Buying Your Home

Consider the following before you begin the process of buying a home:

- Determine your Buying Objectives. Why do you want to buy a home? Need more room? Tired of paying a monthly rent for nothing in return?
- Your needs come first. Prioritize what is most important to you in a home (style and size of home, neighborhood, schools, tax rate etc.) Keep in mind, there is a difference between what you need and what you want.
- Become Informed. If you’re a first-time home buyer learn everything you can about the homebuying process. This information is available from our website for you to see what homes are for sale in the areas you desire. After that you should have a good feel for what’s available.
- Get Your Financing in Order. This is not the time to make any major purchases on a credit card.

Knowing What You Can Afford

Congratulations on making the decision of buying a new home! The first thing you need to decide is how much you can afford. Determining this early in the buying process will save you a lot of time and frustration. Not only will you have a clearer idea of the amount you can spend, but you can also eliminate all those homes that are not in your range. You may even find that being pre-approved opens the doors to a home you hadn't considered before.

Selling Your Home

For most families, their home is their largest financial asset, and deciding to sell it is a big decision that involves a lot of preparation and work. When you're ready to sell it's important to have an experienced real estate professional handle the details involved in the successful sale of a home for top dollar.

As an experienced professional who has helped many New England residents sell their homes, We know how to handle every aspect of the sales process – from strategically marketing and showcasing your home to making sure everything's signed, sealed and delivered by the closing date.

Providing you with comprehensive, high-quality listing service is our top priority. So when you decide to sell your home,

Please call us and we look forward to helping you meet your real estate needs. …
(508) 400-5716 Cell (508) 653-2400 Office (508)653-5069 Fax
Or Visit www.realtymeeting.com Equal Housing Opportunity

The Partners Realty Advisors, Inc
Editorial Board
Sasi Pillai
Kuriakose Maniattukudiyil
Steny Kalapurakkal
Anuradha Warrier
Email: sameeksha@kaneusa.org

Cover Design & Layout
Revathi Pillai

Youth Editors
Annu Kuriakose
Mallika Govindan

Printed & Published by
Kerala Association of New England
Email: secretary@kaneusa.org

Editorial

Articles
- Just Two Hours on the Concord River - Suresh Damodaran
- Fairy Tales and Other Fantasies: Watching “Slumdog Millionaire” - Chuck Leddy
- Slumdog Millionaire, an Unvarnished Opinion - Anuradha Warrier
- Perceptions of India based on SlumdogMillionaire - Meera Kallupurakkal
- Slumdog Millionaire - Pooja Kalapurakkel
- My Comments on SDM - Sadanand Warrier
- Comments on Slumdog Millionaire - Kevin Koshy
- Comments from Annu Kuriakose
- A Different Movie – Meenu Rajendraprasad

Feature - JAI HO !!!
- Fairy Tales and Other Fantasies: Watching “Slumdog Millionaire”
- Slumdog Millionaire, an Unvarnished Opinion
- Perceptions of India based on SlumdogMillionaire
- Slumdog Millionaire - Pooja Kalapurakkel
- My Comments on SDM - Sadanand Warrier
- Comments on Slumdog Millionaire - Kevin Koshy
- Comments from Annu Kuriakose
- A Different Movie – Meenu Rajendraprasad

Story
- അമ്മയിലെ വിവാഹം എന്തുവെള്ളം എന്തുസാസുകയ്യൽ
- എന്തുവെള്ളം എന്തുസാസുകയ്യൽ

Cartoon
- Dr. Thomas Kodenkandath

Poems
- ഗിൽസ് - Prabhakar Thyagarajan
- ഋതി അവശേഷം സമ്മിശ്രം - ഋതി കരാചേജാർ
- ഇതിവെള്ളം മാതൃദേശം - റാജ്

Life Style
- THE SCIENCE OF YOGA
  - Unifies the diverse paths of religious belief - Shaju Jacob

Youth Corner
- NASTY NOVEMBER NIGHT – Tulasi Ravindran
- Leprechaun Limericks – Maya Thattacherry
- Home Sweet Home – Pooja S. Kalapurakkel
- Spring is Awakening – Christa Jacob
- Now or Never – Sreeja S. Kalapurakkel
- Finding Religion – Ramesh Govindan
- Akshaya Patra Unlimited – Annu Kuriakose

Community news

Copy right
All materials published in this magazine are copyrighted to the respective authors. No portion of this magazine should be reproduced in part or full without prior written authorization from KANE.
Editorial

മാലിയ കോളേജിൽ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ഡിവിഷനിലിലെ പ്രധാന പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും ഏറ്റവും വിശ്വസിക്കപ്പെടുന്ന ഒരു വിഭാഗം ശാഖകൾ ഉൾപ്പെടുന്നു. ഇതിൽ ഒന്നും ഒരു പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും കാണാൻ പരിപാലനമാണ് നല്ലതുനു നൽകുക. ടെക്നോളജിക് മാനേജ്മെന്റ് കോളേജിൽ സ്കാൻഡിനാവിയ കോളേജിൽ നിന്നും സ്കാൻഡിനാവിയ കോളേജിൽ നിന്നും പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും കാണാൻ പരിപാലനമാണ് നൽകുക. 

മാലിയ കോളേജിൽ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ഡിവിഷൻ പ്രധാന പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും ഏറ്റവും വിശ്വസിക്കപ്പെടുന്ന ഒരു വിഭാഗം ശാഖകൾ ഉൾപ്പെടുന്നു. ഇതിൽ ഒന്നും ഒരു പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും കാണാൻ പരിപാലനമാണ് നൽകുക. ടെക്നോളജി മാനേജ്മെന്റ് കോളേജിൽ സ്കാൻഡിനാവിയ കോളേജിൽ നിന്നും സ്കാൻഡിനാവിയ കോളേജിൽ നിന്നും പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും കാണാൻ പരിപാലനമാണ് നൽകുക. 

മാലിയ കോളേജിൽ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ഡിവിഷൻ പ്രധാന പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും ഏറ്റവും വിശ്വസിക്കപ്പെടുന്ന ഒരു വിഭാഗം ശാഖകൾ ഉൾപ്പെടുന്നു. ഇതിൽ ഒന്നും ഒരു പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും കാണാൻ പരിപാലനമാണ് നൽകുക. ടെക്നോളജി മാനേജ്മെന്റ് കോളേജിൽ സ്കാൻഡിനാവിയ കോളേജിൽ നിന്നും സ്കാൻഡിനാവിയ കോളേജിൽ നിന്നും പഠാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും കാണാൻ പരിപാലനമാണ് നൽകുക.
Cartoons by Dr. Thomas Kodenkandath
കാണാനും


c

കാണാനും


c

2
കൈകിഴ്സ്കി മുൻപ് സെക്കന്റുകളോടൊപ്പം...

ഒരു കാണ്ഡത്താളത്ത് നിന്നുള്ള യഥാർത്ഥർത്ഥനായ കഥയും ഒരു കഥയുമാണ് ഇത്. പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകുകയും പ്രയാസം അന്തരീക്ഷത്തിലെ പ്രത്യേകതയുമായി പ്രയാസം.

ആദ്യകാലത്തിലെ തന്നെ ഒരു പുരോഗതി സമയം, ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരേ വിധം പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകാം. എന്തെങ്കിലും ഒരു സവാരി പ്രയാസം കാണുക. എന്തും ഒരു പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകുക. എന്തുമായി ഒരു പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകുക.

ആദ്യകാലത്തിലെ തന്നെ ഒരു പുരോഗതി സമയം, ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരേ വിധം പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകാം. എന്തെങ്കിലും ഒരു പുരോഗതി സമയം, ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരേ വിധം പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകുക.

