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Subhas Chandra Bose

Nathaniel Hawthorne

August Strindberg

Raja Rao

Chaman Nahal

Edward Albee

Margaret Atwood

Toni Morrison

Doris Lessing

Ramesh Chandra Shah

Jonah Raskin

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Jeff Kinney

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Omkar Sane

S. Ramaswamy

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Chandramohan S



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EDITORIAL

Dreaming of a new dawn, I awoke with enthusiasm this Independence Day (15 August, 2017) and thought of the poem from Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali* that had left its lasting imprint on my mind ever since I first read it in school. The poem, "Where the Mind is Without Fear," penned by the Nobel Laureate a little over a century ago and endowed with immense patriotic fervor, projects the vision of Mother India as a "Heaven of Freedom." When I attempted to see the ideal of freedom in all its manifestations that Gurudev had envisaged for our nation in contrast with the ground reality of India today, I couldn't resist the impulse to create a re-oriented version of the poem as given below:

Where the Mind is ...

(with apology to Tagore)

*Where the mind is in perpetual fear and the
Head can't be held high
Where knowledge is on proxy sale
Where power-brokers have broken up the
Nation into fragments by narrow domestic walls
Where words come out from the depth of falsities and lies
Where tireless striving stretches its arms
Towards rampant corruption
Where the muddled stream of reason has found its way
Into the dreary desert sand of dead habit
Where the mind is led forward by thee
Into ever-widening thought of self-aggrandizement
From such hell of fetters, my Father, let my country awake!*

My version of the poem sprang from deep agony and anguish for what we had made of our nation in a span of seventy years since we began what Nehru called our "tryst with destiny." I shared the piece on social media to see if mine was an isolated voice of despair. The overwhelming response from hundreds of friends as well as aliens, substantiated by insightful comments endorsing the poem's contemporary relevance, brought home to me the fact that the pall of gloom and disillusionment that had descended upon our hallowed nation was a matter of serious concern for every sensible and sensitive citizen. Particularly significant is the candid reaction of the celebrity writer, Padma Shri Ramesh Chandra Shah: "Most resounding rebuttal of the eternal irrelevance that plagues our collective life today: shameless betrayal of all the ancestral voices that had sought to shape our destiny. That is what we have become – a living parody of all we once

stood for.” Professor Shah’s observation made me instantly aware of the complicity of all, without exception, in the “shameless betrayal of all the ancestral voices”: the power-hungry leaders, the semi-literate and half-baked politicians embroiled brazenly in scams and corruption, the judiciary working in tandem with vested interest groups and powers that be, the bureaucracy insidiously seeking patronage from political godfathers, the rapist godmen masquerading as the Almighty incarnate on planet earth to perpetuate arson, loot and rape in the name of religion, and last but not least the Media barons going all out to please their political patrons for purely commercial goals.

It is truly sad that a country that created the ‘green’ and the ‘white’ revolutions has to contend with suicide by farmers as a matter of routine. While the majority of the masses are “living and partly living” under the throes of grinding poverty and endless despair, it is disgusting to see the cult worship of those power wielders who, in any advanced country, ought to have actually been in jail. It is time we heeded Edmund Burke’s warning: “When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.” It becomes incumbent, therefore, for all of us to shed off our individual and collective amnesia and engage ourselves with commitment in the task of damage control to save freedom from the “hell of fetters.”

It is heartening that, In keeping with the mission statement of *Re-Markings*, the current edition of ‘our’ journal addresses and articulates many issues and concerns that plague our nation today. Omkar Sane’s “70 Set Free” offers a poignant view of a country where nothing appears to be cheaper than human life. Similarly, a majority of essays in this volume reflect how women as scholars, academics and writers stand firmly committed to create the valuable space of freedom for themselves in the ‘home’ and the ‘world’ in an essentially patriarchal set up. The conversation with the young Dalit writer, Chandramohan S, unravels the efforts of those constrained to live on the margins of society. I am optimistic that our contributors will continue to light the way to the creation of an India that immortal legends like Subhas Chandra Bose, Sri Aurobindo, Lala Lajpat Rai, Bhagat Singh and a host of others had lived and died for. We may not be willing to sacrifice our all to the belief, “*Zindagi hai kaum ki, tu kaum pe lutaye ja,*” but we can at least dare to challenge the *status quo* as a measure of our unified responsibility to safeguard our own conscience.

Nibir K. Ghosh
Chief Editor

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**“A LISPING EMBRACE AT GOD'S OWN COUNTRY”:
A CONVERSATION WITH CHANDRAMOHAN S**

Nibir K. Ghosh

Chandramohan S is the rising star of Indian English Dalit Poetry. Based in Kerala (popularly known as “God’s own country”), he is engaged as an organizer at P.K. Rosi Foundation in Trivandrum. His poems have been featured in journals and magazines worldwide. His first collection of poems, Warscape Verses, was published by Authorspress in May, 2014. His most recent collection of poems, Letters to Namdeo Dhasal, is his tribute to the Dalit icon, Namdeo Dhasal. In this conversation he candidly shares his views on various issues and concerns related to the life of the marginalized in India and elsewhere.

Ghosh: Greetings and felicitations from *Re-Markings* on the recent publication of your second poetry collection, *Letters to Namdeo Dhasal*! In what way has Dhasal's life and work influenced your own making as a poet?

Chandramohan: Namdeo Dhasal's energy and experimental style of poetry – his ability to command love and admiration cutting across all age groups and social divisions has always inspired me. I have named my poetry collection, “Letters to Namdeo Dhasal” as my tribute to him.

Ghosh: In your poem "Negritude: Learning from the Black Panthers," you write: "We are one people/We are one voice." What attracted you to the Black Panther movement?

Chandramohan: I wanted to write a series of poems titled "Learning from the Panthers." This poem was just the beginning of it. I am fascinated by the cultural constructs of the Black Panther movement. I do feel they have turned the wheel of time in their own way. I state in the poem:

*The panthers marched
Had an anthem
Like an epic which would never run dry
With tributaries branching out
Like blood coursing veins of their hopes
Like letters of the same vernacular
With different phonetics.*

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70 SET FREE

Omkar Sane

70 odd children died in U.P. Nothing else happened. The country has seen worse. Some may be added to that list when they climb the Janmashtami pyramids. We're good at making these kids. We'll move on. Let's use it to get some votes while it's still fresh, though. Otherwise that'd be a wasted opportunity. Blame-game is a fun one to play when none of your own kin die.

Grieve as one may, 70 kids are free. What an apt day to die too: eve of the 70th Independence day. At least they're truly free on this day.

Free of bigotry. Free of judgment. Free of the pressure to marry. Free of the pressure to produce children. Free of being ridiculed. Free of being accused when raped. Free of a death in riot, surely this is more peaceful than running out of breath while running away in a riot. Free of a potential lynching. Free of a chance of having to pay dowry. Free of having your name besmirched because of your identity. Free of quotas. Free of having to bribe for every small thing. Free of bad roads that lead home. Free of court cases that you may get stuck in. Free of having your job taken away by AI. Free of seeing ice melt and species die. Free of having to watch reality TV. Free of looking over their shoulder. Free of defecating in the open at 4 a.m. Free of donations for schools. Free of spending afternoons in government hospitals. Free of running from pillar to post for everything – including a death certificate. Free of being ridiculed for staying out late. Free of ever having to watch Upen Patel on the big screen. Free of having to listen to reality TV singers. Free of listening to Siddhu laugh. Free of empty promises of politicians. Free of ever risking eating kale or chia seeds. Free of being stared at. Free of having to watch debates on news channels. Free of prejudice. Free of pressure to do well. Free of having no wi-fi, or probably of having no electricity. Of being incessantly swiped left. Free of cheating in exams. Free of buying seats. Free of securing admissions on quotas. Free of having to use Sarahaha. Free of thinking money will make them happy. Free of being dragged into the 21st century with its meaningless logos and veneration of tyrants.

- **Omkar Sane**, a product of J.J. Institute of Applied Art, Mumbai, is the author of widely acclaimed bestsellers, *Welcome to Advertising! Now, Get Lost* and *Coming Soon., The End*.

