

Were your times better than the present ones?



తండ్రి కొడుకులకు ఓ తరం అంతరం... అంటే ఒక జనరేషన్ గ్యాప్ ఉంటుంది. ఇప్పుడంటే అందరి చేతుల్లో ఫోన్లు ఉన్నాయి. ఎప్పుడంటే అప్పుడు మాట్లాడుకుంటున్నారు. ఓ ముప్పై ఏండ్లకింద దూరతీరాల్సి ఉన్న ఆత్మీయులతో ఉన్న ఉత్తమ సంభాషణ మార్గం ఉత్తరాలే. అందుకే, అప్పట్లో పోస్ట్మాన్ తమ ఇంటికి వస్తున్నాడంటే ఓ రకమైన ఉత్సుకత కనిపించేది. ఈ సంభాషణలో తండ్రి కూడా అంతే. కొడుకు ప్రశ్నలతో గతానికి వెళ్లిపోయాడు. అప్పటికీ ఇప్పటికీ మానవ సంబంధాల్లో వచ్చిన మార్పేంటో వివరించాడు. మూలాలు మర్చిపోవద్దని సూచించాడు.



ఇంట్లో మాట్లాడడం



Son: The generation gap is too wide, isn't it, dad?

Dad: Yes. It's too big to believe.

Son: Were things very different in your days?

Dad: Yes. Phenomenally different.

Son: Do you become nostalgic any time?

Dad: Of course, I do.

Son: Were your times better than the present ones?

Dad: I have mixed feelings.

Son: What do you mean?

Dad: Life was pleasant in many aspects those days. Life is wonderful in some aspects now-a-days.

Son: You're voting for both the previous generation and the present one.

Dad: Life always changes, doesn't it?

Son: Changes! Yes.

Dad: The crust or covering might change. But the core should never change.

Son: Too hard for me to grasp.

Dad: We may have more of convenience and comfort these days. But that should not make us more selfish and less human.

Son: Your ideas are always too complex for me to comprehend.

Dad: People were selfless and

affectionate, caring and loving. They had concern for others.

Son: But there are so many charitable organisations doing selfless service in our times.

Dad: In a group a person is an altruistic angel. Individually?

Son: Is the same person different individually?

Dad: Quite indifferent to other people's hardships.

Son: You sound so paradoxical. How can I ever understand you?

Dad: My brother was far away in Madras. Do you know how we communicated regularly?

Son: Is Madras in Madagascar? How did you brothers communicate?

Dad: Madras is the old name of Chennai. My brother would write a letter. In a silent, still, summer afternoon the postman would come to deliver the letter.

Son: Like Bombay, the old name of Mumbai. Couldn't you both talk over the mobile phone?

Dad: No cell phones those days. So the postman would get off his bicycle, rest it against the tree in front of our house, wipe the sweat off his face, untie a bundle to deliver the letter.

Son: The postman cycling, sweating in the hot sun!

Dad: My mother would offer him a glass

of buttermilk. The postman would have it, rest for a while on the veranda before leaving.

Son: My grandmother treated the postman like a friend or a relative!

Dad: Yes. My mother and I would read the letter from Madras written and posted some ten days before. While reading, we would feel as if being in presence of my brother. The letter would carry and convey feelings of concern, love and affection.

Son: I wish I received such a letter from someone!

Dad: The letter was long, lovely and lively unlike a WhatsApp message or a business email.

Son: Don't you see such tenderness of heart in people these days?

Dad: Didn't you see the accident on the main road yesterday? What did you notice?

Son: People gathered and retreated unconcerned. Nobody went near the victim. Some people, of course, were taking images on the phone.

Dad: By the time the police arrived, the victim had lost his life.



సూర్యారావు ఎం.వి
వివేకానంద ఇన్స్టిట్యూట్ ఆఫ్ లాంగ్వేజెస్, రామకృష్ణ మఠం.