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noticeably in the tropics and sub tropics.

Conclusion:

The scientific and environmental community is on the same page regarding the bitter reality of global warming and the involvement of human factor in it. The paper discussed here has only dented the surface of what is a very intricate line of scientific and engineering exploration. Global warming is a big hazard and appropriate measures must be taken to tackle this serious problem. This problem is not only causing trouble to the human beings but also to animals and plants. Melting of polar ice caps will lead to floods which can cause mayhem everywhere. Rise of sea levels will devastate agricultural and fishing activities. To embark upon these problems, some remedial steps must be timely taken which include but are not limited to the use of renewable sources of energy and stopping deforestation. Innovative solutions must be brought forward to end this hazard once and forever.

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Sarcasm as an Effective Tool to Inspire in Statue Poems of Kusumagraj

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V.V.Shirwadkar is a well-known and well-loved name in Marathi Literature. Known by the pen name Kusumagraj as a poet, he is next to V.S.Khandekar as Dnyanapeeth Awardee. In his most famous Volume Vishakha (1942), Kusumagraj ejects fiery lava against slavery, injustice, inequality and other evils. Afterwards, with freedom of India in 1947 changes in society and ripened poetic talent, Kusumagraj uses various modes of expression. His defiance against all evils in human society gets expressed through various modes. Satire, irony and sarcasm are some of the important tools. Kusumagraj has written some poems related to statues of great personalities. Let us see, how sarcasm has been used in these poems and what the aim of this tool is.

Kusumagraj's vibrant heart is in tune with the throbbing social heart. He knows the strengths and weaknesses of Indian society in general. He criticizes the weaknesses and promotes the strong points. He portrays inspiring lives of great social leaders who lead humanity towards justice and love, and criticizes society for burying the thoughts of those great men in their statues. 'Shivraya' (Muktayan p. 27) is one such poem. Chhatrapati Shivaji, a great Maratha king in 17th century established his own kingdom in Maharashtra, and stopped the galloping advance of the Moghul Empire. His foresight, strict and yet humanistic administration, patrio-

tism, balanced justice, unshakable faith in religion made him a great king. He is a source of inspiration not limited only to Maharashtra but to every patriotic Indian. Three centuries have passed, brightening his image day by day. Yet in the modern age, society has restricted this great visionary to Maratha caste. The original meaning of 'Maratha'- pertaining to Maharashtra state has been lost.

Ani karu paahat aahot
Tumhala mahan beduk
Amchya yaa did witichya
Gatarlelya dabkyatil.¹

People try to bind this great man to the tiny, dirty pond of castism. To Kusumagraj, this is the tragedy of that towering personality. A true secular king choosing his officials and knights from all castes, religions has been branded so erroneously. Is it the tragedy of only Chhatrapati Shivaji ? No. The 20th century Indian Society, though soars high in the field of technology, claims to be progressive and secular, has imprisoned itself into petty cages of caste, creed, language, region etc. More tragic is the caging of great personalities - dumping them deep in our narrow caves and developing a 'statue culture'. Political leaders deliver lengthy and pompous speeches in praise of these great persons, on their birth and death anniversaries. Kusumagraj delineates this miserable situation in 'Dilgir Aahot' (Patheya.p.67) i.e. 'Sorry'. The poem runs so easy that it is self explanatory:-

Exalted men
Like Buddha, Christ, Gandhi
Are good for applause
And for hanging their pictures
Overlooking the seats of power
Or in the drawing rooms of socialities
And now and then
For western movies.²

So, all these great men are good for applause and show, and even from European country like the one 'Gandhi' by Richard Autenburrow

in contemporary period of Kusumagraj. But these great men are obstacles in daily practical life. So society doesn't like these celebrities to cross their limits. We have become selfish and practical to utmost limit. Even if, one of us targets these great men and showers bullets in their chest, we feel there is no alternative, sarcastically remarks Kusumagraj. We are compelled to kill them, to finish them for our petty interests. Our selfish existence and powerfulness is impossible in their glittering presence and selfless message. So we wish them to live outside the boundaries of practical life. Kusumagraj's penetrating pungent derision is remarkable.

Sometimes
When this wisdom is thrown to the winds
They pay the price
Of their folly
That is why
The Corpses
Of Buddha, Christ, Gandhi lie
All around us.³

Yet cruelly shunning all responsibility lightly, selfish power-mongers shamelessly proclaim under the deriding garb of civility-"I'm sorry. / But it's not our fault" (The Saint P.19).

In the poem 'Prarthana' (Chhandomayi p.26) i.e. 'Prayer' (Blooms p.56) the poet innovatively envisions the personification of marble stones. When great men die marble stones gather and intern forever the spirit of these great men in statues and sculptures erected in city squares. Only stone-hearted people can intern the souls of others.

