Chapter 5

Gorati Venkanna

The Guardian Angel of Song Cultures

5.0 Introduction

Gorati Venkanna is a high-flying name in the world of Telugu song cultures of contemporary times. The song composer, singer and performer challenges the mainstream arts like film, TV and other popular media in the present times and song composers such as Vetoori Sundara Ramamurthy in Telugu cinema industry. He holds the public sphere by bringing out the masses’ life style and the struggle of the working class people, the virtuousness of the village people into the limelight through his songs, singing and performance. He composes, sings and performs about the wounds of the traditional labourers and artisans of the villages. He writes about the downtrodden lives attached with the artisans, the labour and agony of a common man’s life. Venkanna’s verse has a distinct earthy flavor. Venkanna focuses on concerns of social or economic oppression. Imperialism or societal relations, blend with the ordinary life in an extraordinarily simple way in his songs.

When Venkanna breaks into a song the audience gets transported to the rural side. Watching the glorious sunrise or the pleasing hues of the rainbow or the dust clouds raised by the cattle herd returning home is just as good as listening to the voice of
Venkanna. *Yakshaganam* is within his family; his father was a singer and used to sing songs in his days. Venkanna was influenced by a Hatha yogi and Chennadasu who came to his village and taught him *Bhakthi Tattvam* (devotional thought) in his childhood.

Venkanna, as a song composer, plays an important role as guardian angel of song cultures in Telugu in the recent times. The compositions of Venkanna invoke the memory of his personal experiences of his life from his childhood to the present day. He writes great songs. In Venkanna’s song compositions, we can see how the culture of singing and forms of people’s arts are sustained in the modern days. He is one of the judges in a programme on song cultures on Maa TV which is a leading programme on oral songs in Telugu. His compositions mingle with the artistic production forms and artisans in the villages of Telangana.

5.1 Early life and education

Gorati Venkanna is one of the leading song composers, singers and performers of Telangana, India. He was born in a Dalit family in 1963 at Gouraram village, Mahaboobnagar district Telangana. He is one of the famous contemporary songwriters, singers and performers of the Telugu society in Andhra Pradesh Telangana. He studied up to third class in his hamlet. After that he went to Raghavapuram, stayed at a social welfare hostel where there were 20 students forced to persist in one room and finally he completed his SSC. He was the first scholar in his village who passed the tenth class from a Dalit family. He completed his intermediate in a village called Kalvakurthi. But he did
not like the college and shifted to Jadcharla junior college and joined in H.E.C group, in Intermediate. He is the only one who passed intermediate from the whole group that year. He was interested in literature but due to financial constraints he was unable to make out anything. He joined in the evening college to pursue his under graduation. When he was doing undergraduate studies, he worked as a paper boy to sustain himself. Later he joined in M.A. degree in Potti Sriramulu Telugu University; after one year he left his course in the middle due to financial problems. He got married and appeared for a UPPSC exam and selected in 13th rank. Now he is working as a clerk in a co-operative bank in Mahaboobnagar. He hails from a deprived economical background. He underwent numerous financial obstacles to complete his school education in his hometown. He is awarded his Ph. D recently from Potti Sriramulu Telugu University, Hyderabad. Though he has faced many problems in his life he did not leave writing songs.

5.2 Guardian Angel of Song cultures In Telangana

The Telangana poets have a great heritage of struggle called the Telangana armed struggle and the struggle for land reform, which has gone on for over 30 years. Perhaps, this may be the greatest facility for the whole Telugu song composers. There are many poets in Andhra Pradesh like Gaddar, the modern legend of Telangana folk poetry, Guda Anjaiah, Vangapandu Prasada Rao, from east Andhra, Gorati Venkanna, Varavara Rao and Andesri, who used this heritage in their poetry.
Gorati Vrnkanna's voice is very distinct among all those poets who came after Gaddar in Telugu society. It looks as if Venkanna's voice is fractured – as it combines two distinct tones and pitches. As he sings in this shifting and a distinct voice his songs and tunes rock the hearts of the audience. "Whenever I am all alone, if I feel like crying, I should feel like singing a song and I feel I should like as if I am playing with my child in my lap" he says. He sings of the beauty of Telangana Palle (village) thus:

Bathed in the rain water  
Like the undulating elegant shrub  
Gushing forth from my soul  
My tears flowed into songs, again and again.  
Exhausted by song and dance as I collapse  
When my bosom friends query – where is Gora  
Even as they draw the song into their lap  
From the rhythms of tapping eyelids  
The songs appear in tears  
The song comes forth as the sound of tears

The stanza tells us about the poet/singer's account of the song.

Venkanna is a distinguished and living song-bird. He composes songs, sings and performs them in public gatherings in the contemporary times. His father and family members have a closer relationship with art forms such as songs and singer like

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121 Gorati Venkanna, Unpublished Interview in (Hyderabad: Unpublished, 2009)
Balasanthalu and Haridasas in his village. He was very much interested in the songs and singing of various Haridasas who were 'yachakas and sing songs early mornings in the village side. When he was a child of five years he used to ask his father to sing some Haridasa poem-songs for him in his childhood.

The simple lexis and the local idiom that Venkanna uses in his songs are not new to the people of Telugu region. They have been taken from the peoples’ verbal communication and traditions. When the people of Telugu language hear the compositions of Venkanna absolutely feel cherished and pleased that even someone can compose songs with their simple and village language. The world of technology, globalization, and pop culture in the country are marginalizing the liveliness of song cultures, of traditions and of the language of the rural people, artisans, and their life style,. The song compositions of Venkanna reverberate as they initiate their own life in a form of song. He answers to one of the questions, how the song comes into your mind’s memory? He says:

How does a song take its origin?

A cigar has to be lit
And one must feel the stars in the sky;
Should walk around the field
Having no hesitation.
The milk pots should be filled in
The early hours of the morning,
The yards have to be swept sooner than the dawn,
And there melody starts.
The cords of the bullocks are to be left in the fence fields.
The bullocks are to be left in the fields.
The farm-land should be watered in the moonlight.
Then, and there song takes its birth and comes out of the heart,
Just look once at the village.
Then you will understand what a song is.

Venkanna provides the address for the local speech patterns of the Telangana region. We can smell earthen naturality of the village culture in every song of his. He is one of the natural song composers in Telangana region. He magnificently sings of the villages including the birds, cattle, and children and so on. He says that he does not know how he became a poet. He glorifies a village’s beauty in his songs and he mesmerizes the people through his poetry. He loves to play the local musical instruments such as Maddela, Dappu, Harmonium, chiruthalu and others. Venkanna is an optimistic poet when he sings about beautiful nature in the village. Let’s look at a song and the way he sings beautifully about the village flowers.

It is happy to see
The beauty in Our villages
At the edge of long branches
the golden coloured
Yellow flowers

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122 Gorati Venkanna, Unpublished Interview in (Hyderabad: Unpublished, 2009)
Venkanna composed good number songs in Telangana song cultures. He writes songs on a whole range of themes such as mourning songs, on the disruption of local artisans, songs on local factionism, of village beauty such as flowing rivers, singing birds, and playing children, rain and green crops. He also composed a number of songs for Telugu films. He performed in a few Telugu movies such as *Sriramulayya, Bathukamma* which are famous and successful in Telugu film industry. Venkanna has published three books of his song collections.

Gorati’s first book titled *Ekunadam Mota* was published in 1994 by Arunodaya publications. The name of the publications itself suggests the value of the book. The second book titled *Rela Puthalu* was published in 2002 by Sahachara Publications, Hyderabad. According to his two books *Ekunadam motha* and *Rela Puthalu*, the songs of Gorati can be divided into four major parts on the basis of subject matter in the songs.

In the beginning of his vocation as a song composer, he composed songs on nature. Subsequently, his writing turned into social problems and sorrows and sufferings of common people of the Telugu society. Venkatareddy, who was his school teacher, has introduced him to Communism and its political theory in his schooling days. He had gone to many public meetings. His talent brought him close to the Arunodaya artists and Virasam poets of the Left organizations and the interaction only helped him polish his skills further and resulted in his scripting scores of his composition. Songs such as “The village is weeping”, “Wow, our landlord has changed his way of dealing”, “our village market”, “Shall we sing of friendship”, “Children singing in the water”, which were well received and owned by the people.

Once in a public meeting he was demanded to sing a strain. Oh! Brother Rajanna” was the first song he sung on the dais in a public meeting and that was composed by him. Everyone was shaken by his singing. Later, slowly but surely his songs were inserted into films by Shankar, an upcoming Telugu film director who was notable for his movie Jai Bolo Telangana in recent times which was a Telangana movement-centric movie.

The study of the song cultures in contemporary times will facilitate to notify the powerful relation between the nation and the song cultures. The investigation of song compositions of Venkanna and Gaddar will reveal the social and political purpose of the songs in people’s cultures. The songs composed by Venkanna are illustrious and significant for an
academic investigation; for, his songs and singing move his audience and inspire the forthcoming song composers in the region of Telangana.

The present chapter will analyze the major themes in Venkanna’s song compositions: (i) How the song compositions of Venkanna bring out the concerns of the people about their struggling lives in the modern times; (ii) How Venkanna’s song conveys the problems of women in the present society; (iii) How his songs are successful in letting the society to know about the problems of the child labourers. In the song cultures of the modern times, the songs and performances of Venkanna are owned and appreciated by the people from the last three and a half decades. It is because Venkanna himself is from the working class community and it is crucial to understand that a person from the struggling background only can understand the struggles of the marginalized people. It’s because of this reason no person or song composer from any elite background exists in the song cultures of the contemporary times. If any song composer exists, he or she is there in the song cultures of the film industry or mainstream culture like writing.

The culture of composing songs, singing and performing is continues procedure to develop social consciousness among the people of the rural areas from the social and political experiences of the song composers through their songs. From the beginning of the human civilization the social activities of the people and the song culture are
mediated through various themes and art forms such as devotional songs as they were in Tamil, Kannada and Hindi Languages in early centuries.

