



Shobhana Radhakrishna

She is the Chief Functionary of the 'Gandhian Forum for Good Corporate Governance' formed by the Standing Conference of Public Enterprises (SCOPE) for promoting ethical business practices, organizational integrity in Public Sector Enterprises (PSEs) of Government of India. The Forum aims to promote ethical business conduct in the corporate, public and private enterprise through lectures, training and seminars.

She is an 'Eminent Citizen' to the Ministry of Rural Development, Government of India. She is a member of 'Mahila Samakhya' program of Government of Bihar and member of 'Sarva Shiksha Abhiyan' of Government of Tripura.

She has travelled internationally to give lectures on transformational leadership of Mahatma Gandhi: She is the Chairperson of DISHA, a voluntary organization working on the Gandhian path for social development since 1992 in various parts of India carrying out CSR initiatives.



Paul Cesarczyk

Polish-born American guitarist Paul Cesarczyk is an active exponent of both the contemporary and the traditional repertoire. He made his New York City debut at the age of seventeen at Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall, and has been concertizing since then through out the United States, Europe, and Asia.

Mr. Cesarczyk is the recipient of several prestigious awards including the Andres Segovia Award, the Aaron Copland prize from American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, the Artists International Award, a Kosciuszko Foundation Prize, and an Artistic Excellence Award from the New York State Senate.

Since 2009, Paul Cesarczyk serves as the Guitar Department Chair at Mahidol University, College of Music, in Thailand. He is also on the faculty of the Cremona International Music Academy and Competition, in Italy, during the summer months. His dedication in teaching has produced numerous prize winners in national and international competitions. Paul Cesarczyk performs on a guitar made by Australian luthier John Price and uses Augustine strings.

24
Saturday
6.00pm

Classical Guitar Concert
by Classical Guitar Maestro Dr. Paul Cesarczyk
Venue: Russian Cultural Centre, No.10, Independence Avenue, Colombo 07
Organized by Asian Guitar Federation in association with Guitar Association Sri Lanka
(For information please call on 071 8690494 or email to classicalguitarcolombosl@gmail.com)

Cultural Calendar - October 2015

5
Monday
5.00 pm

Mahatma Gandhi Oration

Lecture - 'Leadership Traits of Mahatma Gandhi for Transformational Change'
by Ms. Shobhana Radhakrishna from India
organised in collaboration with Sri Lanka India Society
Venue: ICC Auditorium

Hindustani Vocal Recital

By Sunita Tikare from India
Venue: ICC Auditorium

9
Friday
6.00 pm

10
Saturday
10.30 am - 2.00pm

Food Festival—cuisine from different parts of India

Organized by the Hindi class students of the Centre
Venue: ICC lawns

International Students Day Celebration

A tribute to Former President of India Late Dr. A.P.J.Abdul Kalam
Documentary on Dr. Kalam followed by
"Krishna" - a classical dance and music program
by ICCR Scholars Nuwan Theekshana Liyanage,
Charith Rumayanga Perera, G.P.G.Anuradha Dilrukshi Bandara
& Nirmani Wimarshana Oruwalage
Venue: ICC Auditorium

15
Thursday
6.00 pm

22
Thursday
3.30 - 5.30pm

Classical Guitar Workshop

by Classical Guitar Maestro Dr. Paul Cesarczyk
Organized by Asian Guitar Federation and Guitar Association of Sri Lanka
Venue: ICC Auditorium

Classical Guitar Workshop
by Classical Guitar Maestro Dr. Paul Cesarczyk
9.30 a.m. -11.00 a.m /11.30 a.m – 1.30 p.m
3.30 p.m. – 5. 30 p.m
Venue: ICC Auditorium

23
Friday
6.00 pm

(Prior registration is required. Call on 071 8690494 or email to classicalguitarcolombosl@gmail.com)

Programmes subject to change
Admission to all programmes are on first come first served basis. Except 22nd - 24th Events
All are cordially invited

UNIE ARTS, 2330195



Sanskarika

Newsletter of the Indian Cultural Centre, Colombo

October 2015



Gond Style tribal painting by Indian Artist Ratnamala Sharma
Gond is a Folk art of Madhya Pradesh, India

Tribute to Former President of India Late Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

The last day of Kalam's life

What I will be remembered for.. my memory of the last day with the great Kalam sir...

It has been eight hours since we last talked – sleep eludes me and memories keep flushing down, sometimes as tears. Our day, 27th July, began at 12 noon, when we took our seats in the flight to Guhawati. Dr. Kalam was 1A and I was IC. He was wearing a dark colored “Kalam suit”, and I started off complimenting, “Nice color!” Little did I know this was going to be the last color I will see on him.

Long, 2.5 hours of flying in the monsoon weather. I hate turbulence, and he had mastered over them. Whenever he would see me go cold in shaking plane, he would just pull down the window pane and saw, “Now you don't see any fear!”.

That was followed by another 2.5 hours of car drive to IIM Shillong. For these two legged trip of five hours we talked, discussed and debated. These were amongst hundreds of the long flights and longer drives we have been together over the last six years.

As each of them, this was as special too. Three incidents/discussions in particular will be “lasting memories of our last trip”.

