

What Ails

The Indian Education



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Published in India by Prowess Publishing,
YRK Towers, Thadikara Swamy Koil St, Alandur, Chennai,
Tamil Nadu 600016

ISBN-10: 1-5457-4352-5
ISBN-13: 978-1-5457-4352-2

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication

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WHAT AILS THE INDIAN EDUCATION?

This is a studied commentary on “THE INDIAN EDUCATION” has been taken up with a lot of exploration analysis that has gone before. What that was torn asunder the Indian education that has crept very stealthily under the carpet of fathomless Stupidity of the Indian Polity for Generations primarily after Independence.

The Post Independence Education in India Has been in a Shambles without having had any correct direction; any ideology; any vision; any thought that is required through passing generations.

I was born into a family as being an older son with a family of five, parents being literate who, even though not well educated had had strong passion for making their progeny well educated taking the help of our maternal parental background for financial support. My father being literate studying up to std-VIII a threshold at which he would be able to be taken as a teacher recruit if he had passed the std that mentioned but he didn't take that so seriously as that day was not so encouraging for a school teacher to be taken up as a career prospect for its low pay. They considered that the schools run by the state government are the only ones that determine the greatest destiny of their wards, so admitted me to a school available in the village with a single school master for five classes that each grade consists of on an average three or four students. The school master was destined to teach all classes and all the subjects with limited resources in hand; And with fairly as little resources in mind. For he too did not know whether he was furnished with all the necessary where withal to deliver the goods. He used to apply his methods of

teaching barely he had learnt from the training classes that he may have attended.

Barely was I in Std-IV when the old teacher was replaced by the new who had brought a monumental change in my learning. He having understood my inherent inclination to learn English language, He had taken mammoth interest in imparting initial rudimentary training in English and thus my way to learn English language took its turn on the path of enhancing the grip. Of course I too didn't know at that time and age what the future held me for. After Passing Std-V I was admitted to a state run high school which seemingly better than the other schools in the vicinity. There also I didn't fare well in the other subjects than English. Ever since I joined Std-VI Inherently I showed a lot of interest in learning English even without taking the help of any teacher from the same school or from the outside. In my endeavor I stumbled upon an abridged edition of JANE AUSTEN's "Pride and Prejudice" which had been discarded by our maternal uncle who had by then passed SSLC and joined polytechnic course somewhere in srikakulam district. That was the occasion really carved out a niche on my mind as I unpremeditatedly initiated reading. Every word of it captivated my attention, emotion, passion and thus fascinated my internal Psyche. Thus I continued reading it till it ended. At the first reading I got only the faint understanding of it and more I read the more I got fascinated by it and thus I read it innumerable times and acknowledged the very value of reading the novels in English that were available across spectrum of Indian continent. Every character that had been painted with the brush of JANE AUSTEN had caught my imagination and my fancifulness for the future literature. I read another great literary work of CHARLES DICKENS's DAVID COPPERFIELD of another genre of the same period that encompassed the whole gamut of the life in general in England and the treatment of the common man and the lack of compassion, pity for the oppressed and how the lower class people struggled in the poor ghettos of London and how they wished to toe the line of the affluent and the economic background of the people and the hypocrisy of the rich and the sufferings of the poor the expectations of the poor were immaculately delineated in that novel and the very novel set me going on the path of English literature.

Ever Since I joined Std-VI I because of my enormous and sustained love for English I used to read English text book so well in the class room that attracted the attention of the teacher in English and he started showing special interest in me and further used to persuade me to read, write, speak and listen. Thus he played out greater part in making me learn English with a lot of zestfulness and as I was continuing my education in that school that year they held an anniversary celebration and before it was to be celebrated they had conducted a competitive test in English in essay form. That test was conducted on pan-school category right from Std-VI to Std-XI and I unexpectedly secured first in it and the same was intimated to me by our teacher in English and on the day of celebration of the anniversary I was awarded a pocket dictionary. That was the only one award for merit in English language I secured and later until this day I have got none else.

After passing Std-X, I was admitted to a junior college run by government of Andhra Pradesh. Scarcely did I know the merits and the De-merits of that college then as I was hardly in my early teenage and was unable to discriminate between the good and the bad; the best and the worst. Because of the substandard teaching and lacking the necessary quality and attractiveness in any subject presentation by any teacher I often played truant to college classes. And the two years of my education suffered a very serious dent in my early years. However I cleared my Intermediate education with a passing grade and sought my admission to a B.A. class in English as English being the main subject of study at Government Men's college, srikakulam where I was not too total stranger to English literature. There along with me another Nine souls sought admission to the same course, all of them like me, but one who got his study from a Christian school run missionaries, were equally stupid and blunt faced new nothing of English literature. In the earlier days I felt very uncomfortable while attending the sessions particularly of English literature. Although the teachers were not so competent in literature and in its teaching I was ill at ease with the learning of it. There were three papers for study apart from English language and Hindi as well. The core subject being English must be given primary importance aside from politics and history. I continued in the course with little or no hope for the future. As the days rolled on I Accidentally got connected

with a boy of my same class namely Kamalakar, who got convent school background helped me out to get at the subject of English and made me pass the B.A. and thus I got a little hope of seeking admission to M.A. (English) at Andhra University. I joined in the course yet I Knew very little about English literature and the names of the authors, the poets, the dramatists and so on. Whose names were being discussed by the other students of the department of English that hailed from various convent schools run by the Christian missionaries, Who discussed the Shakespeare's; The Keat's; The Charles Dicken's; The Jane Austen's; The Eliot's; The Webster's; The Virginia Woollf's etc.. I got No enough daring even to sit before them or around them, as I got no enough self approbation even to join a dialogue with them. I therefore used to sit pariah of them. I knew my strengths and weaknesses. To talk about my strengths there were barely none and to talk about my weaknesses in literature they were abysmal. I laughed at my stupidity; my existence; my in their company; still I could hardly understand what that lacked in me. The classmates who hailed from the English medium backgrounds took part in seminars; symposiums; debates etc. They even enacted Shakespearean dramas; they even chanted many rhymes etc. But I never bothered to share my joy with them. Therefore I Skipped such occasions. I knew I was held in a very low esteem in their view. My stupidity even then didn't make me realize what I lost in my life. At the end of the final year of the course I got a certificate of pass with an average of made up mark 50%. I got my name registered later on the local campus employment office as the other university pass outs generally do. I came home and I was at home with no great expectations. As my home was situated on the country side I got to spend my time with my country cousins, etc performing no better scruples than they. Indeed by then future looked pointless; bare and horizon shorn of any useful material. Hardly did I spend thus a life of no expectation or a meaning for nearly 10 months or even less when I got a job opportunity as a Junior Lecturer in English on a temporary basis at a college in pathapatnam where I embarked upon my initial career. I didn't know what my exact duty was..? But I used to enter the classroom barely with a little knowledge of language and literature but at the back of my mind I Knew, whatever the little I got was not so adequate that I could do Justice to my teaching.

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