ആദ്യകാലത്തിലെ തന്നെ ഒരു പുരോഗതി സമയം, ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരേ വിധം പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകാം. എന്തെങ്കിലും ഒരു പുരോഗതി സമയം, ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരേ വിധം പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകുക.

ആദ്യകാലത്തിലെ തന്നെ ഒരു പുരോഗതി സമയം, ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരേ വിധം പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകുക. എന്തെങ്കിലും ഒരു പുരോഗതി സമയം, ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരേ വിധം പ്രയാസം ഉണ്ടാകുക.
അദ്വയാന്തോ അദ്ധ്യായം പ്രതിപാദം

- കൃഷ്ണൻ ശ്രമം

“അടയു നിസിനാണ്ടില്ലാതെ അഭയസ്ഥാനം.”

പ്രകാശരാശി പ്രതിരോധം അതിജീവിക്കുക. കൃപാ നിവേദിക്കുക, മിതാഘട്ടത്തിലെ വിശ്വാസം അപ്പാട്ടിന്റെ അജ്ഞാതിയായ. തൊട്ടായി അതിരുത്തി എന്നീപ്പോഴും പുതുക്കിയാണ് മാത്രം. പ്രതിരോധം അതിജീവിക്കുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക.

“എന്നാൽ”
“യോഗാത്മാ”
“അടയുധായാന്തോ പ്രതിപാദം?”

പ്രകാശരാശി പ്രതിരോധം അതിജീവിക്കുക. കൃപാ നിവേദിക്കുക, മിതാഘട്ടത്തിലെ വിശ്വാസം അപ്പാട്ടിന്റെ അജ്ഞാതിയായ. തൊട്ടായി അതിരുത്തി എന്നീപ്പോഴും പുതുക്കിയാണ് മാത്രം. പ്രതിരോധം അതിജീവിക്കുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക.

“പുരാണനായ അതി അതി അതി യോഗാത്മാ”

“യോഗാത്മാ” പ്രകാശരാശി അപേക്ഷിക്കുക. പാതയും അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്നെയാണ് സംഭവത്തിലെ അപേക്ഷിക്കാമെന്നു അജ്ഞാതിയായ. തൊട്ടായി അതിരുത്തി എന്നീപ്പോഴും പുതുക്കിയാണ് മാത്രം. പ്രതിരോധം അതിജീവിക്കുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക.

“മുംട്ടിനെത്തുന്ന അതി അതി അതി യോഗാതി”

“മുംട്ടിനെത്തുന്ന അതി അതി അതി യോഗാതി” പ്രകാശരാശി അപേക്ഷിക്കുക. പാതയും അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്നെയാണ് സംഭവത്തിലെ അപേക്ഷിക്കാമെന്നു അജ്ഞാതിയായ. തൊട്ടായി അതിരുത്തി എന്നീപ്പോഴും പുതുക്കിയാണ് മാത്രം. പ്രതിരോധം അതിജീവിക്കുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക. അതിജീവിക്കുക എന്ന് അറിയുക.
മറുമുമ്പ് അറിയുകയും സൃഷ്ടിക്കുകയും മൂല്യമേഖലയ്ക്കായും അനുഭവപ്പെടുകയും.

നേരുമുതൽ അക്ഷരപ്രവർത്തനത്തിനെ കാണാം! അതോടെ ആദ്യത്തെ അൽക്ക്കാല മുൻപിലുള്ള അനുഭവാനുഭവം. പുതിയ നടപടി ചെയ്തു എങ്ങനെ കാണാം? കൊണ്ടുപെട്ടത് എങ്ങനെ? മനസ്സിലാക്കുന്നത് കേടാലാണ്.

“അന്വേഷണം” എന്ന് കൊടുത്ത മരുന്ത സമയത്തു. എന്നാൽ, അതിൽ അക്ഷരാണുസൃഷ്ടിക്ക് കൊടുന്ന അനുഭവം. മനസ്സുകൾ നിരവധിക്കുന്ന കാഴ്ചകളൂടെ. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം ആരെന്നുമാണ് പ്രയാണം കൊണ്ടുപെരുകുന്നത്. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് ഒന്നാണ്.

“നിവേശം, വിദ്യാസമ്പുഷ്ടന്റെ രൂപപ്പാട് പിതാവിനുള്ളേയുള്ള പ്രവർത്തനം”. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം പ്രവർത്തനം പ്രവർത്തനം എന്നാണ്. സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ മരുന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ മരുന്തം. പ്രവർത്തനം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം.

“ഇന്ന് ചെല്ലിയാ?”

“കാര്യേന്ത്യം” എന്നു സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ മരുന്തം എന്നാണ്. അനാബിഷ്മത സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ മരുന്തം എന്നാണ്. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം.

“അനുഭവം” എന്ന് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ മരുന്തം എന്നാണ്. അനാബിഷ്മത സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ മരുന്തം എന്നാണ്. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം. മനസ്സിലായ അശാന്തം എന്നാണ് സാമൂഹ്യാത്തിലെ പ്രവർത്തനം.
10
Just Two Hours on the Concord River

- Suresh Damodaran

Like some other mighty journeys, this journey too started out with much planning. Not quite true. I had once driven over the Concord river bridge and estimated the probability of drowning in the river without being noticed to be fairly low (enough). And, of course, I had browsed many beautiful pictures of the Fall foliage taken by others who had done the trip before. Thus, we, Archana, kids (twelve year old Yamini and seven year old Diya), and I proceeded to experience canoeing on the Concord river on a sunny morning in May. The decision was taken just in the morning, and not much thought was given to it except to find out where to rent the canoe from.

We rented the canoe without incident. I told the friendly folks at the rental counter that we had no canoeing expertise, and some initial help would be great. They gave us life jackets, and after some fumbling we figured out how to put them on the “right” way, and we all became drown-proof immediately. The paddles were hung on the wall, and I picked two of them. We went down to the water front, and a canoe was pushed out to the river edge. The friendly rental hand held the canoe, told the kids to sit on the floor and pointed out the raised benches for Archana and I. We got on to the canoe equipped with paddles. I awaited some more instructions. The “friendly” let go of the canoe, and proceeded back to the counter! Archana had somehow assumed that I had done rowing before and was expecting me to tell her what to do. I started to row, and the canoe quickly hit the wood deck of the boat house. Archana started to push the water with the paddle, and the canoe pushed away from the boat house. Archana and I had some rapid discussions between these two events, but I would rather not repeat them here. Luckily, I could see what Archana was doing, and I could adjust my rowing to hers. But this wasn't yet of much help, because, without prior experience or natural instincts, I had to depend on long forgotten physics lessons to figure out what to do. Archana couldn't see what I was doing, and, of course, that meant I was doing most everything wrong. As in many other situations, putting theory into practice involved many trials and the following tribulations. I think it is instructional to list some of them, and our level of success, so you too can contemplate the use of physics in everyday life.

I was not sure how we managed to push the canoe away from the boat house. I didn't have much time to think, because by then the canoe had managed to hit an anchored boat. Archana took charge by this time, and
started trying to row in the opposite direction, and the canoe started to go in circles. I started to compensate for the extra moment (now you see Physics in action) by trying to row in whichever way that will stop it from rotating. It seem to have worked, and we were able to make progress down the river. By the way, there were no signs telling us which way was was up or down. The water was fairly stagnant (at least it appeared to us so), and I learned the direction only later. Soon, we were very proud of making some progress because the canoe actually went and hit the bridge about 100 yards away. We pushed away, again, and then again found out that the canoe somehow liked to head for the shore no matter what we tried. That did help us spot a few turtles basking in the sun. We pounced on those opportunities, and gave nature lessons to the kids (“look, turtles!”). We had to take special precautions while not near the shore to prevent collisions with other canoes that seemed to be purposefully powered.

