

ISSN 2278 - 1625

Kafila

Intercontinental

(An International Tri-annual journal of Art, Literature & Culture)

Jan-April, 2014. Vol. XXI, Number 1



Glimpses of 9th. International Writers Festival-India
9-10, November, 2013 (Nellore - Andhra Pradesh)

**Glimpses of 9th. International Writers Festival-India
9-10, November, 2013 (Nellore - Andhra Pradesh)**



**Glimpses of 9th. International Writers Festival-India
9-10, November, 2013 (Nellore - Andhra Pradesh)**



**Glimpses of 9th. International Writers Festival-India
9-10, November, 2013 (Nellore - Andhra Pradesh)**



RNI No. CHA-ENG/1994/235

ISSN 2278 - 1625

Kafla

Intercontinental

(An International Tri-annual journal of Art, Literature & Culture)
Jan-April 2014, Vol. XXI, Number 1

Contents

Poems :

Anjuman Ara/64, Arti Kumari/66, Bodhale Vishal Chandrakant/58, Deepika Dhir/66
Ifediora Okiche/64, Jatinder Singh Aulakh/67, L. B. Gayakawad/68, Lilith Mazikina/65,
Ljubomir Mihajlovski/63, Ljupce Zahariev/63, Lochin Elmatov/62, Lovely Bashar/64,
Manprasada Subba/68, P. Vijayalakshmi Pandit/69, Parinita Goswami/71, Parnashree
Kundu/70, Sunil Sharma/70, Uzaifa Haryanawala/27, Zulayho Sherkulova/62

Fiction :

Anuradha Bhattacharyya/The Cancer/3, Farida Hossain/Blessing/7, Farheen Chaudhry/
Cactus/10, Makhfirat Bekmurodova/Two Friends/60, Asror Allayorov/Marriage With God/ 61

Articles

Dr. A. Anuradha/ Tallapaka Annamacharya - A Versatile Composer of Andhra Pradesh/14
A. Hazel Verbina/ Tradition of oral literature in the works of Chinua Achebe-An Insight/ 19
Dr. Jayanta Kar Sharma/ Voice of the Voiceless: Subaltern can Speak/ 22
Dr. Prasanta Kumar Panda/ Love as a Political/Theoretical Discourse..... / 28
Nandita Bhattacharya/ Youth leadership Life skill in the light of Ten Perfections..... /33
Payal Trivedi/ Deconstructing HAYAVADANA/37
D. Rebeca Rani/'Purdah to Parliament' A Portrayal of Gayatri Devi...../41
Rajesh Kumar/Contribution of Sainly Poets for Universal Brotherhood/45
Dr. Santosh Kumar Padhy/Quest for Ancient Wisdom:A Study of Poetry of Nandini Sahu/48
Mark Andrews/A letter that changed life of ambitious young man/56

Book-Review :

Sense of Enigma (poems) by Jacob Isaac/ Reviewer : Dr. Anuradha Bhattacharyya/57
Nida-e-Dil (Poems) by Talat Arzoo/ Reviewer : Dr. Stephen Gill/59

Edited, Printed & Published by: Dev Bhardwaj, # 3437 Sector 46-C, Chandigarh-160047 (India).

Ph. ++91-98728-23437 <editorkafla@yahoo.com www.kaflaintercontinental.com

Executive Editor (Honorary): Harish K. Thakur (Shimla-H.P.) <harish_070@yahoo.co.in>

Editor at Large : Gurdev Chauhan (Canada). <gurdevchauhan01@gmail.com>

Honorary Associate : Asror Allayorov (Uzbekistan) - <allayorovasror@mail.ru>

Subscription Rates: Rs. 1000 (for Five years)

Life Membership: Rs. 2000 (includes webpage on www.indianwriters.org)

Copyright: The copyright for all material published in *Kafla Inter-continental* belongs to the respective authors.

Printed at : Mona Enterprises, Naveen Shahdara, Delhi, Phone. 98100 80542

Disclaimer: Views expressed in this journal are those of the contributors and not of the publisher/editor.

Editorial

We are glad that a humble step, of course as a team that we took about 21 years back to set off the caravan of peace, love and brotherhood has transcended the borders across the continents and more and more people are joining us under the flambeau of light. Our journal *Kafla Intercontinental* has begun to transform into a major journey towards the cultivation of ideas and proliferation of art and literature across the cultures and continents. We are hoping to see enormous growth both in content and word about the journal in the coming years. Our effort has been to present the reader the major discourses of the time together with the widely discussed literary works of almost all the genres as also modern poetry and short stories and dramas.

The current issue of *Kafla*, presents five stories, ten critical essays on different genres of literature, two book reviews and poetry from poets of different states and countries. The variety of content, we hope would definitely meet the varied tastes of the readers.

In our consistent endeavours at spreading peace and love through the vehicle of art and literature *Kafla Intercontinental* has in the past organised 9 international writers festivals providing the scholars, poets and critics a platform to express their views and opinions. On 9th and 10th of November 2013, we organised its 9th. International Writers Festival at Narayana Engineering College, Nellore (Andhra Pradesh). The festival was co-organised by International Poets Society (Facebook), Shruti, the School of Music, Guwahati (Assam), and Narayana Engineering College, Nellore (Andhra Pradesh) and was supported by Shri Allu Bhaskar Reddy, Chief Editor Sannidhi Publications, Nellore (Andhra Pradesh), Murali Krishna Group Hotels, Trunk Toad, Nellore (Andhra Pradesh) and Vikrama Simhapuri University, Nellore (Andhra Pradesh).

Again the participation was huge from across the continents and cultures as scholars and poets from South Africa, Uzbekistan, Bangladesh etc. took part in the festival. Together with participants from about 18 states from India they presented papers, poetry and songs on various topics including the theme '*Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam*' a Sanskrit phrase, meaning the "Whole world is one family." We are thankful to all those who helped us directly or indirectly in organising this Writers Festival at Nellore, particularly the co-organisers and the supporters.

Our special thanks to all those who have shown faith in our mission by submitting research papers, notes, essays, poetry, stories and book reviews whether selected for publication or not. We hope that in the times to come they will keep on cooperating with us as genuine well wishers of the current endeavour.

- *Editors*

✱

The Cancer

Anuradha Bhattacharyya (Chandigarh)

<an6radha@yahoo.co.in>

Meghna Choudhury was a brilliant student. She topped the class of MA in History and secured record marks in her university. The faculty invited her to join there as a teacher immediately. Around the same time Madhav Bhattacharjee had also joined as a faculty member in the same department. He and Meghna became close friends and started seeing each other outside the campus too. Their colleagues soon discovered the secret attraction that tied them together. One day, very casually Hemant said to Meghna, 'going to see your beau, hm?' Meghna blushed and said nothing in reply. She repeated the line to Madhav. His eyes lit up and he said, 'so people have begun to notice us!' 'Yes, we are caught.' 'Why not surrender now and tie the knot? Is anything keeping you from wedlock?' 'No, nothing actually. But don't you think all this is going on fast track?' 'What nonsense. Have you been flirting with me for all these days? This was bound to be.' 'I mean, I thought marriage would come in due course and not without warning. Here I am just out of college and just joined work and soon after another responsibility! It is too much to consume.' 'You are frightened of the responsibilities. Never mind. I am there to see you through thick and thin. Just say that you'd be mine.'

In this way Meghna got engaged to Madhav. They told their parents and they readily accepted the liaison. After two years Meghna gave birth to a beautiful daughter. She named her Garima, meaning her pride. Soon after that Madhav got an opportunity to do research for six months in Germany. In these first six months of the baby's life, Meghna lived with her mother Mrs. Choudhury. At that

time her baby's natal chart was drawn. It had Rahu in the fifth house and the astrologer said that it required the girl to perform a yagya when she would be five years old.

Meghna's parents remembered the thing for many years until her father died. He was visiting an uncle of his who had no off spring. The uncle had been ill for two days with no one to attend him. Meghna's father went to help him out. But unfortunately as he was crossing the road in a hurry, he was hit by a car on a crowded road. The small city where the uncle lived had no proper medical facility. Mr. Choudhury was rushed to a nearby hospital by the car owner but the people there maltreated the injury in his left thigh and he had to limp around for many months until a sore developed in his bottom. This sore was shown to a doctor in a hospital in the city who administered certain treatments that involved a nurse. Since he objected to having a female nurse for this purpose, a male nurse came and dressed him and helped him to clean himself and go to the toilet and so forth. But this male nurse did not turn up for two days on which Meghna's mother had to take care of her father. A few days passed like this and he grew pale and lost weight and suffered loss of memory too. Within eight months of the accident Meghna's father died of melancholy, distaste for everything alive and complete inadequacy of treatment. After the funeral, Mrs. Choudhury's astrologer advised her to take care of herself because she may be subjected to more trouble soon.

Meghna heard this and felt that her mother should live with her. Her husband objected and Meghna grew indignant about it. She

argued with him and protested that if she was also earning, it did not matter if her mother stayed with them. Her mother would share the room with Garima. Madhav's objection was not regarding the family income. It was mainly the question of making his daughter share the room with her grandmother. His parents lived in a different part of the city and hardly visited them. The child had little interaction with her paternal grandparents on this account. This annoyed Madhav. He wanted his daughter to learn the habits of his family. Now that Meghna was planning to bring her mother to stay with them, all the customs and habits of Meghna's family would be imbibed by the child. Naturally, he knew he was being biased and intolerant so he did not say all this to her. He only insisted that there was very little space in their house to accommodate anyone else. His parents did not live with them precisely because they were short of space, he argued back. After a long time of arguments, Meghna came up with a compromise. She told her mother that she would spend some time with her every day after work and then return home. Her daughter was already going to school and she could be picked up from the day care by her father on his way home. The mother protested that nothing was wrong and she did not need Meghna to give her company but Meghna reminded her that the astrologer had said that she would have to face some trouble again. In this way Meghna adjusted her routine.

This new routine made a great difference to Madhav's routine too. At first he came home straight as usual and started feeling bored. His four year old daughter made many demands. She needed to be fed. This was usually done by her mother. Now he had to do it. Then he took her to the park. From the park when he wanted to return the girl would not want to

come home. It was only if she was told that her mother would be waiting for her at home that she readily came back. Madhav had to guess if Meghna would be back home by now and then he asked Garima to come home. On certain days his guess would be wrong and the child wailed after reaching home.

A few months passed like this and Meghna began to feel tired of this routine. She arranged for a housekeeper for her mother. Now this housekeeper cooked enough food that Meghna felt like eating before going home. This annoyed Madhav even more because she got late and then cooked something hastily for the father and daughter. Sometimes she brought a curry home from her mother's place. Gradually she began to send the housekeeper to purchase vegetables for both the households. In Madhav's house many things began to be missing. Sometimes there would be no butter, no cucumber and no bread. He decided not to say anything because she had only one answer to it: bring mother here.

Madhav also needed company after returning home. When he took his daughter to the park to play he started looking around for someone to chat with. Most of the visitors to the park were mothers or grandparents who sat chatting together in a circle. There was no way of penetrating this group. He preferred to sit on a bench and watched his daughter play at a distance. She was wholly occupied with the swing and slope. As Madhav got into the routine of going to the park, he began to distinguish the newcomers from the earlier visitors. He noticed a beautiful woman talking to the other women who sat in a circle and observed that she could not quite gel with them. She drifted on the fringes of this circle and found nothing to talk about. She loitered around until it was dark and disappeared round the corner of the park.

✱

She had the habit of keeping her hands in the pockets of her jacket.

Madhav could not guess the purpose of her visit to the park. He became curious and started observing her movements instead of keeping an eye on his daughter. One day she met his eyes and threw him a smile. This prompted him to talk to her. She told him that she was a sociology student and was at present doing some research on the behaviour of children. Madhav was least interested in her subject of study. He started asking about her family, her home and her other interests. One day he brought her home holding his daughter's hands between them. He noticed that she was very friendly with Garima and for the first time, Garima did not miss her mother after returning home. When Meghna finally returned home, Madhav introduced the two women to each other.

Within a couple of months, Meghna started suspecting that Madhav was physically involved with the other woman whose name was Sweta Chatterjee. She reasoned that it was not possible because Garima was always around but her suspicions did not die out. She could not tell her mother all this and suffered silently. Meghna would not stay with her mother for long now and after paying her a short visit she went straight home. Her mother noticed this change but kept quiet about it.

However, this did not last long enough. One day Meghna declared that she was not going home; that she would sleep with her mother. This was very surprising because Meghna had a daughter who might be missing her in the night. But Meghna did not pay attention to that argument. She said that Garima was old enough to sleep on her own. It was high time she learned that. Mrs. Choudhury was not satisfied with this explanation and insisted that Meghna was hiding something. Meghna did not reveal anything.

At home Sweta had come to visit them in the evening when Meghna returned. Seeing her, Meghna did not smile, nor did she say hello and rather went into the inner room without a word. This annoyed Madhav and he later made it an issue for quarrelling with her. During this quarrel he praised Sweta a lot and said many things that suggested that he had talked to her intimately. At last he supported his stance by saying that she might as well stay with her mother for good.

Meghna could not decide what to save and what to forego. On the one hand she wanted to protect her mother from any danger that might be lurking about. She surveyed her mother's household and started suspecting the housekeeper. She checked her belongings that were kept in the anteroom upstairs. She stood by her when she was cooking dinner and she often dropped by in the morning to see if her mother was awake and feeling good.

On the other hand she could sense that her family was falling apart. She observed that Garima did not ask for her as persistently as she did in the early days after her grandfather's demise. There was something in the atmosphere at home that kept Garima satisfied and comfortable. She noticed some cassettes for children that might have been bought recently. Madhav never complained and would always sneak away with the pretext of going to get milk or bread from the market after she entered home. Finally the day Sweta came, the married couple had a fierce fight.

Mrs. Choudhury managed to send her daughter home that night and hoped everything was all right. She called her brother who lived in Dhanbad and asked if she could go to see him. He told her that she was welcome but only after two weeks. Mrs. Choudhury wanted to assure Meghna that there was no need for her to take care of her mother as she could

—*—

easily stay with her brother. But this idea failed. Meghna was back again in the afternoon to see her mother. After about ten days, on a Sunday Meghna came early in the morning and declared that her mother should pack her things and go with her. The mother resisted but Meghna swiftly collected some of her clothes and necessities and asked her to get ready to go out.

When the two of them reached home, Madhav was about to go out with Garima. He looked at the suitcase and guessed what Meghna was up to. He said, 'I am shifting to a different location. You and your mother can stay here.'

Meghna and her mother were stunned. They had nothing to do anymore. Meghna pleaded, 'What wrong have I done? I just wanted to help my mother!' 'Never mind all that. I am through. I am taking Garima along.' Meghna asked Garima, 'Darling, won't you stay with your mother?' And Garima replied, 'I will, if you don't fight with Baba.'

Meghna tried to appease Madhav by several methods. She met him in the university; dragged him to the canteen, pleaded, protested, threatened with suicide, swore and cried a lot. Nothing changed him. He was totally transformed. She could not recognize him anymore. He was all Sweta's now. He clearly declared that he was head over heels in love with this maddeningly beautiful woman and there was nothing left between Meghna and him to tie him down to the previous marriage. After a week's time, he sent her a petition for divorce. It was a petition for mutual divorce and Meghna had to sign it.

The petition lay on the table right before her eyes for several months while Madhav had already started living with Sweta. It was already very bad when Mrs. Choudhury consulted the astrologer again. He told her that there would

be definitely no divorce. Thus reassured, Mrs. Choudhury and her daughter went to see Madhav's parents. The parents said they had no business interfering in Madhav's happiness.

Madhav's parents could not have been bothered about Meghna's problem. They remembered that Meghna was Madhav's love and so he had married her. Now if he loved another woman and wished to marry her, they had little to object to. Their interaction with Madhav was very limited and he was not likely to listen to them at any rate. They had other children to think about and quietly accepted their second son's family as an addition.

The only thing they did this time was to not welcome the new wife with open arms as they had done for Meghna. They wished Meghna good luck and with joined hands saw the duo to the door. The mother and daughter returned back to the table where lay the incomplete petition. Meghna looked pensively at it and said, 'If Madhav would be happy after divorcing me, I must sign it and set him free. If I keep delaying he would keep suffering.'

But after she signed and handed the petition to Madhav she showed signs of deteriorating health. Her stamina fell rapidly and she would become breathless in a few minutes. The doctors examined her blood. There was definitely something wrong and they took her bone marrow to test. Then they declared leukemia.

Mrs. Choudhury lived through the impossible times and lost her daughter in about five months. There was no divorce but the disaster that befell Mrs. Choudhury was greater than a nightmare. She lamented that the astrologer was an imposter. He had misguided her. Garima reached five years of age. With eyes drowned in tears, her grandmother cried, "Rahu or no Rahu! No yagna can restore the loss of her mother!"

✱

B l e s s i n g

Farida Hossain (Bangladesh)

<faridah@dhaka.net>

It was the month of February. Spring in Bengal. The whole of Bangladesh, particularly its capital Dhaka was busy celebrating the language movement. “We want Bengali as our state language. We want to talk about our land, we are all brothers.”

All these idealistic slogans seem to be important for only this particular day. People babble and speechify endlessly-patriotism, love, sacrifice, Rifat was sick of these words and these talkative people. Standing on the other side of the wall she could see Sheila’s room clearly. It was a double-storied house. Sheila sat by the window, swinging a rocking chair and studying. She was sixteen. Two plaits hung on both sides of her head. She was wearing spectacles. Rifat thought Sheila was too young for them. She must be studying a lot: might be the best student of her class. The best speaker, the best personality.

Rifat smiled with derision, standing in the dark. Did all these have any value, these days? In this man-made society? Only animals wandered here with greedy tongues-wolves and hyena’s ruled over the place. Sheila continued rocking and reading. Is she reading poetry then? It is time to awake. Or if I could be...?

Rifat’s eyes grew moist. There was a ripple of pain within her breast. But she controlled herself ruthlessly. Sheila was the apple of her eye-flesh of her own flesh, her life, the vibrations of her heart Her only child. It was such joy to see her pure innocence, her rocking, restless eye, the plaits, her unknown dream. Could she too be ignored and insulted?

Rifat could not breathe. No, this girl who

was like an unopened champak-bud, was the only reason that Rifat was alive. She could not think anymore.

She had heard that each breath a mother took, blessed her child. Rifut would like to engulf Sheila in an ocean of blessings every minute, each second. For the last thirteen years this is what she had asked of her creator, continuously. Sometimes standing outside the wall, in the dark, sometimes waiting in front of the school gate. She has prayed for Sheila’s well being, in exchange of her own security and peace. In waking hours in her sleep. in her dreams Rifat had offered to God every particle of her men blood for Sheila’s happiness. Apart from Sheila, what did she have to live for. First she was in a women’s rehabilitation centre and then for the last ten years she has been with this orphanage. Who would believe this same Rifat was a prize student at the University of Dhaka? She was bright and bold in the full bloom of youth. She was a good debator, she could recite poetry beautifully. Rifat participated in the morning-processions, meetings tirelessly. As she had no parents she stayed in the university Hall, with an uncle as a guardian.

She met Hasib. a student leader, on a twenty first February, at the Martyr’s Memorial. Rifat had said, I like the way you sing.

: Really?

: When you sang you seemed to be an active fighter in the language movement

: Had I been. I would have considered myself lucky.

They met at the campus, off and on. They

✱

sang many patriotic songs together, voiced slogans and one day they took hold of each other's hands, unconsciously. After this they went to the marriage registrar's office and got married. Their blood then seemed intoxicated. Rifat was Hasib's constant companion and inspiration.

The drums of the liberation war could be heard. Every one was excited. Rifat had given birth to a pretty daughter, Sheila. When the situation got out of hand, everyone moved from the city to the villages. Rifat went to her uncle. The young people were busy organizing the war effort. Hasib was one of them. Rifat cooperated with him and his associates, in spite of the baby. She refused to sit back. She was worried about Hasib's restlessness. She waited eagerly for the end of the war, for freedom. She longed to have Hasib close to her. 110 would come stealthily at night. Those were the golden moments for Rifat. Nine months rolled by in this terrible tension. Independence was imminent. And it was then that the darkest night of her life came.

Hasib had come and left in the evening. Rifat's sleep was a happy one full of sweet memories. Suddenly unknown people entered the room and awakened her. She could not see clearly in the dark. But she could guess who they were and the disaster took place. They gagged her mouth and lifted her. She fainted. She could not remember the rest.

Then... came the sixteenth of December. The country was free. Many soldiers and evacuees came back home. Hasib came and saw and understood everything. Rifat could not tell what went on in the heart of the man who had won the war. When Rifat came to his door-step, wounded and ill flash opened the door, to find the bird battered by a storm. No one could speak for a long time. Rifat

thought somewhere gongs were being sounded- the terrible noise overwhelmed her. She felt she was drowning, getting lost in a wilderness. Hasib was silent. He had turned into a stone. Rifat, wounded and hurt, fixed her eyes on Hasib's. She extended her trembling arms towards Hasib, convinced that her lover, her anxious husband would eagerly take her in his arms, press her to his breast. But no! Had Hasib really turned into a stone? Where was his eagerness, his thirst, his impatience for a reunion? Could he then not believe that his Rifat had come back?

He was sweating. His muscular arms were still, he was tightening his wrist. Behind his shirt was his heart also still? Where had Rifat come for Shelter? To embrace a heart of stone, she had stretched her arms. Was this the same Hasib? How could she make this mistake?

She did not remember when she lost consciousness. Her outstretched arms withdrew silently. When she regained consciousness, she was in a nursing home. Hasib had sent a fat cheque for Rifat through Dr. Rakib Choudhury who worked in the nursing home. Rifat did not shed a single tear. She returned the cheque to Dr. Rakib Choudhury with great humility. She said - thanks! I have got my due, Dr. Choudhury. I hey of you to give me news of my daughter. Even if I do not have an address. I will come here to get information about her from you. Will you help me?

Dr. Choudhury had agreed. Rifat stayed in a Mother's home for some time. After that she went to an orphanage.

Now the bright university student had adjusted herself to the noisy atmosphere of the orphanage. It was in the children here that she tried to find her own daughter, Sheila.

To think that a man who had fought to

save the mother land from being desecrated by the enemy, could not give shelter to Rifat! She had come to hate spineless men like Hasib. All those empty slogans! Patriotism-sacrifice for the purity of all mothers! Was Rifat not one of those mothers? Hasib could not even summon the courage to ask her.

: Holy are you!

Did she think she would die? Commit suicide? Would not bring herself to show her face to anyone?

But no, she was a fighter she did not come to the world to kill herself. Orphaned in her infancy, she grew up in her uncle's home amid many adversities. Being a good student she earned scholarships to bear the expenses of her studies in Dhaka. So Rifat survived.

She will go on! She would prove to spineless men like Hasib that because he refused to give her shelter and love her life did not end in failure. Even if she could not be a wife or a sweet-heart she would always live on as a mother. She will raise a wall of protection around Sheila with her blessings- from a distance. She would clear the air for her child with her constant prayers- till her last breath.

**

Read and subscribe

Conifers Call

ISSN 0975-5365

Editor : Harish Thakur

Thakur Building , New Totu, Shimla,
(Himachal Pradesh)- 171011

Phone: +9418008900

coniferscall@ymail.com;

harish_070@yahoo.co.in

www.coniferpublications.com

**10th. International Writers Festival
(an International conference
of Poets, Writers & Scholars)
at Trivandrum (Kerala)-India.**

Organisator: India Intercontinental Cultural Association Chandigarh (India)

Venue & Dates : Being finalised.

Main Theme : Literature & World Peace with special focus on *Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam* (the whole world is one family).

