

# If God Could Speak

## God's View on Male Dominance and Chauvinism

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**T**hey still blame me, even today. It hurts, but what can I do? All that I have said, all that I have done, and indicated – whether it was through My spoken words rendered during one of My *avatars*, or whether it was through the Vedas, which are known to be written by no human– people continue to blame Me unjustly.

Sometimes I wonder at the mischief of My *avidya maya* (the power of nescience) which blinds people to the obvious. Sometimes I marvel at the difficulties of Saraswati (Goddess of learning), that Her voice is blocked even from the so-called learned ones. I grieve for poor Ganesh (the bestower of boons) because almost all that He is asked for, is so petty and superfluous. Yet, the Law of *karma* must be affirmed, if order is to be maintained, and chaos avoided. I do, of course,

intervene in extreme cases, like I did for Ajamil (a sinner, saved at his moment of death), but that was necessary for providing people with an example of my righteousness.

Take the example of Ramavatar, when I took birth as the son of Dasrath and Kaushalya. The entire drama of this *avatar* was prearranged between Sita and Myself. Valmiki clarified unequivocally that both Sita and I were ‘born’ in a divine way. That itself should be enough to alert the average human beings– leave alone those who consider themselves highly intelligent– that our lives had a divine purpose, and a beneficial message for all time. The description of our love – which amounted to total empathy and extraordinary tenderness – is forgotten when I am accused of being unjust and hard-hearted to Sita. The fact that I established the ‘*ek patni vrat*’ (vow to have only one wife) is forgotten. All that is spoken of is that I offered Sita freedom to choose another husband, if she so desired. This, after I had faced desolation without Her, and fought the greatest Demon alive to get Her



back. All I wanted to do was establish Sita's pristine qualities, so that no one could ever say a word against Her. I did not care about what people said of Me. But people did not understand, though many of My devotees wrote My story again and again, in different languages, with minor amendments, in a futile hope to clarify the matter. In the end, Valmiki took the matter into his own competent hands and was reborn as Tulsidas. To do him credit, he did provide the needed clarification to some extent, but people continued to deride me without even reading the *Ramcharitmanas*. So, that was that.

The most purifying of all elements is Fire. Everybody knows that. It is the only purest element, like gold, that does not get annihilated by it. By asking Sita to go through the test by fire, it is established that She is the purest

element (and not just made of the elements) despite appearing to be a human. I did the same for My child devotee Prahalad, when I allowed his wicked aunt, Holika, to try burn him by fire. Nobody blames Me for that; they knew I was protecting Prahalad. I did the same with my beloved Hanuman, and people never blame Me for that, either. They understand that there was a divine play behind this, and that My devotee can never perish. I clarified this to Arjun, towards the culmination in the *Gita*. Yet, when it comes to Sita, they say I was unfair! It would be amusing, if it was not so pathetic, to believe that I have the ability to protect my devotees from annihilation, without having control over the causes of annihilation! What a joke! What foolish thinking!

Next comes the accusation of injustice, when I banished Sita deviously while She carried My sons. Really! It is unbelievable how obtuse people can be! Knowing that Sita and I are One, in two forms, how can one believe that we can be separated? If people gave it serious thought, the truth

would be clear. Had they truly desired to know the truth, they would have undertaken a *sadhana*, which could give them divine insights. No, instead the bulk of them scoffed the handful of the sages who knew of, and spoke the truth. Well! Humans can be amazingly blind about what they do not want to see. I guess it is an unconscious reflex to blame Me, to justify their own weaknesses and wickedness. They wish to dominate what they mistakenly call “the weaker sex”. They conveniently forget that My female form manifests itself as *Shakti* (power). They accuse Sita of lacking spirit, because She accepted whatever I wanted of Her, but they forget Her rejection of Me when Lav and Kush were established



as My sons, and She, My royal Consort. Those who blame women for their independent-mindedness should remember this. Domination of women can most certainly not be accepted as righteousness!

The Vedic marriage vows state clearly that the bride is *Lakshmiswaroopa* (incarnation of Lakshmi) and the groom is *Narayanswaroop* (incarnation of Narayana). Valmiki quoted with precision what Janaka said when he gave Sita's hand in Mine. Janaka said, “This is my daughter, Sita, who is Your partner in Righteousness. Accept Her hand, She will follow you as a shadow so long as you remain righteous.”

The ritual of the seventh month of pregnancy orders the husband to promise to cherish his wife, to be with her, help her, protect her, and to provide for her and her baby, always. The priests omit to explain these admonitions. They are male, and quite pleased to promote chauvinistic attitudes. The Church is seriously – and wisely – considering having women priests. Since the *Sanatan Dharma* (eternal righteousness) lacks a centralised authority, enterprising women have begun to take the initiative to get trained as priests. It is a happy sign that ordinary Hindus are accepting them with enthusiasm.

I have given ample indication that I consider every creature in the same light, regardless of species, rank or gender. People accept that a male monk has as equal a

standing as a female monk, but even female monks are silent about the inequity shown to male and female children. In fact, while giving one or two attributes to males, I have given no less than six great attributes to females. As Rama, I told My Mother, Kaushalya, that My duty to her took precedence over My duty to My Father, Dasarath. Had she said a word, I would have overridden My Father's pledge for Me to take a fourteen-year penance in the forest. It was Kaushalya's greatness that she forbore to exert her right. Yet men and women in more and more families are sending their widowed mothers to old age homes. Many others consider their elderly mothers unpaid servants, with nothing better to do than look

after their grandchildren and help in the cooking. Others eagerly await the day when the old man or old woman will pop off, and they can get the key to the locker!