There is not a subject which Venkanna has not written about. From corruption to political equations, and the sensitive human relations all find an echo in his voice. Venkanna firmly believes in human values. Every song must touch some aspects of life and if it does not reach the heart of listeners there is no point in writing he says. He is also against writing on the subject which a writer does not know. He feels that a writer must share the pangs of pain of the suffering masses to write about them. The one who never suckled can never write for the pleasure of a mother nursing her baby or a joy of child suckling the life’s nectar.

Therefore, Venkanna has composed hundreds of songs in the last three decades of his life of composition. His songs can be divided into quite a few divisions on the basis of the themes of the songs. The chart below tells us the number of themes that Venkanna has composed on. I have illustrated every major theme of the compositions of Venkanna with more than one suitable example in the following sections in the chapter.
5.3 Genres / Themes

- Songs on Women
- Songs on Social chaos
- Songs on Globalization
- Songs on Caste and class
The pastoral elegies or songs always describe about the loss of cultural belongings of a community or tribe or a group of people in the villages. The songs also carry the themes of loss of an individual in a family or in the village. The thesis of song cultures has quite a few key features, including the invocation of the muse, expression of the farmers or cultures or poet's grief, praise of the diseased, a tirade against the death of a human or culture, a detailing of the effect of this specific death upon nature and eventually, the poet's real-time approval of death's inevitability and hope for immortality. The other features of the songs include the recalling the memories of the lost glory of lives, the glory of the culture or the greatness of the person. The songs are written in a simple language and sung in a sober tone. The songs explain the life after death. The pastoral elegiac songs are typical, incredibly moving and in its most classic form, it concerns itself with simple country figures. The songs always related to the lives of the people living in the villages and their working class struggles.

The song depicts the humanity of the village people, their love and affection for the other beings in and around the village. The song sings of the pure hearts of the people and their innocence. The major themes of the genre are: the poet describes his relation to the other characters in the song and recalls his memories with the subject in the song. The lyrics of the songs evoke from the personal experiences of the poet. He contrasts changes between the past and the present and some time relates his agony or happiness to the future by taking the audience along with his imagination. The poet cries of the lost world in the
rural lives and the struggles of the working class people for their problems and their migration.

The poet considers all the beings, including the birds, water, sand, trees, cattle, goatherds in the nature as they are important for his songs. The entire living and nonliving things take place in the songs. For example, in "The River ran dry" Venkanna describes the lost beauty of the local brook where he has played in his childhood; he praises the brook as it was the only source of life for the people in the village. Most of the times, the poet remembers his experiences with the river and contrasts the differences between the past glory and present lifelessness in the brook. He mourns for the death of books in rural areas. In the song "Due to no rain fall" Venkanna depicts the problems of the people due to no rainfall. The lives of the people were badly affected by continuing drought in the villages. The drought has extended the distance between the people. They lost their love and affection. They sold their jewels to continue their lives. The glory of the village is no more and the most of the population of the rural had migrated to the cities to earn their livelihood. Thus the village now resembles the burial ground.

In a song entitled "A tribal Brother", the singer sings of the innocent lifestyle of a tribal man who always loves his neighbors. Hunting was one of the daily duties to lead his life apart from managing a small pig-farm. When he goes for hunting, he won't catch more than five birds a day. If more than five are caught, he leaves them into the forest and he shares all of the five with his friends and his girlfriend. Thus the songs go on singing about the lives of the people.
If some songs mourn at the death of their loved ones or lived culture, the other will sober their hearts by recalling the beauty of the lives and the glory that they had in their early life. In another song “Oh! Brother, you left your village” Venkanna describes the problematic lives of the farmers and the reasons for the suicides. Furthermore, the song describes the role of a wife in the family after her husband's death. The song shows us the life of his wife and children after his death. The farmer could be happy after his death, but he doesn't know how his death throws the others lives into dreadful conditions. The song of “our weekly market” tells the beautiful lives of the people in the rural India. The song is so special with its structure. Each stanza of the song describes a different people and diverse anecdotes. The other famous songs in this genre are “where is your song gone”.

5.4.1 A Tribal Brother

Once there was a tribal brother Naganna
Of tribal community
There was a hut away from the village
Loincloth for his ash coloured hips
Ties the cloth to his waistline
Runs after the fence fields,
Bamboo sticks in his remaining hand
Spirits after the wild bushes always
After exploring the entire forest
He cleans the bamboo joint
The hut was without a door and threshold
The shed is used to blot out his sticks
He calls the pigs affectionately to him
Pours the fodder into the water-grass
Mixes the food he supplicated from the villagers
He blends the fodder with his right hand
He testifies to the pig cubs
There is fodder for them

He wanders along with his cow
Brings chase and fetches only five birds
He gives one of them to his Gouda
He gives one to Ali, the mutton seller
He gives one to his girlfriend
Gives one to the employer
Before they beg him
If there is more than one bird
He leaves it into the woods
He seizes the black cobra skillfully
That rises up to the his height
He grabs the fangs still it is alive
Nangana, was not scared the fatal cobras
But, do not know why,
He was afraid of
The landlords in the village$^{124}$.

**Interpretation**

The song is not only composed but also sung by Venkanna in recent times on a tribal person who lives far away from the village. This is one of the heartrending songs from the gallery of Venkanna in song cultures of the contemporary times. The poet-singer, in the song describes the innocent life of the tribal named Naganna.

In the first stanza, the singer illustrates the hut at the end of the village, where he lives in deprived conditions. There was a tiny hut at the end of the village. He ties his waist with the loincloth and covers his ash colored hips with a small piece of the cloth. Naganna who is the main character in the song, always wanders around the bushes in the local forest. Naganna in olden days, used to clean the palm-stick as he wanders all over the palm-garden. In the next stanza, the singer describes, the life style of Naganna. He lives in a small shed far away from the village. The shed has neither door not the threshold. There was small pig-form adjacent to his shed. He mixes the fodder with his right hand and adds the food that he begged from the families in the village. He feeds the pigs with love and looks after them with affection.

After that, the poet exposes the blamelessness and love for the human beings in his village and other living mammals in the forest. Every time he goes for a walk, he takes his single cow along with him. He brings five birds those were hunted as a part of his walk. If there is any additional one over the five he lets it back into the forest. He gives them to all others in the village. He gives one of the birds to the Goud, one to Ali, who offers him red meat, and one to his partner who loves him a lot. And the last one he gives to the implores before they beseech him for the birds. At the end of the song, it is mysterious to the song-poet why Naganna was afraid of landlords in the village, where he has enough capability to squeeze the poison from the lively poisonous cobras in the village.

In another song entitled "Weekly Markets in Village, Venkanna gives a visual description about the local weekly markets and its significance in rural life? The poet shares his awareness in his life about the experiences of the people and their behavior in the weekly markets. The poet-singer takes the names of the famous weekly markets in the region. Long ago, there were local weekly markets happening in a village once in a week. Today the culture of carnivals and weekly markets has vanished in the villages. The song expresses the poet’s misery on the loss of the local culture and artisans.
5.4.2 Carnival of our villages,

Carnival of our villages,
Comes about once in a week
The people come as
The ants come out of ant hills
From thirty hamlets around

The youngsters
Run as if they are chased
The old travel by old jeeps
As they are pushed into
The tray of vegetables
The bundle of Nasturtium
The tray of betel leaves
The leaves of tobacco
The pungency of the chillis
The place of the dry fish
Ginger-garlic is at low price
The bale of the cloth merchants
On the way to the carnival
The carnival is a song of small business people.

Due to the hot weather,
The people take a pause
As they take a look at the soda water
The lad is lesser than a foot
Opens a soda bottle fast
The merchant who sells mineral water
Looks shocked at the people
Who satisfy their thirst at the cost of one rupee?

The flour miller chit chats with the goers of the carnival
If somebody disturbs him
He shouts at them in high effect
The flour miller Subbayya forgets his lunch
On the day of carnival

without a break, in rotating the sieve
Of the chilli powder,
Kandooru Jananma rises at the people
As if there are thorns in her nose
One fights with him after he is drunk
One begs his wife to drink
Due to a fight at bargain for sari
One pleads his wife
They bring the family affairs out-of-doors
And becomes together as they leave to their house

All sorts of eatables
Are brought to the store before the midday
While they drink at the liquor store
They include each other
And gets ready to marry their children
They confirm the wedding date
And go to the priest to fix the date of marriage
The newly married woman
Came to her maternal house
Goes to the carnival
In the name of vegetables
She cries to the people
From her paternal village
After inquiring about her
Younger brother and sister
Asks them to inform her mother
To visit her once

On the day of carnival
Some love-pairs meet together
On the field beside the way
The leave the restriction in the air
The loved one become one with the beloved
The people who keep their love
Thought they are away from each other
They meet together
By coming out in the name of the carnival

Though it is not bought as it was
In the olden days,
The saffron adds beauty to the carnival
Poosala Raajavva brings the lanterns
Though they were not sold out
The glasses and Bite become brightened
With the grace of village girls
The tales of Kasi Majili
The poetry of Dasharadhi
The philosophy of Yaganti
The kritis of Yepoori
Those were published sixty years ago
Unknown, where he gathers from
Provides livelihood to Bukka Balayya

As if all are his relatives
He irritates the people
By asking them to pay the weekly payment
It is unknown the loss and profits
Of the (Butti) tray-business

People from the social organization
Have arranged a meeting,
Distributed some pamphlets
The uneducated tribal Beesamma
Took them happy to sell her
Herbal medicines

The lad who came from a nearby hamlet,
Came to the carnival to buy herbal medicines
For her mother, to cure asthma
He bought the herbal medicine
From the tribal lady
The uneducated lad
Folded it into the pamphlet
He slept on the pavement for that night
As there was no transport
In the midnight, as if there was a problem
The police battalion came into the village
They woke up the lad from his sleep
Posed questions about his name and village
And found the pamphlet in his pockets
The matter in the pamphlet is unknown
But their eyes have become red
The matter is unknown
But they strangulated the throat of the lad
Killed him

Bargains, buys and sales of the goods
Benefits and the losses
Likes and dislikes
Anklets flowers
Smiles and flowers
Hubbubs and exclamations

The carnival shows us lot news things
The state killed a lad
Who was innocent and unseen
The odds and happiness in the life
The carnival which was the symbol of happiness
Today, the problems in the lives
The darkened lives
The anxious in the life
The carked lives
Interpretation

The meaning of Santha is a weekly market or 'carnival' happens weekly once in villages. The weekly markets are renowned all over the Indian villages before the globalization period. The village market is in fact a social occasion where people come from nearby hamlets. People from different social and economic background arrive to market early in the morning with fresh vegetables and other daily needed protections. After a cheery bargaining and drollness, the stock is sold away by the evening. The villager's yodel to each other across the din of the bullock carts, cycles, manual rickshaws, and tractors, tidily arrange their purchases for the whole week for the trip home. The vegetables, edibles, cloths, seem to be the main items of the carnivals. The carnivals would be full of people, cattle, and other animals, cart-pulling bullocks, bullock on sale snort suspiciously at would be buyers; but the buffaloes do not give any damn to the people as they are always in search of the mud-ponds. In most of the villages and remote hamlets, weekly markets are the great events that the people look for eagerly to happen. The tribal sellers in the weekly markets offer wild roots like sweet potatoes and fruits. We hardly can find any social or caste or class differences among the people. Rich and poor, one and all visit the carnival to buy the daily needs. The local carnivals are the super and hyper markets

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for rural poor folks. Even the prices of the things would be less accessible even to the poor.