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**WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:
REMEMBERING EDWARD ALBEE
ON HIS FIRST DEATH ANNIVERSARY**

S. Ramaswamy

*I think it is very dangerous for a writer to start thinking
about himself in the third person. – Edward Albee*

With the passing away of Edward Albee in September 2016, America lost the leader of the “The third generation” of its dramatists. If the first phase had playwrights like Philip Barry, Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, Clifford Odets and Lillian Hellman, the second phase belonged to the “Big Three” – Eugene O’Neill, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller. The third phase was inaugurated by Edward Albee who was influenced by O’Neill and Williams. It is interesting that he was recognized first in Europe especially Germany. An eclectic American dramatist, who experimented with “The Theatre of the Absurd” in his *The Zoo Story* (1958) and *The American Dream* (1961), with social criticism in *The Death of Bessie Smith*, he scored a great commercial success with his most famous play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (1962) in which the major influences are Tennessee Williams and Strindberg. Three plays followed the success of *Virginia Woolf* – *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, *Tiny Alice* and *Malcolm*. Many of his plays were produced off Broadway in New York. I had the pleasure to see the experimental theatre in the 1960s. *Virginia Woolf* was all the rage when I was a graduate student half a century ago! According to Albee the Off-Broadway is more interesting than Broadway. He says in an interview: “I have noticed that in off Broadway – which is, of course the much more interesting of the two theatres in New York, and which does better, more adventurous plays – the audiences tend to be quite young and enthusiastic. It would be nice if we could get this into the theatre too.”

- **Professor S. Ramaswamy** is the recipient of three Fulbright Fellowships and a winner of Phi Beta Kappa award. He was awarded the British Council Scholarship twice and has been a Shastri Indo-Canadian Fellow at McGill University.

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BUDDHIST UNDERTONES IN RAJA RAO'S *THE SERPENT AND THE ROPE*

Shrikant Singh

Raja Rao is one of the pioneers of English fiction writing in India. His works are experiments in the use of spirituality, ethics and metaphysics as fictional materials which not only form integral parts of his novels but also their informing principles. R. Parthasarathy rightly observes in his Introduction to *The Serpent and the Rope* (1960): "An Indian can never write a novel; he can only write a Purana" (Parthasarathy xii). In this sense, he continues, neither Anand nor Narayan had come anywhere close to Rao's innovative approach to fiction (xxx).

The novel provides ample scope for the readers to witness different levels of interactions and interfaces of Christianity, Vedanta, Islam and, above all, Buddhism. In other words, *The Serpent and the Rope* interprets Vedanta in terms of a discourse where Catholicism finds occasional and Buddhism engaging references. In stylistic scheme, story within story and in use of rich philosophical, spiritual and historical references, it resembles both the *Puranas* and the *Upanishads*.

The novel is an autobiographical account of a narrator, a young South Indian Brahmin Ramaswamy (Rama) and his French wife Madeleine seeking spiritual fulfilment. Raja Rao makes Ramaswamy's first marriage to Madeleine and its disintegration its subject. Broadly it investigates the cultural interactions of the East and the West which is reinforced by the novel's various styles which bring together many literary forms and texts from across traditions.

The novel creates ample scope for the readers to witness Puranic vastness and cultural plurality, their mutual interactions and assimilation. Vedanta, Christianity and above all, Buddhism are discussed in comparison among the characters. Like a typical Hindu intellectual, Ramaswamy, the chief male protagonist explains the greatness of Buddhism and how its Mahayana fold gets assimilated with Hinduism. The paper is a humble proposition to analyse the metamorphosis of Madeleine, one of the central concerns of the novel.

- **Dr. Shrikant Singh** is Head, Department of English & Dean Academics, Nava Nalanda Mahavihara, Nalanda, Bihar.

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**RETURN OF THE REPRESSED: DORIS LESSING'S
MARTHA QUEST AND ALFRED AND EMILY AS
SITES OF POSTMEMORY**

Sneha Pathak

I think my father's rage at the trenches took me over, when I was very young, and has never left me. Do children feel their parents' emotions? Yes, we do, and it is a legacy I could have done without. . . . It is as if the old war is in my own memory, my own consciousness. – Doris Lessing, Alfred and Emily

Postmemory describes the relation that the generation after bears to the personal, collective and cultural trauma of those who came before – to experiences they remember only by stories, images and behaviors among which they grew up. But these experiences were transmitted to them so deeply and affectively as to seem to constitute "memories" in their own right. – Marianne Hirsch, The Generation of Postmemory: Writing and Visual Culture After the Holocaust

Doris Lessing has been one of the most prolific writers of the last century. Her works, which cover a wide array of genres such as novels, short stories, poems, plays and non-fiction, deal with an equally wide horizon of themes and ideas, using various narrative techniques to bring to the forefront those ideas contained in her works. Lessing's novels foray into various realms: worldly as well as other-worldly, outer as well as inner, and past as well as future. However, it can be argued that most of her works draw from her own experiences, her own memories and her own past. The impact of the Second World War, for example, and the theories of R. D. Laing, Sufi philosophy, Communism are all examples of some of the core elements that form an integral part of Lessing's fiction and have also been a part of Lessing's life experience. The present paper, however, tries to bring to the forefront those elements of Lessing's works that are integral to her fiction, but are not a part of her own life history or experience.

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MARGARET ATWOOD'S *THE HANDMAID'S TALE*: RE-MAPPING IDENTITY THROUGH LANGUAGE

Rachna Arora & Smita Jha

People who lose their language and the view of the universe expressed by that language can no longer survive as a people, although they can survive as rootless individuals. – Bunge (380)

Margaret Atwood's novel *The Handmaid's Tale* resonates the aforementioned notion of Bunge. Atwood in her novel illustrates how an individual loses his/her identity with the loss of language and how an individual can remap his/her identity with the use of language. The novel concentrates and drives the readers to recognise the importance of language as a medium to construct one's identity.

The Handmaid's Tale is a dystopian novel set in near future, in a totalitarian Christian Theocracy named Gilead. The novel tells the story of Offred, a handmaid in the regime of Gilead. Due to extremely low reproduction rate in the state, the handmaids are assigned to bear children for infertile couples of elite class. They are forced to provide children by proxy for infertile wives of commanders.

Offred, a handmaid in the state, narrates the story of her daily life and during narration she slips into the flashbacks of her life before the inception of Gilead, when she had a husband, a daughter and a life that had been a witness to the dissolution of the old America into the totalitarian theocracy that it is now. Offred's tender remembrances of past times provide her relief from the brutality of her new life in which her body has become a cause of discomfort for her. Offred is kept alive by her inner life; her memories of the past.

In *The Handmaid's Tale*, Offred the protagonist voices her muted insights and sacrificed feelings. Her individual speech produces a profusion of words and desires that are not allowed in the Gilead.

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THE POLITICS OF MOTHER-SON RELATIONSHIP IN TONI MORRISON'S *SULA*

Sucharita Sharma

In most African American literature, writers have focused majorly on mother-daughter relations. Not much has been written about mother-son relationship. The question that is frequently asked by black mothers while raising their sons is "how can they help develop the character, personality and integrity a black man-child needs to transcend these forces?" (King19). The pivotal theme of their relationship is the survival of black man. The two notable exceptions, Joyce Elaine King and Carolyn Ann Mitchell in their study on black mothers and sons have contributed a very significant observation that mothering manifests itself in two diametrically opposed modes of mothering: "mothers who whip their sons brutally 'for their own good' and mothers who love their sons to destruction through self-sacrifice and over-indulgence" (9).

Mothers in *Sula* are neither marginalized nor romanticized. Eva Peace, the first mother-figure is introduced as an abandoned wife. Her husband BoyBoy leaves her, and she is left with "1.65 \$, five eggs, three beets and no idea of how and what to feel. The children needed her and she needed money to get on with her life" (32). Overwhelmed with her feelings of helplessness and anxiety for her children's needs, she manages to "postpone her anger for two years until she has both time and energy for it" (32). She is helped by her community members during these days because she does not have enough means to provide sustenance to her family. Left alone with her four children, Eva Peace takes the responsibility to take care of the physical, emotional and psychological well-being of her family. With her authoritative position as a mother, she can be defined as a "symbol of power."