Then, there is this intense urge to get sons, resulting in mourning whenever a daughter is born. Do not these fools ever think of what would happen if all the cows bore only male calves, and no female ones? How long do they think the human race would survive, without women? And, how joyless would their lives be, how barren, arid, and full of violence, if the softening glow of a woman's tenderness were missing! Stupid, stupid man, fool that he is (and in this, I fear, women seem to be as stupid at times), that the very fair distribution of My worldly blessings should be turned into a dowry racket, causing such grief, and so much violence, pain and crime! When I came as Rama, My father-in-law and his brother had, between them, four daughters only. My father had four sons by his three wives. What difference did it make to anyone? Has anyone ever got a hint of any differentiation? Even Mandodari was Mai's only daughter, and was never loved the less for it. It was the same with Shakuntala and Kunti, and My beloved Radha, as well.

It is unfortunate that the system in India does not bestow sons and daughters equal right to their parents' inheritance. I simply cannot understand the mean-mindedness of those who grudge a girl her fair share. No



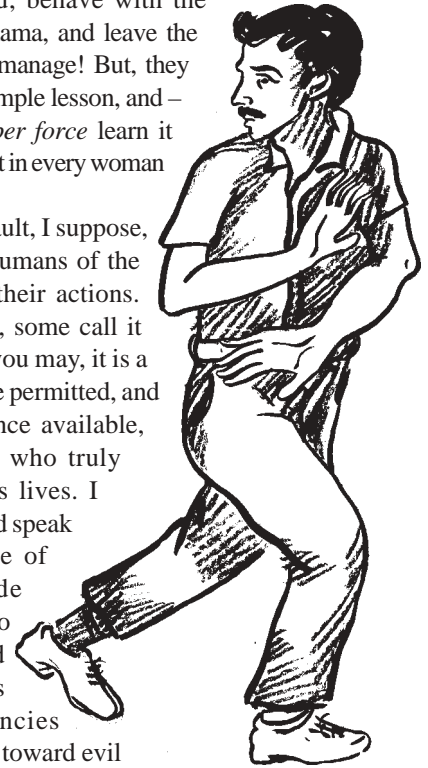
wonder such people suffer; they forget that the law of *karma* will assert itself. Why! Yamaraj informed Me that Kali (*Kali Yuga* is the fourth and worst of the four states of spirituality), has achieved success to the extent that female fetuses are aborted, and babies, born without that little clod of earth between their legs, are often killed. Even the episode of *Prachinvarhis* in the Bhagawat Mahapuram has not succeeded in curtailing people's avarice for material gain. Indians continue to kill My creatures, professing to do so to please Me! Not understanding the true spirit of the *yagyas* nor having the spiritual power to undertake what the sages of yore could do, they make a mockery of the Vedas; for they take a portion – without its relevant background – and use it to give their practices a false validity. They allow a cow to be milked to death before selling it to the butcher, and feel that feeding a cow once a year, circumambulating her and garlanding her, redeems their sins. Who do they think they are fooling? Looks like all those who make the greatest show of religiosity have stopped believing in Me. Else, how could they forget the meaning of the *Vishnusahasranaam* (the thousand names of Vishnu), which they chant as a routine, to attain *moksha* (salvation)?

Men have got to stop being so blindly unjust and accept the fact the duty goes hand in hand with rights. They simply cannot get away with expecting women to have the qualities of Sita without trying to have some of Rama's qualities themselves! Valmiki made a noble attempt to show that Sita was no blind follower of Rama's dictates. She challenged Me whenever She failed to see justice in My actions. He never deemed this impertinence. I never blamed Her for questioning My wisdom. I always gave Her an honest explanation. I accepted Sita's decision to sink into the Earth, rather than join Me as My Consort after her sojourn at Valmiki's Ashram. Why doesn't today's

male take a hint from that? They would be far happier and create a far better *karma* for themselves if they treated their womenfolk with the respect I showed them, to set an example. They read the *Ramayana*, but ignore the fact that Lakshman defeated Indrajit only because he was a better husband.

Even when I came as Krishna, the ones I showed the greatest love for, were the cowherd women of Vrindavan, next came My Mother Yashoda, and then My Mother Devaki, and after that, Rukmini and My other Queens. The menfolk came far behind these in my heart, even though I told Arjun that I loved him best! Well, being Krishna, I had to tell some lies and do some naughty things. But the message to be conveyed to the people was: Rama is to be emulated, while Krishna is to be loved; behave with the righteousness of Shri Rama, and leave the rest to Shri Krishna to manage! But, they fail to understand this simple lesson, and – I suppose – they will *per force* learn it when the Chandi dormant in every woman reveals Herself!

All in all, it is My fault, I suppose, that I do not deprive humans of the freedom of choosing their actions. Some call it My *maya*, some call it My *leela*. Call it what you may, it is a part of the duality I have permitted, and there is enough guidance available, even today, for those who truly wish to lead righteous lives. I abide in every heart, and speak (they call it the voice of conscience) to guide every living being, so that they are prodded towards righteousness and reject the tendencies which drag them down toward evil and an instinct to harm. The ones who listen to this voice, find peace and joy. Those who do not care to be guided may wait till I appear in My *Kalaki Avtar*. However, when I do appear, they will probably say that *Pralay* (the end of the world) would have been much better! There's no pleasing fools, is there? The battle between *vidya* (right knowledge) and *avidya* (worldly cunning) goes on endlessly. Each individual has the freedom to choose. Arjun chose Me, and Duryodhan chose temporal power. Arjun was saved and Duryodhan destroyed. The *Mahabharat*'s message is clear, but people continue to be as deluded as Duryodhan, and as suicidal as Dushasan, when they misbehave with women. □



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