Venkanna is very conscious about the language that he uses in the compositions. The language that Venkanna uses in his songs is very simple and it is used by common people in daily conversations. The song shows the incredible support of the carnival culture in the rural side of the world. The carnival takes place once in a week. The people come from 30 nearby villages. The sight of the people seems like they rush to the carnival as the ants rush out from the anthills. The youngsters walk faster to reach the carnival as soon as possible. But the elder people come by the old jeeps as they are pushed inside the jeeps. The landlords and other upper class people come by bullock-carts as if they are going to attend a wedding ceremony. All the varieties of vegetables are offered for economical prices.

The other famous carnivals in the region are Ragithipeta carnival, Sirisilla Jagityal, and Siddipet. In the following stanzas, Venkanna describes the conditions of the people who give service to the visitors. Owing to the hotness of sunny day, people take a break when they come across the soda-water at the beginning of the carnival. The merchant that sells the mineral water is shocked at the people who satisfy their thirst with one rupee cost. The flour miller goes on talking to the people, and if somebody disturbs him on carnival day, he shouts at the people as if he is going to bite them. Another flour miller named
Subbaya forgets about his lunch as he continuously works on the day. Kanduru Janamma who runs a grinding mill for chili powder shouts at the people as if thorns are grown in her nose.

In the next stanza, the poet portrays the endearing relation between a wife and husband. One fights with his wife after he is drunk. Another one pleads with his wife to take a drink. Due to a disagreement while bargaining of a sari, the husband and wife shouts at each other and when they go back to the house they come together again. All kinds of edibles and snacks are be ready before the noon at the palm-wine shop. While they drink people develop a relationship, confirm their children’s marriage and go to the priest to know the fortune of the bride and groom.

The next stanza shows the worry of a recently married woman who came away from her maternal house. She is so nervous to know about her maternal family. She goes to the carnival in the name of the shopping. When she meets her village people firstly she queries about her brother and sister and immediately starts crying and asks them to inform her mother to see her. A later stanza tells us the story of lovers, whose love is still alive in the hearts even after their marriage. They come to the carnival for the sake of meeting their lovers. They leave the restriction to the air and forget about the damn world.
In the next stanza the poet represents the natural cosmetics which were marginalized by the global products. The singer says that they are not bought as they were in the olden days. Even though the sellers bring them to the carnivals and the natural things like *kumkuma* (vermilion) adds more beauty to the carnivals. Another stanza tells the story of a book seller named Bukka Balayya. It is unknown where he gathers the books like *Kasi Majili* stories, *Shataka* Poetry of Dasaradhi, philosophy books of Yaganti, songs of *Yepoori* those were published before 60 years. The books provide him food.

The next stanza describes about the money lenders in the carnival. The money lender wanders all over the streets in the carnival and asks the sellers to the pay the weekly payment before they sell the goods. It is not known about the loss and profits of the selling, but it is happy that at least the sellers are getting food for the day by selling the goods in the carnivals. Since there are many people from most of the villages, the social organizations had conducted a meeting. They have distributed pamphlets all around the market. And it is sure that most of the people do not know what has been written in the papers. But the sellers in the market are happy to get the papers and use them for their business and use them as folders. Bisamma is one of the sellers in the market. She sells herbal medicines for various diseases. When she was given the pamphlets she was so happy in thinking that she can use them as wrappers to sell the medicines. Unfortunately a boy comes from his hometown to the market to buy some herbal medicines for her mother who was ill. The lad is given the medicines folded in the pamphlet. He never knows that the pamphlet will turn out to be a cause for his death on that day. He takes the
medicines and goes to watch a film in the local small theatre. When he comes back, he finds no travel assistance to reach his house. He sleeps there on the pavement. In the midnight police come to secure the place.

The village lad, who was uneducated, found sleeping on the pavement all alone. The police search all over his body questioning about his details and find the pamphlet in his pockets. The eyes of the police officers turn red. The boy could not know what is written in the pamphlet. The boy even could not understand why the police officer was so angry. The police officers kill the lad by strangulating his throat. The day ends with the death of an innocent, poor, uneducated lad who came there to get the medicines for his mother. The unkind and nasty changes in the rural life and the supremacy of the state on the common innocent and uneducated people make the singer so sorrowful.

5.4.3 The local rivulet ran dry

The local rivulet ran dry

The umbilical cord of the immense brook ran dry

The far away moon

On the water waves of

The beautiful Dundhubhi

There is no drop of water

In the brook, that
Was flowing always
The borders of the sand dancing
On the beach of the brook
Has turned into hard-hitting earth
In the valleys where we jumped into and played
The thorn bushes are grown-up
The lives of the _rellu_ bushes,
Those play with the wind
Have been desiccated
The shining stones on the river
Were bowed into sharpened fritter away ???
The herd of cows, and
The goatherds having
Gazed in the hedge fields,
Come to the river and take rest after
Drinking the water in the river,
The sparrows were drinking the water
Flowing in the hoove-marks of the cattle
The river in the evening
Shows the beauty of the sunset
It was a safe haven for the love-pairs
The big-brook have given
Unforgettable memories
There were song-birds,
They sing continuously,
From the two sides of the waterway
But there is no one at least to see
Only some insects are left
Those cry at the time of drought

The river in the rainy season
Rises up as Nest of flows
In the winter
It covers herself with moss
In the summer season
The brook awaits and looks
At the sun, with a sad face
Her body simmers
As the mud-spattered water descends into the earth
Now the brook turned into a tomb,
As there is persisting drought.

The river was so beautiful
With brightened shells
Like broken diamond
The brightened stones
She was so rich with the countless shells
Where the drought has sold the jewellery of
The river-woman?

The crops depended on the river
Intend to the crop cultivations
The digging the bore-wells in deep
Have drawn the water out
Because the sand is transported to the cities
For the huge constructions,
The water source in the earth is lost.
The water streams of the brook
Were whiter than the milk
The water of the brook
Is sweeter than honey
The sand covers in the river
Is softer than the cushion
The nests of the birds on the river
Are better than the beauty of the Tajmahal.126

Interpretation

Gorati Venkanna, in the song, represents the ‘lost’ beauty of the river and the impact of the drought on the villages and local brooks. Each lyric of the song shows it is painful to

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see the problems in the village. The poet compares the present death marks with the past beauty and happiness of the people with flowing rivers. Once the river was flowing for all the time, but now there is no drop of water. In the song poet is crying for the brook that ran dry. There is no water now in the brook named Dundhubhi; once it was flowing always with water.

In the second stanza, the poet remembers that they used to play on the sand at the beach of the brook. Now it has turned into a stone. The valleys that they swam are now filled with thorn bushes. The lives of the rellu bushes have become lifeless. The stones were shining in the water are sharpened as stones. In the following stanza, the poet describes the cattle and goatherds were so happy for drinking the water after they grazed at the fenced fields. The water in the brook was reflecting the beauty of the evening when the sun sets. The neighboring bushes by the river were like a sanctuary to the love-pairs. There are many numbers of memories that were presented by the big-brook to us.

In the next stanza, the poet remembers that there were songbirds singing endlessly from two sides of the river. They sing like sahanayi music. But there nothing exists around the river. Only some creepy-crawlers are leaving those sing of knowing the bad conditions in the villages. In the other stanza, the brook in the rainy season mounts up like a nest of flows. In the winter the brook covers itself with the moss for the fear of the cold. In the summer, the woman-like brook looks at the sun with her dreary face, and it simmers as the last drops of the water dry into the earth. As there is continues drought in the villages resemble the local brooks as the burial grounds with the death around it.
Some time ago the river was so beautiful with the seashells; the seashells looked like a broken diamond with its whitened brightness. The poet questions the drought where it has sold the jewels of the brook. Why then she has become lifeless, he asks.

In the next stanza, the singer gives the reason why there are no natural water sources in the earth layers. It is true that the land cultivations were done on the waters of the brooks and lakes in the countryside. But with more intentions of cultivation of more land, the people have drilled bore-wells deeper into the earth and drawn out the water. The sand has been exported from the villages to cities for huge constructions of the rich.

In the last stanza, the poet describes his emotional relationship with the brook. He praises the brook and its glory, singing that the streams of the brook are whiter than the whiteness of the milk. The water of the brook is sweeter than honey. The sand of the brook is softer than the cushion. And the nests of the sparrows are more beautiful than the beauty of the Tajmahal. Thus the village-poet, Venkanna glorifies the beauty of the brook in the countryside.

5.4.4 O Palamur farmer!

O palamur farmer!
Have the rivers
And the agricultural lands
run dry,
due to no rainfall?
O palamur farmer!
Have the villages
Become deserts without people?
O palamur farmer!

Have the thick feathered hens mislaid,
Have the well-built bulls vanished?
Where is the glory of the village?
Are the epics of the rural no more?

O Palamur farmer!
Are the golden rings are sold,
Is the bracelet gone?
Where is the coverlet in your hand?
Is the only the torn-rag cloth with you?