Other Suggestive Topics for Papers:

(i) Contribution of Sainly-Poets for Universal Brotherhood (ii) Devotional Literature (iii) Creating writing (iv) Tradition of Oral Literature (v) Dalit Literature (vi) Modern & Experimental Literature (vii) Internet & Literature (viii) Literary Journalism (ix) Translation Literature (x) Literary Trends (xi) Comparative literary studies (xii) Role and responsibilities of Humanities and social sciences in Technical education (xiii) Diaspora Literature (xiv) Romani (Roma's) Literature (xv) Any other topic in consultation with the organisers.

Full Info. and registration form related to Festival/Conference will be made available soon at :

www.indianwriters.org

www.kaflaintercontinental.com

If you are interested in participation, we can send you the official Invitation letter. For any question, please contact :

Dev Bhardwaj, Director: IICCA,

3437 Sector 46-C, Chandigarh-160047

Ph. +98728 23437 & +90234 07937

emails : <writerdev@gmail.com>

editorkafla@yahoo.com

*

C a c t u s

Farheen Chaudhry (Pakistan)

<chaudhry.farheen@gmail.com>

They both while sitting on the bench, beside the lush green enclosure were warming themselves in the sun. Hamida looked at them snappishly, placing her bag on the nearby bench, she sat there quite bushed. She had to make a lot of notices and Saba had not reached yet.

“Flaties does not suit as compared to Sharaton and Avari, but we have to just pass the night, the cheaper will be the better.” It was Ali, his tone resembled the style of Siskaari. “But Sharaton is something different; no doubt we shall spend money, the taste we shall have in Sharaton cannot be compared to Flaties”. The tone of Arif became piquant.

“Listening name the image of Sharaton emerges in the mind.” Ali laughed with a meaningful laughter. It was not known why in the body and soul of Hamedea needles began to prickle, ants climbed on her feet and began to slither onto her neck. She made a lot of effort to restrain herself but at last the trigger of her tongue went off.

“You shut up cheapsters!” They both tuned round all of sudden, and beheld her attentively, they saw her from top to toe and lashes of lightening leapt from the eyes of both of them.

“Hameeda what happened to you?” Arif said. She became more indignant. “Such an “Unromantic name!” If someone pronounced, it seemed as if he called her to dust or wash the wares. It seemed as if ants then had entered into her brain. But seeing leaping fire from the eyes of both of them, she sent on them a mute curse and went to

the department with hurried steps, and the one who was notorious for being Evil Genius went to the abyss of matter. On the very next day posters of Flaties were hanging on each wall and tree of the university.

She entered in the university along with Saba; she became stunned with opened mouth. She felt ants climbing slithering on her body and then peeping through her eyes.

“Wow!” Saba smiled. The wide opened lips of Hameeda closed sluggishly, she wanted to close them tight but they again opened. She muttered a masculine abuse, “They....” “What happened to you?” Now it was the turn of Saba to open her lips. “Nothing!” No one knew why she sneaked her eyes from Saba and spread her *anchal* on her chest. Saba was aware of her nature; she knew that she would blurt all in a few moments. It was not in her control to conceal anything to herself, and happened the same.

After a few moments, she was telling Saba, screeching her teeth what happened yesterday. “But how you descended in the tale?” Saba spoke in surprise, “what hurts you whether they spend nights in Flaties or Avari, let them do.” Uff! I shall have to tell you that in Convent ‘Flaties’ was my vexation.” Hameeda confessed the fact with blushed face and then fixed her *anchal* aright. The pose of Hamedea removed Saba’s confusion. She peeked stealthily between her waist and shoulders, then she spoke after having a long breath, “For God’s sake Hameeda, don’t be so weak, we shall resolve the matter... but first of all finish

✱

your tea.” No one knows where Ali and Arif were, but she felt every object of the university was winking eyes to her. It seemed as if her secret revealed to the whole world and was laughing at her weakness. While thinking so she began to correct her *anchal* on her chest frequently. She was comparing herself to a king who on insistence of cheaters, putting on supposed silky dress had gone to amble among the masses and a child indicated by pointing his finger, “the king is naked.”

To Hameeda each branch of each tree was a finger and each brick of each wall was an eye, an impish eye with satirical smile. She looked at the face of Hameeda with pesky eyes; her eyes fell on her marble neck and then halted on her locket. It was lurking around the curves of her neck. She held Saba’s hand and sat suddenly on the stairs. Simultaneously being overcome by hatred, affection and anger, instead of seizing the throat of Saba, she placed her hand on her shoulder and then rested her head there on it.

They had remained very close to each other since the period of their college education. They teased the teachers by whispering together, they spent themselves in study the days of examination with deliberate annoyance. Attractive laughter made Saba popular in the university and Hameeda was proud of her friendship. The magic of her own eyes was such as if the standard of love had been only the eyes she would get the title of ‘Queen’ but she was defeated on such heights as where wings of the angels burn too.

When students of the university began to move around Saba, she became vigilant; her heart wished that one smile from the strained smiles of Saba might fix on her too. Some stern masculine face brimming with mannish

emotions should impale its leopard-like looks on her body and she impulsively should begin to flux obviously in the same state of emotions.

But no one gave such comments on her as on hearing her ears should become red, except a few sentences of the vagabonds, or at least she might take one or two drifted steps. On the other hand boys wished to caressed Saba with their looks, they wanted to slice her with their comments. They passed by the five foot eight inch boney structure of Hameeda avoiding her lest they should be hurt in case they strike against her. They did not know that the pole had the current of 440 volts.

When Ali expressed his desire to Hameeda with thousands of pleadings to get arranged a meeting with Saba, her heart wished that she should wrench his neck. “Don’t I have any importance to you? Didn’t I do nothing to attract you, sometimes by changing my hair-style, sometimes by raising morally and immorally, angles and curves of the body, sometimes by making my thick eyelashes more substantial by applying to them mascara?” Then who should make her understand that those people had become more practical. The magic of mascara functions to enhance the sale of mascara. Seeing Ali immersed in the love of Saba, she felt as if all mascara of her eyes began to melt and spread all over her face and body. The *kajal* of her eyes spread and moved down like gelatinous black tar and she time and again wiped her face and neck.

“Are you all right?” Ali said.

“I don’t know, I am feeling dizzy.” She was really exhausted.

“Come! I shall take you to the department.”

Ali extended his bulky hand to Hameeda, she felt as besides wiggling of tar, ants began to slither around her neck. At that moment

she urged for the Storm of Noah or prayed to be devoured and preserved by the riven earth. But wishes are the wishes; the reality was scaring her in the form of an old woman with projected teeth. She composing her soul went somewhere far away; she got free her hand from Ali's and said dryly, "No thanks." After remaining aloof for several days, at last she hoisted on the shrine of love the flag of 'Dear Brother' and finding all routes barred she began to talk to Ali.

On the other side Ali did not spoil a single moment and began to disclose the state of his heart and feelings about Saba, Hameeda according to her wish, began to reflect all words to herself and she placed the remainder before Saba.

Saba after listening to Ali's messages used to say, "They all drool on each girl in the same way."

"Then why not on me." This sentence descended on the heart of Hameeda like damnation but she merely stared at Saba. One day all of sudden it revealed to Hameeda that Saba was a flirt of the lowest kind. Now with him and then with someone else. Whenever her heart wished, she sat in the front seat of the car of someone, and passed by Hameeda, trampling her heart like a guided missile. Each time she thought that she would deal with Saba with harsh tongue. She would rebuke her and break friendship of such a loose character girl, but when she used to see Saba's face imparting no comments, she would say hardly, "What kind of adventure was the new one?"

"A one!" Saba used to wink her eye naughtily, make a circle with thumb and index finger, and place the circle on the troubling vein of her neck and all distress of Hameeda get imprisoned in that circle.

"Why not I too!" Many times Hameeda thought while hitting gently the round sarsens with the toes of his shoes. One day dreams of Hameeda's became reality when a common black boy of biology who had been looking at Hameeda with sweet looks for several days became successful in taking her to the cafeteria. How could that poor boy succeed? In fact it was Hameeda who made him successful, and in a few days she after going through the experience of front seat reached his room.

Fulfilling all demands of Mother Nature, she came back where she started. Thrill merely proves thrill that only simmers blood, and it does not have any concern with the emotions. She began to feel herself like a balloon which had been defused and it had crumpled into a piece of rubber.

She began to experience depression!

"But the face of Saba expressed something else; my face tells narrates another tale." She said to her own reflection. But the mirror remained silent; she entered into the arena enthusiastically to assume the face of Saba. It is not necessary for a thrill that the mountains should be lush green, sometime one has to surmount drab and dry rocks, so many of the boys had overcome that grey mountain, but Hameeda could not get access to the cliff hanger which she had been waiting for.

"Which are the routes you are heading on?" Saba objected.

"Had you ever consulted me?" She replied bluntly.

Saba read her face with surprise, and on seeing alien inscription Saba darned her lips. Then both of them began to move in their own circular zones, now befuddled, then restless and then depressed.

✱

Final examination was nearing, one day Saba stopped her on the way, "Listen! I want to share a news with you." Who knows what kind of tinkle was in her voice that Hameeda had to halt though she didn't want to stop.

"Wouldn't you ask?" Saba peeked into her eyes, but Hameeda kept silent.

"Ali has proposed to me and I have accepted the proposal." Saba announced in a decisive tone.

Hameeda felt as if all walls of the department began to crumble down on her one by one. She composed herself groaningly and an acrid sentence slipped from her mouth abruptly, "And what happened to the list of your lovers?"

"Come on Hameeda, at least you should not say so."

Saba's face corroded a little.

There sputtered in Hameeda somewhere deep a mini fire-cracker.

"Come on I shall tell you the whole affair."

Saba began to drag her, but Hameeda wanted to avoid and said, "I am getting late, the library will be closed." Hameeda felt a little solace finding her arrow hitting the target. She wanted to leave Saba panting alone in the same state, but it seemed as if Saba stabbed her arms with the daggers made of stone. Her face was extremely serious, so much grave that Hamedda became scared. Saba hissed, "I many times tried to refrain you, but I don't know how and when you strayed so far."

"What do you think about yourself, what will become when Ali becomes aware of all affair?" Hameeda's thirst putting on the slough of apprehension came on her tongue.

"Ali knows more than you do, and that all too that you do not know." Saba's tone was so much confident and stern that Hameeda winced from within.

Saba spoke fearing something unexpected, "It was not the truth that you and the stupid like you were thinking of, keep in mind, the sap of all flowers is not to be guzzled, some flowers carry such a fatal smell that the flying insects hovering around with the motive to enjoy their bewitching fragrance, fell onto the ground at distance, and those who come ahead are pricked on the points of thorns or poison kills them, no one plucks the flower of cactus. Did you understand?"

Hameeda became stunned with the opened mouth and she felt as if she really was the pathway to Flaties which was being trodden from this end to that one under the feet of every passerby.

(Translated by Muhammad Shanazar)

Have your own website like:

www.yourname.com

in just Rs. 3000 onwards

(Domain+5GB webspace+web pages)

Contact:

Kafla Inter-Continental

3437 Sector 46-C

Chandigarh-160047

Ph. ++98728-23437,

<editorkafla@yahoo.com>

<**www.kaflaintercontinental.com**>

List your journal for free at

www.indianwriters.org

Include your name in

Address-Directory of Indian Writers at

www.indianwriters.org

Contact : Ph. 98728-23437

<iicca@live.com; editorkafla@yahoo.com>

✱

Tallapaka Annamacharya - A Versatile Composer of Andhra Pradesh

Dr. A. Anuradha, Coordinator, Dept. of Music,
Andhra University, Visakhapatnam, (Andhra Pradesh)
Ph. 94410-39033 <anuradha_12465@yahoo.co.in>

Introduction:

India is a spiritual land, where one can feel the sacredness in everywhere. Many saints strived hard to attain salvation in many ways. Music is one such way, which is entwined with devotion to reach the ultimate goal, called 'Moksha' (salvation). In Indian Philosophy, it is said that profound love for God is known as 'Devotion'. There are nine ways of adoration of Gods in India, known as *Nava vidha bhakti Maarga-s*. These are the means in the *Aarsha Dharma Samskriti* (seer culture), to achieve *Dharma Artha kaama mokshas* (all types of wishes).

Since ancient times, Music occupies a special role in adoration of God. In *Srimad Bhagavadgeeta* Lord Krishna says that,

Sloka (verse):

*Naaham vasaami vaikunthe na yogi bridaye
ravou I*

*Madbhakthaah yatra gaayanthi thathra
thishthaami naarada II*

It means 'Lord Vishnu neither dwells in Vaikuntham (his abode) nor in the hearts of the yogins (sages), but he resides only where his devotees sing his glory'. This is the reason, many saint-composers have chosen Music to please God.

India has given birth to many Saints, Sages, Spiritual leaders and Saint – composers. Among them, few have selected Music and Literature as a means to praise God. Andal, Jayadeva, Purandara das, Rama das, Kabir Das, Tulasi Das, Tukaram and Chaitanya Prabhu are a few to be mentioned in this category. They sang the glory of God in many ways and thereby attained salvation. Tallapaka

Annamacharya is one such composer who praised Lord Venkateswara with his *Sankeertana-s* (songs).

A brief note on Tallapaka composers:

The Tallapaka composers are distinguished poets, Music composers and scholars in Telugu and Sanskrit languages. They belonged to the 15th and 16th centuries. They have put up a monumental effort to popularize the Srivaishnava faith in Andhra region. Annamayya, the most renowned among them was famous during his own time. The Tallapaka family has done a great service to the famous pilgrim Tirumala.. The Tallapaka composers as well as the kings of Vijayanagara empire have rendered remarkable service equally, to the *Venkatachala kshetram* (Tirumala).

Brief life history of Tallapaka

Annamacharyulu:

Annamacharya is a familiar name to all those who have little or more acquaintance with music and Telugu literature. His songs are very popular even in the remote villages of Andhra Pradesh. His compositions include all varieties of songs ranging from lullabies to the songs containing deep philosophy and devotion. He is regarded as the '*Toli Telugu Vaaggeyakaara*' (the 'first Telugu Composer'). He enriched the Telugu (it is the local language of Andhra Pradesh) literature with his contributions.

Annamacharya is popularly known as 'Annamayya'. He was born in 1424 AD in a small village 'Tallapaka' in Cuddapah district of Andhra Pradesh. He was born to Narayana Suri and Akkamamba, as an answer to their

✱

prayers to Lord Venkateswara for a worthy son. He is believed to be an *amsa* (incarnation) of Lord's sword '*Nandakam*'. Annamayya is a devotee to Lord Venkateswara of Tirumala, from his childhood. His spiritual interests lead him to take Vaishnavism and later become 'Annamacharyulu'. Within that time his faith in Sri Venkateswara became the focus on his thoughts and feelings. Singing the songs of Lord Venkateswara has become his vocation. Annamayya started composing songs from the age of sixteen. His songs are famous as 'Sankeertana-s' and 'Pada-s'. He is also popularly known as '*Sankeertanaacharya, Pada Kavita Pitaamaha, Pada kavita maargadarsi and Draavida gaana saarvabhooma*'.

His Service to Music & literature:

The structure of the composition Sankeertana has got a definite shape with Pallavi, Anupallavi and Charanas in the hands of Annamacharya. Annamayya has composed 32, 000 songs and dedicated to his favorite deity Sri Venkateswara.

In one of his Sankeertanas, Annamayya says that, he used to worship his favourite God daily with a floral song (*Sankeertana pushpam*). The lyric is as follows,

*"Daachuko nee paadaalaku taga ne chesina
puujaliviyaaya
Poochi nee keeriti pushpamulivi yaaya
Okka keertane chaalu oddikai mammu
rakshimpa
Takkina bhandaraana daachi vunchanee.
Vekkasamu nee naamamu vela sulabhamu
phalamadhikamu—"*

The meaning of the song is "O God! all my songs are like flowers offered at your feet and this is the worship I offer to you. Let these flowers be preserved. One song is sufficient to protect us all and let the remaining songs be preserved in the Bhandaram

(storewell). Chanting your name costs less but its value is priceless."

Annamayya dedicated himself to the Lord Venkateswara and never approached any king and emperor for wealth :

*"Narahari keertana naanina jibva – orula
nuthimpaga noopadu jibva
Muraharu padamula mrokkina siramu – parula
vandanaku paragadu siramu"*

Its meaning is that 'his tongue praises only the name of God and nothing else, his head bows only to the Divine feet of the Lord, but not to the ordinary mortals'. In this manner he even refused the offerings of the King and was imprisoned also.

Annamayya is a true devotee of his favourite deity Lord Venkateswara. In one of his compositions, '*Nitya poojalivigo*' he describes each and every action of natural physical actions performed by human body, as different ways of rendering services to God. He says 'the Body itself is the temple, head is the Sikharam (peak of the temple), heart is the very seat of Lord, eyes are the gleaming lamps, speech is the Mantra (Vedic chants), tongue is the pen, the process of respiration (breathe in & breathe out) are the fans'.

In another composition, he explains the nature of God as:

*"Bhakti koladi vaade paramaatmudu
Bhukti mukti taane icchu bhuvi paramaatmudu"*

He says that 'God is like a baby who accepts anyone and , who desires to hold him in their hands.' This means that 'He readily accepts all those who loves Him wholeheartedly.

God is like a valuable treasure which is kept openly. It means, He is easily accessible to all those who loves Him. One need not strive hard to get that 'Treasure. 'God is the luminous daylight' which means the Lord is

very clear, but can not be hold in hands. 'God is like the butter in an unpasteurized milk' means God is also readily available but He is invisible like butter in the milk'. 'God is like sweetness in the words of a language', means 'every one enjoys the sweetness of the language but it is invisible'. Similarly, 'God is Almighty and resides in the hearts of all beings in the form of Love, we are unable to notice Him'.

The following is an interesting song of Annamayya. The speciality of this song is that the entire song runs a similar manner, all the first lines are in superlative degrees and in all the second lines are in ordinary degrees. It is a literary embellishment in Telugu language, called *Nindaastuti*.

For eg: *Yeduta nunnaadu veedu ee baaluduu-
Parama purushudata - pasula gaachenata -
Ala brahma thandriyata - yasodaku biddadata -*

The meaning of the above lines are, 'He is the Supreme God, but he was a shepard'. 'He is the father of the great Creator Lord Brahma, but he is son of a village women Yasoda'. This type of songs give pleasure to the listeners who can enjoy the Telugu language.

There are hundreds of such beautiful expressions depicted in his songs. In a proverb, he says that "*Pindante nippati yannatlu*", it means, 'the size of bread is according to the quantity of flour'. In the same song, he says "*Neeru koladi Taameravu*", it means, 'if more water is in the pond, the lotus grown has more.' These are the examples to teach the people that 'a man achieves Punyam (heaven) according to his good deeds'. Thus, all the songs are filled with the lyrical embellishments like proverbs, similes, idioms, adages etc.

Classification of Sankeertanas:

Annamayya has composed varieties of songs. They may be categorised as Adhyatma sankeertanas, Sringara, Sampadaya (Traditional

festivity) songs and Desi (Folk) songs. But, broadly can be divided into *Adhyatma sankeertana-s* and *Sringara sankeertana-s*.

A. Adhyatma sankeertana-s: These are known as spiritual or devotional songs. They can be further classified into 5 main headings. They are:

eg: *Kondalalo nelakonna koneti raayude vaadu-*

i). Simple spiritual songs : These include songs in praise of God, describing the beauty of and greatness of God viz., *Naama sankeertanas*, *Maanasika sambodhana keertanas*.

An example for **Naama sankeertanas**

Madhava kesava madhusudana krishna-

An example for **Maanasika sambodhana keertanas.**

Bhaavamulona bahyamu nanduna -- Manasaa.

ii). Puranic references: Songs composed on epics such as *Ramayana*, *Bhaarata*, *Bhaagavata* etc, come under this category.

An example for *Sankshepa Ramayanam*,

Ithade Parabrahmamidiye Rama katha --

An example for *Bharata*,

Ani aanaticche krishnudarjanumito --

Annamayya has a special style in composing Bala Krishna's (Lord Krishna's Childhood) mysterious deeds. Some times, he (Annamayya) transforms himself as Yasoda, Krishna's mother. He totally absorbs in the feelings communicated through his songs. Sometimes he becomes a friend of Krishna at certain times and in some songs enjoys the deeds of the mischievous and mysterious child, just as a spectator. These songs, by virtues of their genuine feelings of love, affection and devotion touch ones heart directly.

Few examples on Bala Krishna,

a). *Itti mudduladi baaludeda vaadu vaani patti tecchi pottaninda paalu voyaro --*

b). *Yeduta nunnadu veede ee baaluduu --*

✱

iii). Vedaanta or Vyraagya keertanas: They are Philosophical songs. Some of his songs contain complete renunciation on worldly attachments and desires.

eg: *NaaNaati bratuku Naatakamu --
Maayaa mohamu maaranidi --*

iv). Ritual songs: They are further classified into two kinds.

a) Temple festivity songs: Songs sung during special occasions in temples like *Garudotsavam, Rathotsavam, Brahmotsavam, Suprabhatam, Unjal seva, Pavalimpu sevas* etc. come under this category.

eg: *Brahmotsavam – idi brahmotsavam--*

b) Songs during daily services to God: These songs are sung while attending the regular services to God i.e., *Melukolupulu* (awakening) songs, *Aaragimpulu* (offerings to eat), *Dolotsava* (cradle), *Pavalimpu* (service at sleep time) and *Mangalam songs*.

eg: *Shodasa kalaanidhiki Shodasopachaaramulu-*

v) Songs on Socio aspects: These songs are related to socio aspects. Annamayya condemned the social evils like untouchability, degrading people on the basis of caste, creed etc.. In many songs he says that “God is one”. Through his teachings in songs and tried to bring reformation in the society. In a song,

*“Ye kulajudemi yevvadainanemi
Aakada naatadu Harinerigina vaadu”.*

He emphasises that the one who is a ‘realised Soul’ is true real devotee, he may belong to any caste.

In another situation, Annamayya condemns the ‘Untouchability’ which is the prevailing social evil at that time. In “*Tandanaana abi --*”, he says that ‘the God who resides in all the beings is one and the same.’ For him, all beings are equal. Annamayya used few similes to describe this truth. ‘A King may sleep on a luxurious cot

and a servant may sleep on land but the process of sleep is same for both. The person may be a bramhin or he may belong to backward caste, but ultimately one has to reach the same burial ground. Similarly, the sun’s rays are shone equally on a giant animal like an elephant as well as on a mean animal like dog. In the same manner, the one who protects all the beings is one and the same *Paramaathma* (Lord). The Lord does not have any differences between the rich and the poor, caste., For Him, all are equal.

vi). Folk based songs: Though all the compositions are devotion oriented, the language used for some of the songs are purely based on folk – themes. Annamayya has composed many varieties of folk songs. Of those, a few types are mentioned here. They are *Tummeda pada-s, Chandamaama pada-s, Jaajara pada-s, Suvi pada-s, chaang bhala* songs. *Elalu, Jolalu, samvaadas* (duets), *dhalavalu, Shobhanalu*. In addition to these varieties, several songs related to specific festivals like *Utila pandugalu, Gobbilla songs, Kolaata* songs, *marriage* songs etc., are very popular.