Eva understands and acts according to the demands of the situation. She leaves her three children with Mrs. Suggs, who is her neighbour, and also helps her with "a bowl of peanuts" everyday when she is left with nothing to feed her children. Eva returns to her people with a missing leg after eighteen months.

- **Dr. Sucharita Sharma** is Assistant Professor in the Department of English at IIS University, Jaipur.

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CONFLICT BETWEEN ID AND SUPEREGO: AN APPRAISAL OF STRINDBERG'S *MISS JULIA*

Reefaqt Husain

August Strindberg (1849-1912) did not delve into grandiloquent themes for his plays. His plays revolve around the domestic plots in which men and women are depicted ensnared in incessant process of cruel and all consuming sexual relationships. When *Miss Julia* was published in 1888, it shocked its early reviewers. The play was banned throughout Europe. In Sweden, Strindberg's native country, it was not produced until 1906. "Of course the root of contention in the play stemmed from its frank portrayal of sex. Not only does *Miss Julia* contain a sexual encounter between a lower class servant and an upper class lady, the play clearly describes the sex act as something apart from the concept of love" (Chapter 3, August Strindberg's *Miss Julia* 47).

This sex act is not the result of any love between them but it is the demand of the id which attracts them to each other. She does not enshrine any emotional feeling in her for him as a lover but it is her hyperactive mind that drives her into his arms. According to Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) the mind has three aspects: id, ego and superego. Id is the reservoir of the libidinal desires, it seeks pleasure in life, while ego stands for reason and reality, and superego stands for morality, propriety and social conformity. Id contains the desires which are mostly unconscious but they have strong influences on our action. Social values, rules, taboos, norms concerning sexuality, which we internalize consciously or unconsciously, form a large part of superego or our sense of right and wrong. So, when under the pressure of unconscious desires of id, we are led to some activities that do not conform to the values defined by society, we feel guilty due to the superego or the cultural taboos that we have internalized through social programming. The eponymous heroine Miss Julia is led to have sexual relationship with her valet to gratify the socially prohibited desires of sex without an eye at that time to consequences.

- **Dr. Reefaqt Husain** is Assistant Professor in the Department of English at G. F. College, Shahjahanpur, U.P.

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QUEST FOR IDENTITY IN ANITA NAIR'S *LADIES COUPE*

Sonia Jain

*Dress in Sarees, be girl
Be wife, they said. Be embroiderer,
be cook, be a quarreler with servants.
Fit in, Oh, Belong, cried the categorizers.*

– Kamala Das (Das 60)

Women in earlier fiction including that written by women authors are portrayed from a standpoint determined by non-feminist realistic concerns and so the characteristic feminine stereotype emerge in novel after novel highlighting the time honoured feminine traits of silent, passive, persevering, tolerant sufferer possessing the inexhaustible reservoirs of personal endurance only to preserve family peace and social order. Around the time that Kamala Das began writing her allegedly outrageous and discomfotingly frank poems and Anita Desai started tearing apart one by one the thin phony trapping that kept women hidden away from the vision of truth with all her personal anguishes, her sense of obliteration and self negation, her crushed individuality and disfigured identity – there dawned a new age in Indian English Fiction initiated by women which made the readers sit up and discard their smug, middle class, cozy ideas and get prepared to face the reality in all its nakedness.

Anita Nair's *Ladies Coupe*, which came in 2002, portrays the dilemma of women in a patriarchal setup. The author probes deeper into her characters and there is remarkable insight, solidarity and humour in the story. This wonderfully atmospheric, deliciously warm novel takes the readers into the heart of women's lives in contemporary India revealing how the dilemmas that women face in their relationships with husbands, mothers, friends, employers and children are the same the world over.

Ladies Coupe traces the lives of six women as they travel in the ladies compartment of the train. The chief protagonist Akhila or Akhilandeshwari is 45 years old. She is single and an income tax clerk who has never been allowed to live outside her roles as a daughter, sister, aunt and a provider.

- **Dr. Sonia Jain** is Guest Faculty in the Department of English at Jai Narain Vyas University, Jodhpur.

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THE NOVEL: DEAD OR RESURRECTED?

Dhananjay Kumar Singh

Death of a novel is a peculiar phrase. Its peculiarity consists in the fact that it does not exactly denote the physical disappearance of the English Novel. It is true that there is a whole host of writers who have been occupied with this question of the end of the novel. Even as early as Ortega (*Decline of the Novel*, 1925) and Walter Benjamin (*Crisis of the Novel*, 1930) took up the question. The plight of the novel drew the attention of Gore Vidal and Barth (*Death of the Novel*, 1969) and it arose with Sukenica during the fifties and sixties. Still no less far-reaching observations came from schools, Bradbury, Bergonzi and Eagleton among others. Bergonzi finds the modern novel "not in a state of high vitality," whereas Scholes it has come closer to disintegration today than it has been before. One critic reminds us of the funerary notices being issued, while Tom Wolfe goes to the extent of predicting the displacement of the novel by New Journalism. What is most baffling is the statement of a novelist who talks about the art and craft of the novel in these words, "I began to write fiction on the assumption that the true enemies of the novel were plot, character, setting and theme, and having once abandoned these familiar ways of thinking about fiction, totality of vision or structure was really all that remained and structure – verbal and psychological coherence – is still my largest concern as a writer" (Bradbury 7).

Does it sound intriguing and paradoxical that this writer is dispensing with the main constituents of the novel and yet claims to be a novelist. In fact the novelist is pointing his finger, in a tone of irony, at the traditional realist novel. Going by this novelist's paradigm, the art of the novel right from Defoe and Bunyan until today, at one stroke, will lose their realist identity. And the idea of the demise of the novel can not be ruled out then. Still despite the fact that the apocalyptic note is being sounded about it, the novel is flourishing as a dominant, diversified art form.

It is worth recalling that during the post-World War II years there started a great literary debate, its subject being, "Is the novel dead?" The debate started in 1950 and continued well in 1950s.

- **Dr. Dhananjay Kumar Singh** is Associate Professor in the Department of English at Thakur Biri Singh Mahavidyalaya, Tundla.

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EXAMINING MASCULINE BIAS IN LANGUAGE

Bhavesh Chandra Pandey

Language is a code of culture and as such it reflects the cultural ethos of a society. Linguists and literary critics believe that language is also loaded with the signs that show a patriarchal mindset. They believe that language can be seen as an apparatus of gender discrimination and stereotyping. Feminists try to fight the phallogocentric status of language as it is seen to be dominated by a masculine bias. It is believed that there is much to be read in human language about man's attitude towards women than anything written in it.

Language reflects the deep-rooted attitudes enshrined in our minds. The male is the norm in the world of language and therefore in the world outside. It is because language is man-made. It is said that Lord God asked Adam to name every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air (Nagarajan 273). Lord God took a rib from Adam and created a woman. Adam named her Eve. From then Adam got the upper hand because those who have the power to name the world are in a position to shape it.

Language shows that the masculine gender is not only more stable but also more dominant. There is also a tendency to give prominence to masculine gender over the feminine. The masculine pronouns and nouns are referred generally as generic terms to denote both man and woman. Moreover, a term referring to feminine gender gets a very derogatory connotation. For example when a man is referred to be 'professional' it is taken in a positive sense. But when a woman is referred as 'professional' it is taken in a very negative sense. In fact, some feminine nouns are supposed to give derogatory connotations; mister-mistress (an illegal one); sir-madam (a brothel keeper); governor-governess (a tutor in a private house); courtier-courtesan (a woman who takes payment for 'services' rendered); wizard-witch (derogatory) etc. It means that the words denoting feminine often assume derogatory meaning. Words like 'harlot' and 'whore' which were used once to refer to both sexes are now used to refer only to women (Nagarajan 272).

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FEMALE PREDICAMENT AND NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: A CRITIQUE

Divya Gupta

Nathaniel Hawthorne has been recognized as a significant Puritan novelist who has given a new dimension to modern American fiction. His life, his ancestry and personality shaped his fiction. He has created some remarkable women characters. His every novel has a women character at the centre of the action. Each woman is distinguished by her typical traits and portrays the picture of puritan society. His women protagonists are, therefore, anti-patriarchy and become the central character. These women are born and brought up in the puritan era of seventeenth-century America. His women characters like Hester (*The Scarlet Letter*), Hilda (*The Marble Faun*), Zenobia and Priscilla (*The Blithedale Romance*) etc. are continuously at war with their existing orthodox, superstitious society for their liberation and individual identity.

