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Articles:

Speech by Mr. Jayanti M. Dalal /3

Dr. Rita Malhotra /A Poetic Journey towards Peace/9

Harekrushna Mahanta/True Spirituality only shall invite peace in this earth/16

Dr. Shujaat Hussain/Forget and Forgive is a great measure for major worry/25

Dr. Kumkum Bhardwaj/Indian English : Making India a Global Destination/30

Mrs. Mamta & Dr. Nitin Bhatnagar/ Has rising Begun for Women/36

Tanu Gupta & Titiksha Gupta/Indian Women and Mental Peace/41

Bajram HALITI / Romany Language/48

G. NALINA/Contribution of Saintly Poets for Universal Brotherhood/53

Poems :

Aju Mukhopadhyay/57, Anuja Mohan Pradhan/57,

Biplab Majee/58 , D. L. Suhausini/60 , Hoda Hussein/61, Iftikhar

Hussain Rizvi/63 , Juturu Krishna Veni/63 , Jayanta Kar Sharma/64,

Juhi Sharma/66, Jwalitha Vijay Kumari Denchanala/66, Kasum Cana/67 ,

Ljubomir Mihajlovski/69 , Puttu Kulkarni/70, Pallam Madhavi Latha/71,

S.M.Jeya Rani/72, S.V. Krishna/72, S.V. Krishnajayanthi/74,

Savita Chadha/75, Shagufta Ghazal/76, Sudarshan Gasso/76

Book Review

Travesty of Life/Jaswinder Singh

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Readings from 4th Writers Festival-India

It has not been so long for us when we organised the first Writers Festival five years back. However, in these years of our writers' expedition we certainly came across many hurdles, the chief one being selecting of the appropriate venue every-year. While looking for the venue of 4th. Writers' Festival, we had many choices in our mind but how it occurred to be Ambala Cantt is an event in itself.

The Fourth International Writers' Festival-India, which was held at GMN College, Ambala Cantt (Haryana) on 29-30 November was, undoubtedly a grand success. Ambala is not a city that has much to boast about literary activities. Being a part of erstwhile Punjab, it was always live in my mind, though with the slight modesty about its prospective venue for a big event. It was through the instrumentality of Dr. (Prof.) Sudarshan Gasso, a teacher of GMN College Ambala Cantt., that the idea of organizing the festival at Ambala took shape. We had already visited and revisited some people many times. The invitations and proposals for the same were pending from many a corner. However, in the ultimate I together with Mr. Sham Singh "Angsang" had parleys with Principal Dr. R.R. Malik , chalked out the venue, schedule, and the result was festival grandiose.

What can be more pleasing than the happenstance that we got the opportunity to congregate at the premises of an institute named after Mahatama Gandhi, the prophet of peace. The venue genuinely supplemented the motto of our Festival – Vasudhaiv Katumbhakum universal brotherhood, peace and prosperity through cultural exchange. Haryana Sahitya Akademi also came forward to help us in this venture and sponsored some distinguished poets from Haryana for participation.

Paper presentations, poetry sessions and cultural performances marked the two day program. The occasion also received positive participation of the students of the institute, teachers, bureaucrats and politicians alike.

Our special thanks to everyone who, in one way or the other, helped us make the event a success. The participants came from India and abroad (about 135) with all time largest number to be recorded. The contributions at the festival were large in number and it was a tough task to retrench few, not necessarily meritoriously but because of appropriacy of the requirement of the issue also. In this issue we have inducted some select writings because of space limitations with the promise of including the rest in the future. --- **D.B.**

**Speech delivered by Mr. Jayanti M. Dalal at 4th
International Writers Festival – India held at Ambala
Cantt on the subject ‘Literature and World Peace’ on
29-30th November 2008.**

I am glad and grateful to the committee members of India Inter-Continental Cultural Association for giving me an opportunity to share my thoughts and feelings on Literature and World Peace at the 4th International Writers Festival-India Conference. The writers’ prime concern is mankind, its happiness and welfare, hence, the selection of the theme of my paper.

I am in the company of the world renowned personalities who are not only knowledgeable but well versed with the latest trends in the subjects earmarked for the conference.

Friends, I will say without any hesitation that people who have contributed in salvaging, protecting and promoting values and ideals in building up the great nation, are those who are present at this venue today.

Twenty thousand years ago life came into existence. Since Adam and Eve, the man has evolved particularly in his intelligence which has grown by leaps and bounds in every field particularly science and technology making him stronger and formidable but unfortunately more the human beings have become intelligent the more selfish, self centered and sub-servient possessive they have turned. This has made human being greedier for material gains, wealth and power. And with these tools they exploit the innocent people. This has given birth to strife and struggle, conflicts and confrontations and finally war. On each occasion slaughtering peace on this earth through fear, violence, threat and destruction of innocence.

Defeat of enemy made them more violent and arrogant. Also brought fame and glory as conquerors, satisfying their ego. Right, from the days of Mahabharat till the last war of Kargil, the hatred amongst human beings have grown million- fold. Hysteria hatred the invention of scientific weapons have added fuel to the fire. From the weapons of the days of Ramayana and Mahabharat namely Agnyastra, Varunastra, Arrows & Bows, to day we have tops and tanks, missiles and rockets,

atom bombs, Hydrogen bombs, neutron bombs, to destroy the human race turning this earth into burning inferno. In a way our whole progress and achievement as resulted in anti peace.

I will fail in my duty if at this stage I don’t mention the positive gains of science. From the days of Ramayana – Puspakviman -to the present days of satellites and telecommunication equipments, latest medical equipments, life saving drugs, cars, trucks, railways, and spacecraft reaching mars & moon and that has brought pleasure, comfort and peace amongst the people of this planet.

However we cannot forget the monstrous weapons i.e. atom bombs showered on Hiroshima & Nagasaki cities of Japan during the 2nd world war. Due to which many were rendered homeless left without food and clothes as also lacs of innocent people were cruelly massacred.

Today the world is sitting on the top of the volcano of life-killing weapons and we the intellectuals of the universe are breathing helplessly under shade of the God Yam

It was in the year 1846, Austria attacked on Venice with bombs with the help of hot air balloon for the first time in the history of the world. Aeroplanes were invented and started flying in the sky in the year 1911, when Italy attacked Turkey with bombs. During the 1st world war, (1914-18) the deadly weapons such as bombs, tanks, rockets etc. were used bringing deaths of innocent human beings, destruction of buildings and precious monuments in the world.

With a propagation of hatred between races, wars continued to spread up like wild fire and the prophets, saints were replaced by cruel war heroes like Adolf Hitler of Germany who invaded many European countries and rule over them. Hitler was caste conscious and was of the opinion that Germans are the only people with Aryan blood flowing in their veins and God has sent him to lead to rule this world. He was of the firm opinion that it is the Jews who were the enemies creating problems for his ruling and decided to cruelly destroy the entire Jew communities from the world.

Many communities for their survival against the onslaught of Hitler, were forced to enter the 2nd world war (1937-1945).

This war was cruelled dance of death. Britain, America and France attacked Germany with tanks, bombs and missiles. This war took a death toll of more than 10 lacs people with heavy destruction of houses, lakes, animals, birds etc. Japan was also bombarded, with up-to-date war technology and more scientific inventions. The hatred and revenge expanded tremendously. The most dangerous clan get joined the rush was that of terrorists.

Japan attacked Pearl Harbour of America and in response in 1945, America attacked Japan with two atom bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki resulting the deaths of lacs of Japanese.

Since then the atomic science then has made a tremendous progress and has brought this world to the brink of extinction. You can destroy the entire world with just one switch 'on' button. Japan and the rest of the world are living in laps of destroyer God. After 62 years of their deadly experience, Japan has not forgotten those inhuman acts. Because of radiation, Japanese are still suffering from several disastrous diseases.

Let me stress that even after 62 year of human treaded human race have not learnt any lessons and still keeps on fighting under one pretext or the other. Korea war, Vietnam war, Arab Israel war, Bharat Pakistan 3 wars, Iran Iraq war, Bosmiya and Chechenyo war - all these wars are manmade by power hungry sadist monsters who are rejoicing elimination of human race from this earth. World peace has becoming a distant dream, an illusion for the human race. The war monsters one point program is into manufacture atom bombs, hydrogen bombs and other deadly weapons. As per my knowledge the stock of atomic bomb with different countries, I enumerate :

1200 Bombs with America (Equal quantity may be with Russia)

500/700 Bombs with Britain, France and China.

70/75 Bombs with India

20/25 Bombs with Pakistan.

General Eisenhower, a military officer, after seeing a horrified experience of war, said: 'In preparation of every raffle, sailing of Frigate & Submarine, firing of rockets, Snatches away food grains, from the hungry mouths of mankind and clothes from the bodies of trembling men in severe winter.'

World is blindly spending money on weapons, but has failed to feel concerned about sweat of workers, enlightenment of scientist, hopes and desires of child and dreams of newly wedded young woman which are destroyed. Weapons are the only alternative for the security of the nation — is never correct. It is the desire of the people to live in peace is the real security. Once upon a time there was a slogan 'Peace through Weapons' which was a fraud, created by sellers of weapons which is ridiculous, foggy, unrealistic and bring financial bankruptcy.

Pollution is another subject that cries for attention and priority for sensible thinkers, serious discussions at this gathering, is not only must but unavoidable. Pollution, if we don't control at this hour of the century and if not given serious thought to, we will antagonize all powerful nature and will invite destruction which will not be far off in time. The entire fuel usage of 100%, 75 percent comes from fossil fuels.

The world population is growing day by day at a very alarming rate. More and more trees are being destroyed and greenery is vanishing day by day from earth. Because of destruction of forests, water scarcity has become a serious problem of the century. Pollution is spreading by leaps and found in every walk of life. Destroying of jungles, lowering levels of water in lakes, rivers etc should be checked as there is no other alternative for these precious life saving element

I believe and have full trust that lacs of years back, the planet Mars was destroyed because of pollution. Life may appear there in the near future. The scientists of the world should find out alternatives of 'urja' without any future delay otherwise earth will be lifeless in the years to come.

Now I would like to narrate some observations on world peace.

Human beings are god gifts to the world and should be thankful to the almighty. For example Jesus Christ said 'love thy neighbour as thy self', so that enmity amongst the people vanishes and world becomes 'Zero-enemy' world. To create 'Zero enemy world' we, ourselves should have peace in our head and heart. We should calmly live our life without disturbing peace and calmness of others by not becoming greedy for powers, money and other worldly life style. Our favouritism for

particular religion, creed, caste should be at minimum level. We should live in peace and harmony. Communalism should be buried. The idea of revenge should be burnt away with the flame of love and peace. Hindu-Muslim and Hindu-Christian riots should be stopped at any cost by propagandizing message of nonviolence, peace, education and love, preached by the saints.

Religious leaders of various religions should offer their discourses from the common platform and the main theme should be that there is no higher religion. There is merely one and only one religion ie. humanism.

Politics is other region where total change of mind and heart of the people is badly needed. Politicians of the world are the destroyer of the human values and virtues incurates greediness of power, money and muscles, make fiery speeches before the innocent gullible public in temples, gurudwaras and masjids and create tension and disturbs the peace of mind steering up dividing forces.

I would deal with literature now.

Years back I read the novel War and Peace by a great writer Tolstoy. I was very much impressed with that novel. The problems facing us in this current times have been in my conscience for the last two decades. I wrote a novel 'Spatial Echoes'. In this novel I have narrated subjects like Environmental decay, Nuclear proliferation, Hindu-Muslim unity, Terrorism, Life on Mars, World Peace and so on. I took twelve years to complete this novel. My original Gujarati novel Shunyavkashma Padgha was published serially thrice in three news papers.

With globalization my novel throws lot of light on world scenario on politics and world peace. In the view of the above, I felt my book is educational, inspirational very informative and clarifies ambiguity in general information. It touches on a board array of topics that stretch from politics, terrorism and environment to religion, culture and mankind.

My novel attempts to show red signal to the world war which if takes place, will inhilate humanity. The current problems arising out of religious fundamentalism, immoral politics and growing communalism have given rise to the spectre of terrorism,

which has shaken the world. How will we ever forget current horrifying and frightening terrorist attacks? Where, when and how it will end? The terrorists do not belong to any religion, region or community, who shed blood in the name of religion, region and country. I would like to caution the nations who are blindly running in a race of earthly comforts, that to disregard the laws of nature, to destroy the environment or to indulge in a nuclear war will undoubtedly bring about the downfall of mankind. If all the nations of the world want to live in peace and harmony, then they should address the issues of environment, the destruction of nuclear weapons and the way to world peace. These should be the prime goals on priority.

Two classmates Sanatan and Iqbal, the protagonists of the novel became great nuclear scientists doing atomic research in their respective countries India and Pakistan. They met at Geneva for disarmament conference and decided to realize their childhood dream. They did rigorous research work for seven years in an island 'Sohali' owned by William. Ivan, his son is also best college friend of Sanatan. He studied nuclear physics with him. In collaboration of other world renowned scientist, Sanatan and his team found out dangerous Nuclear Atomic Weapons and Missiles ineffective through Electromagnetic properties of the solar rays theory and brought this solution to the notice of the whole world to the impending peril of third world war.

The increasing race of nuclear arms and the ever deteriorating environment will lead the earth to its destruction. There are strong indications that such a horrifying and scary future awaits us.

Against dark, suffocating and gloomy scenario, the writers, whose prime concern is mankind and his peaceful coexistence, I hope, would make greater efforts through their writings to contribute towards increasing understanding amongst conflicting people, futility of conflicts as also important of peace for progress and prosperity for better utility of natural resources.

I wish you all the best for fruitful discussions at this conference.

Thank you everybody.