For eg. 1. *Siruta navvula vaadu chinnekeka -*
2. *Jagadapu chanavula jaajara--*

B). Sringaara sankeertana-s : Separation from God (*Viraha Bhakti*) and love with God is known as ‘*Sringaara Bhakti*’, popularly known as ‘*Madhura bhakti*’. Annamayya composed a huge number of songs on this theme. Many of his *Sringaara sankeertanas* are described on Goddess Alamelmanga’s love for Lord Venkateswara. In Alamelmanga, Annamayya described the beautiful gestures and movements in the presence of Lord. Some songs are exclusively written on her (Alamelmanga’s) beauty at the time of dance, before the Lord, to please him. In these songs, he holds the balance between sensual and the

✱

spiritual. Usually in the concluding part of each song, the sensual gets transcendent into the spiritual. In this part, he portrays the Goddess or heroin surrenders them aa to the Lord and thus consecrates them.

Annamayya's Music: Unfortunately, no notations are available for his songs and no correct tune of singing had been handedover to the posterity through his descendants. Because, there are no direct descendants or disciples to progate the treasure of his music to the next generations. The credit of preserving the lyrics of his songs goes to his son Pedda Tirumalaachari and his grandson ChinnaTirumalaachari (Chinnanna).

He used several traditional and ancient ragas for his songs. The *ragas*, he employed to his songs are nearly 75. The names of some rare raga-s are also found on the copper plates. Unfortunately, some very rare ragas like Aabali, Konda malhari, Amara sindhu etc. have become obsolete and at present.

The tunes of these songs are not known till today due to the non- availability of music documentation at that time. As a result of this, many great musicians like Sri Rallapalli Ananta Krishna Sarma, Dr. Sripada Pinakapani, Dr. Nedunuri Krishna Murty, Dr. M. Balamurali Krishna, Sri Voleti Venkateswarlu, Sri. Sandhyavandanam Srinivasarao, Sri Kadayanallur R. Venkataraman, Sri MS Bala Subrahmanya Sarma etc., have set music to many songs and brought them into lime-light. Many great musicians and Vidwans like Nedunuri Krishna Murty, M. Balamurali Krishna, MS Subbalakshmi and Ms. Srirangam Gopala ratnam etc, have popularised these songs with their mellifluous vioces.

Of all the 32,000 songs, only 12,000 are available till today with the great efforts of

the scholars and Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanam (TTD). In preservation of these songs, the tremendous service of King Saluva Narasimha rayalu, Emperor of Vijayanagaram, has to be remembered forever. The King inscribed these songs on Copper plates and preserved them in *Sankeertana Bhadaaram* (a rock storewell) in the campus of the main Temple at Tirumala hill. Unfortunately, many copper plates have been lost or misplaced.

Other Literary works of Annamacharya: Annamayya has composed some *Desi Suladis*, a type of songs which have became almost obscure. He has composed Sapta raga-Tala malika Suladi. Besides the Sankeertanas, Annamayya has written some literary works too. He wrote 12 Satakas on SriVenkateswara and on His spouse Goddess Alamelumanga. (**'Satakam'** is a Sanskrit word, denotes hundred verses in a work). His literary work "Venkatachala Mahatmyam" and a poetic work "Chakravala Manjari" (a literary work) remained as immortal pieces. One more significant work of him in Sanskrit is '*Sankeertanaalakshanam*'. It is an authoritative work explaining all types of musical forms of his times. It paved a way to the later music compositions in South Indian Classical Music.

Conclusion: It is very difficult to select few songs contain idealistic themes since hundreds, thousands of them are good. Therefore, very few of them are selected and analysed in this paper. Every one can enjoy the songs of Annamacharya, though he is an unknowing of music.

(Acknowledgements to Mr. S. Pardhiva for his cooperation in preparing this paper)

This paper was presented in 9th Internatinal Writers Festival-India (An International Conference of Poets, Writers & Scholars) held at Nellore (Andhra Pradesh) on 9-10 November, 2013

Tradition of oral literature in the works of Chinua Achebe-An Insight

A. Hazel Verbina, Asst. Prof. of English,
Dr. G.R. Damodaran College of Science
Civil Aerodrome post , Avinashi Road ,
Coimbatore -641028 (Tamilnadu)
Ph. 9894870659, <verbinahazel@gmail.com>

In the growth and development of modern African literature, African traditional oral poetics is playing a very significant role. Many African novelists now expect that the riches of the African oral tradition will nourish the novel form. Traditional African **drama**, often associated with ritual and social events, tends to emphasize mime, dance, music, costumes, and masks rather than verbal art. This paper concentrates on Achebe and his uses of oral tradition in his novels... This paper, therefore, seeks to plumb the significance of African traditional oral poetics in the novels of Chinua Achebe.

The Oral tradition was the basis of African culture. It consisted of history, religious practices, cosmology, rituals, folktales, proverbs, riddles, games , songs , dance, magic, epic tales, myths and narratives. The African incorporated the everyday rhythms of life into his expression. The Nigerian oral tradition thrives from the indigenous beliefs and general attitudes to life. They transmit and store the values of their experiences by telling the tales to the younger generations as guide. Therefore, validating the assertion of Chinua Achebe (1975) in his essay, "the Image of Africa", (African) oral traditions do have significant functionality and serve a far more utilitarian purpose, which doubles as mainstream intention meant for cultural preservation and ultimate 'survival' of the people. Far from the overblown purpose of entertainment, African oral literature functions as a viable medium to educate, preserve history and foreground indigenous norms.

African proverbs and stories draw upon the collective wisdom of oral peoples, express their "structures of meaning, feeling, thought, and expression," and thus serve important social and ethical purposes: "The story itself is a primary form of the oral tradition, primary as a mode of conveying culture, experience, and values and as a means of transmitting knowledge, wisdom, feelings, and attitudes in oral societies"; a central position is thus "given to the story in the oral tradition... by African writers in the shaping of their literary world and works.

Achebe makes a frequent projection of African culture through the use of oral traditions like proverbs, riddles, jokes, epic, folktales and legends. One could study African folktales, songs, and proverbs. Achebe uses proverbs as a way to communicate the African oral tradition within the frame of the western novel. Chinua Achebe was the vanguard in this literary movement that seeks to defend the African heritage, but the achievement of Achebe seems to end at the level of the word. The style of Achebe's fiction draws heavily on the oral tradition of the Igbo people. He weaves folk tales into the fabric of his stories, illuminating community values in both the content and the form of the storytelling. Achebe absorbed the folk tales told to him by his mother and older sister, stories he described as having "the immemorial quality of the sky, and the forests and the rivers". Abdul Janmohamed, a literary critic has notably commented that Achebe has

deterritorialised English in representing the native oral tradition. Another hallmark of Achebe's style is the use of proverbs, which often illustrate the values of the rural Igbo tradition. He sprinkles them throughout the narratives, repeating points made in conversation. In Achebe, however, proverbs and folk stories are not the sum total of the oral Igbo tradition. In combining philosophical thought and public performance into the use of oratory, his characters exhibit what he called "a matter of individual excellence part of Igbo culture. Achebe frequently includes folk songs and descriptions of dancing in his work. Achebe's novels as well as his short stories are heavily influenced by the oral tradition, and like the folktales they follow, the stories often have morals emphasizing the importance of cultural traditions.

Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe mixes Western linguistic forms and literary traditions with Igbo words and phrases, proverbs, fables, tales, and other elements of African oral and communal storytelling traditions in order to record and preserve African oral traditions as well as to subvert the colonialist language and culture. This paper identifies proverbs used in "Things Fall Apart" and attempts to question the relationship of oral elements to the meanings and messages of the novels. *Things Fall Apart* recreates an oral culture and a consciousness imbued with an agrarian way of life, and demonstrates, as Achebe put it, "that African peoples did not hear of civilisation for the first time from Europeans". At the same time, he sought to avoid depicting precolonial Africa as a pastoral idyll, rejecting the nostalgic evocations of Léopold Senghor and the francophone négritude school of writing.

African novelists like Chinua Achebe often introduce oral stories— such as narrative proverbs, song-tales, myths, folktales, fairy tales, animal fables, anecdotes, and ballads— into literature. One of many examples from **Things Fall Apart** is Ikemefuna's song, a condensed version of an Igbo folktale, according to Emmanuel Obiechina:

"Eze elina, elina!

Sala

Eze ilikwa ya

lkwaba akwa oligholi

Ebe Danda nechi eze

Ebe Uzuzu nete egwu

Sala"

The tale about the Earth and Sky in **Things Fall Apart**, for example, emphasises the interdependency of the masculine and the feminine. Although Nwoye enjoys hearing his mother tell the tale, Okonkwo's dislike for it is evidence of his imbalance. Later, Nwoye avoids beatings from his father by pretending to dislike such "women's stories" Okonkwo's friend Obierika voices the most impassioned oratory, crystallising the events and their significance for the village. In **Things Fall Apart**, ceremonial dancing and the singing of folk songs reflect the realities of Igbo tradition. The elderly Uchendu, attempting to shake Okonkwo out of his self-pity, refers to a song sung after the death of a woman: "For whom is it well, for whom is it well? There is no one for whom it is well." This song contrasts with the "gay and rollicking tunes of evangelism" sung later by the white missionaries.

No longer At Ease and **A Man of the People** take recourse to the oral traditions of African proverb and literate tradition of code-mixing in restorying the native experience. Proverbs and short stories plays a crucial role

in Ibo & Nigerian culture throughout Chinua Achebe's novel **No Longer At Ease**. Obi, the protagonist of **No Longer at Ease**, is at one point met by women singing a "Song of the Heart", which Achebe gives in both Igbo and English:

Achebe's novel **Arrow of God** juxtaposes a mother's oral storytelling with a son reading the first page in his Igbo primer, the first book ever to enter the family compound. The novel narrates the coming of literacy to Igboland by focusing on three quite different images: the python in a box as an image for the book (and the Domestication of the Savage Mind); the road through the forest as a symbol of writing and its power; and the solitary man, shut up in a closet, who attends to a disembodied voice but is distracted by noises from outside as a metonym for the experience of reading.

In examination of how proverbs work in the novel would be a way to discuss theme, clarify character, and explain the culture. Achebe says, "when I use these forms in my novels, they both serve a utilitarian purpose, which is to reenact the life of the people that I am describing, and also delight through elegance and aptness of imagery. This is what proverbs are supposed to do".

Chinua Achebe himself explains that a story "does many things. It entertains, it informs, it instructs." "If you look at these stories carefully, you will find they support and reinforce the basic tenets of the culture. The storytellers worked out what is right and what is wrong, what is courageous and what is cowardly, and they translate this into stories" We can learn much about a culture by learning its stories.

Oral African storytelling is essentially a communal participatory experience. Everyone

in most traditional African societies participate in formal and informal storytelling as interactive oral performance—such participation is an essential part of traditional African communal life, and basic training in a particular culture's oral arts and skills is an essential part of children's traditional indigenous education on their way to initiation into full humanness.

References

- Achebe, Chinua. *A Man of the People*. London: Heinemann, 1966.
- "An Image of Africa: Racism in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*." *Hopes and Impediments Selected Essays*. New York: Doubleday, 1988. 1-13.
- Anthills of the Savannah*. London: Heinemann, 1987.
- Arrow of God*. New York: Anchor Books, 1969.
- Conversations with Chinua Achebe*. Jackson: Un. of Mississippi P, 1997.
- "The Palm-Oil' of Language: Proverbs in Chinua Achebe's Novels. *Modern Language Q* Asante, Molefi Kete, and Abu S. Abarry, ed. *African Intellectual Heritage: A Book of Sources*. Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1996. *quarterly* 30(1969):
- Egudu, R. N. "Achebe and the Igbo Narrative Tradition." *Research in African Literatures* 12.1 (1981): 43-54.
- Foley, John M. *Oral Tradition in Literature*. Columbia : U of Missouri P, 1986.
- Lindfors, Bernth. *Folklore in Nigerian Literature*. New York: Africana Publishing, 1973.

This paper was presented in 9th International Writers Festival-India (An International Conference of Poets, Writers & Scholars) held at Nellore (Andhra Pradesh) on 9-10 November, 2013

Read and subscribe

Poetcrit

ISSN 0970 2830

Editor : D. C. Chambial

P. O. Maranda - 176102

(Himachal Pradesh)

Phone: +94180-38277

email : editorpoetcrit@gmail.com

✱

Voice of the Voiceless: Subaltern can Speak

Dr. Jayanta Kar Sharma

Associate Professor Govt. Women's College,
Sambalpur, Odisha (India)

Email: jayantakarsharma@gmail.com

Marginalisation is when a person is pushed to the edge of society. This is a potential effect of discrimination because a person is made to stand out therefore feel like all alone and marginalized from the rest of society. In an era when issues relating to human rights have been under critical focus, literary depictions of the experiences of marginalized groups have acquired great significance. Literature as a mode of discursive articulation always endeavours to give voice to the marginal and it gives birth to the concept of Fourth World Literature. Marginalization is a process of domination and subordination. All the movements of the marginalised and the literature produced by them are mutually supportive as they reflect the fourth world discourse, the discourse of the internally colonised people even in postcolonial countries (Dasan:16). It sensitizes us to the condition of the oppressed and the one who exists on the margin. The voice of the marginalized is mostly muted. Subjection and subjugation for generations turns an individual's existence into an everlasting hell. Thus, subaltern literature, unlike Marxist literature, does not talk about the class struggle but the struggle between castes, seen from the point of view of the lower caste, the minority, the marginal, the subaltern. The entire ideology of subaltern literature revolves around this. The term 'subaltern' and 'Dalit' are used as synonyms in general by many scholars and theologians in their recent writings but Dalit is the term much popularized in the Indian

context by social activists of several Dalit movements of recent past. According to Babasahab Ambedkar, Dalithood is a kind of condition that characterizes the exploitation, suppression and marginalization of Dalit people by the social, economic, cultural and political domination of the upper castes' brahmanical ideolog. This started a new trend in Dalit writing and inspired many Dalits to come forward with their literary works in Indian languages. Dalit literature is an outburst of the burning flame of exploited people from many centuries the Suppressed anger erupts through self narratives of Dalit literature. Dalits are no more remained to be helpless they are equally stronger with other people of the society.

Often a question is raised whether the marginalized can speak. It is a fact that the marginalized cannot remain mute for long, they have to speak and find an outlet for their tears and fears, anguish and anger thus, register their existence. The marginalized subaltern never gets the centre stage. Where all action is shown in progress they remain "invisible" as always. The centre can subdue and suppress the marginalized voices, but can never silence them forever. Once they find their true voice, they cease to be marginalized. The voices resisting exploitation are fully aware of their own strength and dignity. Dalit writing is characterised by a new level of subaltern pride, militancy, creativity and above all, the use of the pen as a weapon. Dalit literature gives a message about their community not

✱

individuality, about revolt not passivity, about progress not backwardness. Furthermore, authentic subaltern literature can be written by those who have suffered the marginalisation. Eleanor Zelliott has rightly said, 'Those in the Dalit School would say: Only Dalit can write it because only they have experienced the social as well as the economic problems of the lowest of castes. And when educated and no longer poor, they not only remember their childhood, they also suffer from the idea of pollution which remain strong in the Hindu mind and they identify with their village brothers and sisters when they claim their full human rights,'(1992) Only ash knows the experience of burning. It can be studied by all but created only by the subaltern class itself. No longer in need of outside representation; the memorable characters of this literature have now found the voice to express themselves. Dalit writers have learnt to assert their identity in a voice of their own. That is why writers have taken to writing autobiographies, for they see it as the most potent weapon. The growing corpus of Dalit texts, poems, novels and autobiographies, however, seek to rectify this phenomenon by examining the nuances of Dalit culture. Gayatri C Spivak, in her widely recognized essay *Can the subaltern speak?* states that it is impossible for the subaltern to speak without appropriating the dominant language or mode of representation and notes that any attempt to recover the voices, perspectives and subjectivities of the socially outcaste is heavily compromised. But here of course, the subaltern speak and write. M.F.Jilthe has rightly said 'the voiceless found a voice here; the wordless found a word here'. The voice of Dalits here is important in opening up new

avenues for reading and interpreting texts. There is speaking and writing always and everywhere and even more where there is resistance to exploitation and oppression. We also have Frantz Fanon and of course, Homi Bhabha who argue in favour of the pathos of 'cultural confusion'. Attempts have been made to deal with the questions of marginalised identities through Dalit literature in India.

Dalit literature involves the subaltern voice of the woman as well. Dalit women are marginalized in three fold on the basis of caste, class and patriarchy. The plight of the women of these marginalized sections is all the more painful in which they offer an instance of triple marginalization. They are downtrodden among the downtrodden and Dalit of Dalits in Indian society. 'The time has come for Dalit writers not only to lament their subjugation but also to simultaneously celebrate with pride to the dauntless spirit of the Dalit women.' (Archana, 245) In this connection the women writers have given a vent not only to their plight as a second grade citizen in a male dominated society but have also represented the struggle and torment of the other unfortunate brethren. Among the Dalit women writers, Bama is a name that stands out. Her *Karukku* (2000) was not merely the first Dalit autobiography but it has a specific identity having written by a Dalit Christian women. It enjoys the unique recognition of seeing one of the first radical feminist discourse by a Tamil Dalit women. Writers like Arundhati Roy have depicted the inferior and discriminated status of a woman who is denied a life of her own. In her novel *The God of Small Things* Roy depicts the caste ridden Indian society and the subverted position of

women. Apart from this, African- American women writers have greatly contributed to the literary scene in America. Nobel prize winning African-American women novelist Toni Morrison chronicled the lives and sufferings of the Black women in her fictional works like *The Bluest Eye* (1970), *Sula* (1973) etc. Sufferings, anguish, protest and anger in the lives of African-American Women are effectively chronicled in the works of famous three Black sisters namely Clarence Major's *Such was the Season* (1987) and *Emergency Exit* (1979), Ismael Read and Al Young's African journal *Quilt*, Alice Walker's *The Colour Purple* (1982) is the story of a woman who is constantly raped by her step father and unable to narrate her shameful experience to anyone, write letters addressed to God. All these novels are narratives of resistance of the marginalised women who wage a struggle to seek their identity and their rightful place in a hostile society.

The age old existence of oppression, despair, and suffering is common in the lives of marginalized classes across countries and continents. Speaking Subalterns examines the literatures of two marginalized groups, African- Americans in the United States and Dalits in India. Dalit literature is quite similar to the literature of blacks in USA or Nigros in Africa. The rights to live as human beings are denied to them. They have been remained powerless and voiceless for many centuries. A close examination of marginalization, suffering, violence and empowerment process reveals that Dalits in India and African-Americans in America have suffered a similar fate over the years. With the rise of marginal discourse, Dalits, Blacks and women have been prominently discussed in literature and it is a real scene that Dalits in India and Blacks in

America and elsewhere have been the most exploited, subjugated and oppressed class. It is not difficult to recognize a certain parallel between blacks in America and Dalits in India. Ambedkar, who was actively involved in the national politics of India and drafted the Constitution of independent India, also highlighted the comparison between African-Americans and the Dalits. As a graduate student at Columbia University from 1913 to 1916, Ambedkar witnessed the growing consciousness among the Blacks and their struggle to claim their identity and humanity against the white supremacist oppression. Such first-hand experience helped him to develop a framework for the issue of caste segregation back home" (Kapoor:15). Aston (2001) in his book, *Dalit Literature and African American Literature: Literature of Marginality* explored how Dalit and African American writers have expressed their protest against the established order of society through their writings. History bears a witness to the double-marginalization of these groups on account of class, caste and race. We hear their voices of protest in their literatures focusing on the social, religious, casteist, race and colour oppression in which the Dalits in India and Blacks in Africa and some parts of America eke out their heavy burden of life. Their literature is indeed a creative excavation of their heritage. Influenced by Afro-American struggle for liberation and equality in the white dominated America, Dalits in Maharashtra united themselves to fight against the tyranny of caste/race. They started Dalit panthers movement in 1972 and decided to spread awareness among the Dalits about their dehumanised experience and the need to be liberated from the shackles of untouchability. Like Dalit writers in India,

✱

African-American writers have given expression in their writings in the United States to protest against the established order of the society that discriminates one man from another based on colour, race, and religion. Both writers feel that their literature has a social function and responsibility. Dalit writers further feel that literature should be a handmaid for social action. However, Dalits in India and their literature have some specific characteristics, which are not found in black or Nigro literature. Blacks and Nigros have faced racial discrimination; they were not untouchables like Dalits in India.

Prof. Gangadhar Pantawane, the editor of *Asmitadarsb* defines Dalit as 'Dalit is not a caste. He is a man exploited by the social and economic tradition of the country. He does not believe in God, rebirth, soul, holy books, teaching separation, fate, and heaven because they have made him a slave. He does believe in humanism. Dalit is a symbol of change and revolution.' Dalit intellectuals could not only think it deeply but could also translate the pain of downtroddenness into words. This is known as Dalit literature. It has become a central point of the Indian literature and has encompassed a style and form that possesses a distinct identity. Expression of these experiences have long been silenced, often with religious and social sanction and relegated to the margins as non-literary. Dalit movement' is a powerful action in the present literature which changes the face of the society and it eliminates the subjugation of so called depressed class of the society. So, the basis for aesthetics of Dalit literature is pain, agony and torture. It has grown as a major body of literature from expression of the experience of sufferings of the Dalits to contest the

hegemonic cultural discourse and expose its prejudices and to project an alternative aesthetics. Further Dalit literature envisages with identity formation and its assertion to regain the self confidence and self worth of the marginalized sections of our society. The aspect of rebuilding society on values which promote honour and dignity, justice and equality is the foremost agenda. Dalit autobiographies are recollections with a motive and are called as narratives of pain which carry certain historical truth. They serve as moral source for Dalit movement. After centuries of silence, when the Dalit writers felt the need to express themselves, they could turn inward and talk about their own experiences. Autobiography thus became a fitting vehicle for this expression. Here, the self becomes the representative of all other Dalits who were crushed down because of their Dalit identity. 'Me-ism' gives way to 'our-ism' and superficial concerns about individual subject usually gives way to the collective subjection of the group. This literature has to shoulder an immense responsibility. It is a purposive, revolutionary, transformational and laboratory literature. It is a literature of commitment and hence has a powerful and pungent language of resistance. Anger, pathos and irony are three largely used devices to recognize this as a literature of protest. Dalit literature is essentially a voice of rebellion that opposes as well as exposes all forms of oppression and exploitation of the weak minority by the stronger majority. It makes its presence felt in the literary galleries. Dalit literary movement is not just a literal movement but it is the logo of social change and revolution where the primary aim is the liberation of Dalits. The protest against the establishment of the Dalits gained the very

first expression amidst Dalit literature.

Dalitism corresponds to marginalisation and marginalisation denies basic human rights and social justice. Dalit literary movement not only concentrated on the political matters but also centred on human beings. When the God of the masses denies them the basic human rights, they will obviously turn to other source for justice. Dalit literature is making its presence felt in the literary galleries. Dalit writers of the day are giving a clarion call for a new value system that can keep humanity intact and integrated. The struggle for human dignity and self-respect is the predominant subject in Dalit literature which the primary sources of modernity. The human dignity could not be attained only through fulfillment of social and economic equality. Citizenship is the pre-requisite in democracy for its functioning. It is negated due to its casteist nature in case of Dalits. It can open-up a new globe for those who want to live with freedom and respect. Just as the Russian writers helped the revolution by spreading Lenin's revolutionary ideas, Dalit writers have spread Ambedkar's philosophy to the villages. Dr. M.N. Wankhede asserts that the pens of Dalit writers are ready as levers to lift the people's democracy out of the mud of anarchy. Dalit writers have learnt to assert their concerns and their identity in a voice of their own.