Generally, woman becomes an epitome of sacrifice, tolerance and a paragon of virtue and chastity to be appreciated by academicians, versifiers and priests. On the contrary, Nathaniel Hawthorne reflects the distinct shift in the sensibility of the novelist as well as reader. He was against existing witchcraft, trials and women extortion. So many female leads have to bear the allegations of witchcraft like Hester, Zenobia, and Miriam etc. Zenobia (*The Blithedale Romance*) was accused of being a sorceress with the power to tempt Satan.

Hawthorne's connection with woman characters is clearly visible when he co-relates the torture of society and their protracted adjustments with his life upheavals. His characters perfectly present isolation, fear, and bewilderment of his own life. He paints them realistically. He revealed their genuine problems that grow from the age-old dichotomy between woman and harsh puritanical dogmas. His reason to choose the seventeenth century puritan woman might be: a) His puritanical background as he followed the legacy of his forefathers. He was ashamed of their bigotry and witch hunting. b) His present sufferings due to witchcraft trials. c) He stands somewhere in the middle of Puritanism and Protestantism.

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MYRIAD IMAGES OF INDIAN WOMEN IN CONTEMPORARY CINEMA

Satyendra Prasad Singh

Indian cinema presents variegated pictures of Indian women. The mother Goddesses Durga, Radha and Sita are the famous icons of Hindu mythology to draw the image of women in Hindi cinema. In Raj Kapoor's *Awara* (1951), the woman is presented as beloved in the combined form of Radha and Sita who excites and inspires. Nargis, as Radha, in *Mother India* (1957) is presented as a woman of strength. She faces all hurdles to raise her children and puts strong resistance to the constant pressures mounted by an evil landlord who seeks sexual favour from her.

The image of womanhood in Hindi cinema is derived from the mythological icon Sita from the great Hindu epic *The Ramayana*. Sita possesses tolerance and accepts all sorts of humiliation. Tere writes: "Through the ideas of loyalty and obedience to the husband, Hindi cinema successfully institutionalised patriarchal values. Films like *Dahej* (1950), *Gauri* (1968), *Devi* (1970), *Biwi ho to Aisi* (1988), *Pati Parmeshwar* (1988) depicted women as passive, submissive wives and as perfect figures and martyrs for their own families. In these films, though the practices of patriarchy were criticised, they were implicitly patronised in the sense that the victim wife refuses to leave her husband's house despite severe physical and emotional violence by a rationale of leaving the marital house only at the time of her death" (Tere). In the films based on the love story of Radha and Krishna, the heroine is passionate, intense, possessive, emotional and sensuous. Prakash Mehra's *Mukaddar ka Sikandar* (1978), an example of Meera icon, presents Rekha's one sided love with Amitabh Bachchan. The typical dialogue "Aaj mere paas bangla hai, gaadi hai, bank balance hai, tumhare paas kya hai?" "Mere paas maa hai!" of the movie *Deewar* is the substantial testimony of the power of women. In the film, Amitabh Bachchan possesses all the riches in the world but Shashi Kapoor's only statement of the word "Maa" proves to be more precious than all the worldly pleasures. Women are kept in home prisons.

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**SUBLIMATION OF LOVE AMIDST THE DIVINE
SPELLS OF SUNDERBANS: KUNAL BASU'S
"THE JAPANESE WIFE"**

Seema Shekhar

There is a class of pioneers who are the harbingers of cross cultural civilization and literature celebrates such transcending cultures and traditions through various art forms. We come across many literary personalities and the one to have shot to international limelight is Kunal Basu, an Indian Bengali writer, with a collection of 12 short stories entitled *The Japanese Wife*. The story "The Japanese Wife" is a lyrical love triangle between a Bengali Mathematics teacher Snehamoy Chakrabarti, from a fishing town Shonai situated on the coast of river Malta in the Sunderbans and the two women in his life – his Japanese wife of 20 years, Miyagi, whom Snehamoy has never met and Sondhya, a widow who was chosen as his child bride whom he refused to marry. The story is a sublimation of earthly love between an Indian man and a Japanese woman, a cross-cultural phenomenon, love that transcends physical and cultural boundaries. Letters became a regular feature even though they both are unsure of their English being bred in totally different cultures. The innocent girl was highly involved in this intimate touch, the first overture by a man. She tells Snehamoy in a letter – "the meaning of my name is gift" (5). The shy beginning turns into courtship and evolves into proposal: "After the usual beginning, she changed the colour of her ink and wrote.... I would like to offer myself to you as your bride" (6).

The pen-friendship culminates into pen-marriage. Strangely enough, though they do not see each other, yet they love each other intensely. The exchange of marriage vows on paper and the exchange of gifts through mail as symbol of their union become their only devotion and longing for each other. He wears the silver ring sent by her and she puts vermilion parting her hair, a custom in India. They create the world of their own where love exists without consummation and a sense of togetherness develops unquestionably. Snehamoy lives with his aunt who has raised him, and lives for his wholly epistolary relationship with Miyagi. She used to consider the gift from Japan "like a returning bride" (3). "When will she come?"

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**“THE BEST PERSON I KNOW IS MYSELF”:
JEFF KINNEY’S *DIARY OF A WIMPY KID***

Shubhra Arora

The first time I heard of the *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* was through a friend when he brought it to school. The attractive colours and drawing and font made it look so attractive. So I asked my dad to get the book for me. I read the story; it was so funny. The book had frequent illustrations like a comic that made it look different than other books. Even on my bookshelf it appears differently than others. The book is an international bestseller and is often referred to as a novel in cartoons. This book has sold about 180 million books worldwide. The book series has 11 books and the 12th is slated for release in November this year. The author of this book is Jeff Kinney. Jeff Kinney is a #1 *New York Times* Best Selling Author and a six time Nickelodeon Kids Choice Awards winner for the favourite book. Jeff has been named one of *Time Magazine*'s “Most 100 influential people in the world.”

When I met the famous American author Professor Jonah Raskin at Agra in April and told him about the book, he was surprised that he had not heard about it. His reply was, “I want to read what today’s children are reading.” After he read the book on his return home in California, my dad received a mail from him wherein he wrote, “Please thank your son for introducing me to the *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*. Please let him know that the librarian wants me to lead a discussion group for kids about the series in California. The librarian said that the books are rarely there as kids are always taking them out. The librarian also said that some parents think that the books are a bad influence on the kids. I guess some parents have to worry about something.” I felt quite flattered to receive such a compliment from a celebrity writer.

Diary of a Wimpy Kid is not just a book but a group of personal experiences of the main character Gregory Hefley, popularly called Greg. It is a series of books and is great fun to read. The word “Wimpy” literary means weak and coward or feeble. The word absolutely fits the main character Greg as he is a dull boy and not healthy. He is very witty but lacks the strength of exploring his capabilities and wants to become famous one day

- **Shubhra Arora** is a student of VII class at St. Peter’s College, Agra.

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INDIANNES IN THE FICTION OF CHAMAN NAHAL

Jyoti Rawat

Chaman Nahal, an essentially Indian writer, was born in the United India. He grew up in an Indian environment and culture. He opted for English as the medium of expression. Almost all his novels and short stories, however, mirror Indian life and problems. His characters bear Indian names, the settings of his novels and the themes of his novels are Indian. *The English Queens* and *Sunrise in Fiji* are attempts in an entirely new direction. While *The English Queens* unfurls the story of Indian snobs and hypocrites, *Sunrise in Fiji* depicts cultural confusion and the malaise. Themes are different in both the novels but the undercurrent is always Indian. It can, therefore, be said that his novels genuinely tongued out of the Indian voice.

Chaman Nahal adopts English as the medium of his artistic expression and nourishes it to proper growth in his own way. He applies various methods, techniques and devices to impart an Indian identity to his English as an untiring experimenter. T.D. Brunton reflects on the tendencies and possibilities of the Indianization of English:

When a novel first reached India in the late 18th and 19th century, it must have seemed quite strange even to those few educated Indians who could read English. The strength and maturity of much Indian writing in English are beyond dispute, and it ought not to be necessary at this stage to ask such questions whether an Indian can write in English. But amidst much bold creativity, there still lingers a sterile tradition which blights even major talents.... It is still frequently assumed that a novel in English by an Indian author can only be justified if it is Indian in some peculiar and essential fashion. Thus novels come to be valued not so much upon their power as fiction, as upon their content of this national quintessence (Brunton 200).