**A poetic journey
towards peace**

Man today is entangled in a vortex of complexities and is languishing in Eliot's wasteland, in a land of crime and confusion, in economic, political and religious upheavals, in the ruthlessness of terrorism and war, torture and massacre. The precariousness of being and a simmering discontent gives a feeling of impoverishment especially to the sensitive poet's mind. In such a situation poetry cannot be world-denying. It cannot alienate itself from society as it enters the world of words. Literature is a mirror of life, a distilled essence of life. The poet makes the essence permanent with his/her imaginative and creative inputs. Poetry is often an outpour of sensibilities, associations, experience, perceptions, anxiety and a myriad of other emotions of the poet besides his relationship to the society he lives in. The famous Indian poet and philosopher Sri Aurobindo mourns the collapse of the traditional system of values in the following lines:

I am the seeker who can never find

I am the fighter who can never win

.....

I am the rebel, man the helpless serf

Fate and my fellows cheat me of my wage

Man is also a function of the rush of time that thrusts him against his will. Time does not linger or wait. Poet T. S. Eliot also interprets time as destroyer as it constantly eats into the future even as man's present is destroyed and relegated to the past. A dazed, disillusioned and anxious mind is too weak to even protest. It is in the face of this dailiness that the cry within is born, the cry for peace.

Poetry is a powerful tool of literature to break away from societal wrongs and pressures and at the same time to give expression to the poet's creative genius in its effort to work towards global peace and nurture it. A poet often speaks for plural people who are weary of the many social evils that plague society, sometimes under shelter of tradition or in the name of religion and at other times as a result of getting caught in the crossfire of opposing factions, political or otherwise. The poet's heart is incessantly throbbing with pain

and his poetry emerges from the poet's increased social sense. Take for example poet A.E.Housman who expresses his anguish when he says:

Here dead lie we because we did not choose

To live and shame the land from which we sprung

Begging to differ from the purists, I believe that it is possible to compose poems that focus on social issues and also stand on their own as works of Art. One example is the category of African-American poetry which continued to get richer and over time manifested a universality of theme. Some African-American poets as they envision freedom of their people in the true sense have touched the lives of people the world over through their powerful verse as the following lines by Sonia Sanchez from the poem "right on: white America". She writes

*the country might have
been a pioneer land once*

.....

*this country might have needed
shootouts daily, once but
there ain't no more real
white all American bad guys
just you and me*

.....

*check out the falling guns and shells
on our black tomorrows.*

*Another such voice dreams a different dream of a future when
the world would be one and there would be no discrimination
of race or colour and says:*

*I too sing America
I am the darker brother
They send me to eat in the kitchen
when company comes'*

.....

*tomorrow I'll be at the table
when company comes*

.....

*besides
they'll see how beautiful I am*

and be ashamed—

These moving lines by Langston Hughes manifest the trauma and emotional struggle to claim one's rightful place in his own country. The positive note in the concluding lines is proof that one has not given up hope and through poetry, one is trying to reach out to his fellow-beings to dream the same dream and strive to make a better world.

This category of poetry is now slowly opening itself to broader subjects—all towards making this planet an abode of harmony.

The relation between poetry and society is reciprocal. Each is implied by the other. In the following Korean short verse form called the Sijo, Poet Karkow builds an atmosphere with a vivid description and then comes the hurt:

*Carved high in cliffs of Hindukush
Statues of Lord Buddha loomed*

.....

*Ravaged now, piles of stone
Can wild flowers ever hide the wounds?*

The wound on stone is the wound of the mind that beauty of nature can never make up. How can a poet's mind not be sensitive to such a wound?

Sometimes memories bleed. The cry is a craving for times gone never to come back.

Pained reflection of the past is vividly expressed by Poet D.H.Lawrence in the following concluding lines of his poem called Piano:

*The glamour of childish days is upon me
My manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance
I weep like a child for the past.*

These poetic lines have suffered no diminution in time. Even today the poet's cry touches the core of the heart. The juxtaposition of the visual and the verbal could not be more apt in the language of poetry.

Sometimes, in his/her quest for the attainment of tranquility it is the cry of desire to be one with the guru whom the disciple sees as the absolute. Is this a kind of escape from the harshness of life, of time, of living with obstinate everyday constraints? The mind

wills itself to believe that losing itself in the absolute will free him from the bondage of time and turmoil, from the bondage of life itself. But poetry does not resign to hurt. It is not afraid of pain. With phoenix emotions, poetry attempts to provide solace and infuse fresh life into bereft-of-hope emotions and transforms a cry into prayers. Shelly's lines from "Ode to the West Wind" come to mind:

*O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud
I fall upon the thorns of life
I bleed.*

A prayer through poetry where the poet asks for liberation from the miseries of life.

In his attempt to seek sense of the turmoil everywhere the Indian poet Rabindra K.Swain from the temple-city of Orissa pens the following:

*In this city of temples
And turds, Gods crowd the yards
Yet it is their blessings
Which are amply missing*

A confused cry of anguish is what we cannot miss in these lines when the poet says that God's blessings are amply missing.

In the Indian religious context, Bhakti or Worship means complete surrender to one's ego to an authority outside oneself i.e. the guru though it does not mean running away from action. Indian philosophy interprets bondage as a compulsion to be repeatedly born in this world and one is said to have achieved salvation only when one is free from the cycle of birth and death. Indian poet Mira Bai's poems or songs as some would prefer to call them, come to the fore in reference to spiritualism and to become one with one's lord and master. Mira Bai was a disciple of the mystic saint Ravidas. In her poem called "Firm Resolve" which has been translated into English by V.K. Sethi, she says

*Let people try to restrain me
O friend, I will not be stopped
I will remain in the saints company
And gain the bliss if Lord's love.*

Good poems, as the eminent Indian poet Rakshat Puri says are supposed to be interpretable in plural ways. The British poet William Empson calls this poetic ambiguity. The reader comes to the poem

with his own experience and state of mind. In the above lines of Mira Bai I can perceive a certain tension in the intense desire to be in the saint's company and a cry even in her defiance of society and her determination to surrender herself at the feet of her Lord in whom she sees all that God represents. Her journey from cry to prayer is depicted through her poems addressed to the guru. In the poem called "Lord's Name" she says

Repeat the Lord's name O' man

It washes off a million sins

"A million sins" convey the passage of time and life through which man has committed mistakes. Her unquestioning faith in her master manifests itself as she urges man to offer his prayers to the guru for it is the guru who helps liberate his disciple from the entangled cycle of time. Mira's poems also depict how a poet identifies a spiritual need in man, how divinity gives solace as man looks into his inward self to search for the purity of the soul in his desire for tranquility, for salvation. The poet believes that goodness can blossom only when there is inward light and space and is ready to lose his identity in his desire for moments of self oblivion in communion with God. In this context the image of the river's desire to join the sea comes to mind.

Going back a little further in time (560-480 BC) I would like to quote a few lines from the verse of the wealthy and beautiful courtesan Ambapali who lived in the city-state called Wesali. Those days the courtesans commanded an enviable position and were protected by the city-state. Her cry is obvious in the following touching and unforgettable lines where she speaks of the richness of youth and then the wearing down of the body with age when nobody would take notice and they would just be one in a crowd. She says

*As if they were stuffed with cotton
both my feet were once splendid
with age, they're shriveled and cracked*

.....
*such was this physical heap
now decrepit, the home of pains
many pains
a house with its plaster fallen off*

*the truth of the truth-speakers words
does not change.*

In her late age she joined the Buddhist order, no doubt seeking peace in spirituality.

The name Daisaku Ikeda emerged from the destruction of the Second World War more so due to the irreversible loss of an elder brother in action as a result of which he pledged to devote his life to the cause of global peace. For him peace has a broader meaning than just "no war, no violence." According to him peace is the restoration of dignity and respect and also freedom from fear besides being a fundamental right of every individual. In his book called "Fighting for peace" Ikeda at one point voices:

Each individual's heart

.....
*is capable of evil and good,
propagates and spreads
its influence like ringlet waves
overlapping on multiple dimensions
The result can be an era of peace.*

Through prayer poems the poet seeks a friend in order to combat the futility of life. In prayers he gathers the fragments of time created by pain, hurt, tension and desire. The image of the sea mentioned above also occurs in the Gita where Lord Krishna tells Arjuna "Just as water enters the sea from all sides and its shores are not transgressed so is true tranquility obtained only by the one who is entered by all objects of sense without disturbing his peace."

At this juncture I would like to include the concluding lines of my poem called "peace" which say that

*overcome by
a finite sense of completeness
realization dawns that
peace is not just a road
nor a direction
peace is an eternal journey*

and along this journey, Poet and Nobel Laureate Rabindranath Tagore expresses his cry and prayer simultaneously in the following lines where the cry in his earnest desire to unite with the supreme almighty is juxtaposed with the poet's search for divinity and peace in his

plea to be one with God or the supreme self:

*As the night keeps hidden in its gloom
The petition for light, even thus in the
depth of my consciousness rings the cry
I want thee only thee*

In conclusion I would say that through prayers expressed by poets one learns to withdraw into oneself to access that mental and spiritual state in which the burden of the world is lightened. One learns not to outwardly react to life's dark moments, its uncertainties. In this way more poetry shall emerge: poetry for the love of the guru, poetry from the desire to be one with the absolute or to be one with one's object of love and from poetry shall emerge hope. These lines of the French poet Yves Bonnefoy resonate in one's mind. They form a bridge which has hope at the other end. He too recognizes the collapse of traditional systems but his poems shadow the cry with words of hope:

Look you will say, at this time
Death shines from it
Secret lamp it is that burns under our steps
Thus we walk lighted.

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**True Spirituality
only shall invite
peace in this earth**

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From time immemorial our sages and saints in India and elsewhere in the world have been searching for peace in the caves and mountains; inside deep jungles and river banks doing meditation and yagnas. Indian sages in the Mahabharata and Ramayana days were striving to realize the mystery of peace unleashing the energy of the soul lying dormant within the body. They used to discover that enormous spiritual power - the source of all power, bliss and joy.

And, that was the age of truth and true spirituality. Valmiki, Vyasa Patanjali, Bashistha, Viswamitra and many such gurus of yoga and spirituality did walk on this earth. And, their legacy was found in Socrates, Tolstoy, Plato, Aristotole, Confusius, Buddha, Mahavir, Kabir and other such spiritual gurus. Swami Vivekananda, Dayananda Saraswati, Yogeswar Shivmuni, Sri Maa & Sri Aurobindo held the torch of true spirituality and tranquility heralding peace on this earth.

But our planet now sits on a heap of nuclear bombs and atomic weapons that can annihilate this beautiful creation within minutes.

There is threat of world wars every now and then. Cold war is on due to misunderstanding amongst nations. UN is becoming null and void before the super powers. Terrorists are at their best to destroy peace from the minds of masses.

In addition, the earth is facing another danger; its tranquility and purity is getting disturbed, its sublime ocean is being polluted and disturbed by various scientific and atomic researches.

On one hand the earth is warming up and on the other, its mountains, rivers, jungles, and seas are being destroyed. Nature is being hammered time and again. And, the humans are reaping its fury. Peace is now miles away.

How can this earth be saved ?

Will peace ever be sustained ?

What are the ways and initiatives ?

Einstein always thought on how to save this world from war

and annihilation; and to establish peace on the earth, to utilize science for the welfare of mankind.

Many social scientists and philosophers think on this, the politicians speak on this almost daily, the religious leaders plead for this. In spite of all this, the world now is rapidly heading towards a catastrophe. Because no one is serious and sincere in this mission. There may be the mushrooms of ashrams, spiritual gurus and religious leaders in the whole world. But what do they really preach and what for? Is there any true essence of spirituality or a message of inner peace?

Scarcely do we find these modern gurus having savored what the sages Vyas or Buddha did. Nor do they reach at such stage of lustre and enlightenment today that their disciples may reach up to that acme state of spirituality. Unfortunately the media too is being whisked away with such gurus.

So we need to sustain our eternal values and true spirituality that will lead us to the real wisdom, inner peace and tranquility in mind, body and soul. We must upkeep the message of Upanishad and Veda.

In the yoga philosophy blood vessels inside the human body can be compared with rivers and oceans on the body of the world. And the heart inside the body is like the water container of this earth. When our minds get polluted and disturbed with anger, lust, greed, ambition and hatred, it directly attacks our blood circulation. Ultimately the heart gives birth to diseases and death. And, man now tries to annihilate this beautiful earth by polluting the rivers, by destroying the tranquility of the oceans with nuclear tests and scientific experiments on the surface.

Yoga is not a physical exercise (Asana) alone, but it deals with body, mind and soul together. But the world is yet to realise it.

Unfortunately, as the metaphysical poet, George Herbert says that God's supreme creation, man, the human race is now wayward. It goes after money, pelf, power, comfort and material possession and remains far away from peace. Scarcely does a modern man get deep sleep at night. In big cities anywhere in the world now a man cannot go to sleep without a tranquillizer. The same is the condition with many countries. The countries considered as the most affluent and resourceful have more tension and dissatisfaction

The world in the 21st Century boasts of scientific and technological development, the victory of science over nature. Man has reached on the surface of moon and mars; and now is trying to discover other planets in the cosmos where scientists think there is human habitation.

Science has bestowed us with every comfort and convenience.

But modern science also has given us nuclear weapons which have already been used in the 2nd world war with political ambition of statesmen, for the purpose of destruction and no peace initiative came into existence. Already the world has seen two world wars. The atomic bomb explosion, the destruction caused by it to mankind at Hiroshima and Nagasaki still remains in our minds.

But the war on our planet is something that came out of our narrow-mindedness and lack of a true philosophy and principle in life. Can we ever think that we humans are all same and equal whether born in Japan, America, India or Africa?

We cannot.