First, Dr. Kalam was absolutely worried about the attacks in Punjab. The loss of innocent lives left him filled with sorrow. The topic of lecture at IIM Shillong was Creating a Livable Planet Earth. He related the incident to the topic and said, “it seems the man made forces are as big a threat to the livability of earth as pollution”. We discussed on how, if this trend of violence, pollution and reckless human action continues we will be forced to leave earth. “Thirty years, at this rate, maybe”, he said. “You guys must do something about it... it is going to be your future world”

Our second discussion was more national. For the past two days, Dr. Kalam was worried that time and again Parliament, the supreme institution of democracy, was dysfunctional. He said, “I have seen two different governments in my tenure. I have seen more after that. This disruption just keeps happening. It is not right. I really need to find out a way to ensure that the parliament works on developmental politics.” He then asked me to prepare a surprise assignment question for the students at IIM Shillong, which he would give them only at the end of the lecture. He wanted them to suggest three innovative ways to make the Parliament more productive and vibrant. Then, after a while he returned on it. “But

how can I ask them to give solutions if I don't have any myself”. For the next one hour, we thwarted options after options, who come up with his recommendation over the issue. We wanted to include this discussion in our upcoming book, Advantage India.

Third, was an experience from the beauty of his humility. We were in a convoy of six-seven cars. Dr. Kalam and I were in the second car. Ahead of us was an open gypsy with three soldiers in it. Two of them were sitting on either side and one lean guy was standing atop, holding his gun. One hour into the road journey, Dr. Kalam said, “Why is he standing? He will get tired. This is like punishment. Can you ask for a wireless message to be given that he may sit?” I had to convince him that he must have been probably instructed to keep standing for better security. He did not relent. We tried radio messaging, that did not work. For the next 1.5 hours of the journey, he reminded me thrice to see if I can signal him to sit down. Finally, realising there is little we can do – he told me, “I want to meet him and thank him”.

Later, when we landed in IIM Shillong, I went inquiring through security people and got hold of the standing guy. I took him inside and Dr. Kalam greeted him. He shook his hand and said ‘thank you buddy’. “Are you tired? Would you like something to eat? I am sorry you had to stand so long because of me”. The young lean guard, draped in black cloth, was surprised at the treatment.

He lost words, just said, “Sir, aapke liye to 6 ghante bhi khade rahenge”.

After this, we went to the lecture hall. He did not want to be late for the lecture. “Students should never be made to wait”, he always said. I quickly set up his mike, briefed on final lecture and took position on the computers. As I pinned his mike, he smiled and said, “Funny guy! Are you doing well?” ‘Funny guy’, when said by Kalam could mean a variety of things, depending on the tone and your own assessment. It could mean, you have done well, you have messed up something, you should listen to him or just that you have been plain naïve or he was just being jovial. Over six years I had learnt to interpret Funny Guy like the back of my palm. This time it was the last case.

“Funny guy! Are you doing well?” he said. I smiled back, “Yes”. Those were the last words he said. Two minutes into the speech, sitting behind him, I heard a long pause after completing one sentence. I looked at him, he fell down. We picked him up. As the doctor rushed, we tried whatever we could. I will never forget the look in his three-quarter closed eyes and I held his head with one hand and tried reviving with whatever I could. His hands clenched, curled onto my finger. There was stillness on his face and those wise eyes were motionlessly radiating wisdom. He never said a word. He did not show pain, only purpose was visible.

In five minutes we were in the nearest hospital. In another few minutes they indicated the missile man had flown away, forever. I touched his feet, one last time. Adieu old friend! Grand mentor! See you in my thoughts and meet in the next birth. As turned back, a closet of thoughts opened. Often he would ask me, “You are young, decide what will like to be remembered for?” I kept thinking of new impressive answers, till one day I gave up and resorted to tit-for-tat. I asked him back, “First you tell me, what will you like to be remembered for? President, Scientist, Writer, Missile man, India 2020, Target 3 billion.... What?” I thought I had made the question easier by giving options, but he sprang on me a surprise. “Teacher”, he said.

Then something he said two weeks back when we were discussing about his missile time friends. He said, “Children need to take care of their parents. It is sad that sometimes this is not happening”. He paused and said, “Two things. Elders must also do. Never leave wealth at your deathbed – that leaves a fighting family. Second, one is blessed is one can die working, standing tall without any long drawn ailing. Goodbyes should be short, really short”.

Today, I look back – he took the final

journey, teaching, what he always wanted to be remembered doing. And, till his final moment he was standing, working and lecturing. He left us, as a great teacher, standing tall. He leaves the world with nothing accumulated in his account but loads of wishes and love of people. He was a successful, even in his end. Will miss all the lunches and dinners we had together, will miss all the times you surprised me with your humility and startled me with your curiosity, will miss the lessons of life you taught in action and words, will miss our struggles to race to make into flights, our trips, our long debates. You gave me dreams, you showed me dreams need to be impossible, for anything else is a compromise to my own ability. The man is gone, the mission lives on. Long live Kalam.



Your indebted student,
Srijan Pal Singh

Source: Facebook page of Srijan Pal Singh