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POETRY

Tasneem Shahnaaz

FATHER/BABA

Decorated with garlands,
a new shawl covering him,
Father was trussed up
securely to the bier
more secure now than in his life.

Circling him with prayers and folded hands
proclaiming they would miss him,
through a screen of tears and wailings,
they bid him a fond farewell,
for a safe sojourn
to where he was going,
where there was, perhaps, less darkness
and a little more goodness,
or so say the scriptures –
He has more kin and friends
calling on him now than in his life.

A pot of water dashed next to his head,
Always a light sleeper,
strangely, he did not wake up,
more soundly asleep now than in his life.
Placed precisely within the marked out site
he lay on a hard bed of wood.
Isn't this what he wanted
for his bent, broken back?

A canopy of logs,
A kilogram of ghee,
A few pieces of sandalwood,
A handful of sawdust,
are enough to burn Baba,
contain him in an urn of ashes.
Smaller now than
he was ever in his life.

LOVE'S MONOLOGUE

The new language of love:

"I love you." Period.

Then,

ardour played out in thin threads of apprehension,
nerves stretched to breaking point in anticipation,
guttural groans fading into the silence of emotion,
breath punctuating the pauses of passion.

Every peak is a crater.

Love and death go together.

But,

I have been dis-membered, torn apart,
salvage my other truth – split it open!
Feel me in the rhythm of your living
in your silence, not in formulaic language,
in the smell of mother's milk,
in the tiny consciousness of the newborn girl,
in the sweat of the woman who cleans,
in the fingers that knit and purl the skeins of life.

I am the lover and the loved too.
No master or will to dominate,
Only care for the variegated creations –
I am the song of the stream that serenades its
shores,
I am the protective bark of the tree.
In the clean tangy morning air,
in the earth that englobes our bodies after death,
in the *prem raga* of the singer,
I mingle with the chorus of the commune –
This is how I love myself and you,
This is how you should re-member me.

SOUL OF A CITY

Walking down cobbled city streets
With my self and solitude,
Multitudes walk with me,
Their eyes unfocussed, yet focused
on a distant object.
In their wide open eyes
saturated with desperation,

I see my loneliness
turned inside out,
worn like a second skin.

The city:
Gathers souls of diverse people,
Cleaves humanity from itself,
and tears asunder
bodies, minds, actions.

- **Dr. Tasneem Shahnaaz** is Associate Professor in the Department of English at Sri Aurobindo College, Delhi University. She is interested in English language teaching, South Asian studies, Translation, feminist and cultural studies. She has published reviews and literary articles in scholarly journals and critical anthologies. Her poetry has been published in India and abroad. Her published works include Business English (2008), English & Communication Skills (Part I & II, 2015, 2016) and a co-edited book, Crossing Borders (2017). Her forthcoming book, Translation: Principles and Practice is due for release before the end of 2017.



Manju

TECHNIQUE OF TEARS

Hundreds of smiles equal some drops of tears,
Expel all the litter that causes you fear
Lighten your heart, make it full of cheer
Learn to react and not just to bear.
Take as a gift; Do you hear? Do you hear?
When no one associates, it comes to you dear
Don't be shy; every one must weep
Whether you or King Lear.
It doesn't need accomplishments,
Only your pains to share.
Shed your anxiety; let your heart be bare.
Expel all the litter that causes you fear,
Take it as a gift. Do You Hear? Do you hear?

EVOLVING HUMANITY

We are humans but of what category?
We are captured and the animals are free.
The chains are invisible, not seen with the eyes
So we assume laughing faces foolish and gloomy wise.
The wretched sinner is he who possesses innocence
No love, no harmony, we want just a fence.
He who lives next to my door is my biggest foe
I can humiliate humanity just to make him low.
Abundance of food yet the heart is lean
I am a clown unless I am so mean.
God made us different, he made us smart
We used our brains and made betrayal an art.
We know how to befool, snatch and cheat
We know how to accumulate but unaware how to eat.
We indeed need lessons that can make our heart warm
We need some creatures to keep us in an animal farm.

- **Dr. Manju** is Assistant Professor in the Department of Humanities at Chandigarh University, Punjab.



Manasvini Rai

DREAMBERG

Bonded with
my daytime drill
and standard procedures,
crucial as they may be,
I own a dream world
that follows from my quintessence ...
a sphere where I find
pictures of you
in every brilliant boulevard,
a thriving reverie
fills every *dwam*
I roll through,
several entire planets
balloon from
the colors in me

turquoise blue-greens
sweet tangerine yellows
ashen greys
pearls and snow
come out as marvels
when up against ebony,
all manifold hues
germinate
into ink and light
filling perfect crystals,
rain drops
glinting shyly
stock-still in space
emanating blinding rays
at sudden angles
that catch you unawares
and strikingly amaze.
My phantom domain
is not all smiles
I see tales narrated
in myriad styles,
nightmarish streets
form the unfailing corollary
to fairies and nectar
by abounding in phobias
and all macabre states
where I am a witness
even as I see myself
unravel in guises and roles
for the benefit
of interested eyes
that can never
ever pin down
the puppet master
the mastermind
who does not miss
to spawn any
sentiment or sensation
all mindscapes are covered
all arenas are me,

to a burgeoning degree
all times find place here
new places come to be
paces vary from
frozen to lightning
faces come altered
masks, hats, warts,
solid or crooked trees,
tigers made of talc,
scars, crowns and tails
form but a mere tip
of my dreamberg
half of my hours
here I dwell
the door is always open
for I have drowned my key.

- **Manasvini Rai** is a freelance writer and poet based in Jaipur. With a Master's degree in Journalism and Mass Communication, her publications are in the area of film studies and e-commerce.



Sheikh Samsuddin

HOW HER MEMORIES HAUNTED HER

In full spate was the jungle river,
In his canoe quickly he took her.
With his rudder he struck hard,
In frothy water they went forward.
Tilted backward, she heard the swash,
Her mind burbling and agog with mirth,
Her heart unrolled, heaving high,
On both sides the lushy bushes went by.
Her ochre bosom swelled and lay bare,
The wind wafted her apron and her hair.
Completely lost, she was breathing fire –
As if, coiled by a python of an old mire.
The dross and scud of life were receding
As quick as the frothy furrows in lines.

Then came drifting aloft some soft trebles
As the birds among the groves did warble.
The sun tinged the sky in its lower altitude
And the dusk blurred the earth in solitude.
A phoebe came hopping on the prow –
The tiny bird watching their love grow.
Then came the torrential rain all on a sudden,
Their sweaty bodies impinged by the heavy rain.
He propelled his canoe as fast as he could –
For a dark mantle descended upon the wood.
The rain stop'd, the world sank into solitude,
The morning sun glared in a greater magnitude.
It gave a veneer of gold on the snow-capped mountain
Beneath which lay Captain Ahuja, ever-frozen.
Then she woke; the dribs of sweat on her forehead,
Was it a memory by which often she is haunted?
Then on the wall a glance she fervidly cast upon
Only to watch the Paramveer Chakra flashing on.

- **Sheikh Samsuddin**, an alumnus of Agra College, Agra, is Principal, Ista Badista High School, Badista (Chandanpur) Hooghly, West Bengal.



Saurabh Agarwal

MY ONLY RELIEF

It's a didactic deluge
Every mouth and motormouth
With views on anything
An outward proficiency on everything
Adding to the downpour.
Yet, scarcely, I have been able to
Soak my feet
Standing on the parched island.
You can cause the immense flood
At slightest trigger
Yet firmly grounded is penury
Of my knowledge.
It's a confluence of the conflicting currents
Wave after wave of preachers

Lash the rocks and retreat.
You come in hordes
How your expertise flows!
So I treasure those precious drops
From the turbulent waters
Of the indefatigable sermons
In my cerebral "tin pot."
I put it to slow simmer
On the barely alive flame
Of scarce reminiscent logic
Only to see the volatile display
Of unfounded belief.
I retreat to the shade of my ignorance
That's my only relief.