After some 30 minutes of bouncing around and nature lessons, we figured out how to make the canoe go straight with two paddles in the opposite sides, and to make it turn with them on the same side. We managed to go past the Sudbury and Concord river junction, and even beyond another road bridge. We decided to turn around about the 45 minutes mark. That was a very wise decision, as it turned out. By then, we were not intimidated by the water, river, canoe or anything. We were just fine. That attitude led us, on the way back, to hit a sand bank while witnessing local youths doing a multi-canoe man-o-man water fight. We managed to pry free of the mid-river sand bank, without much incident. That is when both Yamini and Diya wanted to row. It looked easy enough for them! Yamini and I exchanged seats, and the canoe moved fairly well after some initial shore hugging. Even Diya did a few strokes, and we all were still on the canoe. Yamini did so well, it was promptly decided that mother-daughter combination was best to move things forward. I took voluntary retirement and started watching the scenery around. I must admit, it was pretty nice to watch around, even in summer. The trees were lush green, and the sun nicely warm and pleasant.

We went past the boat house, and even went beyond for “exploration” and eventually returned the canoe back at the 2 hour mark. We did feel we learned something new about all of us a bit (may be it was just confirmation of some deeply held suspicions, but I wouldn't speculate now!). Now, would we do that again? We probably would. But that is not the relevant question. Would you do this? I hope you do, and learn a thing or two in the process about your family or friends. You might even enjoy it, I would, however, caution you strongly against deriving deep life lessons by making funky analogies between journey and life, marriage and canoe, etc. But if you do, you know you are on your own (trip)!
Slumdog Millionaire, an India-based British film directed by Danny Boyle, bagged 8 Oscar awards. As Malayalees, we can take pride in the fact that AR Rahman and Rasool Pookkutty were among the Oscar winners. The movie stirred up a plethora of heated discussion in various blogs. Many Indians strongly believe that had the movie been directed by an Indian, it would never have been subject to such hype. A few argue that there are so many Indian movies, far superior and more authentic than SDM, which never make it to the Oscars. At any rate, the movie was aimed at the western audience, and its success owes heavily to that intelligent marketing strategy. The movie, which many initially thought would be confined to just a DVD release, has metamorphosed into a huge box-office success the world over!

We asked our readers to share their views and comments on this movie with us. Though we haven’t received a huge response, a few people took time to send us their responses. We take this opportunity to thank all of them. We are honored to receive a very interesting perspective on this movie from Chuck Leddy, a leading columnist at the Boston Globe. You can find Chuck’s article here, followed by a review by Anuradha Warrier, and comments from our readers in the ensuing pages.
"Slumdog Millionaire" has made over $300 million globally and won eight Academy Awards in the United States, including Best Picture, Best Director, and Best Screenplay. I went to see the film after it won these awards, and naturally I had high expectations. The movie, about a Mumbai teenager who overcomes all obstacles to find love and riches, has been widely praised for its "realistic" portrayal of modern India. I take a different approach to it.

Spending two hours in the theater, I found myself disliking "Slumdog Millionaire," for many reasons. Despite being promoted as a joint venture between Indian and British filmmakers, I found the film far more British in its sensibilities. Directed by Danny Boyle and starring London-born actor Dev Patel in the lead role of Mumbai teenager Jamal, the plot of "Slumdog Millionaire" owes more to Victorian novelist Charles Dickens and Elizabethan playwright William Shakespeare than any Indian influence.

Jamal’s Mumbai was so similar to Dickensian London that I began looking for other “borrowings” from British literature in the plot. And those “borrowings” are everywhere in the movie. When the film shows us young Jamal and his brother Salim, as well as their friend Latika, falling into the dangerous clutches of Maman, I instantly made the connection with "Oliver Twist," Charles Dickens’ novel about a London street kid who makes good. Maman pretends to help children, but he actually exploits them to make money, using them as beggars and prostitutes and thieves. In "Oliver Twist," the Maman role went to a character called Fagan, who also exploited orphans like young Oliver Twist.

Instead of watching a "realistic" portrayal of modern Mumbai, I slowly began realizing that I was watching Director Boyle’s and screenwriter Simon Beaufoy’s version of Victorian London, as described in Dickens’s novel. “Slumdog Millionaire” is like one of those Russian dolls: when you see one fictional place, there’s really another fictional place beneath it, and probably more fiction beneath that.

The film’s plot was, to put it mildly, filled with gimmicks and an serious detachment from reality. I’d describe it not as "a gritty, realistic story about Mumbai," but as a fairy tale. To sum up all the film’s sprawling details would be impossible, but everything revolves around a game show, India’s version of "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?" Jamal is a contestant and, as the show’s host (acted brilliantly by Anil Kapoor, who’s probably the best thing in the whole movie) makes fun of Jamal’s humble beginnings and low-wage job at a call center.
Kapoor’s host cannot believe a slum kid like Jamal could answer the trivia questions correctly without cheating, and so he has the underdog Jamal arrested. My first question when watching the film was, “Can a TV game show host have a contestant arrested for suspicion of cheating?” I’m not an expert on Indian law, but it sounds a bit improbable to me. The whole movie seemed improbable, but more on this later. The police torture Jamal with electrical shocks (I’m assuming this is not common practice either, though I’m not sure), trying to make him admit he cheated. The film is simply a series of flashbacks of Jamal’s life, as he shows the police how he accumulated all the trivial knowledge needed to answer the game show questions.

Of course there’s a love story driving the film. Jamal falls in love with fellow slum kid Latika, and spends his young life trying to protect and save her from the bad guys like Maman/Fagan. The love story is equal parts Dickens and Shakespeare (who famously wrote in “A Midsummer Night’s Tale” that “the course of true love never did run smooth.”) Indeed, Beaufoy’s sprawling screenplay, filled with one obstacle to love after another, has a decidedly Shakespearian feel to it.

We have brother turning against brother, as Jamal and brother Salim fight for Latika, and more “damsel in distress” scenes that I could count. Jamal keeps trying to protect and love Latika, but the question I had throughout the film was why. Boyle never takes time to develop these characters as people. Where is the reason or foundation for this love that leads both Jamal and Latika to risk their lives again and again? I don’t see it in the film. Jamal says that Latika is “his destiny,” but I needed a little more than this.

Watching the film, Jamal and Latika’s inexplicable yet epic love felt like a plot device, a necessary way to move the story forward (but far from believable as two people in love). Jamal and Latika don’t feel like real people to me at all. They seem like two actors caught in an epic love story that’s more interested in the dramatic obstacles to their love than the love itself. We’re definitely in the land of “Once Upon a Time” and not today’s Mumbai. Maybe the screenwriter viewed the characters as universal representations of love, or as archetypes meant to mirror the idea of love, but I would have preferred watching two human beings in the messy, very personalized thing that love actually is.

Jamal does rescue Latika from the evil guys. He proves he did not cheat on the game show. He becomes a hero. By film’s end, Boyle offers us a Bollywood dance number in a train station that’s supposed to leave the audience clapping and singing. It left me scratching my head. The Jamal of the film represents
the triumph of pluck and love and simplicity over the evil things of this world (greed, violence, poverty, etc.). The sentimentality of this ending, and of the whole story, is Charles Dickens combined with Broadway musical and pure Bollywood. As much as I enjoy Charles Dickens’s fiction, he lived in an era of industrial growth that brought problems of pollution, overcrowding, poverty, and crime to Victorian England.