Dalit literature is the literature produced by Dalit consciousness. According to Omprakash Valmiki (2001) the Dalit *chetna* (consciousness) is an elemental in opposing the cultural inheritance of the upper castes, the notion that culture is a hereditary right for them and one that is denied to the Dalits. He suggests, Dalit *chetna* is deeply concerned with "who am I?" "what is my identity?" The

strength of characters of Dalit authors come from these question. (PP.28-29) Today Dalit writers have their literary foundation with ideology and publish numerous journals. They also have a number of political organizations supporting them. The most prominent of these is the Dalit panthers, which has borrowed much of its ideology from America's Black panthers. The future of Dalit literature is embarked on the present status of Dalit and their sensibility. And certainly new reforming waves are blowing for the radical development in Dalit literature as literature of protest. Thus Dalit literature is a new dimension in the day today and used up literature. Dalit literature has to instill a tone of immediacy, intensity, violence and strong disapproval of casteism through strong language. S.P. Punalekar's views are worth mentioning here, 'Dalit writers themselves are either victims or witness to social inequalities and violence. Some have direct or indirect links with social, political and cultural organisations of Dalits. A few among them are staunch social activists and use literature a vehicle to propagate their views on Dalit identity and the prevailing social consciousness'(1992,p243). Dalit literature wants to stimulate the readers to transform the society. Dalit writers realised that words could create a change more powerfully than weapons could. To conclude, I fully endorse the views of Dr. Vijay Naganawar that as Dalit writers had to write about their lamentable conditions they had not only to speak but also be heard by upper-caste people. As it is a literature of protest against inequality and ill treatment in all spheres of life the problems of Dalits' 'voiced' once gets faded away, so they need to be 'voiced' repeatedly and loudly against cultural hegemony of the

✱

caste Hindus which till now has remained intact(p.32). Dalit literature is the literature produced by Dalit consciousness. It gives voice to the oppressed and marginalised people and empowers them to question and contest existing power structure of society. The future of Dalit literature is bright and certainly new reforming waves are blowing for the radical development in Dalit literature as literature of protest. So, voice of the voiceless is voiced here and that should be heard by society and the mainstream as well.

REFERENCES:

Archana, J.V.R. “*Dalit Literature vis-a-vis African-American literature: An overview*” Dalit movement and literature, B. Krishnaiah (ed.). Prestige, New Delhi, 2011, PP. 241-251.

Rai, A.K. “*Dalit Literature: Origin, Nature, Definition and Scope*” Dalit Literature: challenges & Potentialities, K. Singh, A.K.Rai & J.Yadav(Eds.) Creative Books, New Delhi, 2009, pp, 39-45

Dasan, M. “*Dalit Movement and Literature in the Post- Ambedkar Era: Emerging Issues and Challenges*, Dalit Movement and Literature: Emerging Issues and Challenges, B. Krishnaiah, Prestige Books International, New Delhi, 2011, pp. 15-27.

Kapoor, S.D. *Dalits and African Americans: A Study in Comparison*. New Delhi: Kalpaz Publications, 2004.

Naganawar, V.F. “*Dalit Writings: Relocating Self-Identity*” Deccan Literary Journal. D.T. Angadi(Ed.), Gulbarga, Vol.-1, Issue-1, July-2011

Punalekar, S.P. “*The scope of Dalit literature*”, Poisoned Bread (Ed.) of Arjun Dangle, Orient Longman, 1992

Valmiki. Omprakash, Dalit Sahitya ka soundara sastra, Radhakrishna Prakashan Delhi, 2001.

Zelliot, E, “*Dalit Sahitya: The Historical Background*” An anthology of Dalit Literature, Mulkraj Anand and E. Zelliot,(Eds.) Gyan Publication, New Delhi, 1992, pp. 18-19

UZAIFA HARYANAWALA

(Maharashtra)

Peace Within?

On the saddening event in Delhi in December 2012

The world says they must step out,
To freedom and to explore,
But I worry gravely something about,
That has shocked me to the core.

A shocking and shameful event of news,
That the end of the year drew,
Forced me to rethink my thoughts and views,
For the nation I loved, adored and knew.

An Indian daughter is strayed,
On the paths of the capital city,
Left with hundreds of injuries and naked,
Nobody to help only to stare and pity.

So worried are they for tigers and terror,
Affordable surgeries for ugly and obese,
Who shall fight and stand against
rapists and starer,
And they direct me to the hopeless and
shameless police.

Solutions that my leaders find,
I hardly accept and more over I curse.
On my choice of choosing them
to lead as blind,
Only to witness it getting more worse

Let my rich nation's flowers sisters and
daughters stay,
In the garden of care and happiness,
For I want them to bloom and glow
tomorrow and today,
As I witness my great nation's irreparable
and worsening progress.

<huzaiyawrites@gmail.com>

Love as a Political/Theoretical Discourse: A Rereading in Twenty-first Century Feminist Literary/Critical Considerations

Dr. Prasanta Kumar Panda

Prof. in English
Indian Institute of Technology(BHU)
Varanasi, 221005 (U.P.) India.
panpanda@ymail.com

HISTORY TO HERSTORY AND THE TRANSGRESSION OF THEORIES:

Feminists, throughout the history of their ideology, have always tried to enter a productive period in which constructive attempts at post-patriarchal theories of relations are being formulated and extended in the light of women's experience and ideas. In doing this they have raised questions regarding the concept of love as an important emotion of human existence as well as its implications as reflected and regulated by literature. Therefore, from time to time, there is a change in the perspective in their discourse as far as manifestations are concerned in theories. In addition, how women of different origin and in different contexts have reacted at such changes has become the subject of critical analysis in academic conferences as well as practical life. I wish to explore some of the difficulties in these analyses as well as questions to be answered if we wish to make a coherent body of critical paradigms to study love as a conceptual discourse in its own right.

To prove my point of view, which may seem outrageous to many readers I have to provide evidence that actually such a phase in feminist practice related to giving love its due importance exists. The growing interest in the subject of love can be seen in various scholarly disciplines and multi-/interdisciplinary fields (economic theory and management philosophy, feminist theory and gender studies, history, neuroscience, philosophy, political

theory/philosophy, psychology, sociology, theology). Recent arrangements such as research networks and conferences focusing on love themes indicate a changing in attitude towards love as a significant subject in its own right. (Examples: the Fifth National Conference of the Isonomía Foundation for Equal Opportunities on Equality between Women and Men: ("Power, ability and empowerment ... and what about love? Oh love!"), Jaume I University, Castello, Spain, September 2008; The Research Network on Love, at the School of Social Sciences/ Department of Politics, the University of Manchester, with seminars and a conference – Love in Our World - in November 2008; The Politics of Love conference, Department of Philosophy, Syracuse University, April 2009; the panel The Politics of Love: Male Friendship in the Mediterranean, Britain, and America, 1550-1800, at the 123rd Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association, held in New York, January 2009.)

This new and open approach to love in a rigorous manner can be taken as a new perspective feminists are endorsing regarding love which probably they ignored till date due to several patriarchal constrains as reasons. Here I will quote Nancy B. Howell summarizing Whitehead to facilitate readers to understand my assumption of attributing love a conceptual framework worthy to be called as a discourse and a valid ground for study:

I propose that the philosophy of organism constructed by Alfred North Whitehead may

✱

provide a basis for a feminist theory of relations. An over-arching reason for experimenting with process philosophy as a contribution to feminist construction of a new view of relations is that it provides a cosmology radically different from dominant mechanistic and patriarchal worldviews. I suggest that it is inadequate to work, however critically, within the dominant worldview. A change in worldview will more adequately take account of and emerge from feminist concerns. In addition, a new worldview will be necessary to effect the radical changes required by feminism. While process philosophy is not a prefabricated feminist theory of relations, it provides a worldview which is compatible with feminist perspectives in several respects, and the complementarity of feminism and process philosophy suggests the fruitfulness of Whiteheadian metaphors for feminist theory. (Howell, 1988, 78-79)

This is clear that the feminist ideologies have too many variables and their paradigms are sometimes in oppositions to each other. Therefore, a researcher finds it difficult to narrow down his or her scope beyond a limit. The fear is that of ending up with case studies without far reaching implications to be adopted uniformly in a scientific study of relations and the role of love as a deciding factor in human wellbeing.

In general, status quo-oriented feminists' approaches to ethics tend to ask questions about power; that is, domination and subordination even in love relationship. Before moving on to questions about *good* versus *evil*, *care* versus *justice*, and so on they tend to see relationship as a type of human symbols in a given system or structure (social order). It is just that their emphasis is different than the emphasis of radical feminists. One gets puzzled to note so

many ways these feminists can approach love as a relationship and analyze it.

For example, they can approach the systematic subordination of women to men in many ways. Liberal, radical, Marxist/socialist, multicultural, global, and ecological feminists have each offered a different set of explanations and solutions for women's "second-sex" status. This is also true to existentialist, psychoanalytic, postmodern, and third-wave radical feminists. Scholars of these schools of feminist thought maintain that the destruction of all systems, structures, institutions, and practices that create or maintain invidious power differentials between men and women is the prerequisite for the creation of gender equality based love relationship.

FROM A GENERAL THEORY OF LOVE TO A FEMINIST THEORY OF LOVE

A general interest among women in the construction of a feminist theory of relations in general and love in particular, however, does not reflect a consensus. Instead, it reflects the diversity of women's perspectives apparent in all areas of feminism. Especially with respect to the topic of relationality, diversity of images and ideas should not only be expected, but also encouraged as a contribution to the multiversity. Radical change in the dominant patriarchal pattern of relationships may require the suggestion of a multiplicity of alternatives to male-defined hierarchy. A variety of concrete options will be necessary for opening the way to real, novel possibilities in human relations as far as love is concerned. In fact, the contradiction is that one cannot make any guideline for a love relationship to be functional. Neither the people in general nor the feminists in particular

✱

will ever be able to mitigate their differences in conceptualizing functional love relationship.

FROM ETHICS TO FREE SEX, THE MOVEMENT TO A STASIS:

In many ways love and sex are considered complementary within man and woman relationship. As I have noted earlier, if we look back at a given juncture of history written as 'herstory' gave rise to free sex as an important issue of feminism. This happened as sex was considered to be a right with man and woman had the obligation to fulfill it as a responsibility. As a result female sexuality always remained under a hide in patriarchal social order. The nineteenth century free love movement was a distinct reform tradition, running from the utopian socialist thinkers of the 1820s and 1830s through the centre of American anarchism to the anti Comstock sex radicals of the 1890s and 1900s and from there into the birth control movement of the twentieth century (Taylor. 1977. 23). The decades in which free love first appeared were a time of upheaval and change in sexual conventions and the relations between men and women. In the 1820s and 1830s, numbers of women were beginning to have some life outside the family, the Lowell girl being the most famous example. Mary Ryan tells us about the dramatic increase in the population of unmarried women and men living in Utica away from their parents in the 1820s (1981. 62). Things were changing for women within marriage as well. Above all we know that the birth rate was beginning its dramatic turn downward; the years between 1840 and 1850 saw the largest percentage drop in the birth rate, 3/4 of one percent, of any decade in American history (Gordon, 1974. 48). Women were having fewer pregnancies and babies and

probably what is almost the same thing, less sexual intercourse, at least on terms over which they had no control. Like the notion of women's spheres and the politics of women's rights, free love was part of a more general nineteenth century effort to respond to these changes and to reform and modernize emotional and sexual conventions between the sexes. Free love was distinguished from these other tendencies by its emphasis on personal happiness rather than social welfare, and its ability to see marriage in terms of affection and personal satisfaction and not merely biological reproduction and social order. Free love was a self-conscious reform tradition, related to but distinct from women's rights, which we have to consider if we are to examine the problem of women's liberation and sexual freedom from an historical perspective.

Religion has always played a role in the relationship between man and woman; either in love or in granting sexual relationship. When feminists have spoken personally about the relevance of Whitehead's philosophy to women's' experience in these premises, their reasons for relating process thought to feminism have been grounded in conceptual and experiential intuitions. Penelope Washbourn experienced process thought as an encouragement for her feminist question:

It was process thought that taught me to be a feminist, certainly it was process thought that taught me to be interested in questions concerning women and religion. Perhaps I could say now in retrospect that my being drawn to the study and development of a process mode of thinking may also have been related to an unconscious awareness that it offered me not only a more viable theological and philosophical framework than any other, but also an opportunity to integrate my identity

✱

as a woman within a religious framework. (Washbourn. 1981. 83)

In a similar model, we can discuss the issues and related conceptual frames for studying love within the boundaries fixed by the existing social order of a given time and as assumed by feminism in the following three distinct headings:

LOVE PER SE

To say that love is being seen “as a topic important to approach in its own terms” is not to say that it is seen or should be approached as something pure or absolutely isolated from everything else “(such as labour, care, commitment, trust, respect etc.)”. Instead, this focus on love implies that love can be understood as a particular kind of creative/productive human power, which brings about effects. The identification of love with a “power” to make something new in human beings and their social and physical worlds, understands (analytically) love as a field of social force of its own accord.

An important part of this research theme in love and its feminist implications are to investigate and elaborate theoretically how love, defined as a set of relational, practical activities and discourses that are formed and regulated through complex cultural powers and political institutions intersects with other dynamic social forces and processes, as well as with various political, religious, and cultural institutions and ideologies in our time.

MAPPING THE SPHERE OF LOVE

This kind of research aims to map the emerging field of knowledge interests in love, including feminist ways to analyze love critically and constructively. In particular, it invites studies that investigate this emerging, heterogeneous field of Love Studies through

feminist lenses, locating love historically and discussing its theoretical and political significance.

My contention is that rather than addressing love and related questions within specific disciplinary boundaries, we can skeptically focus on how and for what aims love is being put at the centre of several newly emerging research problems and theoretical inquiries about global social processes and political movements. For instance, the renewed interest in “passion” in politics, whether religious, patriotic or otherwise ; in people’s “animal spirits” said to be at play in the economy and in feelings/emotions in social life engenders unexpected “love talk” in contexts where love would have been an improbable subject.

REMAKING THE SPHERE OF LOVE

This approach necessarily invites feminist contributions, both critical and reconstructive, that specifically approach: (a) Gendered interests in sexual love (for instance how, if at all, care practices relate to erotic manifestations); (b) Temporal dimensions of loving and love activities, preferably as compared with temporalities of working, or labour activities; or with thinking and action time. (For instance, Is there a philosophy and politics of time that should be distinguished and developed about love, to understand better the social conditions, cultural meanings and political struggles of love in our time?) (c) Love as a strong force in the intersection between politics and religion and also as a useful key concept for a new political theory of global revolution. (For example, What is to be said and done from feminist points of view about postmodern revitalizing of pre-modern ideas of passionate love?)

Feminist Ethics at this juncture of twenty first century is an attempt to revise,

reformulate, or rethink traditional ethics to the extent it depreciates or devalues women's moral experience. In this regards, among others, feminist philosopher Alison Jaggar finds faults with traditional ethics for letting women down in five related ways. First, it shows less concern for women's as opposed to men's issues and interests. Second, traditional ethics views as trivial the moral issues that arise in the so-called private world, the realm in which women do housework and take care of children, the infirm, and the elderly. Third, it implies that, in general, women are not as morally mature or deep as men. Fourth, traditional ethics overrates culturally masculine traits like "independence, autonomy, intellect, will, wariness, hierarchy, domination, culture, transcendence, product, asceticism, war, and death," while it underrates culturally feminine traits like "interdependence, community, connection, sharing, emotion, body, trust, absence of hierarchy, nature, immanence, process, joy, peace, and life." Fifth, and finally, it favors "male" ways of moral reasoning that emphasize rules, rights, universality, and impartiality over "female" ways of moral reasoning that emphasize relationships, responsibilities, particularity, and partiality (Jaggar, 1992).

Feminists have developed a wide variety of gender-centered approaches to ethics, each of which addresses one or more of the five ways traditional ethics has failed or neglected women. Some feminist ethicists emphasize issues related to women's traits and behaviors, particularly their care-giving ones. In contrast, other feminist ethicists emphasize the political, legal, economic, and/or ideological causes and effects of women's second-sex status. However, be these emphases as they may, all feminist ethicists share the same goal: the

creation of a gendered ethics that aims to eliminate or at least ameliorate the oppression of any group of people, but most particularly women (Jaggar, 1992).

Thus it is the right moment in the history of feminist ideologists to take unanimous decisions to make a set of universally acceptable guidelines to see love as an emotional implementation through a discourse. In doing so, they will be able to minimize the extremes in different sects of feminists and begin a more rational and practical way of life easy to be accepted for both man and woman. I hope all will agree that the aim of any philosophy is to make life of the whole humankind inclusively happy and not exclusively ecstatic for either men or women.

References:

Gordon, Linda. 1974. *Women's body, Women's Right: a Social History of Birth Control in America*. New York: Grossman.

Hal D. Sears, *The Sex Radicals: Free Love in High Victorian America*. Lawrence: Regents Press of Kansas.

Howell Nancy B. 1988. "The Promise of a Process Feminist Theory of Relations." *Process Studies*. Vol. 17, Number 2, Summer, 1988.

Jaggar, A.M. 1983. *Feminist Politics and Human Nature*, Totowa, NJ: Allenheld.

Ryan Mary P. 1981. *Cradle of the Middle Class: The Family in Oneida City, New York, 1790-1865*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Taylor, Stoehr, ed. 1977, *Free Love in America: A Documentary History*. New York: AMS Press.

Washbourn, Penelope. 1981. "The Dynamics of Female Experience: Process Models and Human Values." *Feminism and Process Thought: The Harvard Divinity School/Claremont Center for Process Studies Symposium Papers*. Ed. Sheila Greeve Davaney. New York and Toronto: The Edwin Mellen Press,

**Youth leadership Life skill in the
light of Ten Perfections cultivated
by Buddha**

Nandita Bhattacharya
R-19, Dakbungalow Road, Midnapore-
721101 (West Bengal)
Ph. 94344-16371 <mitura2@gmail.com>

The terms youth, leadership and life skill should be defined at the outset. Youth as per our youth policy is one who belongs to the age group of 13 to 35. In fact it is a mindset. Those who want to know the unknown those who dare the unknown are but youth. This is the period of one's life when one is bubbling with energy, one has the strength—one is physically fit. Moreover this is a time when one can dream. To add flesh to one's dream a young man or woman might brave any opposition.

In fact Youth is a time in one's life when a person has the abundance of everything. Youth has a close relation with age even if it is called a mindset. 13-35 is a span of one's life when one is capable to work hard as well as think creative. Still all the persons belonging to this age group do not possess the same mindset.

It is said that one third of our country's population is youth. And if we really mean to empower them in the right sense of the term we need to make a space for them where they can grow with all their abundance.

Needless to say the future prosperity of our country depends on how the youth of our country fare in times to come. If the foundation of a brave new India of tomorrow has to be laid down today, we have to equip the youth with necessary resources of head and heart. Everything is in flux. You can not dip into the same water twice. No one can predict the shape of things to come. So you can not equip the young man or young woman with the skill to handle the emergent

shape of things to come. Twenty years earlier who could imagine that computers would rule the world. May be they could think of it in America 40 years back. But in India the larger mass of the people would not even think of it in their remotest dream. True, if the leadership could be imaginative and youthful to take the chances in exploring fresh landscapes of activities, of course things could be different. Hence leadership is important.

Leadership is a process which one has to inculcate within consciously. Gandhiji has initiated this kind of process very consciously. His life was an experiment with Truth throughout. Truth was his end. To reach the Truth or the end he kept on trying through out his life to evolve the means. Gandhi said when one is in two minds to take any decision, one must look within and think that which decision of him would benefit those people who are in need and there is nobody to support them to wipe out their tears.

One cannot be committed to any Cause until and unless one knows what he is about? Introspection helps one to know what he is about. And once one is aware of the ends of his life s/he can go for the means. And means is also very important.

The leaders we see around become leaders by chance. For example a Govt official is a leader by virtue of his/her post or chair. Most of the political leaders is there because his/her party projects him/her to act as a leader and so on. Most of them are neither aware of the ends nor the means. Thus we often seriously suffer from lack of leadership.

It was Lacan who said when a child grows S/he is but imitating the people around. One can not grow on his or her own. Hence Role model is very important for one to grow. If the young person sees mean people around they will grow as mean person. If the people around use violent measure to control others the young will learn violence. Mind you blood always cries out for blood. And we have to walk like a demon through the stream of blood if we embrace violence. But when the youth see loving people around they will take into account love as a value. They learn to love and they get love in return.

But it is a matter of great worry that the youth, not only of our country, but all over the world are deviated from the right path. It was not their fault. If any one is responsible for their fall it is but their elders. Now a days they talk of participation. Participatory development is the most popular concept of today. But how could a young person participate in the process of development? Will the people in power who have vested interest allow them to participate? Recently a group of young people went to survey the women participation in NREGS in a village of one of the backward districts of WB. One of the young boys with tears in his eyes told me that he felt like committing suicide while he found how nakedly they deceived the poor people. What does a young person learn from the people around? A boy or girl does not learn from the sky or in the vacuum. It has already been pointed out that according to Lacan they imitate the people around them.

It is said often that one of the characteristics of a leader is fearlessness. Satyaranjan Dubey an young engineer wrote a letter to the highest office of the country in order to draw their attention to the corruption occurring in his

department. He was killed by the Goons. He paid for his fearlessness. Examples can be multiplied. If a fearless youth raise his /her voice against the people in power or people having money, s/he will be killed or terrorized. A person can not be empowered in the right sense of the term if a congenial atmosphere is not available. Thus our generation should change their temperament first. But how can we change ourselves? How can we be the role models of our future generation? Here lies the importance of Life skill. Life skill in fact helps man to grow from within. Personality development is a myth if it helps one to grow without.

Life Skill is but the skill with which our lives could be made creative. In an epoch when knowledge grows but wisdom lingers, cultivation of the Life Skill is the exigency of the hour and one wonders whence to learn it.

Studies in Psychology, Sociology, Management and the like seek to explore the life skill from different angles and literatures in the sphere published in modern times are countless. But they do not look upon the skills so urgently needed in life from a holistic standpoint steadily and as a whole.

One of the objects of our study therefore is to search for the Life Skills. Perhaps the larger than life figures of Jesus, Lord Buddha Lao T'se, Gandhi and the like could serve us as role models whom we could imitate. Buddhism in its study of ten perfections or Paromitas may give us the right notion of the different Life Skills to be emulated. Life Skills that are deemed must for the Buddhists to make our lives meaningful should be studied. Thus the object of our present study is to read them once again to check whether they could lead us through the encircling gloom constituted by the nuclear threats and erosions

of affable environment and decadence of human values.

The early Buddhists set ten goals for us to attend. They are perfections **1. in giving, 2. in manners and morals, 3. in renunciation, 4. in wisdom, 5. in prowess, 6. in tolerance, 7. in truth, 8. in determination, 9. in friendly attitude and 10. in serenity.** These could be illustrated from the Jataka tales. The Jataka tales narrate the lives of a Bodhisattva who finally became the Siddharta Buddha. And the Bodhisattva achieves one or another of the ten goals as held out by early Buddhism in a tale told by the Jataka.

This is a queer world where we sit beside each other and hear each other's groans. We fall upon the thorns of life and we bleed. The ten Parami or Paramita or perfection as laid in Buddhist philosophy may help us to grow from within -- our self can be developed.

Let us have an idea of the Paramatias.

Yathapi Kumbha sampanna yasas kassaci adhokate

Bamata udakang nisesang na tatha parirakkhate

Tatheba yachake disba hinmukkattamajha jhime

Dadahi danag nisesang kumbhobio adhokate.

1. Daana Paaramita or perfection in giving

Give away when you find someone asking something from you. The way a pitcher full of water gives away to its last drop when it is turned. Do not mind who you are. When you do that you achieve perfection in giving

2. Sila Paaramitaa

The chamari cow (Yak) dies but does not let its tail cut off in case the tail is entangled in any thorny bush. So they say: One must not compromise with the least deviation from Sila or morals in the selfsame way. When you do

that you reach perfection in morals or Sila.