DAY'S END

When I am back at home, I disrobe
Myself of that artificial smile,
Worn all day long.
Now crowned by my very own
Most natural frown.
I take off that battered armour
Of borrowed courage and I succumb
To the inhabitant fears.
Time to feed the pets of gloom
And ascertain their well-being.
I always find them playful.
Replaying that film of past
On the screen of mind.
You bet I have not missed a scene.
I lay engrossed,
Immune to the pain it throws,
Oblivious to the stench that grows.

LONG WAIT ANSWERED?

You swept across, as winds of change
A promise of spring after centuries of autumn,
A promise to glorious future,
The rightful place,
To a tribe denied the celebrated inheritance.

Edict to be written in glistening gold.
We eagerly lapped up the flow of promises,
Transported to a dreamland.
So we ushered the change,
Chorus of favour grew, a messiah installed
(Come what may, we always need one.)

All looked well,
Clogged wheels moved and creaked,
Slumbering giant stirred,
World saw in awe and dismay,
Yes, yes, we can make it.
It's frenzy now
But don't touch the holy cow.
Don't moan if your rights are trampled.

You are known to be bold,
But need to loosen this stranglehold.
Yes we know we are sitting on gold
Disagree to revert back to old.
Dissent is crushed,
In a hurry we seem,
So be ready for the bad curry.
It takes too many cook to spoil the meal,
But one, overconfident one, achieves no less.
So untamed mind gets into an overdrive,
Ambition "overvaults," may hit the floor.
Cross the borders,
Still some boundaries deserve respect.

The tired hearts that have waited for long,
Banal chatter had reverberated for long.
We can't afford to miss it now,
If we miss it now
We may miss it forever.

- **Saurabh Agarwal**, a Management graduate, is an Agra-based businessman and freelance writer.



G.L. Gautam

AN UNHAPPY CREATURE

Following a heavy downpour,
the Sun-drenched earth is happy
like a woman after orgasm.

The peasant, the artisan, the worker
are all happy.
At dawn,
it is still raining
so the school-going children are happy.

The trees look fresh and joyous
with their leaves glistening.

So are the freshers in college,
full of romance.

The air moves dead slow
soothing the surface of the pond.

A poet is the happiest of all.

But there's an unhappy creature
in a local temple
called priest.
Morose and sad he looks
as he knows for sure
whenever it rains heavy
the heavy-bosomed girl
remains indoor.

- **Dr. G. L. Gautam** is Associate Professor in the Department of English at Lajpat Rai (PG) College, Sahibabad, Ghaziabad.



SHORT STORY

MAKHURI

Aruna Pandey

This one is about a small woman who lived most of her life in a small room that was kind of a rectangle upside down with no windows. She just about fitted into the room because she was small—a tiny creature almost in the form of a lizard with a cute face and a cuter bun that she wound around the nape of her neck every now and then. The rectangle (her room) was the only real friend she had. Next was the worn-out stringy hammock of a bed that threatened to collapse any time. The place was full of tiny/big mosquitoes but she didn't really mind as they kept her company. "They bite me but sing to me too when I'm lonely and depressed..." she would tell the 'best person' in the house. The others would just make fun of her so she confided in an equally lonely person who was a part of the big household that she served. This was the landlord's third daughter who was talented but fiery in temperament. She was slightly over-built and too tall by Indian standards for a girl of nineteen. "We're both living in two different kinds of hell, Makhuri—mine is worse because I have everything and can't run away. They'll catch me and imprison me in another household so might as well stick to this one. At least here, in my father's house, I needn't go downstairs and work if I don't want to!"

Makhuri was the saviour and slave of a bustling household for which she worked from dawn to dusk—even beyond. She swept and cleaned; upstairs and downstairs with not a moment to waste. By the time she was allowed to go to bed, the stars were already thickly and brilliantly shining in the heavens—the night sky all inky black looking as if it would stay there forever. No one really ever saw Makhuri eating her meals—she probably didn't want to be seen eating by anyone. The speed and manner in which she ate her food and the little burps in between would have probably embarrassed her. But the other reason that she so quickly finished off her meals was so she could spend time to curl up in the corner to sleep—10 minutes were good enough. And then, the body was back to work. The next eight to nine hours. There was one good thing about Makhuri though—she would scream out her words in whatever order she could whenever she felt people being unfair to her. Of course that came after a great deal of receiving scolding and contempt though most of the time people were generally fond of good old Makhuri.

If one were to think of her living conditions in 1971, to be precise (by the way, she was named Makhuri that means a big mosquito), one would be amazed that she survived those years to go back, one rainy day, to her small territory called Sindur. That moment of freedom or so it seemed. But it was actually a walking away from one prison to another—maybe a more dangerous one where people strangled and killed each other over small arguments and man-handled women whenever they felt the need. But she didn't care—she'd seen the worst and was prepared for lesser evils that might come her way. Men didn't look at her much anyway (small mercies) because she hadn't really grown in form and beauty in the way normal women do. She looked neither young nor old—could have been anywhere between forty five to sixty years. Who cared? As long as she was there to work for everyone.

Maybe people thought of people who worked for them as people of another breed who were destined and ordained to work for others without recognition or notice. That was what they were born for and that was what they should be satisfied about. No complaints and no grudges—the Indian caste system made sure of that! Some years later the white household got to know that dear old Makhuri had died. The person who told them didn't really know how she'd died. "Surely someone strangled her for some stupid thing—or maybe the other women of the house starved her to death—stringy as she was—she must have just given up on life. A fiery soul doesn't survive forever in a battered body!" All these conjectures followed the news.

The truth came on another day explaining how Makhuri died. It had been on her way to the white house she always talked so much about. She'd praised the people in the house and said that there was no harm in serving people who are busy becoming doctors and lawyers. And so what if they shouted at her and screamed names—they were doing better and bigger things. Didn't matter—she wanted to go back to her old way of life—back to the rectangle of a room with big and tiny mosquitoes humming her to sleep, much against the family she was born in. So on another fine rainy day when the *jamuns* were purple and plump on the big swaying trees, she ran away from 'home' as fast as her little legs would carry her.

Actually, she was crossing the road when the monster lorry hit her....

- **Dr. Aruna Pandey** is Associate Professor in the Department of English at University of Rajasthan, Jaipur.



REVIEW ESSAYS

Bose: Immortal Legend of India's Freedom – Contemporary Critical Orientations. Re-Markings Special Number Vol.16 No.1, January 2017. Edited by Nibir K. Ghosh, A. Karunaker & Sunita Rani Ghosh. New Delhi: Re-Markings in Association with Authorspress, 2017. pp. 307. ` 599.

BOSE: ENIGMATIC ICON

Jonah Raskin

For this review, I'd like to call the January 2017 Special Number on Bose a "book" because in my view the word "book" accords the volume the respect it deserves. Yes, it's a collection of essays, interviews, poems and personal recollections with an introduction about Bose by Nibir K. Ghosh who did the editing with help from his wife, Dr. Sunita Rani Ghosh, who teaches at Agra College, and from Professor A. Karunaker, who teaches at Osmania University. If I were to make this book required reading in a class, I would invite students to think about the ways that writers represent historical figures. Indeed, the Bose special number is a study in representation.

Granted, the contributors offer facts, including the date of Bose's birth on the 23rd of January 1897 and the date of his death on the 18th of August 1945, nine days after the U.S. dropped a nuclear bomb on Nagasaki, Japan and 12 days after the U.S. dropped a nuclear bomb on Hiroshima. What the dates say to me is that Bose was born at the end of nineteenth century when the British Empire was at its peak and that he was still alive at the birth of the nuclear age and the emergence of the U.S. as a world power. Indeed, Bose was aware of the use of the atomic bomb. He noted that while Japan had surrendered, India would not, and that the struggle for Indian independence—which fueled his very soul—would continue.

Yes, there are facts aplenty in this book, and wonderful quotations from Bose that bring him to life. But it is the many different interpretations of Bose that make this book fascinating reading. The title for my essay, "Enigmatic Icon," is not original with me. It comes from a passage in Sukalpa Bahattarjee's essay titled "Netaji in Our Times: Weaving Fragments of a Great Life." Bahattarjee's phrase "enigmatic icon" is amplified, it seems to me, by an image of Bose in the essay by Ajit Mukherjee and Pranamita Pati that's titled "Subhas

Chandra Bose: A Visionary Spiritualist.” Mukherjee and Pati write that, “Subhas Bose remains a hard nut to crack.” Indeed, enigmatic icons like Bose are always hard nuts to crack” because they have so many different sides.

