

# *Oversee the Overlooked*

Straight Questions

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PEOPLES LITERATURE PUBLICATION  
2021

Published in 2021 by  
PEOPLES LITERATURE PUBLICATION  
<http://peoplespublication.com>  
[connect@peoplespublication.com](mailto:connect@peoplespublication.com)  
KH3/13/404 Sector 17 Kharghar 410210 MH India.

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Price: INR 399/-  
ISBN 13: 978-81-952635-0-9

Printed by:  
Mudranik Technologies Pvt Ltd  
#634 (Ground Floor), 5th Main  
Indiranagar 2nd Stage  
Bengaluru - 560038, Karnataka

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Dedicated

to my father

*Late. Mr. Ambadas Thool.*

...we still converse.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am grateful to my teachers who always cast an assuring glance to me though I was following a *different drummer*; especially Shri. Kothawale, Shri. Sonekar, Shri. Harshbodhi Sir and Shri. Navneet Deshmukh. Mention of brotherhood is also necessary who were personally anxious about my experiments with life, notably Pramod and Ashish. I owe expression of thanks towards brother Pankaj and better-half Janhavi as they shouldered material responsibilities which are disposable from my end during my frequent hibernations taken for literary service.

*T. Niraj*



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## INTRODUCTION

It is a major flaw of humans to take any event as *per se*. What meets the eye is a manifestation of an inherent concept or a construct. Some souls become irritated when the story starts in its middle, they always long for the *seed*; the genesis. I share this torment Orwellian in nature. The Faustian hunger drags me from pillar to post.

Twelve year is the time when it is said that man's perspective takes a new shape. Today, in 2021, while the anthology is being born, I look at these articles the same way a lately returned old seafarer looks at the woods alongside his village, where his youthful days had passed once. Today, I may have different point of view than printed now, I may love to redress the entire article anew; but this is not apt now. Simply because mature beauty, clad in queenly robe may look majestic but the natural grace of a rustic girl scurrying alongside the green belts of river, is nonetheless second. May the readers marvel in the freshness of perspectives and ingenuity of expressions. These are expressions, free of fear; fear of being termed as indolent, audacious or immature. The format for which those were penned down, is a newspaper. Newspaper as a form requires brevity and light diction.

We live in the mould of a belief system, rationales and suppositions, passed onto us. There is more to see than what appears to the eyes. The epiphany brings you the seed. You get the virgin crux and you are transformed. This book is not an experience but a series of epiphanies. A compact composure of score of musings, the book is the inked down revelations of the seer. To exemplify; we all curse the recent wave of recession experienced at the fag-end of the last decade. 'We should be thankful to the recession' reveals how the world was almost at the threshold of a World War and how we were saved because of the recession. 'Terrorists are hated across the globe but read about the 'TB Terrorists' and you shall meet creators of the terrorist and we would find that being unjust is a graver sin than being cruel. The world knows

Mahatma Gandhi for his traditional doctrines and takes him as ancient culture-ridden pacifist but the essay unearths the cryptic facet of Mahatma Gandhi. One of the essays, proves that it is not the vegetarians but non-vegetarians who bear the sustenance of our human race. The most intrinsic and ingenuous reasons of why the Western world has superseded the Eastern one, are revealed in the significant essay. In another essay, the research assumption cascades down the dust which concludes that men are unhappier than women. The whole panorama of being a man is uncovered. Man is not unhappy; he is grave. He is wiser, deeper, and in his quest to fathom the unfathomed, he acquires a sadder life. Other interesting article depicts/speaks about how the shrinking of Public sector in India is working against the women. "Man is Reduced to the Numbers" is an interesting read to know how the numeric is eating up textual and, its deadly repercussions. Few articles cater insights into the cryptic complexities of man-woman juxtapositions and their respective complementary roles in a cosmic scheme. "Nature Versus Nurture" doesn't seal the thought process, in fact, it thrives it up. The article about the universally experienced problem of hair loss searches the reasons beyond obvious, in the realms of anthropology and spiritual drain felt by all of us.

*Something is rotten in the state of Denmark*

*-Shakespeare, Hamlet, act I, scene IV*

*Do I dare disturb the universe?*

*-T.S. Eliot, The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, Stanza IV*



## ARE WE THE TB TERRORIST?

With a feminine fervour, he exhibited broad windows, PoP ceiling, and widened galleries. He sang the electrification, plumbing quality of ceramics over and over again, to me and my eve. The climax of that estate agent's orchestra reached when he pronounced, '...and rest assured sir, here all are *our* people. No *other* one is harboured'. His face glistened with pride. We exchanged big smiles, he with his stained teeth and I with my tilted canines, before adieu. I was not surprised to see that this can be a parameter for the marketing of the apartments. My ears are now calcified due to the constant heat of the theme. It has become a cliché now. Needless to say, who are *other* ones he mentioned suitably – Moslem fraternity.

When the toothless face of arrested extremist Tunda was printed first, his appearance scratched the buried memories. He had the same sulky eyes; same old banyan wood face which becomes so when one has roughed up the age, the same helpless tilt in the neck and same web of wrinkles on the forehead as Pinjari baba. The Pinjari (one who makes quilts) of my childhood town resembled Tunda. He was kind-hearted and toothless. Tunda, perhaps, might have harboured the same kindness. He summoned Satan in him not before he turned fifty. That means terrorism wasn't his cup of tea, it wasn't his temperament. He was a family-man like our Pinjari. Then, what did his heavy eyelids witness at the communal riots in Bhivandi? What shot up the blood of a simple bread earner, whose only oasis, was the shining smile of his children after finding muska-pav in his cotton-bag? We will never answer as we never see these questions due to the sight made jaundiced of the propaganda of media.

Social atrocities are not always loud. Usually, the whisper is louder than a shout, to rephrase Hillary Clinton. The atrocities, sometimes violent and mostly silent, make the victim community cling together in clusters. They choose a location and erect huts, assemble

shops, temporary structures. Such ethnic clusters are called as *ghettos*. We should not mistake *ghettos* as encroachments. The properties are purchased to assemble *ghettos*. One such *ghetto* lies beside my way to home. The locality is of well to do civilians and constitutes a corporation unit along with the *ghetto*. The member of Municipal Corporation is a silver toothed bull. He kept this sect deprived of seepage lines, drinking water and basic sanitation.

Imagine a situation and gauge up your reaction. You have just returned from a month's picnic with your family. You see the doors of your house are open and some strange people have made it their habitat. Amazed and shocked, when you ask, it is told to you that a certain law is passed and your entitlement has lapsed. What will be your reaction, is the indigenous communities' reaction and we term that response as Naxalism. Two thousand and five hundred centuries ago, there were Ganarajyas, means republics. But in recent centuries, there was nothing as parliamentary governance in Indus valley. There was the rule of law but not people's governance. There were feudal lords in agrarian sects and cut-off from all these versions of civilizations, there were tribal sects in deep jungles. British were the first to launch *governance*(parliamentary) in India. But, the objective of this governance was motivated by trade and commerce and not by social intents. They concentrated the exertion of governance near port areas or where their interest in trade lied. It was expensive compared to the benefits, to bring deep jungles and the inhabitants under the governance. So, they excluded them. After independence, the government officials went in these jungles and started debauching the lands, jungle assets over which these tribes had the 'natural entitlement'. Those were asked for the legal documents of ownership (which they hadn't have). Now, a toad doesn't have a 'sale deed' of a pond but it is his 'natural habitat'. The 'excluded' tribes were (and still are) as simpleton as the toad. The sovereign should have taken these communities in the confidence, should have acknowledged their 'natural rights' and should have mobilized the communities with inclusive

growth. Instead, the ministers with yellowed teeth sent the police to comb forests in search of dissenters the way white men unleashed the hounds to hunt runaway black slaves.

A fact about post-independent India has surfaced in Salman Rushdie's '*Midnight's Children*'. Before independence, the proportion of Muslim industrialists was equal to that of Hindu Industrialists. The Indian governance was taking shape and civil services examinations were conducted. English, been the 'Language of instruction', proved as a major barrier for all those who were acquainted only with Urdu. That begot the whole creed of Babus of the 'religion in majority'. Later, he stated in his award-winning book, that the gap-toothed industrialists employed this whole new league of Babus of their ethnicity to kill the industries of minorities under various taxes, litigations and allied statutes.

There are various schemes for education run by Government of India to hone scholars. Residential public school is one promising among all schemes. In these residential schools, the selection is on merit basis. The children of the poorest of poor have become very successful medicos and techies, many have swarmed US, UK. There is almost no name traceable which can be pronounced as Khan or Shaikh in those schools. Not maintaining a *neutral* culture here, is the main concern of minorities. The principal with protruding teeth is responsible for this 'ethnic marginalization'.

Terrorist attacks and kills a dozen people. Suppose fifty children have died of Dengue, Malaria, Diarrhoea in that *ghetto*, which was purposefully kept unhygienic by that silver-tooth member of Municipal Corporation, ascribe these deaths to him. So, he is four times more of a terrorist. But we will not charge him with IPC 302 as we are blind to the *subversion*. We can only recognize *acute* attacks. Tuberculosis and Plague are contemporaries as far as their origins are concerned. Mankind has commanded complete control over plague but T.B. still exists. The reason lies in our habit to respond to the acute, macro attack and our

inability to see the slow, tolerable decay. Plague is acute; it swarms the city within hours and cleanses it within a week. T.B. is patient and can wait for years on its prey.

A sort of ethnic cleansing is operative like T.B. in all sects of life ranging from education to healthcare. Toothless Tunda, no doubt, is a terrorist- *the plague terrorist*. But we all; silver-tooth member, stain teeth agent, yellowed teeth ministers, gap-toothed industrialist, the principal with protruded teeth and I, with my tilted canines, are terrorists. *We are T.B. terrorists.*



# NON — VEGGIES; AN APOLOGY FOR YOU

Human beings share instincts with animals. They share herd mentality with cattle and quarrelsome nature with dogs. Both these instincts are apparent when our debate, whether the human race should be vegetarian or non-vegetarian, is ignited.

There are some grave objections from vegetarians against non-vegetarians. First and foremost, of them is that they ‘murder’ the fellow creatures. I will not jump for any defence of non-veggies. We should be aware that there are two types of crimes – ‘Visible crime’ like cold blooded murder and ‘unfelt crime’ like adulterating the milk pockets. Though both these crimes are equally heinous, the scene of strangling a child is a shock to my nerves more acute than that of the scene of a milk-adulteration process. Similarly, the sight of red blood of a buck (similar to my own) triggers haematophobia (a symptom of being panic after seeing blood), and I catch an impression of crime. The green chlorophyll of spinach fails to stimulate any panic in me when I pass a knife through its shoots. If the same treatment of the knife with a buck is a crime, then it is so for the spinach as well. We are blind to this analogy as this crime is not felt by us. Thus, if being non-veggie is a ‘visible crime’ then being veggie is a ‘crime unfelt’. Isn’t that a sign of maturity to tag both of these as ‘a necessary evil’ and treat them equally?

## Keep Your Special Feature Alive

‘Culling a chick isn’t necessary when a crop of vegetables is available’, you may argue thus. Though culling a chick is not necessary from point of view of the necessity of feeding, it is necessary from the anthropological standpoint. There are carnivorous animals which feed themselves on other animals. There are herbivorous animals who feed themselves on plants. Man, fortunately, is omnivorous i.e. he can eat flesh as well as vegetation.. On the planet where ‘fittest will survive’; man

can claim to be the fittest as he is equipped with his omnivorous nature. Narrowing our belly to the herbivorous trait is 'a genetic regress' though we long for progress.

### Don't Be Extinct Like Dinosaurs

To choose to be herbivorous when 'Mother-Nature' privileges you to be omnivorous is an 'unnatural behaviour' (which mother nature doesn't tolerate). Besides the unconvincing childish theory of fall of meteors as a cause of extinction of dinosaurs; there is one more logical (and less popular) theory. Dinosaurs became extinct as they started behaving in an 'unnatural manner'. Naturally, there should be inter-racial and intra-racial conflict among races for food. Dinosaurs' physical supermight made food easily available to them. This conflict keeps races strong, dynamic and sustainable. Dinosaurs were above these races and needn't sharpen their senses for conflicts (as they hadn't had to fight). Their tenacity shrank. They used their energies to destroy each other and to destroy resources for the sake of fun on which they had to feed themselves later.

Watch our society closely, a rikshaw-puller, miller, labourer. One who is a participant in 'conflict for food' doesn't ruminate over the issue whether to be veggie or non-veggie. This question is useless to him. This debate is fuelled and pampered by those who are out of this 'conflict for food' as they are fairly rich enough and need not fight daily for their subsistence. They have started behaving 'un-naturally'. Once they outnumber the 'naturals' then the extinction of human race is in sight.

### Harden the Senses

My son is always playful when in a bosom of nature-rose garden. Once he witnessed an incident when a bitch attacked a puppy and picked it to feast on. This avatar of nature, red in teeth and claws was nightmarish to him. We need to sensitize our senses to this 'real world' which is corrosive, evil and cruel. To fight with evil; we need to have

some element of evil within us. That's why patriot Chandrashekhar Azad used to harden the senses of fellow patriots by making them cull the chicks.

Initially, there were no separate species of cats or tigers. There was a mid-size animal from this family, let's say it as a mid-cat. Mid-cats who turned to be carnivorous became bigger, faster, and bolder with great might and ferocity. Needless to say, what happened to the mid-cats who had chosen to be herbivorous. They shrank, enfeebled. In Hindi, pusillanimous person is called as 'bhigi billi'. To exist in this ferocious world, isn't it necessary to acquire some ferocity? By the law- 'you are what you eat'; non-veggies acquire this 'quality'.

### Danger of New Form of Untouchability

We discussed initially that there are two tendencies we share with animals; to quarrel and to form a herd. First is discussed. Any person loves his own self more than anyone else. Here the soliloquy is, "I am OK, other is hell". This tendency to consider *other* as a hell, is complemented by another tendency to search self in others and if found, love those. Thus, 'birds of a feather, flock together'. The tendency to herd is perceptible in both the parties (but more in veggies). Now, this diversity is taking up an alarming form. Veggies have started defaming non-veggies. Their children are explicitly being programmed by them to look down to the non-veggies, to slight and side-line them. This is the beginning of a new type of untouchability. My home is neighboured by a vegetarian family. Once no sooner did I approached the kid from the neighbouring family, just to pat him in all kindness; he ran away with a shout, 'don't touch me, you eat eggs'.



