

In the 1960s, The Illustrated Weekly of India published a number of G.V. Desani's "No Reason, No Rhyme" blank verse essays. The essays mingled a lively verbal travelogue with sharp commentary on prominent personalities, political and otherwise. References to slightly more famous poets were, as Desani might put it, obvious. Marginal notes were included with the original pieces.

NO REASON, NO RHYME

by G.V. DESANI

GAGARIN IN BOMBAY

March 1, 1964

*Space-Master! Ultra-man! Express-rider! Major of Army-Scarlet! Cosmonaught!
Vande! And welcome to Bombay.*

Speak you kindly of Kalbadevi to K, and of Girgaum, without fail, Gagarin!

* * *

*Of Mother India: and bhel puri, pan supari, puri kachori, chai pani, tandoori murga:
symbols all*

Of this city and land: as are Stalin and Leningrads great:

*And Vodka-superior; Berlin East-End; Cocktail Molotov; the other face of the Moon, et
cetera, et cetera.*

* * *

*Seer of curvature-Mundy! Scan well our Bhindi Bazar, the Market Crawford, and
Sewri-Sion*

*And O2 Express, and A3 Ltd., buses: racing to and fro from Flora and Fountain to
Byculla, Parel, Dakar, et cetera.*

And answer you, before you depart to Moskva, to lend luster to Lashkar-lal,

Which of the above-referred did you love most?

* * *

*Bought any Chyawanprash Avaleha, Makardhwaj, Badri Kedar genuine Shilajit?
Rejuvenators and tonics supreme....*

Did the Public Relations people get you any Brahmi Amala oil? Excellent for your hair....

Bought any Mylapore seed diamonds at most competitive rates?

Any lungis, dhotis, angavastram: saris for your lady? All at discount and no Foreign Exchange involvement....

*

*

*

Did you meet Annapurna Mrs. Munshi, Major?

Saw Lata Mangeshkar, Nargis, Sowcar Janaki, mm?

*

*

*

Fare thee well!

Vandana again! son and scion of Roos!

NOTES:

1. The excellent chorus of Moscow Radio sang in honor of the major: *"Guh! Guh! Gagarin!"*
2. It is recommended that the refrain might be sung with felicity while vocally rendering our verso (by at least 50 female voices, and with acknowledgment to Radio Moscow).

A DIRGE

Cock of thy clan, tyrant twice, to every bit of wood, food and hen of thy kind,

Free, unfettered, king of thy kin, in kitchin and abroad!

Approach thee by what meager means, device,

But by words, however poor, sorrowingly sung?

In thy decline, liest thou, on the floor, in Linghi Chetty St.,

As one vanquished, unwept of, unminded of by thy kith and kin,

Thy peace flown to the pitru loka, thy eye asleep, thy prāna abroad,

(Even as thither abroad is a dove).

*Yet, kindred spirit! In thy decline and sunset, thou didst bring tidings, a sign of
consoling*

(By being a rodanaheena shava!)

EN PASSANT

To the land of thy fathers, friend! Fare thee well!

Hurrah thrice, and safe conduct hence!

NOTES:

1. These lines were written for a *cockroach*, found stretched and dead, under the chair of an official, in the office of the Jt. Controller of Imports and Exports, Linghi Chetty Street, Madras-1, when I visited. It was on petty business.
2. The scene, inspired these two lines, moreover:
You there, W.B. Yeats! What is it like in Heaven? It is hell down here!

(Here. By that is meant Popham's Broadway, and Wall Tax road, Madras.)
3. *Pitru-loka* (land of fathers), *prāna* (vitalities), *rodanaheena svāhā* (a corpse over which nobody weeps – it is supposed to be a good omen, to see such a corpse).
4. Sanskrit words are used. There is a move to revive the language. One has seen certain names Sanskritized already. Su-Karna (after Karna of the *Mahabharata*) for President Sukarno and Moksha for Prof. Max Müller. Senapati Ayuh – for *ayushman* Gen. Sahib Ayub – might be considered. For consideration of scholars – with acknowledgement to Pt. Shyamananda Jha – the following forms are offered:

VARASHRAYAH (Viceroy)
GAVARNARAH (Governor)
KARATKARAH (Collector)
POLISHAH (Police)
SARAYANTRA (Sergeant)
VARISHTARAH (Barrister)
TWARAMAH (Tram)
DHARMAMITRAH (Thermometer)

5. A cockroach merits an elegy. This is his *karma*. Mr. E.V. Ramasami Naicker, the founder of the Dravidar Kazhagam, was weighed against onions, his favorite vegetable, at Lalgudi [Tamil Nadu state], on September 24, 1963. That is also *karma*. (Consider the others who have been weighed against gold, silver, etc., according to their *karma*.) An English racehorse aboard a Globemaster – being 'boisterous' – was shot in the mid-air by the Captain, dismembered, and unloaded from the air before reaching Santa Cruz Airport, Bombay, on or about September 26, 1963. That was his *karma*.