The thirty-three contributors to this volume call Bose all sort of names: a “nationalist hero,” “the true architect of modern India, a “military general,” “a visionary,” “a statesman,” “a politician,” “a trade union leader,” “a seer,” “a great orator,” “a radical thinker” and “a guru.” No doubt, he was all of those things and more.

If I were to write a biography of Bose I might have the word “love” or “lover” in the title. I would begin the book with the quotation from Bose that’s included in the aforementioned essay in which the authors call him a “Visionary Spiritualist.” The quotation is from “My Faith, Philosophical” in which Bose wrote, “The essential nature of reality is LOVE.” For emphasis he capitalized the word love. He added that, “LOVE is the essence of the Universe and the essential principle of human life.”

Bose used the word “LOVE,” I think, in much the same way that Che Guevara did when he said that, “The true revolutionary is guided by a great feeling of love.” Che added, “It is impossible to think of a genuine revolutionary lacking this quality.”

Bose also used the word love in much the same way that Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. used it when he talked about the “Beloved Community.” Reading the essays, interviews and poems and the short play in this book makes it clear that Bose loved the Indian people and that he loved life itself. The essay “Emilie Schenkl: In Letter and Spirit” by Sunita Rani Ghosh makes it clear that Bose also loved his Austrian wife who gave birth to their child and who loved him deeply and passionately and that she supported him in the struggle for Indian independence.

Sunita Rani Ghosh quotes a letter from Bose to Emilie in which he called himself “a wandering bird that comes from afar, remains for a while and then flies away to its distant home.” Bose saw his fugitive nature clearly. Moreover, if he was a nationalist, a trade union leader and a military general, he was also a poet who used poetical language like “wandering bird” and “iceberg,” another image he used to describe himself. The iceberg melted in the love that Emilie offered him.

Before I go on, I think that it’s essential to say that I am writing this review essay in my home in Santa Rosa, California on April 10, 2017.

It's only three days after my return from a two-week sojourn in India when I met some of the contributors to this volume including Dev Vrat Sharma, who showed me great kindness in Jaipur, and Monali Bhattacharya who greeted me when I arrived at Jaypee Institute of Information Technology in Noida and who made sure that I had food to eat and a place to sleep.

I would not be writing this essay now in the way that I am writing it if I had not been to India. Indeed, this essay is written from the perspective of a traveler who crossed boundaries and who saw India for the first time in his life. Having been in India, albeit only for two weeks and in only a small part of the country, I think I understand India far more than before I went to India. I also see and appreciate Bose in his many-sidedness, as a nationalist and as an anti-imperialist who recognized that World War II provided a critical moment to drive a stake into the heart of the British Empire and who also saw that it might be necessary to form tactical alliances with Germany and Japan. Let's remember that Stalin and Hitler had a non-aggression pact and that Irish nationalists thought along lines similar to Bose.

I am also reminded at this moment of Bernadette Devlin, the Irish revolutionary who served as a Member of Parliament from 1969 to 1974 and who said famously of the British "kick them when they're down." Like Devlin, and like Che Guevara and Nelson Mandela, Bose knew that revolutions often demand not only love but also armed struggle. Indeed, the American abolitionist and ex-slave Frederick Douglass noted, "Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will."

As this book shows, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose belongs in the same company with Douglass, Mandela, Guevara and Devlin—and with Gandhi and Nehru who were among my boyhood heroes. For decades the West has represented the Indian independence movement as non-violent and as pacifist. Now, with this book it will no longer be as easy for the West to ignore Bose and to turn a blind eye on the army of Indian soldiers that he helped to create.

Bose's life was also a series of adventures. All the way through this book I could see it transformed in a movie with drama and conflict and love and tragedy. It's too bad, and so sad that Bose died at that critical moment in human history at the birth of the nuclear age. Still, this book brings him to life. The editors and the contributors are to be congratulated for producing a fascinating study in the representation of an Indian hero too often ignored and forgotten. And may I please end

this review/ essay with a sobering fact that's included in this book—namely that the British authorities imprisoned Bose eleven times. The odds seemed to be against him. The world appeared to be hostile to him and his cause and yet he did the right thing for the brief time—just 48 years—that he was on the face of the earth.

When the Special Number was launched in March 2017 in Agra, Subhas Chandra Bose's grand-nephew Sugata Bose graced the event with his presence. The Gardiner Professor of Oceanic History and Affairs at Harvard University and a Member of Parliament in the current Lok Sabha, Sugata Bose is an internationally renowned scholar and a living embodiment of his grand-uncle's legacy. Nibir K. Ghosh's lively, informative interview with Sugata appears near the front of the Special Number. Sugata offers a slew of important replies to Ghosh's questions. He observes, for example, that Netaji (the Hindi word for "Respected Leader") was motivated by love and that if he hated, it "was reserved for the oppressive British rule, not the British, and he advocated the friendliest relations with the British people once freedom was won."

Sugata also says that Netaji "genuinely admired Gandhi" and that there was no final parting of the ways between the Mahatma and his grand-uncle. I also found it significant that Sugata noted that Bose "criticized Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union" and that he, Sugata, admires Hugh Toye's study of Bose titled, *The Springing Tiger*. "Considering that it was written by a British intelligence officer who had fought against Netaji and interrogated INA prisoners, the book was remarkable for its broad-minded and balanced approach." Now there's a fascinating human element in the story.

If Ghosh's interview with Sugata Bose sends readers to *The Springing Tiger* that's not a bad thing. Then, too, if it inspires a young scholar or two to dig into the historical record and write a full, complete biography of Netaji that's all to the good. The Special Issue can only generate more discussion and debate about a man no longer lost in the folds of history. Thanks to Nibir K. Ghosh and the whole team, Netaji Lives!

- **Jonah Raskin**, a frequent contributor to *Re-Markings*, is the author of 14 books, including literary criticism, reporting, memoir, and biography. He has taught journalism, media law and the theory of communication at Sonoma State University, U.S.A. During the height of the cultural revolution of the 1970s, he served as the Minister of Education of the Yippies (the Youth International Party), and maintained close

connections with the Black Panthers, the White Panthers, the Weatherpeople, and with radical groups in France, England and Mexico.



LOVE'S LABOUR GAINED

Ramesh Chandra Shah

It's "Love's Labour" literally, this issue of *Re-Markings* devoted to Subhas Chandra Bose, Immortal legend of India's freedom struggle. And, it has borne fruit. For decades Netaji has been consigned to oblivion by our political, academic and cultural seats of power. Reasons for such a collective amnesia of conspiracy of silence are obvious as well as not so obvious. But these facts of reality have, I think, been illuminated for the first time from so many angles and perspectives through a journal which is hardly expected to undertake a stupendous and out of its way task, because of its literary character and orientation. But, paradoxically, now this accomplished event seems to me to acquire and reinforce a strange sense of long-delayed justice and inevitability. Yes, it's a very complex scenario and history as well as politics (in their set grooves) seem to be of little help in enabling you to crystallize in your anguished mind and sensitivity a substantially, essentially and factually true image of Bose – redeemed from all misunderstandings, distortions and irrelevant accidents. How does one come to terms with such a heroic figure emotionally and intellectually? All times, these present times as well as those bygone times, seem to be utterly out of joint. Who can set them right? Dr. Ghosh's initiative in this Special Number on Bose has demonstrated the relevance of this question, and to a great extent, has done the job.

We writers in particular – who are innately accused, doomed to comprehend everything through our sensibility rather than pure logic or ideological orientations (side-taking) – how are we to make sense and substance of events and phenomena so remote and so tangled or confused? Especially me, who happens to have been nurtured on the example and precepts of heroes like historic figures as Gandhi and Aurobindo – poles apart politically and temperamentally and yet so inseparably related, relevant, and vital to and dependent upon the self-image of our country – our India and our Indian identity, am I any better equipped to know who I am at 80, than I was at 18? How does such a man do justice to such a trio – so inextricably blended together in his

imagination – in his idea of India and the uniquely beautiful and meaningful Indian (Hindu) way of walking upon this earth?