Now, there is terror in the atmosphere, fear in the sky and violence prevailing everywhere. A common man stepping out of his home is not sure whether he shall return back safe. There may occur some bomb blasts inside the train, at bus stop, at mall, at railway station, at airport or inside the public park. Even the temples, mosques are not free from danger. School going children are being kidnapped and threatened to be killed if demands of terrorists not fulfilled.

If we are unable to provide our children a safe place to laugh and play, a bird an open sky to fly, our senior citizens to roam freely inside the park and roads in the morning to inhale fresh air... what type of the earth we're living in?

Martin Luther King struggled on alien land and spread the message of peace. And, he sacrificed his life for the great cause. Who'll forget Abraham Lincoln (the Father Abraham) for whom now the Africans are living with dignity in any part of the world?

Slavery system was uprooted from America and he of course did a herculean task for the whole mankind towards peace, against violence and cruelty on humanity. Mahatma Gandhi has been the epitome of peace in this world for his weapons like truth, non-violence and peace. What he savored in South Africa now has spread across

the world.

And, we cannot forget Mother Teresa's Home of Charity that has spread around the world assisting the helpless orphans and the downtrodden. Nelson Mandela of South Africa is called African Gandhi for his sacrifice for African people.

And, all these great people were spiritual personalities. In other words, they were sages, saints and yogis.

What Dale Carnegie has guided us is sheer yoga philosophy. His philosophy of positive thinking and 'concentrate on thyself' become the law of success.

Whether Charlie Chaplin or Romain Rolland, Beethoven or Michelangelo or Goethe... all were spiritual personalities and yogis. So are Einstein, Bernard Shaw, Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King, Mahatma Gandhi and Mother Teresa.

Thus in order to establish peace we need to initiate the philosophy of true spirituality in every nation, to follow the principles of Yoga, Gita, Veda and Upanishad. Bhagbat Gita, India's very ancient and holy scripture says, "Sarba bhuta hite rata". It means, work for the well being of the whole creation. The holy Koran also speaks: "Ya Khudah Sari Khilkat ko barkat de". Here it suggests, 'O God! Bless the whole universe with your kind shelter'. When Jesus was being crucified, he prayed to God for the mercy of the ignorant fellow-beings thus: "Oh God! Please forgive them for they know not what they do". All these messages came from different religions but having the essence of real spirituality. And so they are quite same and beyond the boundary of any worldly religions that clash against each other at the slightest opportunity.

Where lies the solution then?

It indeed lies in true spirituality and is found within yoga and yoga philosophy. Therefore, it needs to adopt yogic way of life which is inherited by us from our sages and saints in India who struggled centuries after centuries and bestowed upon our culture the great science of yoga. No doubt, it is the only path of universal good. In fact, the path and means must be befitting to the great aim and goal. Yoga is for all. It is a discipline which possesses the potentials of revolutionizing the whole world and curing all its ills. It is the only discipline today which can give right direction to human mind besides keeping the body fit; it can thus become a vehicle of

mental and spiritual transformation of our society. It can be a saviour of mankind because it replaces hatred, exploitation and violence with love, fraternity and peace.

On yoga the sage Patanjali said :

***"Yogaschitta brutinirodha,
Tadadrastu swarupasthanam."***

It means yoga is a wonderful science that destroys the fickleness of mind. And, it helps the restless mind to get rest within the real self (the soul) in peace and tranquility. Yoga indeed is the science of making oneself capable enough to get mastery over one's senses. By getting this power, man can have control over the mind which of course is the source of all strength and energy.

In fact yoga helps removing ignorance, superstition and stereotype thoughts from us - and enkindles us with enlightenment. With the spiritual awakening within us, we savour the oneness between us and the Almighty and can feel the similarity between us and the universe. Not only do we find God within ourselves, but also we see the same in others. Thus says the Veda "Ahom Brahmasmi, Tattwamasi". Here it means, I am God (Brahma) and you too are the same. When we realize the truth lying within this, we will never hurt anyone. We rather shall feel the pangs of others. We will exist in love, not in hatred or violence. There is no place of terror or enmity. No need of becoming terrorists to kill our own species. And, this can really put the strong foundation for global peace.

And, when we think of a broader world beyond religions comes spirituality where there is no barrier as: colour, creed, caste, nationality nothing. Thus Buddha's message of peace, love, non-violence and meditation has spread to almost every part of the world.

Time to time the thinkers around the world do think of creating a New Humanity : a global exchange mechanism, to build a human world and influence international policies. The desire to create a 'compassionate world'. Regarding the New Humanity, the New Age Guru Deepak Chopra says : "We're living a superficial life trapped in fear and greed. Yet, we're aching for a living environment, which seems an impossibility. It's important we address the moral issues of our time so that a compassionate world doesn't remain a distant dream. The New Humanity will provide a balance on earth".

And, many a global personalities have joined hands together in this novel mission like: Latin Pop Star Rickey Martin, New Age Guru Deepak Chopra, writer Paulo Coelho, South African cine producer Anant Singh, Hollywood actresses Jerry Hall, Marisa Tomasi, Pakistani activist Asma Jahangir, Goldie Hawn, Nobel Peace Prize Winner Oscar Arias Sanchez, Nobel Laureate Betty Williams, former US Vice-President Al Gore, holistic expert Issac Mathai, Hollywood actor Antonio Banderas, founder of chicken soup for the soul Jack Canfield, director Shekhar Kapur and Dipak Jain – Dean of Kellogg Institute of Management in US, Kerry Kennedy, the human rights lawyer etc.

What the sage Patanjali, Maharshi Vyas and Valmiki Muni, Socrates, Tolstoy, Confucius Buddha, Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo, Kabir as well as Shivmuni have preached us, delineated us on Yoga should be sincerely followed. Just worshipping them and their statues never make any sense. But we have to reflect their teachings and spiritual essence on our day to day life. We have to relinquish our craziness towards money, affluence and comfort. We should not be idle but active.

Morality never means not enjoying life. Yoga or meditation do not mean taking recluse (sanyas) from day to day life. Rather through yoga practice, a practitioner gains strength and energy which he may utilize for his enjoyment and work in life.

Now what we need is to sprinkle the world with love, mercy and kindness. Let's replace hatred with love, violence with non-violence, anger with affection and create a new world based on peaceful co-existence of human beings.

We must not forget what the Bible said in Old Testament: "They shall beat their swords into plough - shares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nations shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

After the Kalinga war when the cruel King Ashoka saw hundreds of innocent people butchered and killed; and massive bloodshed which turned river Daya into a river of blood, he took a vow not to take sword again and not to fight another battle; but to preach the message of peace, non-violence and meditation - the message of Lord Buddha. Thus peaceful co-existence is of course the need of today's world.

And, in every age the poets and writers have been guiding the global masses to go on the right way, the true way towards eternity and eternal values of life. Be it Vyas Valmiki, Socrates, Buddha or Mahavir ... they all through their scriptures, poetry and writings have given the true essence of life, the real spirituality for a peaceful living and worthy human survival. In this context says James A. Butler :

*No one was ever a great
Poet without being at
the same time a profound
Philosopher, for
poetry is
the blossom and the
fragrance of all
human knowledge,
human thoughts,
emotion, language.*

Regarding how the poets are prophets and awakener of the world and harbingers of peace, Pamela Constantine, one of the most revered philosopher of England, says :

Since soul is our spiritual essence — the divine Seed of Love – in – potential which we must steadfastly draw upon to release the inner god - - poets are often the most authentic of prophets. As the illustrious Indian Master Kuthumi declared, "The true poet is always the Seer." Even so did my early poems, written before the soul's full immersion into the human condition, act through the ensuing years as an indicator of my own ongoing steps back into the Light.

Poetry must again become a voice for Man's soul, for the spirit of mankind, since the soul is Love, and is not Love the real heart of life and creator of all new forms ?

This is always what the high Romantic and transcendentalist poets infer by the term 'love'. As the great German poet put it, "The world must be Romanticized. Then one would recover the original meaning. Romanticism is nothing but a raising to a higher power ... In this operation, the lower self must be identified with the higher." Such poet have always been amongst us, either in preparatory lives or actual lives as poets of soul.

As a prime example I would cite Plato, who formed one of the

earliest spiritual Mystery Schools and reincarnated in the late eighteenth century as Percy Bysshe Shelley, foremost of the English high Romantics, of whom the celebrated scholar and poet Kathleen Raine wrote, "Only those lacking in all sensibility to a poetry which speaks to the soul in its own language and of its native place and state can read Shelley uncharged." (Though I do not believe Ms. Raine knew of his earlier incarnation, pure poetic insight caused her to describe Shelley as the most Platonic of poets.)

Sisirkumar Ghose, member of Sri Aurobindo's ashram, wrote, "The poetry is the soul of poetry, giving back to us the lost language of ecstasy and illumination." It is a comment I wholeheartedly endorse. To regain this language and with it recognition of ourselves as eternal beings is to become timeless in time and thus more able to serve the race in its slow progress untoward the Light.

Goldie L. Morales, succinctly expresses the same significant truth : "Is there a language through which the spirit of the cosmos seeks to express itself ? If so, that language is poetry."

Romantic and Transcendentalist poets are both imbued with a profound sense of soul. Sri Aurobindo was himself a poet of high calibre in this vein, expressing the Journey of Awakening from firsthand experience in a way that stirs the soul, as in these lines from 'A God's Labour'

*Coercing my godhead, I have come down
Here on the sordid earth,
Ignorant, labouring, human grown
'Twixt the gates of death and birth.*

*I have been digging deep and long
Mid a horror of filth and mire
A bed for the golden river's song,
A home for the deathless fire.*

As the mystical Irish poet William George Russell (A.E.) once wrote, "The Romantic imagination, equally with the mystic, releases the soul from the clog of our slower, more static nature to blossom in its own ideal."

He goes on to quote the Seer in the Upanishads who said of the seeker, "Let him approach it saying, "This is the Mighty. " He becomes Mighty. Let him approach it saying. "This is the Wise."

He becomes filled with wisdom. Let him approach it saying, "This is the Maker of the Song' He becomes the Maker of the Song."

The role of such "musicians of the word" is a high calling and therefore a high challenge. Yet there is one assured path by which that role may always be fulfilled, given as the simple advice in which all Seers throughout the ages have concurred, "This above all, to thine own Self be true,".

But with the passage of time, spirituality has been alienated from mainstream activity. It should surely be the underlying fabric of our existence. Gone are the days when our youths did have a vision to follow the ideology of a Vivekananda, Subhash Bose, Tagore, Gandhi, Lincoln or Tennyson. But these days they rather follow the ideals of cine stars & models. Thus they ruin themselves following the life style of those screen gods and goddesses.

When mind within the man gets polluted, a human being becomes cruel, violent and angry. Through true spirituality human beings need to be pacified. Similarly, these human beings can keep this planet safe when they are rightly guided by novel ideology and Philosophy. Science should work for the welfare of mankind not for its annihilation.

We need to revive the spiritual path amongst us. Meditation, prayer, yagnas of the bygone days must be sustained. Spirituality & the Upanishadic philosophy should guide them all. The culture of our sages, saints and munis must survive. Their paths must be followed. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Buddha, Mahavir, Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo, Saint Joan, Mother Teresa, Valmiki, Vyas, Gargi, Maitrei, Lopamudra, Sri Maa, Sister Nivedita, Annie Besant must come up and rise from their graves to save especially our modern youths who're being wayward by the influx of the new age of mobile phones. .

Let us fight all of us together in any part of the world to combat this sort of decay of morality. We must unite together to save humanity, civilization & values in life. It indeed is more dangerous than problem of terrorism, global warming or natural disaster as it's ruining us from within killing our inner selves.

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side.

Reegveda - I- 89 - ii

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Forget and Forgive
is a great measure
for major worry

Asia is the birth place of poetry. The first word AUM—familiarily known as OM—was born in India and Asia has birthed immortal epics—Ramayana, Mahabharata, Gita, Bible, Holy Qur'an and other scriptures.—containing all unexcelled excellencies of Eastern Mysticism. These epics have deep and indelible impression on the minds of the Asians.

It is the most important function of poetry to induce in us a sense of the significance and the meaningfulness of life. C. E. M. Joad quotes Radhakrishnan in *The Counter Attack from the East*: “We know how to fly in the air like birds, we know how to swim in water like fishes, but we do not know how to live on earth”. Poetry enshrines and immortalizes these ideas and ideals which urge us “to live and to love. Poetry invokes in us the ideas of the larger beauty, justice and charity of the universe. Poets give us the power to know, to love, to appreciate and to understand the life and the world in a new way.

Real poetry is the inner voice of mankind. “It is”, says Carlyle, “not only a criticism of life, it is the very truth of life—very essence of man's noble quest for reaching the kingdom of Eternal Bliss.” “*Poetry is the voice of man's soul*”, said Swinburne. And bridges cried out with great wonder, “*Poetry is God, and God is poetry!*” “It is not the shade of mystery”, said Johnson, “*It is the light of eternity*”. In the words of Shelley, “A poet participates in the infinite and the One”.

Poetry is an art and it must be estimated with respect to its purely and entirely artistic or technical features. But this consideration must not blind us to the fact that poetic art is after all an embodiment of spirit and a vehicle of sublime thought fellow feeling.

Poets invariably lay emphasis on subject-matter, powers of thought, moral strength and influence. I assert that a great poet treats subject worthily and he touches the souls of poetry such as brotherhood, love and peace, hope, compassion, sympathy, kindness,

grace, beauty, non-violence, harmony, fraternity, humanity, integrity, chastity, utility and humility, suggestion, prayer suffering, exploitation, harassment and torture etc in their poetry.

By adopting this path the poets do not write poetry for pleasure and publicity. There is a mission behind it. They write poetry to propagate positive aspect which is good and useful to mankind. Under the shadow of it one can lead a happy life. And what may be more than this in the world where nuclear warheads have been amassed to destroy this beautiful planet.