Where is the joy during the Dusserah and Deapavali?
Where is the cheerfulness you had with
Your sister and brothers-in-law?
Where are the traditions of exchanges?
Your lives and affection are detached and separated
O Palamur farmer!
Has the detachment among the human been amplified\(^\text{127}\)?

**Interpretation**

The drought in the recent times has its direct impact on the crop, rangeland, and the productivity. It has reduced the water levels in the ground. Farmers are not the only ones

who suffered from the dearth. Retailers, who provide goods and service to farmers, must deal with reduced business. The drought in later times, led to unemployment and the suicides of the farmers. The other impacts of the drought are related to the things include the social impact include health, public relations, conflicts between the families, and finally the quality of the human life has been reduced. During the drought, many people from the villages migrate to the cities for their livelihood. Whenever this kind of problems occur in the villages, the countryside loses its population, and thus the villages are turned into wasteland.

The song is one of the extended melodies composed by Venkanna. The song portrays the glory that the people had in the olden days, but they have lost everything. Once, the lives of the people were so happy and affectionate. The sisters and brothers-in-law were invited for the festivals like Dusserah and Deapavali. But due to no rainfall, and draught they have lost all of their happiness.

The first stanza of the song-poem, describes the impact of the drought on the social, economical, and family standards of living in the country side. This is another song written by the same composer Venkanna. In the song the singer once recollects the lost glory of the villages. Long time ago, there was a lot of water in village and the people were living happily by working in the fields. Then, there were a lot of hens and weighty farm animals, but now they are nowhere to be found. And the farmers as well as workers
in the fields were providing some labour to the other landless labourers. But the farmers have lost all and they started working on the constructions sites. Before, every festival was celebrated joyfully with all the folk at one place. But now there is no such glory in rural communities. They left their villages and divided apart in hunting for food and employment.

5.4.5  

O farmer Brother

O farmer brother
You are departed from house
You are departed from your village
Departed from the house
Departed from the village
Departed from your wife
Departed from your lovely children
You left all the responsibilities on others
And you have gone to the world
Where you never can return back

Whenever the bulls make noise of hunger,
You gave them fodder all over again in the nights
Made them drink enough of water, by standing beside them
Made them relax by cleaning the place
You departed from the cattle
That you looked after as your children
The bulls grown up in your hand
O brother!
They are not gazing the grass.
You have cultivated crops those do not
Bother you for the pesticides
You were so happy for the fields,
You drilled a bore up to 300 feet deeper
And paid rupees 50 per feet
But there was no drop of the water
Except some stones out of it
The stone stopped the drilling
You were heartbroken and breathe stricken

The seeds from the multinational companies and hybrid seed
The price of the seeds is above three hundred rupees
If there is no proper pesticides,
The seeds will be decayed
You will run to get a debt
If you did not get any money lender
The crop will be washed out
You borrowed money from the day
You sowed the crop
When you harvest and sell
You will be left with no money

Before your cremation is completed
Your eldest daughter became menarche
She has to be decorated with flowers and turmeric and oil
Her lap has to be filled with nine coconuts on the first day
And let her sit on the small chair for nine days (peeta)
Have to call the relatives and celebrate it like a fest
She has to be draped in a silk saree
But you the eldest of the family is not there
How the celebration would take place
Your wife who is observing the painful situation
Has lost control and is howling helplessly
The cost of the finger like tooth paste is fifty rupees
The spray of armpits is minimum three hundred rupees
The price of the Kg tomatoes if fifty paisa
And when it is fried in a hotel the cost of the same tomato is 60 rupees
But the traders of the pesticides are getting lots of income
You have transformed your energy as the energy to the crops
You have lit the lights to eradicate the darkness of the huger
But when you are squeezed by the lenders
You are forced to leave the world
Are you happy after your death?
But the people you left them alive
Going trough difficulties128.

Interpretation

One has to find out and consider that, the poet is not using the utterance ‘death’ in the song to describe the absence of the farmer. The poet is just saying that he departed from the village, from his family, and from his other belongings. So, one can understand that, the farmer is ‘dead’ but the poet means to show that the soul of the dead and memories are still here and alive around his belongings. The farmer has left all responsibilities over the others and he went to the places where he can never come back to this world. In the stanza, the relation of the departed farmer has been described. The farmer always took good care of the cattle. He looked after them as his children. The farmer cleaned the place

and made them to sleep properly to get them relaxed. After the farmer’s departure the cattle are missing his absence and not even grazing the grass.

In the following stanza, the poet mourns on the problems that farmer underwent to cultivate the land. He paid a lot of money to drill a borewell in his land to overcome the water problem. But it was a failure without water. There was not water except some stone dust from the earth. When the farmer came to know that the drilling has been stopped by a stone in the earth, he was shaken and could not take breathe for some time.

The next stanza describes the problems of the farmers in the rural area. The cultivation is depending on the seasonal brooks all the time. Here the singer describes the problems of the farmers. The farmers have to pay a lot more money to buy the hybrid and multinational seeds. The instructions from the hybrid seeds say that the crop would be washed out if there are no proper pesticides. The farmers undergo into many difficult situations, to look after the crops. They had to borrow money from various money lending corporations on the village side. When they harvest the crop and pay their debts they would be left with no funds in their hands.

The next stanza is the most touching one in the song. The singer portrays the helpless conditions of two women here; one is the mother and another one is the daughter. The mother is already suffering from the death of her husband and the daughter has become a fatherless child. The daughter in the song reaches the stage of puberty (or comes of age) menarche, and a great function is awaited. On the first day of the menarche, the lap of the
girl had to be filled with flowers and nine coconuts. And after nine days, they have to invite all the relatives and celebrate it. Since the head of the family is no more the mother and the daughter have become vulnerable. The mother who has been observing all the conditions in the family is howling into tears.

The poet has made his argument clear in the last stanza, and showing the reasons why the farmers are thrown into the state of helplessness conditions. The cost of the finger size tube of toothpaste is about 50 rupees and the cost of the spray used in arms is costing 300 rupees.

The farmers are not getting a suitable cost for their crops. The cost of a kilo of tomatoes is fifty rupees, but when the same tomatoes in the hotels are costing 60 rupees for the plate. The poets is in one sense questioning the civilized: why don’t they think of the farmers who are putting their whole energy to produce paddy and other crops for the society. But why the cost of the crops is very least that making the farmers helpless and pushing them towards the corners of the world.

5.5 Women’s Songs

5.5.1 O Lachumamma!

O Lachumamma!
How sweet voice you got
Like a sweet fence fruit
Like a falling moonlight
On the flowing streams
Like water pending out of pockmark
How elegant face you have
Your smile is as bright as a sunbeam

If you give a call from the awning
The grazing goats in the fence fields
Would be near you a in a flash
For your emeute, all the calves
Will sleep in your lap
O Lachumamma!
If you sing, the faded fields
Will bloom
You pluck the leaf and grass
To feed the goats,

When you lie down on
The ploughed red soils
O Lachumamma!
The sky will cover the suntan
Dribble the water in the yard

You wake up before the cock crows
When you draw magic square on the floor
O Lachumamma!
The rising sun is decorated on your nail as gorinta (mehendi)
The sunbeam decorates as necklace around your collar

As your anklets make a tinkling
The tortoises gambol in the sand
For you sympathetic glance
The wolves will become darling-pets
When you place your feet
The thorns on the way will become jasmines
The seeds soiled with your hands
O Lachumamma!
The birds knew your dearness
They won’t pluck the grains in fields
When your sweat drops fall on the fields
They bow with folded hands.\textsuperscript{129}

**Interpretation**

In the song Venkanna praises the kindness and innocence of the beautiful woman Lachumamma in the village. Composition of this kind of song demands a pure and innocent mind and heart of a poet. Venkanna is a pure hearted song composer who always runs after the village life in the world. He knows the beauty of innocence and he feels the nature with his heart. If the poet could not experience the life and the beauty in it, he cannot compose a poetic-song in his life. The compositions of the kind of genre need a lot more solitude and keen observation or the poet must be from the village.

Venkanna, unlike in the other songs, where we come across the village woman as a struggling person, either exploited or deceived in the society, the song illustrates her creative spirit. Venkanna admires the generosity of Lachumamma in a pastoral side. The poet celebrates the voice as a sweet fence-fruit and her smile as the sunbeam in the first

stanza. She talks to the animals and the goats come to her when she gives them a call.
When she sings a song the discoloured fields will bloom back. The song of Lachumamma will give them the spirit of the first rain.

In the next stanza, the poet respects the kindness of Lachumamma. She gathers all leaflets and grassy food for the goats and feeds them. When she lies on the ploughed red-fields as she tired of her labour, the sky bows and gives her protection from the suntan. In the following stanza of the song, the deeds of Lachumamma represent the other entire woman on the pastoral side. The women in the pastoral life wake up early in the morning before the call of the cock or hen and start their cleaning. The cleaner the house-yard and decorate the yards with various beautiful magic squares on the floor. The poet addresses that the rising sun in the morning becomes as small as gorinta on her nail. The sunrays decorate her collar as a necklace.

In the last stanza, the poet pronounces how the animal-pets enjoy the presence of Lachumamma. The tortoises gambol in the sand as they listen to the musical sounds of her anklets. The wolves become pets by her sympathetic looks. The thorns on her way become soft jasmines when she places her feet. The seed that she trickles in the lines of soils will fall into lines. The birds those knew her love will not pluck the grains in the fields. The sweat-drops fall on the fields they bow with folded hands to catch the drops.
Who is the tot-sister?
She herself doesn’t know
Where is she going?
At the playful epoch
She is sweeping the grime in trains
At the age of playing with bubbles
She is polishing the shoes
When the sympathetic gives a paisa
She is touching his feet and tearing out

An unknown one gave her a gown
Threads filled with dirt are hanging down
The buttons were cut-off
Her chest is being touched with the bleak
She slept aside the pavement like a puppy
Shivering and looking anxiously at people

Due to inability to look after her
Did her parents leave her to the rich?
Alas! Fire-marks in her hands
Lumps are there in her head
Has the mother who combs her hair departed?
Had the landlady became the devil for her?

To free herself from the tortures,

Who went to her home, but it is same there

She came out of the jail

But she doesn’t know

There are tortures outside

When she touched the foot with pity

The heart-less people kicked her

Why one does not take the child

From the hundreds of the people in the train

Why they remain silent

Why they say that the kids smell

She moves in remembrance of her mother

When she sees a mother carries her child caringly

What is the requirement of the state?