TRIBUTE

1. *Once yesterday, strife-avowed,*

*You acted against aghasted foe, and –
 In the course of't, caught red-handed –
 You were flown to France, at no cost, Ahmed ben Bella.
 Midst horned cry of Algere Francaise! and –
 The counter-cry of Yu! Yu! Yu! and –
 The Casbah cry of "Les Français ont tiré les premier!"*

* * *

2. *Much of much strife ensued thereafter in Algiers and out of't.
 Aught, need purpose, merit, and meaning whereof –
 Ignorantly callously – I knew not. And –
 Of such weird words as Willaya 4: and –
 Such names as M. Belkacem Krim (cream?), Vice-Premier.*

3. *And what headlines there were!*

"Saharawise Atom blasted!"

World Press

"Attempt upon ma General!"

Associated Press

"Le grand Charles defied! Army revolted!"

United Press

"Kommonishch Marketen Kunster Karl der Gross: 'Non!' 'Nein!' 'Navarre!"

West German Press

"General Sahib par hamla ho gaya!"

Hindustani Press

"Dee Gol mate teejo bum! Plastik mario!"

Gujarati Press

"SAO assassinwalla belong damfool! No shooting savvy!"

Pidgin English Press

* * *

4. *All that action-packed reporting let to naught for me, stupid creature that I am.
 And –
 Dispatches from Mercedes Bonker, Correspondent,
 Meant nothing at all, Ahmed ben Bella. And –
 Six-foot tall: de Gaulle.*

* * *

5. *But, Rafik [Rafik Saïfi]! Hero-mine!
 It was your name, my silky-sweet!*

*The music thereof, O Ahmed ben Bella!
That was all Algeria summed!
Incomparable! Lovely! Sheerest sheer!*

*

*

*

6. *Bells rink in my ears.
Tinkling sounds of Nippon lantern chimes.
Silken strands, too, I see: pale, primrose, gold, grass-green, aye –
And illumed jade, afired, sea-green: as stilled sea, as aquamarine.
All that, and more, when I have uttered, and heard uttered, “Ahmed ben Bella”.
O Ahmed ben Bella! My Ahmed ben Bella!*

PS.

*Of the baffling questions, one is among,
Why wasn't Salan [Raoul Albin Louis Salan] hung?*

NOTES:

1. *Algere Francaise!* The French nationalist in Algeria asserted his claims with this cry.
2. *Yu! Yu! Yu!* Algerian women's cry of defiance.
3. *Les Français...* “The French fired first!”
4. M. Belkacem Krim was recently reported as “out of Algeria and M. Hocine Aït Ahmed as underground. (The name is sometimes spelt as *Hussein* – for *Hocine* – but that might be a vestige of Algerian subtlety.)
5. *Ma General, le grand Charles, Kommonisch Marketen Kunster* (common market artist) Karl der Gross, General de Gaulle.
6. M. Ahmed ben Bella, the author of the political theory (election basis, *Yes, No*) called Ben Bellaism, and President (when these lines were written, Premier) of Algeria. His Excellency recently asked, “What are 10,000 intriguers against 12,000,000 Algerians?” With the utmost deference, if I may hazard, the answer is, “10,000 intriguers”.
7. *Rafik [Rafiq]*. Persian for *friend*.
8. General Salan, formerly of SAO, anti-de Gaulle underground movement.

G. V. D.

SAHUKAR VAKYAM SUTRA

ADDRESSED TO U THANT

January 1, 1967

*The little boy next door has reached the little boy mature age
In token whereof, he urges upon all and sundry, "Me, too! Me, too!"
And I am struck anew (and all over) with the wisdom and wonder of't:
(Child's wisdom seems maturer than man's – pardon the allusion, Alexander Pope.)*

(II)

*In Rangoon, they say, "I'll never be a U Thant! I'll never be a U Thant!"
"Me, too! Me too!" (say the boy, and I).*

(III)

*"Everybody is a son of money!" voices the merchant man next door
Saying in his own wisdom and idiom that all succumb to money:
Advises accordingly, "Tighten the management! Tighten the management!"*