Therefore,
A great man dies
Twice:
Once he dies because of his opponents
And then because of his worshippers .⁴

On the occasion of an anniversary of a great man, the poet earnestly prays that such a 'marble-carved death' should not be his fate, too. The painful utterance 'Et tu Brutus' consti-

tutes a universal tragic experience. If enemies kill a person it is understandable, but when the so called devotees or followers of a great person kill his thoughts, principles - his soul is interned. This death is more painful. In 'Samaadhan' (Mukatayan p. 107) a statue shakes off all the sham gestures of reverence, late night of anniversary, murmuring that he will be quiet lucky till next anniversary to bear the company only of crows. The statue is happy with the thought. Crows are better than hypocrites. Kusumagraj voices the discontent of these great souls once again through derision. At midnight, somewhat quite time, five statues in the city come together, and sitting on the pedestal share their grief, shading tears. They all are thrown in petty ponds of cast, locked there, though they fought for Indian society and human race. In the end, Gandhiji's statue mourns that others are at least backed by a caste, but his 'Akher Kamai' (Muktayan p.109) the last earning is the walls of government offices backing him. Does the 'Father of Nation' worthy of such disrespect and disgrace? Has the Indian society lost all sensibleness?. These questions are posed before us by Kusumagraj, not through words, but indirectly.

In the poem 'Jyotirao' (Muktayan p. 71-73) the speaker asks Mahatma Jyotiba Phule, not to raise his hunter as he is now only a statue and the statues have no such right. They can only accept flashy speeches and garlands on anniversaries. All these sarcastic poems with implicit ironical overtones express the agony and up surging rage of Kusumagraj about this situation. Kusumagraj believes that his sarcastic remarks about 'statue culture' will awaken a spirit in youth to follow those great men now in statue form. 'Putale Aabhar Maantaat' (Patheya, p.14) and the English version 'Statues Thanks-Giving' (TP. 128) is a kind of short in the arm. In Patheya under the title, in the bracket date '9 August' is intentionally mentioned by the poet. 9 August 1942 was the beginning of the great battle

against British rule, under saintly, inspiring leadership of Mahatma Gandhi proclaiming the slogan "Chale Jao" – ordering the Britishers to leave India. Millions of Indians-great and small left their limited world within four walls, and sacrificed their life for the noble cause of motherland's freedom. The Scene is dramatically changed in forty years of freedom. Now the freedom fighters are remembered only on 9th August and Independence Day. The Statues satirically thank for the showy obeisance paid to them:

Thanks a lot

For your wreathes and flowers,

For your encomiums too –

And also for those military salutes

Which we never dreamt of.

Thanks.⁵

What are they offered? – Flowers, garlands, encomiums – all outer and flashy things – not heartfelt remembrance. This is the irony of the situation. What is the use of the garlands to the statues sans emotion? 'Yet thanks.' The statues tell that in their sacrifice they never dreamt of showy obeisance, but fulfillment of basic needs of every Indian like food, clothes and shelter, in independent India, but alas! As the encomiums died out and the lights faded, In the tranquility of midnight Came swarms of Vultures, Carrying in their beaks crumbs of that 'dream'.... Thanks for them too.⁶

Not a few pieces – 'crumbs' of their dream, but multitudes, swarms of vultures are carrying in their beaks. Those carrying are 'vultures'- the ill-ominous, merciless, life-eaters.

Without any eruption of fiery lava of Vishakha Period, the poet with his ripened poetic style creates dissatisfaction for such situation and underlines need to change, defy it.

Kusumagraj is well aware of the 'statue-culture' (?) in his times, emergence of dictators in the human world, now and then. At the same time, he is fascinated by great sacrifice of great

men like Buddha, Christ, Socrates, Columbus, Maharana Pratap, Tanaji Malusure, Prataprao Gujar, Wyankoji Shinde, Rani Of Jhansi, Baba Amte and many more. All these real life heroes neither thought about name and fame for them, nor got suppressed by selfish mindset of common man. They fought against evil powers in society and inspired thousands of others to take part in the fight.

Kusumagraj's eulogization of these ideal figures in no blind hero worship. It is the appreciation of the singular work and worship of those virtues in them. Society is not divided into two categories of men – great and small. These great men stand to the test of time at a particular critical moment. Otherwise they, too, are common and prone to human errors. In Kusumagraj's 'Saat' Pratap Gujar turns tail in the battle and suffers insult from Shivaji Maharaj, but sacrificing his life he proves his mettle. The poem is a saga of that heroic deed. As the title indicates 'Saat' the poem is a tribute to the bravery of them all.

In Kusumagraj's 'Sant' (Mukatayan p.13-19) Baba Aamate is the savior of leprosy-stricken people. Baba Aamate accepts the challenge to vaccinate himself with the deadly disease. Confrontation of that boundless sorrow reduces him to unadulterated man. He lifts humanity out of the mire of feeble pity. He makes them self-reliant and establishes them as worthy members of the society.

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