I thank Dr. Sisir Kumar Bose – for his “Editorial Note” to *Netaji and India's Freedom*, published in this issue – for arousing in me an exact image of that emotion, that actual feeling of the “revolutionary situation, without parallel in the history of the Indian struggle and pregnant with immense possibilities including a forcible seizure of power, was obtaining in India in 1945-46 as a direct outcome of Subhas Chandra Bose's activities during the war.” Dr. Bose has given us a feel of how “Subhas Chandra Bose provided to his countrymen in 1945-46, in absentia and as a direct outcome of his wartime activities, a most wonderful opportunity to realise in full the aims of India's national struggle as proclaimed since the Lahore session of the Indian National Congress in 1929.” He rightly adds, “The man who commanded Indian history in 1945-46 paid the price of failing to arrive when independence came to the divided subcontinent in 1947.” I appreciate his realistic appraisal of the votaries of a strange and spurious new Bose cult joined by frustrated and defeated politicians.

I must make a special mention of Sunita Rani Ghosh's essay entitled “Emilie Schenkl: In Letter and Spirit” that highlights a relatively less known chapter in Netaji's otherwise tumultuous life. It was nothing short of a revelation for me to be acquainted with the rare and exemplary personality of Emilie Schenkl who, despite hailing from an alien culture, states Sunita Rani, “remained very steadfast in her love for Subhas, the love that asked no question, the love that stood the test in allowing him the freedom to offer upon the altar of his nation the dearest and the best.”

Though every piece in this precious collection is a must read for anyone interested in the legendary hero, the two interviews published in the volume are bound to be of special significance. In his conversation with Nibir K. Ghosh, Sugata Bose – the grand-nephew of Subhas Chandra Bose, Harvard Historian and Lok Sabha M.P. – illuminates various dimensions of the personality and contribution of Netaji to the Indian Freedom struggle. His statement, “No one spoke truth to power as Bose did...Bose's life was an example of *tyag* or renunciation of power and privilege,” rekindled in me memories of the popular image of Bose that we had in those old days. Mrs. Zeenat Ahmed's interview (conducted by Tara Sami Dutt and Zara Urouj) reminded me of the film, *Rome: An Open Space*, wherein a terrible portrait of what the brave intellectuals were made to face at the trial. Well, the Britishers were not equivalent to Nazis and Fascists but “they

did everything to break their spirits.” Her plaint, “It is the younger generation who need to bring his name back into prominence,” is something we truly need to ponder on to create an India that Bose dreamt of.

To conclude, I am optimistic in sharing my hope that this *Re-Markings*’ Special Number, *Bose: Immortal Legend of India’s Freedom*, will take its rightful place among the most valuable works on the life and times of Subhas Chandra Bose.

- ***Padmashree Dr. Ramesh Chandra Shah*** is an eminent Hindi writer. Besides 11 acclaimed novels, his publications include several collections of Short Stories, Poems, Essays and Plays. He has recently been honoured with the Sahitya Akademi Award for his novel *Vinayak*.



SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE: A LEGEND OF INDIA’S FREEDOM AND IDEA OF INDIA

Abdul Shaban

To overcome the contemporary emerging challenges to India’s diversity, plurality and nationalism, it is important that Netaji’s ideas and visions get rediscovered and celebrated.

In a span of two years or so, India in 1940s lost two of its rebellious sons. These were Subhas Chandra Bose, popularly known as ‘Netaji’ and Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, who is lovingly called ‘Bapuji’. The former was lost fighting the British colonialism on India while the latter was killed by a Hindu fanatic while fighting for ‘plural’ India and Hindu-Muslim unity. Both of these leaders differed in their approaches to make India free but the aim was to have free and independent India and to secure its people social justice, equality and development. Whereas Bapuji rebelled through old methods of mobilising people and adopted ‘*ahimsa*’ against the most powerful colonial and military power of the time, Netaji rebelled from Gandhi’s *Ahimsa* and allied and negotiated with Axis Powers of the time to forcefully decolonise India from the British. Despite enormous differences in their approaches to make India free, there were some interesting commonalities between

them and most important was that they believed in social and ethnic plurality of India and if any of them could have succeeded in securing Independence the way they wanted, the partition of the country could have been avoided.

It is an irony that where Bapuji could get his recognition and received meaningful State and social attentions, which he deserves, Netaji largely got forgotten and today mainly gets portrayed as only regional and ethnic icon, mainly that of Bengal and Bengalis. To overcome the contemporary emerging challenges to India's diversity, plurality and nationalism, it is important that Netaji's ideas and policy get rediscovered and celebrated. This can be done not only thorough available documents and evidence, but also through compiling people's memories and oral narratives about him.

A small, but a meaningful, attempt in this direction has been made by the Special Number of English literary journal *Re-Markings* (Vol.16, No.1, 2017) launched at Agra by Professor Sugata Bose, grandnephew of Netaji, on 18th March 2017. For many of us it was a rare occasion where people from different religious groups presented their claims to Netaji as their own and in whose dreams they also could locate and imagine their own futures and idea of Independent India.

Twenty nine scholarly contributions have been published in this special issue of *Re-Markings* These papers have closely examined life and the contributions of Netaji from various perspectives. While releasing the special number of the journal Sugata Bose, Professor of Oceanic History, Harvard University, U.S.A., remarked, "The refusal to compromise with injustice and wrong was one of the most appealing features in Bose's character. His life was an example of *tyag* or renunciation of power and privilege. Though Netaji has been neglected in official histories and textbooks, he looms large in popular memory, not just in Bengal, but throughout the subcontinent." A detailed interview of Mrs. Zeenat Ahmad, wife and companion to Colonel Mahboob Ahmad of Indian National Army (INA), by Tara Sami and Zara Urouj, has been published in this issue. Zeenat Ahamd says, "Bose lost his life for the country and he is not given the recognition he deserves.... We desperately need someone like him, someone who is not self-seeking but can put the country before himself. The idea of being an Indian is dying out"(48). In his paper, Shanker A. Dutt argues, "Subhash Chandra Bose is no exception to the idiosyncrasies of the writing and the writing-into-silence of History.... Remembrance would be meaningful if we understand Bose, the human person, engaging in

dialogue with his life, convictions, his writings and his idea of India” (102-110).

In his paper, Abdul Shaban argues that had Subhas Chandra Bose been alive, the partition of the country could have been averted.... He was capable and had all the potential of changing the destiny of the subcontinent and take humanity in this region to a different direction and a brighter common future (78). In a similar vein, N.S. Tasneem argues, “India attained freedom ... after the country had been partitioned in a ruthless manner. But it was not freedom of the land that had been envisioned by Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose” (100). Bose’s representation of Hindu-Muslim unity and women’s empowerment are examined by Mohammad Asim Siddiqui and Sanjukta Sattar, respectively. Siddiqui argues that Netaji “was very clear about the question of Hindu-Muslim unity. His Azad Hind Fauj was remarkable for drawing soldiers from different sections and different communities” (132), while Sanjukta Sattar argues, “Netaji firmly believed that no country can develop without women's participation and their emancipation and strongly advocated gender equality” (180).

Examining Netaji’s personal life (and charms he could create) through the letters he wrote to his German wife, Emilie Schenkl, Sunita Rani says, “...let us remember with pride and fondness how Emilie Schenkl, a non-Hindu woman from an alien clime and culture could so selflessly devote and dedicate herself, like the legendary Indian women of bygone ages, to her first and only love” (151). And this defines the other side of Subhas’s personality who could connect with his intimates so closely. Shrikant Singh, in his paper on “People who influenced Subhas Chandra Bose,” argues that even Rabindranath Tagore praised Netaji’s dedication and attachment to the national cause and devoted his song “*Eka Chalo Re*” to Bose. This also speaks volumes of the love and reverence Tagore had for Bose.

In sum, papers in the volume make important contribution to the already existing literature on Netaji’s life, his personality, and his vision for India. They convey that we need to celebrate his ideas and his vision, and this need is felt all the more in the current changing political context.

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If voting
made any difference
they wouldn't
let us do it.
- *Mark Twain*

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