## REPLACE RETARDING 'ONE VOTE; ONE VALUE' BY THE WEIGHTED AVERAGE SYSTEM

Once upon a time, there was a small boy who happened to be an orphan and the only claimant of his parents' riches. He, being minor, was given in the custody of trustees who were to look after his riches and hand them over to him once he becomes a major. Hearts of the trustees blackened and they devised to ensure that the boy doesn't 'grow up' and they should rejoice the trusteeship. The knowledge of chemistry catered their interest in such a manner that they were able to dose him with some chemical, which ultimately led to erode his neurons and helped him to be a confirmed retard. There were some opponents of the 'recognized trustees' who tried to replace the existing trustees. But was their intention to free the boy from clutches and emancipate him? I am going to reveal the name of the boy. His name was 'Indian Democracy'. The trustees are the ruling party and accomplices. The magic pill which helped us all to retard him is the principle of 'one vote; one value'.

April is the cruellest month and my economist friend, who is a recipient of a doctorate from the London School of Economics, bore the sun-burns in a long queue at the polling booth. In the queue, he was a successor to two drunkards, a dozen coolies, few dozen foul-mouthed fools and few oldies of whom the existence is reduced to ashes and in whom only a last flake of life is burning, their memory was much faded that they couldn't remember the names of their siblings. The weight carried by the vote of each of them is exactly equal to the weight carried by the well-researched vote cast by my friend. Indian polls don't give any damn to the supremacy of knowledge and equals a scholar with a gutter-seeking drunkard. The principle of equality is observed in the direst and its crudest sense. Why the democracy was kept retard?

How's about developing a '*weighted average system*' where not only the vote cast but the person behind the thumb pressing the button will also be taken into consideration. How's about giving the proportionate

weight according to one's educational background and age. A vote of an illiterate one in his twenties bears the value of one vote, but that of his father (who is equally illiterate) the value will be of two votes paying respect to his age and experience. A graduate will be weighted for ten votes and a postgraduate may carry the value of fifty, but if the subject of post-graduation is Political science or Sociology then the weight could be doubled up to a tune of hundred. There will be a multiplicity in the mode for voting beside dumb routine of pressing a button. Let one submit an essay, answer the questionnaire. But I am Alice in Wonderland.

'A fool can easily be departed from his vote', so concentrate on him than the wise one. It is easier to seduce poverty-stricken masses than to convince an educated one. Educated one will talk about developments, GDP, Intellectual Property Act, government expenses, constitutional rights and other sensible points. As an ill-bred guy, he doesn't observe the manners and may question your education, even if you are an MLA.

Masses are nice and predictable as a clock. Just allot them subsidized rice for ten rupees per kg and they will lick your boots. Munching the rice, they will go on snoring peacefully with their tongues hanging out salivating and you can go on extorting mines joining hands with industrialists. The essence of the real fun of trusteeship is to keep the real owner dozed and retard.

A question arises; if the ruling party has intended to retard the democracy then why the opposition didn't behave otherwise. One should revisit the 'retard boy' motif again if he seeks the answer. Isn't his retardation being a safe factor for them whenever they have the chance to grip that boy particularly during the punctuated naps of the governance of ruling party? Have you observed the phenomenon in Ayodhya, how easy it is to shepherd mad masses yelling '*...wahibanayenge*' It is as easy as to draw a kid's attention by showing a candy.

'One vote; one value' is even more charming for the opposition than it is for the ruling party. It is better for all ranging from SP to BSP (as their target market is a mass of underdogs of society), except for the progress of India as a democracy. Labour for politicians is far lesser in the present system and harvest is bumper and sure.

The second question arises that if the writer of this article can think this, hadn't it been thought by Dr. Ambedkar who was a thousand-times learned than the writer? With the creation of the constitution, a caravan was resumed. We had to have to mature it, phase by phase, the way MS Windows has been matured. I am savvy with Windows XP which is an updated version of Windows 95. When India was free, there was absolutely no governance. British, indeed, guided our first steps, but in malice, they left the hand of the baby India much sooner than expected causing us to tumble and cry. On one hand, the trading community, the extremists had hawkish desires to capture the nation and on another, the public was stupid as to run away in a fright when the very first-time a glowing electric bulb was seen by them, assuming that as some ghostly phenomenon. In this troubled water, Dr. Ambedkar had to wade cautiously. He brought the first phase i.e. one vote; one value. A more mature system than this could have been taken then, as the unnecessary complexity or some conspiracy. People would have lost faith in 'participative government', if they had had the feeling of neglect, and the faith of the people is the most crucial thing when any nation is shaping up. Besides, the weighted average system is more prone to catch the attention of capitalist and extremists than its intended audience i.e. people as masses love simplicity. The third problem was that there were no computers at that time to perform 'analytics'.

Today, India has the resources and the communities which used to run away with a sight of an electric bulb, are now toggling latest gadgets. Every organ of the boy has developed, spare mind; every feature of India has developed; spare value of a vote. Someone may cry that it is impossible to implement the *weighted average system* because it is practically

not possible to cover crores of Indians spread across millions of acreages. The project of Aadhar and PAN, then, comes to the rescue to my idea. Government has undertaken and implemented the most ambitious projects like assigning unique identification and PAN to all the Indians; literally all. You attempted to deal with 125 crores of us; for the *weighted average method*, you don't have to deal with that volume but only with eligible voters who may not even toll till double-digit crores. The government was aggressive for UID and PAN because it was beneficial for the Government. It is easier to control people when you know the people better, when you possess all the data pertaining to them. The government used the tax payers' money for these two projects which were for its own selfish interest....

#### Perils of the Present System.

Anyway, the boy is a retard yet, and we must see what it means to us. This means that all parties have to speak what people wish to hear. The conflicting wishes overshadow the practical wisdom. Ideals are sacrificed on the altar of the majority. Fully clad, cultured Bharatanatyam dancer is sent behind the curtain only to ensure that the item girl appears.

A leader has to worry about being charismatic by chiding emotions over the worries of the futurity of democracy. We have to seek a leader who could fall in the mutual stupidity with the people. If the illiterate drunkards are foul-mouthed, we have to ensure that their representative should excel them being doubly foul-mouthed. We have to witness the descend in the quality of our leaders, what they think (do they?), what they envision (really?) and what they speak.

We, citizens of India, are forced to prioritize Mandirs over toilets, caste over credibility of a candidate. We have to watch the two cousins washing old laundry over who was dearer to the departed supremo of the party. Modi has to demonstrate publicly how much he is akin to the people of Varanasi ( Maa Ganga aur varaanasi se mera rishta purana hai)



instead of revealing his plans on national and strategic issues like how to control the military spending. The contesting parties have to promise the 'consumption goods' instead of thinking of 'investment goods' for the economy.

We have to endure swollen electricity bills as the losses incurred in slums are be recovered from us.

Grand Nandan Nilekani, whose stature might have honoured the dignity of the Lok Sabha, is reduced to ashes while the same time, the red carpet is rolled out for waist-shaker babes and corrupted leaders. This is because people have elected them. Ideally, these 'corrupters of the society' shouldn't be allowed in the periphery of 'the revered church of democracy'. Such is a misery created by 'one vote; one value'.

A fourth question may emerge that if 'one vote; one value' is so disastrous then why other democracies like US and UK are still glued to it? They are much-matured civilizations than us. The meaning of 'being literate' there, is to be able to comprehend complex passages and is to be able to write essays; whereas in India the definition is only limited to be able to put a signature. In USA, the awareness level of commoners is much more than that is in India. There, people seldomly mob up in roads, last time they did so was to ask their government to reduce the 'x' (government expenditure) factor in the formula of GDP unlike India where people's outcry is to christen certain garden after the name of their leader. When everyone is at the linear level in the higher bracket of cognition as in US and UK, then it is better to treat their votes equally.

But what India needs is the governance based on the conscience of a wise few.



# WHY THE WEST RUNS; THE EAST CRIPPLES?

America, followed by Europe, is a dream of most Asians. The quality of life, opulence, governance and its riches beckon the nationalities to it. Even Bollywood, when it wants to transport its audience to the dreamy atmosphere, set the scenes on the landscape of Alps or western airports or malls.

The gulf is as broad as it is long between the West and the rest. The family earning \$1.25 a day is categorized as 'under extreme poverty' worldwide. There are the nations, including India and China, the inhabitants of whom, are surviving at \$ 0.25 a day. Dictionary is exhausted out to provide an adjective to this level of poverty because there is no word beyond 'extreme' which is already been ascribed to the income below \$1.25.

Why the West Is in Zest; the East Is Reduced to 'the Least'?

Economists, sociologists, even anthropologists and biologists (with their genetical theories) have deciphered the cause and they are quite on the mark. Here, I'm going to decipher something which is beyond the obvious. By nature, man is the most gullible animal, deprived of even the basic tools of self-defence. Unlike a tiger, which has sharp nails and piercing teeth, oxen with their horns and flea with the speed of lightning, humans were endowed with nothing. Even, the sockets of human eyes are set to narrow the span of his sight to 180 degrees whereas most of the animals can have a full 360 degree view. Man, thus cannot keep watch on the enemy progressing from behind his back. These shortcomings were compensated by the ever-developing grey material – his mind. Beside motor reactions like biting, fleeing, man became capable of thinking, imagining and perceptions. High-end logic has continued to develop in him. Nature went on posing challenges in

front of him in various forms ranging from a tiger to the blood-curdling chill. But man went on his pursuit to conquer nature.

How to deal with the tiger? This question was posed in front of an Indian, a Chinese, a European and an African. Everybody answered from a different point of view. An Indian mystic said, 'there's no difference between a tiger and you. Both are the manifestation of the single cosmic consciousness. Appeal that consciousness in the tiger and it won't hurt you anymore'. And there are evidences (visible till now) which say that action from this point of view worked. Even today, in Bramhadesh, Thailand there are Buddhist monasteries where tigers are as tamed creatures as goats.

When Chinese man ruminated over the same question of the danger posed by tiger to humanity, he carefully observed the strengths and weaknesses of tiger and destined to overcome them through practice, and there born martial arts – Kung Fu and Karate. If the tiger is agile, let's be doubly agile, if it is ferocious, let's be twice one.

An Afghan was also ill-treated by the nature in deserts. Nature left him to die without a drop of water. Afghan aped his companion – camel and trained his own existence to survive without a flake of food and a drop of water for several days. The fast during Ramadan for a month together is the derivation of that point of view. They went on continuous warfare which helped them to eliminate the weaklings among them and to retain the most tenacious genetical stock. Africans had chosen to follow the flow of nature as it is and adapted demonstrating the same amount of ferocity and animation that nature displays. So, in Asia and Africa, the man took a path of adaptation and enhancement of natural capabilities, both are the actions of '*cooperation*'

West, unlike Asians and Africans, took the path of *artifice*. The point of view here was of *competition* (with the nature). The '*competition*' principle is in contrast with the '*cooperation*' principle of the East. A

western man neither tried to appeal to the conscious of the tiger, nor did he try to develop flexibility in his body twice than it is in tiger. He simply devoted his energy and time to invent a pistol. He destined to create a whole world in competition to the one created by Him. The sole object of this artificial world is to provide a comfort-bed for him.

There are two greatest advantages of artifice over natural means (of Asians and Africans); artifice can be replicated in millions of units and it is objective (it needs not to be inculcated in the personality). This fact of replication has given much more mileage to the western world over the eastern one. Let me elaborate- an Indian mystic cannot spiritually elevate the rustics within few minutes so that they can hypnotize and tame the tigers without much noise, if the tigers decide to attack without alarm. Nor can a china man, transform his children in Bruce Lees within five minutes. It takes years together to acquire a simple skill and years again to be able to apply it. But within a minute, the populace can be supplied with pistols and with few simple instructions, they are all set to fire the tiger dead. A simpleton can protect the whole village with this four-inch device in his hands.

It is not the case, that Asians didn't invent anything nor that the concept of artifice was completely strange to them. Asians and non-western nationalities also created the artifices like tools of wood, built ships and ammunition. But unlike western world, the point of view here was not to create 'the whole new world', the commitment to the creation of artifice was not as serious. Indian man didn't take his earthly existence so seriously and longed for the heaven above. His priests have told him, it's his final refuge. So, a typical Indian stays on the earth but looks at the sky. So, a sort of 'temporariness' is always felt in his way of living and his artifice never went beyond the creation of earthen kitchen utensils and bullock carts. The force and efficacy of the action is depended upon the point of view from which that action has generated. It is said that the Chinese visited America before the western people but that visit remained limited only to the merrymaking. They danced there and came

back whereas when western lot visited that land, they conquered it, stayed and reigned over. This reign was the result of an imperial mindset the westerners possess. So, the mindset matters.

The only reason the west is on lead than the rest of the world is because it took a path of 'competition' and the rest set on the 'cooperation' with nature. Other social or economic reasons are either the manifestations of this core reason or they are picked up from mid-way and not from the roots. Root is the choice of the point of view at the early moment when the civilizations resumed. Artifice (fruit of competition) has made all the difference. Western universities decided to dedicate more than 90% of the funds for science, technology, engineering and mathematics (STEM). The rest of the world aped. These aspects of knowledge are the vehicles of artifice. The deductive science prevailed over inductive one.

Presently, the whole world has committed for artifice but westerners are still ahead by thousands of miles. Santa and Banta took different routes to the bar; Santa realized half-a-way that the route taken by him is wrong. He hastily returned and picked up the route taken by Banta and reached the bar somehow. But by the time he reached there, the floor was hot and the main item song was over and Santa already had a round of beer. The party for Santa started much late then. He proved to be a tail-catcher. Under his beard, Banta was giggling contemptuously. Replace the poor Santa with non-western nationalities to understand where the East and Africa stands at present.

## INTROVERSION: GOD'S OWN GIFT TO MANKIND.

The class was in motion and my students were startled, yet delighted of the newly acquired knowledge of their own personality. First time in their lives they were made to ask whether they are introverts or extroverts. Extroverts are those who obtain energy through external activities and actions. They are oriented towards 'out'. Here *acting* is before the *thinking*. An introvert person generates energy through *inside*. His senses are mended 'inside'. He accesses his inner world oftener than usual. Hadn't one of the students asked this question to me; this article wouldn't have been generated. The question was, 'who is greater, Introvert or Extrovert?' To vote for greatness, we have to see which one of them can be termed as a gift and which other is obvious to us. Before that, we have to delve deep into their genesis.