3. Naiskramya Paramita

Despite the fact that a person has been living in a jail for a long time, and despite the fact that he is quite used to life in jail. He will not miss an opportunity to give a slip and be a free man. Similarly you must remember that the worldly life is a prison house And you are a prisoner. You must not miss an opportunity to free yourself from the bonds of worldly Life. When you attain this mindset you achieve perfection in naiskramya or renunciation.

4. Prajnaa Paaramita or perfection in wisdom

Just as a bhikkhu does not discriminate among the givers, and takes alms from whoever ever gives it. Similarly one must ask any wise man one meets and fill ones reservoir of knowledge and wisdom.

5. Virya Paaramitaa or perfection in prowess

Just as the mind of the lion is never mean and narrow and just as his prowess never flags. No matter whether he is sitting or standing or walking. Similarly the seeker must always remain charged with prowess in every state of his/her life.

6. Khaanti Paaramitaa or perfection in tolerance

Just as the Earth does not get angry if you throw dirty things at her. And just as she does not show any appreciation if you offer her good and sacred things similarly you must also tolerate every insult and you must not joy over honours if any, you get to achieve perfection in tolerance.

7. Satya Paaramitaa or perfection in practicing truth

Just as the particular star named Osadhi is always the same, always in every season for the sake of the gods and men. And never

✱

deviates from its path. Similarly you must not deviate from the path of truth

8. Adhistaan Paaramita or perfection in tenacity and determination

Just as a rock does not tremble when there is a storm. And just as it holds on to its ground so should one hold on to ones truth and attain enlightenment.

9. Maitri Paaramita in or friendliness

Just as water soothes everybody with its cool and cleanses everyone, no matter whether s/he is fair or foul. So do you cultivate good will for every one good or evil.

10. Paaramita in upekkha or equanimity

No matter whether you fling good things or evil at earth. The earth neither commends nor despises you in response. So do you maintain equilibrium like a balance? In weal and woe. It is said that if one attains perfection in these ten life skills one becomes Buddha or an enlightened one. But each one of the afore said skill could imply A point on which we could deliberate.

A good leader needs to overcome his/her self interest at least to some degree, because he or she must act “for the good of the many” not just for personal advantage. Such people need to be adaptable. The leader is the upholder of the vision, but that does not necessarily mean that he is the creator of the vision. Vision is something discerned rather than made. It emerges. It is somebody’s job to discern what is emerging and point it out. It is then a collective task to give it form in a way that is fertile for further emergence. Another function of the leader is to spot and cultivate leadership talent. Leadership does not just go on at the “top” of an organisation. There are many centres in any organization. There is, however, also a need for co-ordination.

A true leader will have the mind set to empathize with everybody good or evil. S/he should not possess anything as his or hers. Gandhi left behind 5/6 things in a thali, glass, specs, the Gita, stick and the like. There is a Buddha in Abolokiteswar who has declared that he does not like to attain the liberation until and unless the last dust particle of this earth gets the liberation.

We the seniors too should actively work towards perfecting ourselves in terms of compassion and wisdom, so as to better inspire future leaders.

Read and subscribe

Metverse Muse

ISSN 0972-5008-16

Editor : Dr. H. Tulsi

21-47/1, Kakani Nagar, Visakhapatnam-530009

(Andhra Pradesh)

Phone: +98497-44194

email : metverse_muse@yahoo.com

Read and subscribe

Kohinoor

ISSN 0973-6395

Editor : Dr. A. K. Choudhary

Saraswati Nagar, Itaba Pipra Road, Pipra,

P. O. Dumri, Dist. Begusarai

(Bihar)- 851117

email : arbind442002@yahoo.co.in

Read and subscribe

Bizz Buzz

ISSN 2277-8896

Editor : M. S. Venkata Ramaiah

No. 2, I Cross, Kalidas Layout,

Srinagar, Bangalore-560 050

Phone : Cell : +94481 68097

email: ourbizzbuzz@gmail.com

✱

Deconstructing *HAYAVADANA*

Payal Trivedi

School of Humanities, IGNOU, NEW DELHI.

<payaltrivedi1979@yahoo.in>

Girish Karnad's play *Hayavadana* reexamines the popular belief that head is the master of the body and enables a mortal being to attain completeness or perfection in the world. The play introduces an uncanny figure (hayavadana) with a horse head and a human body. He wants to get rid of his animal head to become complete or perfect in his appearance. The main plot of the play is the story of Padmini, the beautiful woman who longs for a complete man with a combination of brain and brawn. This story is based on the folktale of a woman named Madanasundari that occurs in the *Kathasaritasagara* (Collection of ancient Indian folktales compiled by Somadeva). According to the folktale, Madanasundari accidentally mismatches the heads of her husband and brother in the temple of goddess Durga. The argument regarding rightful husband of Madanasundari is resolved by adopting the conventional solution that head governs the human body. The folktale ends with Madanasundari's acceptance of the man with the husband's head on the brother's body. The question of incest does not arise in this tale recognized as a moralistic narrative aimed at preaching the importance of the human head.

Girish Karnad's *Hayavadana* attempts to question this outright precept that head is the master of the human body conveyed in the folktale. However, the play does not challenge the folktale; it rather challenges the conventional habit of people to accept the absolute norms passed through the means of such old stories. This is implied as the play begins with

Gajavadana or invocation of lord Ganesha not simply to execute a convention but to ask the significance of the precept that head governs the body. Bhagavata or sutradhara (an integral character of traditional Indian theatre who regulates any performance) asks the reason for the exaltation of Ganesha as the lord and master of perfection in spite of his animal head and human body:

O Elephant-headed Herambha Whose flag is victory / And who shines like a thousand suns, O husband of Riddhi and Siddhi / Seated on a mouse and decorated with a snake. / O single-tusked destroyer of incompleteness. / We pay homage to you and start our play. / How indeed can one hope to describe his glory in our poor, disabled words? / An elephant's head on a human body, a broken tusk and a cracked belly- / Whichever way you look at him he seems the embodiment of imperfection, of incompleteness. / How indeed can one fathom the mystery that this very *Vakratunda-Mahakaya*, with his crooked face and his distorted body, is the Lord and Master of Success and Perfection? / Could it be that this image of Purity and Holiness, this *Mangalamoorty*, intends to signify by his very appearance that / completeness of God is something no poor mortal can comprehend

(*Hayavadana*, 1; 2006)

Bhagavata's query on Ganesha certainly undermines the straightforward acceptance of the norm that head rules the body. Moreover, it also subverts the conventional belief that a human head on human body signifies

✱

symmetry which is essential for considering a personality complete or perfect. Nonetheless, Bhagavata also recognizes the fact that Ganesha being god is immune to survey or interrogation:

It is not for us to understand this Mystery or try to unravel it. Nor is it within our powers to do so. Our duty is merely to pay homage to the Elephant-headed god and get on with our play (ibid, 2006)

Bhagavata's words are an indication of the involvement of some other character in the play in order to question the meaning of completeness. Thus, the play involves another creature from the mortal world with the horse's head and a human body. As Karnad says:

...it is unfair to challenge the thesis of the riddle by using a god. God after all is beyond all human logic, indeed beyond all human comprehension itself... the dialectic had to grow out of grosser ground and I sensed a third being hovering in the spaces between the divine and the human- the horse head man. (Dodiya, 1999)

While Ganesha retains his image as god in Karnad's play, the horse-head creature highlights problems that arise in the human society for those who are different from the normal populace. His urge to become a complete human indicates that similarity in appearance is a requisite to gain acceptance in the midst of people. Oddity like that of god is not at all beneficial for the horse-head creature which implies that he belongs to minority sections of society who perpetually strive for recognition amidst the majority groups. Critic Erin Mee says the horse-head creature embodies the post-colonial subject struggling to attest his identity engulfed in the midst of cultural identity and colonial influence:

...Hayavadana comes from two different worlds, but does not feel at home either.

He represents the divided self of the post-colonial subject- a character attempting to decolonize his own mind. (Mee, 2008)

The visits to various places of pilgrimage could not bring completeness for the horse-head creature. He tells Bhagavata that all his journeys ended only in despair. This undermines the conventional norm that lays importance to the worship gods and goddess for fulfilling desires. However, Bhagavata suggests horse-head creature to go to temple of Kali to fulfill his yearning for completeness. This indicates that mortal beings are left with no choice but to approach divinity for finding solutions to irresolvable predicaments. As the creature proceeds on his journey, Bhagavata's final words, 'May you become successful in your search for completeness' (Hayavadana, 11; 2006) implicate that there is hope but no guarantee that his search would be successful. This diminishes the belief that completeness or perfection is an attainable aim in the mortal world which forms the main theme of the story of Padmini's search for complete man in her life narrated by Bhagavata.

Padmini longs to have a complete man in her life with a combination of sound body and sound intellect. This implausible demand in the mortal world with fallible humans is exposed by the chorus in the play:

FEMALE CHORUS:

Why should love stick to a single sap of a single body? When the stem is drunk with the thick yearning of the many-petalled, many flowered lantana, why should it be tied down to the relation of a single flower. A head for each breast. A pupil for each eye. A side for each arm. I have neither regret nor shame...

(Hayavadana, 11; 2006)

The chorus hints at Padmini's unconventional intention to obtain a complete

man at the stake of having a relationship with two men instead of one. The two men that appear in Padmini's life are two fast friends Devadatta and Kapila. Caste divides both of them. Devadatta is a Brahmin and Kapila is the son of an ironsmith and thus belongs to a low caste. Their interests are also different. Devadatta is absorbed in his books and Kapila in his wrestling matches. However, both of them play stereotypical roles like Rama and Laxmana attributed to them by society. Bhagavata calls them two friends who are "one mind one heart". (ibid, 2006) Padmini on the other hand is the woman who defies being classified into a specific category formed by the society. Her boldness is revealed as she outwits Kapila by proving that words of a language cannot have fixed meanings and thus the master of her house cannot necessarily be her father and vice versa:

PADMINI : Do you want my father or do you want the master of this house?

KAPILA : Aren't they the same?

PADMINI: Listen, my father could be a servant in this house. Or the master of this house could be my father's servant. My father could be the master's father , brother, father's servant. My father could be the master's father, brother, son-in-law, cousin grandfather or uncle. Do you agree?

(Hayavadana, 18; 2006)

Padmini's clever reply to Kapila implies that she is not ready to fit into any fixed role-play as a docile or domestic housewife. Yet, she is married off to Brahmin Devadatta and is forced to act as an obedient and loving wife. Though, she executes the role, her dissatisfaction with Devadatta's fragile built and attraction towards Kapila's macho body gets revealed very soon in the Kali temple where she mismatches the heads of the two men. The play does not clarify whether; Padmini's act is deliberate or accidental.

However, Kali's words that 'there should be a limit even to honesty' (Hayavadana, 33; 2006) do indicate Padmini's preference for a complete man based on the conservative norm that head is the master of the body. In her interaction with Kapila, Padmini defies the orthodox belief that woman has to be necessarily obedient in her demeanor towards a man. In fact, the female chorus exposes her anomalous nature right at the start of the play. Nevertheless, Padmini resorts to the conventional belief that head rules the body in order to fulfill her intention of having a complete man with the combination of the brain and brawn. Thus, when the rebel complies with an orthodox norm simply to satisfy her selfish interest, the outcome is disastrous. Gradually, after the exchange of heads, Kapila's, macho body under Devadatta's head converts into original fragile built of Devadatta. Padmini is left with no resort but to run to Kapila in the forest with her child where she sees that Devadatta's fragile body is turned into a macho physique under Kapila's head. However, Kapila speaks of the memories in the body that cannot be controlled by the head:

KAPILA: One beats the body into shape, but one can't beat away the memories in it. Isn't that surprising? That the body should have its own ghosts- its own Memories? Memories of touch- memories of a touch- memories of a body swaying in these arms, of a warm skin against his palm- memories which one cannot recognize, cannot understand, cannot even name because this head wasn't there when they happened...

(Hayavadana, 58;2006)

Kapila's words disregard the conventional norm that actually the head is responsible for governing the functions of the body. Finally, Devadatta reaches there in search of Padmini and finds her with Kapila. Both the men die

✱

in a sword fight and Padmini becomes sati by immolating herself in the funeral pyre of the men. Her death can be read as submission to conservative norms that do not permit an anomalous woman to live in the world. However, before dying Padmini tells Bhagavata to raise her child as a Brahmin and also as a wrestler. This conveys her defiance of conventional precepts that deny a woman to accept two men in her life instead of one. Erin Mee notes:

Padmini's Sati marks her devotion not to one man but to two. Her sati is not an expression of loyal devotion to a husband, but to the fulfillment of her own desire and her disregard for societal convention. She refuses to conform to the traditional image of an ideal woman. (Mee, 2008)

Retaining dual implication in Padmini's death, Karnad distances himself from conveying any fixed didactic message through his play. The playwright merely raises a question regarding the validity in accepting a conservative belief that head is the supreme entity of a human body. Thus, unlike the folktale that directly conveys a moralistic message that head on body signifies completeness, Girish Karnad retains ambiguity in *Hayavadana* with respect to the question about completeness. The playwright uses symbolism like *Ganesha*, horse-head creature and an incredible phenomenon like exchange of heads indicating the contemporary readers and audience to revise their belief that head rules the body and human head on human body denotes perfection. Therefore, the horse-head creature does not attain completeness at human level. He becomes a horse instead of a complete man in the end. This indirectly serves to undermine the belief that completeness is guaranteed by a perfect combination of human head and human

body. It can be concluded that deconstructing *Hayavadana*, the implicit meanings that emerge from the text are exemplary of French philosopher Jaques Derrida's statement that:

...Any text inevitably undermines its own claims to have a determinate meaning, and licenses the reader to produce his own meanings out of it by an activity of semantic 'freeplay'

(<http://www.massey.ac.nz/~alock/theory/derrida.htm>).

Works Cited

- Karnad, Girish. *Hayavadana*. OUP. 2006.
Kathasaritasagara. Trans. C.H. Tawney. Vol II. Munshi Manoharlal Publications. 1992. Pp.263-64.
<http://www.massey.ac.nz/~alock/theory/derrida.htm>.
 Derrida, 1978, in Lodge, 1988, p. 108.
 Dodiya, Jaydipsingh. Ed. *The Plays of Girish Karnad: Critical Perspectives*. New Delhi: Prestige Books, 1999. P. 33.
 Mee, Erin. B. *Theatre of Roots*. London: Seagull Books, 2008. P. 144, 158.

Read and subscribe

Bridge-in-Making

ISSN 0975-1610

Editor : Pronab Kumar Majumder

P-233, Block-B, Lake Town,
Kolkata-700 089 (India)

Ph: 033-2521 5532, Cell: +98363 27370

Read and subscribe

INDO-ASIAN LITERATURE

RNI 68672/98

Editor : Ashok Khanna

Academy of Indo-Asian Literature
E-1070, Saraswati Vihar,
Delhi-110 034 (India)

Ph : 011-27010368

✱

**'Purdah to Parliament' A Portrayal
of Gayatri Devi,
The Maharani of Jaipur in her
Autobiography *A Princess
Remembers***

D. Rebeca Rani,
Ph.D Scholar,
Kakatiya University, Warangal,
(Andhra Pradesh)
<ranirebeca@gmail.com>

Women's Autobiography

The **autobiography** genre has received serious scholarly attention only in the last fifty years and much of this work has focused on the writings of men rather than women. Early scholars focused almost exclusively on the lifestyle and the perceived moral state of the author and not on the form and style of the genre itself. As Estella C. Jelinek writes, "Even when women's autobiographies are given some scant attention in studies, social bias against the condition or the delineation of their lives seems to predominate over critical objectivity." However, recent scholarship suggests that women possessed a unique mode of self-representation and set of justifications for their self-histories and that these perceptions have evolved from the eighteenth century to the twentieth century.

The nineteenth century women's autobiographies reveal about how women perceived themselves, their self-defined gender ideology, the issues of particular concern in their lives, and factual information about their accomplishments and lifestyles. Recent scholarship has focused on the style and structure of autobiographies written by women, the way in which the writers order and relate the events of their lives, the way the women interpret the events, and the tone of their narration. Women's autobiographical writing differed from men's in several regards. First, women authors felt that they had to defend their decision to write about themselves. Their autobiographies provide

information about the private family sphere which is often unavailable in other official sources.

In the early 19th and 20th century, India was a country of Kings and queens. We find many autobiographies written by Princess and Maharanis. Most of them were well-educated. Some of them had gone their education in European countries too. Writing in English was not a problem for them. They were quite familiar with the western way. But most of them had lived behind the purdah. Most of the autobiographies of the Maharanis focus on their lives in the kingly shadow of their husbands. They participated actively in social and political activities at their times but never appeared ambitious enough to hold independent positions. Right from their childhood they were trained to be submissive and to perform their duty.

Gayatri Devi's autobiography *A Princess Remembers* is a land mark in the autobiographical writings by Indian Maharanis. It is the story of a queen of Jaipur who gave up 'purdah' to join politics and won the elections.

Early Life

The Maharani Gayatri Devi was born in London on May 23, 1919 at eight o'clock in the morning. According to Hindu astrologers the Maharani's auspicious letter was 'G' and was named Gayatri. To her friends and family she is more commonly known as Ayesha. According to the Maharani, her mother, the Maharani Indira Devi, was reading a Rider

Haggard's novel and decided that she would name her child Ayesha, after the heroine. A few days after the birth of Gayatri Devi, an Islamic friend of Indira Devi reminded her that Ayesha is a Muslim name, but since the family was already calling her Ayesha; the name remained.

Born into the royal family of Cooch Behar, a princely state in North Bengal, she studied at an Indian university and at colleges in England. Maharani Gayatri Devi (as she was styled after marriage) was a particularly enthusiastic in riding a horse. She was an excellent and an able Polo player. She was a good shot and enjoyed many days out on 'Shikars'. Gayatri Devi was everything you would expect of a royal — willful, capricious, demanding, autocratic, beguiling, extrovert, oh, and definitely mercurial. She was raised in a sumptuous palace staffed with five hundred servants. She shot her first panther when she was twelve.

Her childhood years were shaped by the influence of two remarkable women: one was her mother, the Maharani of Cooch Behar, who ruled the state as Regent for more than a decade after the death of her father in 1922; the other was her maternal grandmother, the Maharani of Baroda, whose husband transformed Baroda into the most advanced princely state in India. These two formidable queens saw to it that Gayatri Devi was brought up as a thoroughly anglicised Indian princess with strong ideas of her own.

When Gayatri Devi was 12 she fell for the most glamorous young man in India, the Maharaja of Jaipur, then 21 years old. He was not only exceedingly rich and handsome but also a nine-handicap polo player, leading his Jaipur polo team to victory in every tournament they entered. Maharaja Man Singh

already had two wives, both married for reasons of state, but this did not prevent him from becoming captivated by this beautiful and spirited tomboy princess who was quite unlike the more orthodox Rajput ladies whom he knew.

When Gayatri Devi was sent to the Monkey Club finishing school in Knightsbridge, they met secretly and became unofficially engaged. Their romance aroused opposition on all sides, and when in 1939 they let it be known that they intended to marry, there was consternation in princely circles. In 1940 she became the third wife of Sawai Man Singh II, the Maharaja of Jaipur, one of the largest princely states of Rajasthan, in the north-west of India. She told him that she would not live in *purdah*, the secluded life still at that time common among the women of Indian royal families. The maharaja readily agreed.

Life in Purdah

In the Cooch Behar family, it was feared that Gayatri Devi was condemning herself to a life in *purdah* in a feudal state that would destroy her lively personality.

In the event, the marriage was a great success. The third Maharani of Jaipur accepted her role as the Maharaja's favourite but junior wife with good grace. She adjusted to the formality and restrictions of life in a Rajput royal *zanana*, but at the same time used her authority to bring the palace women forward into the 20th century.

Sometimes she remarks upon how she had to spend some of her time in *purdah*, and how it was so awful and shocking because she'd been raised by such a liberal mother. Gayatri Devi had her first taste of *purdah* when she was on her way to Calcutta. Her

coach was surrounded by canvas screen. Her car was with a curtain separating the driver from the passenger seats, entirely protected from the view of any passer-by.

Maharani Gayatri Devi observed purdah only on occasions where there might be older and more orthodox princess among the guests. Her husband didn't want to put her in the embarrassing position of being the only Maharani to show her face in public. He said "There is no question of your remaining in purdah all your life. After a year or so when people gradually get used to the idea, you can drop purdah all together." But whenever she went out of the city palace, she always rode in a purdah car and there she had to behave like a queen. In another part of the palace, there were *zenana quarters* where Jai's two wives and other ladies lived strictly out of the male gaze.

Before their marriage Jai had told Gayatri Devi to encourage the women of Jaipur to come out of purdah to at least some degree. He told her that he hoped eventually to break down the purdah system in Jaipur. He tried giving parties to which he invited the State Officials and ministers asking them to bring their wives, but very few women came. They maintained purdah quite strictly.

When Gayatri Devi and Jai's second Her Highness arrived at Udaipur station, the railway carriage was shunned into a special purdah siding. In Jaipur their purdah cars merely had darkened glass in the windows replacing the curtains of earlier years. After the deaths of Dowager Maharani, Jai's first Her Highness and Second Her Highness, the zenana quarters gradually diminished. One of her first big achievements as the Maharani of Jaipur was to start the first school for girls in the city. A patron of equestrian sport she was often seen at polo fields in Jaipur and Delhi Gayatri Devi

supported various trusts, a stud farm and, of course, the legendary Maharani Gayatri Devi College, the institution she started as a young bride to encourage noblemen to send their daughters to school.

Much prettier than today's alleged beauties, in her heydays she, was considered by *Vogue* to be amongst the Ten Most Beautiful Women in the World. She is also chosen as the ***fourth most beautiful woman of the century***

Political career

When India became independent and her husband surrendered the powers he had enjoyed under the British, Devi disapproved of the direction the first prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, took the country in. She thought Nehru's socialism, particularly his policy of nationalisation, was restricting the freedom of Indians and stifling their initiative. In the 1962 general election, with her husband's permission, she stood for the Swatantra party, from Jaipur. Swatantra means freedom, and the party, which was mainly supported by businessmen and former princes, advocated free-market economics.

Gayatri Devi ran for Parliament and won the constituency in the Lok Sabha in the world's largest landslide, winning 192,909 votes out of 246,516 cast, confirmed by the Guinness Book Of Records. She continued to hold this seat on 1967 and 1971, Swatantra Party of C.Rajagopalachari the second Governor-General of Independent India running against the Congress Party.

The Maharani is candidly frank about her lack of awareness of India and its problems. But as an MP she added in her bit by running grain shops at cost prices, building educational institutions in rural Rajasthan. Otherwise politically, the Maharani was more of a novice

getting her grips in Parliament often slighted (*for her royal background*) during Parliamentary proceedings by seasoned veterans like Jawaharlal Nehru. The 15 years and three consecutive parliaments during which Devi represented Jaipur were turbulent times in India. In her first year, China and India went to war. When the leader of the Swatantra party in parliament, who was a professor, criticised Nehru's China policy, he replied haughtily: "You profess to know more than you do." To the amazement of the house and the press, Devi, a very new and junior member, piped up: "If you had known anything, we wouldn't be in this mess."