When the small belly as small as finger is not fed

Where is the meaning of development?

When the kids are imploring in the nation

Unknown, the number of the honest leaders

Are they not responsible for the lamentation

of the girlish-heartstrings\textsuperscript{130}?

Interpretation

This is one of the melancholic songs that Venkanna penned in recent times. Venkanna envisions the unaided and orphaned children and poor conditions in the society. Each stanza of the song demonstrates the dissimilar levels of the embarrassment that the orphaned children face in their daily life. In addition, the song also talks about the labour that they do to earn bread and butter for their small tummies. The whole song is divided into several stanzas and each stanza carries a different grief-stricken story of a different girl. The singer captures multiple stories of the children who are leading pathetic lives and sleeping on the pavements on the roadsides.

The first stanza of the song notifies a female child walking somewhere helplessly. She doesn’t know where she is going and what she going to find to live. There is nobody for her in the world. But she is walking into an unknown world. One girl in the morning is cleaning the railway compartments as a kid. Another one is cleaning the shoes of the people and looking at the people who give her some money and touching their feet. Who is the reason for their problematic lives? Is it the irresponsible parents or the poverty of their parents or the irresponsible state which has failed to provide small shelter to the kids? In the next stanza, the poet describes the poor and helpless children sleeping at the corner of the pavement like a puppy. She wore a gown given by an unknown person.
without buttons. The cold is biting the body of the child from the button-less gown. She is looking at people fretfully.

The parents of the child might have left her due to their poverty to work at a landlady’s house. There are marks of the fire-burns in her hands. It seems that the landlady might have tortured the child. The lumps on the child’s head suggest that she has been beaten up by the landlady several times. The mother who should comb her hair had left the child alone on the road. And the landlady has become the devil in her poor life.

The child goes back to her home to get rid of the torture in the landlady’s house. But she doesn’t know that she will face the same torture in her own house from her own parents. She comes out to free herself without knowing the torturing world outside. When she touches one’s feet for pity the heart-less people kick her away.

The poet-singer poses question to the irresponsible parents and the steal-hearted men and woman in the society. The poet says that there are many people travelling in the trains daily. Why one at least takes the children nearly. Why the humanity remains silent? Why they blame and shout at children go away from them? Why do not the other women in the society understand the sorrow of the girl-child? If the mother also has been brought up from the stages of a child, why does she throw the girl-child away from her? Why the girl-children are sleeping on the roads? Who is the reason for their presence in the society?
In conclusion, what is the requirement of state and government when a small belly is not being filled in the world? When the children are imploring for food in the nation, what is the meaning of so-called development? Are the leaders and ruler having no response for the lamentation of girlish-heartstrings?

5.5.3 Satanic Verse: Song on sexual harassment

No Mason! No, no Mason!
I plead you with my folded hands
I am so young like your sister
I am foodless but honest
Don't desolate my life
You will be cursed

No rainfall! In Krutthika Season,
Not even a drizzle
The Uttara has shown us empty hands
Came to the city to lead my life
You're irritating like a dog in chitta season
I am not merchandise to buy

When I go to work
You follow and make me suffer
When I am one among the ten,
You come and sit with me
You stare at me like devil from the shadows of bushes
You laugh at me when I am scared of you
When I take bath
Due to dirty clothes and hair
You gaze into from the gaps of the fence
Don't you have sisters?
Why do you make me suffer?
As a messenger of Yama

When a hissing snake is pleaded with folded hands
It gives the ways but does not bite
A raging dog remains silent
When we sit aside
But you're a fellow-human
Trying to bite me\textsuperscript{131}.

**Interpretation**

The song shows us the life of working class women in building construction. The songs visualizes the cruel nature of the mason who is superior at the work and shares the work among all of his subordinates. The song tells us what happens in the villages if there is no seasonal rain falls. The song is about a woman migrated to city from a village. The villages were ruled by the drought. The people were thrown out from the villages by the drought. The song represents the problems that the woman undergoes in the construction field.

The woman came from the village to find work and survive. The mason who is the senior at the work has been trying to exploit her. The woman pleads him with her folded hands to not to desolate her life. The woman tells him that she is poor and foodless but she still keeps the honesty in her life. She even warns him that he would be cursed by her innocent womanliness. In the next stanza, the woman tells the cruel mason, that she migrated to the city since there are no rains in the seasons. The lives of the people who live in the villages with the ongoing drought. There were not ever drizzles in any season like Uttara and Kruthika. She says that she has been irritated by the mason like a mad dog in the Chitta season. And she counsels him that she is not merchandise in the market.

The stanza tells us how the whole category of woman in the construction work will be harassed by their seniors like masons in their life. On the one hand they have to work harder as the men and on the other they have to undergo harassment by the cruel mason like him. The mason always follows her and makes her suffer. Whenever she sits with her fellows he comes and sits with her where she feels so unhappy in front of the others. The mason makes her scared by his obsessed behavior by gazing at her from behind the bushes and from the shadows of the tress. When she is so scared of his sudden appearance from the shadows she laughs at her with his satanic attitude.

In the next stanza, the poet tells us another level of his satanic behavior. When the woman takes bath he gazes her from the gaps of the wooden-wall. the woman scolds him out of her painful and heart-throbbing situation. The woman asks the mason whether he
has his own sisters. And why does he always make her feel horrible with his behavior as the devil's disciple.

In the next stanza the nature of the poisonous animals and humans is contrasted by the poet. When somebody pleads a snake with folded hands, the snake will give the way. When a dog rages to hurt with his bite would leave if one sits silently. But the mason who is the fellow-human is not at all an understanding person and tries to bite like a snake. The snakes and dogs are better than some of the fellow human in the world. Thus Venkanna gives an account of harassments that women face in the society by some of the satanic men in the world.

5.6 Question Songs

5.6.1 Where is the change in the lives of poor?

Where is the change in the lives of the poor?

Why their lives are downed to the ground

Man has reached Mars

One is about to build a star hotel on the moon

There is model internet in every mandal

Stock exchange rates are increased

India is grown up to the stars of the sky

There is shit of the goats in the courtyard
There is shit of the chicken under the gampa
Their houses are like dustbin
There is a lot of misery in their hearts
They are not even in thirties
There are wrinkles on their faces
They are not even in their forties
There are lines on their forehead
Are they called the marks of luck?
They are the symbols of hunger…

Shall we go to Devarakonda?
Shall we look at Siddipet in Telangana?
Shall we look at the Rayalaseema, shedding tears?
If we look at some houses
There is some ant house in the walls
The net is made by the spirals
Are the natural mosquito nets offered by the God?
Where is the change in the lives of the poor\textsuperscript{132}?

Interpretation

The writers, poets and song composers in the world at various periods, question the inequalities with their writings. The song cultures give us knowledge. It is an understanding of us in relation to the world of experience, and to that world considers, not statistically but in terms of human purposes and human values. They educate people through their poetry. In the present song the poet, Gorati Venkanna questions the way of the people how they are leading in the present society. The song composer and singer asks if the technology reached the working class people. Is the technical development influenced any changes in their lives. The song realistically shows us that though we are moving into the era of the internet, there is no change in the village lives. Though there is a development in the technology; the man is landed on the Mars and the man is planning to build star hotels on the Moon. The internet has reached every Mandal of the country as a model of the development.

In the following stanza, the singer describes how their houses are. The dustbins are better than the houses of the common people in the villages. They are leading miserable lives. They have lot of pain in their hearts. The men are not even 30 years but there are wrinkles on their faces. Still they did not cross 40s and there are crinkles on their fore head. The singer asks should we call the wrinkles the lines of their fortune. No, they are the symbols of the starvation that they undergo.
In the next stanza, the singer invites and takes us to see the lives of the people in diverse places in Andhra Pradesh. He says that irrespective of region, laboring lives are same and down to earth. We can find the reality, if we examine the working class lives in villages like Devarakonda in Nalgoda district, Siddipet in Karim Nagar District, and in Rayalasema regions. The eggs of the lizards are whiter than the walls of their houses. The nets prepared by the spiders have become the natural nets given by the god for them. In this way Venkanna composed hundreds of songs to represent the cry behind the lives of working class peoples.

5.6.2 O Ramulayya: The impact of cosmetics

O Ramulayya!
How much you have spent
For makeup soaps?
Neo expenditures
Are scissoring your wallet
Gas stoves for cooking
Your heart is comforted with all these?
But how much they hacked you
Do you struggle a lot to fill it back?

How much debts and profits
How much you have lost
For cloths and dressing
For the festivities
If there is any relative
How many days you fasted
To fill the debts
The house is as small as cubit
But the rent of it is so high
What is the price you spend for?
The cell phone bill
Children’s school fees
And how much is for your fast foods
How many punctures are there in your pocket?

How many hurdles you have to face
For your sister espousals
What is the dowry you promised?
How much you paid already
They came for the festival
The one who came is brother-in-law
He seems like a bomb
If you did not give the dowry
He will blast as bomb
You started drinking

To forget all the struggles
You hide your face
From the money lenders
You thought for the whole day
As you were scared of the moneylenders
Finally you have become a seasonal
ayyappa devotee\textsuperscript{133}.

Interpretation

The song is a satirical attack on the nature of the modern man and on his luxurious lifestyle. Venkanna in the whole song throws different witty and humorous comments on the people who spend money and struggle from the debts. The song is story of a man who became a hobo in the modern times and suffers from the debts in his life. The man named Ramulayya in the song becomes a practical symbol of some lavish men in modern times. So, Ramulayya becomes a seasonal Ayyappa Devotee to escape from the harassment from the money lenders. The poet describes how the modern man spends his money and worries after he empties his wallet. In the song the poet satirises the new life style of people in the modern times. Of course everybody knows that the man in the modern times, spends a lot for his physical attire. The man in the modern times spends a lot for comfort ability in the life.