On this planet, the development of brain has taken place at three levels. The primary level of the brain makes me capable of smelling, seeing and reacting (reflexes) like the snakes and insects. Developed mammals are capable of remembering faces, tracing back the simpler route back to home. Whales, dogs and cows have this second level brain capable of 'simple logic'. Before we go ahead, let's categorize these activities. Where do the smelling, running away, biting without thinking, reaching home, digging for a prey may belong? These are activities of extroversion. This way, we respond to the external world and its stimuli.

Much beyond eating and biting stands 'high-end logic' and much above this high-end logic, there is an act of imagination. A serious mathematician or a music composer; engrossed completely, is a monument of introversion. A poet, a philosopher, a painter; under the captivity of their vision, are all introverts.

Will you allow a driver of a car who reacts to the signals, honking to work out a very complex mathematical equation, at the same time?

No, even the thought is disastrous. Driver, who needs to be extrovert, drives. The mathematician, sitting in the car, calculates. At times, introverts are considered as weird, nuts. Sometimes they seem to have less common-sense. Sense which commoners have is common sense. Introverts may slip from this obvious common sense, not because they are stupid or slow but they are in their super-sense. For the sake of the progress of human civilization, it is better to provide a driver to an introvert genius instead of letting them drive themselves. So that their precious time won't be wasted in common-sense activities and they will get more time for super-sense. It is safe also as they may be overpowered by the super-sense amidst of highway.

Any high-end activity (like writing this article) is a fruit of concentration, turning inside, getting into the shell, closing doors over external stimuli and turning the antennae in. These are all features of introversion. Einstein is superior to the driver. Introversion is superior to that of extroversion.

Wife keeps an eye on the pot of milk on gas stove and another on filling bucket under the tap. At the same time, all the activities of her baby are properly scanned. All this happens, when she is chatting on a phone sandwiched between her shoulder and tilted head. Nevertheless, her hands are not free and she is folding the clothes. What is hubby doing? He has succumbed to the technical analysis of a chosen script which may make this family millionaire over a night. Home requires both – mummy for its operation and maintenance, daddy for development and future direction. Civilizations, like home, also need both. We need extrovert administrators, accountants, plumbers, drivers, pilots, peasants for its operations and maintenance; we also need thinkers, poets, economists, and preachers for its development and refinement.

In the form of a hubby, I painted an 'applied introvert' who makes money by accessing his inner mind but an 'abstract introvert' is little bit worthier because he accesses his soul. 'Abstract Introvert' like



great poet Coleridge or Socrates may not make money but they contribute to the talent pool of civilization. They take the human conscience to the next level. An addition of a single masterpiece is a further refinement of human culture. Introversion is persuasion, a quest of unknown. A quest can only be taken by one who doubts the present status of the things, one who thinks that there is something beyond what meets the eyes. Faith brings complacency. Million years ago, we were monkeys hanging on the trees. If all of us had faith upon the then purpose of life in which God had kept us, we would have been hanging on the trees yet. But, some introverts among us had taken a doubt. They thought that nay; hanging on the trees cannot be a purpose of our lives. They explored various possibilities of *being*. We owe to those introvert thinkers who doubted and who explored in the zone of unknown. Therefore, the progress of civilization relies upon the doubt and not on faith. The introverts are the flag-bearers of life.

We all are gifted with the tertiary level of mind capable of high-end logic and imagination. Let's go and sit somewhere insulated from the external stimuli and fathom the unfathomable within us.



## KHAKI NEED CHIVALRY AND NOT THE TOYS

Whenever a bomb is shelled out by the terrorists, they increase the spending to purchase the new age machine guns for our Khaki. I am robbed of my pocket in the form of tax. My utilities are cut to purchase new toys. Khaki is modernized, equipped, trained on the tax-payers' expense and still, the wives are not sure that their bread-winners (and government's taxpayers) will return home safe. I am given to state that the Khaki need no more toys but something else. As a trainer of the Police force at Maharashtra Police Academy, I've witnessed their lives and read the minds in and out and hence would like to put forth my observations and repercussions.

The efficiency of the Naxals, terrorists, and extremists is directly proportional to the inefficacy of the Khaki. This is ascribed to the internal psychology and not to any other external insufficiency. The Indian patriots, French Revolutionaries, the Vietnamese had fought and won the battles with the help of the weapons as meagre as stones against the big guns in history. The police force is demoralized, in contrast an extremist remains highly charged by the sense of cause and purpose. The protectors should be chivalrous. In reference to the recent massacre in Chhattisgarh, let's take the function of the police force under the microscope for an anatomical study. The double-decker tombs are formed in the same soil where the concrete of the tombs created previously are not yet cemented. I am not inducing any surprise if I say that the police force is *mal-motivated*. The genesis of this under-motivation is in the moment a candidate has to enter through the back-door or he sees another counterpart entering so. Money, caste, influence play a major role in this back-door entry in recruitment of police force. The chivalry of the police force gets contaminated at his very entry. The chastity of the residual chivalry is robbed by further adjustments, compromises, temptations, compulsions forced to undergo pertaining to

the transfers, appraisals, postings, locations, cases to be handled and so on. He has also to understand that under the eye of law everyone is equal but some are *more* equal. The frozen frost of all these experiences robs him of his chivalry, virtues and faculties. Now as a thick-skinned complacent he is seen devouring Pakoras to satisfy his baggy tummy in his Thana. One humorous real-life incident will not be out of place here to expose the quality of the selection process and the mental substance of the officers. My brother had to undergo police verification as part of the procedure to obtain his Passport. He went to the Police Station where the PSI verified his documents. While going through the bank statement of my brother, the police officer stared him with his swollen, protruded eye-balls (less sleep or heavy alcoholism, perhaps) and then stared the bank statement. Finally, he asked how come my brother trades crores of rupees almost daily. Being awestruck, my brother denied. The PSI then pointed to the transactions wherever the abbreviation 'cr.' was printed which denotes 'credit'. The PSI had taken it as the abbreviation for the 'crore'.

The driving force for the youth to join state security agencies like police force is, unfortunately, not the gallantry or patriotism but the provision for the supply of bread and butter, almost in the linear fashion. The driving force for the youth to join the terrorism and extremist cause is the sense of (divine) purpose. The sense may be created out of falsified or flawed ideals, but it's usually psychic one not materialistic. No hippopotamus made so of Pakoras, linear salary, bribes, peculiar complacency, and lack of purpose typical to the Khaki can equal the electrified passion and superhuman valour of the man who is mentally prepared to sacrifice his life for the cause. What is important is not how advanced the machine gun or other toys are but the soul behind that gun.

Some silver lining can be witnessed if along with the breadth of the chest and the capability to expand it; the heart beating in that chest and its capacity to hold courage is judged (and the theory of HR says; it is possible).

The whole recruitment orchestra should be memorized by the video recording. The midcourse training and evaluation should be severely linked with the pay and perks. At present, they do claim to have the midcourse training on but the pay is not that severely related to the performance. Other government departments need these practices, as well but if they falter, India will not sink that fast but if the security agencies continue their complacency; we would crash at once. So, pay them hard but monitor harder.

Machiavelli had aptly observed that ‘nations collapse not due to an external enemy but internal decay.’ On the concluding note, it is apt to reiterate that our Khaki’s newer toys would be dead if the battery of inherent chivalry is missing.



## CALL MEN GRAVE; NOT UNHAPPY

Scientists at the University of South Florida have come up with a finding that men are 'unhappy' creatures and ascribed this fact to some gene termed as MAOA. I'm given to go next level and uncover the whole galaxy of the fact.

So, you wanted to say that men like G. B. Shaw, Martin Luther King or Dr. Ambedkar should have had shallow facial formulations like Mr. Bin or else they will be tagged as 'unhappy men'. Perhaps, the researchers might have mistaken the word 'grave' as unhappy. (True) Men are grave, deep and sad. Here the meaning of 'sad' is not unhappy but what the legendary poet Coleridge had propounded in his masterpiece poem 'The Rime of Ancient Mariner'. He concluded that the heightened knowledge of life will make a shallow adolescent 'sadder' i.e. grave; thinking and connected to the sublime potentiality of the life, the cosmos and the universe.

Male is the sky and female is the earth. Let's see why males are not as chirping as females are.

### Generativity of Females Get Satisfied

Whatever be the leverages and privileges, nature had endowed upon men; all are nullified in a competition with a unique endowment to the women i.e. motherhood. Men create paintings as live as nature, carve sculptures, erect towers and build kingdoms but all these achievements, though as vast as the sea and as gigantic as the Alps, are all inanimate. He cannot generate a living creature out of his body. Thus, the generativity principle in females get satisfied and sealed once they breed. What about men? Ah! Their principle of generativity stays open throughout their existence. The labour pain is for a short time for the women but that is endless for men. They are always anxious, afraid and tormented with an internal demand to generate more and more - More fame, more wealth,

more writings, more knowledge, more power, endless search, endless labour and endless pain.

Moreover, the jealousy among women about their power of generation has a limit. Their generation is stereotyped; a baby of three kilograms. Everybody has the same. A woman's jealousy for a breed is purged once she herself becomes a breed. This is not a case with man. If a porter becomes an industrialist and accrues wealth around a hundred crore rupees; he will always have Ambanis, Tatas to make him unhappy by their thousands of crores of wealth and to dwarf him. The result – porter's (now the industrialist) wife poses for a photograph among her four sons with all glitter of contentment in her eyes. Porter poses, but with a hungry look in his eyes.

### Meaning of Life

True men are never in the present moment. They are always in search of some higher meaning which they want to ascribe to their lives. One whose mind doesn't dwell in the present bliss of life but dwells in the foggy future, always bears a look of discontent. The whole machinery of 'meditation' is just to be in the present moment. Women chuff the idea of meditation as they naturally don't need that as they are mostly in the present moment. Neo civilization is neutralizing the sexes and you will find many '*manly women*' with manly ambitions and manly futurism. These may require meditation but by and large, the meditation is comparatively less relevant to the '*fair sex*'. Lullaby for the babies is their meditation.

So, this search for the meaning of life is one fuel for the man's grave nature. Curious ones will join me reading a book, 'Man's Search for Meaning' by Victor Franck.



## Father's Burden

Linked to the aspect of 'meaning of life', what keeps men awake is the "father's" burden'. Here "Father's" refers to all those epitomes of history who have explored the excellent possibilities of being men-ranging from Christ to Steve Job. Soul of a man always tortures him by asking a single question- 'dude, where do you stand? 'And in an answer, he felt utterly shameful. A laughing man can be made disheartened with a simple comparative statement like, 'your father was so and so; what are you?' Is this scene common in the ladies' world? I think not.

## Responsibility of the Civilization

Let it be any race; the females are mainly responsible for the 'nurture' whereas men are considered for an upheaval of the family, race. Making their race most powerful, most refined, is a single most agenda. No doubt, ladies join this task but as a corollary. The fortifying frontiers are the men. If a doctor's son doesn't become a doctor and fails to acquire the father's hospital then no doubt the mother is sad but the doctor would feel utterly helpless besides mere sadness. Because, not only his profession and prestige have failed to succeed but also his life-long construction has fallen like the house made up of cards. He is the one who has to start from scratch again and make whole new arrangements for his son. So, the responsibility is more burdensome to the men.

## Anxiety of Influence or Immortality

I have found one want in men. They long for immortality. They want to remain posthumous. This keeps them always on their toes. They have to write, construct, do charity, and arrange to have their statues erected or roads, gardens etc. to be named after their names.

This is why man wanted to paint (and he shifts to oil paint from water-colour as he grows up as oil is more permanent). Females rejoice in drawing rangolis which are wiped off the same day.

Men are grave, which is a far sacred state of being, beyond shallow euphorias.

# MAHATMA GANDHI: UNVEILING THE MYSTERY OF HIS CRYPTIC LEADERSHIP

Today, nationwide tribute is paid to Mahatma Gandhi on his birth anniversary. As E. M. Foster in his notable novel 'Passage to India' had observed that 'India is a very land of diversity'. This is the reason whosoever has emerged as a leader, has destined to fall to one sect and failed to emerge as a generic leader respected by all sects. To this image-corrosive acid, a single leader stood highly immune, and that was Gandhi.

His leadership style, with which he vaccinated against the danger of segregation, was a cryptic one. The answer is buried with the relics of the past whether he had devised the style or that just happened to work for him. The attempt to decode the leadership style is demonstrated here.

Appeared as a Custodian of Tradition.

Indians, no doubt, owed progress to the British. The citizens appreciated the British for the irrigation, railways, post offices, governance but they despised the British for one thing – they posed as a threat to their customs and conventions. All the leaders, assuming the British grooming progressive, adopted the same and thus sliced themselves away from the 'Dhoti' masses. Gandhi acted in the sharp contrast to them and was a perfectly 'belonged' duckling (though he was a swan, thus proved wiser than proverbial 'ugly duckling' who couldn't manage his present though was well placed in the future). He led a conventional and rustic life admiring cow and caressing goats. He sang 'Solitary Reapers' like Wordsworth and shepherded the general temperament towards pastoral, rustic era. When every leader coming from a city was shaming and damning a 'Dhoti' man about his backwardness, contrary to this, Gandhi esteemed him and held him right. No heart can be won by a scolding voice but by an assuring whisper. Thus, Gandhi's image shined bright among other leaders as he posed

himself as a custodian of tradition (though he was not – will be explained in the last paragraph).

### Appeared as a Saint and Not a Leader

The simpleton, rustic mind of India has different criteria for respect than that in the West. One is not bowed before though he is knowledgeable, tactful and aggressive. To command respect, he must be almost celibate, pleasure-averse; his face must bear the pain of masses. In nutshell, a saint (who listens to voices in the air) is bowed before than an economist. Hence, Gandhi's success can also be ascribed to his saintly appearance (though his ways were calculative and empathetic – a rare combination).

### Gandhi Maintained Neutral Composure

If one reads 'My Experiments with Truth', his autobiography, one will be struck by the too mediocre nerve to be displayed by a leader of such stature. His dilemmas are not of cosmic size but merely about whether to consume egg or not. But this is what worked in his favour. If you write with urge and burning desire to revolutionize, then the text issues a threat to some or the other sect of society and that deters the image as a 'generic leader'. Gandhi harboured no extreme ideology and hence seemed as harmless as a milk-maid. 'Neutral leadership' is what the diverse land longs for more than anything else. Besides, expressions of simple, kitchen-thoughts connected him well to the milkmaids and peasants.