(IV)

*No more – Hindustan, Pakistan, Kurdistan, Afghanistan, Pashtunistan!
(Is there a country called that yet, my U Thant?)
and wipe off the map, England, Holland, Ireland, Switzerland, Poland, Finland!
No more Belgium, no Borneo, Iran, Irian, Cyprus, Ceylon!
Fiji, Japan, Kuwait (why wait?)
No Mahé, no Dahomey, Gabon, Rwanda, Burundi, Trinidad, Tobago! (Go, go!)
Malagasy, Syria, Israel, Libya (ad libia?), U.S.A., U.S.S.R. ... and all!*

(V)

*Instead, ein volk, ein soil, ein U.N., ein Secretary-General!
One World, one Nation, and everybody happy!
"Me, too! Me, too!" (say the boy, and I).*

(VI)

*Pride of Burma! Two-timer! Shwe Bama!
You perfect duck, U Thant!
Tighten the management! and Tighten the management!
(The magga to attain that ideal is money, money, money!)
HOMBRE LO SIENTO MUCHO!*

(VII)

*Money to go merry, money to die, money to merge ...
Money to emerge (from the womb to the colonial yoke to nationhood...)
To World Government, my U Thant!
Money to go high! Money to sink low!
Money to make! Money to spend!
Money for war and money for Peace!
Money! Money! Money! Money!*

(VIII)

*Buy, bribe, fix! Ambassador! Agitator! Agent!
For the sake of Peace, U Thant! My U Thant!
Savvy does it U Thant!
Accept this pearl of Wisdom from the East (from the Indian merchant classes – the
Sahukar Vākyam Sutra).
He is a son of money! I am a son of money!
We are all sons of money!
Sons of one Mother! The mightiest manifestation of them all!
HOMBRE LO SIENTO MUCHO!*

(IX-X)

*And good luck to us all for the New Year!
You good lucky! Me good lucky! He good lucky! She good lucky! They good lucky!
We all good lucky! (“Me, too! Me, too!” so say us all!)
HOMBRE LO SIENTO MUCHO! (repeat)
HOMBRE LO SIENTO MUCHO!*

NOTES:

- (II) *U Thant*: His Excellency the Secretary-General of the United Nations. (The name, to accord with the Burmese phonology, should be pronounced *Oo Tha'*: a nasal terminal, *t* being almost mute.)
- (III) *Everybody is a son of money!*": This basic statement of the Indian merchant classes asserts that all men and actions – including peacemaking among the nations – can be decisively influenced by money (since “Everybody is a son of money” – Money being everybody’s High Mother, in High Mother image).
- “Tighten the management!”*: An Indianism of commercial origin. It asserts that those in charge of affairs – in this case, the U.N. Secretary-General – taking the fact (Money our Mother) into account, should reorganize (*‘tighten’*) their organizations (*‘management’*) accordingly.
- (IV) *“No more Hindustan, Pakistan...”*": If total peace is achieved, there would be no justification for having these countries, since there would be *one* (*ein*,

German) country or nation, namely, the World. (The ancient Indian Sanskrit for the world, *Jagat*, is recommended. If *Jagat* comes into being, His Excellency might be vested with the title *Jagatguru* (*guru*, teacher)

(V) “...*Ein volk*”: The ideal of *one Jagat* and *one* government envisages *one* (*ein*) folk (*volk*) and *one Jagat* court – *ein habeas corpus*, *ein writ certiorari* – and *ein* police, *ein* confrontation, *ein Jagat* army, navy, air, underwater and space force, and *ein* aid.

(VI) *Two-timer*. Is obvious. This is His Excellency’s second term in office. *Perfect duck*: An affectionate descriptive of the future *Jagatguru Bama shwe*: His Excellency, being good as gold is also – and aptly – Burmese (*Bama*) gold (*shwe*).

“*Hombre, lo siento mucho!*”: Spanish colloquial phrase, literally, “Man, I feel deeply!” Because the poet feels deeply, he points at the *Way* (*magga*, Pali; Sanskrit *mārga*, way.)

(VIII) “*Buy, bribe, fix!*”: As the climax to the argument, it is suggested that H.E. the Secretary-General of the U.N. employ money to *buy, bribe* – as an instrument of policy for peacekeeping. The use of the vulgarism ‘*fix*’ is regretted, but we are dealing with vulgar things.