Perhaps some might say the age of Dickens is a fairly decent reflection of today’s India, although I would probably disagree with them. But the Dickensian trust in innocence and purity to solve our problems was wrong in Victorian England and it’s equally wrong for modern India. Love will not solve the problems of poverty and crime, whether you live in 1868 London or 2009 Mumbai. This Dickensian sentimentality, this feel-good approach to problems (smile away your poverty), also releases us from the obligation of acting to change the systemic problems the globe faces. We can’t solve the problems of 5 billion poor people around the world by making them contestants on

“Who Wants to be a Millionaire?” Global warming won’t disappear if we hope hard enough. The world’s poor don’t expect to be millionaires, but they should expect to be able to feed their families and have clean water and maybe a job.

And so Jamal is saved, and his beloved Latika. As many in the audience left the movie theater with smiles on their faces and comfort in their hearts (as the happy dancers danced), I did not. “Slumdog Millionaire” told me almost nothing about India that I did not already know. And by showing me the improbable fairy tale of how one boy became rich and found love, it said nothing about India’s present or future.

I can understand why the film has become so popular. We are a sentimental people who want to believe that one individual with a pure heart can change his fate and the world, no matter the obstacles. Jamal is a universal dream, the kid who starts sweeping the floor and later owns the company. But every kid who sweeps the floor won’t end up owning the company. “Slumdog Millionaire” was not a bad movie, and I’m glad I saw it, but it’s certainly a fairy tale story and not a realistic depiction of modern India. Fairy tales have their place too, but let’s not try to say they reflect the way life is lived in the real world. The film “Slumdog Millionaire” is neither frog nor a Prince, but a few hours of cinematic distraction.
Slumdog Millionaire, an Unvarnished Opinion
-Anuradha Warrier

The hype over the movie nearly killed it for me, but I had read the book, originally titled Q & A, and it was an interesting, fast paced read. Part fantasy, part Dickensian in its tone, it was nevertheless ‘a tale well told’. It made me interested enough to go see the movie in a theatre, something I had long given up doing. Cut out the hype, wade through the reams of print devoted to every last second of the production of the movie, call it an anglicised version of countless masala movies churned out by the dozen by the Hindi film industry, at the end of the day, it is still a good movie.

Be warned though, that the book and the movie have nothing in common except the premise of the game show. The protagonist’s motive for appearing in the game show is not the same in the book as in the movie, the romantic angle is missing completely, even the questions are different. Yet, the movie stands alone, as does the book, in a way that is quite unique. Both are good.

What works for the movie is the direction, the near-perfect casting (I will come to that later), and the ambience that the director lovingly recreates, of a Bombay that is gritty, dirty, poverty-stricken at one end, and flashy glitter, and quiet elegance at the other, with the upwardly mobile middle class bridging the gap.

Answering charges of the movie portraying India in a bad light, I would say not. You can choose to ignore the seamier side of life in India, but it is prevalent all the same, and nothing you can do or say is going to wish it away. Danny Boyle picturises India with an affection that is rarely seen, and that works in the film’s favour, Bombay becoming as much a character in the film as the people.

Taut editing, the director’s trademark cuts, the music, the script – everything worked in tandem to produce a movie that hooked you with the first shot and kept you interested enough till the last. What also works, for me atleast, is the unapologetic viewpoint that the movie shows – that crime, atleast for some of the characters in the movie, does pay. The point is not whether this is morally right, the point is that life does not always conform to ideals. If it did, then original sin would not flourish.

Coming back to the cast, Anil Kapoor is brilliant as the game show host – slightly sleazy, more than condescending, and completely elitist. Likewise, Irfan Khan as the inspector, Saurabh Shukla as the sub-inspector, Mahesh Manjrekar as the main ‘villain’, and Ankur Vikal as the leader of the begging ring, are part of an ensemble cast that show you how really good actors can make even the tiniest roles truly outstanding.

But the stars of the movie are the children – the trio who play the three main protagonists in their childhood, and the second set of three children who get to portray the characters...
as adolescents. It is in their innocence that the movie actually comes to life. Madhur Mittal is likewise a revelation, playing the older Salim with absolute panache. Strangely enough, the weakest links are today’s media darlings – Dev Patel and Frieda Pinto, the latter having nothing much to do, but doing it rather well, all the same. Yes, the movie has its flaws, and in retrospect, I can point each one out, and then some more, starting with the absolute coincidences of every game show question being somewhat connected to Jamal’s life, to the lost-and-found motif that Manmohan Desai made his very own, but in a movie where children in a municipal school study the Three Musketeers, and the lovers agree to meet (and eventually find each other!) at Victoria Terminus, Bombay, at rush hour (has the director ever seen VT at rush hour?!) it is better to suspend disbelief, and enjoy being taken for a well-crafted ride. I did.

Perceptions of India based on Slumdog Millionaire: Meera Kallupurakal

Slumdog Millionaire is about Jamal Malik and the history behind his knowledge of every answer on India’s Who Wants to be a Millionaire. While the film’s message is quite heart-warming, it also presents many images of India that are less than flattering. How many of those images do embrace the truth? I’m sure most of them are based on facts about the Indian police, and life in the slums. And let’s face it; Kerala is pretty clean and neat in comparison to some of the northern locales, so we might have a harder time relating. But the fact remains that many of the flashbacks to the slums give the image of absolute desolation, providing a very stereotypical presentation of India. While many of the settings used are stretching the truth, I think that was done in order to give the movie an appropriate backdrop. Creative and dramatic licenses were both taken in order to ensure that the happy ending would seem that much sweeter. Because I am used to seeing stereotypes, and knowing fact from fiction, it was easy for me to understand where the envelope was pushed. For less aware viewers, it could have been a lot harder for them to understand that Indian culture is not an evil mix of persecution and poverty. All we can do as both Indians and viewers is to know the truth ourselves, and watch as these portrayals of Indian society are quickly shed for more progressive images in the future.
I used to think that the most brutal, physical thing in the world was American football- but that was before I saw Danny Boyle’s “Slumdog Millionaire.” This movie opens up with A.R. Rahman’s song “O Saya,” capturing a scene of kids running through a slum area, which indicates and foreshadows the intensity that is to come. This opening act gives only one message to movie watchers: Dare to take a walk in my shoes?.. 

I think most of us would agree that the answer would be an astounding “NO.” But the main characters do not have that choice. “Slumdog Millionaire,” in fact, represents many people living in slums going through the same things (possibly worse) as Jamal Malik went through. When I asked my peers what they thought of the movie, and what the most emotional scene for them was, each of them replied, “It was a truly, heart-stirring movie…but I was extremely saddened when the evil man blinded the little boy.” This goes to show the poverty, and at times, extreme cruelty in India, for: “blind singers earn double.” Many people protest this movie, because it exposes India in a negative light. True, India is thriving in technology, but every country has its own predicaments, the poverty and slum life being some of India’s. Yet, I must say: You cannot deny the truth when it is staring you hard in the face. Overall, this movie proved to be a clear wake-up call to those who are living in a dream. Hopefully, human beings will finally realize that the grass is NOT greener on the other side and it is important for us to count our blessings. And as we are so blessed, we should be more responsible to give it back to the world.

Most Indians will agree with this, I think: We find this just an ordinary movie, perhaps just less than average movie. Americans call this as “the best movie they ever saw”, or one of the best ever. I have no idea why they are carried away. Portrayal of India, I have no problem with. We Indians may not like it, but it is what it is. Let us be mature enough to take bad with good.
My Comments on SDM: Sadanand Warrier

In my opinion the film was very much along the lines of Bollywood plotboilers. Loosely adapted from Vikas Swaroops Q and A, Danny Boyle uses his own methods of projecting the story of a slum waif turned into a quiz whiz by a sequence of fortuitous tragicomic events. The sequences in the slum child's life, from which he learns the answers to the questions makes up the narrative of the film. In turns filthy, ebullient, dangerous...the sequences are filmed with gusto. Boyle seems to have a fascination with excreta (as anybody who has seen Trainspotting will testify to) but he definitely has some affection for India, Bombay and Bollywood.