He sensed that intellectualism leads to nothing, especially in a social context. Thought begets thought and not the results; hence, he became allergic to the intellectual circles. By feigning mediocrity, he might have kept intellect away from being unnecessarily attracted to him, leaving him with more time and energy to experiment with the masses.

## His Endgame as a Neo-industrialist in a Disguise

Gandhi thus poised as an advocate of the traditions, assured masses that nothing will change. But at the core of his soul, he seemed to be modernist. Under his wings, the masses were feeling like snoring in a cosy cocoon. It seemed that he had put a brake on the rate of change. Everybody was assured that the agrarian face of the society, the caste system and placid stay at dark villages will continue. Under that assured snore, the earthquake shocked everybody. Gandhi handpicked Nehru as a prime minister who was the advocate of neo-industrialization over Sardar Patel who was the downright traditionalist. This act sent the chill to nerves of everybody because this behaviour was in contrast to what Gandhi seemed to be. But Gandhi knew what he was up to. His rustic Avatar was his 'social face' and beneath that was his 'true self' which was smouldering with anxiety for the wellbeing of Indians. Down the bloodstream, he knew that the progress of the society will never take place by hurrying after the poultry. He has seen nations like England, Germany being progressive because of Industrialization. But had he declared this agenda at the beginning of his career, masses would have never followed him. It is a generic tendency to resist change even though, it is for the good.

Greatness of the 'Father of the Nation' lies not only in his concept but in the 'commissioning' of the same.



## WILL YOU COOK PURAN-POLI ON THIS REPUBLIC DAY

The genesis of the word Republic can be ascribed to the classic 'The Republic' by Plato which envisions the ideal state.

For India, Republic Day is of higher value than that of Independence Day because later signifies a mere change of governing hands. Great India which is comparable with a mysterious banyan tree in terms of its being ancient, has witnessed many such shifts of governance from Dravids to Aryans to Moguls to petty kings to British. The most recent in this chain was on 15<sup>th</sup> August 1947; being most recent, it is closer to our hearts. Governance was shifted from *white hands sheathed in black sleeves to the black hands sheathed in white sleeves*.

It was ensured on Republic day that this soil will not have to see any more Independence Day. The governance free of inequality and injustice is promised. Governance ensuring the egalitarianism, equal opportunities and freedom, will reign. The democracy was carved and entrusted to the people. The biggest democracy came to life on January 26, 1950. The generous gesture of Pt. Nehru who let the social ideas of Dr. Ambedkar unleashed, was a courageous move in the then scenario where his own colleagues were of a view of more 'fundamentalist state'. The tireless efforts of Dr. Ambedkar with his power of anticipation carved such a 'welfare state' which is unshakable after perpetual attempts of those forces that can't tolerate it in front of their eyes. These forces are of varied nature, capitalists of the western world, states which are in the clutches of military generals, the extremists and communists are all jealous of democracy. Fortifying against the external forces poses a simple task when faced by the more challenging one – the in-house fundamentalists, the oppressors and the oppressed (with their acidic reaction).

Republic of India is an ideal and practical one as long as forces with mal-intents do not corrode it. Thankfully, the forces are in minority,

in contrast to those forces, we have a whole majority of more than 75 % of Indians who respect the Republic and possess strong belief on its composure as a 'welfare state'. But this majority is fragile against the 'dark forces' in terms of the psychological intensity. A terrorist is committed to die while attacking India; is an average Indian that intensified to save India? The intensity will not deepen unless and until the '*ideal of nationality*' percolates down the soul, the way our personal values, religion and culture have percolated. There is a zero-tolerance. An average Indian will not *negotiate* with his spouse that four extra-marital affairs are too much, please reduce it down to two. This *zero tolerance* is not observed in our friction with governance. We negotiate with a babu, across the table and beg him to reduce down the amount of bribe from a thousand to five hundred. His unethical demand doesn't madden us to the level where a man murders in a blinding rage. This is because we have allowed the concepts like 'welfare state', ideal governance, people's responsibility and importance of national festival, up to our mind. They have not percolated down to our soul and conscience. We cut a cake on X-mas, cook *puran-poli* on festivals. Here comes the question of million dollars, 'how many of us will cut a cake or cook *puran-poli* on this Republic Day?



# WHAT DRIVES YOU; NURTURE OR NATURE?

Much ink is split on a debate about what prevails over, nature or nurture? Nature stands for an individual's innate qualities whereas nurture denotes his personal experiences, moulding taken place by various external forces like family, society, school. The debate is about what impresses significantly the behaviour of human being - his genetic, innate traits or his acquired, learnt qualities?

The civilization has ardent advocates like John B. Watson who had boasted, "Give me a dozen healthy infants, well-formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in and I'll guarantee to take anyone at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select – doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant-chief and, yes, even beggar-man and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations, and race of his ancestors."

On the other hand, there are great fathers like Freud and Shakespeare who had unshaken belief on 'nature'. Freud accords innate subconscious mind and libido (psychic energy) the position of a regulator of the behaviour. Shakespeare's Othello is the sheer case of nature.

John Locke had rendered the credit of human development to environmental influences only and termed a child's mind as a 'blank slate'. Whereas development and civilized behaviour can safely be attributed to 'nurture', it is the 'nature' which can hijack or deviate the whole agenda of personal development and code of behaviour. We have the classic case of Ada Lovelace to scrutinize in this regard.

Ada Lovelace was the only legitimate child of poet Byron. His other children were illegitimate. The world knows about the greatness of Byron as a poet and wild conduct as a member of society. He eventually separated from his wife when Ada was only a month old. Being bitter at Lord Byron, Ada's mother decided to educate her only in mathematics.

Mathematics stands in stark contrast to poetry. Poetry calls for the unsurpassing feats of imagination whereas mathematics calls for the most intricate performance of logic. Obviously, the decision was motivated by Ada's mother's honest intent to avoid the slightest streak of 'madness' in her which was (according to Ada's mother) the characteristic of her father, poet Byron.

Ada had grown up as a talented mathematician as her mother visualized. She is hailed as the world's first computer programmer. Her algorithm inspired computer programming. The *traits* of poet Byron which her mother so deliberately tried to kill; overpowered Ada in her adult life. Besides, being a mother of three children and wife of reputed baron William King, she grew into the hopeless gambler and hungry wanton.

She couldn't help her excessive alcoholism. She tried to recruit her mathematical talent for 'big bet' in gambling. That didn't succeed and she ended up in huge debt. The ill habits developed into the ill health causing her early departure at the young age of thirty-seven. Her husband loathed her and left her death-bed as she believed to have confessed her illicit relationships. Poet Byron had taken his rightful toll. He didn't die but had run through the veins of Ada.

Jack London's '*Call of the wild*' is a story of domesticated German Shepherd dog named Buck. One night Buck hears the howling of wolves and it runs away in the woods answering 'call of the wild', call of his own genes. Whatever pains are taken for 'domestication', will all go in vain when this call overpowers. We are utterly helpless against this call. This is the essence of the celebrated novel. *The Moon and Sixpence* which is the immortal work of Somerset Maugham. Strickland, a successful stockbroker in a rich family consisting of his wife and two golden children, is a balanced middle-aged person. Without any hint, he absconds, leaving a single-liner behind, stating, 'I want to paint'. Surprisingly, he doesn't have minutest of knowledge of painting. He then

travels to Tahiti and is succumbed to the sudden epiphany, ‘I belong here’. He doesn’t return from Tahiti, at all.

If nurture is in tune with nature, there happens the sonorous musical concert. In uncomfortable union, nurture reigns unquestionably, unless and until dormant nature usurps suddenly in a flash like a serpent out of a bush and captures at the most relaxed moment.

The wise mentor in Paulo Coelho’s ‘The Alchemist’ warns the protagonist of a book that he should follow his heart’s desire; otherwise ‘the heart will not be silent’.

Nature, I believe, is God’s compass one follows. How dare we ignore His ways for us?



## PHOEBE IN 2013 AND FARTHER

‘There are the truths which cannot be told to the children’ – Sigmund Freud. This precept is followed by all of us as sensible citizens and parents. My neighbourhood, especially, is a bit more sensible and hence there radiates the confidence in gestures, full hope in the eyes and loving smile alike for maid and mummy in little Phoebe, irrespective of the fact that she will make an ugly spinster in the future.

Phoebe will count one more year in her age in 2013, means one more streak of anxiety added to the forehead of her mother, one more pie of large sum put aside by her father (accumulated from the neck-wrecking work for the overtime money). The anxiety of parents is to insulate her from the perils of the cruel world in which she will step and for what she is horribly misfit.

Yet, each of us strictly observes the precept of Freud, not to tell the children how misfortunate they are. We have to keep them motivated. We have to watch their environment closely as to being enunciated by any of their friends or acquaintances. Surely, nobody has done that as her eyes still shine high. And we will come to know if somebody has done that, her bubbling, blazing cosmos will dim abruptly. She will look at her feet succinctly oftener instead of approaching us with the direct glare in our eyes, with oozing scream of laughter which transcends our stale existences.

Why not tell her that there is no place for uglier? But why to tell, when the time is going to make her understand. In the year 2020 (recall Alice in Wonderland: India Superpower, 2020 dream etc.), she will be eighteen and find the other girls, even her best friends marginalizing her out of the bevy. If some girl flanks her, she does so only to ascertain her own beauty on the background of her ugliness; as a chalk needs a black-board to mark its own impression. No courtier will linger, no roses will be offered. Every new year will leave the patch on her soul infested of

slights, loathing, separations, injuries, hopelessness and lonesomeness. Every new year, her heart will wither.

The year, when we will set out to hunt groom for our Phoebe, will be the cruellest one. She will receive final heart-wrecking blows of rejections. Rejections after rejections will make her heart as badly torn up as a piece of cloth is torn up by the hideous dogs. Phoebe, a strong girl, will brave all the blows and will shed warm tears silently making her pillow moist before she accepts the elderly divorcee. His palms perhaps will be greased with a handsome ransom. Throughout her tortured life, she will offer mute prayers and ask persistently that she should never ever be sent on this cruel planet again.

Once I rode with Pankaj (my younger brother) in our car. A butterfly dashed the glass of wind-shield and got clutched and creased, its delicate leaflets of wings were torn up under wipers. Startled and saddened, we stopped the car and my brother scooped the carcass with utmost tenderness and gifted to the bushes with much benevolence. He later was stupefied by my question, 'Had we been grieved that deep if the victim would have been the black ugly fly?' We both did a lot of soul-searching and were ashamed of our subjectivity.

Yet, we made merry with Phoebe and welcome the New Year (following the Freud's precept). Can we make a resolution for this year that we will set an *equal heart* for each Phoebe? We will shun away from our *skin-deep* reactions and stop by her with sincere warmth. Beware! While meeting Phoebe with 'an equal heart', my face should not be such as when I offer alms or distribute free blankets in the old age home. I must follow Freud's precept, in my cruelty and in my kindness, both.

# THROWING HER OUT OF THE WORKFORCE ALONG WITH THE BABUDOM

A famous phrase: 'throwing baby out along with bath water'; perspective: shrinking government sector is barring women from total workforce. This Friday, the research findings were carried in Lokmat Times that more than 50% women have to abandon their career while sailing through the rough domestic sea. Let's peep under the cushy carpet, only to discover the bugs.

George Orwell had correctly diagnosed that 'a society is subservient to the media as far as its thought process is concerned.' The thoughts lead to the actions and actions to deliver results. Media, private sector, MNCs screw the ears of society and government with its outcry against Babus (Government employees). Who is a Babu? Every government employee; Collector is a Babu, so is bank clerk, postman, nurse and teacher. Name-calling goes on; inefficient, white cows, lethargic, parasites. A cosmic-level conspiracy has taken place against Babus to have a cut on their leaves, salaries and pensions. The status now suggests that conspirators are fairly successful as they brought down Babudom to the minimal size.

The soul of the structure of a Babu-job is the concept of 'Welfare State'. We must not forget this. The conspiracy of keeping the role of the government at a bare minimum level (so that capitalism can reign free), is successful. Today government jobs are scarce. Holidays are minimalized. We tried to throw dirty water but also have thrown women out of the workforce. Let's examine how.

## Killer One - Cut on Off-days

It is a natural order what John Ruskin has worded,

*"Man, for the field and woman for the hearth;  
Man, for the sword and for the needle she"*

Already, her decision of joining 'field' somehow deviates from her natural inclination and affects her psyche. The ravaged cut on her off days, worsens the case. Forefathers, who structured the Babu-jobs were generous, manly yet tender to let her hold baby longer in her bosom with more days off. Now we have grown mean to question her efficiency. The maternal woos are graver than ambitions which compel a sensible lady to forgo the later.

### Killer Two - Sanctity in Danger

Shepherd's son becomes a state-secretary. This is possible in few countries like USA and India (US secretary of defence Chuck Hagel recently opined the same). In USA, because of meritocracy being the fundamental principle and in India because of the structure of Babudom. Unlike the private sector, even a slumdog can dream to be a commissioner if he cracks the UPSC. Nepotism is imperative in the private sector. 'This position of general manager is available to you because I am short of relatives'. Of course, private sector honours the talent but the mindset behind appointing a CEO purely on merit basis is not a product of a healthy mindset of 'equanimity'. The owner or promoter of a company is compelled by market competition to do so. Entrepreneurs, who feed on government projects or grants, are able to have the relatives cling around the way frog's eggs form a slimy, sticky cluster.

The structure of systematic advancement and promotions of Babudom is replaced with tactical advancement (recall MBA days – work smart; not hard!), job selling, dirty politics, corrupt practices and so on. Any tender lily will despise that and will leave silently the way saint leaves the wrestling drunkards.

### Killer Three - Less Locational advantage

Government departments are localized all across the country. A girl who is a clerk (sorry, Customer Executive! Fancy name, please!)



serving Deutsche Bank has to leave the job if her husband is posted as SP of Chandrapore (remote India – no branch of the bank there). But if she is with State Bank, she can be transferred. With shrinking Babudom, these choices are becoming harder.