In 1975, when Gandhi declared a state of emergency, Devi was confined in Delhi's notorious Tihar jail accused of allegedly violating the new tax laws. Devi was in jail for five months. While she was there she began plans for starting a school. She believed in girls' education passionately and founded several schools during her life. One of them is the renowned Maharani Gayatri Devi public school in Jaipur. When she came out of jail, Devi wrote an autobiography, *A Princess Remembers* (1976), co-authored by Santha Rama Rau. She left politics saying she did not feel she was able to do much for her constituency. But she continued to take an active interest in Jaipur and was deeply distressed by the unplanned, ramshackle development of the historic city.

Gayatri Devi moved up beyond her traditional veil with a beautiful charm which let the world to recognize her elegance. She died on 29 July 2009 in Jaipur at the age of 90. But her legacy and aristocracy will remain eternal.

Works Cited

- Devi, Gayatri. *A Princess remembers; the memoirs of Maharani of Jaipur*, Rupa & Co., 1995.
 Kanwar, Dharmendar. *Rajmata Gayatri Devi—: enduring grace*. Lustre Press, Roli Books, 2004.
 Moore, Lucy. *Mabarani: The Extraordinary Tale of Four Indian Queens and Their Journey from Purdah to Parliament*. Penguin Group US, 2006.
 Devi, Gayatri. (Maharani of Jaipur) Santha Rama Rau. *A Princess Remembers: The Memoirs of the Maharani of Jaipur* J. B. Lippincott Company, 1976.
 Lord, John. *The Maharajahs* Hutchinson & Company, 1972.
White, Terence Hanbury, Kurth Sprague. *The maharajah, and other stories*. Macdonald, 1981.
 Dharmendar, Kanwar. *Last Queen of Jaipur: The Legendary Life of Maharani Gayatri Devi*. White Star Publishers, 2010.

This paper was presented in 9th International Writers Festival-India (An International Conference of Poets, Writers & Scholars) held at Nellore (Andhra Pradesh) on 9-10 November, 2013

Read and subscribe

LABYRINTH

ISSN 0976-0814

Editor : Lata Mishra

PG Dept. of English & Research,
 Govt. KRG (Autonomous) PG College
 Gwalior (Madhya Pradesh)
 Ph. 0751 4074813, Cell : +97531 30161
 email : dr.lata.mishra@gmail.com

Read and subscribe

REPLICA

Editor : Premananda Panda

Kalyaninagar, Cuttack-753 013 (Odisha)
 Ph. Cell : + 94373 77766
 e-mail : editrreplica@gmail.com

Read and subscribe

VOICE OF KOLKATA

Editor : Dr. Biplab Majumdar

3/34, Surya Nagar
 Kolkata-40, India
 Phone Cell : +98740 68833
 email : biplab66@gmail.com

✱

Contribution of Sainly Poets for Universal Brotherhood

Rajesh Kumar, Lecturer in English
K. L. E. Degree College, Rajajinagar, Bangalore
(Karnataka). <rajeshvaishnav7@gmail.com>

India is a great land which has produced saints of true nature and philosophical poets. The universal message spread by them is of eternal importance and is for all time, it tries to unite the humanity into one single family of God as 'Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam' and teaches universal brotherhood irrespective of Nations, Caste Colour, Religion, Languages and Cultures etc.

The origin of Indian saintly poets could be traced back to two movements – Bhakti movement and Sufism. In medieval India, the bhakti movement was started by enlightened saintly poets. They did not belong to any religious sect. They emphasized personal devotion and self-surrender to God. They propagated the idea of brotherhood among people and upheld equality of all religions. The Bhakti poets aimed at propagating 'Monotheism'. On the other hand, Sufism was a reformation movement started by Muslim saints, who believed in social equality, preached universal brotherhood, propagated religious tolerance. The Humanitarian ideas of the Sufis had great impact on the masses. Their teachings led to the growth of unity and harmony between the Hindus and Muslims.

The Bhakti movement gathered force during eighth and ninth century A.D in South India. Though it began as a religious movement, it mostly sought social reformation and ultimately it was as much a social movement aiming at reforming the society by a broader outlook. Later, the movement rapidly spread in North India and thereby spread throughout the country, aided

and augmented by a voluminous collection of songs and Literature. Some of the most prominent figures of the movement were the well-known saintly poets Ramanand, Kabir das, Tulsi das, Rahim, Raskhan, Mira Bai, Surdas etc. Among the Saintly gurus we have Acharyas like Shankaracharya, Ramanujacharya, Basवेश्वaracharya, Vallabhacharya, Namdev, Jnaneshwar, Nimbharkacharya, Guru Nanak etc. All these saintly poets propagated the idea that true knowledge of the divine can be achieved only through selfless devotion. My paper will focus on the Bhakti Cult, Bhakti Saintly poets, who preached the masses in a simple language with the ideas of life, liberty and universal brotherhood.

The saintly poets and Sufi saints taught devotion, and not rituals, is the path to salvation and God, and whatever they taught, they purely taught in the language of common people. This encouraged the growth of vernacular literature. Tulsi Das, a saintly poet translated and simplified the Great Epic Ramayana into Hindi as 'Sree Ramcharitmanas', which gave the message to the people of ideal living and Jnaneshwar wrote 'Jnaneshwari', a commentary in Marathi on the Bhagavad Gita and gave the universal message to the people.

These saintly poets highly influenced the lives of the people and brought a great change in their social, religious and cultural life. We can look at some of the basic tenets of this movement, which has universal significance and also contemporary relevance for universal brotherhood.

* Teaching the oneness of God, the bhaktas

invariably emphasized the oneness and equality of all human beings regardless of caste, religion, and class. People thus began to question the caste system and the idea that some people were better than others.

* Simple living and high Thinking.

* The Bhakti cult discarded rituals and sacrifices as modes of worship and instead emphasized purity of heart and mind, humanism and devotion as the simple way to realize god.

* The Bhakti Movement was an egalitarian movement, which completely discarded the discriminations based on caste or creed. The saints of the Bhakti movement were staunch supporters of social unity and purity of Mind, Character and Soul.

* The Bhakti Movement also eliminated priestly domination as well as rituals.

* The Bhakti Saints preached in the simple language of the masses.

Notable Sainly Poets and their contribution

SHANKARACHARYA

In the 9 cen AD, Shankaracharya was the pioneering soul, who blazed the path of devotion and spirituality. Who said that God and Individual Being are not two different entities but they are one. Thereby preached oneness of all human beings. Shankaracharya's philosophy was not the same as that of the Bhakti saints, yet he paved the way for the Bhakti Movement because he rejected rituals in the quest for truth. He taught that God has no shape or form, no color, no attributes or qualities .God is in each one of us . Knowledge and Wisdom is the way to understand and know the Truth.

RAMANUJCHARYA AND RAMANANDA

Ramanuja lived in south India in the 11 cen AD. He was a spiritual Guru and a great Philosopher. He travelled across India to preach the way to salvation is through Bhakti. Sri Ramanujacharya is regarded as the father of the 'Sri Vaishnawa philosophy'. Ramanujacharya was instrumental in spreading the philosophy extensively throughout India. His philosophy is a refined Advaitam of Sri Adi Shankaracharya. His message to humanbeings was that all are equal in the eyes of God and that birth has nothing to do with spiritual attainment.

One of his greatest followers was Ramananda . Ramananda also preached the oneness of God and the equality of all human beings. He opposed the evils of the caste system and taught that Bhakti is the way to realize God.

KABIR

One of the best known and greatest thinkers of the Bhakti Movement was Kabir. Kabir had no formal education. But this was made up by his contact with his Guru Ramananda and his own experiences. Due to this spiritual and holy encounter, we see high wisdom in the poems of kabir . Kabir's poems express the most sophisticated ideas in a very simple language.

Kabir believed in one Supreme Being .He believed God was everywhere, in everything and people should show their love for God by loving all his creations. He never believed in the distinction between religions. Hindus and Muslims were equally entitled to love God. He attacked all orthodoxy –of both the Hindus and the Muslims and emphasized that love for God was basic to all religions. In saying so, Kabir struck at the root of the

—*—

apparent differences between Hinduism and Islam and brought out the commonness among all religions.

Bhakti Movement in India could be rightly considered as the first wave of Renaissance. It was purely a Humanistic and Social Reform Movement, which aimed at uniting the society through wisdom brought out by the great sages, philosophers and saintly poets of India.

Buddhism is not an exception, which preceded the Bhakti Movement, Buddhist philosophy and teaching has always played a prominent role in maintaining universal Brotherhood. Indeed, Buddhist philosophy though a part and parcel of Hinduism, it had always been very vibrant in spreading the universal message across the world. A Buddhist principle knowingly or unknowingly has been practiced across the world.

“Regard the world as an empty trifle”, says Buddha and his concept of ‘Nirvana’ has a special place in the history of mankind. Nirvana is a preparatory ‘Code of Virtue’ which shall spread peace and harmony in the world as much as peace and harmony are not possible in a world so impermanent and imperfect.

Buddha felt that what he was after was something the whole world was after in its heart of hearts. The concept of ‘Nirvana’ given by Buddha is a mystical and spiritual realization of the self.

Similarities between Bhakti and Sufi Teachings.

* The Bhakti and Sufi Movements commented on the negative attitudes present in Hinduism and Islam. At the same time they enriched their religions

* The pirs and santhas believed in the oneness of God .

* They believed in the equality of all people irrespective of caste ,class or creed.

* They both taught that the way to know God was by simple living and high Thinking, loving and serving one’s fellow being.

* They both believed in approaching God directly rather than through priests. Nor they believed in elaborate rituals.

To conclude, Peace is a gift of God beyond compare. Likewise it is the object of every person’s highest desire to attain. None of the lineaments which make up its unmistakable appearance can be ignored or excluded. We continue to live in a state of conflict, in a situation of great instability that has been many a times been threatened with complete rupture. Henceforth, it is this peace which originates from the heart of human person that transcends into universal Brotherhood and universal Peace.

This paper was presented in 9th International Writers Festival-India (An International Conference of Poets, Writers & Scholars) held at Nellore (Andhra Pradesh) on 9-10 November, 2013

Read and subscribe

Mandakini

ISSN 2231-6116

Editor : Dr. Mahashweta Chaturvedi

24-Anchal Colony, Shyamganj,

Bareilly-243005 (Uttar Pradesh)

Phone : 97196-87166, 0581-2570758

email: drmahashweta02@gmail.com

Read and subscribe

PUSHPAK

Chief Editor : Dr. Ahilya Mishra

Kadambini Club, 93/C, Rajsadan,

Vengalrav Nagar, Hyderabad - 500038

(Andhra Pradesh)

Phone : 040-23703708, M-9849742803

E-mail : mishraahilya@yahoo.in

✱

Quest for Ancient Wisdom: A Study of Ecofeminism in the Poetry of Nandini Sahu

Dr. Santosh Kumar Padhy

Lecturer in English, Shakti Nagar, 1st Lane
(Extension) Berhampur, Ganjam (Odisha)
<santoshpadhy123@rediffmail.com>
Ph. 09776512872

Growing out of multi-faceted and multi-located social movements, ecofeminism is a new term, which also quests for ancient wisdom as it is one of the major characteristics that counter all the encircling disillusionments of human life. From the worldwide resources, “What is ecofeminism?” it is authenticated that:

Ecofeminism, a new term for an ancient wisdom ‘grew out of various social movements in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Though the term was first used by Françoise D’Eaubonne, it became popular only in the context of numerous protests and activities against environmental destruction, sparked off initially by recurring ecological disasters.

This is a woman-led movement defying patriarchy, protesting militarism and capitalism at the initial stage, is now radical to the threat of atomic annihilation to the human mass and ecology. Ecofeminists have a firm faith and deep understanding that not only the theory but also the practice can save the exploitation of women and nature. Such an activism against masculine’s mentality and attitude has rightly identified the feminist concerns as ecofeminism is about intersectionality, a connectedness and wholeness. With the impressive slogans like “the future is female”, “no more waiting”, we are in a state of emergency and we must do something about it now...” which are cited by Val Plumwood and Lynn Wenzel in his article “Uprooting the Patriarchy” quoted by Joy Pincus in his WIN Magazine. Thus ecofeminists have explored

the unexplored frontiers of present-day critical approaches, literary critiques and cultural theories. Searching for veganism, against non-vegetarians, solar energy against Grid co, indigenous roots of progress against hybridity and ancient wisdom for cultural devastation, ecofeminism has metaphorically and dramatically expanded its activist movement as it is a philosophy, an essentialism, and an academic movement opposing social inequality, injustice and discrimination between age, race, sex, class and gender. Besides, standing against western living style such as ‘tame nature’, ‘rape the land’ and ‘reap nature’s bounty’, ecofeminism not just sees the oppression of women but also includes man as oppressed. In order to sustain the world as a global village, it tries to dismantle binary oppositions and broadens the scope of living together and strengthening human relationship by inviting all categories of people to raise voice for a better, meaningful, prosperous and peaceful life.

This paper intensifies to examine the echoing voice of Nandini Sahu, a contemporary Indian woman poet writing in English in which one can easily find the potency, the strength and the integrity both in her poetry and personality that she can rather be called as an ecofeminist, ecowomanist and an ecosocialist. Her poetic exploration of her four collections of poems, *The Other Voice* (2004), *The Silence* (2005), *Silver Poems on My Lips* (2009) and *Sukama and Other Poems* (now under publication) not only depict her major voice against ecological destructions but also

her pronounced feminist quests for the old human values and ancient wisdom that her poetry too is a woman-identified movement and a special kind of work to cope with these imperiled times. To her, poetry comes like a spontaneous flood in a tranquil mood and by that time she listens to the silent songs of falling leaves singing and rejoicing in the wind. Here one can firmly recollect the greatest romanticist, William Wordsworth and his poetic overflow that has highly influenced Nandini Sahu to be drawn to Mother Nature as the glory and greatness of her poetry lay there in the roots of wisdom. The title poem of her second collection, *The Silence* seems to be a more powerful speech for which the poet becoming highly ambitious orchestrates:

Glorious as sunshine
 the roots of wisdom penetrate the
 cells of my being
 till I merge with Mother Nature
 I tether my words
 bury my thoughts
 splinter every other image
 and think
 does my silence
 have long enough arms
 to touch the stars
 in heaven above? (*The Silence*, 89)

Nandini Sahu's quest for human values and the wisdom she seeks for is only sustainability for better human living in this world. This is indeed the need of hour because of the uncontrolled violence of man against nature and the exploitation man does against it for which nature often becomes turbulent and out of control to reciprocate tremendous hazards all over the globe beyond expectation. The poet is much obsessed with ozone hole, acid rain and other ingredients of destruction of nature, which are not only delineated in her poetry as the very problems of the day but also predicted green hope with the dream of

an ever green world as remedial steps. In "Giving Them a Smile" (For Tsunami-affected People), the poet tries to wake up people with the wisdom that its seeds and the new sprouts are buried in dust. Her ecofeminist voice regards the earth most and the poet more hopefully waits for a new dawn that can give a smile to the affected mass. She wants to mend their lives once more and green the curly, leafy hill in this poem:

The ominous ozone hole
 staring with the kill
 at the north and south pole.
 Acid rains behind cool smiles,
 Green hopes descending
 Shrinking when the sea
 Would swell and pull all.
 The alien secrets of Nature
 Dancing with the Fall
 Heavy winds stare, then yell
 Agonizing, alluring, unwanted
 unfinished, sybelline dream
 of the night
 broke with a gall. (90)

In this connection, Mary Mellor (UK) in her "Introduction" to *Feminism and Ecology* observes:

Ecofeminism is a movement that sees a connection between the exploitation and degradation of the natural world and the subordination and oppression of women. It emerged in the mid 1970s alongside second wave feminism and the green movement (Mellor, 1).

Nandini Sahu being conscious of recent trepidations on the earth appeals her readers to nourish love for nature and to become closer to nature. Yet in another poem, "The Passing Time" in the same volume, *The Silence* the poet tries to spread love to fill the void of relationship between nature and nourish love for wind and rain without human ego. For her, love is like diamond dew drops in autumnal mornings to shine, smile, live and

mend the cracks of relationship so that the gaps of the passing time would never witness any kind of natural calamities:

No holocaust, no earthquake,
no separation, no annihilation
may make love lifeless
for life begins and ends in love's
unclaimed legislations. (74)

Nandini Sahu's faith in celebrating love in a good deal of poems is not only an effort to knit a new world but also a technique she has perhaps perceived from her teacher and ideal poet, late Niranjan Mohanty who in his poetic contribution to literature, *Krishna* (a long poem), an exceptional work tries to justify the message of love between Radha and Krishna of our native tradition, culture, myth and mythology that has been a great source of inspiration to the Indians to be more conscious of Yamuna, kadamba, agriculture and husbandry suited to our climate and sub-continent. Besides, the poet's goal of seeking for 'satya', 'Shiva' and 'sundar'- these are truth, God, beauty from the choking earth's whittled breath what one is definitely reminded of John Keats'. In her poem, "Tandav in Rain" from her first collection of poems, *The Other Voice*, the poet's wonder of Lord Shiva's *tandav*, (a dance for destruction) in the rain raises question in her mind and soul "is it a will to exist or resist?" (36). Both Carolyn Merchant and Sallie Mc Fague while depicting specific areas of science and religion emphasize the new as well as old organic model of cosmos development: "The 'common creation story' and the growing field of ecology, as well as some new cosmologies emerging from physics, provide fertile ground for ecofeminist entry into dialogue with the natural sciences." It is obvious that sometimes nature becomes wild, violent and uncontrollable that none can guess the ultimate result of the natural havoc what really happens now- a- days.

The poet's distinction between shower and torrential rain seems to be forsaken dreams as the former whispers into her the melody of the overcast clouds in an August sky and the latter is the result born out of the present day exploitation of nature. Nandini Sahu's poetry seems to be conscious enough of the roots to the on-going problems:

In the dim light of the vacuum
beyond the thick vein of this smoke
filled my empty corners with a waning moon
I started knitting a new world
with a thousand needles of hope
choking earth's whittled breath
while my threads were running races
with wild winds and lightning. (36)

With a strong hope of reaching the unreached and naturalizing the world of fancy, Nandini Sahu quenches her feminine thirst representing the woman mass and pouring desire into feminine dummy. She readily accepts her different woman role as a daughter, daughter-in-law, wife, mother, poet, teacher and researcher in the fret and fever of time. Along with these all, her poetry also tries to cover morning, evening, night, afternoon, all seasons, climates with her feelings, emotions, thoughts, dreams, perceptions like Jayanta Mahapatra in recording childhood, youthful days with much hyped experiences and inexperienced alchemies and dichotomies of life where the poet appears to have left nothing about her life at a tender age. Her obsession of another woman role in our pious land as people treat woman as 'Devi' or Goddess what in Sanskrit we usually recite 'ya Devi sarva bhutesu' authenticates her own voice in "Aside" when she brings an end to this poem:

I'm the Goddess
who knows what are
the things to happen and
what not since time
has ploughed scars

on my virgin mud.(80)

It is true that exploitation of woman and nature is prevalent in our society since time immemorial for which our history and mythology have been bristled with instances. If we take into account, not only Sita, Draupadi, Mira, and Radha but also countless women have become the worst sufferers of time by burning themselves like moths as it is their rites for the society and social welfare. Here Nandini Sahu's association of female world with insect world is exemplary when she poses women as Dewali moths in a poem, "Moth":

Like woman they bathe in fire,
a fire that enjoys burning them in desire
burning their tiny soft body, coloured,
their wings transparent like heart.
A fire that destroys their moon dreams,
and smiles proud, a male smile.(81)

At one hand, Rachel Carson's book, *Silent Spring* focused attention on the effects of pollution on the human and non-human world making the question of life on earth a public issue. On the other hand, the 'male smile' Nandini Sahu refers to here is not only a raising voice against patriarchy that the ecofeminists revolt against male chauvinism but also a comparison between man and woman pride in which the poet's heart always cries in favour of own gender who loves burning for the sake of devotion and sacrifice. The poet has further shown male pretension and betrayal in many of her poems like Kamala Das but her love for natural world seems to be an unending part of the earth as well as her poetry. She rather acts as a staunch believer of natural objects as human congeners that play a vital role to make the world ever green and colourful. In "Tide" the poet while bringing co-relation between human and non human world wants to grow with them all:

The to and fro

about them
the change of colours
the passion
the soft and the leaping
breezes
the spirals and swirls
whining and wheezing, and
the ebb and flow,
their warm secrets
remind life and time
are but tides, for
the tides only know to seize and then grow.(96)

Thus natural world has a tremendous effect on the human world. For the poet nature is a living force and an inspiration that activates life in the tune of time. To be conscious of time for an easy and better living not only strengthens our relationship with our ecology but also teaches us to take care of it. Keeping the mythological characters abreast of all in her mind, Nandini Sahu's feminist view and her vision of poetry cherish Kunti who asks Lord Krishna for pain and the Lord gives her a mighty and powerful son like Karna. Since that day Karna remains as the gathering pain and choked anguish in Kunti's heart. Similarly the poet also before getting blessed with a son desires for a son in her pain during pregnancy that is considered as her seven lives' gain. The poet as a mother has endured all kinds of pain while carrying a child in which she not only shows the real pangs of a mother but also correlates woman's body as a metaphor. The connection Nandini Sahu draws between woman and nature is authentic and blissful for a woman to bag pain for the entire life when she harps on her language of pain in "Pain":

That day I will think over
Your cherished dream
Of uniting your and mine pain.
That night I'll let you drown
in my beach-coloured belly, petal coloured

✱

lips, sea-coloured eyes, alone.(99)

In its publication, Nandini Sahu's third collection of poems, *Silver Poems on My Lips* appears to be more mature enough than the two previous volumes. The poet has a sharing attitude in this volume to peep into the gleaming eyes of the people and reflects all of them with sober accent. She smells the tastes, flavours, and delicacies of life and breathes them into poetry. She tries to sing a chorus that sounds quite melodious and enchanting for which the age-old poet, Jayanta Mahapatra observes on the blurb: "And there is no doubt that she is serious about this quest. It is longing for identity for words that will indicate her own place in our world." This really makes Nandini Sahu quest-motif for which she writes: "With no respite enroute / I budge in a journey endless" (116) and "my world of poetry is prosperous" (117). It is true that Nandini Sahu's attitude changes a little about the world who seems to be optimistic enough and becomes more a psychotherapist than a psychoanalyst. The blurb of the volume further maintains:

She pours out poetry that oozes from the secret chambers of the heart, though she knows well that in an age of material pleasures perhaps it is difficult for the heart to fit in. Thus an insecurity and reservation move her the most in her expedition through life. Her idea rotates around a belief in human values. Love and poetry are her therapy to live, breathe and sing.

Like other theorists of ecofeminism, Nandini Sahu's anti-war/anti-militarism attitude is reflected in a number of poems. In "The Thirteenth Impurity" the poet quotes Manu's (the sage) speech of the twelve impurities of man such as oiliness, semen, blood, coughs, urine, ordure, ear wax, nails, mucus, tears, rheum of the eyes, and sweat.

The poet adds another impurity to the twelve impurities that is the notion of hell that lives in the human mind. It is the poet's intuition, the sixth sense, the most powerful insight and vision that makes her able judge the human mind with this extra impurity instead of setting up global peace hurls atom bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki; oils the fire of war in Palestine and Israel; loves watching American vengeance on Saddam Hussain by killing the innocents; the consequence of Vietnam War and Kargil War. What is estimated by the poet here is surely a sadistical mind that succumbs to sin, redness, jealousy and blackness over the mind. The poet closes the poem with a view to brightening the human mind:

Perhaps Manu was never sure
of any cure of the global impurities,
world terrorism, nuclear misuses.
Because he had never dreamt
of the black roses of hatred,
anger, jealousy, death
blooming right at the moment of our birth.