I like the leitmotif of the trains running through India, the homage to Bollywood in the scene where the brothers jumping from the train land on the ground much older than when they launched themselves into the air (how often have we seen that in slow motion in our films), the final scene at the old Victoria Terminus station, the recognition of Frederick W Stevens when Jamal sits beside one of the pillars, always the trains making the connections.

Some things could have been done better, I feel the last dance did not have the chutzpah of a really snazzy Bollywood dance number. However it was very enjoyable and I am sorely tempted to compare it with Man Mohan Desai's Amar Akbar Anthony and other such epic Bollywood films. It is not quite there yet but does compare very creditably.

As for portraying India/Bombay in a bad light none of the scenes depicted can really be called untrue. Growing up in Bombay we were often warned by parents and well wishers of the dangers of talking to strangers, of the kidnappings that could take place etc. Slum dwellers do not live in serene conditions and the life of the child in the slums is very dangerous.

Boyle has never shirked from displaying the seamier side of life in any place be it Edinburgh or Bombay.

It is not a cinematic masterpiece but it is a very engaging entertainer."
My Opinion on SDM: Annu Kuriakose

Slumdog Millionaire, a story about a kid brought up in the slums win the twenty million rupees question. Although this is what the movie revolves around, its views on India had a much deeper impact on several people. The movie portrayed Mumbai through slums that looked very devastating to live in. Many were enraged that others would believe India was all slums. This is most definitely untrue, as India has several areas that have the most magnificent views and contain enormous buildings and factories. I know that people around the world are aware that India is a developing country that will only rise against other countries and dominate. Slumdog Millionaire is simply a movie that happens to take place in Mumbai that shows how a kid uses his real-life experiences to win twenty million rupees. It is in no means set out to undermine India. Rather, I believe it should be a great honor to Indians that such a movie revolving around the lives of Indians and depicting the prodigious music of India was able to accomplish such an amazing feat of winning eight Oscars and several other awards, like the Golden Globe Award, BAFTA Film Award, Critics Choice Award, and the British Independent Film Award. Although it is a British-made film, it does revolve around India and portrays the music, culture, and Bollywood style. Slowly, others around the world will realize that Indian films, not just British-made Indian films, have what it takes to win an Oscar Award.

A Different Movie : Meenu Rajendraprasad

I personally loved the movie Slumdog Millionaire. I thought it was a cute movie with an interesting plot line. It had intense moments and very sweet moments. The actors did a great job acting in a film that was not even going to make it to the theaters. I think it is ironic how the movie itself is a slumdog millionaire story; they went from no funding to millions of viewers and fans. Although many of the Indians who have seen the movie say that it delineates India in a bad light, I disagree. It does show the slums of India, but people cannot always see images of the Taj Mahal and the beautiful modern cities in India. I especially liked the movie because it was a break from the extravagant bollywood movies, that almost never show the real India. I think that people got a sense of some things that happen in India. This movie raised awareness to many of the problems children in India and other third world countries are facing. Overall, I thought it was a wonderful movie and I would recommend it to anyone.
നീ. ക.ആം ജെനുമാണ് കേരളം....

- എഴുത്തി കേരളം
നൂറിന് മുൻപ് മൂന്നാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടിൽ കാണാവുന്ന തുറന്ന പ്രാന്തങ്ങൾ. എന്നിവ പ്രകൃതിയെ നിർക്കണ്ട രീതിയിൽ അവശേഷപ്പെടുന്ന പ്രക്രിയകളിൽ പരാമര്ശിക്കുന്നതാണ്. 

മൂന്നാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടിൽ കാണാവുന്ന നിരവധി പ്രാന്തങ്ങൾ ആണ്. 

മൂന്നാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടിൽ അവശേഷപ്പെടുന്ന പ്രക്രിയകൾ എന്നിവ നൂറ്റാണ്ടിൽ നിന്നും പുറത്തേക്ക് പ്രകടിപ്പിക്കുന്നതാണ്. 

മൂന്നാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടിൽ നിന്നും പുറത്തേക്ക് പ്രകടിപ്പിക്കുന്ന പ്രക്രിയകൾ എന്നിവയ്ക്ക് പ്രകടിപ്പിക്കും.
പറ്റിയതിന്റെ കവാടം

അതായത് വിദ്യാഭ്യാസത്തിൽ നിന്നും ഒരു കാരണം അനുഭവിക്കുന്ന തന്റെ പഠനകാരികളുടെ നിലയിലും, പഠിക്കുന്ന അവരുടെ പ്രത്യേകിക്കാനാണ്‌ അവരുടെ നിലയിലുള്ള പ്രാവശ്യം പ്രകടമാക്കുന്നത്. ഇതിന്റെ പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പഠിക്കുന്നതിന്റെ പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യത്തിലും പ്രാധാന്യം തെളിയിക്കുന്നു.
മലയാളം പഠാനത്തെ മേഖലയിൽ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്നു. 

ജീവിതത്തിലെ പ്രധാന സാംസ്കാരിക പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങൾ

ഉന്നതമായ സാമൂഹ്യ സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ കേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ

മലയാള പ്രമുഖ സാമ്പത്തിക വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ സാമൂഹ്യ സമ്മാനം

പുനർനാമക്കൂട്ടം നടപടികൾ പ്രയോജനമാക്കുന്നതിനു തയ്യാറാക്കിയ സമ്മാനം

ഉത്തരേന്ത്യാതിന്റെ സ്വലപോലമായി അനുവദിക്കപ്പെട്ട സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്നതിന്

ആദ്യകാല സാമൂഹ്യ സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ കേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ

ബി.ഡി. ഉപയോഗിച്ച് പ്രകാരം സാമൂഹ്യ സമ്മാനം

ഉപയോക്താക്കൾ മുന്നേറ്റം നടപടികൾ പ്രയോജനമാക്കാൻ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന സമ്മാനം

ഹ്യൂട്ട് അനുവദിക്കപ്പെട്ട സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ കേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ

ഉദരേന്ത്യ പ്രവർത്തനം നടപടികൾ പ്രയോജനമാക്കാൻ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന സമ്മാനം

ഉപയോക്താക്കളുടെ സാമൂഹ്യ സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ കേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ

പുനർനാമക്കൂട്ടം നടപടികൾ പ്രയോജനമാക്കാൻ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന സമ്മാനം

ആദ്യകാല സാമൂഹ്യ സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ കേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ

ഉദരേന്ത്യ പ്രവർത്തനം നടപടികൾ പ്രയോജനമാക്കാൻ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന സമ്മാനം

ഹ്യൂട്ട് അനുവദിക്കപ്പെട്ട സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ കേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ

ഉദരേന്ത്യ പ്രവർത്തനം നടപടികൾ പ്രയോജനമാക്കാൻ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന സമ്മാനം

ഹ്യൂട്ട് അനുവദിക്കപ്പെട്ട സമ്മാനം പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ കേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ

ഉദരേന്ത്യ പ്രവർത്തനം നടപടികൾ പ്രയോജനമാക്കാൻ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന സമ്മാനം

@Getter

@AuthorName

@ArticleTitle

@JournalName

@Volume

@Issue

@Year

@DOI

@Abstract

@Keywords

@Introduction

@Methods

@Results

@Discussion

@Conclusion

@References
Poem

Gills
- Prabhakar T Rajan

This morning is indeed written
on water. It can hardly bear
my breath. The light, wearing
a crumpled collar knifes
me to the hilt. The smell
of its baby limbs
is fresh and milky.