*A poet has never lust for money, award,
reward, and fame:*

A poet dreams his vision

Through the soul of his poetry

And perpetuates peace for all

Who shuns devils and evils,

Hatred and violence

In the divine garden of universal love.

There is an immediate need to focus on the theme of Love and Peace to put an end hatred, violence and terrorism, and visionary poets have the road for their world on their dream of a new world painted in colours of love and peace. Extremism and terror must be checked and rooted out on priority as repercussions were felt as far away as in New York and the rest of the world.

S. T. Coleridge says in his magnum opus book, *Biohraphia Literaria*, Chapter XIV that we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand. Browning calls poets the “**makers-see**” ad why Carlyle writes of them as “gifted to discern the god-like mysteries of God's universe. That is why we may describe every poet as Arnold once described Wordsworth as “a priest to us all of the wonder and bloom of the world”.

Verses are like the mines of beauty and truth. Poetry has, thus, a unique value in brightening and strengthening life. As a tonic that invigorates the withered soul of an individual in his unceasing struggle in his materialistic world, as a soul, as a product of sheer beauty for perennial delight, and as a beacon to what it transcendent, poetry has a function which can be discharged by nothing else in the world. Without it the soul of man will have lost something of its lily.

“The world's great poets” says W. H Hudson, “have always

recognized that poetry is made out of life, belongs to life, and exists for life". It is the function of poetry to make man's life more full and real. The poet sees life around him, sees it steadily and whole; he reveals the significant facts of that life to us, and thus enlarges the boundaries of reality for us. He is not merely creating a fairy world, "as perfect and useless and beautiful as a soap-bubble—a world in which defiance is bidden to all the zoologists and geographers and gods of the things that are".

Much acclaim, many glories of men are found in the pages of history. But now the people of the earth have begun to realize that the progress we have made, does not have any reason to be proud of. Simply because it arises the sense of "ego" and "arrogance" which disintegrates fabrics of harmony. I have reasons to believe arms and ammunition cannot establish peace and may never be a source of Love. Naturally, it has become a great demand of the contemporary world:

*Men landed on the moon
Walked into space
Measured the depth of the seas
Scaled the heights of the peaks
Of his reach everything
Find cure of suffering.*

My message consists of these two words—Love and Peace—which guarantees smile on the face of human beings. I hope you will share it. It's our privilege to remember that we belong to the land of Gandhi and Lord Buddha. Our mother land has a glorious history of Love and Peace. History is replete with the examples. Now the demand of the time is that we put soul in the form of Love and Peace in the body of poetry. Love and Peace must be essence of our poetry.

I would like to quote a few lines of my poem TEACHING OF GANDHI:

*A country of unity in diversity
Alas! Communals have multiplied adversity
Supreme power with nucleus device
Has set aside saint's advice
Want to establish peace on the earth
Essential to look into the root of it*

*Has this grown against repression? Says our wit
Peace and progress harmonizes Gandhism
Which is the sailing boat of humanism.*

Poets are the pillars on which love and peace rests. Hence poets must 'leave something behind for coming generations'. Do something through which the poets become immortal as they came in this world, lived and did. Their exploits will make them alive. Its my personal view that the poets do not create confusion or fear. Is there any dereliction in poets? It has been observed that some of the poets are shedding tears for Twin Towers (USA) and found careless in observing blasts, rape, burnt alive, communalism, crimes, hatred, attack on churches, north Indians and minorities and even there is no words such as Oh, alas, damn...or condemnation.

We have not experienced so far that a dog demolishes kennel of other dogs or breeds. We have not witnessed that the birds would have destroyed nests of other birds. But definitely we would have read in the pages of history that two atom bombs were dropped in Japan—Nagasaki and Hiroshima by human beings, most developed, highly educated, cultured, civilized and prosperous and that caused innumerable casualties, a large number of deaths, untold miseries, irreparable destruction and even today thereof scars are visible. Lover of His creatures, believer in Almighty sighs and shed tears. Since then all kinds of inhuman acts are on against innocent and feeble all around the world, hence unforgettable and unpardonable deed, indeed! Is this the time to watch activities of birds and animals and correct ignoble deeds?

The function of the poet is immense, in the form of balm to heal wounds. He does not expect mundane glory from the people. Thoughts of the poets shaped by words are not mere ink that is spread on the pages when people are slept on their cosy bed and dogs bark in the streets roaming from one end to another, and the poets sit in their chair feel uncomfortable with the atmosphere caused by self vested people, keep on colliding innocent groups to attain desired goal. Their words are roses and the books preserve them, get eternity. Keep on moulding minds of millions to lead lives as human being does.

I do not find an iota of ego, arrogance, hypocrisy in the appearance of the poets. I smell fragrance in their attitude, behaviour

and response because it guarantee love and peace. Set our house in order.

However, poets must have in their minds that blood of billion beloved has been blotted the pages of history. Poets of current century use their pen and memory to explore the men of history who were engaged in atrocities, make them enlightened with prophetic words to cease all inglorious deeds for the same of human beings. Situation is aggravating by leaps and bounds. I fear it may go beyond control :

*Chandni din mein kahin phir na andhera ho jaye
Aarzi taur se mahfil mein chiragha na karein.*

Poetry, it is rightly claimed, "is the most indispensable of the human arts" It is not a mere incursion into the chaotic and disordered, nor it is a timid withdrawal from the zeal, it is, in fact the sharpest and the most subtle sensitive reaction to the varying and variable impressions and experiences. The poetry is the most effective communication that can move mountains. It can infuse life in those who are coward and die daily. It can create love among those who are full of hatred; use hate the sin and the sinner.

Finally, I would like to say that my heart bleeds for the mother land so I ask Indians, majority, and Superpower to inculcate desire of doing virtuous deeds. Just feel your mind and heart with these words to sort out problems lying before the country: "*Hatred flames forthwith cease, raise slogan conscience crease and open the sky for healing breeze. Seal the culture of the lust, infuse the zeal of the trust, and save comely world from the worst. Vice, malice, fear and fury, forget, forgive and bury is a great measure for major worry*".

I'm still immensely grateful to those poets who encouraged me when I was young. Williams, Marianne Moore, Louis Zukofsky, George Oppen. I took down Moore from the shelf again only this week--what audacity, what accuracy of phrase! The encouragement I owe to those Americans helped me to speak as an Englishman, helped me to find my own voice. The sense of that support stayed with me right across the years, and I think it is that sense of people who have stood by me.

--Charles Tomlinson

Indian English : Making India a Global Destination

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English as a global language

'English', as a language of the corporate world has come to be accepted across nations. The globalised world which boasts of multinationals and the disappearing boundaries of nations extensively uses English as the primary tool for communication and business transactions. Amidst escalating global competition and the race to conquer, the skills and techniques in the use of English certainly eases the goal of accessing international markets and thus, establishing business-to-business linkages.

English in India

India has become a resource pool of English – a language whose ascendancy remains unquestioned. India is known for its divides- caste system, urban and rural population; upper class, middle class and lower class. However, Gurcharan Das, known for his scholarly articles in the print media, considers the divide between those who know English and those who do not as the saddest one ("English as She's Spoke").

The essential reason for the success of English in India and across the world is that it is ever growing and absorbing the sounds, words and even structures from languages from everywhere. In India English permeates through some of the most important parts of society: the government, the media, the education system, the legal system, and has penetrated gradually into the Indian society. According to an estimate by Braj Kachru, the renowned American linguist, about 333million people in India 'use English' (Quoted in Graddol, 2006, 94). A survey by the magazine, **India Today**, in 1997 reported that over one third of Indians claimed to speak English. When a language comes into contacts socially, it does not remain unchanged like physical objects in contact, but undergoes change

like chemical objects. The changes may be either in the function or in the form of languages concerned or in both. What is important this time is that Indian English has become the language of ambition for the lower middle classes and the upper middle classes as well as the fashionable language of status for the upper middle classes. It is the stylish language of Bollywood, T.V. Soaps, FM radio and advertising. Every Indian parent knows that English is the passport to his/her child's future success that's why English medium schools are mushrooming across the country.

Growth of Indian English

Modern English in India is vibrant. Though it is closer to British English since it originates from that style, American English is becoming more popular with the educated youth due to the number of American programs aired in India. While bureaucrats and officials continue to use archaic convoluted sentences, which are relics of British English, the younger generation is comfortable and familiar with American English. However, it can neither be classified as American or British English. It is just a different English which has acquired its own character in a country which is a melting pot of various cultures, people, and traditions.

Indians speak countless languages and each of these languages has its own grammar. Accordingly Indians from different parts of India, especially those who learnt another language before English, speak English as a translation of their own mother tongue using the same grammatical rules. Consequently Indish, Hinglish, Tamilish, Benglish and a variety of Englishes are creeping in. In urban India it is very common to see young people code-mixing and code-switching between English and other Indian languages. Thus English serves as the connector between people speaking different mother tongues. This has actually added to the beauty of the language. Prof David Crystal, a member of the Board of the British Council, says that Indian English has a greater degree of politeness and effusiveness than English spoken anywhere in the world.

The mother tongue influence

Sometimes Indian English pronunciation is not intelligible to

speakers of British or American English or even to speakers of ESL. One suspects that it would be very difficult for most Indians to speak pure English, without adding in at least a few Hindi or vernacular language words. The pace, the stress and the rhythm of English are totally different from those of Hindi, Telugu or Bengali. But global communication through English does not mean that each individual who learns English has to have this competence.

English is taught more or less as a compulsory subject in schools ranging from the most elite private schools to small government schools to millions of students. In higher education English is the premier prestige language. Careers in any area of business or commerce, or within the government, or in science and technology require fluency in English. It is taught because only this language is an acceptable medium of communication through the nation, but teachers and lecturers are bound by the pressures of completing the syllabus, conducting revisions and preparing the students for scoring better marks. After all, it is the top marks that define a school or college as successful. Constrained by time, pressure and rules of the management, teachers and lecturers neither have the mind nor the occasion to work on the communicative skills of the students. Therefore the aim of this teaching cannot be attaining international intelligibility in the spoken form.

Just in pronunciation, the mother tongue also influences the idiom of English we use. "*Why do you get angry for small small things?*", "*I told you that day itself*", and "*What are you?*" are examples of how we think in our mother tongue and use English to express the thoughts. In the everyday colloquialism the habit of creating verbs out of nouns still exists, especially when young Indians say "*I am smsing the number.*" Or "*I will mobile you.*" The progressive tense in stative verbs: "*I am understanding it.*" or "*She is knowing the answer.*" is an influence from traditional Hindi grammar. Most prepositions, such as *pay attention on, discuss about, convey him my greetings* etc. in English are direct mental translations of the approximate postpositions in Hindi. Use of the words '*but*' or '*only*' as intensifiers, such as in: "*I was just joking but.*" or "*It was she only who cooked this rice.*" are influenced by Hindi syntax. Overuse of the words *Generally/Actually/Obviously/Basically* at the beginning of a sentence, e.g. "*Actually*

I am not feeling well.” show our tendency found in Hindi language. For those aware of the grammar of Indian tongues, such as Hindi, Punjabi, Bengali, Malayalam, or Tamil the logic behind the quirks of Indian English is quite transparent, and readily explicable. In spite of the great stress on good English in higher circles, Indian accent varies greatly from those learning pure English to those learning Indian language tinted speech. However these Grammar pitfalls, may be widely prevalent, should not be encouraged. The only relevant point is whether the listener can understand the communication. The accent known as RP (Received Pronunciation) does not command the same respect today as it did 50 years ago. BBC reporters worldwide speak in several accents. In fact accents are seen as variations, not errors in speech.

The Future of English in India

The language has already been well established in the country and has acquired its own independent identity. Indian Prime Minister, Dr. Manmohan Singh, while accepting an honorary doctorate from Oxford University, commented, “People here may not recognize the language we speak, but let me assure you that it is English” (Quoted by Ranjita Biswas).

In India, where more than 18 different state languages coexist, English serves as the connector between people speaking different mother tongues. So the number of Indians who wish to learn and use English is still growing steadily. Indian English vocabulary is highly creative as well as innovative. In fact, Indian English is a recognized dialect of English, just like British Received Pronunciation or Standard American. It has a lot of distinctive pronunciations, some distinctive syntax, and quite a bit of lexical variation. Many Indian words like *guru*, *yoga*, *curry*, *verandah*, *jungle*, *pundit*, *mantra* have come into the vocabulary of the people of the U.K. and the U.S.A. Other examples include, *chalk-piece*, *meeting-notice*, *age-barred*, *pin drop silence*, *out of station*, *pass out*, *tight slap*, *order for food* etc. The use of the suffix “*wallah*” denotes occupation of the person- *taxiwallah*, *autowallah*, *rickshawallah*, *grocerywallah* etc. Besides this, Hindi words- *yaar*, *bhaiya*, *arey*, *acchha*, *vah* and many others are frequently used in day-to-day life. Use of the prefixes, *Shree*, *Shrimati*,

suffixes, *ji*, *Sahib*, *Begum* etc. are very common. Indians have anglicized certain Hindi words such as *maska* into *maskafy* (flattering), *ratta* into *rattafication* (cramming), *fankana* into *fankalogy* (bragging), *patana* into *pataofy* (wooing someone), *goonda* into *goondaism* (anti-social activities) at the same time they have Indianized certain words like- nervous, confusion, shift as *nervousana*, *confusiana* and *shiftna* respectively. For an English speaking Indian Enthusiasm becomes *enthu*, fundamental is *funda*, reputation is *repo*, introduction is *intro*, and Principal is referred to as *princi*, while supplementary is known as *suppli*, calories as *cals*, celebrities as *celebs*. Some expressions like, ‘What’s your good name?’ (meaning *shubh naam*). Today morning, (*aaj subah*) yesterday night, (*kal raat*), you people (*tum log*), open the light (*light kholo*), close the T.V. (*T.V. band kar do*), giving a test (*test dena*), take tea (*chay lena*) are a few instances directly related to characteristics of Indian languages. Online Wikipedia has a comprehensive list of such peculiarities of Indian English. Of course, slang is different everywhere in the world. All speakers of English from different parts of the world have added their own flavor to the language India is no exception.