(107)

To the poet, war is futile. What else is more useful and valuable for human life is to accord the way of theology and spirituality. She understands the value of life whereas war is inhuman, anti-social, and destructive in nature. In order to change the human mind and thought, holy books offer the highest essence. Seeking for an enlightened future the poet nestles down on the values and wisdom of the past because the present trend of mindset cannot avoid the darkness of human mind without accepting the holy books as ecofeminism approaches to look on their values. In a poem, "War" the poet while making an attempt for a better future, stable society and healthy atmosphere cites the past, which was replete with wars, bloodshed and heinous activities. She bemoans for the same

trend going on even today and tries to wake up her readers contrasting both the past and present with an intention to build up a well-matching future:

Is our future
a match for the past?
Why are these fingers pointed?
Doors thumped!
Gitas, Qurans, Bibles
are folded, guns encumbered...
What reminisces
is a past
that eclipses all future,
annihilates us in death.
In war. Futile war. (96)

The poet does not like to hit any more in words and just wants to live and make the world livable. Her emotion runs very high when she deals her poetry with an ecofeminist voice like Alice Walker who in her book, *In Search of Our Mother's Garden* "draws the beautiful comparison that womanist is to feminist as purple is to lavender" (Walker, xii). In this manner the poet's love for the sky and regard for the earth are endless. With her silence and core of the heart she limns in "A Numb Corner in the Heart":

I am tossing the words
that go beyond the clouds
across the many clouds
Wishes kiss the sky, revere the earth
embracing all directions
the smell of an intoxicating efflorescent
flower. (94)

The intoxicating and exotic world the poet sees needs to be changed into serene, victorious and accessible one. She rejects the mortality of time and feels the hunger, poverty, pleasure and pain of the men around and knows the people who rinse their home and heart. Her patient quest for the nest is not just of a woman who knows to smile with velvet luster, the dusky forehead and heaving breast but she sees a world that is humane where souls do not go

waste. Like one of the characteristics of the ecofeminist search to dismantle the binary oppositions, Nandini Sahu's poetry aims at extending her ecology to the four-walled global village but never wishes to jump the '*Laxman rekha*', the limitation and the restricted boundary of a woman. Then she more fondly tries to bring correlation and connection between woman and tree in "Poem, in the Morning", which is quite metaphorical in its true sense and sensibility. Here tree is a metaphor for both poetry and womanhood:

I am I, once again
living in the eaves.
I am the tree
my roots claw through
the empty wind and sky
new leaves sprout and fall each day,
I only stand rooted to its place
never walking away
Jumping the 'laxman rekha'.
I know how to
laugh with my buds and flowers. (78)

Nandini Sahu's poetic journey always looks back to home from her present living in Delhi to her nativity, Udayagiri at the foot hillock in Kandhamala District, Odisha where her long cherished desires live. This is such a beautiful place where the poet takes delightment and utmost satisfaction to watch peacocks' dance to the tune of the wild rain, camels' graze, birds' of hue sing lullabies to her tired soul. There she gets the real peace of life. In 'My Home', the poet while searching for the self and harmonizing the lonesome hours discovers a newer world close to nature:

The passionate rain
with its vibrations
twinkle my inner self, here.
I discover a newer world
close to nature, close to
a power, unknown and
rediscover myself. (75)

It is obvious from Nandini Sahu's poetry that Delhi is a dream home and her parental home at Udayagiri is the home of her reality. Her real freedom lies therein. She knows well about the liberty of a woman and offers "her soul to God for the attainment of life and the body to an earthly pilgrimage and the heart to the unknown" (72). One is often obsessed with the mother of mother and the greatest of the great grandmother who on one's birth, gives air to breathe, food and water to live on, fire to cosy up living-the five basic elements. Thus one's birth usually follows the death and the corporeal body starts merging into the same five constituents and the soul goes towards the heaven for its divine merge. Therefore the poet wants to give up herself to Lord Jagannath, the Lord of the universe by metamorphosing the body into a mermaid, a shape of half- woman and half- fish to dissolve into God's one of the incarnations-*Mastya Avatar* in a poem, "I am the Mermaid". The poet seems too much engrossed with nature in this poem. She opens:

I love the blue, the all encompassing blue
showered on me as a gift by Nature divine
I sing of the waves that droop down
who pardon the sins enjoyed by man. (106)

The poet's love for the coastal town and cultural hub of Odisha, Puri, the sea beach at Puri and the world famous Lord Jagannath who is the lotus feet, the creator and the destroyer of the universe, the sea of mercy and the poet's merman must cherish the poet's mermaid frame as she designates her the Goddess of blue hills ahead fourteen worlds. Besides, the poet's lust for her native land, Odisha remains mystified when she writes about the Sun temple at Konark and wants to devotionalise the self and her poetry like Jayanta Mahapatra to the historical, cultural

and mythological wonder of the world. In "An Evening at Konark", the poet is so absorbed in the Konark temple that she more passionately cites Dharama, a twelve year boy who has sacrificed himself for twelve hundred lives of his own roots, ancestors and forefathers with a glowing and elevating message for the despised mankind. The poet enjoys Konark in this evening drawing herself to the ancient tales of Odisha, the myth, history, songs and sonnets curved on the stones of the temple:

In the moon motif on the Sun Temple
In the tales of nights on the temple of sunrise
Konark metamorphoses everything but itself and
Konark discloses all secrets but itself. (108)

In her poetry one can't deny Nandini Sahu as an ecofeminist who seeks for saving the historical monuments and old sculptures of the past to add rarest of the rare values to ecofeminism and its approaches as much as it is now a broader topic in its theory expanded dramatically day by day. Yet in another poem, "December Again" in her maiden volume, *The Other Voice*, the poet while renewing other historical importance like the Rajputs and Maharani of Rajasthan rediscovers her love for mountain tops of Udaipur mirrors, whirling-dazzling skirts, camels, grand, decorated elephants, dreamy forts, dancing puppets, yellow mustard fields and long deserted deserts of Rajasthan. The poet is so fascinated by all these scenes and sceneries that she recollects the December again, the past at present:

Away in the ground mirror-palaces of the
Maharani
I roam alone
where past shaped life royal
their attitude forming an edifying quest. (53)

Through her poetic quest, Nandini Sahu becomes a mythic figure when she

writes: "slowly I am becoming a myth" (17) and her intention to make the world weaponless when she articulates: "I disarm the world" (18) by taking up all kinds of pain as her "capital investment for future/beyond price (18). Her memory often haunts her to sharpen the past and then she recollects her blood relationships, mostly her sisters, parents, grandparents and the stories usually told by her mother and grandmother. These are all about the familial ecology that the poet has extended from the unforgettable past to the present in her poetry. Her mother's tale of far off lands, ghosts and spirits and the grandmother's stories of princes and princesses all occupy still in her mind and her poetry what can be referred as 'family tree' perhaps she has captured the term from the poetry of A.K.Ramanujan that never sanctions a sharing entertainment at present because the poet has a dubious distinction and fears that the stories as a habit of telling from generation to generation for a strong association with the parental home that would drop her once more in a cracked ground. As its ultimatum, keeping concrete faith on nature/ecology the poet turns to share with natural objects as they are living forces and spirits to accommodate mankind well. She further accepts nature as the soul of both animates and inanimate without which life becomes more complex, frustrated and even impossible. In this way, Nandini Sahu's poetry works as an eye opener in these days of excess pollution, uncontrolled wrath and anger of nature. One can easily therefore observe her poetry in which she regards nature like William Wordsworth and accepts as mother. Her use of rare animal and bird symbols in her poetry is an important aspect of her wisdom not only to receive them to decorate her poetry but also likes to save them

from their extinction. Carolyn Merchant in her book, *Earth Care: Women and the Environment* (1995) links women with the environment and an ethic of earth care and writes:

Earth care explores the many aspects of the association of women with nature in western culture and their roles in the contemporary environmental movement. It looks at the age-old connections between women and nature, symbols of nature as female, and women's practices and daily interactions with the earth (Merchant, xv).

Thus, to the best of ecofeminist study, Nandini Sahu's poetry functions as a feminist peace institute to heal the wounds of the earth as the ecofeminists today promise to renew and reweave the world. In this regard, Nandini Sahu as a poet can aptly be termed as an emergent ecofeminist in her poetry.

Works Cited

- Carson, Rachel. *Silent Spring*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1962. Print.
- Mc Fague, Sallie. *The Body of God: An Ecological Theology*, Minneapolis: Fortress, 1993. Print.
- Mellor, Mary. *Feminism and Ecology*, New York University Press, P.1, 1997. Print.
- Merchant, Carolyn. *The Death of Nature: Women, Ecology, and the Scientific Revolution*, Francisco, Harper San Francisco, 1980. Print.
- Earth Care: Women and the Environment*, Rout ledge, New York, 1995. Print.
- Plum wood, Val. *Feminism and the Mastery of Nature*, Rout ledge, 1993. Print.
- Sahu, Nandini. *The Other Voice*, New Delhi, Authors Press, 2004. Print.
- *The Silence*, New Delhi, Authors Press, 2005. Print.
- *.Silver Poems on My Lips*, New Delhi, Authors Press, 2009. Print.
- Walker, Alice. *The Color Purple*, The Women's Press, London, 1992. Print.
- What is ecofeminism? www.ecofem.org
- Wenzel, Lynn qtd. in "Uprooting the Patriarchy" by Joy Pincus, WIN Magazine.

A letter that changed life of ambitious young man

Mark Andrews

It is 48 years since a letter dropped on the doormat of Manmohan Singh Maharu's home in the Punjab region of India.

The letter, from the British High Commission in New Delhi, informed the young man that his application to live in England had been approved.

"I was really excited" he recalls. As was the case with thousands of other ambitious young men from India during 1960s.

"That letter marked the passport to a new beginning, a land of opportunity where drive and hard work would offer untold rewards that would never be on offer in his homeland.

"When I was a student in India, Britain was the unobtainable idealistic dream, the land of milk and honey, the land of poets and prophets, of sages and seers, and above all of beauty and freedom," he says.

The plan was to stay for five years, but almost half a century on, Mohan – as he is known to his friends – is still here, and now a pillar of the Wolverhampton community.

A director of two manufacturing companies in the city, he employs a total of 60 people, and as vice-president of the J W Hunt charity football tournament, he has helped raise thousands of pound for charity over the years.

He has now put his memories on paper in a new book, **Four Decades in England**, which looks at British culture – and life in the West Midlands – from an immigrant perspective.

"I think for most immigrants the idea was to work hard for three or five years and then return to India and buy a tractor," he says.

"Back then in India, farming was still done by bullocks."

But he soon found that the rewards on offer for anybody prepared to work hard in British manufacturing industry far outstripped any opportunities he would get in his homeland.

When he arrived in Britain in 1965, he had just £3 in his pocket, and his only possessions were in a bag slung over his back.

Having arranged to stay with a friend in Finchfield, he traveled by train from Euston and remembers there was almost a feeling of disbelief at some of the sights he saw.

"I remember seeing the crowds at the football, I had never seen anything like that before," he says.

And although he could already speak English when he arrived, it was a while before he became tuned in to the local accents.

He didn't think much of the weather, but said the warmth and kindness from his new neighbors more than made up for it.

Even so, he is quite frank that the main motive for staying was financial.

"I worked in a metal polishing works for a few years, and the money was better than a teacher got in India," he adds.

His company Merridale Polishing and Plating is still going strong after 40 years, and he now has another company manufacturing polishing mops for companies in the metal industry.

Mohan now live in the Ettingshall Park area and says he has no regrets about taking up the opportunity to make his home in the Midlands all those years ago. ***

*

Book-Review

Sense of Enigma (poems) by Jacob Isaac

Year: 2012, Price: US\$6.95

Publisher: Media House: Delhi

ISBN : 978-93-7495-471-3

Reviewer : Dr. Anuradha Bhattacharyya

Department of English, Postgraduate
Government College, Sector-11, Chandigarh.

<an6radha@yahoo.co.in>

Joseph Isaac, a poet laureate has brought forth twenty two of his most appreciated poems in a volume titled *Sense of Enigma* in 2012. It is beautifully illustrated with photographs by John Mathew. They are black and white pictures agreeing with the colours of the paper and ink of the book.

The title poem, *Sense of Enigma* is a study in psychology where “Evaporation of emotions” and the “Evaporation of desire” are effected by a consciousness of society at the base. The lover implores only to be responded by her ‘reasoning clusters’ and the ultimate suggestion to ‘make a trip’ to an ‘elevation’ of ‘impulses’ rather than the gratification of the senses as the photograph suggests.

By contrast, the cover picture vividly elaborates on the psychology of the poet who is suffering in empathy with the sufferings of humanity in an authentically poetic rendition. The globe as it were is split by injustice into cracking, frothing and smoking fragments which the poet variously laments. In the poem, *Indifference*, Isaac critiques the “withdrawal vanity of the mind” and the “Prudence of the impulses/Beating the timeless efforts”. The poem also refers to the failure of ‘words’ to eradicate both poverty and the indifference of the vain towards poverty.

The last poem, *Snobbish Pronouncement* reminds the reader of “the legacy of our relations yesterday” where one was

subordinate to the rules laid down by another. It urges us to strive for a better tomorrow where “Knocking the power parade of false notions/Mocking the rigidity and walking with the/mandate” will create a new world “Touching real world”. In *Loading Suggestions* the poet exhorts man to give utterance to one’s innermost impulses without restraint. It asks the reader to name the unnamable activities of the mind and give them recognition. The suggestions are powerful as they refer to something beyond the grasp of language. The photograph illustrates how saints from time immemorial have concentrated on the body as the source of all knowledge prior to any tutoring by the society by means of words.

Amazing Ride is a poetic comment on the attitude of the present generation such as ‘emotional haunting’, ‘the liberty of relations’ and the ‘false ego’. It is a compelling poem, expressing the helplessness of the poet to counter this attitude and effect a gentle interaction between divided groups of the society. The first line of the poem sets the tone of amazement and the second line highlights it with the sense of urgency against all odds. It is a profound utterance of ‘anxiety’ and ‘crisis’ in the modern mind which has become a kind of ‘acquired mouthpiece’ to mete out ‘the required current versions’. The poem complains not only about the condition of the mind as subjected to the dictates of the commercial society but also about the inability

✱

of the mind for original as well as spontaneous thinking.

Emptiness, vacancy, obsession, hypocrisy, relations, gap, legacy, amazing, impulses, limitations, words, withdrawal, time and rhythm are the most frequently used words in all the twenty two poems. Although written in free verse, the poems achieve rhythm through much use of alliteration and assonance. Sometimes syntax is confused to achieve an effect of complexity forcing the reader to ponder over the lines for meaning. It is more suitable to read the lines aloud to get a feeling of the moods which each of the poems draws one to. The poems are designed to create the sense of enigma the title of the book promises. The publisher might as well pay more attention to the editing of his books so as not to spoil the good effect of beautiful poetry by the reader's sudden discovery of spelling/printing mistakes.

In his Foreword, Professor Dr. K.V. Dominic who is himself a poet underlines that "the poems are highly psychological and philosophical in themes". They are thought provoking as well as 'conditioning' the mind for 'living art'.

Through this book, Jacob Isaac has proved that the power of poetry lies in startling juxtapositions and highlighting contradictions, whether in the mind or in the social order. He has used loaded words to arouse the reader from stupor and awake to the necessity of thinking apart.

BODHALE VISHAL CHANDRAKANT
(Maharashtra)

The Lesson

Why did you beget
so sour fruit?
Bent on thy tree.
Wretched seeds
garden of gloom
thy dotted signs.

Though I collect
pile over pile
buried mine soul
tattered flag
fossils of rut life.

Thy rare twit
teases my beat
praying hands
cold thy heat..!

Didn't you smile
behind her coyness?
forgot I every race...
Why should I run
to bed own hearse?
Far spread cemetery
predicts my procession.
Which thirst
are you raised?
Where this desert?
Which mirage
should I chase..?
So orphan thy love is?

Still thy flute
soaks my tears
little lake in desert
when slept all world
we met in boat
song of life
rippled in waves..

Thy gracious breeze
taughtlesson of patience... ***

Ph. 9860947938, E-mail:
vishal_bodhale@rediffmail.com

Review

THE LONGING OF TALAT ARZOO BUTT A Review by Dr. Stephen Gill

Nida-e-Dil (The Voice of the Heart) by Talat Arzoo,
Alhamd Publications, Lahore, Pakistan, HC, pages 120

Nida-e-Dil (The Voice of the Heart) by Talat Arzoo Butt is a collection of poems neatly arrayed on the shelf of longing. The book's lay-out and the cover design are soothing to the reader's eye. If there is any thread that unites all these poems that thread is longing. These poems are individual in their style and thought. The messages of these poems go straight from the heart of the poet to the heart of the reader. Most of these poems are bones without much flesh.

It is clear that the poet is not lost in the deep woods of meandering. She knows the tools to shape poetry in an unsophisticated beauty. Using these tools the poet has chiseled quotable lines, such as numbers 5, 6, 7 and 8 on page 27. The poet here does not believe in receiving love in drops. Other quotable lines are the first two, along with seven and eight on page 37.

These are love poems. Lebanese poet Kahlil Gibran says in his Foreword to *Tears and Laughter*: "An eternal hunger for love and beauty is my desire; I know now that those who possess bounty alone are naught but miserable, but to my spirit the sighs of lovers are more soothing than music of the lyre."

Love has been explored intensively and extensively from different angles before and after playwright William Shakespeare, who is famous also for his sonnets. More will be written in years to come on every continent by most poets in their own languages and in their own ways. Yet, the subject will remain unexhausted. Talat Arzoo Butt in this collection centralizes on this subject in a simple and evocative manner

when the poet says that there is no need for wines because the intoxication received from the thought of love is enough. Among the other mentionable lines are the first two on page 51, where the poet states that it is not yet evening and the glass is in her hands. These and some other lines are symbolic of something that is inexpressible and almost reminiscent of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat.

The poems in this collection could have been better if the poet had avoided the use of overused phrases and symbols such as on pages 17 and 85. The result could have been even better if she had refrained from sermonizing, though such lines are rare. The poet also could have benefited immensely if she had used devices to produce internal rhythm. The poet leaves the reader thirsty by using few lines in her foreword. Perhaps the poet has left this part purposely short because of the nature of love and longings.

Nida-e-Dil is from a poet who has a master's degree in English from a reputable seat of learning in Pakistan and who has lived in Canada for more than twelve years and is married to a prominent columnist. She began writing poetry during her college days. Talat Arzoo Butt deserves congratulations for producing a collection of poems amidst her hectic schedule as a wife and real estate sales representative for Royal LePage in Cornwall, Ontario.

Nida-e-Dil, a child of her interest in Urdu and poetry, is a savory dish to share. The dish is different and individual but definitely worth-tasting.

www.stephengill.ca

Story

TWO FRIENDS by Makhfirat Bekmurodova

(Mother tongue and literature teacher of the school 28 in Karshi city, Uzbekistan.)

Navoi was kind man and used to give great honour to his friends and teachers. He wrote lots of poems and qasidas (odes) dedicating to them. Especially he was very kind to his lovely teacher Jomiy. Navoi was 27 years younger than Jomiy. As there was such difference between their age, Navoi respected Jomiy as his best teacher and adviser and he named “the top of maturity’s shining sun”. He always showed Jomiy and consulted with him.

Once Navoi visited Jomiy’s place. The two friends talked too long. Jomiy spoke about Hisrav Dehlaviy’s (qasida) ode “Daryoyi abrор” (the river of kind men). Navoi also marked high Hisrav’s work and remembered Amir Hisrav’s words. “If all of my works are disappointed, it’s enough saving only this one which keeps all meanings”. Not some time passed Navoi was going to Marv. Before going out Navoi came to see Jomiy. Before saying good bye Jomiy had given him a book without book cover and said: “If you have any time please read and write your thoughts to poor us”. Navoi liked the qasida very much. Jomiy wrote his (qasida) ode “Lujjat-ul-asror” (the bottom of the secrets sea) assimilating to “Daryoyi abrор”. Being inspired of that Navoi thought that “I also should answer”. Passing the way, the great poet stopped in the beautiful, flourishing village. Gave his horse to innkeeper at a

caravansaray, he rested one of the empty rooms. Then he asked a pen and a piece of paper, he sent a letter to Jomiy. He marked high his new written work, he wrote that he would write new one while he was arriving in Marv on the way, he wrote it’s first couplet. He asked Jomiy to say his opinion. He gave the letter to the leavers to Hirat. He mounted his horse again and went on his way saying good bye to the people in the village.

Other hundred couplets of the qasida he finished on the horse in the way. As soon as he arrived in Marv, he copy out qasida and sent to Jomiy.

The qasida of “Tufat-ul-afgor” created like this. After reading qasida Jomiy was very glad. He thanked Navoi a lot for his talent and gave a brimless felt hat and waistband shawl (belqars) for present. As Navoi met Jomiy until his death they were partner friends forever and associated every step of poetry. Navoi went to see Jomiy when he was ill. After his death he was at Jomiy’s house seven days and wished for a good outcome for him. The seventh day of his death Navoi gave plov (Uzbek national food) to the thousand people for Jomiy’s memory. He depressed very much. He began to feel alone himself. He returned back to his creative work and went on writing “Majolis-un nafa’is”.

Translated by Saodat Tilakova

Story

Marriage With God Story by Asror Allayarov

Editor-in Chief of newspaper "Eastern World", Karshi (Uzbekistan)

Email: asrorallayarov@gmail.com

"**Nine**, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two . . . No. First I should think it over."

A young man, sitting on one of the seats in palace Sitorai Mohi Hossa, which was built by emirs of ancient Bukhara, glanced at his beloved who was next to him. Her eyes were already on him. The girl laughed cheerfully and this almost burnt his heart.

He sank into his ocean of thoughts. *Dawn reminds me of God's face, and a woman is his body. It is because a woman's body is the most perfect one among living creatures. Well, what about a man's body? What does it look like? It is beyond my understanding. But one thing is certain, that our body is given to us to subordinate our spirit to destiny. Without it, we would change our fate as we like. And, of course, if there was another perfect means to take control of our lives, we probably would not have admitted the God.*

The young man stared at the girl who was watching him secretly. He dreamed again: *You must be thinking about my body too. Perhaps you don't like it. Oh, I wish you could see my spirit. It is not me in this body. This image does not belong to your future husband.*

Yes, I should think it over. Actually, I should be ready for everything from now on. Even for guilt. It is impossible to visualize what happens in our future life. We can feel it only after experiencing that life. Perhaps, I face a betrayal. It conquers me soon. No, I will never let it happen.

The young man was not able to tame his thoughts for almost two and a half hours and it seemed as if the entire world was captured by this dilemma.

He moved towards the beautiful old garden to distract his thoughts. There used to

be lots of peacocks long ago, but now only few have remained. He came close to the peacocks, and the girl followed him. They gave grain to the peacocks.

Then they watched themselves in the Venice mirrors presented to Bukhara emir by the ambassador of Italy. The girl stared at one of them for a long time.

"Look! Now I look a year younger." She turned to the young man who was observing her quietly.

He said, "The mirror has a secret power. But for me there is no point looking at it, the power works only with a woman. Anyway, come close to it and you can see yourself at forty sides. If you dream, it certainly comes true."

They sat on one of the seats in the yard of the palace. The young man thought, *Then she never leaves me alone. She comes so close to me that I would forget my wishes. My novels would remain incomplete, my manuscripts disappear somewhere. And the sleepless nights . . . No, I should not let this happen, but there is no way out. If I refuse it now, then I would never be able to know this mystery.*

Finally, he dared to turn to the girl. She was watching a French lady who was giving grain to the peacocks. He quietly directed her face to him with his hands. He wanted to say something but could not. Instead, he took a ring from his pocket and placed it on her finger. After some time, she passionately kissed his cheek. Only then he knew that he was not mistaken.