Sitting in a cafe yesterday I
saw a man eating clouds. He
swallowed hard till he was leaden
then staggered out dripping
like a dangled coffee cup. I thought

of a raft in a seascape clawing
cliffs of tilting flesh. What
comfort could I offer him, what frayed
or mealy greeting? Hallo,
how's the weather inside, today? I
scour a pantry dense with muted elbows.
THE SCIENCE OF YOGA
Unifies the diverse paths of religious belief

- Shaju Jacob

The ultimate aim of all religions is the salvation of all human souls. Religion should be viewed as the various paths to the ultimate goal of god realization.

Belief, faith, in themselves are only bypaths. Yoga, "divine union", is the consummate path; it is both the way to attain God-realization and the universal experience of that attainment. Travelers to New York from different parts of the country, for example, will journey along different routes. But when they reach New York, they will all see the same things. Every true religion leads to God, but some paths take a longer time while others are shorter. No matter what God-ordained religion one follows, its beliefs will merge in one and the same common experience of God. Yoga is the unifying path that is followed by all religionists as they make the final approach to God. Before one can reach God, there has to be the "repentance" that turns the consciousness from delusive matter to the kingdom of God within. This withdrawal retires the life force and mind inward to rise through the spiritualizing centers of the spine to the supreme states of divine realization. The final union with God and the stages involved in this union are universal. That is yoga, the science of religion. Divergent bypaths will meet on the highway of God; and that highway is through the spine - the way to transcend body consciousness and enter the infinite divine kingdom.

Religionists may argue, "My faith is better than yours". They are like the blind men who fought about descriptions of the elephant they had been washing. One had been washing the trunk, so he said that the elephant was like a snake. One said the elephant was like a pillar; he had been washing the leg. Another said the elephant was like a wall; he had been washing the massive sides. The man washing the tusks proclaimed confidently that the beast was no more than two pieces of bone. The man washing the tail was sure all were wrong, for the elephant was a rope leading high up toward heaven! Then the
driver of the elephant (Paappaan) said, "Friends, you are all right and you are all wrong." Because each blind man had been washing a part of the elephant, they were all partly right; but they were also wrong because the part was not the whole.

The purpose of religion, of life itself, is to find God. Man will not be able to rest until he reaches that Goal, because all the forces of the universe will seem to conspire to entrap him in his karma until he heeds the gospel of repentance and realizes that "the kingdom of God is at hand"—within himself in the here and now.

Many people look for heaven at some point in space beyond the clouds, far away from the noxious, sinful vapors of the earth. Jesus' words "at hand" signify the nearness of heaven, which lies just behind the darkness of closed eyes, within the consciousness of man; and that with ease, people could find God through the mediation Jesus was offering to them. In deep meditation, when one shuts out the land of finitude and matter, the realm of Eternity, the vast heavenly kingdom of God's omniscience, is found to lie tier upon tier in endless vistas before the inner vision.

Therefore, the first commandment Jesus gave to the people was "Repent ye," signifying the withdrawal of the principal attention from matter to God. Every soul, upon spiritually awakening, should repent of its folly of expecting permanent happiness from fleeting sense pleasures. The poor taste for sorrow-producing evil should be displaced by the superior inclinations for joy-producing good.

Raja Yoga, the royal way of God-union, is the science of actual realization of the kingdom of God that lies within oneself. Through practice of the sacred yoga techniques of interiorization received during initiation from a true guru, one can find that kingdom by awakening the astral and causal centers of life force and consciousness in the spine and brain that are the gateways into the heavenly regions of transcendent consciousness. One who achieves such awakening knows the omnipresent God in His Infinite Nature, and in the purity of one's soul, and even in the delusive cloaks of changeable material forms and forces.

Patanjali, India's foremost ancient exponent of Raja Yoga, outlined eight steps to be followed for ascension into the kingdom of God within.

1. Yama, moral conduct: abstaining from injury to others, falsehood, stealing, incontinence, and covetousness.

2. Niyama: purity of body and mind, contentment in all circumstances, self-discipline, self-study (contemplation), and devotion to God.
These first two steps yield self-control and mental calmness.

3. Asana: disciplining the body so that it can assume and maintain the correct posture for meditation without fatigue or physical and mental restlessness.

4. Pranayama: techniques of life-force control that calm the heart and breath and remove sensory distractions from the mind.

5. Pratyahara: the power of complete mental interiorization and stillness resulting from withdrawal of the mind from the senses.

6. Dharana: the power to use the interiorized mind to become one-pointedly concentrated upon God in one of His aspects through which He reveals Himself to the inward perception of the devotee.

7. Dhyana: meditation deepened by the intensity of concentration (dharana) that gives the conception of the vastness of God, His attributes as manifested in His endless expansion of Cosmic Consciousness.

8. Samadhi, union with God: the full realization of the soul's oneness with Spirit.

As a first step toward entering the kingdom of God, the devotee should sit still in the correct meditation posture, with erect spine, and tense and relax the body- for by relaxation the consciousness is released from the muscles. The yogi begins with proper deep breathing, inhaling and tensing the whole body, exhaling and relaxing, several times. With each exhalation all muscular tension and motion should be cast away, until a state of bodily stillness is attained. Then, by concentration techniques, restless motion is removed from the mind. In perfect stillness of body and mind, the yogi enjoys the ineffable peace of the presence of the soul. In the body, life is templed; in the mind, light is templed; in the soul, peace is templed. The deeper one goes into the soul the more that peace is felt; that is superconsciousness. When by deeper meditation the devotee expands that awareness of peace and feels his consciousness spreading with it over the universe, that all beings and all creation are swallowed up in that peace, then he is entering into Cosmic Consciousness. He feels that peace everywhere- in the flowers, in every human being, in the atmosphere. He beholds the earth and all worlds floating like bubbles in that ocean of peace.

In the temple of silence, in the temple of peace, I will meet Thee, I will touch Thee, I will love Thee, And coax Thee to my altar of peace.
കഥകൾ

ക്ലിയിൽ  അല്ലാഖൻ രോമാന്റെ

- മുഖ്യകഥയായ സാബന്നേയുടെ
Community News

Class of 2009

The following are the list of high school graduates and the college they are planning to attend. Sameeksha Team wish them good luck and all the best in their future endeavors

Annu Kuriakose: University of Massachusetts Lowell
Mannu Kuriakose: MOSC Medical College
Jils George: University of Massachusetts Lowell
Jason Samuel: Rochester Institute of Technology
Nithin Joseph: Wentworth Institute of Technology
Angela Jacob: Simmons College
Ann Jacob: Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and Health Sciences
Anitha Oommen: University of Rhode Island
Abe Cherukara: Northeastern University
Vinoy Philipose: Anna Maria College
Obituary

Aley Thomas and Prof. Ommen Thomas passed away in January 2009. They are the parents of Elizabeth Abraham, Susan Thomas, and the late Ommen Thomas. They are the parent-in-law of Abraham Thomas (Monachan) and Susan Shea Thomas, Mathew Abraham

Ammini Ponnachan passed away March 10th, 2009. She is the wife of Ponnachan George and mother of Aji and Steny Ponnachan, mother-in-law of Jerlee Ponnachan, grandmother of Kezia

NEW BORN

Hannah Grace Thomas, born on March 14, 2009. She is the daughter of Shiby and Sara Thomas.
Our KANE Junior member Saneev M. Daniel has won the prestigious Gold medal for the Science Olympiad Junior Varsity competition for 6th to 9th Grades for the event “Robo-Cross” held at Assumption College, Worcester, MA on March 21st, 2009. As per the Sudbury Public School and the team of coaches, that includes Sajeev M. Daniel, his brother, another KANE Junior member who won various prizes during 2005 to 2007 (Sameeksha, December 16, 2006; Pusthakam 2, Lakkham 2), it is a great achievement for a 6th Grade student. Saneev is a very talented science student and has shown enthusiastic aptitude towards various math and science projects. He also won silver medals for Science Crime Busters, and Trajectory, events also conducted on the same day at the same place. Ephraim Curtis Middle School’s Science Olympiad team’s achievements in various State and National events are commendable. He is the younger of Mrs. & Mr. Daniel S. Kutty’s two sons.

