestowed foresight to squirrels, insight to insects

Who fixed the depth of seas, the height of blue sky
Who ordered stars to shine, rivers to flow, birds to fly

Who made mighty mountains, marvellous meadows
Who designed colourful rainbows, beautiful butterflies
Who moved lively winter clouds, lovely summer breeze
Who assigned business to bees, great glaciers to freeze

Oh Mighty Master! Thy creation of countless creatures
And splendid spots are all Nature's priceless treasures

* Assistant Professor, MVGR College of Engineering, Vizianagaram

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Santiniketan
Nov: 16. 1921

Dear Subbarao

By this time you have found out how supremely lazy I am - but you must not think that I am forgetful. Never expect letters from me but remain assured of my affectionate regards for yourself. Prof. Sylvain Levy has come to us and his classes will commence from tomorrow. Vishwa Bharati organisation means a great deal of work for me who am temporarily unfit for all practical works of this nature

But all the same Providence carries out most of his missions through men who are good for nothing.

Please give my kindest regards to Mr. Kaidari and tell him that I am looking forward to the time when I shall be able to take advantage of his kind invitation to visit Ajanta caves

yours affectionately
Rabindranath Tagore

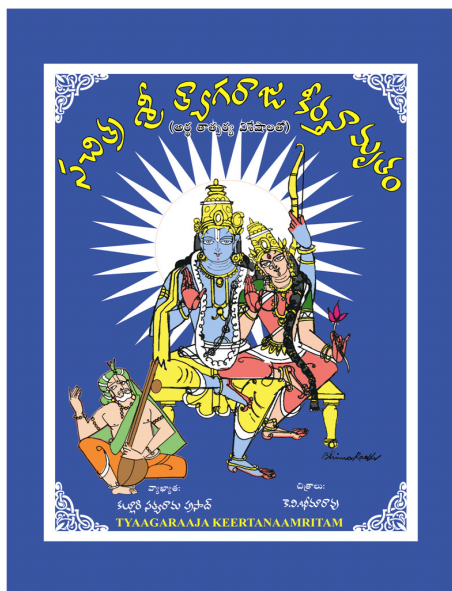
Facsimile of Tagore's letter to Acharya Rayaprolu Subba Rao, distinguished poet and writer.

(Courtesy - Acharya Rayaprolu Subba Rao)

Facsimile of Tagore's letter to Acharya Rayaprolu Subba Rao, distinguished poet and writer. Courtesy - Acharya Rayaprolu Subba Rao

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