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अध्यक्ष, सह-सदस्य
राजस्व पर्षद, बिहार, पटना
-सह-
अध्यक्ष
बी०सी०ई०सी०ई०बोर्ड, बिहार, पटना।



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-Cum-
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Ref.

Date.....

BOARD OF REVENUE, BIHAR, PATNA.

Dated the 19th May, 2016

Issued in public and national public interest on the occasion of the Centenary celebration of Champaran Satyagraha led by Mohan Das Karamchand Gandhi.

Anand Vardhan Sinha
19.5.16

(Anand Vardhan Sinha)
I.A.S. (1978)

Chairman-cum-Member
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& Court of Wards for Bettiah Raj
(Champaran)

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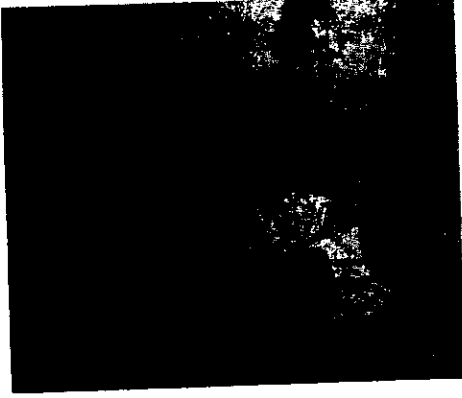
మనిషీ నీకసాధ్యమేది!

బాపూ కవితాచిత్రణం

MAN THOU CAN

A PORTRAIT IN POETRY OF BAPU

ఇంగ్లీష్ - తెలుగు ద్వీభాషా ప్రచురణ
BILINGUAL ENGLISH - TELUGU EDITION



ఆంగ్లమూలం
బదరీ నారాయణ్ సిన్హా, ఐ.పి.యస్.
BADRI NARAIN SINHA, I.P.S.

అనువాదం TRANSLATION

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MAN THOU CAN

by : **Badri Narain Sinha, I.P.S.**

మనిషీ నీకసాధ్యమేద!

తెలుగు సేత : డా॥ జానమద్ది హనుమచ్ఛాస్త్రి
విద్వాన్ కట్టా నరసింహులు

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DEDICATION

**Bilingual English-Telugu Edition
dedicated to
my revered father**




BADRI NARAIN SINHA, I.P.S.

BIRTH : 4-4-1930

DEATH : 7-11-1979

15th August, 2001
Cuddapah


(ADHAR SINHA)

సంస్మరణ

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| తెల్ల దొరలకు గుండెదడగా | - నీలి విష్ణవ మెచట రగిలెను |
| అహింసాయుతమైన ఆగ్రహ | - మెచట జూపెను మోహనుడు తా |
| నవట స్వాతంత్ర్యము పిదపను | - చంపారన్ మండలము నందున |
| శాంతిభద్రత నడపు పదవీ | - శిఖరమున నచ్చోట గడపుచు |
| తత్ఫునీత మహీతలమున | - మోహనుని దివ్యాత్మ నెంచుచు |
| ఆ మహాత్ము గుణాతిశయముల | - సప్తవర్ణ సమాశ్రయము గా |
| కీర్తనీయుడు కీర్తిశేషుడు | - బదరి నారాయణుడు చెప్పెను |
| అంగ్ల హిందీభాషలందున | - అతడు చేసిన దివ్యగానము |
| అతని పుత్రుడు అధర్ సిన్హా | - తలపునంబడి తెలుగు భాషను |
| నేడు వెలుగుల నింపుచున్నది | - అసాధ్యంబెది కలదు మనిషికి! |

- అనువాదకులు

AN ODE TO MAN

EDITOR'S NOTE

Man! Thou Can become God-like!! Unlike self-proclaimed megalomaniacs "Seizing fair or foul the power" such as Hitler and Napoleon who were "Tall in pride, dwarf in size" but like a man who "the thinner he grows, / The stronger he emerges" - this probably in a nutshell is the theme epitomized by a *portrait in poetry of Bapu* entitled **MAN THOU CAN**; this also is the message, the meaning derived from the vibrant life of the valiant hero of this poetic epic on Mahatma Gandhi, as invoked by the poet in the **Seventh Canto**, "*Bliss Is Morn-Orange*" :

There need be no doubt
Whether God or Man be our idol
Simple, single be the desire
To sacrifice oneself at others' call.

Mahatma's life is not a glorification "Of the victor getting crowned" but saga of one who "will wear no crown/Whether we lament or implore". It is not the story of "the world sinking fast/In crusades", massacres' dungeon" wherein the "human killers rolled on 'Incarnadined' the rivers" but of a man "Shrunk and fragile....sure of his own strength" whose "hands carry no guns/they carry only feeble sticks/Yet call for 'do unto death'". It is a "queer Saga of its kind / No retort to oppressions / No surrender to the force blind" because "No parallel has any history / To victory through entreaties" but at the same time the poet reminds us that "entreaty is no begging/ Learn the meaning lying underneath". It was a man in whom "Power lay clutched in bare hands" but only for doing good "For ever weak is the violent/And powerful the fighter of Truth". It is the saga of a man "Who lies awake in the hut/ With no cares for his life" unlike "Those enshrined as heroes today....relishing pomp and splendour" while the people "perish in want and hunger". It is the saga of a man who did not "Give up the few yarded loin cloth" to "allow the crown on your head". That such a life of sacrifice "has not been every Man's theme" is well-known but it is the greatness of a man who "was not a world conqueror" but one whose "*Will Is Iron - Red*" and though the "real claimant to bliss" has "singly drunk deep poison and led". That is why the poet cannot help hide his scorn at the so-called world conquerors or even sages as

Even the hermits gave up penances
When damsels before them danced
And the kings have broken vows
When their golden days revived.

Yet **MAN THOU CAN** should not be read as an attempt to idolize an individual but on the contrary is an ode to infinite human potentiality, an ode to man - of how one lone, thin man "sure of his own strength" could achieve "victory through entreaties" because he "Practised what he preached"; of how he realized that "not in forests but in homes/the monstrous demon is enshrined/ Though even in the demon Survives the man sublime"; a conviction in man's sublimity borne by the eternal truth of Gandhi's life which showed that

Neither in caves nor in forests
But in the very bustle and din
Mohan had attained the light
Among us, his kith and kin.

It is this unique vision of Mahatma rooted in the greatness of man as man which makes this epic a true ode to man. This inspires the poet to hold it up as the roadmap to attain Divinity in Man :

And follow 'the lead' given
So 'kindly' by Mohan's 'light'.

But Divinity to be attained by Man is not to be confused with idolatry; its definition is clearly exemplified by using the expression of 'Lord' and 'God' as a metaphor in conjunction with 'masses' as borne out by Gandhi's favourite expression of 'Harijan' meaning literally 'God's-people' for the poorest of the poor, weakest of the weak in his multitudinous discourses and writings -

And ceaselessly discover
The Lord, the God among the masses
Without rancour or ill-will
And with no vile malice.

The poet's ecstasy at this heroic, sublime achievement of his *persona* finds unrestrained expression as the poet identifies himself with his hero and his hopes, reflecting the poet's own aspirations in no less measure:

So the poet finds the Lord in the people
Hopes have arisen and caused wide ripple
The world has reform'd itself
So has the poetry evol'd itself.

This convergence of the epic-hero's metamorphosis and the poet's eulogisation of his theme through Gandhi as a *persona* of Man's innate Divinity reverberates recurrently and is unambiguously declared in crystal-clear verse:

This vision of Mohan is new
For ours, for everyone's view
This gift is born of realization,
And sacrifice, nothing in lieu.

In the Fourth Canto
non-violence is the

For
And

Ahimsa is the "secret"
makes him valiant
charges/Faced with
"Life has its fullness"
hero's saga of truth
out:

Ahimsa
Over
Jealous
Vibrant

In this experiment
"This unravelled
Whether be the truth
fict:

This
Sets
For
With

But the whole work
discourses" which
knew" as his life is
the soul The achievement
victory of his heroic
victory but that of
him in this poetic

The
Man
Blessed
All men

The hero of
the infinite potential
Faith one and not
equalled by his hero
"He had given up

The poet expands this metaphor through his *persona's* life in this simple but strong message on love and God being synonymous "For only through forbearance and love/ We can visualize God the Sire". In various stanzas this powerful message of love and sacrifice, of Christ-like turning the other cheek, of 'loving thy enemy' is continued in various contrasting, boldly realistic images like "Nor ever in war is bliss possible", or, again more strikingly as "Remember even in mud and squalor/Springs up soft-petalled flower", or, again in the traditional romantic imagery of "roses bloom among the thorns" or, in the soothingly musical invocation emphasizing the need for love, sacrifice as

Over the sick and the afflicted alike
Honey of words, melody of verse, nectar shower.

The poet's identification with his theme, his hero's achievement, and, realization of his vision of Divinity in Man through the *persona* of Mohan is total, complete and unassumingly expressed very lyrically :

My songs are musical
Not because these are superior
My metres are vocal
For these are the voices clear

Of one whose truth is immortal
And who had walked on this earth
The earth parched and dry
Giving himself to fire and no mirth.

The poet, however, is not unaware of the unfinished task left behind by his hero. That the poetic realization, heroic achievement of this epic also has an observe side of stark reality in the Third Canto wherein "Stark is the gloom here!.... Gloom, gloom everywhere!!!!" cannot be just wished away is very candidly expressed in the Seventh Canto as

Truth hasn't dawned fully yet
On the learned men and women.
All companions have yet to be
Freed from fear and pain.

That the challenge then remains very much foreboding even now is captured in this contemporary image of man demeaning his fellow being in this poignant picturisation of the pathetic conditions of the masses :

Not yet on one bank
do all creatures share life's water
And myriad persons lead
lives of burden and sordid matter.

IV

The poet's recognition of this stark reality has a powerful, positive political philosophy of 'Sarvodaya' through his epic-hero's vision that "Unique is this philosophy of equity....Distributing possessions among fraternity", which is more explicitly defined in the **Fifth Canto** as

Democracy or the State
Are means to human welfare
State be no end in itself
Here, there, everywhere

and again in another verse that the "State be mere care taker/ and medium of all feat"; or, again the candid truth that howsoever we may try but the State cannot be wished away because the poet recognizes that "Neither apart nor separable Are the state and the masses". However, the dangers of deviation from democracy are again cautioned in the **Seventh Canto** in this too familiar, contemporary imagery:

Many images awesome and big
On pedestals are vain
The rulers are yet submerged
In lust and powers disdain.

The poet fondly hopes that the 'Imposter(s)' of democracy will get 'exposed sooner or later (in) this game' as they cannot 'shine in reflected fame' any longer compared to the genuine leaders, "Those who renounce with no whimper/ Love the masses without clamor".

Finally, his hero's profession of faith in democracy is in consonance with a life of struggle along with the masses against the oppression and tyranny of classes in colonial, slavery system, of man demeaning another man in a discriminatory society. Hence the poet concludes unequivocally the **Fifth Canto** with this prophetic, powerful declaration on people's power in our democratic polity, of the fact of life that "Universal brotherhood is/ The undying cult and glory" as borne out by subsequent historical events like Non-Aligned Movement, United Nations, abolition of Apartheid in South Africa "For the ruler and the ruled/Are of one fraternity", to name only a few.

The poet thus progresses from delineation of the ideal, the Real Man in political, historical terms to the ultimate, ageless truth in philosophical, metaphysical and platonic terms. Drawing on the traditional East-West conflict between 'matter, riches and sex' of West and 'spiritual adherences' of East the poet shows how Gandhi's life resolves this conflict by proving to the world that

Actions must condition speeches
Speeches pulsating the actions
But has the noble truth e'er been
Realized by men of ambition?