Sahukar Vākyam Sutra. The *Sutra* is contained in the statement, “*Everybody is a son of money!*” (*Sahukar* – the fortunate one; *Vākyam* – spoken by; *Sutra* – an aphorism, a statement.)

Further clarification. Dr. ..., President of ..., an emerging African state, after issuing the order for the ouster of the local Chinese mission, alleged that the sum of £ sterling – million was offered for his country as a consideration “for recognition” of the Chinese Government. Although no surprise to us – the alleged incident supports our *Sutra* – a few pertinent questions might be asked, strictly in the interest of future Indian historical studies. Did the Government of India, under the late Shri Nehru’s leadership, one of the *first* to recognize Shri Chairman Mao’s Government, know that there was money in it? If so, why was not the formidable Indian merchant-class talent – Marwari, Sindhi, Gujarati, Chettiar, Khoja – commissioned and charged with the task of negotiating a price with the Chinese mission in New Delhi?

ADDENDA:

Doubting Thomas: How do you propose that your suggestion be carried out?

By collecting a fund, sir.

From whom?

The *world* community, sir. A mite each from the millions and millions of human beings. It would be a genuine people's program.

Who pays the cost of collecting?

The post offices of the world can do this free. It would be a small price to pay for security and peace. The post offices need security and peace as much as you and I, sir.

Who will decide on the amount to be paid to an aggressor in order to prevent aggression?

The U.N. Secretary-General, sir.

Are you not living in a fool's paradise?

No, sir.

Are you not suggesting bribery, corruption, actually putting a premium on dishonesty, brigandage, war-mongering?

It is in a good cause, sir.

Isn't there something to be said for ends and means?

The world is changing, sir. Other means have been tried.

I see your point. If I may say so, you yourself qualify for the title *Jagatguru*.

I am only a humble servant, sir, who wants nothing for himself. But if the world wants to honor a humble servant, there is nothing to prevent it. I rely on the good wishes of my friends....

“ ... IT’S THE JETS, AND NOTHING MORE”

May 8, 1967

*“Come to Quilon! Tryst me in Trivandrum!
“Marry me in Mambalam!” sang the Voice.
“But I have been to Quilon!” muttered I. “And to Trivandrum, to Mambalam, too!
“And...” (as Rabindranath Tagore Gurudev would have sung)
“I met you not!”*

II

*Ladki! Where are you?
Wherefore your disembodied voice, girl?
“Whereabouts in the space, where exactly in time
“This sibilance sweet?
“promising sport in Quilon, joys in Trivandrum, matrimony in Mambalam!”*

III

*For three years almost
(A day here or there of no import)
I sought the source of the Voice
Intent as a stalker apace
And found you at last!
Pinpointed in space, located in time!*

IV

*At Palam [now Indira Gandhi International Airport], at the airport of Palam!
Betwixt the belching jets (flying in the air of India!)
Betwixt the continuous consistent rush of sound,
The Voice sang to me again. “Come to Quilon...”
“It’s...” said I, realization dawning (in near-words and rhymes of Edgar A. Poe)
“... It’s the jets, and nothing more!”*

V

*Neither is it my doomsday, nor my raven bird,
That flew to him (quoted I Poe, extempore)
His silence unbroken, stillness giving him no token,
His soul within him burning, hearing tapping, somewhat louder than before,
All to let in a stately raven of saintly days of yore,
Now perched above his chamber door.*

*Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore,
To mind him, remind him, yet mind him of his lost Lenore.
And to whom said he (did Edgar A. Poe), the raven perched above his chamber door,
"Is there balm in Gilead – tell me – tell me, I implore!
"By that God we both adore, tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant
Aidenn..."
Would Poe (hypothetically) "... clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore.
"Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quothed him (thereupon) the raven, "Nevermore!"*

VI

*And towards the jetly stream proceeding, as close was safe proceeding.
(And unminded of the raised brows of a hostess [one of the mostes'] – a maiden mock-
Lenore,
And a raven-haired lackey, an air steward, so-named, eyeing me curiously,
furthermore).
Addressed I the winds, "I have been to Quilon, aye!
"Traveled to Trivandrum and moored in Mambalam,
"And I met, trysted and married you not!
"Clasped never a sainted maiden.
"Neither a radiant maiden, in Kerala's town and Aden.
"In Malayalam-speaking Malabar.
"Or in the silences golden, in the land that's olden,
"In the green and gilded land of Malabar.
("Or in the wastes of Mambalam, Madras.")*

