

Evolution

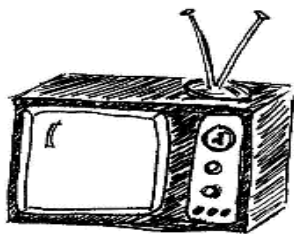
By Dr. Jharna Chatterjee



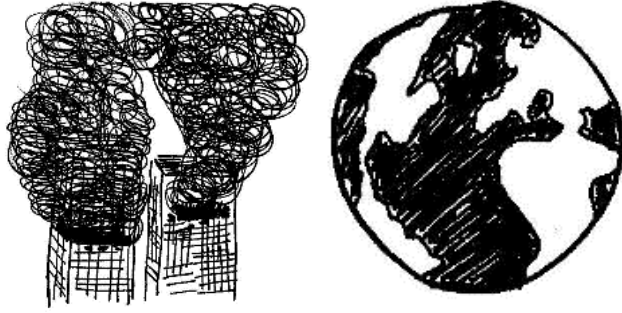
A very small child
listened to music
Coming out of a
trumpet-speaker,
On top of a box with a
rotating disc
Cajoled by a shiny pin.
Amazed, the child tried
to realize,
Where the tiny people
lived and sang.
They called it a
gramophone.



Years later, another
mysterious box
Talked, sang, played
music-
Families and friends
listened to dramas
Sitting around—they
called it a radio.



Fast forward to her
adulthood.
A glass-front box
showed movies,
*The Bridge on the River
Kwai, Roman Holiday.*
A suave officer said,
"Book him, Dano."



It showed *I Love Lucy*
and *Family Affair*
And the first 'small'
human step on the
moon.
All in black and white,
for mesmerized people,
People who watched
television.....

Then the box stayed, but the pictures changed.
In gruesome details, they showed fictitious/real
Victims of war, of violence, mangled bodies
Lying in blood-soaked dust, in torn, blue-black helpless
heaps.
Desperate jumps off blazing skyscrapers
Only to hit the earth in a sickening, cruel crash.
The realism hurt our sight, our souls.
But, it also showed the living earth for the first time
In emerald green and sparkling blue, floating in space;

The fiery planets in satellite photos from far,
Far beyond where human eyes had seen before.
Music came from tapes in round discs,
Or in small, thin rectangular boxes,
Nested in tape-recorder-players;
We carried them everywhere.

Soon that changed too.....
Little discs pour out music now,

Little discs show
movies.
Oh, if you need
something smaller still,
You can get your i-pods,
or TV-watch.

Now the child in this
story has wrinkles,
Has dark and silvery
hair.
She listens to music,
pondering alone,
Where true music comes
from.



Author's note: The black and white
illustrations were drawn by Ms. Shohini
Day