The poet
strong me
bearance
powerful
of 'loving
ages like
member e
the traditi
soothingly

In the Fourth Canto entitled "*This land is Evergreen*" the epic-hero's faith in non-violence is portrayed in a most moving manner :

For Mohan has drunk deep the poison himself
And deed to Ahimsa is wedded eternally

Ahimsa is the "solemn pledge of the brave" and not a "Coward's moan" which makes him valiant, selfless to the extent that "Death from bullets and bayonet charges/Faced without even a wince" and in this process the poet finds that "Life has its fullness here/The image of non-violence transpired". That the epic-hero's saga of truth, continues at much higher levels in his life is clearly spelled out:

Ahimsa asketh for discipline alone
Overcoming of evil desires,
Jealousy, retort
Vibration of peoples' hearts with sweet tone.

The poet
tion of hi
complete

In this experiment with truth, he has also to contend with another aspect of "This unravelled mystery, the Woman" because "Sex urge is the strongest/ Whether be the teacher or the taught" as shown in this imagery of carnal conflict:

This hunger for food and flesh
Sets all occupations at naught
For when sex overwhelms one
With dire results it is fraught

Th
his hero.
observe
here!....
didly exp

But the whole world knows that "Mohan has his realization/In self trials and discourses" which made him succeed in this "conquest few ancestors ever knew" as his life is nothing but "The Saga of the Truth triumphant, It's the call of the soul The achievement of the valiant". The poet's exultation at the sublime victory of his hero's selfless soul over selfish flesh is not just an individual's victory but that of a whole nation, of mankind because it personifies through him in this poetic epic,

The man, full man,
Man the most supreme
Blessed the earth, and blessed
All men fulfilled.

That the
in this co
picturisa

The hero ultimately symbolizes through his faith and following of Ahimsa the infinite potentiality of Man for he is full of "Sacrifices spontaneous, all fire / Faith one and ne'er tame" and one whose "deep attachment" to masses was equalled by his heroic "denial to one's body and mind". His greatness was that "He had given up the flesh/Surpassing Ages far and wide" due to which transfor

mation takes place of a people, a nation and through that of the world : "The man and the women inspired The image of Ahimsa transpired". Gandhi's super humanness is non-paralleled in the annals of history -

Let History crave comparison
Bespeaks itself this realization
Preachings and practices do
March with magic unison

He is a "Man the Seer" to whom "Offspring of Manu and Mary both are / blessed and dear". Hence the poet finally celebrates his hero's conquest in very sweet and simple verse :

This would be the real culture
Lovely, blissful and divine!
Truth, Ahimsa, Meditation
Are the Lords' images that ever shine.

Build up traditions with the body
Exile the vile desires from heart,
Be sweet in words and deeds
Never from this path depart.

The poet summarises Gandhi's greatness, in fact his whole philosophy in the oneness of his life, in the oneness of his thought and deed because "State, religion, economics, Love Ask for conduct alone". And it was only he who has shown in his life, by his common conduct that they can all "Converge, coalesce in tone" because his "Preachings and practices do/ March with magic unison".

Finally, at the end the poet comes to terms with his hero's tragic death in equally heroic terms in the second last stanza of the epic when he accepts that "We rose at his call / And will brook no fall". And goes on to conclude with the hero's eternally true message of love while reassuring his readers, his hero's followers that the only path is to "Sing only of love" for

Ever noble and true
This man faced death in lieu
Consume thyself for all and globe
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love.

In the end, the death of Gandhi, "The lover, companion of Man / Is lost from life" - in life as well as in this epic - was also heroic because he sacrificed his life "for all and globe" and "faced death in lieu" of the hatred, tension, gloom of partition and "consumed" himself for upholding communal harmony between two peoples, which if not prevented would have ultimately affected "the globe" thereby making his heroic death even larger than his life!

VII

The tragedy of Gandhi's death moves the poet to lament for a moment in the Sixth Canto, "*The Hours Are Violet*" that

Cries, cries and cries
Not at annihilation by the Demon
But that this Demon is no other
Than a brother of our own.

But the poet's solar imagery of his hero reminds him that "The Sun never sets / Only half the globe is dark / With new radiance and lustre / The Sun ever comes back" which makes him believe that "This Sun of the people / ... Will transmit light all the while / In our conflicts and abysses". This firm conviction that MAN THOU CAN achieve Divinity is already prefaced in the First Canto's invocation in terms of recurring solar imagery, a *leitmotif* :

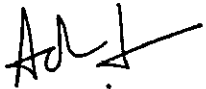
Fulfilled is the Sun's dream
Fulfilled the penance, the theme,
The flute plays intensely
Anew lighted the universe
There's lustre and glow in eyes
Gone is slumber long and terse

Peoples are wild with glee
As leaves are dancing free.
The whole world home like seen
Fulfilled is the Sun's dream!!

The hero of this saga of truth has finally proved in his life as much as in his death that Divinity can dawn on Man with this radiant image of Sun's dream being fulfilled. It is a portrait in poetry of an epic-hero's life "whose truth is immortal" and the poet's humble acceptance that because of this only his "songs are musical" and his "metres are vocal"! That simplicity is what makes this poetry truly epical because that is the poet's homage to his hero and which probably is also an ode on the poet's own modest life in equal measure -

My songs are musical
Not because these are excellent
My metres have harmony
For the very theme is vibrant!

Collector's Bungalow
CUDDAPAH, A.P.
29-7-2001


Adhar Sinha
Bilingual Edition Editor

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Bilingual Edition

Acknowledgments for this fortune of arranging and editing the translation into Telugu of this magnum opus on Mahatma Gandhi and for its publication in a bilingual edition, which could as well be entitled AN ODE TO MAN but for the purity of the respective titles of MAN THOU CAN in English and MANISHEE NEEKASADHYAMEDI in Telugu, should ultimately be paid to that unknown coincidence of forces which made all this happen seemingly of its own accord, quite smoothly, quite timely! And first and foremost in that sequence of events would be the fortune of being born to parents whose nurturing equipped me with all that in life, which has made me capable today of bringing out this work. This filial fortune is equalled by another fraternal fortune of my esteemed elder brother Sri Anandvardhan Sinha who steadfastly set for himself the task to see that not only the original English version saw the light of the day nearly two decades back but is perseveringly devoted to complete our father's unfinished task of publishing all his writings. Yet another coincidence which cannot be omitted is the significance of my mother Smt. Indu Prabha Sinha giving birth to me at Champaran district headquarters, Motihari, which probably is an acknowledgement in my father's, the poet's own words to the land "with the pure Himavant behind" for "the soil of Champa was fecund".

This sequence of coincidences is not confined to my State of birth but extends even to the State of my calling and present place of my working too. For it is at Cuddapah that the great Charles Philip Brown pioneered in the 19th Century his work of translating Telugu literature into English, the most famous of these being the twin bilingual dictionaries of English-Telugu and vice - versa. Acknowledgement to the fecund soil of Cuddapah is naturally due in this regard.

As if this was not enough, even the translation has been completed by a duo of whom one is carrying on the light lit by C.P. Brown through his untiring effort in nurturing literature through the C.P. Brown Memorial Trust set up by him. Acknowledgement to the translators' - duo for their patient study of my

father's work, innumerable discussions, drafts, corrections etc., all cannot be completed just by an expression of thanks here but will remain incomplete even after I express my lifelong indebtedness to Dr. J.H. Sastry & Sri Katta Narasimhulu for their labour of love and fruit of that labour in your hands. Equally indebted am I to Dr. V.V.L. Narasimha Rao who wrote the Foreword to the Bilingual edition in Telugu.

All these coincidences could fructify by the target date of 15th August 2001 only because of the unforgettable help rendered by associates, especially Sri G.V.S. Prakasa Rao, Chief Planning Officer, Cuddapah, who coordinated not only the umpteen logistics of book production but also gave valuable practical advice in that process; to the computer assistants Sri Sathish Babu and Sri Chandra Mohan in particular and to my Camp Office Staff in general led by Sri M. Ganeshan who worked beyond the call of duty in its type scripting and overall secretarial assistance and, last but not least, to the printer Vasavee Graphics who as usual seem to be professionally non-paralleled in meeting unearthly deadlines - all of which cannot be compensated by this formal thanksgiving and yet begets my deepest dues to them.

Finally, more than acknowledgement would ever remain due to my wife Smt. Manju Sinha, our sweetly sensitive daughter Akansha and our prankful son Akshaj in whose loving company all this was achieved.

Last but not the least, acknowledgement to my calling here, to its tests and trials, in some way making me look inwards as and when I could and in turn seek some echo, empathy in this epic and its poetic hero, in the poet's own life and which to some extent also inspired this attempt, would remain *ever-etched in my heart for all that I gained as well as ungained in order to re-gain by this experience.*

Collector's Bungalow
CUDDAPAH, A.P.
10-8-2001


Adhar Sinha

DEDICATION
First Edition
FREEDOM FIGHTERS
of
CHAMPARAN

Where the poet served as Superintendent
of Police for five years (1958-63)
and which became the first major
'Karmabhumi' of Mahatma Gandhi in India for
Satyagraha, Non- Violence and Freedom.

आनंदवर्धन सिन्हा
2/10/82
(Anandvardhan Sinha)

Patna
Gandhi Jayanti Day,
2nd October,
1982.

In 1972, the district of Champaran was bifurcated into the two present districts of East Champaran and West Champaran. The 'Indigo' Satyagraha under the leadership of Bapu was conducted in both the erstwhile subdivisions of the old Champaran district.

FOREWORD

First Edition

It would have been an unmixed pleasure had I been able to write these words during the life-time of the author; but as it is, there is a strong tinge of sadness and regret in writing of the work of a student and friend whose life was so suddenly cut short.

Badri Narain Sinha was an unusual and gifted person. Intellectual achievement is not unfamiliar among members of the All India Services but poetic talent among police officers is rare. His life-long pursuit of literature did, I think cause many raised eye brows but Badri followed his path with unflinching constancy. "Aapradhiki" (आपराधिकी) proves, if proof were needed outside his lifetime of dedicated service, his intellectual interest in his profession.

He wrote a fine poem on the life of Mahatma Gandhi in Hindi (entitled 'Ab Bahu Se Sab Jan Hitaye') and followed it up with a simultaneous production of the work in English.

Anandvardhan has not only done a loving duty in publishing this poem; he has conferred an obligation upon all who read and admired the works of his father.

Gandhiji's life is a heavensent subject for an epic poem but it is not a theme which anybody can handle merely with literary talent. A great theme requires an answering elevation of character. Badri Narain Sinha was not only an author of creative talent, a widely read and discriminating critic but a human being of religiously austere self-discipline. The character of the man and poet mirrors the subject he chose, and gives the poem a tone of high sincerity.

The poem is throughout limpid, restrained and moving, in keeping with its theme. No reader can miss the ever present tone of sincere conviction.

I am sure the poem will find a fit audience.

Patna
The 2nd October, '82

Damodar Thakur

2.10.1982

(DAMODAR THAKUR)

Director of Public Instruction
(Higher Education)
Bihar, Patna.

PREFACE

On Mahatma's assassination, Einstein had condoled and said that a thousand years hence none would believe, such a person in flesh and blood ever walked on this earth. And only thousand weeks or even days thereafter, Einstein's foreboding appeared to materialise. The life-story of Mahatma is of epical notations and either geniuses like Einstein or Bertrand Russell could have caught the modulations thereof or some such poet who have had in him the Shakespearean understanding and expressions, Eliot's potency of using expanded yet sustained metaphors, Ben Jonson's or John Donne's evocative terseness, the Shelleyan impetuosity as also fire and the Keatsian fervour. For all these we may have to wait for the poetic millennium.

One whose attachments to English are through books and solely academic has ventured here to render into verse what this age has dramatised and symbolised and craves indulgence with all the humility and awareness of limitations till that poetic millennium arrives.