VII

*Still whining, said I, "Everywhere in Kerala, for sure.
"...Clap and aftermath of the all-Barat rice shortage was there
("Though no food shortage for me, Voice! Having air-lifted my own coconuts, and
plantains, and tabloids of yeast and vitamins aplenty)
"And..." (further tributing the style of the Bard of Bengal, I lamented)
"...I met you not! I met you not!"*

VIII

*Palam! O Palam! Mayst I forget thee Palam!
Mayst I divorce thy shore! The farthest suburb of Del'high!
(So a Continental Eyetalian pronounced 'Delhi', aye),
And avoid me being betrayed in the waste lands of Indian South, Quilon et al.
Yet sang the Voice (as another jet winged by), more insistent, and regardless of it all.
(Dearest dear!) "Come to Quilon! Tryst me in Trivandrum! Marry me in Mambalam!"*

IX

*Nambudiris! O Nambudiris! Kerala Nambudiris!
Ye, search amidst' wood, dale and hill for the One in the Many,
And become Brahma-bhuta: one with the Supreme.
I have sought your cities, and Mambalam, seeking one among the Many,
But bar striking unfamiliar femininity, matrons a many,
I met no success, either in Quilon, or Trivandrum (or in the Mambalam, Madras).*

X

*Heed, O Nambudiris!
Heed this!
Heed the jets that soar in the air of India!
Heed the pilots, captains, the lot of you!
Heed the heads of all India!*

NOTES:

II *Ladki!* Lass! Girl!

IV Palam (airport, Delhi).

IV Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849): American poet.

V "By that God we both adore..." Poe offers no evidence that the raven, to whom he addressed the above words, adored (or was even aware of) the Deity, to justify Poe's "... we *both* adore."

The words in Roman (type)

*I owe
To Poe*

The excerpts are from his sorrowing 'Raven'. (In this land, excepting money and cows – but cows can be had with money – nothing's sacred.) Bard, your pardon, I crave.

IX Nambudiris: Brahmin of Kerala, South India. The first Shankaracharya was a great Nambudiri.)

"*One in the Many.*" The Vedantin – Nambudiri true to the tradition – seeks and sees *Brahman*, the Supreme, in the *manyfold* creation, hoping to become *Brahma-bhuta* (one with *Brahma*). (No offence intended. The slightest variation of the emphasis and *Brahma Bhuta* might be a synonym of *Brahma Pishacha* – and ex-Brahmin, become fiend, a goblin, etc. You pardon, O Nambudiris.)

X "Heed the pilots, captains..." An appeal to those responsible for flying the jet airlines to please run the jet engines of their planes only *after they are airborne* – in the interest of the sanity of those below. (For instance this susceptible vers-librist.)

X "Heed the heads of all India!" An exclamation (not to be taken literally).

Tail-end of an over the-garden-fence conversation with the boy next door:

"But, uncle, how can you talk to the winds?"

"Poe had communed with a bird."

"But that is different..."

"Schoolboys are not expected to understand the mind processes of us poets. Each has a public of his own. We have promises to keep."

"And miles to go before you sleep?"

"The *tone* of this conversation! From the theme of Poetic License to the tear jerkers of Robert Frost! Quote me Gen. Robert E. Lee next!"

"But, uncle..."

"Shurrrup! Buzz off! I am busy! I came out in the garden to revere the roses."

COME, OR CORRESPOND, EZRA POUND!

1967

*I will make a pact with you, Ezra Pound!
(Because you made a pact with Walt Whitman and) because,
For no reason at all, and because
To do something abnormal and extraordinary is a psychic necessity for us poets and
artists, and because
This is the declared International-Tourist-Year, you understand.*

II

*Lacking communication with the great, the images yielded by life hitherto have been
too too ordinary.
See here: the ketchup's on the shelf, the paraffin's in the tin, and
The rice's lost its 'pearling' (the grains do not separate as they did in Dun):
(How do you rhyme it? Dun with Maldoun? Rice with avarice? Dig the rhymes of that
lovely bloke O. Nash! 'Swoon' with "Rubies of Rangoon"!
That with 'Afternoon', "Daniel Boone", "Lorna Doone", 'Immune', "Governor Ruby La
Foon"!
And I will give you 'Moon', 'Loon', 'Khoon': and here's a shocker,
How do you rhyme 'illicit'? With 'felicity'? qua 'illicity' 'felicity'?
And, finally, how do you rhyme Nash? With cash? hash? mash? dash? lash? rash?)
Got a touch of rhyming, Pound! But all that too is too normal, too ordinary!*