The French lady was surrounded by peacocks.

Translated by Gulruh Doniyorova

Poems by LOCHIN ELMATOV

Life and Human

My spirit has blown some sinner existence out,
Has it found in the solid cage?
You haven't given me in your soul,
Then Life has crushed down beneath your feet.

My heart is captive as well as
moan in tambour,
Tell, which scene does musician crush.
Indeed, is this your magnanimity,
You are generous to enemy,
but beggarly to distitute.

You hook shield on my victorious hand,
You don't put your vast paradise me.
Why have you been born everyday,
Life, but have I died per died every day?

I want to go Tajmahal

It has been dispersing ray for four centuries,
The moon has laughed in India.
It is house of love, divine castle-
I want to go to Tajmahal.

If I want to go to distance place,
If I want to say about our history,
If I want to sing something as pride,
I want to go to Tajmahal.

Great humans of th glorious past,
They are generation of Sahibkiran,
These are kings' buildings-
I want to go to Tajmahal.

It is a lovers' happy palace,
It is an illustration of faithfulness.
It is a palace eternal of love-
I want to go to Tajmahal.

Ways are remote, hearts are near,
Languages are remote, wishes are near,
Aspect is near, news is near,
I want to go to Tajmahal...

It has been dispersing ray for four centuries,

The moon has laughed in India.
It is house of love, divine castle-
I want to go to Tajmahal.

Translated by Gulruh Abdullayeva.

Poems by ZULAYHO SHERKULOVA

Winter

In the morning
I have seen a drawing in the window,
I have had a sensation as I saw a miracle.
An ornament have been
radiating with elegance,
I said: My beautiful winter is a painter.

Melody, song, applause
have sung at surrounding,
Look, every dynasty has been doing triumph.
Beloved motherland has impressive winter
Again, you bring New Year.

You are Happy

Your eyes have ray of love,
Periods of youth are your fellow-traveller.
Deep place of soul is yours,
Dear friend, you are happy.

You come across a trial in the life,
Don't grieve, if you encounter with foe.
Someone offends you
because of your presence,
Dear friend, you are happy.

Find chance, the world isn't small,
Shame makes dwelling in your heart.
You have parents in the vicinity of you,
Dear friend, you are happy.

Life is given you once,
Don't beat to pieces hearts.
Don't be unhappy,
we are in the vicinity of you,
Dear friend, you are happy.

Translated by Gulruh Abdullayeva.

LJUBOMIR MIHAJLOVSKI

Ambassador of World Poets in Macedonia

My Love

My love
Just walk in morning
At the Qinghai Lake Beach
And you can imagine a teardrop of joy.
My love
Just touch
A Qinghai Lake waves
And you can imagine
Heartbeat of love.
My love
Just feel over your face
A Qinghai Lake wind
And you can imagine
A soul of Tibet.
My love
Just listen
A Qinghai Lake birds
And you can imagine
A smile of Universe.

Filled with joy and beauty

Filed with joy and beauty
I walk with my love
At the roof of the world.
With the leg's
At the Qinghai Lake beach
Surrounded by the snow-covered mountains,
From the ancient Tibetan pottery
I drink salt Qinghai Lakes water,
In which water transformed your love,
The more drink of it
The more thirsty I become.
At the brightness Tibetan sky
With the stars

I draw your image
And this constellation
I called with your name my love.
In moment,
Rich with love and passion
And when my soul is brimful with you,
In front of the throne of our love
Placed in Tibet
Where seat our two hearts,
With comets fire
We kindle lamps of Universe
For our immortal love.
<lupcomihajlovski@yahoo.com>

LJUPCE ZAHARIEV

Secretary of Embassy of World Poets in Macedonia

Like Tibetan monk

Like Tibetan monk,
Through snow-covered mountains,
Through Qinghai Lake
I walked in a great golden dream,
Seeking tibetian dewdrops.
I found tibetian dewdrops.
When I put this pearls from Universe
In your heart,
With glittering eye's
And hungry lips
We sips
The sweet mellow of joy.

Yesterday

Yesterday,
You came to me
Like an angel
Saying
"In the early dawn
I'll awake

—*—

And bathe in Tibetan dew,
Sing with silk voice
And dance
With rhythm
Of the soft
Qinghai Lake's winds
I'll spread
Everywhere
Sweetnest
And fragrance
Of the beautiful Tibetan garden!"
With big hope
In the holy crystal Qinghai Lake's waters
Full of rosy dreams
I wait for our great Tibetan dawn.

<lupcomihajlovski@yahoo.com>

LOVELY BASHAR (Bangladesh)

Blissful Memory

Painting brushes of my dreams
Have been lost long ago,
Golden rays of twilight have just disappeared;
Evening star is yet to ascend;
I'm sitting all alone amidst crowds of crickets,
In such a bewildering moment
All around I am feeling your shadowy presence,
My heart is illuminated with a slice of your warm kissing;
I have soaked my quenching lips to the fullest;
Unknowingly I close my eyes,
Staring at the deepest ocean of the heart
I'm feeling unbounded blissful memories.

(Translated by Mohammad Anisur Rahman)
<lovelybashar@yahoo.com>

ANJUMAN ARA (Bangladesh)

Loneliness

I know not why
I'm suffering
From an unknown complex of
'Solitude in Multitude'.
I know not what to do
All alone I wander here and there
All alone I overcome all hurdles on my way
With a gleam hope of a peaceful corner
I leave no stone unturned
Yet I find nothing but a giant loneliness!

anjuman32003@yahoo.com
anjuhossain@gmail.com

IFEDIORA OKICHE (Nigeria)

Native Son

Awon Iya mi ooo
Mama mi ooo
Oh! You kindred spirit

What did Ifa say?
What does Orisha want?
What does Ogun need?

Helpless, we watch
Eku kissed life out
From young Damola

His rebirth sure
Abiku is gone forever

ifediora okiche <stompex@yahoo.com>;

**Window
on Roma
(Roma Khirki)**

Roma people migrated from North India about 1000 years ago and are now settled mostly in east Europe. They still have number of Indian words in their language called Romani. Mr. Janardhan Pathania, an expert on Romani language has translated a Russian-Romani poem of Lilith - Mazikina into Indian Romani. This poem is for the comparative study of the "Russian- Romani" and Indian "Sanji - Romani - jib" :

ENGLISH

Do you hear? - my wolf is
singing in a forest,
where the Moon pour silver
Beacuse of a wolf's song,
there is a wind
The tears are crying.
Do you see? - a white long
braid,
The dark night has spread a far
.At her arm sleeve
the beads are sparkling,
A summer soon will
go away astride..
Are you sleeping?
You are sleeping
comfortably....

RUSKI - ROMANI

BY LILITH - MAZIKINA.

Šunes tu? bagala mro ruv
Dro veš,
kaj chivel chon o rup.
Ruveskre gilyatîr baval
Rovela - bashena yasva
Dikhes tu? - parni dlengo
chur,
E rat rost?odja upral dur,
Pro lakre vozdušna baya
Xachon miriklya – yagorya,
Lenay shigo d•ala klisto...
Soves tu?
Soves tu mišto....

SAN3I -ROMANI- 3IB

BY JANARDHAN

PATHANIA

Shunes tu? Gabel mero ruv
andre vesh,
Kai chivel chon o rup.
Ruveske gilyatar balval
Roven - bashen asva.
Dikhes tu? Parni lunguni
chur .
e rat buxlarel upre dur.
Pe lake vozdušna baya
Xachon minriklya – yagoria,
Linaj shigo žala klisto...
Soves tu?
Soves tu mishtes....

Janardhan Pathania, 110-Purani Mandi, Jammu-180001, (J & K),
Ph. 0191-2572998 <janpath1@gmail.com>

Read and subscribe

SOUTH ASIAN ENSEMBLE

ISSN 1920-6763

Chief Editor :.Gurdev Chauhan

Editor : Rajesh Sharma

23, Sahib Enclave, Near Urban Estate-I,

Patiala-147002 (Punjab)

Ph. M-7837960942, 0175-2281777

Email: gurdevchauhan01@gmail.com

sharajesh@gmail.com;

www.southasianensemble.com

Read and subscribe

THE LITERARY ICON

ISSN : 2278-6627

Editors : Madhumeet & Sunit

27, New Guru Teg Bahadur Nagar,

Jalandhar (Punjab)

E-mail : theliteraryicon@gmail.com

Phone :

Sunit-98884 85225,

Madhumeet - 98886 13108

✱

ARTI KUMARI (Bihar)

True Love

Every human heart wants love and peace.
In this physical world where people are selfish.
Desire for true love is not a crime
It is beyond the feeling of yours or mine .
It happens in just no time.
Unable to explain even a single line.

True love is not so easy to find
Whether you wander in cloud or Sunshine
Meaning of true love is still the same
It is an unsolved puzzle for brain
There is no calculation for loss and gain
One has to face the hurdle and pain.

It asks the selfless love for the one
The love that is spiritual with no condition
It is the name of devotion and sacrifice
It is the game of giving and being crucified
Let someone special knock at your door
Be ready to accept what life has in store

Never clash your ego with the person you like
Never try to hurt him or let him go by
Just melt like an ice disappear like a drop
Just be of someone, and experience pure love.

Memories

I have captured
every impression of yours
in words,
Your radiant face, glittering eyes,
sharp nose, dimpled smile,
affectionate words, tender touch,
sympathetic look, caring attitude,
exciting events; sensuous
situations.....

So that whenever, I feel utterly alone,
I may easily go to them
and experience your whole
without any moral or social barrier or guilt
I have admired you more than love
and would not let you fade away
from my memories.....

You have to come in my dreams
whenever I call you
To give me moral and emotional support
to make me strong and boast me
to start a new fresh life.....
You can't escape from me!

Ph. 80845-05505. artikumari707@gmail.com

DEEPIKA DHIR

The Nation Salutes Thee.

The Nation Salutes Thee.
Surrounded by stupendous
Towers Of snow
Temperature swooning to minus
Degrees normal below
A frozen hell for the soldiers
Ice moving in miles
Rivers slow.
Sudden blizzards bury
The artillery field
In minutes to go.
Ice caves,igloos,he sleeps in
Breathes air so spare
of oxygen.
Sends the heart still
Into a mad gallop.
Pounding headaches,fainting spells
With chewing frost bites
In the limbs
But stops not he.

In the vast whiteness
 Hitting the enemy
 Is hard.
 Crag and craters make him slow
 But stops not he.
 Swerving erratically ,mortal shells
 Fly unpredictably
 Innumerable perish from avalanches
 And miss steps into crevices.
 That nature has camouflaged
 With snow.
 Ice licked away in Spring Time.
 Open up new underground
 Cracks and seams.
 Tall fierce ,furious,frozen mountains
 Snowbound surround
 Combat refrigerated the fights
 Muscle tremble
 Gasping for breath
 Yet with amazing Zeal
 Stops not he.
 Thee fight for thy land
 Thy dear motherland
 Live in ice tunnels
 Goughed out with a pick axe
 Hissing competes with
 The howling of wind.
 Black smoke
 Seems to colour
 Everything—a man's spit too.
 Huddles around the
 Small kerosene stoves
 But stops not he.

Ph. 94172-57479,
 deepikadhir2006@yahoo.com

JATINDER SINGH AULAKH

Lovers

Don't Look Down upon
 A Broken Heart lover
 He suffers from his own dynasty.

 Don't abuse on clouds
 Go away without raining
 They Denied by sea for Drops of water

 Never mind If air
 Pour dust into your eyes
 She mind her own business
 Wander in endless Search.

 Clog in the way of stream
 Not acceptable.
 Water in hurry to suicide
 and finish Separation with ocean.

 Luminous moon is not at fault
 How he can give milky rays
 Clouds grabbed Sky?

 Why broken Heart lover guilty
 If he had lose his Sense
 A fairy got away to take his heart.

Lost Traveler

A painful Legend passes through my eyes
 I saw a lost traveler stumbling at night.
 He is crying with pain and thrust.
 Who break down his heart?
 Darkness prevails and no ray of light.

 Some times he Sway and push by air
 His eyes wears dust layer
 His life cut off from thread as kite
 No one can trace his sign of feet
 An motionless chill will grab his body heat.
 In search of love he will lost his Life.

He always is wanting for Smile.
Without mercy sent on exile.
Not a Single word of sympathy will write.
At the day break, Storm will calm and still.
And lost traveler found dead at hill.
No one mourn at the sight.

Ph. 9815534653, <poetaulakh@gmail.com>

L. B. GAYAKAWAD (Maharashtra)

God Decides in Heaven

Oh! Culture Young Lady
Don't laugh naughtily
Bringing an ignorance impulse
Don't seat at Corner hastily
Yours such self free behavior
Pinches him days & nights
Seeing an occasion, that
Beats his Hearts with Fights
Looking at his Face
Don't go into simplicity
Will say he to You
Let's go to sing witty
Love song this singing
Shall anger all Peace Ocean
Into its that water
Shall be swept Mother' Home in Fashion
You have taken birth
Only for Traditional Home
Binding with a Marriage knot
Must you live only for Father-in-law' Dome

If the Pledge is taken

Though You worked hard
You will get Enemies
To know it's implication
Will not be they devotees
In Simplicity of yours

You will make project
Though you behind corners
Will not make you mate
Let it be my Friend
This is the old habit
Stopping Humanity in Mind
Will end its age rate
Get up, take with decision
A burning stick in hands
Doing the duty honest
Will come to end the enemy's bands
Let not come the flood of tears
Tremendous is not life please
For qualities on earth only
Have you to take the pledge
The pledge is taken by the predecessors
Hence is flourished the society
Only its sweet fruits
Are we eating today with sobriety.

Ph. 97655-91079,
<prof.l.b.gayakawad@gmail.com>;

MANPRASAD SUBBA

(Darjeeling - W. Bengal)

A Few Autumn Moments

Trees of deep green faith.
Leaves whispering good wishes.
Green hopes swaying in the grain-fields.
Fragrance of earth rising from there.
Rivers now no longer angry.
Fish resuming their love-making.
Some dreamy Kash flowers on the river-banks.
The sky all smile after a long time
Shrill twitter of the last batch of swallows.
The sun vigorously warm.
Endless life-particles emerging from the sun.
Sweat vigorously smelling of human being.
Chrysanthemum labouring hard to blossom

forth.
Distant blue hills seen after an eye operation.
The heart rippling at the murmur of a song.
The moments cheerfully
accepting life once more.

An Armful of Autumn

Some illusive glimpses
like fragments of light

Dreams that come
to hang on the eyelashes

Some intimate moments
stolen and personal

Vibrations of an unexpressed joy
aching deep within

The memories dripping constantly
on the floor of mind

The Autumn has lately come to me
with an armful of love's fragrance.

email : manprasads@gmail.com

P. VIJAYALAKSHMI PANDIT

(Andhra Pradesh)

Let Me Soar High

Let me soar high
As soul's radiance
Into the space
Darting through galaxy
Speedier than rays of light.
Locked up
In the cage of body,
Listening to lamentations
Noticing villainy,
Wearied and dispirited
'My soul
Is rocketing

Towards abode of tranquility
Far away from this world
To saunter peacefully
In the Infinite.

Clamour all around
Explosion of bombs
Unfettered wielding of knives
Ravaged bodies-
What fate has befallen!
Hunger mien of beggars
Squalid, ill health, inequality.

I cannot forbear any more
Loud cries of infants
With sunken belly
As no milk to drink
Female babes-
Commodities for sale in the fair.

I cannot see any more
Tearful eyes of teenage girls
Unfortunate lot sold out
To satisfy lust
Of aged husbands.
Mother's love and affection
Bartered for money,
Fall of human values
Reached its apogee.
Hence now and then
In throes leaves my soul
This material world-
Replenished with
Peace, love, strength and sanctity
Of that spiritual realm,
Returns to this world
The soul to its cage of body
As harbinger of peace.
If every soul
Longs for mercy, compassion
Peace and sanctity
Will not humanity blossom,
And will not this world

Excel Heaven!
(English Translation from Telugu 'Egasiponi
nannu' by G. Ramakrishna Rao)

Ph. 94417-36843 , 040-23220567
<p.vijayalakshnipandit@gmailo.com>

PARNASHREE KUNDU (West Bengal)

Lovely Sea

O, my, darling lovely and impressive sea,
vast bosom you have and lighted beach
when sun beams with vast radiation
like to reach.
Bubbles love to dance
with wavelet spirits of sea.
In haily impression and rainy mission
wave gets white and sprigtal motion
which are taste for impression,
taste for attraction.
Salty is water taste
for whole livings not only for the rest.
Demonic is its roars
but peaceful its shores.
Mind becomes fresh, heart gets relaxation.
Standing on shore senses go for everlasting
attraction.
Impression and impression,
till to last, nowhere is in depression.
The jumping snails
creating dancing mood
carrying spontaneity like early childhood.
move with water and them some of them
swallow death and pale.
Whale swim making a curve.
Her eyes are shrill and sharp.
Jellyfish declares her morning victory.
Little fishes have written
a bright morning story.
Leafy green small trees yearns to give shelter

for cod who breathes himself
charming worker.
For her babies she is ,does not talk to other .
Pearl,the glorious white, coral,
the burning bright.
never would like to fight.
All livings with their day's mission
have paved a lovely union.

Ph. 99329 51930
<parnashree_kgp@rediffmail.com>

SUNIL SHARMA (Maharashtra)

The Song of Caliban

You usurped my island,
Prospero,
--- ejected from his kingdom
And betrayed
By his close kin---
My universe
And enslaved me
And continually cursed,
Calling me animal, a deformed man,
My mother was declared as a dangerous
witch,
You called her a sorcerer,
While your spells were all
Art-white
But very pure and positive
And benign.
I told you about my natural place and
showed you all
Its wealth,
You dislike my way of representation
And imposed your tongue
On me,
Renaming native objects, things
In words of an alien lexicon.
Ariel sang songs dulcet,
To win his freedom from you

✱

As your collaborator and ally
Doing your bidding by raising
The Tempests,
While I decided to curse you instead
As a radicalized dissident,
Cursing you in your tongue,
For making me, Hark---
The legitimate heir and natural
King/emperor to the
Exotic island,
Winds free and powerful,
And the seas blue
Foaming
And frothing
Producing windy symphonies
And darker nights and fatal fears
Among invading sailors in big ships---
A tormented helpless slave to you
And to your abhorred magic.
You have confined me to a rock,
But,
Let me tell you,
Your magic and arts,
Can not
Prevent me from
Retrieving my tongue,
My island,
And,
My lost real arts.

Ph. 0251-2231888
<drsharma.sunil@gmail.com>

PARINITA GOSWAMI (Assam)

Sun and Lake

In the calm, quite dispassionate cool water
There reflected the face of sun
It feels like the sun lost amazement
And gazing in wonder
Sun and Lake fall in love.

Please don't, don't, don't touch
It will break the most honey dream
Sun and Lake both of them are
Total absorption in the light of the day

Sometimes we see
When the smooth air flows
Sun lost his face from the reflection
When the fickle unstable air becomes stable
Then the flows of air carry
The coloured desire
Again Sun and Lake fall in love
Sun and Lake both of them are
Total absorption in the light of the day

When the storm will come with thunder
When the rain falls like a shower
Then only break the honey embrace
of Sun and Lake
But again anticipated love will make
The sweet act of binding of love
Sun and Lake fall in love
Sun and Lake fall in love
Sun and Lake fall in love.

<parinitagoswami@gmail.com>

Our Publications

- UZBEK WRITERS' ANTHOLOGY (Poetry-Fiction-Prose)** Edited by **Asror Allayarov**, 2013, Rs. 100, Pp. 64, P.B. ISBN 978-81-907118-9-0
- MERIA PAIDAN MERA SAFAR (Autobiography)** **Gurnam Singh Derabassi**, 2013 (5th Ed.), Rs. 160, Pp 128, P.B. ISBN 978-81-907118-8-3
- BANDITA BARENYAR SANDITA XUBAX** (a book on Dr. Bhupen Hazarika in Assamese) Ed. by **Dr. Parinita Goswami**. 2012, Rs. 250, Pp 208, H.C., ISBN 978-81-907118-7-6
- HOLE IN THE AIR** (Novel) by **HL Agnihotri**, 2011, Rs.200, Pp 144, P.B.
- DUSTY ROADS** (Poems) by **HL Agnihotri**, 2011, Rs.100, Pp 96,P.B.
- VIRHA KI VEDNA** (Poems in Hindi) by **Uktamoy** (Uzbekistan), 2010, Pp 88, Rs. 100, P.B. ISBN978-81-907118-6-9
- DEVASHRUTI** (an anthology on Indian Classical Music), Edited by **Parinita Goswami & Dev Bhardwaj**, 2010, Pp 240, Price : Rs.300, H. C. ISBN- 978-81-907118-5-2
- LIKE WATER** (an anthology of poems by Romani Women), Ed. by **Hedina Tahirovic Sijercic**, 2009, Pp 104, Price : Rs. 200, P. B. ISBN- 978-81-907118-3-8
- WAQAT HAMARA HAI** (Poems) by **Sumit Mayyar**, 2009, P. B., ISBN 978-81-907118-4-5
- DREAMS UNTOLD**, (Poems) by **H. L. Agnihotri**, 2008, Pp 96, Price : Rs.100 P. B. ISBN- 978-81-907118-0-7
- KHILAUNE KANCH KE** (Poems in Hindi) by **H. L. Agnihotri**, 2008, Pp 80, Price : Rs.100, P.B. ISBN- 978-81-907118-1-4
- SUNAINA** memoirs by **Surjit Bains** (in Punjabi), 2008, Pp 104, Price : Rs.100.
- RAAAT KI KALAM SE** (Poems) by **Harish Thakur**, 2007, Pp96, Rs. 100
- AUTUMN LEAVES** (Poems) by **Pallavi**, 2006, Pp64, P. B. Rs. 100
- IN THE VOID** (Poems) by **Shikha Patel**, 2005 Pp 64, Price : Rs.80, P. B.
- SONG OF MAIZE** (Poems) by **Gurdev Chauhan**, 2004, Pp 96, Price : Rs.100,
- FLAMING WORDS** (Poems) by **Prakash Singh Azad** (U. K.) 2004, Pp 80, Price Rs.100,
- PIGHALDA LAWA** (Poems in Punjabi) by **P. Singh Azad** (U.K) 2004, Pp160 Price : Rs. 200, H. C.
- THE RED CANDLE & OTHER POEMS** by **Luciana De Palma** (Italy) 2002, Pp 104, Price : Rs.100, US \$ 7, P.B.
- ROM KNOWS THE WAY** (interviews with distinguished Roma personalities), by **Lilyana Kovacheva** (Bulgaria), 2000, Pp 140, Price : Rs.150, US \$ 10, P. B.
- MODERN GREEK POETRY** Edited by **Denis Kouliantanos & Dev Bhardwaj**, 1998, Pp 112, Price : Rs.150, US \$ 10, P. B.
- AMRITA PRITAM - A LIVING LEGEND** Edited by **Dev Bhardwaj & Gurdev Chauhan**, 1995 Pp 88, Price : Rs.150, H.C.
- SAVITRI** (a Prose-Poem) by **Ms. Chandramapatti** (Canada), 1994 Pp 36, Price: Rs.40, US \$ 3, P. B.

Kafla Inter-Continental

3437 Sector 46-C Chandigarh-160047 (India)
Ph. ++98728-23437, <editorkafla@yahoo.com>

<www.kaflainterrcontinental.com>

✱

Kafla Intercontinental / Jan-April, 2014/72