There are seven facades in Bapu's life as if in conformity with the powerful seven colours or numbers in a week and the sequences among the Seas. These seven facades cover the Mahatma's unique renunciation of power when it was acquired; ceaseless struggles against ignorance and discriminations of caste, creed and colour; efforts to uplift the Harijans; the purely mundane conflicts between the urges of the flesh and the strong will to transcend them over; the quintessence of Mahatma's philosophies; his martyrdom and the era after him when mankind has earnestly moved towards a global fraternity and ideals of bliss for all.

The magnet in Mahatma's personality lay not in ethereal auras or assumptions but in the immense possibilities of man himself, for Man

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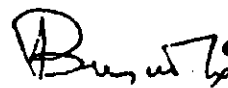
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can himself achieve what for ages has been ascribed to the ethereal beings. And, therefore, Mahatma's portrait herein of a man in his actions all mainly, a prime realisation in this century, the century rationalisation par excellence.

There are three distinct stages of human progress towards the Utopia of oneness of human race : the first, when one person was absolute in all realms, State, Arts, Religion; the second when this one person's autocracy gave way to plurocracy or democracy at its best, giving rise to mass participations in all human activities, cultural, literary, administrative; and the third, perhaps the final, stage is being reached now with surges towards bliss for all -



Badri Narain Sinha

S.P.'s Residence,
BHAGALPUR
4-4-1966

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First Edition

I did not know that my father had written a book-length poem on Mahatma Gandhi although I knew that he had written a volume of poetry under the caption "MAN THOU CAN". That "MAN THOU CAN" was a work in verse on Bapu's life came as an extremely pleasant surprise to me one morning in August this year when I stumbled upon a bound typescript of this book, with the finely-chiselled face of the Mahatma on its cover, while I was 'book-browsing' in my father's library.

The twin of this book, in Hindi, titled "AB BAHU SE SAB JAN HITAY" (अब बहु से सब जन हिताय) was penned and published in 1966. These stanzas were also written at the same time. My father had intended both the English and Hindi works to appear simultaneously in print but the plan could not somehow materialise. Now sixteen years after being manuscripted, it is in the hands of those to whom it rightfully belongs the connoisseurs of poesy.

My father has prepared the press copy of the book and it was, therefore, complete in almost all respects except for the Foreword, Dedication, a few graphics and this little piece of Acknowledgements. However, even the letters at the top of this piece are in his own handwriting. Only, poignantly, he had left the page below it blank which, no doubt, explains for my association with this book.

Firstly I would like to express my deep gratitude to Sri V. Bala subrahmanyam, I.A.S., Development Commissioner, Twenty-point Programme, Bihar and a celebrated poet and scholar for his kind remarks on the work and his encouragement to me in this venture. I also offer my thanks to my senior colleague and a friend of my father Shri Mantreshwar Jha, I.A.S., Commissioner and Managing Director, Bihar State Financial Corporation who is himself a brilliant poet and writer for his deeply moving references to the poet and his work.

I am very grateful to Prof. Damodar Thakur, Director of Public Instruction (Higher Education), Bihar and a reputed scholar of English literature for his kindness in agreeing to write the Foreword to this book. Prof. Thakur's 'Foreword' has a special significance as he was my father's teacher at Patna University in the late forties and my Principal at Ranchi College in the early seventies.

I am deeply indebted to Dr. Kapil Muni Tiwari, Professor and Head of the Department of English, Patna University for his appreciative comments on the work. I feel gratified for the words of "Prof. Kalika" Ranjan Chatterjee,

Department of English, Bihar University, Muzaffarpur and Prof. Arun Mustafi, Head of the Department of English, Ranchi College, Ranchi, both very close friends of my father. It was so kind of the three seniors of the English literary world to have gone through the book and expressed their learned opinion on it at a very short notice.

I am greatly beholden to the famous artist, Shri Vijay Kumar Varma for so elegantly designing the cover of this book and for providing the sketch of the Mahatma which has been inserted before 'Annotations'. The paintings appearing before the first and second cantos of the volume are by the late Sri Upendra Maharathi, M.L.C., and a world renowned painter and artist and also a friend of my father. The symbolical painting placed before the third canto is by his talented daughter Ms. Mahashweta Maharathi who is following in her illustrious father's footsteps. I must thank her for lending the two paintings done by her father and for allowing her own work to be reproduced in this book. The illustrations appearing before the other cantos are the ones which my father had pasted on the press copy that he left behind. Credit is due to the artists who made these sketches but whose identity, alas, I am not aware of.

I would profusely thank Sri Pashupati Nath Dutta and Sri Vijay Kumar Lal Das for their advice and suggestions regarding the general layouts and overall get-up of this book.

I would also like to express my gratitude to my mother Smt. Indu Prabha Sinha and other family members for their encouragement and support in this self set task.

I would be only stating the obvious if I refer with pleasure and affection to the untried efforts of Sri Binay Prakash, Publisher in getting this volume out of the press. The book has literally seen the light of the day as a result of his unbounded zeal for the completion of the project which he took up. I also record with deep appreciation the enormous amount of energy put in by Sri Birendra Kumar Srivastava of Jayshree Press, where this volume was printed in bringing out this book in its present format.

Sri Ganpat Sadan
Boring Canal Road, Patna.
MAHATMA GANDHI'S BIRTHDAY,
The 2nd OCTOBER, 1982.


(ANANDVARDHAN SINHA)

THE POET



Born 4-4-1930
జననం

Died 7-11-1979
నిర్యాణం

Birth Place : Darbhanga
జన్మస్థలము : దర్భాంగా

- ❖ Initially Lecturer in English at C.M.College, Darbhanga and later at Ranchi College, Ranchi.
- ❖ Appointed to the Indian Police Service in 1952.
- ❖ Served as Superintendent of Police, Champaran (1958-63) and Bhagalpur (1965-68). Was Superintendent of Railway Police, Muzaffarpur (1968-70) and Senior Superintendent of Police, Ranchi (1970-71)
- ❖ Was appointed Deputy Inspector - General of Police and Member Secretary, Bihar Police Manual Revision Committee in June, 1971.
- ❖ Was Deputy Inspector - General of Police, Central Range, Patna (1974-77) and later D.I.G. of Police, Criminal Investigation Department till his death in harness on 7th November, 1979.
- ❖ Was awarded the Indian Police Medal in 1971 for his meritorious and distinguished services and was decorated with the President's Police Medal in August, 1979.
- ❖ Was an acclaimed literary critic and reputed writer in the field of Hindi Literature. Started his literary pursuits, as a teenager. Authored "PRATHMIKI", a landmark work in Hindi literary criticism in 1965 and followed it up with "AJ TAK KEE", its companion volume. Published "TATKA ADAM", a book of modern Hindi Poetry and this book's twin in Hindi 'AB BAHU SE SAB JAN HITAY' with the life of Mahatma Gandhi as its subject.
- ❖ Wrote "STUDENTS' REVOLT", a concise book on student unrest.
- ❖ Was Founder- Editor of 'BIHAR POLICE PATRIKA', the official organ of the Bihar Police, a mantle which he carried till his premature end.

- Was awarded special prize by Uttar Pradesh Government for his magnum-opus on criminology "AAPRADHIKI" in 1976. This Pioneering work, the first of its kind written originally in Hindi, won the " Best Book of the Year Award" from the Bihar Rashtra Bhasha Parishad in 1978.
- Lectured at Sardar Vallabhai Patel National Police Academy, Mount Abu and later Hyderabad, Administrative Training Institute, Ranchi, Police Training College, Hazaribagh, Internal Security Academy, Mount Abu and Anthropological Survey of India, Calcutta. Contributor to the Journal of Lal Bahadur Shastri National Academy of Administration, Mussoorie
- A spiritualist and a humanist.

కవిని గురించి

విద్యాయోగ్యతలు : ఎం.ఎ. (ఇంగ్లీష్), పాట్నా
ఉద్యోగము : ఇండియన్ పాలీస్ సర్వీస్, 1952

ముద్రిత రచనలు	ముద్రణ కామన్స్
ప్రాథమికీ (1966)	మాధ్యమికీ - హిందీ;
మైనాకీ ఉలర్సు గయే డైవా (1966)	గద్యరచన - రూంకియా
యహ్ హిందీ హిందవీ హై (1966)	భర్ మాస్ పవ్యాన్
అద్ బహసే పద్ బన్ హితాయ్ (1966)	Adam to Adam
టబ్ కా ఆదమ్ (1966)	
ఆత్ తక్ కీ (1967)	పరిచయం.....
ఆసరాద్ కీ (1976)	సాహిత్యకార్ బదరీ నారాయణ్ సిన్హా-విక్రమశిల
MAN THOU CAN (1982)	సాహిత్యపరిషత్ ద్వారా ప్రచురణ 1966
ఆగంతుకా (1985)	
JP's Movement (1993)	
MAN THOU CAN మనిషీ నీకసాధ్యమేది! (2001)	
(ద్విభాషా ప్రచురణ)	

AWARD PRESENTATION



The poet (right) receiving the
"Best Book of the Year Award" in 1978
for his book on Criminology "AAPRADHIKI"
from the eminent Hindi litterateur
Sri Jayanendra Kumar.

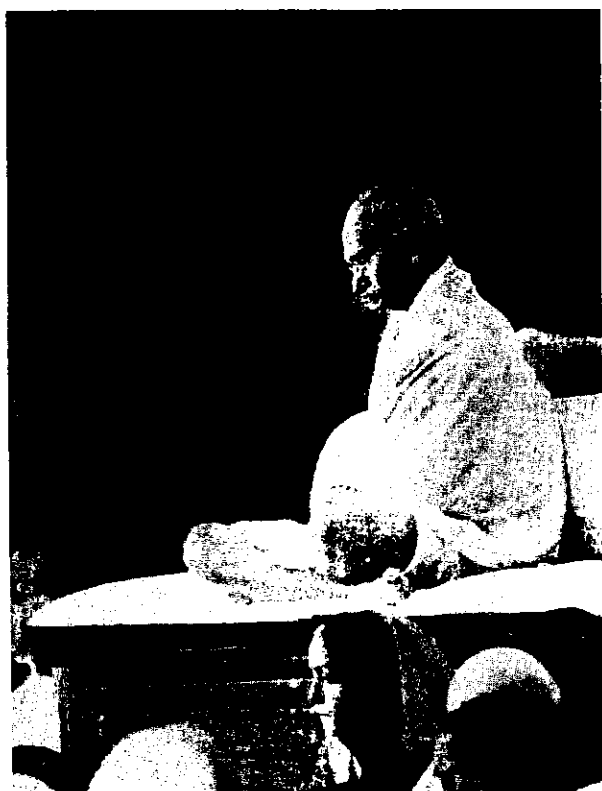
ప్రముఖ హిందీ రచయిత శ్రీ జయేంద్ర కుమార్ గారి నుండి నేర
శాస్త్రమునకు సంబంధించిన "అపరాధికి" అను పుస్తకమునకు 1978
వ సంవత్సరపు ఉత్తమ పుస్తక అవార్డును స్వీకరిస్తున్న కవి
శ్రీ బదర్ నారాయణ్ సిన్హా.

MAN THOU CAN

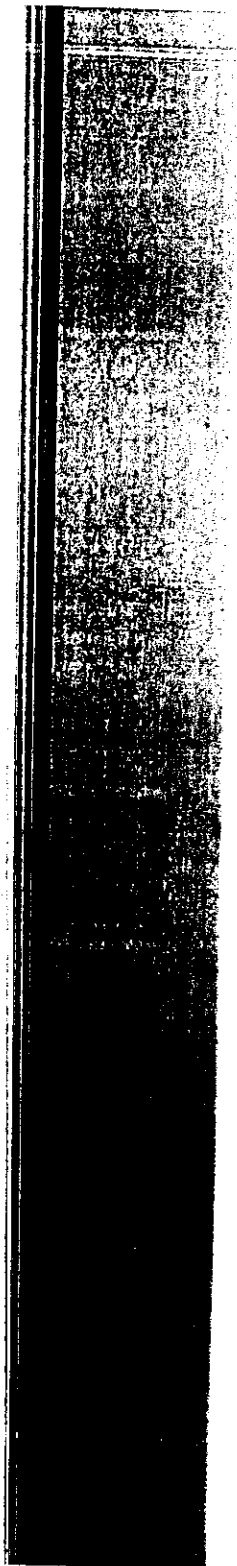
మనిషి నిరసాధ్యమేది !