Memorial for Prof. K. P. Antony at St. Thomas College, Thrissur on May 2nd, 2009.

An obituarial remembrance meeting of Prof. K. P. Antony will be held at St. Thomas College, Thrissur on Saturday, May 2nd, at 4: 00 PM. Former students of Prof. Antony and distinguished Alumni of the Chemistry department,

- Prof. E.D. Jemmis (Director IISER, Thiruvanathapuram and Shanti Swaroop Bhatnagar awardee)
- Prof. Dr. A. Jayakrishnan (Vice Chancellor, Kerala University)
- Prof. Dr. T. Pradeep (Shanti Swaroop Bhatnagar awardee of the year and Professor, IIT, Madras)
- Prof. C. Ravindranath M.L.A (Former member, Faculty of Chemistry, St. Thomas College, Thrissur)

will ruminate nostalgic memories of the “stink” lab and make their obituarial reference to late Prof. K. P. Antony.
Fond Remembrance

Late Prof. K.P. Antony

Department of Chemistry (1950-1983)
St. Thomas’ College, Thrissur
Beacon of light
Guide us and lead us

OBITUARY – PROF. K.P. ANTONY
& RECEPTION – DISTINGUISHED ALUMNI

on
2nd May 2009, Saturday, 4 p.m.

Seminar Hall, St. Thomas’ College, Thrissur

Research and Postgraduate Department of Chemistry
St. Thomas’ College, Thrissur
NASTY NOVEMBER NIGHT*
- Tulasi Ravindran

On a tranquil November twilight
The halcyon breeze from the nonchalant sea
The musical synchronization of horns
There I was in an ostentatious banquet
Celebrating my half-decade party
The merriment and excite was like none other

Another ambrosial year to look back upon
Acquiring another year’s wisdom
Piling up new experiences and lessons on the way
My family was there by my side
To celebrate my glorious moments
They are said to stay by my side

Out of the blue does the slender gunshot pierce the ears
Injecting fright in every soul
The sudden scare is indescribable
Like when one can't get back on one's own feet
Screams play substituting the dulcet choir
Panic everywhere, subjugating the presence of one's mind

My mom held on to me tight
And she made me promise not to leave heart
For I am only a child but can go on
Sparks of fire acrobat
Danced to the music of the screams
Blockading any way to escape

There came two vile men
That pointed the dreadful gun at me
Just by a pull
Did my mom die a silent death
Sacrifice, an act of the brave  
Not a shed of tear from my mom's eye

A jolt of adrenaline gushed through my veins  
While there was no way I could loose courage  
Packed full of determination  
Walked through the fire chocking door  
Like a tour through a volcano  
Multitudinous cries echoed the melancholies hall

Dodged the sight of the loathsome murders  
Weaved through the bloodcurdling corridors  
Praying to God to save them all  
Terror and panic were elements of the nightmare  
Murder to top it all  
Helplessness emptied my mind

Finally I tripped and saw  
The corpse of my dead daddy  
Lifeless wide eyes full of bravery  
That none other could have shown  
I could see bruises and burns  
And heard that he was on a mission to save some one

Tears flooded onto my face  
As I could not stand the sight  
Swore that I could not let this happen  
Ran out to call for help  
On the crowded streets outside  
I could not bear this injustice

Why do people do such barbarous acts?  
To ruin their family’s name  
Now how could their mother say  
That she gave birth to such a son  
This cruelty cannot be made up in a lifetime  
Immoral lives do these people lead

But I believe that one should stand strong and firm  
Lead a regular life and forget the deeds of the past  
Terrorism feeds on fright  
Once it is overlooked, then there is no stop  
A silent moment to mourn for the brave, a day is enough  
And nothing more is to be done.

* Dedicating this poem to all the innocent people who lost their lives during Mubai terror attack on 11/26/2008. Praying God to give strength and courage to those children who lost their near and dear ones.
Leprechaun Limericks
- Maya Thattacherry

A leprechaun I knew named Larry,
Was looking for someone to marry.
    He found her today;
    And she wants to stay,
Soon they had a baby named Harry.

A leprechaun Leo was sad,
His creation become a big fad.
    He went to the store;
    And looked on the floor,
Where he found a gold coin and was glad.

A limerick is a five line poem with couplets(two line poem) and triplets(three line poem). The rhythm of the syllables is 9-9-5-5-9 or 8-8-5-5-8.

Home Sweet Home
- Pooja S. Kalapurakkel

At the end of each day, I am tired and weary.
    All of that work is so horribly dreary!
But when I have this one simple thought, I often smile:
For I know there is place for me to go in just a little while.
    That place is called home…
    My own Home, sweet home.

    Life can sometimes be blue.
    Some might feel there is no where to turn to.
But there is a place where laughs always sound.
    In this place, joy spreads all around.
    That place is called home…
My own Home, sweet home.

There are many purposes a home serves. It’s a place of love, the love that strengthens your weakest nerves. For this place is as comfortable as a bed. There’s a place to be myself, a place to rest my head. That place is called home. My very own. Home, sweet home.

**Spring is Awakening**

- Christa Jacob

Grass Growing  
Flowers Flowing  
Fireflies Glowing  

Bees Stinging  
Branches Swinging  
Crickets Singing  

Leaves Rustling  
Wind Bustling  
Ants Hustling  

Birds Flying  
Sun Shining  
Frogs Crying  

Clouds Floating  
Kids Gloating  
People Boating  

Bugs Crawling  
Rain Falling  

MOTHER NATURE IS CALLING
**Now or Never**

- Sreeja S. Kalapurakkel

*Do it. Now.*
*Time doesn’t wait for anyone.*
*The world doesn’t pause for you to make a decision.*
*Hurry, fast, but think it through*
*Think of what is best for you.*

---

A woman was walking through a scanty village marketplace in the bustling town of New Delhi. It was very crowded and extremely busy. The never-ending line of cars jostled around the people, looking for a way out of the chaos…

The woman who was an orphan for long was always searching for her identity…her past…and after visiting this vibrant town a number of times finally found what she was looking for…her heritage…how her parents lived in the slums, how they didn’t have enough money to support her and her sick baby brother, how and why she was given away in hopes that she would be better cared for by someone, some day.

As she walked through the Delhi markets, she realized how lucky she was, to be brought up by a rich family in America. The people around her spoke Hindi, her mother-tongue which however, was completely foreign to her.

She sighed. Was it better to come back now, and learn of her past, or never to know at all? Just as she was pondering this, she heard a loud cry…

As she turned toward the noise, she saw several things at once: a blind little boy, about five years old, crying in the middle of the street, wearing nothing but rags; a street full of on-lookers watching; and a big truck headed at full speed towards the little boy.

The woman, absorbing all of this at once in the adrenaline rush of a chaotic moment, turned to look at the spectators on all sides of the street. It was clear from their faces that they weren’t going to do anything, except watching…maybe. The driver of the truck was on the phone, not bothering to look up at the road and didn’t notice the little boy.

The woman watched in desperation. She wanted to scream out: *Someone! Do something!* *Can’t you see he’s going to get hit?!* But nobody would understand her, even if she spoke. *And besides,* she thought, *who would do anything to help? Who was this blind little orphan to them? Why should they care?* As she realized no one would move, it suddenly dawned on her that maybe, just maybe, *she* could be the one to save this boy’s life.
As she started moving toward the center of the street, she hesitated again. What if I don’t make it? What if I don’t reach the boy in time? Most importantly, what if I die, too?