The impact of English is not only continuing but increasing. With ever growing population of young go-getting Indian English speakers, the language is undergoing a change. The number of English newspapers, journals, and magazine is on the increase. Professor David Crystal significantly says, Indian English, I think, will soon be one of the most spoken forms of English in the world. It has been seen that Asians find it easier to understand Indian English rather than British or American English. Increasingly teachers of spoken English in these countries are Indians. Indian English seems to be like a link between the two distinct cultures. Perhaps in the very near future Standard English will be spoken the Indian way, with an American, British and a definitive Indian twang. (English in the Indian context by i-osmosis instructor p.1)

The need for English is steadily increasing, primarily boosted by globalization. India is all set to play a very important role in spreading English to different nations, and it can help to change the face of English education across the world. Andy Kirkpatrick, author of *World Englishes*, said the rise of Indian English was inevitable.

“The world is about people for whom English is a learned language doing business with other people for whom English is a learned language... Indian English is certainly likely to become more and more powerful.”

One of the cheerful things happening in India is the quiet democratising of English. David Dalby, who measures these things in Linguasphere, predicts that by 2010 India will have the largest number of English speakers in the world. The following lines of Kamla Das from her poem, “An Introduction” appropriately reflect an Indian’s feelings

. . . . *The language I speak
Becomes mine, mine alone. It is half English, half
Indian, funny perhaps, but it is honest,
It is as human as I am human*

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Has Rising Begun for Women ?

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Though India has been worshipping goddesses like Durga, Kali, Laxmi and Saraswati, girl children, sisters, widowed mothers and wives have been trampled upon and exploited by men with swollen prides. They are subjected to psychological abuse, social abuse, financial abuse, physical or sexual abuse in the form of dowry deaths, physical and mental tortures, sexual trafficking, public humiliation, female foeticide and many more.

Such instances have been found in many different cultures throughout history, but attitude towards it has varied. In *Plato’s Republic*, every woman is to be the property of the whole community which he later advocated as “**communizing of women**” (1). Nearly a century ago, **Alfred Tennyson**, in his poem, *The Princess*, discusses the position of women in these lines:

Woman is the lesser man;
And all thy powers, mixed with mine
Shall be daylight unto sunshine
And as water unto wine (2)

For many centuries women lacked legal rights in most parts of the world, and husbands, who were responsible for their wives’ behavior, were allowed to chastise them physically. For example, the common law in 17th-century England allegedly permitted a husband to whip his wife, provided that the switch was no bigger than his thumb. Husband’s “power of correction” has been outlawed in many parts of the world, although attitude towards this has changed slowly in the recent countries. Human rights researchers have found that such drastic acts are acceptable in Brazil, Russia, and Ghana, although they are technically illegal.

However, when we come to our own country India, a huge gap between the ideal and the real can be witnessed. India is a land of rich traditions and culture and can boast of giving a high pedestal

of a Goddess to its women. The scriptures are replete with such examples. In “Shantiparva” of the *Mahabharata*, Bhishmapitamah defines in a nutshell the role of a woman who is a wife. She should be serviceable like a daughter, partial as a sister, full of love and affection in the manner of a mother and should have all the blandishment of a courtesan and for the whole household, she should be like the goddess Laxmi (3). In the *Ram Charit Manas* of Tulsidas Sita represents the eternal and the universal womanhood which is the source and the fountainhead of all SHAKTI and all power. When Ravana abducted Sita, Rama felt that all his power had gone(4).

The reality in the current context appears to be bleaker than what it was in the past. In many parts of India, the birth of a girl child is supposed to be a curse and if parents have two or more daughters they are either considered unlucky or culprits. Their elders, neighbours and relatives force them to have a male child at any cost even if it means father’s second marriage. However, scientifically, it is a proven fact that the sex of a child is determined by the father not by the mother; still, mother is held responsible for giving birth to a female child. No doubt, we are progressing in the field of education, technology, economy and many others, there is hardly any reduction in the cases of female foeticide. This has badly affected the boy-girl ratio in many parts of the country. As per 2001 census sex ratio in India is 933/1000 males, which continues to be significantly adverse towards women and is the lowest amongst 10 most populous countries in world. Russia tops the list in sex ratio (1140) followed by USA (1029). Most alarming is decrease in CSR (Child sex ratio 0-6). In Punjab the number was least (793) in 2001, followed by Haryana (820) and Chandigarh (845).(5)

Sexual discrimination has always been a matter of serious concern for India. Sexual difference is biological, but gender difference is sociological. Gender inequality in India exists in terms of gross population, literacy and opportunities. Not long ago it was reported in the papers about a couple who abandoned their small daughter at an isolated bus stand, totally at the mercy of the strangers and the child abusers. Even domestic pets are not given such a hideous treatment. The act of denial of education to a girl child still continues to be a common feature in certain Indian families. Undoubtedly, there is a sure increase in the literacy rate among

girls, still the situation is not so encouraging. Instances have been shown on electronic media about the cases of sexual abuse of daughters who have fled away from the security of their homes to save themselves from prostitution or other kind sexual trafficking inflicted upon them by their own parents. Forced marriages of daughters are no doubt subtle examples of an abuse of power. Such a marriage can result in shattering of daughter’s married life altogether, especially in the case of a well educated girl who is, nowadays programmed to have her own independent thinking. **Jasvinder Sanghera**, a resident of Derby, U.K., presently running **Karma Nirvana** to help women fight injustice and cruelty, in her article, *I Fled From a Forced Marriage*, gives a tragic account of her escape, when she ran away from such a fate at the age of 15 and how her life later went to pieces. She writes, “*I shamed my family with my action then. It’s been 26 years, and I’m still the shame of the family....I’ve to admit that I’ve paid a heavy priceI want to tell the world that I didn’t bring shame to my family: I was the victim. Forced marriages are on the rise in Britain....I do wonder why my parents couldn’t give me unconditional love*” (6). The United Nation Population report has submitted that as many as 70% of married women in India between the age of 15 and 49 are victims of beating, rape or coerced sex.

It has been observed that most of such cases have been found in lower class of society where families are experiencing unemployment, financial hardship or similar difficulties. The low literacy among women is much because of child marriage, social discrimination, and low house hold status. The causes for the unfavorable sex ratio are many, but the prominent ones are high maternal mortality rate, female foeticide, low status of women, patriarchal society, neglect of girl child, preference for son and social stigmas. Alcohol and drugs are other significant factors: it has been found that violence is prevalent more in families with alcohol problems than in those without. Some studies have revealed that these attackers tend to be young (in their 30s or younger) and have not been educated beyond secondary-school level or many also have criminal records for violence outside the family. However, discrimination occurs among middle-class, educated people too. Such cruelty often results in severe physical injuries and long term

psychological problems: victims often suffer from low self-esteem.

In the post-modern India, a new image of 'Bhartiya Naari' is emerging who is ready to unshackle the traditional images and is willing to pursue material, professional and sexual ambitions with much increased gusto. Having seen discrimination and abuse for a long time she wants to hit back. Education has turned her into a superwoman. She can simultaneously run with focus, commitment, concentration and maternal tenderness both at home and workplace and emerge victorious. Among most of the organized workforce in India the number of women has tremendously increased. The stories of young girls killing their severely abusive alcoholic fathers, of women killing their husbands/lovers and the demand of 'I' instead of 'we' in relationships is gradually becoming common. "Earlier it was okay for men to abuse the privilege he held, but today women are standing up and speaking up for their gender." (7)

Numerically, the victim is woman and more often than not, a victim of horrific rape, marital rape, sex without consensus, and rape committed by young boys, grown up men, old men. None spares a girl child, the teenager or even a middle aged woman. Most Indian women in violent marriages stay out of fear of reprisals or ostracism from society at large. Of the 1, 55,553 crimes committed against women registered by India's National Crime Records Bureau (NCRB) in 2005, 68,810 were domestic-violence cases. The Bureau registers a case of cruelty by husbands and relatives every nine minutes, and one dowry-death case every 77 minutes. (8)

It is not possible for a wife to bring charges of rape against her husband in some countries, such as Brazil. The main means of legal redress for victims generally is to take civil action in the form of a court order either to forbid a partner from molesting the applicant or their children, or to bar the attacker from the family home. However, this is a complex process and court orders are difficult to enforce. But now there has come a ray of hope to thousands of Indian women suffering from their marriages. A new law, 'Protection of Women from Domestic Violence Act' which was passed and accepted in October 2006, has emboldened Indian women to exercise their new legal option. The new law also includes daughters, sisters, mothers, mothers-in-law, sisters-in-law and even live-in-partners under its purview. The punishment is also more

stringent, demanding a fine of Rs. 20,000 (\$450) and imprisonment up to one year.

Despite the useful provisions, challenges still remain in the law's implementation. India's police force and general public are not well informed about the law's provisions. To solve it a change has to be brought at the grassroots level. Millions of parents have to be convinced that they should take pride in birth as well as upbringing of a daughter who is God's loveliest creation. Parents should win the confidence of the child and should give them lots of love, especially to girls, unconditionally. When we see women working in army, navy, air force, engineering and technology, multinational companies, judicial and medical services, ministries and cabinets, space expedition and many others, we feel that a change is coming in society slowly and steadily. The next moment we listen about a myth in South Africa that says having sex with a virgin will cure AIDS, the younger the virgin, the more potent the cure, leading to an epidemic of rapes by infected males, with the correspondent infection of innocent kids – all of our hopes seem to be shattered. It is only spiritual healing, removal and control of the male ego, the correct sublimation and channelization of women's power that will steadily balance the male and female power structure with equality. However, the task is not easy and the challenge is difficult. No one can deny the fact – 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.'

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**Indian Women and
Mental Peace:
A study of Contemporary
Indo-Anglian Women Poets**

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When we talk about peace, means the absence of hostility, violence and conflict, what strikes the mind, it is the mental peace which is more vital. If an individual's mind is full of anxieties, tensions, disappointments and conflicts, 'vasudev kutumbkam' becomes a myth only.

Indian woman who has always been considered as an embodiment of self-sacrifice and silent suffering and form half of the population of India is passing through such a trauma. Her psychological apprehensions and fears have been appropriately dealt by contemporary writers. In this paper we have surveyed contemporary Indian women poets with special reference to Mamta Kalia and Gauri Deshpande. Their poetry is the revelation of the psychological life of an average Indian woman.

Society demands mute acceptance from a woman. She cannot even cry. Her crying is considered her rebellion. Even her tears are intolerable, for they scare man and man begins to torture and suppress what scares him. A woman, as a result, does not have many options to exercise. She can only accept the patriarchal structures and play her roles as daughter, sister, wife and mother. Her womb further complicates her dilemma. In the process, she accepts her patriarchal tyranny and hinders her self-realization. In such a society "images and expressions like "entrapment", "hysteria", "madness", "exile", and "isolation", which could be considered as "distinctive female forms", become "relevant to our understanding of the new woman"(Sheshadri xi). The same characteristics are also there in the contemporary Indian English women poets. According to Mary Eagleton, "I do not believe there is such a thing as female

writing, a 'woman's voice'. There is the hysteric's voice" as woman writer "both refuses and is totally trapped within femininity"(Eagleton 155). Where is peace for a woman? Where does her heart find rest? The same has been expressed by contemporary Indian women poets.

Vacillating between their feminist desires on one side and their stereotyped social roles on the other, the poems of contemporary Indo-Anglian women poets are constructed differently as compared to the poems of the male writers. The dualities within these women poets leave them sad, lonely, frustrated, disappointed and empty. As it has been noted earlier their unusual tearfulness, deep sadness, suicidal attempts, delusions, hallucinations, disorderly thinking can be compared with the condition of those who lead a schizophrenic existence. These poets "map a psychology of contradictions, humiliations and defeats rather than self-assertions and triumphs"(King 133). Tranquility and harmony are no longer a part of their existence. Both Mamta Kalia and Gauri Deshpande exhibit this lack of serenity in the lives of Indian women.

The frustration and disgust with the existing reality, and the mounting desire for autonomy, forces Mamta Kalia, a noteworthy Indian women poet, to embark on a quest or a search for an identity. According to Simone De Beauvoir: "A woman's personality within her home gives her no autonomy, it is not directly useful to society, it does not open out in the future and it produces nothing" (475). This dissatisfaction results in a sense of nothingness in Mamta Kalia about which she ironically remarks:

But nothing ever happened to me
except two children
and two miscarriages...

("Sheer Good Luck")

A lack of interest and pleasure in life coupled with a feeling that things are not worth the effort because they give no pleasure is visible in the works of contemporary women poets. Mamta Kalia's poetry reflects this tendency through its demonstration of bizarre behaviour, disordered thinking, and reduction in emotional expressiveness of a woman.

In her anxiety to stress the negative aspect of the lack of romantic idealism in the experience of love, Mamta Kalia ignores the positive aspects, which make that experience genuine for her. A sense of dissatisfaction is always present and her impatience with the social etiquettes, and rebellious desire for natural life are clearly expressed:

I want to pick my nose
in a public place
I want to sit in my office chair
with my feet up.

(“Compulsions”)

In her poem “Tribute to Papa” one can read between the lines Virginia Woolf’s well-known phrase—“killing the angel in the house” as when she says:

Who wants to be an angel like you?

Mamta Kalia questions her father’s concern about uprightness and integrity. In her efforts to pour scorn on her father’s emphasis on these qualities, she exhibits an erratic behaviour.