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1. The First Canto - The Will is Iron Red | 1-23 |
| ప్రథమ కాండము - వజ్ర సంకల్పం | |
| 2. The Second Canto - Rampant is Indigo | 25-45 |
| ద్వితీయ కాండము | |
| అంతా 'నీలి' మయం, మాయామేయం | |
| 3. The Third Canto - Bruises are Blue | 47-65 |
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| మానసి గాయాలు - మనసులో చిమ్మచీకటి | |
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| 6. The Sixth Canto - The Hours are Violet | 113-131 |
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| 7. The Seventh Canto - Bliss is Morn - Orange | 133-149 |
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THE WILL IS IRON - RED



వజ్రసంకల్పం



THE FIRST CANTO

ప్రథమ కాండము

MAN THOU CAN

THE WILL IS IRON - RED

Who lies awake in the hut
With no cares for his life,
Animals in den, birds in nest
The nocturnal hours are rife.

1

What is that sigh, agony
Which gives him no relief
Only pants in the deep dark
While all others are asleep.

2

How much the heart afflicted
What bitter pangs have arisen
How hard the relentless hour
Unrealised are which burden.

3

No water glistened in his eyes
Nor did it ever ooze out
The World was awake, aroused
No sooner did he rise and shout.

4

MAN THOU CAN

మః

Hark, what the wind messages
He is the Sun among the people
Restless he is over this World
Entangled in knots multiple.

5

There is fire in these sighs
Will some therein himself bask
Lo, the Sun will sing with quivering throat
And burn himself out in this task.

6

Fulfilled is the Sun's dream
Fulfilled the penance, the theme,
The flute plays intensely
Anew lighted the universe
There's lustre and glow in eyes
Gone is slumber long and terse.

7

Peoples are wild with glee,
As leaves are dancing free,
The whole world home like seem
Fulfilled is the Sun's dream!!

8

Trumpets resound echo aghast
Houses decked with own banners
For the dream has come true
Long waits, many centuries after.

9

M

MAN THOU CAN

The hungry and parched ones
Are emerging with cries of joy
Apparel'd in home-spun robes
Defiant and no longer Coy.

10

The rebels adorn the throne
The prison-gates are ajar
The poets sing hopefully
For their goals are not far.

11

Peoples of streets, even scum
Are seated in ivory palaces
The once-forbidden chambers
Are accessible without hindrances

12

For one's own dear flag
The guns are all out,
The gaiety is writ large
Merrily the people shout.

13

But what a paradox !
For he is not there down
Midst festivities, throngs
Whom shall the laurels crown?

14

MAN THOU CAN

For those who brought freedom
Have ever been crowned?
History is replete with Sagas
Of the victor getting crowned. 15

Tall in pride, dwarf in size
Rebellious and renowned
Napoleon the man's lord
Had got himself crowned. 16

Hitler the people's master
Pined for the worlds' conquest
Ushered himself the mass man
To harbinge universal distress. 17

Not in these centuries alone
But even in the remote past
Those who have ever led
Metamorphosed themselves fast. 18

Those enshrined as heroes today
Are relishing pomp and splendour
Transmit messages in the peoples' name
While they perish in want and hunger. 19

MAN THOU CAN

He was not a world conqueror
Nor did he brim with pride
He had given up the flesh
Surpassing Ages far and wide. 20

Peace has n't dawned as yet
The earth is blood bathed
Celebrations on the heels of dissection
Mother is deeply afflicted. 21

Shrunk and fragile are the ankles
With walks in fields on ridges
His heart is broken now
At glimpses of childish violences. 22

Till every hamlet is lighted
Everyone is clothed and fed
The lords voluntarily gift away
Grains of violence are defaced. 23

Till the bloody swords of brothers
Are n't rusted and fallen into disuse
Or the mistakes are repeated
With religion as cover and excuse. 24

M/

MAN THOU CAN

Will he till then crown himself
And burn inwardly throughout?
For how can he sustain woes within
And be equivocal without? 25

A novel yet eternal power
A queer Saga of its kind
No retort to oppressions
No surrender to the force blind. 26

No parallel has any history
To victory through entreaties
These wars, states or
Their falls and supremacies. 27

The hands carry no guns
They carry only feeble sticks
Yet call for 'do unto death'
And feel no anger or prick. 28

Immaterial the brute force!
The rights are never forsaken
Bombs or dynamites may explode
Vendetta is neither willed nor taken. 29

MAN

MAN THOU CAN

Rights are agitated for
And the fetters broken firmly
With multiple confidence
The struggle forges unendingly. 30

Illegal the laws proclaimed
Smilingly the prisons embraced
The obstacles on this path
Are with gusto and cheers faced. 31

Imbibe thee not the tenets
Of seizing fair or foul the power
Whether be Chanakya or Machiavelli
Let no sword blood shower. 32

Oh! these hundred years of war
To decide the tenets of religion
And the world sinking fast
In crusades', massacres' dungeon. 33

Dark - and - thick clouded
The human killers rolled on
'Incarnadined' the rivers
And their might on women proven. 34

A

MAN THOU CAN

The groups of the Holy messengers
Have play'd wittingly with blood
And while the prophets have wept
The swords have ever rattled. 35

But the bullets or bayonet charges
Have stopped no valiant fighter of Truth
Even when with heavy nailed boots
At Jaliana moved the tyrants uncouth. 36

With a history of bare thousand years
These mercenaries roved wide
Indulged in killings and loots
Of the weak with dues ever denied. 37

The communities were dissected into
The Hindu, the Muslim, the Christian
Lured to demands for separate homes
At their machinations million. 38

The sooths of Asoka the wise
The pledges of Akbar the Great
This man is reviving History
With life, letters and fate. 39

MAN THOU CAN

Asoka threw the sword away
Akbar understood the human urges
But who practised what he preached?
Let this be answered by the Sages. 40

Power lay clutched in bare hands
But who else was of this aware?
Remember even the stones melted
At his fires here, there, everywhere. 41

Some say the power of the West
Lay in matter, riches and sex
Whereas the power of the East
Lay in spiritual adherences. 42

Actions must condition speeches
Speeches pulsating the actions
But has the noble truth e'er been
Realised by men of ambition? 43

Even the hermits gave up penances
When damsels before them danced
And the kings have broken vows
When their golden days revived. 44

M.

MAN THOU CAN

Yea, say, what man is he ?
Whose rare brilliance pervades
For the thinner he grows
The stronger he emerges 45

O, The Saga of Rana Pratap
The Saga of dust, of grass;
Return to the citadel of power
Now ye valiant upholder of the mass. 46

Give up the few yarded loin cloth
Allow the crown on your head
Ye, the real claimant to bliss
Have singly drunk deep poison and led. 47

Listen to what he says
The dream is half - realised
Mortal chains are broken, but
The bliss to all not visualised. 48

Not in forests but in homes
The monstrous demon is enshrined
Though even in the demon
Survives the man sublime. 49

MAN THOU CAN

Buddha, Mohammed and Christ
Nanak, Kabir, all Wise
Have e'er changed the demon
Into the man with sooths and surmise.

50

But everyone has n't changed
When his self has risen supreme
That one's bliss only when the rest have
This has not been every Man's theme.

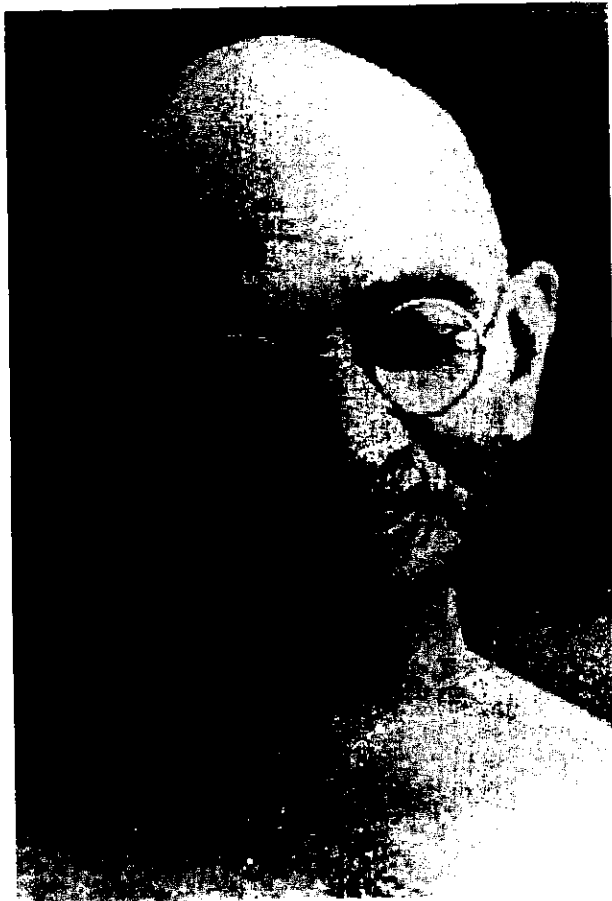
51

Sure, he will wear no crown
Whether we lament or implore
For sure of his own strength
He will lead us ever more.

52



RAMPANT IS INDIGO



అంతా 'నీలి'మయం, మాయామేయం

THE SECOND CANTO

ద్వితీయ కాండము

MAN THOU CAN

RAMPANT IS INDIGO

The first anguish of the poet Valmiki
Had burst forth in this land
Mother Seeta had sojourned here
Where the dense Champas stand.

1

On this very land Lava and Kusha
Waged war as justice claimant
And in the Triveni the arrowed Crocodile
Had entwined the mighty elephant.

2

With the pure Himavant behind
The paces of Buddha marched untired
Here the relics of Asoka the Wise
Are even now undecay'd and admired.

3

With the luscious greens were covered
Numerous empires of the planter
Who ravished fun in the forests
With rights and ploughs given to plunder.