In the next stanza, the poet worries for the problems that the people face in the cities. They live in small houses where they would pay more for the small houses. In the modern times the utilization of the technical gadgets like mobile phones are squeezing the savings from the man. The man Ramulayya in the song represents all the men in the society in the contemporary times. The people spend lots of rupees for fast foods and the fees of their children. In a sense the song tells us how the development is making the people to face the problems.
In the following stanza, he describes the problems that Ramulayya has to undergo to get his sister married with someone. Nowadays, the dowry has become one of the major problems in Indian world. The song tells us that Ramulayya seems did not pay the dowry to his brother-in-law at the time of marriage. His brother-in-law came to his house for a festival. And who seems like a bomb to Ramulayya. If Ramulayya did not pay the remaining dowry the brother-in-law will blast like a bomb at him. Venkanna comments on the boasting nature of the man in the present society. The poet feels that the man has become supercilious.

In the final stanza, finally Ramulayya is seen addicted to alcohol to get passing relief from the problems that he himself created. When the usurers come to collect the debts, Ramulayya hides his face. The problems have gone up to a peak level. The money lenders were roaming all the day to his house to get their money back. But Ramulayya was hiding from them. He hides his face for a few days; but when he was unable to bear the scolding of the money lenders he becomes a seasonal Ayyappa devote to get relief from the debts.

5.7 Songs with multiple themes

In the following song the poet Venkanna cries for the disruption of the village culture, natural resources and the local artisans. Another important point about the song is that the Congress party used this song in its political campaign and came into power. The party used this song to attract and reach the common people in the villages, because the people have owned this song. The song also has been used in a film entitled Kubisam. The film
was a massive hit in its times. Venkanna also has become famous song composer with this song in Telangana song cultures. Now we also can say one more point about the Telangana song composers is that they also are playing a vital role in Telugu film industry. I felt it is important to discuss about the point, because we haven’t seen this kind of improvement in any song cultures of India such as Kannada, Tamil, Urdu song cultures.

5.7.1 The hamlet is weeping

The hamlet is weeping for unseen subterfuges
The mother (village) is impounded in unseen subterfuge
The baubles grow up in potter’s furnace
The blacksmith’s chimney is roofed with dust
The giant axe is lobbed
The weaver’s shuttle is fractured
The hands of the artisans are broken in the villages
The village-autonomy is obscured in the Ganges

The lakes and muddy-ponds dried-up
The wells are nearing death
The brooks are waterless
The fire places of the washermen collapsed
But the giant-borewell of the landlords is running for the whole day
Then, why did the wells of the poor farmers were dry-up?
The palm-trees turned into waste logs
The palm-wine disappeared
Eyes of people are filled with dust and those who drink the drugging palm-wine

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Alas! Who sent the freezing beers and whisky to our villages?
Alas! The cola came to our villages

Where did the Muslim-lads go who used catch fish?
Have they become the cleaners of the Lorries?
And become part of dirt of the petrol?
Was their hunger suppressed by the cakes in the city bakeries?
No food with any other toiling,
Without money for any digging work.
Have the carpenters gone to cities in search of the furniture work?
The portico that all farmers were sitting in.
Was abandoned and ruined,
The full-sleeves banions disappeared
The full-length knickers are nowhere,
Is the noise of the sewing-machines silenced in our villages?
Alas! The ready-made cloths have reached our village borders.

The streets of the goldsmiths are discolored and monotonous
The jewelry from Chennai and Bombay
Are chasing the goldsmiths from the villages
The pot of the Madiga is shattered,
The sticks of Thangedu are humiliated,
The blades are rusted,
The plastic drums sound like an old iron slate
Have buried the leather-drums in the villages
The locks and keys of the Poosali
Are gone into the Ganges
The farmer who had bullock-cart,
Was getting the work in all the seasons
For transporting the bricks and pesticides in the villages.
The tractor of the Tata has dribbled the bullock-cart,
The wheel of the bullock-cart is knocked down into the ground in my villages
Why the earth-warms and insects are not alive in the fields?
They disappeared because the stinking smells of the pesticides in the fields.
The harmonium of the village story teller and the oral-poet is broken,
The teacher of the Yakshagana is working on the construction sites
The implorers and the budaga jangaalu left the villages,
And selling the old-clothes in the cities for their food
The songs of Bathukamma, the Bhajans, kritis,
The philosophical song treasures of the Bairagis,
Departed in our villages

The occupations collapsed into the ground,
The autonomous employment is nowhere,
And there are no alternatives,
Why they did not start any cottage-industries at least?
O brothers!
In the illusion of the multi-national companies,
The Indian villages are crushed and bursting into tears
O leaders!
Look at the Indian villages

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Interpretation

The song is one of the massive hits on Venkanna in current epochs. When he composes songs on the ‘striking scenery’ in the rural side and sings of crying songs on the disruption of working class people in the villages, the poet-singer transforms himself into a farmer or a little lad who could see the depths of life. The poet-singer in the song cultures makes the audience feel the experiences of him through his songs. In a simple sense, Venkanna shares his happy and sad experiences with the people. The song is one of the examples to know Venkanna’s elegy about his longing for the village.

The song depicts the sagacity of the artisans whose lives were happy a long time ago before the globalization reached the Indian villages. The song warns people and the politicians about the illusive nature of the multi-national productions.

In the present era of globalization, the natural resources in the villages like water and sand have been transported to the cities. Eventually the farmers migrated to cities since they do not find any work in any season. Slowly the artisans have vanished and the people from various communities like carpenters, goldsmiths, were forced to migrate to the cities in search of their livelihood. The song not only gives the statistical analysis of the migrations and also it helps the government to know the reasons why the agricultural sector in India is not well as it was in the olden times. The singer is not crying for his own home town or his own region, he is describing the problematic lives in the whole
Indian villages. The lines in the song lines, "O brothers! In the illusion of the multi-national companies, The Indian villages are crushed and bursting into tears. O leaders! Look at the Indian villages" express the poet’s agony for the whole hamlets and villages in the nation.

The song tells us how the villages in the nation are crying without any help from the leaders or the government. On the one hand the lives of the coolies and farmers work in the agricultural sector are ruined by the prolonged drought, on the other; they could not get any alternate solutions for their lives. And the good portion of the population in India depends on their own community or the traditional jobs. For instance, people from the community of Gouda, apart from agriculture they also depend on the palm-wine. In the first stanza, the singer depicts the humiliated lives of the working class in Indian villages. He says that the hamlets in the nation are bursting into tears due to unseen conspiracies. The unknown or unseen conspiracies in the songs that the poet says are might be disconcert from the politicians, or the radical changes and the development of the technology and the city expansion, or the negative impact of the globalization on the working class and the small scale industries. Since the carpenters and pot makers left the villages the work-places were abandoned and ruined into the dust. The furnace of the blacksmith’s was shrinking into the ground and the blades used to cut the wood are rusted in the corners.
Another stanza is one of the important ones to understand the major reasons behind the large migrations to cities. We know that the water is the most important source to lead one’s life. Venkanna is the one who always finds the right reasons for the migration and immigration and alerts the responsible people. In the stanza the poet-singer says that the local brooks and ponds and rivers have been dried out. He also asks a striking question that if there is no water for the poor people how come the bore wells of the landlords works for the whole day? We can understand the social discrimination for economic reasons.

In the next stanza the singer represents the deadly trees and the nature in the villages. In olden days the lads from the Muslim community were supporting their families by earning money by catching the fish in the ponds and selling it to the village people. Since the ponds and brooks were run dry they have migrated to the cities searching for food. Some of the lads were not able to suppress their hunger by working in the bakeries, and some of them have become the part of the petrol and dust by working as the lorry cleaners.

In the next stanza he tells us how the oral cultures and oral literary traditions have vanished in the rural areas. The great village social-teachers and oral-poets have been keeping the song-cultures and oral-cultures in the villages. When the people have been moving to the cities for food, eventually the villages and hamlets have been into deserts.
So the cultural icons like the story-tellers and singers from various communities are forced to leave the villages and work in the building construction. Thus the treasures of the oral literature like Batukamma songs, keerthanas, Bhajans, kritis, philosophical songs of the Bairagis and the tradition the theatre works like Yakshagana and other song cultures have been deprived and vanished. And all the cultural activities in the hamlets and villages have either vanished or have been replaced by the star TV which is one of the productions of colonialism? and globalization. Thus the poet-singer describes the problems in common people lives, and the reasons behind the deserted villages and alerts the nation to look into the village life and save the treasures of the Indian culture. In other words, the song in particular poignantly captures the disruption of village communities and the lives of the artisans. Venkanna condenses the longer historical time between the colonial and globalization periods and graphically shows their effect on the much suffered villages communities. The song became very popular as this was incorporated into a popular Telugu cinema.

5.7.2 On Global warming

Smoldering like fire place
The Hemantha season is not even gone
The sun is falling before the noon
The new-born leaves faded and the boom flowers were fallen
The new-born leaves were scalded black
The colour of the skies changed
The tranquil motherland suffered

The venom spreads into the green fields
The harvested grains have become poison (hanging-rope)
The vegetables and fruits have been bitter
The farm has been nasty with the smell of pesticides
The body became a masquerade

By the effect of chemicals the ribs have come out

The world has become the auto clave with the smoke from the companies
The petrol changed the ground into offscourings
The noise of the motors and scooters increased
The blowing noise of the Lorries and cars
The day resembles the night with smoke of the vehicles
For the gain of the miser the earth is unbearable

Where are the stories of the tamarind trees?
Where are the blooming mango trees?
Where the stems of the huge Neem trees?
Where are the rhythms of the palm-leaves?

nalla maddi trees are nowhere

Where are the leaves dances with the wind in the teak arborium?

The green chilies are squeezed
The prawns have been transformed into bloodsuckers
The earth is broken
The globe has become dries without water anywhere
The globe suffered and by the bore-holes into the deep

Where is the hubbub of the myna and parrots?
Where did the bluejay disappear?
Where are the singing birds in the rivers?
Where is noise of the singing birds in the villages?
Where are the herds of the jumping deer?
Where did the chase of rabbits in the bushes?