It is the poetry concerned with personal matters and relationships, of private fears and dreams which lead to the ultimate resilience in the face of any relationship that threatens to devastate her vital and potential self. She has got registered for Ph.D. and her disillusionment is quite obvious in the following lines:

I’m working for a Ph.D. these days.
Even if I know
I’ll never complete the thesis,
never mind,
that I’m registered is enough.

All the time the poet remains occupied with fear which results from her non-conformity. Talking about this fear of a woman in her daily life Dorris Lessing says that it is the “fear of what other people might say, fear of being different, fear of being isolated, fear of the herd we belong to, fear of seclusion from the herd we belong to . . .”(524).

She doesn’t like to be treated as a mere object of enjoyment, nor as a domesticated servant looking after the husband, kids

and kitchen, but as an independent, vivacious individual. A pervasive gloom and loneliness haunts her day in and day out. In her poem “Seize the Day” she expresses the monotony and drudgery of daily routine which seems to end in nothingness:

Days stubbed in ashtray
Days devoid of everything
It is really depressing to live through
Days of dissociation
When meanings are uprooted
And nothing endures.

Every relationship in her life has however succeeded in intensifying the crisis of disappointment. Filled with a sense of utter disgust and disappointment, she turns to poetry, “Instead of fighting, I started writing” (Quoted in De Souza 58). Crammed with much torture and anguish within, Mamta Kalia finds the modern world an emotionless, arid land where all peace, warmth and compassion has dried up. She epitomizes the state:

In Delhi
the sea
could have really gone dry.

(“Self-Pity”)

Though the other poet taken for study, i.e. Gauri Deshpande is almost exclusively concerned with man-woman relationship but her poetry is also a revelation of the same lack of tranquility in a woman’s life. Gauri Deshpande has suffered the crisis of self which emanates from her essentially divided fate between fears and doubts. Her poems project the crucial struggle of the psyche to overcome the tensions at different stages of her relationship with man:

yellow daisies burst out
on my breast and thigh
at its every touch.

(“Poems on a Lost Love”)

Sunanda P. Chawan in the article “Modern Indian English Women Poets” studies Gauri Deshpande’s frustrations and dissatisfactions that lead to trauma. Her “poetry gives place to sheer sentimental outbursts when the poet abandons herself weakly to the passion of helpless sorrow in the face of the

traumatic experience of frustration in love” 9 (Chavan 79) as
when she speaks of
the now familiar beat of
I wont cry I wont cry
drums at the base of my throat.”

(‘Do I think of You’)

The expression is “too sentimental to be poetically valid”

(Chavan 79).

The intensity of her passion often cripples her power of exploration. Love and sex provide no enjoyment. Sex seems to her a mere dry activity that leaves women unsatisfied as men do not penetrate into the “plunging depths” of their “souls/and bodies”. (“No More”) However, at the same time Gauri Deshpande expresses her desire for man’s love in some of her poems. In “Integration”, tortured by the agony of existence, she longs for a lover:

if only there were someone to fall in love.

In “Known is this City” she can bear a strange city “because we were here once in love”. But soon the mood deserts her and she is found “lamenting her loneliness and emptiness” (Dwivedi 235) at the loss of her love:

I wanted to weep for you
And me
But I had already spent
All tears in useless mournings.
So now I watch arid eyed
As my fingers open slowly
And let you go.

(“I Wanted to Weep”)

Her lost love makes her feel confused and withdrawn. Frustration and depression can be seen in her poetry now and again. She acquires a somewhat sentimental outlook. “I lie empty barren and bereft” (‘The Guest’). The painful memories of love depress her and make her cheerless. The reminiscences of her lost love are making her behaviour, a bizarre one:

If I peel away, layer by layer
at memories, deposits of habit
residues of virtue, I find

myself an onion
layer after layer of seeming meaning
and intent, sufficient by itself
leading to no heart.

(“Two Self-Portraits”)

She longs for some peace. She is tired of the unrest of her life which gives her pain and suffering:

The gnawing unrest that was sent
From far away mysteriously...
Destroying to elemental everything
All that I call me.

(“Integration”)

As it is evident from the poetry of contemporary women poets that a woman in Indian society is dissatisfied with the existing reality where under the dominant patriarchal ideology she is unable to express her true feelings and sentiments. She is baffled and disgusted by the social roles imposed on her which do not provide her with any self-contentment, and looks for a release from her suffocating circumstances. These women are: aliens in their own land, trapped by dependency upon male whims, who try to disentangle themselves from wifely behaviour and motherhood where her own children have become strangers...and try to escape from the inexorable enclosure to a new environment where ‘maleness’ and ‘femaleness’ no longer undermine the development of the human personality...this new environment is beyond sexual politics, a new kind of space.(Pratt 68)

Coupled with this desire for autonomy and self-definition is the fear of becoming a victim and treated as a deviant if a woman dares to defy patriarchal strictures. Living within this socially imposed identity she feels alienated, both emotionally and socially. This alienation and resultant unresolved tensions breed doubt, anxiety and confusion in her mind.

Thus, by surveying the works of contemporary Indian women poets we come across the aspirations, hopes, fears, frustrations and disappointments of the feminine world. It seems to be the poetry of “sighs and thighs”(Varma 24) and, hence becomes nerve-breaking or neurotic. Many Buddhists believe that world peace can only be achieved if we first establish peace

within our minds. Siddhartha Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, said, "Peace comes from within. Do not seek it without." The idea is that the anger and other negative states of mind are the cause of war and fighting. They believe we can live in peace and harmony only if there is no anxiety and tension in minds. But the poets taken for study embodies the agonies of an average Indian woman whose life is totally lacking peace and tranquility as she is trying to emerge from the state of subjugation and bondage and seek to establish her identity and the self.

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Romany Language

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Roma revealed their language unwillingly, keeping it as an instrument for isolation and security within the society that was not friendly inclined to them. Yet in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries appeared some studies, contemplation and speculations about this language. The first was a Greek language teacher Bonaventura Vulcanius, who published a list of 67 words and some grammar in 1597 in Leiden. He warned that the language is important for discovering the origin of Roma nation. The statement that the origin of Roma nation can be discovered from their language was also a starting point for the German scientist Rudiger. He compared a linguistic sample of Romany language to those of all known languages (mit allerlei Sprachen). He was impressed when he found out the similarity between Romany and Hindi languages. Quite reasonably, he concluded that the origin of Roma people have to be searched for in India (aus Ostindein). He published his finding in 1782. A. F. Pott also used Grellman's book as the main background. Pott found out that all Romany languages in all countries in which they were used, were the same in their deep roots and that they are parts of the same, separate language.

There is no doubt that this language originates from the Northern India and it was surely one of numerous younger Indian languages. Pott delightedly called it "eine echte Sanskritidin"). That fundamental belonging to the Sanskrit group of Indian languages is apparent in grammar, vocabulary and general character of the language, despite many foreign supplements. Great successor of Pott's research in Romany philology is Franc Miklosic, Slavist and researcher of Indo-European languages. Large contribution of Franc Miklosic in study of Indo-European languages is that he included Slavistic languages in comparative researches. Miklosic used Pott's materials, and he also collected a large number of new word lists from his numerous associates in the fieldwork, especially from Slovenian countries. A great

deal of lexical material regarding Romany languages enabled him to do the analysis of vocabulary, studying the old Indian level, and to identify the levels of words borrowed from languages of nations in whose countries Roma people dwelled during migrations from India.

It also enabled him to reconstruct directions and paths of Roma's migrations and to classify Romany languages in Europe. As far as Asian Romany languages are concerned, it is known that they endured bigger and deeper linguistic changes than European ones, partly because Roma groups who stayed in Asia assimilated with local social types more closely than European groups did, and because they make less coherent collectivity of Romany languages than in Europe. On the basis of lexis, he divided European Romany languages in 13 groups: Greek, Romanian, Hungarian, Czech, Polish, Russian, Finnish, Scandinavian, Italian, Bascian, English and Spanish.

Miklosic was especially interested in the issue which had not been much discussed in Romology before. He wanted to find out what was the particular area in India hence Roma started their migrations and to find Indian language that would be the most similar to Romany. On the grounds of phonological hierarchy and comparison with the new Indian and middle Indian languages, he found out that Romany language belongs to an old level of language, since it preserved some old groups of consonants.

This led him to a conclusion that Roma had separated very early, and he thought it had happened between the fifth and eleventh century. This thesis refers to emigration of Roma from India during the Mongolian invasion of Timour. As far as the Indian native country of Roma is concerned, he set a thesis that they came from the furthestmost northwestern part of India, south of Hindu Kush. Miklosic ended up a long period in Romany philology. Answers to important questions about origin of Roma and their language were found. It turned out that Romany language is connected to northwestern languages by common preserving of ancient characteristics, but that it is also connected to languages from Hindi-Radgastan area by common novelties. In accordance to these connections, Romany language can be

defined as a language with surprisingly ancient qualities regarding phonemes, just as middle Indian languages, and qualities characteristic for new Indian languages concerning grammatical structure. It was a base for Turner's conclusion that native country of Roma is in northern part of central India. He also thinks that they moved, not knowing when or how many times, toward northwest, and then stayed there for some time, surrounded by people who had spoken related, but different languages before they moved toward west. This thesis is acceptable until clearer insight in chronology of linguistic changes in India is achieved.

Romany language and culture in Serbia and Montenegro are subject to very serious scientific studies. In this respect, especially important is collecting, linguistic and ethnographic work of Roma's great friend, academic Rade Uhlik from Sarajevo.

His work has not been enough estimated yet, and even not entirely published. He is the author of very valuable Serbocroatian-Romany-English dictionary "Romengo alavari", published in Sarajevo in 1983. Forming a standard language is not easy at all. A need for forming a common standard language flows in first place from some general needs and from considerable aspirations for national and cultural emancipation. Forming a standard Romany language is also needed because of education and media, since there are more schools and media in Romany language. Roma, just like people belonging to other civilised nations, should learn their standard language in schools, and not dialects. Newspapers, radio and television should also publish news, articles and other works in standard Romany language, equally understandable and close to Roma all over the world. This situation and problems bring us to the following conclusions:

1. Roma, Sints and Kale, after having been persecuted for thousand years and after the holocaust during Nazism, are today in the position to fight for their human, civil, national rights and for the right to create a standard language.

2. If this attempt will succeed and to which extent, depends on whether the rights to improvement of linguistic, cultural and general development of national minorities in Europe and in the

whole world are respected and protected. These rights are defined in many documents, beginning with the UN General Declaration on Human Rights and many international acts that prevent discrimination and protect national minorities

3. In many European countries, especially in those that were communist states, there has been a growth of national-chauvinism and rightist and fascist groups and parties began to be established. Several millions of Roma, who live in eastern-European countries are exposed to pressure and threats of those ideological and political groups, and in some countries (Romania, former FRY, Slovakia, etc.), they were even threatened by people from authorities. These are the cases of obvious forms of racial discrimination. This form of discrimination increases, and unless it is stopped, Roma will be deprived of possibility to exercise and realize their human and national rights and freedoms in politics, culture and social area and all other areas of public life. So it is a danger of making Roma suffer ethnic genocide in culture, as defined by the London group for minority rights at the conference in Zurich on 17 May 1976.

4. Alarming situation in the countries of Eastern Europe and insufficient respect of Roma rights in other European countries, is a reason for the UN and for the European Union to determine, as soon as possible, instruments for preventing genocide upon national and ethnic minorities, among whom Roma were, and still are, the most imperiled. It is also necessary to find adequate instruments and institutional ways for protecting the rights of national minorities.

5. Since Roma are confirmed as national minority in constitutions of only few European countries, the European Union and the European Parliament should launch an initiative for defining their status in a unique way, and accordingly, for regulation of their collective rights.

6. One of the fundamental rights is the right to free usage of native language and its development. And it is necessary to provide adequate conditions for this. Since a language is a part of cultural life and even infeasible part of cultural development, (as it was defined in the Convention Against Discrimination in Education (UNESCO, Doc. 11 C, 144 XII 1960 - multilingual

demographic dictionary), it is necessary to promote conditions for standardisation of Romany language in the way it was stipulated in the Resolution of the Fourth World Congress of Roma and Sints.

7. Romany language, which is of invaluable national, cultural and historical importance for Roma, Sints and Kale, should be considered as cultural goods, which is constantly imperiled, and as such has to be under protection of UNESCO to the extent and in the way as other cultural goods are protected, historical monuments and natural rarities of different nations and in different countries. Since his nation has not state, the international organisations, UNESCO in this case, should protect the most important cultural goods - language.

8. Creating standard Romany language is a long process. UNESCO and the European Union, which had already financially supported work of the Commission for Standardisation of Romany language, should establish adequate institutions, such as Department for Romany language and Romology, schools and scientific institutes.

Without standard Romany language, Roma, Sints and Kale cannot achieve collective and national integration. On the other hand, their chances to be confirmed constitutionally and politically are worse, which means that they have less chance to realize their national, and sometimes even human rights. It is the issue of right to using native language and to found scientific and cultural institutions, publishing houses and media.

Sometimes people ask me for help or suggestions about how to write, or how to get published. I believe that – if you are serious about a life of writing, or indeed about any creative form of expression – that you should take on this work like a holy calling. I became a writer the way other people become monks or nuns. I made a vow to writing, very young. I became Bride-of-Writing. I was writing's most devotional handmaiden. I built my entire life around writing. I didn't know how else to do this. I didn't know anyone who had ever become a writer. I had no, as they say, connections. I had no clues. I just began.

- ELIZABETH GILBERT

Contribution of Sainly Poets for universal brotherhood

Among the creations as the earth the human being could be considered as rarest and the best one. Though the birth place, language, lifestyle, climates and culture are different the common thing is we are all human.