4

MAN MAN THOU CAN

Some Rajahs only in name
Danced to the tunes of their master
Those who furrowed the land
Sang only of Providence the benefactor. 5

Hard rigours of the taxes
Sucked life out of the tillers
Who sapped of their vigour
Knew not even to petition the rulers. 6

For to petition was n't easy
That way the prisons opened
For to speak was no joke
That way suffering thickened. 7

But the soil of Champa was fecund
Holi was the river Triveni
For not Chanakya alone
It nursed the world and the many. 8

One whose sustenance was no gold
That Rajkumar, Sudama of the lore;
Struggled and ventured to knock
And narrate to Mohan at his door. 9

MAN THOU CAN

The lords were divine in origin
So were their servants
Acquiescence to them was willing
The subjects were held in chants. 10

Taxes countless were levied,
Taxes when parents were dead,
On canals or rivers laid
Or even when daughters were wed. 11

The brides were first tasted,
The daughters deflowered
And those who ever protested
Were tortured and belaboured. 12

Those who wiped out their tears
Were chased and persecuted
The protector changed into serpent
Redemption was well-nigh prevented. 13

Experiences of the simple farmers
Wantonness of the public servants
Contained embers of revolt,
For eyes can cause fury, no mere laments. 14

1

15

16

17

18

19

Blessed the land of the Champas
For the experiment with Truth began
The ruler unleashed prowess
While the peoples rose to each man. 20

The dreaded and unfounded
Was the vile charge
Acclaimed the Mohan's probe
And Mohan set at large. 21

Let the prime victory be
Celebrated with great fanfare
Crushing defeat fell to their lot
And Truth to our share. 22

India lives in its villages
So have the poets sung.
Gazed at the bounties of Nature
And found these bounties young. 23

Who else could discover
The Shadows of dark Ignorances?
Among the squalor and filth
Behind the outer semblances? 24

MAN THOU CAN

85

Kasturba, the Keen mother
Mani and Durga, the sisters
Started enlightening the people
*With mere letters and numbers. 25

A drop in the ocean it was,
But potent enough to sustain
The lost and the slumbered awoke
At beams of knowledge to gain. 26

Ye, explain how c'd 't be possible
To keep tidy and clean,
When one has just a piece of cloth
And cursed the lot of the mean. 27

This sordid painful fact
Buried in hay and dust lies,
The nerves don't react to
Reforms, multitudinous cries. 28

Give up the tears now
Inspire the peoples to actions
Redeem the bog and
The smoke of misery and factions. 29

* Letters and numbers - లేఖలు, పాటలు

MAN THOU CAN

But will the literate till?
Will he deliver the goods?
Will he in power and pelf
Be possessed of benign moods? 30

Those unending criticisms
Could n't render him perturbed
While the intruders returned home,
The masses lay inspired. 31

They set the hamlet on fire
In the dark hours of night
Yet undaunted, the peoples
Marched with their full might. 32

For ever weak is the violent
And powerful the fighter of Truth
A question the world can't unravel
Despite the poets, the seers and their sooth. 33

The indigo masters with servants
Conspired to do away with Mohan
For Mohan was keeping the people
Drawn to his own enunciation 34

MAN THOU CAN

The plot was laid in dark night
The plotters drunk with power
Rejoicing, recounting with jests
Their past deeds of Valour.

35

Then a Knock at the doors,
Open thou these doors closed.
For Mohan has come of his own
To render the plot unexposed.

36

None will ever behold
And the obstacle 'll be gone
The traits of the Seers
Will cease to have any tone.

37

Lo, in the deep night,
A beam has but struck,
Remorseful the plotters,
With evil no more of truck!

38

The tyrants of the ages
Crumble, tumble, lose motion,
And the men need n't weep hence
For noble and supreme is devotion.

39

MAN THOU CAN

Let History crave comparison
Bespeaks itself this realisation
Preachings and practices do
March with magic unison. 40

Blessed is this our century,
Greatly victorious is our Man;
Science must control itself
For this Truth is e'er triumphant. 41

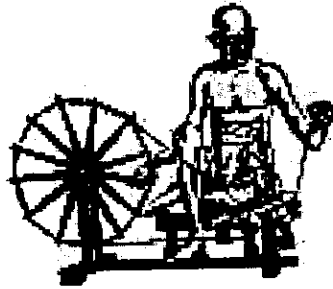
The forecasts of Geeta
Appear to have materialised
And the theories of Lenin
Have been thereby belied. 42

Opposition of the Kaurvas extinguished
Sword is back to the Sheath
But entreaty is no begging
Learn the meaning lying underneath. 43

MAN THOU CAN

Sing, repeat the words
Of that Man the Seer,
The can brims with nectar
Offspring of Manu and Mary
Both are blessed and dear.

44



BRUISES ARE BLUE



మానని గాయాలు - మనసులో చిమ్మ చీకటి

THE THIRD CANTO

తృతీయ కాండము

MAN THOU CAN

BRUISES ARE BLUE

Stark is the gloom here!

Even the dainty beams of Moon are lost
Unseen the rest, the whole lot
Dark gloom encircles this sphere
Stark is the gloom here!!

1

Restless in nests are birds
Untrodden paths, cries unheard
Uncanny Silence reigns everywhere
Stark is the gloom here!!!

2

No ray of hope has streaked here
One who is aware of gloom mere
Paints the gloom here and there
Gloom, gloom everywhere!!!!

3

Nature herself has painted it black,
Covered it with dense forests,
The whites jeer and ridicule,
While the flaming Sun on it rests.

4

MAN THOU CAN

What status cou'd these beings have
When men are curly, short and black?
The continent a big colony,
The lords have their full, no lack. 5

The new facades of civilisation
Have forgotten it's hoary past
When the rest of the world lay dark
It's region had seen vistas vast. 6

Sing, ye poet, Sing only of love

The real Man has appeared on the earth,
Will retire on attaining equity of birth,
Shower on him petals of welcome
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love. 7

Let the trumpets, conches blow
Let this consciousness e'er glow
Hearken to harmony tumult, no reprove
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love. 8

Poets, Philosophers, Sages are saviours
Given to blisses, bounties' showers
Sing, ye poet, sing now for the globe
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love. 9

MAN THOU CAN

Let the learned expound at the top
That they're the relics of the primitive
Or the discoveries of Darwin
That the animals in them even now live. 10

Mohan had embarked on earning errand
But was captioned an unwanted guest
And for retaining the head-dress
Was persecuted at the Court's behest. 11

Upheavals are caused when tortures are unleash'd
The man is all flame even if robbed of wings and head;
For the embers from heart mingle with those others
And the fire consumes the tyrant, no tear is shed. 12

A line of light shone forth
Among the black peoples and toilers
Every body was aflame
So spirited were the settlers. 13

The Sagas of Pretoria and Natal
Changed Mohan into a rebel,
From the bread-seeker to
The fighter for truth and of avail. 14

Virulent's the distinction of caste and creed

In many forms lurking disguised
With germs not yet sterilised
This venom stings ever indeed
Virulent's the distinction of caste and creed. 15

Civilised, uncivilised, the touchable, the untouchable
The Aryas, the Dravids, the apparitions detestable
The cult of Manu is yet to succeed
Virulent's the distinction of caste and creed. 16

A twenty-four year youth with all fires
But with inner self awake, profound
Had his power of vision developed
With awareness of all that goes round. 17

Controlled was the filial emotion
Subdued was the vile desire,
Noble even in tortures and exiles
With no anger, rancour dire. 18

Neither in caves nor in forests
But in the very bustle and din
Mohan had attained the light
Among us, his kith and kin. 19

MAN THOU CAN

An intense devotion sustained
Pitted against these tortures
For his heart and soul were thrown
Into the task with no discomfiture. 20

The reason lies for the wise to know
In the lives of all such men
Whose pledges glow fiercely
In history, Philosophy, poetry even. 21

God is the tune we play on

Whether we read the Vedas, the Puran, or the Kuran
We killers deserve pruning of our life span
For we distort the Almighty's form
God is the tune we play on. 22

We follow no meaning of the scriptures
We interpret as they suit our features
We've divided the Holy land and home
God is the tune we play on. 23

God is in each element, atom
Nature, fire, water is his norm
Futile are the mental jargon
God is the tune we play on. 24

MAN THOU CAN

Salvation, attachment, renunciation
 Enmeshed are our expression
 While we pine for the Lord's vision
 God is the tune we play on. 25

With body, mind and words
 There be no sorrow to others
 For man w'd have no craving for return
 God is the tune we play on. 26

Mohan had his realisation
 In self trials and discourses
 Beware ye men of the Earth
 In your mundane scourges. 27

For ye have got reason
 And powers of clear expression
 Feel the thirsts of woes of others
 Ye are the world's supreme creation. 28

With strong body and noble speech
 Be the scientists and the seers
 Rid the world of distrust, fears
 Be yourselves the earth's saviours. 29

MAN THOU CAN

మ:

Ye've controlled tempests and awe
Transformed the world for living
Given many the urge to march ahead
Besides power, pelf and reasoning. 30

Unbounded are your powers
Can change in no time the world
Only if from this ignorance
Evil remain for e'er unextolled. 31

A year over, Mohan planned to
Unite with his family;
But lo defranchisation was afoot,
He stopp'd readily. 32

His exhortations inspired the masses to
Collect freely;
For the fire was ablaze, that
Lay smoulderingly. 33

A Conference in Natal led to
Many units verily,
Making the Hindus, the Muslims, the Christians to
Unite merrily. 34

MAN THOU CAN

And when on Mohan the pebbles
Rained terribly
Firmer he grew and soon the stones were
Flowers gently. 35

Truth is such an enormous evergreen tree
That when nursed it yields many a blossom
And its hymn so transcendent altogether
The peoples acquire the store of wisdom. 36

Religion, state are all ether, vapour
When people suffer in war, or on gallows
Through deeds and words alone
Man attains his goal handsome. 37

They were the coolies, their skins unkempt
Gaseous and filthy their abodes;
They too were the children of God
But they are not alone on our roads. 38

The pestilence broke forth everywhere
Mohan soon turned into a mere nurse
With him a selfless band did emerge
Among the ill and the poor to serve. 39

MAN THOU CAN

The masters discovered to their dismay
This unique Vision of Mohan
Soon the discriminations were undone
And Tolstoy Farm home for everyone. 40

That all books contain knowledge
Man has n't understood so far
For the book that Ruskin wrote
Is with our Sarvodya at par. 41

Animals 're unbridled in passions
But men have the hook in conscience,
Let the evil thirsts be quenched
For the bow of reason strikes to bring sense. 42

Welcome to the bliss of the world
The continent is now awake
Death-knell to conflicts and strifes
Affections and love do overtake. 43

PRISON AND JAIL SENTENCES

South Africa

6 times : total 2 months and 26 days

India

11 times : total 5 years and 26 days

THIS LAND IS EVERGREEN



సదా సస్యశ్యామలం - ఈ సీమ

THE FOURTH CANTO

చతుర్థ కాండము

MAN THOU CAN

THIS LAND IS EVERGREEN

O ever new, ever transcendent land
There is still enough of nectar in thine can
O, the land of the Vedas, Upanishad, Puran
Fatigue and Sorrow shouldn't make you wan! 1

O, the land of Ahimsa, the supreme cult
O, where Geeta, the voice of bliss, is unocult
Rise ye all, the hordes, the Buddhas' band
O ever new, ever transcendent Land!! 2

Lo, even the thorns are now petals
The nectar flows incessantly;
For Mohan has drunk deep the poison himself
And deed to Ahimsa is wedded eternally. 3

Burn thyself in fire-laden tempests
With the fibres of a conscious Soul
Brook no evil, do no evil, taste no evil
Behold into petals are changed the thorns. 4

MAN THOU CAN

Cruel was your violent deed
So cruel that Mohan had to atone
For he had given us his lead
Cruel was your violent deed.

5

The wrath at Chauri Chaura was turbulent
Portents to destruction omniscient
You paid no heed!
Cruel was your deed!!

6

Everyone has arisen
And is on the March
The face of Bharat has beamed
To undo the usurper's arch.

7

Dandi beckons every one
To a grim struggle for Nature's salt
Careless of home, fearless of death
They knew not how to halt.

8

The sceptre of State is broken
The philosophers have given the cries,
When bundled to the prisons
No tear dropped from the eyes.

9

MAN THOU CAN

No bangles did ever jingle
For the women have taken the pledge
The young and the tots have thrown themselves
On the sharpest struggle's edge. 10

Ahimsa asketh for discipline alone
Overcoming of evil desires,
Jealousy, retort
Vibration of peoples' hearts with sweet tone. 11

Ahimsa is the solemn pledge of the brave
Not the Cowards' moan,
Of subtle import,
Ahimsa asketh for discipline alone. 12

The magnet in the penances of the Sages
The voice of bliss in the poets' throats;
Impartial verdicts on the Judges' lips,
And honour on the valiants' sword. 13

Ahimsa asketh for discipline alone
Free from fears be the Man's tone,
A stern pledge of the brave
But not the Cowards' moan. 14

MAN THOU CAN

Unravelled mystery is this woman!
The prime companion of the prime man!
The spouse, the ornament, the adorned
The poets' fancy, spick and span. 15

Clipped the sages' poise as Menka
And in the guises of Eve and Helen
Has played multiple frolics and fun
This unravelled mystery, the Woman. 16

Woman is all sublime, all power
The never-failing shadow of the man
Sharing together the woes and the mirths
Solace in woe, in strength Tower. 17

Inspirations, resources to brilliant men
Whether forlorn or reclaimed,
The strong artery of the men
Unfailing even when they've failed. 18

Sex urge is the strongest
Whether be the teacher or the taught;
A live Tantalus all the while
Though Singly the rest is Sought. 19

MAN THOU CAN

మ

This hunger for food and flesh
Sets all occupations at naught
For when Sex overwhelms one
With dire results it is fraught.