#### Killer Four- Job security

The structure of Babudom is as such that it is easier for a High Commissioner to divorce than to expel his peon. Human rights and future are highly secured. And security is a value which is cherished most by the femininity. Wild uncertain picaro may elude her at times; but she marries a bald, fat lawyer because her future is secured as his law practice being well settled.

Of course, there are sectors where women are preferred. But the principle governing their majority over men is not a principle of equality but the need to exploit their femininity for business purpose. People abuse less to a disturbing tele-caller if the voice heard is a female one. One of my acquaintance, who is a real-estate marketeer, revealed to me during a casual discussion that they employ more beauties in sales force as it helps to '*suspend the logic*' of the customers.

#### Killer Five – Less Dignified Perks

Creators of Babudom respected the humane in their workforce. Private sector takes human beings as resource or capital. Babus are paid with a justifiable sum required to lead a dignified, homely life. Private sector pays very less at the entry-level to the professionals; even lesser than peon or sweeper of Babudom. So, it becomes easier for the families to dictate a young job-goer girl, to spare herself the rigours for peanuts. She readily agrees as the stake is not much. In contrast, the salary of a woman serving Babudom is so substantial that no family can bear the loss if she is forced to leave. A case I witnessed where a lady wanted to leave her government job as a lab. technician owing to the hardships she will have to face if she relocates to the new rural location where she was

transferred. But her family forced her to continue as she earns significantly.

But can the era of '*contractual employment*' guarantee thus, that a young engineer can maintain the self-respect? Or has he to force his young wife to go join sales force and support by being a 'logic suspension machine'?

## WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL TO THE RECESSION

The recession is a kind of 'general run down' and war is like an acute haemorrhage tolling life in seconds. The world was on the verge of WW III and the looming over of recession has avoided it (or procrastinated it for the unspecified period). This thought wouldn't be very unusual for those who have come across the works of 20<sup>th</sup> century genius George Orwell. In his mind-blowing work "Nineteen Eighty-Four" he had proved that the reason of war is 'over-production'. Rulers across the world want their subjects or citizens to work with a knee-wrecking pace. The energy of the citizens is exhausted and they are left with no vigour to voice, to come together and throw the rulers out of the power. Almost every nation preserves one area of unrest live, so that war can be triggered under the name of that point of trigger. India and Pakistan have Kashmir, Russia and China have Mongolian zone, India and China have Nepal.

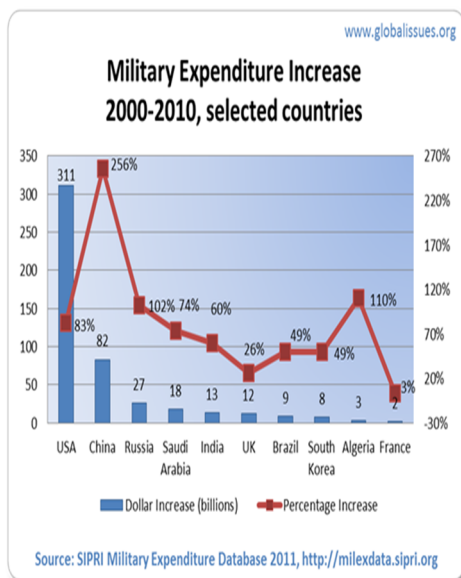
They destroy over-production

Theory of wages states that the worker works for money. Harder he works; more he is paid. But this logical ratio of 'more work-more pay' retards once the worker has accumulated sufficient mass of facilities to keep him and his family subsist. After that, he will deny to work even if paid high. Then his energy may be directed to throw out the useless rulers. To avoid this, rulers take care not to distribute the 'overproduction' among citizens. Now this overproduction, if not distributed, must be destroyed. The only way to destroy overproduction is to waste the same in the war. Osho Rajnish has rightly said, 'there are only two eras observed in the history of human civilization- the era of war or the era of the preparation of war'. War and preparation of war, both suck up the vast part of what we have produced. Saudi Arabia's military expenses are 10% of its GDP. The US alone comprises 43% of the world's total military expenses.

Iraq had emerged as the regional superpower with its billions of dollars overproduction piled up and needed to be destroyed urgently. USA (the master ruler) took a call and saved the 'machinery of oppression' ardently. Now again the ten-year girl of Iraq has to fetch the water from two miles. We have *saved* her from the *tortures* of school and studying the civics to know her rights. We have also made the US youngster to defer her Junior college admission as it is still not in her reach. She has served US military mission in Iraq for another two years to accumulate as much money to pay the college fees. There, in the foreign land she will go through the hardships and tortures inflicted by her male colleagues.

### The World was ready for the End-game

The world economic dynamics at the time of break of recession substantiates that, had the recession not begun, then the clouds of World War III would have loomed over the world. The following statistics suggest that there was the era of 'preparation of war' underlying the 'overproduction'. Dragon was carrying potentially most fatal fire-drum in its bonnet with military expenses increased by 256 %. India followed the suit with 60 % increase. (Nanhi kali in a poor state will not be forced into flesh trade if only 1% of this amount is directed to run the Girls' Residential Schools).



India can adopt a poor nation like Nepal if only 2% of this increased defence budget is directed.

No nation takes up the cudgels only for the sake of religion or communal issues. Though nations have been formed on racial or linguistic basis, the same aspect doesn't substantiate the cause of war. These aspects serve as a spark. Under the disguise of communal, racial, linguistic aspects, the nations with overproduction, waste their wealth. In the dynamics of war at least one of the participating countries is with overproduction (the other one might be a victim).

How Recession saved my home of bombshells.

Which was the buzzword before this new word Recession replaced it? It was the *'India Story'*.

The mergers and acquisitions, towering glitzy malls, indices becoming double-digits (Sensex was mere 5000 till 2005), beggars and Rikshwa-pullers using mobile phones; India, doubtlessly, overproduced.

China- the factory of the world overproduced the depository of more than 3 trillion dollars enabling it to purchase Greece and France and still leaving money to purchase Brazil, literally (in the form of Government Bonds). The misery of China was that no nation was allowing it to park this depository and there was a time when it would have been imperative to distribute this wealth among citizens. Plough back the money into the production was not possible as the inventories were already packed and supply was more than what the world demanded. The Gulf and Middle-east countries also put the Al-Burge on exhibition and hinted of their overproduction. USA is a constant predator, needless to say.

Can anybody deny that the soil of circumstances was the most fruitful for World War III?

The burst of realty bubble in USA served as a ‘necessary evil’. It drove USA out of the *zone of possibility* of war, immediately. If USA was a collapsing stem; the branch economies like UK and India became cautious and withdrew themselves from the said *zone of possibility*. As the exports slowed down, the dragon (China) became calmer, though this time; it wanted to settle accounts with Russia and India. Thus, the Recession iced the ambitions of the western and eastern giants. The Middle-east was already disintegrated by the people’s movements for democracy encouraged by Uncle Sam (USA).

Recession made me haunting McDonald less frequently but we enjoy Palak-sabji at home with laughter as the same Recession has saved us of bomb-shell. *Thank you, recession!*

## TYING A KNOT WITH SECULARISM

Ratan Tata saw one family of a common man fastened uncomfortably on a scooter and decided to provide them a budget car. This is the rhetoric given for genesis of Nano car. What is a ratio of such (or even poorer) families in population? It is almost 90%. This 90 % lot decides the power centre of our fatherland. Most of them are Hindus. Majority of Hindus kept BJP on bay when it was in the euphoria of Hindutva fever. BJP finally learnt its mistake and brought a new trumpet of *development*. And it worked.

Simpler truth is derived from this phenomenon: India is secular neither because constitution made it so, nor due to the demands of minority, nor owing to the efforts of the central government, nor in the effect of the *Gyan* of the intelligentsia. India is secular because the majority of its major sect viz. Hindus wanted it so.

This doesn't mean that they got larger brains. Their grey material weighs two hundred and fifty grams, as usual. Holier-than-thou image is not implicated here for them. At the core of his heart, an average Indian of majority sect may harbour same extreme sentiments as of militant of ISIS and during informal discussion or while seeping tea at *Chai-thela*, he conceives destructive plans (which he never dares to deliver). But, when the moment arrives to cast his vote, this man ensures that a political party with extremities must not form the Government. He has *tamed* the BJP too, with his approach. Many political parties with great philosophical foundations and determination to act on those philosophies were kept away from Lady Power. Modern Congress party is without any significant philosophical inclination and its outer appearance is nothing more than a group of varied residents of a certain apartment going to meet a Corporator. Average Hindu has chosen Congress as the ruler for decades. What is a reason behind this subtle U-turn of a common Hindu? An average Hindu has chosen face of a good Administrator over any

other face. There is an important construct which has compelled him to choose administrator over creators, reformers or even prophets.

Enter the general compartments of any express train and you will find herds of men cramped inside. Like cockroaches, one can pick them up out from underneath of seats, shelves and half a dozen finding room in toilet too. Men risk their lives in the jam-packed suburban trains of Mumbai, clinging the way ants cluster and cover a bit of chocolate. Arvind Adiga in his award-winning novel “White Tiger” has showcased this phenomenon with a remark that men and women make their lives worm-like every day because they are married. They have to feed their families. In India, marriage is not discretionary, it’s not even a social custom which is considered *good* to follow but it is the *must* to perform automatic ritual. As intake of food is compulsory for biological existence; here marriage is made compulsory for social existence. Every aspect of life is woven around keeping marriage at the centre. Every form to fill asks that, every child has to state his father’s name; every advertisement ranging from watches to toothbrushes depicts a family. Every adult has to marry, sooner or later; with or without tantrums. No escape way! Owing to this, ninety-five percent people are married and are clerks, professors, nurses, teachers, grocers, labourers and sewers. These are nothing but the alias names of a single entity viz. Bread-winner.

Averagely, an Indian national has necessarily been a *bread-winner* and nothing more. What is the most important need of the bread-winner? It is the continuation of his *routine* in the most linear fashion. Routine is the most sought-after thing for an Indian. And peace is the mother of routine. When a rebellion or reformist looks smilingly at curfew as an indicator of his success, Bread-winner looks at it with irritation. When a fundamentalist swells with belligerence in a procession (marcha) and searches for effect, bread-winner only searches a way out on his scooter. He is happy when petrol prices are down than when a particular flag is up. She is not worried if the revolution is delayed, but worried when the visit of her kid to a toilet is delayed. Such people would



only look for Administrator who would at least *maintain* the status quo enabling them to live and die in the whirl of routine, peacefully, without noise.

Hence, without doubt, the credit of keeping India secular goes to the marriage system.

Will SoGa compel RaGa to get married and have a first-hand experience of this whirl to be wiser before the next election?



## HAIR LOSS — OUTCOME OF URBANITY

To mutate is the inbred tendency of *Homo Sapiens*. We crook the course of rivers and alter seasons. We have altered vegetation by proliferating the cash crops instead of a healthy mix of eatables. Though nobody was in the slightest hint of the repercussions of this obsession; the mutation started eating its own tail when this has made the course of evolution to get restricted only for the mind. In the battle of mind and matter (body); the mind has won over the total machinery assembled of bones, composed of flesh, watered by blood, lubricated by marrow and regulated and evolved by hormones. More precise to state that logic has won over imagination. Man has acted against the grain. He killed nature in himself first and later he drew knives for nature outside. Five thousand years ago, men were far more animated than they are today. The danger of the past was of a man being an animal; today it is of a man being a robot. Nature is like our modern-day employer. Employer gifts his salesman a cell-phone to use it so that he can sell well. If it is found that he is least interested to use this utility; it is withdrawn. Nature, too, has withdrawn our tail and now it will withdraw nails and hair.

Recently I came across a news that stated the increase in the screams inside labour-rooms caused because of mega-nourished, mammoth infants tearing their way out. Life expectancy is increasing.. Still, doctors who cure hair-loss ascribe it to the mal-nutrition.. Beside mal-nutrition, hair loss has its roots in urbanity and simpleton rustics are spared out of that. Let us see why it is so -

### Logic

Logic is a slave of imagination. The logic of Wright brothers has given wings to the imagination of flying. In a set-up which is running full-throttle; slave becomes the most active one whereas master turns to be passive. In the primitive agrarian model of civilization, where men were close to vegetation and to nature, in Wordsworthian imagination, the hair were thick and black. Thick mass of hair signifies the love of

vegetation and the presence of a healthy mix of imagination and logic. Loss of hair signifies the cannibalization of imagination by logic.

### Complexity of mind

Neurons have started to exhaust as civilization progresses. Mind consumes most of the glucose while functioning. Frail neurons and frail strands of hair are both fed by the skull equally. Then neurons became over-demanding as the peasant started thinking, taking interest in philosophy, mathematics, astrology. As many subjects were brought under the management of neurons; the neurons started consuming the energy share of hair leaving them to dehydrate, die and fall.

### Departure from nature

Human civilization is the odyssey of tug-of-war against nature. As civilization develops; elements of nature decline. Long, healthy, silken mass of strands signifies proximity to nature. Relative absence signifies detachment from nature.

### Iced ecstasy

Life is becoming too mechanical to harness emotions and ecstasy. The danger of the past was in the possibility of man being an animal; the danger of modernity is in man being a robot. The linear, monotonous routine is making people placid and phlegmatic. Now a morning doesn't start with ecstasy and vitality. The hormones which deal with vitality and vigour are being silenced by the robotic life. These hormones acted as chlorophyll for the vegetation on skull.

Delicate sensibilities gifted by nature are burnt in the flame of hard logic.

Annihilation of the frail strands of hair signifies the same. Since long, what was related to sensibilities and aesthetics has been taken as anti-thesis to the logic. The frail, the sensible, the beautiful is banished as

feminine, lunar and illogical. Those get burnt in the flame of hard logic; along with the strands of hair.

Defilement of river signifies the defilement of culture; loss of hair signifies that man is internally shaken, internally uprooted. It signifies the cultural uprooted-ness, the loss of spiritual integrity. It signifies that the chord to divinity is plugged-off.

In females; it shows the loss of the feminine element or its transmutation in the masculine element. In males, it signifies either loss or expelled libido.

If one ruminates over these causes; one will definitely feel that there is no returnable journey. As we have lost the tail; we must lose the hair, too. But the million-dollar business of Trichologist will continue feeding on false hope.