One would astonish to see that Tamil poet named KANIYAN POONGUNDRANAR had written about hundreds of years ago, "Every place is one's own and every one is our kith and kin". The modern concept of globalization could have born out of his words only. THIRUMOOLAR, a saint cum poet said "God is one, our clan is one". People born in Tamilnadu could be proud of having born in the land those poets and saints.

THIRUVALLUVAR

The world is proud of THIRUVALLUVAR a heavenly poet, a prophet, who has written 1330 couplets which is suitable and applicable for all times and corners of the world. According to Valluvar the blood cells of brother hood is love, compassion, affection, courtesy the microchips of valluvam is unique and no creation has come its kind. In the words of valluvar, the perfect goodness as:

*Love, modesty, beneficence, benignant grace
with truth, five pillars of perfect virtues resting – place.*

Now the need of the hour is the Affection fear (of sin), benevolence, favour and truthfulness are. five virtues shall be taught and practiced in day-to-day life. Because, one would see the non-practice of all these virtues. Enmity, vengeance, revenge, greenness, laziness have replaced those virtues. To plant the saplings of brother hood valluvar suggests,

"What fruits doth your perfection yield you, say?

Unless to men who work you ill good repay.

According to valluvar blood can not be remedy or substitute for blood. It is Gandhiji who followed this in his life. Jesus also

preached the same thing "show the next check for the right check slapped". Tolerance the first requirement to be a good friend and brother.

It is not the knowledge of wisdom and the academic qualification which can make a person to claim him a human, but courtesy the first requirement to be a man and in the words of valluvar.

*"Though sharp their wit as file, as blocks they must remain,
whose souls are void of courtesy humane"*

and also

*"As sun's fierce ray dries up the boneless things,
so loveless being virtues power to nothing brings"*

Showing the muscle power towards the weak is not the right way. It is love the right way of expression and action, Valluvar goes one step further, for cherishing one's kindred

"Than one who gifts bestows and wrath restrains,

Through the wide world none larger following gains"

Valluvar was of the opinion that a day will the god of love would destroy all the evil forces which act against the good.

Valluvar says the possession of love is

*"Sweetness on earth and rarest bliss above,
these are the fruits of tranquil life of love."*

They say that the felicity which those who, after enjoying the pleasure in this world, obtain in heaven is the result of their domestic state imbued with love.

BHARATHIYAR

In likes of valluvar, the great national poet Subramnuya Bharathi Said, the by birth all are common and equal but it is only one's actions makes then good, bad and great.

Bharathi, a great humanist has his own way of expressing his feeling yes to teach mankind he used to refer the animal and birds. In one of his poem to teach us equality he refers.

*"Please see a white cat
brought up in my home*

*It bore kitten of
different colours*

One is the ashes, other is

Brown another is
Of the snakes and then
of the colour of milk
Whatever then colour of the skin
all of equal in quality”.

Oh! My beloved fellow human, please listen, the car of five-sensed creature do not find any difference and live harmoniously what the superior creature, man does Bharathi insists,

“All we are of the same clan
All we belong to one community
All we weigh equally and
All we cost the same and
All we can be proud of claiming and he condemns
King of this soil”

everybody who differentiate people in the name caste and community or frite.

Bharathi went ahead with many more concepts and suggestion to promote oneness for brother hood appealed to the youth to,

“Explore all the eight corners
In search of arts and crafts
Bring them to native land
Oh! young stars”

Study the literature of different languages translate them into one mother tongue enjoy the juice of the writings.

BHARATHIDASAN

As a follower of Bharathi, poet subburathinam pennamed a Bharathidasan question us all. Unless we realize the need of understanding the brother hood, unless every one loves his people, unless one love his country, how can we abolish and destruct all evil forces, Bombs and arms is not the right time to act swiftly.

The tendency of respecting are as the strength of wealth shall be abolished soon. Other wise, he said extremison would creep. He reminded “poverty anywhere is a threat to prosperity every where’s”.

RAMALINGA SWAMIGAL

Ramalinga Swamigal, another true saint, stood against the cult of temple-prayer. He developed a new ‘social temple’ where no statue of the god was placed. He preached to see the light inherited in everybody. That light is good. Believe good; believe yourself.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

A force which united the East and West spiritually. He had a strong belief that India has the right and genuine qualifications to lead the world with the light in the name of Vedas and Upanishads. India’s rich cultural heritage and its faith in human would be ever lasting force to all time and he had the unshakable confidence that no force in the world either directly or indirectly could disturb India and Indians and the very name Indian – means brother hood.

I would bring it to your attention Indian – attracted many right form early days. Some body-were for its materialistic wealth and they perished with the days followed and many who admired the peace and brother hood prevailed in this soil become history.

AUROVIL

The most glaring example is the “AUROVILE” in Pondicherry where a ‘Globe’ is constructed by the soil brought from 124 countries to set a new tone to brother hood by 3000 people from 43 countries. The UNESCO in its appreciation applauded that it is a unique effort and approach for oneness in the future.

Seven colours of the rainbow, seven ‘sura’ of music constitute one. We are nothing but different coloured flowers of one garland. Flowers are always beautiful wherever it is, but it is more beautiful when it is made a garland. Let us try to become garland of flowers. We realize that “we are the leaves of the one tree”. Let us try to adhere the principles of preachings of elders who sacrificed their life for the mankind.

115, Teacher’s Cooperative Nagar, Bhavani Road,
Perundurai – 638 052. Erode – Dt Tamil Nadu.

Poetry-Poetry

AJU MUKHOPADHYAY (*Pondicherry*) A Complete Human Being

He was not poet-turned-politician-turned-yogi
Such an idea is the flip side of the story
Abracadabra of the common man;
When a poet, rising up in him was the revolutionary,
While preparing for the secret revolution,
yoga touched him secretly;

One prepared the other in him as he was a manifold man
The inner being pushed him from one to the other theme
He was poet revolutionary yogi journalist writer and thinker
One rolled into the other inseparably forever
He was not one but many at a time;
This truth about Sri Aurobindo is verifiable
in varying degrees
In other greats' life-histories.

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ANUJA MOHAN PRADHAN (*Jharkhand*) Torching Moonlight

Perhaps, it was *Bard of Avon* thus penned
"it is the moon, that comes so closer and,
makes people mad".
Moon, the ferment of Love,
whose dew drops honey on earth,
to make the nights sweeter.

Tonight, here too is full moon,
me, lying stretched on the play ground
with my beloved wife sitting beside,
the moon light is torching-
like the spirited fire,

those religious hands lit my home,
as a seat of different God,
whose flames-my eyes still behold.
For last one week-
we are freely fed twice a day,
housed without cost, in a closed school
recently transformed into a relief camp.

Amid heaps of official assurance-
of assistance, reconstruction and harmony,
the day of return to my native village
remains quite elusive.

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BIPLAB MAJEE (*West Bengal*) Global Cricket

The parents are face to face today at the tea table
The son stands yonder
With a cricket bat and ball in his hand
And a helmet on his head
There is a burning cigarette
between the two fingers of the father
They are sans sense...as if burning endlessly
The mother is playing video games.
...I know... I know too...
...What do you mean? Spell out clearly...
I told you already what I wanted to mean ...

The ball hits the wall
And comes back .
Again it hits the wall and comes back
Ok. You be happy with yourself
...me think so
Nothing much to be pondered over...
...No there is nothing new.

The ball goes to the wall
As soon as it returns there is a square cut
If it comes back once again to the bat

There is a straight drive
 ...When do you want it?
 It is up to your convenience...
 Ok let it be a mutual one...
 ...In camera.
 The ball goes towards the wall
 The son shouts boundary
 The ball goes to the wall
 The son shouts over boundary
 The son does not know
 That the wickets of both the side have already broken
 The pitch got cracked
 He is also one of the points of the triangle
 The two points have totally forgotten that
 Making distance gradually the two points
 Are throwing spin balls to each other
 Let the weather get worse
 Then the match would be suspended
 in the middle of the play
 Then they have to decide the game
 as per the rule of the Luis
 The father stands in the balcony
 Staring far at the yonder stars
 Whose face is there in his fancy
 The mother is lying on the bed
 Sending SMS
 To whom does she send a SMS?
 The son is there in between
 Restless ... rest less
 Everything is so short lived...
 So fragile in this global village
 Love-affection, ideology-values
 Everything is available in one size
 The son's eyes are full of tears
 He is dreaming in the sleep
 There is no ball coming to his bat since long
 The stadium got lost
 Because of a mysterious reason

He sees himself with a ball in his hand
 under a tree as if he is Irfan Pathan.
 Translated by Nandita Bhattacharya
 [Ph. 03222-652570, 94344-16371, email: mbiplab@rediffmail.com]

D. L. SUHAUSINI (DR.) (Andhra Pradesh)
The look with hatching wings

Darkness as the way,
 The lives with out even the knowledge of light
 The aim as aimless: struggling for ever
 In tired and exhausted darkness
 ...some
 Humanity wipes off between man and man
 In this mechanical age where kinships shatter
 With a soul of half minute
 Let us all think a while for them

 Folding the eyeballs in dreams
 Let us fly the look
 With hatching wings into tomorrow's generation
 As a support to a wretched being
 Whose life is nothing but darkness
 The chance of spreading yourself
 As a bright light

 As the dreams melted

 and soaked the one
 Let us lend dreams
 With our dreams
 and brightness of our eyes
 Let us share spring some other
 How splendid it would be
 To became a walking stick
 To climb the hills of light

 It's a good start to us all to unite
 For a society of sans blindness
 "Don't let your look wipe itself in the night

Don't let your eyeball blend with the earth"
Come on my friend
Let us announce it to the world
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HODA HUSSEIN (*Egypt*)
Third step : Getting a shape

Life begins
When a tree leans
So a wall supports her
Life begins
When a tree leans
So a wall stands between her
And the falling
Clay
Shadow
And a canal of sweet water
Life begins
When a palm hits
A wall of a house made of clay
Of one floor
So he shakes
And instead of her breaking him
She drops on his roof some of her dates
No picking of the first fruit
Anyway
If the first fruit wasn't picked
It would fall
By its own will.
Must
That the first fruit be a date
To create the reason of throwing the seeds
Must that the first fruit be a date
To mine the knowledge
From the experience and the pain.

And must that the first human be a female
To find a reason for going up
to the roof of the house
And discover the fruit and bite it.
The female
Goes up
Cleans
And discovers.
From the pain of biting the first fruit
She will discover the seed inside
And realizes
That the pain comes from biting the seed.
Knowledge begins,
When the female learns
That the pain comes from there,
From inside.
The trick begins
When the female learns
Moving around
By her teeth, round the meat of the fruit
Avoiding coming near from the seed in the center.
The shadow of the palm
Extends as a sharp arrow towards the house
The shadow of the house
Extends towards the canal of sweet water
Where the female extends
As a blue shadow
Of the river.
Beauty begins
When she makes from the seed
A clip,
And hangs it
To the side of her hair.
The self begins
When the female looks
To her reflection in the river
And admires her image.

And the female begins
When she leans by herself on the river
So the reflection of her stands
Between her
And sinking.
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IFTIKHAR HUSSAIN RIZVI (DR.) (*Uttar Pradesh*)
On and On

Beauty is running away from my dreams,
dim stars are taking rest
on the dark bed of night;
joy cannot stir its wings
not even like a butterfly.
The texture of hope is sieved;
flowers do not dazzle on face of desire.
tenderness is shedding tears
on the face of wistfulness.

Who has tossed mud on breast of my pinings?
Why do waves of heat slap my roses?
I enwrap the cheeks of my defeated hopes
in my bleeding hands.
Bitterness sprinkles salt on my wounds;
winds of despair slap
the buds of my eye-lids.
My forehead has lost its glittering colours.
Freshness is keeping away from me,
but life like a God-gifted force
is showering blessings on me
and I live on and on.

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JUTURU KRISHNA VENI (*Andhra Pradesh*)
Sweet Reminiscences

When the night is resplendent
With full moon and glittering Stars

Thoughts echo like waves of silence
Smiles are like
Moon light and the sweet feast of nearer
The spreading shadows of oblivion
On the wings of memory emitting
Fragrance time and again
And holds converse with sweet memories
Then the gentle breeze
Bearing the sweet scent of Jasmine
Murmurs like the coolness of the
Rain drop or the breeze wafting
Over snowy slopers, then the
Multi trade of sweet reminiscences
Permeate my whole being
At the time then the
Fragrance of smile is spreading
On a cold dawn, a flower
Of radiance gently smiled.

[PH.:099497-40233]

JAYANTA KAR SHARMA (*Orissa*)
Life: A Quest

Quest for life continues...
sixty years of independence elapsed
amidst healthy and greasy files
in the midst of mentally
and physically ill ones.

Life lost in mirage....
Gandhi's 'Hai-Ram'
leads to betrayal of faith and belief,
momentary loss of independence
dictatorship enters into humanity.

Government changes
leaders change
new files give rise to old ones
but fertility of land remains,
remains the purity of water and air

and the humanitarian looks
never changes
like the ever barren land.

A waste land indeed
a poisonous one,
a yawning lion
roars in silence
betrays ever
with new body and look.

Quest is on....
for lost life's treasure
from village deity's temple
to the sanctum sanctorum of Lord,
from the village school to university,
from a village
middleman's treasury to
the share scam,
from the eve teasers
and the village goons,
to the old days of
luxurious kings and princes.

Life's quest is on....
till the world treated
women as mothers
life's charming
full of beauty and essence;
any change
life loses charm
like the Ganga
perennially lost in the ocean.