20

Not the Sages, Poets, Kings
But all others have fought
Freud the Seer saw the vision
That Sex all other actions begot.

21

Sex urge is the strongest
Whether be the teacher or the taught,
A live Tantalus all the while
Though Singly the rest is Sought.

22

It's a Saga of victory Supreme
The sex urge reposing in the ebb;
The conquest few ancestors ever knew
The poise to the tempo he gave.

23

It's a Saga of rise of evil thirst
But of its quench withal;
And having proven it so
He spoke of the urges' fall.

24

MAN THOU CAN

మని

It's a Saga of that house
Where songs and body 're sold
While others had had their Say
He realised the anguish manifold. 25

The woman with paints on her person
Is an image, nay, Sister, aye, Muse
The men who gather round her
Remember, She is Holy, not to Seduce. 26

The spouse treated as mother
A new meaning he gave;
The burning evil fires
Sweet drops fragrant laden wind sway. 27

With 'mountain in his breast'
Confessed to the dream with the woman in;
To the mystery of the woman
Permeating our arteries within. 28

The wise collect the strength;
The Saga of the Truth triumphant
It's the call of the Soul
The achievement of the valiant. 29

MAN THOU CAN

It's the Song of victory supreme
The Song of the Truth triumphant
No scope for any misgiving hence
The realisation of the valiant. 30

Lo and behold these multiple editions
Struggles and death extend invitations
The hamlets, palaces abound in countless Mohans
Lo and behold these multiple editions. 31

Slumber gone but equipoise one and the same
Death being embraced with smile
Death from bullets and bayonet charges
Faced without even a wince. 32

Wine, pelf, riches sacrificed
Wealth now has no glamour
Fires are kindled in all
The valiant seek no favour. 33

Many are there to die
The man and the woman inspired,
Life has its fullness here
The image of non-violence transpired. 34

MAN THOU CAN

మ

Call clarion and clear, one attire
Faces many but motivation the same;
Sacrifices spontaneous, all fire
Faith one and ne'er tame. 35

Lo and behold these multiple editions
Struggles and death extend invitations
The man and the women inspired
The image of Ahimsa transpired. 36

What? Is this our real culture
Nay, it's the distorted texture! 37

The Lord, the knowledge are gained
Neither by sheer birth nor un-norms
The sooths of scriptures are lost
In these sordid cares and forms. 38

Myriad castes are misadventure
What? Is this our real culture! 39

With tears in eyes and beads of sweet
These trodden yet divine;
Undertake services throughout
Deserve in return devotions fine. 40

MAN THOU CAN

Like Mohan undertake this venture
What" Is this our real culture! 41

No mere speeches are required
Nor the usual Government;
With solemn pledge, in hearts
Live among them without adornment 42

This would be the real culture
Lovely, blissful and divine!
Truth, Ahimsa, Meditation
Are the Lords' images that ever shine. 43

Build up traditions with the body
Exile the vile desires from heart,
Be sweet in words and deeds
Never from this path depart. 44

MAN THOU CAN

Ye Human Beings
The world rests on you
Ye the e'er new
Ye the beautiful
Believe this
Believe this
Ye Human Beings
Harbinger of bliss.

45



మంగళప్రదమైన తత్వం



మంగళప్రదమైన తత్వం

THE FIFTH CANTO

పంచమ కాండము

MAN THOU CAN

THE SPIRIT IS SAFFRON

The Lord is unfathomable,
The masses to their selfs glued
The lord is though bounteous
The masses loud and lewd.

1

Though as parts inseparable,
Like leaves in a tree,
Yet surprisingly apart
Are masses from powers-that-be.

2

The masses greatly self-seeking,
With queer attachments of their own
Many events of the bygone
Have no equity yet sown.

3

Karl Marx and Lenin
Did draw up the line;
By which equity in society
Got established afine.

4

MAN THOU CAN

One led to the two, the two
Led to the many;
The many to the Society
The Society to the State.

5

Sacrifice is its axis,
The prime of each organ
But the wise and the world
Strike no bargain.

6

Crime can occur only
When there's usurpation;
Self enhances, others perish
And the masses die in privation.

7

This usurpation must breed
Conflict, struggle and war
Tensions writ in the world
Envies untold peace mar.

8

This usurpation the relic
Of the elements of the beast,
This usurpation a thorn,
But food to barbaric feast.

9

MAN THOU CAN

It remains unvanquished,
Nay, it continues worshipp'd
Singly but unbroken
Keeping the cup of sorrow brimmed.

10

Masses ask only for servants,
And sacrifices of all kinds,
Deep attachment to them,
Denial to one's body and mind.

11

When e'er the Kings followed
Spontaneous the subjects' love;
When e'er they overlooked;
Rebellion stark has come.

12

Authority gets wiped out,
The world in war drown'd
When e'er the poet or the
Swordsman rose up and frowned.

13

In the voice of Rousseau,
In the wake of the Cruel Emperor,
In villages and towns
Rebellion occur'd with full terror.

14

MAN THOU CAN

Pen moves briskly,
So also does the Sword,
Power is ephemeral
Ye Kings, rest assur'd.

15

The multiple theories of Lenin
Are really old in import,
And history replete with
Events the wise can't answer.

16

Masses demand Sacrifice
Then alone love provoke
The fire which lies smouldering
Takes no time to evoke.

17

O, Bharat, blessed are ye
No such usurpation wide
Once the Kaurvas danced in folly
But destruction rose in tide.

18

Humble the monarch but masses supreme
Flowered in this very Land;
Events which culminated here
Are clear prints on the Sands of Time.

19

MAN THOU CAN

A monarch Rama-like
The masses bloomed and rejoic'd
Rama's State was their State
The masses frolicked and smiled. 20

Pride from status exiled,
Status fountain of bliss to all
State vow the most profound
Though in taste bitter and gall. 21

Stubborn and real lies
The Lanka in pride of pelf
The masses like Seeta suffer
In tyranny of this self. 22

Fear and utter jeers
Impede all human progress,
The trust reposed sustains
When each woe has redress. 23

The gains in knowledge
Accrued to this very land,
Detachment in chants
Sacrifices of the noblest minds. 24

MAN THOU CAN

Filiality is the Scar,
Unwanted is equity,
For the ruler and the ruled
Are of one fraternity. 25

Universal brotherhood is
The undying cult and glory
Distinctions of caste and creed
Render us forlorn and sorry. 26

It's the love, the ethics
The love and the country not distinct
May it resound in the universe
And never get extinct. 27

State, religion, economics, Love
Ask for conduct alone,
For on one plane they
Converge, coalesce in tone. 28

Distinctions crude and wild
Between the life within and without,
Of the deeds in ones' privacies
And the visions of without. 29

MAN THOU CAN

But easy to sermonise
Terse to render in actions,
When man is iron-will'd
Then alone succeeds transaction.

30

Beware everyone, whoever
The Sage, the Poet or the Leader,
Benign is the power only
By emotions when not torn asunder.

31

This century is most blessed
Blooms forth knowledge eternal.
Diverted to human blisses,
Discoveries material and temporal.

32

This century is the luckiest
Expressed are tenets of life
Equity shorn of filiality
Examples itself with no strife.

33

It examples in Mohan
In none else other than he;
The nectar flows incessant
Ye, and we.

34

MAN THOU CAN

Firmness of Socrates the Wise,
Cheers of Christ the Crucified,
Dispassion'd role of Buddha the Lord,
Penances of the Sages unhorified. 35

Harvests of experiences, penances
Dissertations on the deep Truth
Leader's potency to edit, multiply
Got illustrated with Mohan's birth. 36

No screen separates
You from me or them,
Ethics of the masses
Are one and the same. 37

The world be caressed
With devotion alone
May this pursuit e'er
Find its echo and tone. 38

With one's own body and heart
Tribulations don't behove
Body is to harness labour
Heart to pray and love. 39

MAN THOU CAN

This Buddha saw under the Tree,
And this underlay the Geeta,
O, think over this, you all,
Countrymen of Rama and Seeta. 40

True, gigantic was not
Mohan's vision of State
Such as has of late,
Here, there, arisen. 41

But intact are the entities of
Each hearth, each home,
Peoples' personal vocations
Safe in each for man and his home. 42

Let not the State alone,
Propagate and transact,
For the masses then get inert,
And State doesn't interact. 43

Democracy or the State
Are means to human welfare
State be no end in itself
Here, there, everywhere. 44

MAN THOU CAN

The masses be bubbling,
The State no mere burden,
Masses no abegging
With State just a token.

45

Many wild variations
Have the democracy corroded,
The original features in these
Forms have surely faded.

46

Masses be enjoined on
To till and sow garden with sweat
State be mere care taker
And medium of all feat.

47

Neither apart nor separable
Are the State and the masses.
Flowers bloom, Leaves sprout
Of a single Tree with foliage.

48

Whether history turns over its pages,
Or civilisation uncovers its folds,
Or the wise, the Sages
Count the deeds manifold.

49

MAN THOU CAN

The man, the full, the real Man
Is discernible only today,
The eyes are pleased most
And heart is happy and gay.

50

MAHATMA'S FASTS

**Gandhiji fasted on 32 occasions
for a total of 159 days.**

THE HOURS ARE VIOLET



ప్రదోష కాలము

THE SIXTH CANTO

షష్ఠ కాండము

MAN THOU CAN

THE HOURS ARE VIOLET

Cries multiple on the Yamuna banks
For 'the light has gone out'
Scars sad on human hearts
The gem of mankind is lost.

1

In the deep layers of Earth
Pain and sorrows are embedded
In the throats' cries and pangs
For ones' dear separated.

2

Those who should have merried
Are tossed between sighs of anguish
And in the cinders, smoke of sighs
Like embers they now perish.

3

Memories ignite the fire
The fire of deep Lamentations,
Nectar even changes into poison
In the pangs of Separations.

4

MAN THOU CAN

None hath the bliss of Ignorance
Life is ephemeral, death certain
How can the man collect courage
Hours are forlorn and vain.

5

Tears well out with reasons
And not as mere water,
The marks on the cheeks
Glisten like liquid drops.

6

Deep afflictions of the heart
Rise in waves after waves,
When life is laden with pain,
In agony man rants and raves.

7

This affliction is intense, deep
The heart burns in flames
The bloods in the arteries
Change into icy flakes.

8

Throat is choked, voice
Broken, blurs and fades
Sighs swell like tides
On eye's banks, all our sighs.

9

MAN THOU CAN

The sand and dust of places
When he walked the Earth
Shine in their lustre
While tears from my eyes drop. 10

In these ashes, in this Earth
Lies asleep his image,
Karuna has put on his form
For his form has become a mirage. 11

Why does the current of tearfalls
Break the ground like blades
The world appears a deserted hovel
With loss of emeralds and jades. 12

The lover, companion of Man
Is lost from life;
And so the world is coloured
With anguish, sorrow and strife. 13

The hours of the evening depress
The petals of flowers wilted
In the growing hours of gloom
The notes of life are muffled. 14

MAN THOU CAN

Earth in deep anguish
Has cried out in sobs,
Fear, lament, tremors
The silences of birds symbolise.

15

The Whole of the world
Is getting lost on the sands of Time
No light, yea, darkness
Envelopes every chime.