III

*Ordinarily, too, frogs croak, because a neighbor's in farming, and he waters it,
Nothing heroic ever happens et all!
No peacock with sapphire fire upon't ever dances,
As one danced once, with the rose of daybreak around, about, upon and on all sides of
it
(as a sapphire set against a glowing sphere)
And the marble (upon which the peacock alighted for a dance) was splended too by
the winter sun
And the glittering river flowed past (coursing towards the sea)
And I had in my palm then the romance of all of Hindustan, in the span of an instant!
The East is East and the West ... notwithstanding.*

IV

*This is Hindustan International Tourist Year A.D. 1967: but
Spiders spin hereabout as ever they did: lizards race upon the ceilings,
Squirrels run and rump atop the roof, nois'ing it:
Mice have mastered my meager miniature coffee-state cottage,
The boy next door's chasing the pup Gonder (its name),
Hang it all, Pound!
What's extraordinary about that! And that!
Something abnormal and extraordinary must be done forthwith, and communication
established between poets, artists, space-limitation overcome, distance won!
So, come, Pound! or correspond!*

V

*I am set in South India and its disconcerting because
I do not know the languages of it (am burdened with the North Indian lingo, dialect, et
al)
(Yet I left Bengal, my last semi-permanent home, because they'd render 'Malay' as
'Maloy': 'Jai' as 'Joy' ("Joy Hind!"), and Sri 'Ajaya' as Sri 'Ajoy')
Here I don't know what they are saying at all, in
Tamil, Telugu, Kannada, Malayalam, lingo, dialect, et al!
Hang it all, Pound! Let's lean on English, and leave all other language altogether apart
and, at all!*

VI

*Now that T.S. Eliot has gone to heaven, do come (or correspond),
And so help me out of it all, gentle Pound!
To douse this melancholy, this sorry state of things,
This normality, this so ordinarily ordinary affair,
Eh, Pound!*

NOTES:

I: *"I will make a pact with you, Ezra Pound!"* Phrase acknowledged to Mr. Pound's
"I will make a pact with you, Whitman." (Ezra Pound, distinguished American poet,
to Walt Whitman, distinguished American poet.)

II: *Dun.* Dehra Dun, U.P., India. Dun rice is well known for its superior quality and
taste.

Maldoun. A common name.

O. Nash. Ogden Nash, American poet.

Khoon. Hindi for murder (*khoon*). Is obvious.

III: “*East is East...*” Phrase acknowledged to Rudyard Kipling, British poet.

Hindustan. Is obvious. India.

IV. “*Hang it all, Pound!*” Phrase acknowledged to Mr. Pound.

He has, “*Hang it all, Browning!*”

“*So, come, Pound! or correspond!*” To make a success of the International Tourist Year – and for other reasons cited – Mr. Pound is invited to come East, visit India, failing which, to correspond.

V: “*... Left Bengal because...*” etc. Is obvious. The writer is sensitive to phonological purity. “*Sri Ajoy*”, Chief Minister Sri Ajoy Mukherjee of Bengal. Further examples of the tendency, which may be cited, are: ‘*Borop*’ (Bengali for Hindi ‘*Baraf*’ – ice) and ‘*Poshom*’ (‘*Pasham*’, wool) and ‘*Ghodi*’ (Bengali for Hindi ‘*Ghadi*’ – watch). The tendency is not altogether without a certain virtue in the Indian context. In the course of a recent Lok Sabha debate, Sri Ram Sewak Yadav, M.P., recalled that the Chair had permitted Dr. R.M. Lohia to speak in Bengali (rather than in English or Hindi.) Thereupon Sri Bhattacharya, himself a Bengali, observed that Dr. Lohia’s Bengali was “*indistinguishable from Hindi*”. A recent All India Radio Hindi news broadcast carried “*...Bonus me’n katauti*” – for the English “*... Cut in (the) bonus,*” – the Hindi, in this case, being almost indistinguishable from the English. If this tendency is encouraged, as a result, objection to adopting Hindi, by the Southern Indian States, would be meaningless, and the so-called language issue resolved as – while communicating in English – the State would be (indistinguishably) communicating in Hindi and *vice versa*.

VI: “*Now that T.S. Eliot has gone to heaven....*” Is obvious. As it is not possible to convey an invitation to the late Mr. Eliot, Mr. Pound – who is mercifully with us in his great age – is invited to come and visit us, or correspond with us, and so celebrate the Tourist Year with us fittingly. The rest is obvious.

In addition to minor editing, the text has been Americanized.

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