



## Anuradha... The Hurricane Smile

She was a flower  
of affection bloomed  
in Elphinstone College  
on the western city of Bombay  
when the spring thunder arose in the East.

She was the wind  
of Shanbag<sup>1</sup> that swept  
the lanes of dalit bastis  
in Nagpur rising from among the dalit panthers.  
From CPDR<sup>2</sup> to the coal mines of Chandrapur  
from parallel cinema to Ahwan Natya Manch-AILRC<sup>3</sup>  
she moved on to Chetana Natya Manch in Dandakaranya.  
From Forum Against Rape to the Maoist underground life  
she ambled on the long road;  
she was the effervescing fragrance  
of consciousness.

To talk about her is not just to  
talk about the youthful dreams  
or ideals of '70's.

It is to talk about the flower  
that grew into a kernel, seed  
a forest that today has left  
the system gasping of its  
internal problems.  
It is to speak about  
the long march of revolution.

It is not only to tell  
about our intimacy of 30  
long years  
but also to talk about  
the thorny path, rapturous  
and sweet tragedies on the way.

It is to emphasize  
that that which is  
being portrayed  
by Manmohan Singh  
as a mindless flower  
or poisonous pip  
or menace is nothing  
but a hurricane smile that  
springs from the beautiful  
minds of the browbeaten.

It is also to say  
that where the state can't even  
contain rising prices nor the killer malaria  
there, people continue to create  
a new world  
even after their martyrdom.

Varavara Rao

1. Her father was a communist lawyer who came from Shanbag family from Coorg in Karnataka
2. Committee for the Protection of Democratic Rights, Maharashtra
3. All India League for Revolutionary Culture.

## Remembering Comrade Anuradha! Remembering a Beautiful Life!

### DO NOT STAND AT MY GRAVE AND CRY

Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there, I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints that glow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night;  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there, I did not die.

—Anonymous