16

The green has lost its greenness
The wind its velocity
The flowers their honey,
The birds their melody.

17

Bitter the hours of the evening,
The blood deep in the Sun's light,
The earth emits flames intermittently,
While the dew drops lose their traces.

18

The lids of the eyes are overflown
The waves beat on the eye's banks,
The dread, the darkness is
Swelling from all flanks.

19

MAN THOU CAN

Countless are people behind
And many books, many scriptures
And in the hills, caves and forests
Sages with sagas of long ventures.

20

Let them bring back this man to life
With their powers hoary
Lest the human meditations
Get shorn of their glory.

21

O, ye sons of Adam,
Sages, Manu the law-maker,
Ye are deceived constantly
By the serpent, the evil-doer.

22

The death of Socrates with poison
Christ on the Crucifix
The arrow in Krishna's feet
All lead up to this.

23

Cries, cries and cries
Not simply at Mohan's passing away,
The sorrow is old, eternal
For Ignorance once again has its sway.

24

MAN THOU CAN

Cries, cries and cries
Not at annihilation by the Demon
But that this Demon is no other
Than a brother of our own. 25

Cries, cries and cries
Not simply at Mohan's departure
But that a holy Image
Has been crucified and tortured. 26

Till now had descended on our earth
Gods and deities from the skies,
Or equipped with divine glories
Prophets of no ordinary size. 27

And we have looked with dismay
At what they displayed here;
The earth changed into worthy places
With their magic touch everywhere. 28

The man, the full man,
Man the most supreme
Blessed the earth, and blessed
All men fulfilled. 29

MAN THOU CAN

The real man of this universe
Is now beyond man's purview,
The poets sing, the rest weep
With tears in lieu.

30

But tears are unbehoved
For he did not weep,
The seer had crossed with no pause
The vast stretches of death's deep.

31

The light of knowledge is not out
Man's jewels are n't lost,
For the promise will be undying,
The gift of the world after all loss.

32

This trait is so nascent
That it multiplies,
And in it the progress
Of the world itself lies.

33

The Sun never sets
Only half the globe is dark
With new radiance and lustre
The Sun ever comes back.

34

MAN THOU CAN

This Sun of the people
Ever radiant in our recesses
Will transmit light all the while
In our conflicts and abysses.

35

Man has ever crossed
Hurdles of tempests and deserts
And forged ahead
Despite sores in feet and fetters.

36

When the whole vacuum did assume form
Many lives were born,
Primitive, Stone, Iron, Machine Ages
Are harvests of progress, yea, corn.

37

And when appeared the human form.
Cast away was the animals' norm
Man will never stop
On this path, millions be the thorn.

38

Reduced the ashes in the Sunbeams
Will retort anger and scorn
Sects will merge in the whole
As comforting as the morn.

39

MAN THOU CAN

Earths' fears and tremors will
Cease to strike us as the dilemmas' horn
Man will march in strides
Of fear, fatigue and foe shorn.

40

Not one or ever the many
But all will here flower,
Like rain, air, soil, water
Sarvodaya does grant power.

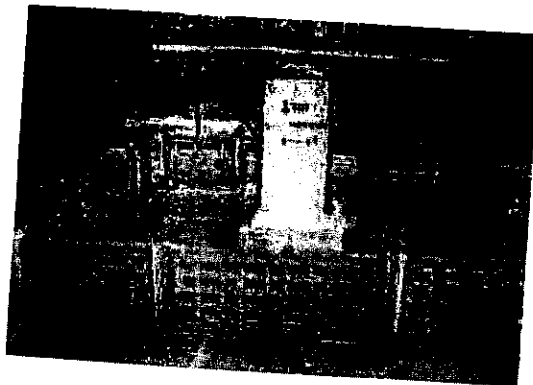
41

Man will ascend the summit
Breaking through narrow confines
With devotion to our Man
He will break all demarcating lines.

42

Lo, the poet plays upon the flute
And rouses the soul from slumber
Prayers resound for ever, far, long
The afflicted birds' notes in number.

43



BLISS IS MORN - ORANGE



ఆనందపు తొలిసంజ కెంజాయ

THE SEVENTH CANTO

సప్తమ కాండము

MAN THOU CAN

BLISS IS MORN - ORANGE

My songs are musical
Not because these are superior
My metres are vocal
For these are the voices clear 1

Of one whose truth is immortal
And who had walked on this earth
The earth parched and dry
Giving himself to fire and no mirth. 2

I the humble, he the nobly high
I not a poet crafty,
Lo, he of universal import
Of issues and virtues lofty. 3

I the small, he the great
This poetry is indelible,
For it gives vent to
Thoughts and probe unassailable. 4

MAN THOU CAN

Truth has n't dawned fully yet
On the learned men and women.
All companions have yet to be
Freed from fear and pain.

5

Many images awesome and big
On pedestals are vain
The rulers are yet submerged
In lust and powers disdain.

6

Not yet on one bank
Do all creatures share life's water
And myriad persons lead
Lives of burden and sordid matter.

7

My songs are musical
Not because these are excellent
My metres have harmony
For the very theme is vibrant.

8

There need be no doubt
Whether God or Man be our Idol
Simple, single be the desire
To sacrifice oneself at others' call.

9

MAN THOU CAN

With care and with labour
We must the ugly and dross fight.
And follow 'the lead' given
So 'kindly' by Mohan's 'light'.

10

And ceaselessly discover
The Lord, the God among the masses
Without rancour or ill-will
And with no vile malice.

11

So the poet finds the Lord in the people
Hopes have arisen and caused wide ripple
The world has reform'd itself
So has the poetry evolv'd itself.

12

Russel now echoes in voice multiple
The poet finds the Lord in the people
This Spirit moves the world organisation
Sure about peace, sure on foundations.

13

Tensions lessen'd, relighted the temple
The poet finds the Lord in the people
Neither in nuclear bursts
Nor in savage thrusts

14

MAN THOU CAN

Nor ever in war is bliss possible
The Poet finds the Lord in the people,
All life is given and sustained
And so is the knowledge gained
When Sunlike our Man releases beams innumerable
The poet finds the Lord in the people. 15

That terse pledge is now our sweet vow
Conduct this campaign afar, afar
Remember even in mud and squalor
Springs up soft-petalled flower. 16

And roses bloom among the thorns,
Flowers of numerous kinds and colour
That terse pledge is now our sweet vow
Conduct this campaign afar, afar. 17

Remember this much alone
The heavy steps don't grass blades devour
Over the sick and the afflicted alike
Honey of words, melody of verse, nectar shower. 18

For only through forbearance and love
We can visualise God the Sire,
That terse pledge is now our sweet vow
Conduct this campaign with heart's desire. 19

MAN THOU CAN

Unique is this philosophy of equity
Distributing possessions among fraternity
Blood-oriented changes are of no utility
Unique is this philosophy of equity. 20

This vision of Mohan is new
For ours, for everyone's view
This gift is born of realisation
And sacrifice, nothing in lieu. 21

Unique is this philosophy of equity
Distributing possessions among fraternity
This vision of Mohan is new
For ours, for everyone's' view. 22

Unique is this philosophy of equity
Distributing possessions among fraternity
This vision of Mohan is new
For ours, for everyone's' view. 23

Imposter is he who
Trades on Mohan's name,
But have patience, for
Gets exposed sooner or later this game. 24

MAN THOU CAN

He who thinks of his self
Of seizing power and pelf
He need not trade on his name
And shine in reflected fame. 25

With nerves and feet strong
The pledge when gets fulfilled
And the evil is faced
The real Man is revealed. 26

And he alone can take this name
Let others be confined to their game
Others who have conflicting minds
Impulsive, convulsive all the times. 27

Those who renounce with no whimper
Love the masses without clamour
They, the blessed persons, even in power
Are entitled to the names' glamour. 28

On this names' string
They alone should harp,
Who are n't stuffed with
Either evil or anger sharp
For its' a solemn pledge
Firmer and surer on the times' edge. 29

MAN THOU CAN

Sprung up from our own structure
Is this fountain of sweet nectar

It's of this age,
topical,

But of all ages,
temporal;

It asketh for
nothing

But entreaty sweet
and eternal.

30

Potent to make us soar higher
Is this fountain of sweet nectar.

It is
the crown,

Of real
renown.

May this voice
be never
drown'd

No more of pining for beings of the world other
Is this fountain of sweet nectar.

31

Sing, ye poet, sing only of love
Adam has come and gone from earth,
Only after proving equity of birth,
Sages, only this trance 'll behove.

32

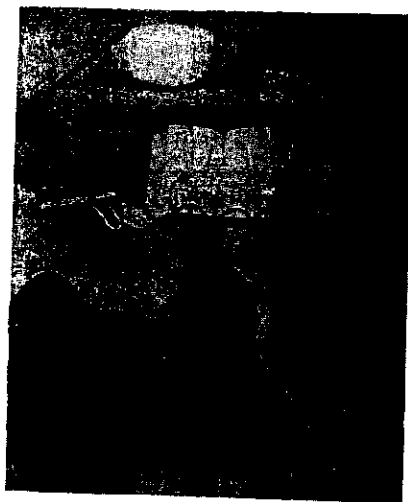
MAN THOU CAN

Sing, ye poet, sing only of love
We rose at his call,
And will brook no fall
Fly, here, celestial songsters as dove.

33

Sing, ye poet, sing only of love,
Ever noble and true
This man faced death in lieu
Consume thyself for all and globe
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love.

34



MAN THOU CAN

ANNOTATIONS MAN THOU CAN

The Central figure, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, Symbolises the immense possibilities of Man who can all by himself do what has been hitherto mostly assigned to ethereal beings. Miracles of Science offer no contradictions to it, nay, illustrate it. For spiritualism and materialism are apart only in pursuit of objectives : efforts to perceive and shape the sublime or even transcribe its thrill are spiritual, but those which tend to aggrandise the self, the ugly and the sordid, definitions of which are all clear become materialistic. So any efforts at human amelioration, emancipation, redemption are not materialistic, in the sense or associations commonly entertained. And rituals are also not religion. Righteous conduct, bliss for all, is religion. So is the case with spiritualism. There is God in Man thereby. God is Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipotent in each atom, in each element, in each sphere. Man the earth's Supreme creation, has simply to discover Him, feel Him here, there everywhere. So did the Upanishads speak as also the Bible, the Kuran, the Geeta, the Granth Saheb. So have the poets sung in all sublime poetry and so have the songsters harped upon one familiar chord. For God is the most vocal symbol Man has ever conceived, the symbol of the bliss, the Truth, ever noble, ever high, ever beautiful, knowing no distinction. True, this symbol has acquired the local tones of expression, inevitable with human speech and arts, but there has been a unification of vision even behind camouflages of imagery.

The urge in Man to attain Godhood is his inborn urge and when more than one this urge is realised by peoples, there are born states or organs of human welfare, when this urge is in throess of fulfilment, there are trials, tribulations, upheavals. And when this urge is overwhelmed with a choice for the vile, the immediate gratifications of self, there is chaos, massacre, organised war. But through all these Stages it is Man who gets and sees through, none else, man the single, man the many, men in unison.

AN THOU CAN

EXPLANATIONS

Incarnadined

Multitudinous :

The indigo masters
with servants:

Truth an enormous
evergreen tree:

The book that Ruskin wrote: Ruskin influenced Mahatma most.

The light has gone out:

Russell echoes in
throats multiple:

Spirited is this
organisation:

Unique is this philoso-
phy of equity:

The Shakespearean words from the post -mur-
der speech of Macbeth.

For full five years while working as a public
servant in Champaran, the poet was privileged
to come across many persons who had worked
with mahatma; had heard stories, not accounted
for elsewhere, stories of Mahatma's zeal iron-
will and tenacity. Of many such stories is one
rendered into verse here.