## WHY MY YOUNG FRIEND SHOULD MARRY?

Drastic difference, still acute similarity of man-woman relationship, is not a long-cherished object of my contemplation. Wasn't that the birthday of Janhavi which made me ruminate on this, subject of this article would have been some global economic issue. In the science of symbolism, masculinity is denoted by a square whereas femininity is suggested by a circle. An exact depiction, indeed. A circle-without an end, explains their endless chatter. In the world of 'fair sex', there's no closure. Every act is an experience unlike man's approach towards work as a task. This is why better-halves' cuisine is delicious but to cook for an industrial volume, you need men- the task-force. Cooking for them is an experience, a Pooja offered at the feet of eaters, a Rangoli designed with utmost bliss. So, they tend not to give a damn to volume and time but celebrate it as a purposeless dance of a peacock demonstrated for self-satisfaction (unless a woman is either a wife or a cook of a hotelier).

A question, 'what woman is per se', can be an object of another article. What woman is for man is what our objective of rumination here. Found her very significant; I suggest bachelors not to shy away from marriage. A woman is a mixing vessel for man's drives. Drives like anger; jealousy overpowers him when femininity touches his inner cosmos. She is a spark to his virtues. A salesman burns himself under the sun to assure shelter for his wife's fair skin. It is only through her, that his genes can prevail. Thus, it is she, through which he can ensure his eternity. Above all, young friend, she is a compass to your ambitions. Almost all presidents of USA, were managed by their wives. A wife's direction to man's ambitions and acts is very necessary as man is fundamentally abstract and may get lost in his abstract ideas (though, not always weird). Man is as abstract as the sky; woman is the earth, full of solid things scattered in abundance. She will make you realize that earth means not only mud but flowers as well. Women are specifically instrumental to

cure many of men's impractical obsessions. My friend was very incisive on joining ethnic armies to cleanse the impurities of the world. He would have vanished or found dead in a police encounter as a member of Al-Qaeda or Naxals, hadn't he married. Now you can find him merrily cheering up his 5-year darling gyrating on Merry-go-round. She calls up some good qualities like patristic instinct, compassion. A bachelor may vehemently admire Hitler or Churchill and find himself absolutely helpless in kid's birthday party because of its utter vanity. A married man adores virtues of men of purpose and also enjoys purposeless hullabaloo of kids. An incomplete life of man shapes itself in a full sphere after it gets merged in a life of a woman.

We ascribe 'she' to the moon. Moon provokes sensibilities and delicacies. Moon is a window to the world of potency and imagination. But words –lunar, lunatic which are derivations of moon, explains madness which causes not due to any flaw in neural circuitry but because of imagination unleashed. Man's intersection with woman thus demands that he should restrain than unleashing or else he will make himself worthy to be called lunatic. Femininity is a circle, boundaries of which are to be set and patrolled. Man is most horrified in darkness which means uncertainty that's why there is such a great obsession to lit up every nuke and corner of the planet with electric bulbs. To kill this uncertainty and potency; men are obsessed of rationalizing the things through logic. Man's great fear of potency and uncertainty explains why there is such a great insistence on logic. And as women suggest moonlike (lunar) atmosphere, dreaded of by men, there are compulsive restrains imposed on femininity across the globe and all ethnicities. A woman is a flux, always changing, liquid and ephemeral. A man should always work as a solid dye to contain and shape this semi-solid fluid. Understand that if you are a day then she is a night, an absolute 'reversed replica' of a man. Every young man desires a perfect white shirt in his wardrobe, whereas every woman fancies her in a black shimmery saree. You ought not to measure her with your scale. Like snake-charmer, get overjoyed watching



the beauty of most glittering wavering creature in your clasp and stay alert as it has got deadly venom as well. Excuse her petty vices if you wanted to capitalize her great virtues. Once angered, man bulldozes the world. Once angered, woman shrinks herself to death. Thus, interpret her silent sighs periodically and not her words. You escalate to the sky but pay constant attention to her. Remember: you are her last love till she believes that she is your last romance.



## SANKHYA AND BHAKTI : ANNIHILATING ANTI-ELEMENTS

Once upon a time, two lagoons were hanging suspended on a large tree. They were hanging since their birth. Frustrated of this vegetative existence one of them broke in with a question; “Is the purpose of our lives only to stay suspended like pendulum till we die?” “Have faith and patience, stay hanged. Do not keep coming up with blasphemy.” But the mind of the first monkey was not cleared off. His questioning spirit set him on the toe. He jumped off and started crawling. He became dynamic and finally emerged as a man. The other one is still hanging about the trees.

The questioning monkey represents ‘Sankhya’ school of Indian religion and the other fellow is a flag-bearer of ‘Bhakti’ school. Foundation for Sankhya is quest or reason whereas faith; almost blind faith is a basic premise of Bhakti School. Aadi Shankaracharya, Lord Buddha, Lord Mahavira, sage Kapil and Charvaka were the forerunners of the rational school founded on quest and reason. Buddha and Mahavira almost perfected this school.

It is not easy to be a true disciple of the rational school. This school doesn’t promise you the heaven; you have to create it, through your persistent efforts, questioning and doubting meaningless dogmas, tearing up veils in search of the truth. One needs to be ever thoughtful, learned, reflective and, much of abstinence and meditation are required. Now the question is how many out of the populace are ‘quality human beings’ who possess the ability to reflect on every move of their own and the world around. Is it possible for a plumber, cobbler, typist or farmer to practice meditation peacefully after the day’s hard labour? Can a soldier, taxi-driver, tailor, nurse and busy-bee housewives permit themselves to be an introvert person to be able to contemplate on spiritual issues? The obvious ‘no’ as an answer disqualifies this large chunk of society from being participants in the rational school. But, both

quality human beings and commoners, have got the souls as they both got bodies. And the soul has its needs as strong as those of bodily needs. If the school of reason is not affordable for many then what's the substitute; and the answer comes here: Bhakti marg.

Bhakti-marg; theism: Salvation outsourced to the agency called God.

Think thee not; worry thee not, go on living your superficial lives and I am there to take care of your salvation. Even, repent you not because everything that happens, happens as per my orders, so you are only the instrument of me. This approach immensely got sold like hot Wada-pav.

In ancient India, these two approaches existed in parallel and even rejoiced, complemented each other. Two flowering, tender princesses were playing in a lake full of lotuses.

What went wrong?

Question and faith; though seems conflicting are actually complimentary like Yuan and Yin. Both were like mermaids at play till these were in spiritual realms. The actual process of decay started when rulers smelled the applicability of the theism. The rulers were spending sleepless nights with a question – how to keep the voluminous mess of people under control. How to establish their superiority over not only their lives but also on souls. How to lull their questioning spirit. The solution came in the form of theism; rather in the form of agents of Bhaktimarg – the priests. Rulers saw the people bow down to the priest, in all earnestness. Receive him whatever he says, without a doubt and follow the direction set by him; in complete blindness and surrender. If the priest can establish God's supremacy so impeccably; he can certainly, establish the supremacy of a king. In the book 'Sapiens', the author termed this phenomenon as 'imagined reality'. Kings started luring the priests for his intent and, succeeded. This was how 'Rajbhakti' or the

‘loyalty to the king’ in parallel to the ‘Devbhakti’ or ‘the loyalty to the God’ introduced.

So, it is how one of our beautiful flowers is plucked by the bully and she was later forced to be a member of touring dance club for power purpose.

Priests; in liaison with the rulers, created the whole edifice of dogmas, rituals, superstitions, which all acted as psychotropic drugs. Other oppressive elements kept joining the founder member duo – the king and the priest.

Men joined the league to oppress women, even women joined to regulate the individualities of other women like daughters and daughters-in-law, lenders joined followed by traders. Those who managed to secure privileged jobs were anxious to secure those for their blood lineage. This anxiety and greed, breed the caste-system. So, our captivated princess-faith or Bhakti-marg or theism, had to dance for various sort of audience. Blind faith (on dogmas, tradition, sacred words), obedience and non-questioning are the basic characteristics of orthodox, Bhakti-marg school which are of great use to the oppressors.

The other damsel – questioning one, sometimes comes out of the lake, boldly approaches the masses to whom we have lulled down the dose of dogmas. She tries to awaken them, make them think, make them able to ask questions. We become uneasy and are left with no other option but to silence her. Last time she came in the guise of some gentleman called Bhandarkar. This time it was some Mr. Pansare. Unnecessary, disturbing noise, but my babies! Relish to sleep again; we silenced the noise.



## SACHIN RECEIVED BHARAT RATNA; KAMBLI HEART STROKE

*Kahin barbadiyon ki hai barish*

*Kahin meherban behisab hai*

(In life, some are plagued by the disasters, whereas some are showered with blessings)

This Ghazal, enriched by Jagjit's depth of voice, precisely describes the destinies of two great cricket players of equal potential; Sachin Tendulkar and Vinod Kambli. One received the Bharat Ratna; another a heart stroke.

I identify the coach as a catalyst involved in this creation. Ramakant Achrekar, was a coach for both; Sachin and Kambli. But there was much more than what meets the eyes. He was a coach for Kambli but a mentor for Sachin. He dutifully shaped the body and mind of both as a coach, but as a mentor he purified the soul and directed the consciousness of Sachin. Being a mentor, he was on subjective occupation. This need comes with a need to create and need to perpetuate through that creation even after the death. Thus, the hunt of a mentor for a stone to carve is more desperate than the will of a stone to be a deity. Achrekar was lucky enough to get two stones to carve. But the process thereafter was crucial. Mentorhood is too subjective. Mentorhood remains potent almost in every coach; it is the subject who triggers the potent mentor to life out of a mere coach by appealing a father in him. Sachin appealed a father in Achrekar and then history repeated. Guru Drona in Mahabharata couldn't identify son in Eklavya. Rather he robbed the poor tribal of his thumb so that no parallel creation than his 'chosen' object should exist.

Achrekar had taken Sachin on his motorbike ground to ground whereas Kambli reached the ground with a heavy kit by over packed local

train and walks through the remaining distance, taxing his energy and stamina. Kambli always remained deprived of proper social, economic support and also found expressing his concerns about lack of a proper mentor. This concern got ripen in the crisis when his deprivation looked more blatant to him against the backdrop of privileged Sachin. The new age Drona didn't rob the thumb, the soul was robbed. Kambli's soul could feel that he is only coached and Sachin is mentored. It was Kambli's indomitable will that kept him on the ground.

The reason behind the favours remains opaque to the world outside, but being an Indian those are as predictable as a calendar to me. Achrekar and Sachin shared the same culture, eateries, same stock of genes with similar virtues and vices. They experienced the racial kinship.

The attributes we are most likely to see in a conventional template of a *student*, namely humbleness, display of revere, patience, listening ability were displayed tactfully by Sachin during his early years. These attributes pleased the ego of a teacher. These attributes can be ascribed to the stock of the race which both, Acherekar and Sachin, share. This fact hastened the process of picking up. The attributes of personality peculiar to the stock of certain community to which poor Kambli belonged were somehow different from those which conventional coach desired to see. The Negroid belligerence and fire in his eyes mistaken as arrogance despised this conventional man and he limited himself in case of Kambli as a coach. Wasn't that subjective? A mentor is implied in the role of a coach and he has to nurture all the saplings as per their style of growing, not to over-water the lily, because it pleases him and not to drain the rose because it has thorns.

Besides what he taught to both, Sachin and Kambli; he taught Sachin to stick to his personal goals. Many times, Sachin let the batting partner be run out if his move risks Sachin's promising century. He taught him how to turn deaf ear to the critics. He saved him from bad company. He tutored him to avoid peer group pressure to drink and



enjoy late-night parties, taught to control the nervous system. Importance of purity of the soul was taught and was also coached how to insulate from Maya when you taste success (inability to insulate thus, is considered being responsible behind Kambli's fall).

But above all Achrekar has done a very fundamental contribution to the project called Sachin; he taught him the *poise* without calming down the bombshell passion, which kept Sachin *composed* even under the fire. This quality was missing in almost all the cricketers throughout the world. It was only the face of Sachin which looked like the face of a chess grandmaster, even amidst great physical action. He was on the ground as a mighty horse throbbing inside to run wild but *poised* on the hint of rider. Poise was the crucial factor which Achrekar cultivated over the years in his pick.

My objecting tone can be repudiated with a piece of logic. A shopkeeper sells cup of ice-cream to two little boys. Afterwards, he gifts a candy bar to one of them because he liked the cute face of a kid. Did the shopkeeper commit an offence? Can he be sued? Certainly not. But the issue is not as trivial as of vanilla and candy bar. The whole life of legendary sport-star was at stake. Parents will agree with me if a child between identical twins is favoured over another, what is the disastrous effect on the other. And, Sachin and Kambli were the identical twins in competencies and Achrekar was their dad. Besides, the criterion behind favour was not as 'random' and instantaneous as the face being cute or nose resembling the nose of the son. The criterion seemed to be not random but specific and not instantaneous but *systematic*. Psyche of the civilization takes grave note of communal massacre than it takes of earthquake. This is because quake is random, instantaneous and unintentional; massacre *specific*, *systematic* and *intentional*. Quake affects all races in vicinity equally, a massacre is demonstrated with an intention of 'ethnic cleansing' and alters the fate of races victimized. Marginalization, favour and nepotism are *silent cleansers*.

The formidable part of certain roles including teacher-hood falls more in the realm of ethics and ideals than in the mere realm of legality. Of course, a coach cannot be sued for his willful denial of being a mentor in the zone of blind legality but is answerable in the realms of ethics. He is deemed to distribute his empathy equally to all his subjects like the sun. At the aftermath of the great war of Mahabharata, who remained alive were the Pandavas (five brothers), Draupadi and Lord Krishna. Draupadi was a common wife for all the five brothers. She was denied heaven. The reason given was that she was slightly more inclined towards Arjuna than the rest of his brothers. Legally undaunted but ethically flawed.

The apology for Achrekar seems coming if the focus is shifted from the trio to whole league of players like Dravid and Ganguly. Even though we believe that Kambli was marginalized during his crucial years, he could have been as sustainable as Dravid or Ganguly. He didn't match up even to that level. The logic is flawed fundamentally. The geniuses are always like Himalaya. Though Himalaya contains the top peaks, it contains the deepest valleys, as well. Geniuses will scale up to the peaks or sink in the darkest valleys of melancholy, particularly when they come across the treachery, injustice and birth-related marginalization. They are too good or too bad and will never walk the road in-between. Epics and literature talk about Karna, Hamlet and Othello.