The globe is on fire with the bombs
It is glimmered with the sparks of the rackets
Clamored with the blasts of the war-ships in the oceans
The globe lost its tolerance
Once the globe rumbled for the sins of the lords
The whole hamlets are drowned into it
The innocent people lost their lives\textsuperscript{135}

Interpretation

The poet-singer attempts to educate the people all over the world about the global warming. Until now we have read articles and essays, some times books on global warming. But this is the first and foremost attempt to describe the impact of global warming. This is one of the most beautiful features of the song cultures in the modern times. The poets in the song cultures not only talk about the gods, preaching, problems of working class, could also describe the world-wide problems with the songs. Venkanna is the first one in the song cultures who created the newest theme in the song cultures of the contemporary times. Each stanza talks about the various reasons and various levels of the impact of the global warming on crops, humans, vegetables, fruits, and so on. The song also proves that the world-wide problems like global warming could be explained in a simple, audible, interesting manner to make the educated and uneducated people in the whole world. So the song cultures are unique and they are always with the people from the ages.

At the commencement of the song the singer alerts the lords of the world and the other responsible people in the world that the planet is eventually warming up. An upsurge in the amount of extreme weather events, such as wildfires, heat waves, and strong tropical storms and tsunamis and so on. The song also says that the nature of the edibles like grains, vegetables, fruits have lost their naturality by the usage of the nasty pesticides. The ribs of the man have been transparent by eating the poisonous foods. In the next stanza, the singer explains the weather, air and sound pollution as they were covered with
the smoke released by the huge companies, and vehicles. The sound is polluted by the
blows of the sound horns on the roads. The singer expresses his grief that the day looks
like night with the smoke covered all over the sky. The planet is being affected for the
gains of the misers of the world.

Another stanza tells why the whole world is suffering from the global warming as the
huge trees are being cut down day by day. The singer asks where are the Tamarind trees
which were producing the fruits, and the huge Neem trees which leaves were producing
nice rhythms. And the trees like *Nallamaddi* are nowhere in the region now.

As a consequence the poet-singer says that the other species like birds, Mynas, parrots
have disappeared in the world. The race of the beautiful birds is nowhere in the world. In
the other stanzas, the singer anguished that the planet is being ruined with the atomic
bombs and blast of the naval ships under the oceans, the man draws the water from the
ground with deep bore-wells. Finally the globe is lost its tolerance and rumbling by the
storms, earthquakes and tsunamis. Thus the global warming is taking the lives of the
people in various forms.

5.7.3   The cunning landlord

Wow! Our landlord has learnt austerity
Our landlord has changed his methods
He’s changed his attire
Suppressed his temper
Swallowed his anger
But in unethical, the master did not give up a pin’s girth

When all villages wised up
And if the questions become sickles,
He realized it early, and sold the remaining lands
Asked to repay the loans as the inclinations
The landlord has taken what was given with his folded hands
He cleverly pushed off himself from the village

The master did not sit idle in the city,
He did not deposit the money of the land
He bought the useless land in the outskirts of the city
He is minting millions in the real estate business
He built a huge building, and started English medium school
He has thrown a delusive snare on the middle class
He got the permission to establish an engineering college
He sucked the middles class into extraction
He got the command over the finance agency
Tiptoed the commissions in the name of the chit-fund business
He gained the grip on the transport companies
Plundered the bounty of the forest
And turned it into a timber-depot
The landlord amassing millions with his money-making
He is back again to the villages
Told the farmers to plant the cotton crop
He is distributing all the pesticides to the villages
He threw bait by giving the pesticides on credit
He caught the post of water supplier on the river
Master is familiarized with the money on the river-water
He is ruling the village with his puppets in the village
He caught the entire contract in the village
Having no transparency in his robbery
The landlord is gaining millions
He is plundering the money without pains

The landlord sent his youngest son to America
To convert the looted money into dollars
He is ready to fly away whenever he wants
The lime-wash from the walls of his port in the village is flaking
Even it is aging, he is not paying attention
Though his port is aged, he did not leave the temple-post
Even after he shifted to the city, he did not leave the village-axle
Without resorting his terror, he is increasing his treasures

The one who swallowed the rabbit, monitor lizard, and pork
Brought by the tribal men and hunters
The one who used to eat chicken pulav for three times a day
Is not giving saintly discourses on the sin of killing the animal
We wondered on the changes in the landlord’s behavior in a flash
He has been hit by the spite of innocent animals,
And suffering from hemorrhoids
The landlord is scared and became a saint
As if he is the disciple of China Jeeyar Swamy
The one who was hissing like a snake at young women
The one who raped the women who crossed into his fields
The one who visits to cities
To enjoy the heavenly life in star hotels
Is now, strangely, performing
The prayer of the goddess santhoshimata
And giving lectures saying all the women are
The symbols of the mother goddess
We were surprised!
What happened to our master, why there is sudden-change,
Coming to know of AIDS which comes from wanton ways
He feared of death and became the Sriramachandra

He could not sleep until his legs are kneaded
Without a massage, he would not slumber deeply
How he is sitting in the sun smeared with mud?
How he is preaching of the illusive body
Troubled by a great amount of body fat,
Being told by the doctor that he will die of cancer
Out of the fear of death he joined the herbal-hospital
And eating the raw vegetables
By the fear of cancer, he is chewing the bitter guard leaves
Having joined siddha yoga,
The landlord is eating the green grass\(^\text{136}\)

Interpretation

In the present song, Venkanna brings out the cunningness of the local landlords in the village. The poet alerts the fellow common people about the new methods of the landlord. The landlords in the villages always addressed as Dora in the villages which means the ruler or the owner of a huge lands. Earlier the land lord has a free hand in the villages. His supremacy was support by the state, religion and traditions. Now the reformation in the Indian society forced the landlords from his power and forced him to leave the village.

The landlord was so conscious and grasped the changes in the contemporary society and moved out of the village and settled in city. He came back with his new and sophisticated methods to rule the village with his new tactics. The singer sings of the ways of exploitation of the landlord in the new avatar with laying out schemes for continues domination. However the landlord’s eagerness for food and sexual desires had their own consequences which we see by the end of the song. Notwithstanding, the money and power could not help him to continue his earlier life of enjoyment of heavens. And the karma leads him to eat the raw vegetables and chew the leaves of the bitter-guard plant.

Though the language and the lyrics of the song sound comic, but the song carries emotions of the common people who had been exploited by the landlords and rich people in the villages.

Thus the singer puts his expressions into the song and brings the problems of the common people under the rule of landlords and Jagirdars in the villages till today.
The first stanza describes how the landlord has changed his dressing and his appearance. Knowing the changes in the society the landlord suppressed his anger and speaks to the people amicably. The landlord has swallowed his tempter and not implying on anyone. Though the landlord changed his methods of dealing with the people, he did not change the desire for money and exploitation. Another stanza tells us how the landlord shifted to the city and sold his remaining lands in the village. The landlord was conscious about the changes in the society and he guessed that the people will question him about the huge lands in his hands. So the landlord has taken the money given by the debutants with his folded hand. He did not force anyone to give the money. And cleverly pushes off him from the village.

The third stanza tells us how the landlord had accumulated millions. He did not deposit the money that he got from the sold out land; he bought the wastelands in the city outskirts. He constructed a huge building and started an English medium school in it. Because the landlord finds out that education is one of the painless businesses to earn a lot more money in the cities. Then he threw a snare on the middle class with the education. He got the permission to establish an engineering college to suck the blood of the middle class people in the name or form of the fees and donations. Another stanza tells us why the landlord came back to the villages though he is earning lot more money with the schools, colleges, transport agencies, and chit-fund business. He came up with unethical proposal to the village and tells the farmers to plant the cotton crop in their soils. He gives the pesticides to the farmers on credit to gain the name and sympathy from the farmers. Eventually, the landlord re-gains the power and control over the village.
Earlier the landlord had enjoyed and swallowed all kinds of red meat provided by the tribal communities and hunting communities. But now he is not taking anything from the day he started suffering from the decease called hemorrhoids. Since he could not swallow it, he is lecturing as if he is the disciple of Chinna Jeeyar Swami saying the killing animal is a sin. Once the landlord was hissing like a snake at the woman. He ruined the lives of the women who crossed into his fence fields. But now he is strangely offering prayers to goddess santhoshimata. And the people come to know that the landlord is feared of the terrible diseases like AIDS.

The concluding stanza gives the morals of life. The landlord had gained millions of money by exploiting the uneducated farmers in the villages, middle class people in the cities in various ways. But finally he has become an object who would have to chew the medicinal leave, and medicinal raw fruits in the herbal hospital. He could not enjoy his property and the money he robbed in whole life. As we have seen in the earlier chapter on Gaddar, the words or lyrics for Gaddar's compositions come from multi language like Telugu and Hindi. Whereas Venkanna composed songs on multi themes like corrupted politician. Human relations and so on...

5.7.4 Slum-Dwellers in the Cities

The street is slender but the grief of poor is deep
Their housings are smaller than the pan shop
The compartments of the train are better than their homes
Why they are abandoned like the old train compartments

When a next of kin comes home,
He would get the lump on his head by hitting the doorpost.
The thresholds are rusted
The doors are very small even a hen could not walk across
The drained water from the rich colonies
Mixes into the drinking water of the poor people
Look at the how low light in their houses
There no one has the tube light among the hundreds
The second hand TVs in the house
Makes pandemonium
The palm-wine-yard and the temple of Yellamma are closer
The comb is broken
It is not known why the mirror is broken in every house
Each one of them has a heart breaking stories
The stories break my heart
There is a young lad with many problems in his life
It is unknown how his small selling will give him food
He handed a wooden made plate with
Balloons, ribbons, pins
How many sold pins would wipe out his tears?

They bring red-meat once in a week
They mix all the ingredients
They add all the spices and prepare it
When they smell the curry after it is prepared
The curry smells the stink of the drain beside their homes
But they will get the jobs of scavengers, sweepers.
They get the jobs of the municipality of the town
But, the corporate jobs are the unreachable grapes for them

Year after a year,
But the lives of the poor are not changed
The leaders were and the rulers changed over time
Where is the change in the silhouette of the slum areas\(^{137}\)?

**Interpretation**

In the song Venkanna brings out the problems of the people live in small *basthis* in the cities and towns. The singer starts the song singing, the *basthi* that the poor people live in is small but the sorrow behind their lives is heart breaking. The poor in the *basthis* live with least facilities. They live without a tube light without a proper comb, with a broken mirror. One leads his family by selling onions and an old lady leads her family by selling horsegram in the streets. The singer in the song captures the lives of the *basthi* people in cities. The song also adds tearful stories of the poor who lead their lives by selling some small things like ribbons, pins and balloons. The children have no opportunity of education. The song tells us how the kids of the poor would work to support their families.