These questions swirled around her brain, terror seizing her mind, blinding her to the fact that this child needed help. The truck was moving closer and closer with each passing moment…time would soon be up for the boy.

Then, she thought of her past…How kind were the people who took her in and cared for her, and provided her everything. She thought of how fortunate she was, to escape the poverty of this child. She thought of all this, and her resolution returned. Thus, with blazing determination, she ran as fast as she could into the middle of the street.

*         *         *         *         *          *

(30 years later)

The woman, now old and withering, like a flower that blooms so early and dies so soon, sat on her porch one quiet evening, in the quiet suburban part of New York…thinking. In the distance, she heard the bustling of the city, having almost finished its work for the day. Her adopted son now sat at her side, his eyes restored by an operation. He was talking, her son, about his busy day at work in the hospital. She gazed at him, remembering that day she saw him in the marketplace. As she looked at him, a great sense of peace and happiness washed over her, knowing she restored life to a child who would otherwise have lost for ever…

Finding Religion
- Ramesh Govindan

I was standing at the top of the Sabarimala hill in southern India overlooking the green mountainside. It seemed as though the ground itself was reverberating with the chanting of thousands of other pilgrims. The entire three-kilometer hike up the hill had been like this, an endless
parade of people dressed in dhotis – traditional loincloths – some white, some orange and others black. All the while they were singing prayers aloud, Sanskrit words that seemed as old as the earth itself. Each carried a package of rice and coconuts wrapped in a thin shawl, an offering to take up to the Lord Ayappa – a reincarnation of both Shiva and Vishnu. Ahead of me loomed an enormous temple, majestic yet plain in appearance. It was said to have been commissioned and planned by the Lord himself, atop this remote hill in the Deccan interior. Green trees arched about the buildings as if they were part of the temple. I could see twisting gray smoke rising from the central sanctum, no doubt from the daily puja that traditionally accompanied sunrise. All around the temple was a sea of people, in which I was only a droplet. We wove our way through the crowd to the guest house and rented a small, tile-floored room. There was an entire ritual that we would have to follow before actually entering the temple.

For weeks before, we had stopped shaving – something that wasn’t a problem for me, a ten-year-old boy. My father and uncle, however, both had grown impressive beards. After preparing our offerings at home, we had taken a taxi to Pampa, a village at the base of the mountain, and had begun the hike up the hill from there. In retrospect, the hike was easy, a mere three kilometers, but at the age of ten, before I had participated in any real sports, three kilometers was like a marathon. I reached the top sweating and panting, thankful to God that I was wearing shorts and not a precariously positioned dhoti. After showering and preparing, we finally entered the temple.

Plunging into the sea of people, we made our way to the sanctum. My father and my uncle were standing behind me, all of us craning our necks to see the idol. The smell of burning incense, the play of light and shadow of the flickering lamps and the melodious chiming of the bells mesmerized me. The sounds of the hundreds of people around me, their steady breathing, the patter of their feet on the stone floor, the rustle of their clothing all confirmed one thing – Hinduism is a religion of unity, one of togetherness that binds millions of people under one belief. It is my religion.

Akshaya Patra Unlimited

-Annu Kuriakose

"No child in India shall be deprived of education because of hunger."

With this remarkable vision, the Akshaya Patra Foundation set out to feed the underprivileged in India and allow children to grow, be educated, and become successful in life.
Starting from early 2000, a group was formed that’s ultimate goal was to provide free nutritious meals in schools to encourage education among the underprivileged. Akshaya Patra means an ‘inexhaustible vessel’ that contains unlimited food. From serving only 1,600 children from its origin, this foundation is now produced in over 16 different locations dispersed throughout India. As of now, it supplies meals to over 973,147 children.

At this moment, several underprivileged children in India are being deprived of food and an education. Those that are being deprived of this were said to be at a disadvantage in school. They either had shorter attention span or dropped out of school to work and provide food for themselves. Did you know that just $28 can help feed a child for one whole year? Did you know that just $0.13 can help a child live for one more day? If hunger was eliminated just in India, it would end one-third of the world’s hunger.

How remarkable is it that one foundation, which started out serving only five schools, can make all the difference between a child that is malnourished and a child that is healthy? Food is essential to a human body and even one person can provide this necessity to nourish the children of our native land so that they can prosper. Every parent dreams that their children will become successful in life. So why not allow these underprivileged parents the chance to obtain that wish and have the opportunity to send their children to school.

For more information on the Akshaya Patra Foundation, visit www.akshayapatra.org. Every year, a walk-a-thon is held near Boston to raise money for these underprivileged children. Last year on October 5th, members from KANE Junior participated in this 5 mile walk starting from the Artesani Park in Brighton. From the people that walked in Boston, we were able to attain more than $25,000. This would provide school meals for around 900 children. Imagine how much people around the world raised and how many children they were able to feed. Just think of how much more we could have raised if you were there.

Don’t always assume that someone else will help these children. Instead, be that someone that will step forward and provide the children with what they need. It’s not necessary to help every single malnourished child in the world, just start with one kid.

Even one child means a better and prosperous society in the future. Through our will and effort, we can make this possible. Who knows, maybe India will become a country that has the advanced technology, a prodigious economy, and 100% literacy. A place that other countries wish to be. A country that is near perfect.

Make a difference in the world and start by just one kid at a time.
FOUR BOOKS FROM KRISHNA JUST PUBLISHED
!! CHECK THEM OUT !!

**THE LAND OF BLUGARIOUSES**
$13.00
by KRISHNA
All on a sudden, she felt an evil smell around her. She tried to believe that it was only an illusion, but the smell persisted. In acute distress and fear, she smelt her clothes and hands, but there was nothing wrong. But the smell was still there. In utter confusion and horror, as if having an invisible spirit in the room, she looked about. One beautiful small Novel and two stories by Krishna, Author of Adam’s SONS.

**WITH LOVE FROM WEST AND OTHER STORIES**
$12.00
by KRISHNA
"I learnt to pray." Said Merlin. "To God. To give me peace of mind. To be with me in happiness and sorrows alike. In my death even. And is it not what we all need? The presence, I mean. The beautiful story, WITH LOVE FROM WEST’ of Merlin, an American tourist and sixteen other stories by Krishna, the author of ADAM’S SONS and END OF A NIGHTMARE. These stories expound and explain various facets of human life in an inimitable manner, taking the reader to the wonderland of laughter, love and peace. Read it and experience the pleasure of tranquility.

**ADAM’S SONS**
$15.00
by KRISHNA
Written in a typically Indian atmosphere, this novel portrays the life of Shiva alias Larry and his foster mother Cathy. The story leads the reader through the realms of intrigue, wild passion, lust, incestuous desire, violence, crime and murder. At last, Larry finds solace in the redemptive love of his mother, which takes him to an unprecedented height of divinity, where the last remnants of sorrows and fears vanish and eternal peace remains.

**END OF A NIGHTMARE**
$16.00
by KRISHNA
"You are very late." She admonished. "Yes, mother. I am sorry" Said Anitha. And the mother-in-law felt cheated. To her, the humble words were like Anitha spitting on her face. It is the story of Anitha and Aravind and Robin and Mother-in-law. And also the story of the Silence and ever dancing Moli. This Novel takes the reader gradually towards eternal bliss.

These books are available as print copy and also can be downloaded as e-book. Available at proclaimbookstore.com. Search with KRISHNA or by book names and go on adding to cart.

Editors’ note: Krishna is a famous writer from Kerala who writes both in Malayalam and English. He is an enthusiastic supporter and well-wisher of Sameeksha. His works have been published quite frequently in Sameeksha and we wish him the best in his literary endeavors.