Based on Mahatma's own imagery in "My Ex-
periments With Truth".

The words of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, relayed
on air when Mahatma was no more.

The great philosspber and writer, Bertrand
Russel had campaigned against nuclear explo-
sions and dangers and only in October, 1965
on getting disillusioned, tore into pieces his card
of the Labour Party and what a coincidence!
He did all this in Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Lon-
don.

On the debris of the League of Nations has
sprouted a benign tree, the United Nations,
which has surely maintained and upheld the
cause of peace in this strifetorn, fear-struck
world.

The campaigns, marches and exhortations of
Vinoba, Jay Prakash Narayan are extensions
of the Mahatma's vision of equality among all.

MAN THOU CAN

Introduction to NAMES IN THE VERSE

Manu	—	The Prime Man, law-maker.
Adam	—	The Prime Man, centrally portrayed in Milton's Paradise Lost.
Eve	—	Adam's spouse.
Rama	—	Synonym for God in Hindu mythology
Janaki or Seeta	—	Rama's spouse.
Lava, Kusa	—	Twin Sons of Rama and Seeta.
Ravana	—	The ruler of Lanka, ten-headed, who was slain by Rama.
Valmiki	—	The poet who wrote in Sanskrit "Ramayana"
Menka	—	The Damsel from the Indra's Court who enticed Vishvamisra the Sage.
Krishna	—	Lord Krishna of the Mahabharata epic, whose enunciations are contained in Bhagavat - Geeta, a part of the same epic.
Kauravas	—	The hundred brothers, agnates to the Pandvas, but who waged war with the latter and usurped their rights.
Socrates	—	The Greek philosopher and wisest man who was administered poison.
Helen	—	The great beauty of Troy, cause of the Trojan War.
Mahavir	—	The Lord of the Jains.
Buddha	—	Lord Buddha, whose tenets are profound in the name of Buddhism.
Mary	—	Virgin mother of Jesus the Christ.
Christ	—	Jesus the Christ.
Chanakya	—	Known as Kautilya, wrote "Arthashastra", the great diplomat - statesman.
Asoka	—	Asoka the Emperor, who embraced Buddhism in remorse after the conquest of Kalinga.
Muhammad	—	The Prophet.
Kabir	—	Saint, Poet.
Nanak	—	The founder of Sikhism, a saint, poet.

మనిషీ నీకసాధ్యమేది!

- | | |
|-------------|---|
| Akbar | -- Akbar the Emperor, who was the first to inculcate Hindu - Muslim oneness, the founder of a cult, Din-e- Illahi. |
| Rana Pratap | -- The Maharana of Chittor, who did not accept Akbar's suzerainty, took the vow to sleep on straw- bed and eat on leaf-dish till he regained his sovereignty. |
| Rousseau | -- The great French writer, whose analysis is said to have sparked off the French Revolution. |
| Napoleon | -- The great warrior of French who ultimately crowned him self as the Emperor. |
| Marx | -- Karl Marx, propagator of Marxism, gave altogether a new direction to political thinking and State activities. |
| Ibsen | -- The Great dramatist, forerunner of realism in literature. |
| Ruskin | -- The thinker, the writer of the book " Unto The Last" cast profound influence on Mahatma. |
| Darwin | -- The revolutionary writer, whose theories dealt severe shocks to old ideas of evolution of life on the earth. |
| Freud | -- The master psychoanalyst, whose theory of libido was another shock to age old human conceptions. |
| Lenin | -- The father of Soviet Russia. |
| Rajkumar | -- A simple farmer of Champaran, Rajkumar Shukla at whose entreaty Mahatma came to Champaran. |
| Tilak | -- The leader of the Congress. |
| Gokhale | -- The political mentor of Mahatma. |
| Malviya | -- A political leader of eminence, established Varanasi University. |
| Kasturba | -- Mahatma's wife and ardent follower. |
| Mani, Durga | -- Two prominent women disciples of Mahatma. |
| Hitler | -- The Feuhrer, the persecutor of the Jews and one who precipitated the Second World War in 1939. |
| Mohan | -- Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi |

MAN THOU CAN

EXCERPTS

SOCIETY TODAY AND TOMORROW

(Readings in Social Science)

Edited by *Elgin F. Hunt* and *Jules Karlin*.

"Future man, whom the scientists tell us they will produce in no more than a hundred years, seems to be possessed by a rebellion against human experience as it has been given, a free gift from nowhere (secularly speaking), which he wishes to exchange, as it were, for something he has made himself. There is no reason to doubt our abilities to accomplish such an exchange, just as there is no reason to doubt our potentiality to destroy all organic life on the earth. The question is only whether we wish to use our new scientific and technical knowledge in this direction".

"The modern age is not the same as the modern world. Scientifically, the modern age which began in the seventeenth century, came to an end at the beginning of the twentieth century; politically, the modern world, in which we live to-day was born with the first atomic explosion".

HANNAH ARENDT

(Prologue to "The Shape of the Future Man")



"We can draw now the bony skeleton of any industrial society in the year, 2000. It may be a world society or a City State; it may live in a settled place or still under the threat of war; it may be democratic or totalitarian. Whatever it is, I believe that life in it will have certain large features..... We cannot escape the large bony features; atomic energy, biological control, automation. But the body of society is not all bone; a good many different bodies clothe that skeleton".

J. BRONOWSKI

"Planning for the year 2000"



మనిషీ నీకసాధ్యమేది!

"Nor, given the prevalence of physical poverty in the backward nations and of psychological poverty in all nations, is the pre-eminence of materialistic drives and goals to be wondered at. In sum, to-day as in the past, the half-educated, half- emancipated state of human society assures that there will be a long confirmation of the violence, the instability, the blatant injustice, which are the most grievous aspects of the human tragedy. This is the true heritage of the human conditions, and its bitter tragedy.

"To raise these dark thoughts is not to sermonize that man is wicked or to avoid the conclusion that some men are much more guilty than others. Neither is it to maintain that there is no hope for a betterment of the human condition. On the contrary, there is to-day a greater long- term prospect for such betterment than humanity has ever known before."

ROBERT L. HEIBRONER

(The Heritage of the Human Condition)



MAN THOU CAN

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE

Chester Bowles

"In 1947 when the British decided to quit India, it was hard not to conclude that this little man, weighing scarcely 110 pounds, armed if at all with a walking stick and the weapon of **Satyagraha** was in large measure responsible. Nor was there any doubt that the friendship between India and Britain, on which a reconstituted Commonwealth was based, owed much of its foundation to the weapons with which Gandhi had carried on the struggle.

"Yet, despite this extra-ordinary success, Gandhi was far away from the scene of celebration on Independence Day, August, 15, 1947, spending his time instead in fasting, spinning and in prayer. For him the partition of India, and the terrible fratricidal riots which succeeded it had meant failure. "Visisect me, but not India", he had cried.

"On January 30, 1948 ten days after he had broken the fast, he was shot three times and killed while walking unguarded to his regular prayer meeting. Despite threats from fanatic Hindus, and a bomb thrown at him a few days before, he had refused police protection. When Gandhiji's ashes were emptied seaward into the Ganges, more than four million people were gathered there on the river bank, Some say more human beings assembled on that day than on any other occasion in history. The King's representative in the United Nations, in mourning the death of the "the friend of the poorest and the loveliest and the lost", predicted that "Gandhi's greatest achievements are still to come". General Mac Arthur, then the Supreme Allied Military Commander in Japan said, "In the evolution of civilisation, if it is to survive, all men cannot fail eventually to adopt Gandhi's belief that the process of mass application of force to resolve contentious issues is fundamentally not only wrong but contains within itself the germs of self- destruction". It may be argued that Gandhi exercised power more successfully, with more lasting effects, than any of his revolutionary contemporaries. Did he not bring about the best and most complete revolution the 20th Century had seen? Was it too much to hope that in the age of the hydrogen bomb, Gandhi's revolution might become the model for the remaining revolutions of the Century?



మనిషీ నీకసాధ్యమేది!

LITERARY OPINIONS

The poem, 'Man Thou Can' by Badri Narain Sinha, of the Indian Police Service is remarkable for its clarity, sincerity and natural grace. It is not just a poetical biography of Gandhiji whose life was his message and who was himself a true poem. It also portrays a significant period of modern Indian history and breathes life into it. The sufferings of the Indigo cultivators of Champaran district have been vividly described in a few stanzas but with telling effect. There is a fusion of Romantic spontaneity and classical high seriousness in the poem. The moralising emotion of the poem reminds one of Gray's Elegy :

Truth is such an enormous evergreen tree
That when nursed it yields many a bloom
And its hymn so transcendental altogether
The peoples require the store of wisdom.

The poem is a triumph of idealism and sensibility. Our only regret is that the poet passed away ere his prime and did not live to see it in print --
Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight.
And burned is Apollo's Laurel bough.

Arun Mustafi

Head of the Dept. of English
Ranchi College, Ranchi.



I welcome this poetical biography of Mahatma Gandhi as a significant contribution to Gandhian literature. The author was both a man of action and a man of feeling. This epic in miniature is an inspiring invocation of the spirit of Gandhi as an apostle of truth and non-violence. The title at once arrests attention for it suggests how Gandhi the man could attain divinity by his capacity to transcend human limitations in his supreme urge to maintain the dignity of man. Shri Anandvardhan Sinha deserves all praise for bringing to light this valuable composition of his illustrious father - Shri Badri Narain Sinha. The work reflects rare literary gifts in one who had distinguished himself as a custodian of law and order.

Prof. Kalika Ranjan Chatterjee

Dept. of English
Bihar University, Muzaffarpur

MAN THOU CAN

అభినందించినారు. ఆ హరిజనవాడ చక్కగా పరిశుభ్రంగా ఉన్నదని, దానిలో ఒక సహకారసంఘము, ఒక దేవాలయము, మంచినీటి సౌకర్యాలు ఉన్నాయని చెప్పి గాంధీజీ తమ సంతుప్తిని వెలిబుచ్చినారు.

సరిగా ఈ సమయంలో జనం ఒత్తిడి ఎక్కువ కావడంవల్ల సభలో అలజడి కలిగింది. వెంటనే గాంధీజీ సన్మానపత్రాన్ని వేలం వేసి సభా కార్యక్రమం ముగించినారు.

“ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్‌లో గాంధీజీ పర్యటన”

సంపాదకులు : కొడాలి అంజనేయులు

తెలుగు అకాడమి - హైదరాబాదు ప్రచురణ - 1978

Gandhiji's Tours in Cuddapah District

Brief Note

- ★ Mahatma Gandhiji's visit on 28th September 1921 during Non-cooperation movement was a significant event in Cuddapah district. People from far and near numbering about 40,000 flocked to Cuddapah town. A bonfire was made of the foreign cloths thrown by the people who gathered to listen to the Mahatma who spoke first in Urdu and then in English. Gandhiji exhorted the people to donate generously their wealth in aid of drought relief in Cuddapah district.
- ★ In 1929, Gandhiji, under whose Chairmanship of the "Foreign Cloth Boycott Committee" was constituted, once again visited Kondapuram, Mangapatnam, Muddanur, Chilamkuru, Nidijuvvi, Yerraguntla and Proddatur in this district on 17th May, 1929. Srimati Kasturibabai Gandhi accompanied him during the visit. Gandhiji appealed to the people to discard foreign cloth and remove the evil of untouchability. He toured from 9 P.M to 11 P.M and after night halt at Proddatur left the next morning for Chagalamarri.
- ★ Gandhiji again visited Cuddapah early in 1933- 1934 as part of the Civil Disobedience campaign. He reached Cuddapah at 7.30 P.M on 31st December, 1933 and spent the New Year's Day of 1934 here. On 2.1.1934 at 6 P.M. he opened the Swadeshi Emporium. Then he went to see the Municipal Scavengers' colony and then addressed public meeting at Municipal High School.