## COLLECTIVE FAMILY IS BETTER THAN NUCLEAR FAMILY

Collective family is like a caravan in a desert. Obedience to collective command is the basic governing principle of a caravan. In a caravan, disobedience means death. I am given to elucidate some impeccable reasons why we should prefer a collective family over a nuclear one.

The world is a cruel place to live in

It was around 10 o'clock in the night when I was stunned by the sight of a throbbing human body lying on the ground striving for a breath. I was about to park my car and he was lying horizontally at the very entrance of our society. His companion, much younger, was yelling for help. The residents of the apartments were witnessing all from their 'cells' but nobody stepped down.

The vital sap of humanity is almost dried up and the only person who feels an immediate impulse to hold your collapsing body is your brother. That's why they say, 'blood is thicker than the water'. Let's coagulate our blood fast in the form of a collective family.

Lonesome you are; vulnerable you are

The chirping house buzzed with so many relatives and children is an extrovert world; clear, blot-less and predictable as sunshine. That leaves no place for 'subconscious mind' to play its satanic role. In contrast, visualize a water-tight cell on the seventh floor and a lonesome lady or an adolescent. His or her situation can be best compared with a mystic, dim moon in the dark clouds. Understand why the word lunar, lunatic is identified with insanity. A lone creature is most vulnerable; to the stimuli, to the threats and not to forget, to the sin.

I agree that there are geniuses who must be secluded from the average crowd so that they can bring out their best. But...how many of us are Einsteins? When left with free access to the internet without any vigilance in a closed, private room; how many of us will search frantically for Archimedean principles? Isn't that so, nine hundred and ninety-nine spiders will web themselves, entangle in porn or social sites? This will not happen amidst of respected elders.

### Collective tradition is wisdom condensed

Traditional way of living standardizes the fools and disciplines the clever. The fools attain the meaning of life if they follow the tradition even blindly. A rustic on the bank of Ganges gets up at 5.00 AM; dives hurriedly in the river to offer prayers to the rising sun. He doesn't know why he is doing so. This is an age-old tradition; he observes without understanding. Doesn't this practice make him, 'healthy, wealthy and wise'.

Tradition disciplines the intelligent also. A young gallant, whose vital youth can exercise a spell on any rustic beauty in his vicinity; his talk is fanciful enough to pave the way in any tender heart, has to observe strict abstinence of communication with women in the village. Here tradition saves him from getting lost in the whirlpool of Maya. A better cause of family and society, then, can be served by his well-directed energy.

Brothers! Consolidate your families and let the ancient wisdom of tradition shepherd us all.

### Money matters

Economics is such a 'black-hole' where everything must fall irrevocably. No escape-way. Can egos, whims and eccentricities, dreams and fancies, individualities, abilities, potentialities, wishes and desires come to life without consulting the wallet? No, and again no! Splitting

family means doubling expenses and halving down investment (and thus prosperity). We pay for more insurance as we disown natural insurance promised by collective family. 'Karta' men, come forward! Smash the vipers of individualities and seek the blissful cover of HUF (Hindu Undivided Family).

### Patterns of blissful collective family

*Alpha-collective family* – One house with a single entrance and kitchen

Beta- collective family – One house with single entrance but separated kitchens and allotted private rooms. Virginia Woolf in her remarkable work, 'Room of One's Own' strongly advocates the necessity of a private room to a homely lady.

Gama-collective family – Multi-storied houses with each floor allotted to each unit of family. Even the units of family living in vicinity in different houses can be considered in this category.



## MATRIMONY, MEDICINES AND THE PROGENY

He had that special exception granted. At the dawn, while everybody else were on their toes and sweating like hell, doing knee-wrenching practice on the ground, Ryan was only allowed to sit and watch. He had some health problem and the physical instructor of our boarding school had excluded him. Ryan turned into a fat scholar, completely unanimated and unromantic, phlegmatic and lord of medicines.

He had his prize of being like that in the form of equally fat salary and gorgeous wife who was full-blooded. This story is generic all across the globe as far as the criteria and method are the basis for nuptial ties to be concerned. Economic and social (read: racial, especially when you are an Indian) criteria have overridden the biological one. Now, had we been wild animals and not men, what would have been the course of events? Instead of the central school, we would have been in the jungle, now and would have been nurtured in the school of nature which was 'red in teeth and claws'. We all tigers would have fought for mating and the strongest of us all, getting the tigress. Darwin calls this a 'natural selection'. There happens an inter-racial and intra-racial conflict among animals for food and mating. The stronger genes prevail over the weaker. This way races acquire more and more tenacity. The tiger is capable to digest a whole wild swine (without cooking) and we are not able to digest finger chips. On the contrary, our Stone Age predecessors were able to digest a wild swine. The principle of 'natural selection' was surely not observed during the wedding of Ryan. Nature looks for 'animal vigour' and the bride's dad looked for 'dollar vigour' and selected lame Ryan. The disgruntled nature retorted back by offering a half-baked fetus to the couple whose breath was dying and nature's claws were stretching forward to clasp and weed out the 'mis-planted' weak seed (that fetus). Then medical science rushed to rescue and saved the baby by incubating

it. Once again the principle of natural selection was kept at bay. This infant will not live but survive as a cripple clinging to the pole of medicines. The future breeding of this lineage will be like the foliage of sapless yellowed leaves hanging meekly to life. Whatever sustenance and natural tenacity the human race has acquired over the ages, is a fruit of nature's silent labour of mass breeding and then subsequent weeding of weaklings. Hundred years ago, she used to possess the capacity to deliver a dozen babies in her life-course, which has now deteriorated in a tune of two. Thus, we curbed the capacity of mass-breeding. Out of those twelve offspring, almost nine used to fall prey to various pandemics like plague. Suppose, there is an outburst of plague and nine are weeded out, that means three were immune to the plague. Hence, the credit for our control over the plague cannot be completely ascribed to medical science but to these immune genes prevailing in those who have out-survived the plague. We terminated the two prominent natural processes. First, the process of natural weeding, by almost perfecting medical science, which resulted into the out-burst of population. Secondly, we terminated the capacity of mass propagation which is crucial for the continuity of a race, with our birth control practices. We were made to take this second step as a remedy to the outburst of population. Bitches and cockroaches breed generously so that there will be survival of some offspring even if nature has overplayed its weeding out act. We rejected the safeguard of multiplicity offered by nature by keeping a lid on population machine. Now we have a single baby and we have to fight back with nature (our own creator) and its weeding out act. We, then, perfected medical science. Medical science is an artifice. Thus, we have chosen artifice as our parent over nature.

Much before the agricultural civilization, man was left to his natural instincts. Till medieval age, history has witnessed the custom of 'Swayamvara' where the suitors have to prove their physical strength and dexterity to win the bride. This way the Darwinian principle of 'natural selection' was in play. The tribal communities still follow a similar



custom. A burning charcoal is kept on the palm of a suitor and his endurance is taxed by them. If he sustains that agony and doesn't drop the charcoal, only then, he is allowed to marry. What is marriage; nothing but an act of discriminated mating sanctified. Thus, the basic foundation of marriage is in biology. But, the process of taming a savage into a civilized one is grossly overdone that this basic foundation of biology is completely washed off. The economic criteria and the useless doctrines of caste and creed are much more rampant.

The human intervention in the propagation of progeny which is an undisputed concern of nature will have its consequences. The action of human beings cannot be called merely as intervention but the whole hijacking of nature's role. Nature commands us to conflict so that the races can refine their 'life-force' once passed through the fire of this conflict. The conflict should be mainly for food and mating.

We have chosen artifice (read: medical science) over nature and now we cannot go back. We have wedged medical science against nature and we have to perfect our chosen marshal. The disgruntled nature will withdraw its endowments and we have to outsmart that with an artifice. The process has begun. A man loses eye-sight owing to cataract and we outsmart with glass lenses fitted inside the eye-ball. A Pace-maker and a steel rod superseding the broken bone are examples how artifice is coping with the lapses of natural endowments.

The war is too much to bear for mankind but nature's means were not soothing, as well. The day is not too far when there exists a pure abstract conscience which is beheld in the whole edifice of artificial organs. That ephemeral conscience will be able to wear the form when it desires and will be capable of voluntary ingress and exit.



## LABOUR: WAITING FOR GODOT

My friend Aniruddha is a CA. But this is not his true identity. He is the marvel as a singer, a keen connoisseur, his intuitive insights strike you when he analyses an art piece. A voracious reader and an impressive writer. But he doesn't practice as a CA. 'Work retards', he reasons out with a wide yawn appropriate to his frame (he weighs 120 in kgs.). He works as a consultant observing flexi-hours, not more than 10 hours a week. He teaches in various commerce classes with a rate of six hours a day only for 3-4 months to accumulate enough dimes to survive for the rest of the year. For the rest of the year, you will find him in galleries or at British Library flipping through the pages. This is the most modern version of a labour.

The share of intellectual labour has increased over physical labour widening the definition and complexity of the term 'Labour'. Gone are the days, when workers used to boast about the length of their service. Now workers are the 'frequent flyers' and 'high flyers'. We, at our Management College, had undertaken a survey of youth for what they want from their jobs. Learning, quality of work life, respect, satisfaction, sense of achievement, are what young work-force look for over mere money. This conveys a paradigm shift in the outlook. Now money is not primary motivator as it had been in the past. Future labour will be more life-oriented and reluctant to work. They will fight de-humanization, the work brings upon, more assiduously than the labour of past ages. A truly skilled worker, professional would like to be a consultant, part-timer who serves different establishments rather than ensnared in a solo title. There will be *Roles* to play than *Duties* to execute. Labour will be paid for the *pieces* produced than the *time* spent. Performance and potential will be the building blocks for the calculation of remuneration than the time spent at the work-place. For many there won't be a physical work-place, they will work from home and report online. Incentives and bonuses are the doctrine of 'fair-share' materialized and will increase further.

This modern phase is a reaction to the phase of mass industrialization of twentieth century. Defoe and other social novelists have despised this phase of labour in their novels. It is true that the work in industries was de-humanizing and the living standard in the colonies of labours was sub-human. In spite of these banes, there were two significant boons: a consistent income over daily wages, as the concept of salary was invented, and second was 'job entitlement' because of which a worker didn't have to hunt a job daily. Salary and job entitlement assured a family a piece of bread daily (though inadequate). This second phase, though condemned by the novelist like Defoe and poets like T.S. Eliot, is far better for labour than the first phase of labour in Agrarian society.

Agrarian society was primitive. There was almost no opportunity for a labourer to upgrade his life. Their hardships were rewarded with meagre food only meant for their subsistence. The fanciest like Wordsworth have glorified the solitary reapers in their poems, but at hindsight, the life of this *reaper* was very pathetic. In India, too, what reward had been endowed upon the labours? The agrarian labours were to sweat till their last breath living upon a piece of bread, thrown by their lord sufficient enough only to let them survive. These labours were doubled as the soldiers during battles. No salary, no leaves, forget about healthcare, hobbies and other human needs. The bulls, dogs and labour were all but one, surviving and not living. The worst phase for Labour.

In every phase, nevertheless, labour is underpaid much below his due share. The best phase is still awaited. 'Residual theory of wages' reveals the horrible truth; wages are paid out of the fund remaining as a residue after rent, bills of raw material, electricity charges and other payables are paid by the capitalist. This explains why labours of some organizations have to wait for a couple of months for their wages. In a play by Samuel Beckett, helpless slaves are shown who wait for someone called Godot who is assumed to be a rescuer of them. Is the situation of universal labour any different from this?

## WHY THE SECOND-RATE PAINTER ARE PATRONIZED AND INGENIOUS OVERLOOKED?

Few frames were scattered on the desk of the PR guy of our company. Knowing my interest in paintings, he didn't hesitate to share with me that the chairman of the company is going to patronize the painter. No close scrutiny was required for me to realize the obvious fact that the painter is second-rate. I pity the chairman and his waste. Why the rich end up patronizing the mediocre?

At the first place, because they fail to realize that they have mistaken mediocrity as high-end art. They are rich because they are earthly and lack abstract of sky, they are people who can recognize only tangible and who are blind to the abstract. Holland has described personality with the help of a 'Hexagon' where he has described various types of personalities. The personality of a patron many times contradicts to the persona of an artist of first-grade talent; the former is mostly realist whereas an artist is imaginary.

During my guest lecture at one of the colleges of visual art, I emphasized the importance of three essential aspects of the creation of any good art piece; especially a painting; the content, intent and the technique. Many of the artists are flawless technicians but fail to depict the human intent. Those who are successful in depicting it find the familiar forms incapable enough to express the human intent. This realization pertaining to the incapacity of the familiar and tangible forms and urge to express the human intent powerfully, compel them to depart from familiar forms and set them on the path of the abstract. People who make money on earth by default have to be earthly; concrete like earth and not abstract like the sky, they are tangible like earth and may lack sense of intangible. So, they favour the tangible over intangible.

Prosperity usually immunizes the rich from adversities of life, from soul curdling compulsions. Whether riches bring happiness or not can be

debated but it certainly brings pleasures, which the rich may interpret as happiness. They are mostly people of trade and commerce and have to spend much of their time facing customers and working in a highly competitive environment. Customer interaction demands them to be jovial and pleasant. Somehow, so-called positivity is becoming synonymous of superficiality. Highest art depicts the most primitive instincts and deep ingrained fundamental emotions and feelings like fear, lust and deep pain. Somehow the high art tends to be dark. The friend of mine, who is a man under sunshine, borrowed a book of short stories from me. The short stories are full of deep pathos. He returned the book next day morning reporting it being ghastly and the pathos are too much for him. The rich with their superficial quality in terms of humane of their lives under sunshine, are mostly not ready for high art. They fall short as being minors.

We can't understand what is not ingrained in us. To appraise the poetry, we should have some sense of poetic cult in us. As we have seen, high art is suggestive and subtle. The secondary imagination is required to sense the high art. When we all see the evening, we only see the linear level of water basked in the sun-glow and the beamless red ball immersing in the water. It requires the secondary imagination to term the quiet evening as the patient etherized on the table. This secondary imagination like the beauty is indifferent to the economy and throws the blessings randomly on the mass of populace. It is very unlikely that the event of being a patron and having secondary imagination will coincide. The readers will acknowledge that the poem by Robert Frost making us realize the importance of time, "woods are lovely..." has cited much because it is understandable but very few can appraise *The Christabel* by Coleridge or drama of absurd.