Avinash retorts,
out of orbit
you're somewhere,
you're aimless
and you're nowhere!
quest is on....
life's quest,

in the leaves of
the Gita, the Bible and the Quran
and in the temples and shrines
and the quest continues....
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JUHI SHARMA (*Punjab*)
The powerful flower

Which purpose flower serve?
Not just a mighty curve.
Not mere to spread fragrance.
Wake slept romance.
Soft yet burning substance.
Much advantageous not mere glance.
Worship chance cherishes
Body order perishes
Enhances beauty while residing in cosmetics.
Glorifies first night attic.
Wishes express hidden words
A bud is a leopard.
Sometimes combine, sometimes alone.
Sometimes wrath, sometimes flower stick one.
Heartbeat of vase.
Illustrations embrace.
A complete story grace.
Not a dependent phrase.
Departure decorates.
Brings close fates.
[email: juhi_shourie19@yahoo.co.in]

JWALITHA VIJAY KUMARI DENCHANALA (*A.P.*)
Buffallow Happy

I knew the taste of hungry
Avoided by the sleepy sighs
I 'm observing the world's trendy
With clips eyes

Now and then any time
 Purana pool – Beng circle
 Chadarghat – Red light area
 Somalia or Namibia
 Any where
 Patient or pregnant any body
 All are in search of their food
 Unable to move towards the mouth
 Many buffallows at BUFBE feasts
 By wasting the purposeful tastes
 There is no vacancy in their belly
 But some have only vacancy how silly
 Poor BUSH thinks that we ate much
 But he doesn't know our wastage is much
 Greatly structured grand feasts odour
 Provoking the middle class order
 Behind the party light
 Can you caught the pollutant and fallen things
 Ever accepted that FOOD is GOD /food for all
 Even at the times of over flow
 Try to think about the low
 Murder prolongare
 Competing with the dogs and pigs
 They are searching in the dirty digs
 If you want to observe the hunger
 You first buy new couple of lense
 Or exchange you pupil
 (Translated by Katta Srinivas ,S.A, English sathupally)
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KASUM CANA (Croatia)
My Mammy

Do not cry mammy because of me.
 I know I am your son, and do not
 Forget you are my mammy,
 I live far from you, maybe it is
 The will of God.

I am hale and hearty, being no child any more.
 My eyes would like to see you.
 I shed tears, hair is getting grey and my eyes are
 Getting dark.
 I am mute, do not speak to anybody.
 Mammy, I pray God for you
 And for your health.
 God is every where and sees everything
 – you used to say.
 So now , God sees both you and me.
 Do not cry for me, mammy wait for me.
 I will come back.

KASUM CANA (Croatia)
To India

I know the place where I was
 Born although I did not live there.
 Tell me,India, who am I ?
 Indian, Egyptian or Rom,maybe
 Everything of each?
 Maybe just a man?
 India,I did not keep my mouth shut!
 Nakh,bal,jakh,sap.
 These words I speak in all contries.
 India, tell me, where is my place
 In the sun? Show me the road
 I have lost, bring me to you.
 Even today I do not know
 Where you are or to whom
 I belong.
 India, I am waiting for to
 Discover you.

*Translation from kroatian language in english language by Mrs.Zlata
 Šimenc and Mr.Vlado Šimenc*
 [email: romacana@yahoo.com]

LJUBOMIR MIHAJLOVSKI (*Mecadonia*)

Discovering of Existence

I

Unwritten poem
About endless Universe
About the squandered poem
In the minds of earthly sons
A poem unchanging I leave.
A poem unwritten
I leave
To those
Who change
The coordinates of solitude
To set
The angles of the stars
As founds of this poem
Of the poem unwritten

II

While I was small
I hoped if I drink
Of an astral dust
I'd discover
The essence of life
Now, when I'm
Among stars
I feel if I drink
Of the earthly waters
I'll understand
The man existence

[emai: mihajlovskiljupco@yahoo.com, PH. ++389-71-826-045]

PUTTU KULKARNI (*Karnataka*)

Sport and War

Life is struggling in the frizzy cold,
tearful rivers with flow,
in search of peace
blood dropping from the ice-land hill
five decades ! till thirsty skulls
power to the leader one who stay
in the bore-well
soldier is the ladder-
border is terrible
War is sport- view of a leader
A sport is also a war- a panic's view
Red balls with broken eyes
on the border junction
batman bats for a cup and sip
in "day and night " zip
covered – encroached the heart-
beats every where
bidding the bat in the name-
of refugees
Sunken in the chimney- love and heart
Broken roots are victims of dirt
War is a sport- the leader's view
Even sport is a war- a panic's review

Radiation by the successful
dropping of the bomb
boiled with the poison and
sank in the smoke
shaken bridges for the lengthy route
evaporated softness , of friend and enemies
Chemical liquid content in the milk
for the new generation
line for the tanks-
destroying the flower's root
A war is the sport – proved by the leader
real view- A sport means The War!!!

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PALLAM MADHAVI LATHA (*Andhra Pradesh*)

The Little Lam

Lifts up into the sky..
by saying "Woman-the half of the sky"
But not even a minute part
of it..would be understood..
But not even a minute part
of it..would be implemented..
When coming to the practical
point of implementation..
Saying that "not so qualified"
And leaves "the same" to
the path's of deep dark woods
For all this days..
I had been silent..
But the scope of the struggle
in the heart..is so..
that it could never
fill up the whole life..
As "the waves flow"..
"The current" of thoughts
Continuesly..on & on..
The destiny welcomes
Continuesly on and on..
So to achieve the goal..
the swim against is a must..!
Tears must ignite
fire sparklets..
Which could light up..
"THE LITTLE LAMP"
in every home..to lead
on the path of the progress..
Then the on coming year
Could radiate "Women's eyes"
With the new glow of
the joy filled lights..!!
And this awakening up

of Woman's spirited consciousness
must be radiated..in
all the four directions..
And also be able to
kick start a new century...!!!

PH. +98497-36180, Email: pallam_ml@yahoo.co.in

S.M.JEYARANI, (*Tamilnadu*)

The Nature Unfolds

PRELUDE:

The world is full of creature,
People are different in nature.
Few of them Rule as Emperors
Some of them full of desires
Wherever you see only terror,
It's because of human error.
Surrender all the evils,
Better to improve the skills,
Spread and share the knowledge,
Direct and care the teenage,
A lot of ideas are theoretical
implement all in practical
coming and going in the world ,
staying , sacrificing is reward.
searching peace everywhere,
Finding it no where,
Its within you, No more Tear,
And always with all, Oh! my dear,
[Mobile:+99948-89109]

SV KRISHNA, M.Sc. (*Andhra Pradesh*)

Effort

When
For the lush green country
One generation operating as North Pole
Another as South Pole

Make perforations like cancer,
Present youth sail
Like vessel not knowing its destination !
Perhaps of its advent
At midnight silently,
Even today
Independence does not have
Real existence.
Hence
We have to look for
Foundations to build a Nation
Which urges for Freedom
Stretching its wings !
Let us unite
With 'Me too' readiness
Like heavy down pour
That extinguishes
Wild fire of Caste and Communal tensions.
Like midnight thunder
That pulls down
Furnace of deceitful politics,
Like support to weaker people
Who crash
Due to creakings of colour papers

For vested interests
That flourish
Like emperors of dark kingdoms,
Economic strength is the sole weapon -
Our moral force
Shall roar like ocean
To cut it up.
Hence, Let us work hard
To achieve unity !
Let us build a bridge
For new generation
Who can chop tusks of despots !
Let us nengage ourselves
In endeavour for establishing

World peace
Which symbolises
Success of egalitarianism !
Success is not somewhere far away
It stays with victorious people
Who swim against defeats !
Let us search for those traces...
Let us build the edifice of unity
On those lines !
Let us assist
Youth of the new generation,
Who can drive away
Darkness of ignorance
And light lamp of knowledge.
[Mobiles: 093910 34168 & 092473 02882]
[e-mails: svkrishna10@ymail.com &]

SV KRISHNAJAYANTHI, M.A. (Andhra Pradesh)
O' Universal Man !

Foundations of the stars call you -
You are the one who stirs them !
Annals question -
Betwixt which unclear lines you travel !
You are a Banyan tree
That concertedly guards
The global family !
Nevertheless -
Though leaves of generations
Drop out,
You are devoid of sense of responsibility
At least to retain yourself !
When umpteen lyrics
Like inviolable barricades, claim
Dangerless living is not a success,
Where lies your radiance ?
Whom do you call ?
You egoist !

Reigning inert kingdom
Amidst embraces of dreams,
You ! With existence
To overcome
Pleasures of hell
And ignominies of sorrowful touches.
O' Leader of the World !
Who builds moonlit future
In silent nights
For the sake of Universal smile,
Imbibe emotion
Inculcate urge,
Thrive like a good Samaritan
Who stoops to none !
And operate like steadfast spirit !!?
Mobile : 092472 78740
[e- mail : svkjyanthi@yahoo.com]

SAVITA CHADHA (Delhi)
Can You

Can you make a drop of water
Can you bring a small light for the needy people
Can you give birth to some flower or happiness
Without praying the God can you find peace
Can you bring sun in any poor home
If not
Then think and feel
The powers of Nature & you
Think how worthless you are & your existence
If you want to prove your good existence
Come forward
Do some thing for the poors, needy & helpless
You will feel flying in the sky
And nature will help you standby.
[PH. +98734-01370, 011-27017373]

SHAGUFTA GHAZAL (Uttar Pradesh)
Morning Breeze

The morning breeze has started running
the stars now feel like sleeping.
Come, O my moon ! Rest in my eyes
the wick of candles has started flickering.

The morning has started on the horizon,
the breeze tickles the flowers
the song of the atmosphere is scattered,
your memory tears the heart.

Friendship takes the test somewhere
somewhere enmity raises its head.
what are the ways, what is the style?
This is what burns the heart.

Somewhere life stumbles along
somewhere death plays hide and seek
cry-thirsty eyes
what days we encounter in love!
Ph. +98376-47221

SUDARSHAN GASSO
Emina Shemo - a Message

(A poem written after having a meeting with Ms. Emina Shemo, a young & beautiful poetess from Macedonia - who participated in 4th Writers Festival-India held at Ambala Cantt.)

Alexander wanted to win
the whole world
started a journey of War
but had to go back
in between
and
could not win
the whole world.
Gave a message
to the world -
Man comes in to this world

empty handed
and leave the world
empty handed.

Now came to my city
a young women
from Macedonia
'Emina Shemo'
most beautiful
and good looking
God must have
made her
with utmost care.

She might not have
ever thought
to win the world
like Alexander.
But she won
the hearts of
all of us
and gave us a
message
that the victory does not
lies in battlefields alone
It can be achieved
in the battlefields
of minds also
You can be the winner
with the expression
of love.

Alexander was having
mass weapons and army
but she —
only words of love
and a smiling face.

[Dept. of Punjabi, GMN College, Ambala Cantt. Haryana, Ph. 9896201036]

Book Review by Mr. Jasvinder Singh, India

TRAVESTY OF LIFE - an anthology of 50 all-time best poems by Dr. Leo Rebello / 3rd Edition, AILWA, 28/552 Samata Nagar, Kandivali East, Mumbai 400101. (India) Price : Rs.50.

The well-designed book showing Dr. Leo Rebello in meditation pose under a bodhi tree, on the front cover, and standing with Dr. Kazuyosi Ikeda at the Hiroshima Peace Memorial, during his 1999 Japan visit, on the back cover, contains 50 poems illustrated appropriately. These poems provide food for thought and reflect the poet's finer feelings on the enormous problems faced by the humanity.

Society is saturated with multiple acute problems like poverty, depravity and disease. With satire, subtle wit and humour, the Humanitarian Poet Laureate whets the reader's curiosity to view these with a different approach. The poem 2001 AD is a remarkable example.

In this thoughtful parody, true to the meaning of the title he chose for the anthology, Dr.Rebello meticulously visualised the plight of the sufferance of humanity due to hypocrisy of the affluent. The poems 'My God Handicapped', 'Cold Bombay', 'What Price Civilisation', 'the Sting' and 'Travesty of Life' are entreatments of the downtrodden for a saner world.

Dr. Rebello's poetry is ornate and reflects his subtle precision towards human ethnic problems. In 'Revolution' he exhorts readers to shun the slavish mentality of centuries and arise. In different parts of the world during wars children and women suffer the most. He has struck hard on this phenomenon in 'Children of War'. Likewise, 'Children of Hunger' and 'Butterfly Children' delve on the international problem emanating from man's hypocrisy.

The gas-leak of Bhopal had created a flutter the world over. Thousands of men, women and children had suffered crippling or deadly blows. A poem on Bhopal reminds us of the heart-rending plight of the people of Bhopal since 1984.

'Travesty of Life' also reveals the poet's natural gift of ironic introspection. He builds his poems with fine graces of style. The poems 'One World', 'Prayer', 'Ageless', 'Separation', and 'Realisation' adequately reveal the poet's

inclination towards nature and its variations which always enchant human feelings from time to time. His poem on Mother Teresa is a rich tribute to her.

Dr. LeoRebello, through his poems, has revealed that the object of his poetry is truth, harsh reality, which is visualised in his revealing and touching poems.

Sir Dom Martin, based in USA, in his Foreword to *Travesty of Life* writes : "Dr. Leo Rebello is a humanitarian poet par excellence. His poems and other creative writings exude warmth of love, embody sparks of societal unrest in Asia and elsewhere, emanating from poverty, inequality, injustice, and enunciate a plan of action for social change. Compassion and sentivity are the need of the hour as the poet manifests these virtues with resilient verses".

Not for nothing this treasurable gem has once again been nominated for the Literature Nobel. Dr. Leo Rebello's other poetry books are *Anumana* and *Vision Universe* (in English and Latin). In addition, he has published poems in most poetry journals like *Metverse Muse*, *Samvedana*, *Kafla Inter-Continental*, etc.

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