In the stanza, the writer describes the tearful story of the people who live in a small house with the least facilities in their house. The singer describes the location of the basthi that the poor people live in. He captures the location of the poor houses with short and narrow doors. Their homes are worse than the abandoned compartments of an old train. They have no tube lights in the homes. The drained water would be mixed in their drinking water sometimes. The TVs that they have in their homes creates pandemonium. The combs have been broken and mirrors are broken into pieces. There is story of torn life behind every man. The tearful stories would break our hearts.

In the stanza the writer describes the location of the mechanic centre of the young lad. The lad keeps the spaniels on the mat on the roadside. And looks on the way wishing a scooter would come. He always looks into four sides of the road in expecting an old scooter. An onion seller keeps all the onions on a push-cart and goes on to sell the onions. But it is unknown how many onions he should sell to bring the food for his family. Another man sells horsegram to lead his life.

5.7.5 Lord Narasimha reddy: On factionism

Lord Samarasimha Reddy, might you be blissful and relaxed
Bharathasimha Reddy, when you give bombs.
Our fellows must follow you unconditionally
Ayya! Chennakeshava Reddy, when you snap your fingers,
We all should dance consequently
We all are the umbrellas above your heads
We are the Chappals beneath your foot
And the knives in your hands always

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We are the hunting dogs that run on your command
When you girdle up your lions
We are ready even to kill
Our own elder brother for your orders
Lord! Finally you all should be happy and comfortable
May your youngest son get the US visa and settle there
May your elder son become a superintendent of police
That he can see that there are no cases against you
May the collector be your son-in-law?
And follow your foot steps
May the whole power of the state be your watchdog?
But our cow-herd son should pick up the axe
May carry out as beheadings
As the number of cooked rice grains you throw at him
But may you be happy and comfy

We should stretch our hands to receive Rs 500 from you
And we must be ready to cut our finger and give them to you
May our people respectfully touch the bundles of 1000 rupees
And may we consider you as the oil-lamp of our house
Even when our toddler is shivering with fever
May we hold your hinting sickles
And guard for you
Even when our wives are sitting at home alone
Just only mother after the wedding
May we make rounds guarding your house
And may we play with the bombs that you gave us
As if they were balloons
May we throw those same bombs on ourselves
Wishing all the best for you
But you must be happy and comfy

When you call for elections and public meetings
May we alight the lorries and shout Jai-s
May we fight for the food packets
May we be happy when you bag tenders and give us some work
May we put our lives at the stake
When the work doesn’t happen
May you become the leaders
When we rig the elections for you
May we be within your pancha
After all whole of the authority is yours
May movie heroes make hits playing your roles
May our people whistle
Watching such movies
May you earn the name and fame
Of becoming this countries’ leaders
May your photos hang beside those of Gandhi and Nehru
May our photos hang on the walls of police stations.¹³⁸

**Interpretation**

The song is an ironic praise poem on the factionists and other political leaders in Rayalaseema region in Andhra Pradesh. The song makes the people laugh out loud. The song’s depth of the meaning and pathos arising from the social and economic inequalities

in the Indian society is such. The song is taken up for a movie in Telugu that is released in recent times. The song was more famous than the movie and its theme.

The song-poet Gorati Venkanna, so beautifully, so passionately, and more importantly and so non-violently, painted the picture of the inequalities between the regions of the Telugu society. This is one of the highly ranked songs composed by Venkanna in his recent times. From the ages ago the reddy community is the landlord’s caste in all the regions of Andhra Pradesh. Since they are rich their social status is ranked decidedly high in the society. So the people in the reddy community buy the minimum needs of the common man in their villages. The common men always roam with them kill the other for them, and work as servants following them with an umbrella over the Reddy’s heads.

Venkanna in the whole song sings about how the illiterate, poor, common men were being used by the upper caste Reddy leaders to fulfil their desires to finish their political and regional enemies. This is one of the best satirical songs of Venkanna composed on the social reality in recent times.

In the first stanza of the song the singer used the name of famous Reddy movies in the Tollywood industry to emphasize the greater-than-life status and disproportionate power that the Reddy guys have been enjoying in Rayalaseema region in Andhra Pradesh.
In the second stanza, Venkanna gives a comparative analysis between the children of Reddy and the children of the common people in the region. The landlords or the factionists expect that their children could get the US visa and settle there. The elder son of the factionist could become a superintendent of police and clear all the case in the district against the land lords. Finally they wish they could marry their daughter to the collector of the district and the collector may become a watchdog for them. But in the case of the poor children, the poor lads should be ready to receive the currency note 500 rupees with their folded hands. The lads should be ready to cut the fingers of their hands and give them to the landlords. As a respect, the common people should touch the bundle of thousand currency notes to their eyes and be the dogs at their feet.

In the following stanza Venkanna analyses through the song how the rich men but the common men’s needs with their money. And the leaders want the common man to guard their house day and night, though the newly married wives of the poor men wait for them for the whole night. The common man has no freedom to take his toddler to the hospital even she shivers from the fever. The leaders expect that the common men should play with the bombs that they give, and be ready to kill themselves to praise the leaders.

In the last stanza, the singer tells us how the common men work hard and sacrifice their lives by fighting with the people who are not really the enemies for them. They do
anything like rigging in the elections to make their lords as the powerful leaders. Telugu film industry made a good number of movies on playing the roles of Reddy leaders and factionist in current times. The characters in the movie do not rest without killing his enemies in the movies.

Thus in this poignant song, Venkanna apparently praises the village chieftains – but the entire praise is based on the miserable lives of the private army that these chieftains maintain for their personal security. Generations after generations, these “army” members are drawn from “lower” castes and marginalized sections of the social order. Looking at this cruel depend entirely on the dispensable lot of these communities. Looking at the cruel destinies at the communities, the poet composes a moving song with ironic juxtapositions of the lives of the communities and those of beneficiary chieftains and their children’s.

5.7.6 Oh! Kongamma: On the village culture and children-play

The songs answer some questions like how does one understand non-normative childhoods visually. How does one engage caste and community through drawing a figure, landscape or village life or an object? Are these simply elements of drawing or are there more structural things which one can do with the design? The songs describe the relation between the people and villages. The songs also carry ones history passes ones community’s history.
It is about Kongamma - a neologism; the morphological units translate as crane-woman. The poem invokes the children's' world. In the regions, the sayings that white dots on the children's nails are the milk that the crane-woman gives them. Images from the daily world of the child-the care as an image that evokes a mother or a grandmother foraging for the fish in the brook.

It is hope that the songs like above, if compiled, would provide more culturally entrenched reading material from many who never see their lives in print. The songs in the song cultures reflect the traditions and environment- food habits, marriage practices, craft, and, cattle and forests. The songs also connect ingeniously with hunger; mothers sing a different lullaby asking the fables like "chandamama rae"

O Kongamma, (Crane Mother)  
In the wind as you swim,  
As you hasten to the river,  
Pass the village,  
The children  
Call out for the milk from you  
O Kongamma  
On their nails,  
Write the name of you with your milk

Divining the muddy pond doesn't dirt you  
Stepping throughout a marshy bend doesn't grub you  
With a silvery thread, have your wings been woven  
As the hands of gods.
Your two wings those never be dull
O Kongamma
Your gentle beauty which never preens,
O Kongamma

You would have a lot of relatives
The standing cranes and the dipping birds
They all play around you in the river
But, when the river is about to dry,
When the birds fly away one after another
You cry all alone as you cannot leave
The river like the other birds

Bobbing up and down on the waves you tire,
And soar up the tall banyan to rest
Hunting fish on the muddy banks
You doze off on the thorny acacia
Acacia or banyan
You find your home on the merest twig
O Kongamma

Interpretation

The song is important as it describes the importance of water in one’s life. We know that the most of the famous and ancient civilizations in the world are established and

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developed beside the water. Venkanna knows it better than any other song composer in the contemporary song cultures of Telugu. He gives more importance to water, rivers, lakes, and brooks in his songs. This is one of the recent songs where we could understand the importance of “water” for “life” when the river ran dry in the summer season; all the other birds leave the river and the place except the crane. The crane in the song represents the relation of the people and the village. Old people do not like to migrate to the cities as they have had a mother-child relation to the village. The crane also cries out when the river runs dry and the other birds run away to other places. The crane cries alone since it is not able to leave the brook.

In the next stanza the singer explains about the relation of crane with the local brook in a beautiful fashion. When the local river is about to run dry, all the other birds except the crane fly away to safe places. But the only bird is the crane, which cannot fly away as it has the heartfelt relation with the brook. The relation in one sense reflects the humanity and loveable relation among the people. The theme of the song also explains the relation between the people (especially old or elder) could not leave the village as the younger one migrates. The drying season on the brook represents the season of the drought, which impacts the lives of the people make them run from the villages to the cities to find out the water as the birds fly away in the summer.

The singer in the following stanza describes that the crane is all alone in the town around the brook, as the older people like parents and grandparents live in the village alone in the
summer. When the rainfall starts and the brook filled with water the whole birds come from the various places since they find the life with water.

In the stanza the singer is recalling the history of the crane in the human society. The crane stands on one leg and catches the fish with a skill. It takes the fish to her birds that cannot come out of the nest. But without understanding your real intention, the man blames crane saying “fake japamu”. At the end of the song, the singer praises the innocent nature of the birds in the nature. He also adds that, except the human no being in the world knows “kapatam”, deception. Oh! Crane-woman, your belly is small like finger, but why you are blamed for fill the little tummy, says the poet.

5.7.7 Conclusion

In the present chapter, I studied the songs composed on various themes such as songs on women, songs on the impact of the globalization on the artisan communities in the villages. The next chapter is consisted of a book written in dialogic form by Gaddar. The book is entitled “Never-ending Treasure: The History of Peoples’ Songs”. The book is one of the unique sources in the entire Indian song cultures. The book has various chapters on the study of the tunes and composition of oral poem-songs.