The celestial muse is hard to please and one has to dedicate a significant portion of his life doing Sadhana to attain worthiness for high art. Studies of classical mythology, language, literature and other high-end domains of humane cultivation are to be absorbed with meticulous study

and burning the night lamp. To appraise the pieces of Cubism, one has to first study the history and trends of the art including Cubism. T. S. Eliot can't be understood without understanding Greek and Indian mythology. His frame of references is to be decoded by him who has the same frame of references. The study of high-end humane is not the primary area of interest of rich. Poetry and painting are their pass-time musings. Those who have picked up high-end art as their primary area of interest are unfortunately not as rich as to patron the art and pay for it as per its worth. So, the painter painting familiar portraits is lucky to find patron than the painter producing the confused amalgamation of the dark colours.

The rich, when they enter the domain of 'elite society' feel the pressure of 'the cult', to acquire the nuances of being elite. The necessity of having art-pieces compels them to acquire some 'taste' but they end being dilettante and manage to show-off the taste. Not being connoisseurs, they pick up art pieces as a dilettante. They waste the resources patronizing second rate paintings. The parallel theme of waste is that the ornamental responsibilities like selecting the art pieces is assigned to the wives of the patron along with ward-robres, curtains, furniture, kitchen-wares and measures of charity like cheques to be handed over to the orphanages or running schools. The fascination of the fair sex for the fair, pleasant and concrete things proves the last stick on the back of the camel. Art piece is selected involving the same amount of aesthetic understanding as it is required to pick up the vase. The 'fair sex' and allied effeminate men of riches are allergic to the dark pieces. My art teacher appreciated the drawing of rose in a vase water-colored by another student and despised the post-card size painting of mine entitled 'Grandpa on the Death-bed'. I have read somewhere that the creator of the Nobel Prize has noted his expectations that the prize should go to the literature which is *ideal*. During initial years, the committee misinterpreted the word *ideal* as something *positive*, optimistic and didactic. So, the literature with significant weight remained deprived

of the prize because that was nihilistic, dark or with pessimistic in tone (life-like).

The high artist is a possessed entity; one who hears another drummer and hence can't keep pace with the fellow society. He is indifferent; like that sage who was taking sunbath when Alexander the Great posed in front of him. The sage asked him to be aside so that the sun-rays would continue to bask him which are eclipsed by the great emperor's body. The high-artist, assisted by his lack of soft-skills and poor communication skills, is too indifferent to attract the rich while they are taking a stroll around the wall-hungs in a curvy hall of the Art gallery. The second-grade artists are alert, agile, pleasing and quick-tongued. High artists' almost zero competence for marketing adds to the misery.



# MAN IS REDUCED TO THE NUMBERS

Automation of the whole process of training has become a need for me in our organization. Marketers, like vultures, smell the blood of need and few of them approached me with their readymade applications, which answered, 'How the reports will be generated?', 'We will have numeric inputs and the graphs, reports will be generated'. 'Ok, now we can give numbers for the effectiveness of training – one for average, five for excellent but how to define a field like 'Self-concept of the employee' in numbers?' The marketer insisted to drop such weird fields or somehow ram the inputs in numeric. There we departed. I went on making the in-house one.

Numbers are doing the 'ethnic cleansing' of text or words; the way Nazis have done of Jew. The danger which Erich Framm had envisioned flashes, the danger of the past was a man being the slave, the danger of the future is he being a robot.

I had two directions to lead this article. One is to dissect the case for reasons and another is to watch what this phenomenon will cause in future. I took the first alternative under my microscope. If one discovers the characteristics of an animal in hand, one can easily guess where it will advance. Let's say, I dissect the animal and find all the characteristics of Pisces; then it is certain that it shall crawl towards river and not to a jungle.

## Multiplicity

The problem with words is that it brings multiplicity in meaning. Take the word 'here'. A surgeon asks OT assistant (who is standing in close proximity to him) to keep the scissor *here*. The distance assumed appropriates to use *here* is around two feet, beyond that he will probably say *there*. But when a supervisor on road construction site shouts 'here' at a driver of a dumper or truck he assumes five meters for *here*. Thus, what a word means is actually contextual and not generic. Understand, how

shrewdly this feature of multiplicity is exploited by the marketers of beauty products. If the global giants of the cosmetic industry see a green pasture in India then suddenly Indian woman is crowned as 'Miss Universe', today the white one and tomorrow another the beauty is found in Venezuela. 'Beauty is in beholder's (nay, marketer's) eye'. Words are like mysterious beauty which leaves the spectators confused with multiple signals.

Though the business giants want to fool people exploiting the multiplicity of words (proof: almost no advertisement uses numeric to impress), they themselves will take care not to get fooled. Thus, they want all their reports in numbers. Words '*connote*' and numbers '*denote*'.

Numbers have great power of consolidation

Four and twenty are the hours gifted to all ranging from beggars to princes. Managers are always in acute shortage of time. They want to condense the scope and variety of their activities in a single unit. A simple graph can give a detailed insight, within a minute with bird's eye view, whether he is selling, the product as projected. Words cannot be transformed into the graphs, only numbers can be. This unique advantage of numbers over words is ruling them (words) out of the business, research and allied fields.

Moreover businesses, sovereign want to have greater control over customers, processes, citizens and wanted to rule out the slightest streak of uncertainty. This hunger for 'power-centralization' makes them to zerodown on numbers. The UID project is the great manifestation of this philosophy. They will have all the data of the citizens and data is crucial for centralisation of power.

Establishments sparingly rely on human intellectual property, they also seem precautions of it. They wanted to reduce the human involvement in decision making and reporting for various purposes. The purposes range from reducing the expenses on salary to reducing the

dependability on uncertain humans. Previously, the AMCs were to hire very heavy-weight analysts (with comparable diet) to do technical analysis of the stock market, now there is an automated software for the same. They have devised applications like ERP, SAP. Any school girl can monitor the huge scope with 'automated hands' without taxing much faculties of mind (remember the danger of future –being robots). Such robotic dolls are paid more than the scholars. The generations thus aspire to be a robot than the scholar.

Through numeric models what they are trying is to translate human conscience into the machine conscience.

### Science envy

Imagine a father who wanted to make his spoiled brat studious. He makes a presentation with graphs showing higher salaries studious ones get, tables of inflation rates, poverty lines of nations and what not. As the father proceeds explaining the importance of study, the whole labour turns into a joke. The real effect will be borne by the mother who is a simple house wife. Her one sad gesture supplemented with two hot tears may make the son study. The simplicity has the effect. But, sticking to one's own gun is difficult when one's troops are losing the plot. There are vocations, professions for which textuality, subjectivity, multiplicity rather suit more. A teacher, a governess, a physician and a manager who need to manage and monitor people, are some of them. If I enter into the CEO's cabin and tell him that I have taken training on grooming, etiquettes and the magnificent effect can be seen around the office; he would be hardly impressed. I need to show something complex, cluttered with graphs, tables, complex equations. There will be sense of achievement if I show the efforts and effect on time scale. He will also feel it more matured to analyze the complex data. This phenomenon is called as 'science envy'. Thus, the real culprits who deteriorate the importance of text are those who disown it because of 'science envy'.

## Suppression of femininity

A puzzle – an astronaut, mathematician and an engineer all are the legitimate children of the same parents. But the engineer says, 'I don't have any brother' and he is right. How come? This puzzle has puzzled people a lot. They do the wild guesses without giving any damn to a possibility that the astronaut and mathematician may be the women. This highlights a fact that women have shy away from numbers as a matter of fact. Men, as shrewd they are, have aligned the transactions around numeric to keep women on bay. 'Fundamental woman' as quoted prior, means multiplicity which is best expressed in words. Men have not only devised the game on their strength but on woman's weakness as well. The term 'fundamental woman' implies the femininity in its pure features. There are women who have acquired masculine qualities to win over, but *acquired* is not *fundamental*.

## Here is the major plot of conspiracy

The aspects mentioned till now are not the mainstream aspects, these are the byproducts. A dancer doesn't dance for the sake of exercise, she dances for sheer joy, and exercise is just a byproduct. There is a global conspiracy of the galaxy scale behind the suppression of text and that is to 'de-subjectify' the whole human race. Subjective approach is about personal opinions, reactions, outlooks etc.. There lies the seed of rebel. Governments of all the nations have set on the claws for *endgame*. They wanted to terminate the cycle of rebel and subsequent crushing once for all. They are utilizing the method of municipal corporations used for stray dogs. Running every now and then after the dogs is irksome. Sterilize them, so that once this generation is over there won't be any trouble as there will be no new generation at all to usurp. Sovereigns want to sterilize the generations. You think through words; you accept and digest other thoughts through words mainly. So, the various faculties of mind like thought, reflection, anticipation, concept, criticism, aesthetic and poetic qualities, creativity and communication rely

much on words for their survival. Words are the medium through which the 'intellectual middle class' thinks, senses against the sovereign. Communicate its unrest to the proletariat i.e. labour class and finally usurp. This capacity of parallel, varied thinking should be culled; for that his word power should be withdrawn. Only the power to generate the garbage of numeric data and power to analyze it should subsist. You may share your observations with me that generation by generation, the capital of vocabulary is reducing because of heavy insistence on numeric, standardization and stereotyping. This bars them from the literature of justice, equality and 'utopian dream' in general. When there is no dream of better world; there would be no fight for its generation also. And there would be peace, eternal, impotent and *sterilized* one.

Did the prime ministers or presidents of various nations have a meeting to devise this plan of sterilization? Not needed, the human brains work in invisible tandem. There is a kind of telepathy among like-minded people. They think similarly and act similarly.

'What a piece of work a man is! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an Angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!'(Shakespeare)

Alas! Now reduced to a ten-digit unique code.



# TEACHERS: FROM PLATO TO SCARLET DIMPY

At present, I have learnt multitasking. Scrolling on my laptop through the pages of *The Republic*– book five by the sacred Plato, I was also able to trace the latest updates of my friends on Facebook. And suddenly one photograph startled me. She was Dimpy, my fellow lecturer in the management college. With all coquettish look, she had uploaded her photograph in a revealing manner. Her (in fact our) students have passed comments which were improper to the sanctity of Guru-disciple tradition. My first impulse was to banish her from my Facebook account. She, perhaps, had become helpless and couldn't bear the simplicity and purity of the profession any more. Her true nature surfaced the way notable Marathi poet B.C. Mardhekar had expressed, 'sooner or later, the oil will surface on the water'. She reverted to her 'mean' mean.

Her husband being a fat-salaried person; she had chosen teacherhood to kill her time. In the college, she always insisted to be called by her nickname Dimpy. In contrast to her that photograph; the photograph of Plato was on display on the same screen of my laptop. Let's elevate to the level of Plato leaving the scarlet Dimpy behind. Plato was the first master to establish a university in the western world i.e. The Academy. The legacy consisted of Socrates, his disciple Plato. Aristotle was the disciple of Plato. Alexander the great was the disciple of Aristotle.

What is the duty of a teacher? This question is answered in a starkly simple manner by Plato. With birth, we forget the innate divine aspects namely truth, beauty and goodness. A teacher's duty is to enable the disciple to 'recollect' these aspects. A teacher is a 'midwife of recollections of divinity'.

What our scarlet Dimpy will help her students to *recollect* through her photograph? Don't imagine.

## Reasons for the degeneration of the profession.

In the present context, the importance of money has overshadowed other non-monetary rewards like respect, self-satisfaction etc. The school of finance, engineering, professional education, international trade has won the best talent in whom the seeds of Plato can be sown. Academics is then left to the Dimpies and limpies. I have seen a few young teachers who couldn't be absorbed in the above-said areas as some were too ugly to be confident or less courageous or lazy or limp-footed. I termed all those as limpies.

## Academics in the hands of the bullies and traders

It is said that good people create systems; bad people capture those later. This is evident in the case of Academics as a system and academic institutions. Rustic bullies have taken over the system which resulted into the nausea among the serene teachers who in turn found refuge in other professions. At present, the academics in India is undergoing change of hands, from political bullies to the traders who look towards everything through the hole made in a coin. What can't be seen through this hole is meaningless for them. The institutions are either diseased of the high attrition or infested by the Dimpies and Limpies as Platoes have fled away.

A simple fact- seventy percent of the members of council for education of Municipal corporations of Maharashtra are even not graduates and some are illiterates. These are the policymakers!

## Education attracted the opportunists

There are the sects of the society who survive and even prosper through betting. They are always in search of the green pastures. They found Education as a promising pasture. The sect of honourable Sir Vishweshvarayya, Dr. Ambedkar or of Mr.P. Narasimharao is terminated. These masters of the bygone era learnt for the sake of learning or for the sake of service to society. Lately, a student of mine who was a son of a



tobacco merchant contacted me. Very humbly, he asked me if there is any book on statutory restrictions on trading. This was a surprise to me as he never posed for a book. Till then, he was presented before me for his misdeeds only. I asked the reason. He wanted to take his business to next level. Along with tobacco, he now wanted to trade marijuana and wanted me to help him to *research* a hole in the trade restriction practices. He was the one who never respected his teachers.

Do Platoes exist today?

Platoes certainly exist even today. They are just hidden the way frogs hibernate themselves under the earth during adverse summer. We need to cultivate them. I propose a 'doable' model in a sequel of this article. Majority of the teachers fall between these two extremes of Plato and Dimpy. Teacher-hood, as in painting, does not have a place for *second raters*. Civilization demands first-rate teachers for its advancement and general health. First-rate in principles, first-rate in morality, in wisdom and in humanitarianism. If you find a nation upright, flawless in morality and legacy of astute principles; ascribe the credit to the system that fosters good teachers and vice versa.

Let's pay respect to Radhakrishnan; whose Birth anniversary is celebrated as Teacher's day on September 5. The world celebrated the birth anniversary of Maria Montessori on August 31<sup>st</sup>. Great tradition can be certainly rejuvenated. I have this faith because over thousands of years everything has changed except the faculty of human and his spirit. Even Dimpy can attain the heights of Socrates. She must *recollect* her 'true divine self' for that.



## THE AUTHOR

Prof. T. Niraj, is the management professional and professor. He commands breadth of faculties ranging from Astro-physics to Palmistry and Literature to Management. The musings are hand-picked out of his scores of editorials and articles published in Dailies of repute. His professors and well-wishers say his writing manifests Kafkaesque strain blended with impressions of T.S. Eliot and Somerset Maugham. Orwellian capacity to see the unseen is detected in his writings.