4-1-2000

A Tribute to Ramanujan

Mahesh Dube

Vishwakarma Institute Of Information Technology

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarship.claremont.edu/hmnj

Part of the Mathematics Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation


Available at: http://scholarship.claremont.edu/hmnj/vol1/iss22/11

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Claremont at Scholarship @ Claremont. It has been accepted for inclusion in Humanistic Mathematics Network Journal by an authorized administrator of Scholarship @ Claremont. For more information, please contact scholarship@cuc.claremont.edu.
minimal experience in Math League practicing and
taking challenging tests, and her high school math has
been dominated by a method of “problem typologies.”
Thus it isn’t surprising that she has had no experi-
ence with mathematics as research and discovery. In
this learning world, there are no frontiers and no rug-
ged individualists ignoring their neural health as they
drive their cattle across mythic continental divides.
Even Fan Chung’s math league nursery sounds to her
like a nightmare. Natasha asks, “what is this math-
ematical community?” Natasha would recognize that
community as teachers. Henrion largely talks about
women who are distinguished by “doing” mathemat-
ics, and as a result the book did not reach my daugh-
ter to the extent I’d hoped, because although the
women it profiles had challenges and achievements
that she could admire as a young woman, the sub-
stance of their experience wasn’t hers. In turn, while
the book is of enormous significance to me person-
ally and should go into all libraries as an important
historical document, it is a pity there isn’t more on
mathematics teaching, because teaching is the bridge
for young girls.

(Incidentally, the cartoon which my daughter did not
find funny was one I suggested for the MAA book,
Winning Women into Mathematics.)

---

A Tribute to Ramanujan

Mahesh Dube
Indore, India

Amidst the Southern hills
Of an ancient land of myths,
Where Nature has a wild aroma
Komala carried within her
drops of heavenly nectar—
To nourish the blessings of Goddess,
And a mother gifted a blossomed mind
to the mother Earth.
The omniscient scholar of every integer,
Oh! Ramanujan, the mystic and the seer.
To the masters of the field thou became—
the child dearest
Pride and glory of history and
privilege of present.
Moving with an inner light,
Through the labyrinth of numerals
intricate of abstractions were tamed into
Raptures of sweet rhythms!
Charmed and exalted by the music of
numbers and functional oscillations
Dreams cast on thee a spell of
Sums and integrations.

Generously but shyly did thee disclose—
A circle trick and modular stroke.
Didn’t thy Tau-functions provoke
In the pages of Mathematical Society, London
Several congruent relations?
And bring home many conjectures
with Littlewood, Hardy, Watson and Rogers.
From fractional ecstasy or Mock-Theta agony
Of thy notebook spring
Beacons of our mechanics, cosmology
and super-string.
But alas! the Zenith of thy knowledge
Became the nadir of thy physique,
And from the banks of Cauvery
Across the western horizons
Thou immortal one leaving the fragrance
With Jankee
We bow to thee, oh! Ramanujan—
We bow to thee.