

www.re-markings.com

RE-MARKINGS

Vol. 14 No.2 September 2015

William Shakespeare

Langston Hughes

Ruth Praver Jhabvala

Mikhail Bakhtin

Morris Dickstein

Jonah Raskin

Ramesh Chandra Shah

David Davidar

Kamila Shamsie

Arundhati Roy

Amitav Ghosh

Shashi Deshpande

Human God

Rasa Siddhanta

Indian Feminism

Postcoloniality

Poetry

Book Review

CHIEF EDITOR : NIBIR K. GHOSH
EDITOR : A. KARUNAKER

RE-MARKINGS

Vol. 14 No. 2 September 2015

ISSN 0972-611X

Re-Markings, a biannual refereed international journal of English Letters, aims at providing a healthy forum for scholarly and authoritative views on broad sociopolitical and cultural issues of human import as evidenced in literature, art, television, cinema and journalism with special emphasis on New Literatures in English including translations and creative excursions.

Advisory Board

Charles Johnson
Jayanta Mahapatra
Amritjit Singh
Ruediger Kunow
S. Ramaswamy
Jonah Raskin
C.R. Visveswara Rao

Chief Editor

Nibir K. Ghosh

Editor

A. Karunaker

Executive Editor

Sandeep K. Arora

ISSN 0972-611X

Articles and research papers for publication in *Re-Markings* must conform to the *M.L.A.* style sheet and should not exceed 3000 words. Manuscripts should preferably be sent on a disk in text format along with a hard copy to the Chief Editor/Editor or through e-mail attachment to remarkings@hotmail.com. Each contribution must be accompanied by a declaration that it is an original contribution and has not been published anywhere else.

Chief Editor

Nibir K. Ghosh,
68 New Idgah Colony,
Agra-282001, U.P. (INDIA).
Telephone : +91 562 2230242
Cell.: +91 98970 62958
e-mail : ghoshnk@hotmail.com

Editor

Prof. A. Karunaker,
Plot No. 51, Road No. 6
Samathapuri Colony
New Nagole
Hyderabad-500035
(Andhra Pradesh)
Cell.: +91 9849302145

e-mail : akredrem@gmail.com

Cover Design :
Allied Computers, Agra

Printed at : Aydee Offset, Agra

Copyright © : Nibir K. Ghosh

Subscription Rates:

Single Copy	: ₹250	\$15	€12
Annual (2 Issues)	: ₹500	\$30	€24
Five Years (10 Issues)	: ₹1500	\$75	€60

(postage extra for registered Book-Post.)

Subscription may be sent by Money Order/ Demand Draft to

RE-MARKINGS
68 New Idgah Colony,
Agra-282001, U.P. (INDIA).

EDITORIAL

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,/ And sorry I
could not travel both/ And be one traveler... - Robert
Frost*

Whenever I transport myself to the fond memories of my enriching voyage as a Senior Fulbright scholar to the land which Columbus discovered, I cannot help recall the poem "The Road not Taken" by Robert Frost that brings to the fore the dilemma of a traveler caught in the complexity of choices. The letters of invitation that I received for my fellowship came from Rhode Island College (Providence), City University New York and the University of Washington, Seattle. Being in CUNY would give me the grand opportunity of working with Distinguished Professor Morris Dickstein, the internationally acclaimed literary and cultural critic. Alternately, I was no less tempted by the prospect of having as my Faculty Associate, Charles Johnson, the icon of African American writing and recipient of America's National Book Award, based at the University of Washington in Bill Gates' town. My decision was prompted by two reasons: one, that my Fulbright project was focused on contemporary African American writings and second that I was in correspondence with Charles Johnson for almost over a year before I joined him in Seattle. I must confess that though I hadn't known Professor Dickstein personally when I applied for the fellowship, he was extremely generous in consenting to sponsor my stay in CUNY. To thank him from the core of my heart, I traveled all the way from Seattle to New York. The day that we (my wife Sunita and I) spent in his company remains firmly imprinted in our mind and heart. It was a day that marked the beginning of what turned out for me an extremely rewarding and lasting friendship that continues till date. That he is a wonderfully generous human being is evident from the following inimitable lines he wrote in the Foreword to my precious book *Multicultural America: Conversations with Contemporary Authors* that emerged out of my U.S. trip: "Dr. Ghosh's engaging colloquies with each of these varied figures bring to mind the work of journalist Studs Terkel, who has spent a lifetime talking to ordinary and extraordinary Americans, and the celebrated interviews with writers that have appeared in the *Paris Review* over the past half century."

In an era when information travels faster than the speed of light through emails, smart phones, twitters, facebook, whatsapp and what have you, sending or receiving what once we knew as postcards provided by the Indian Postal Department surely may come as an

anachronistic experience. When I received one sometime in March this year I was really startled initially. Written in a running hand, close to a scrawl, the postcard was filled to the brim with words clamouring for space. I am happy to share with my worthy *Re-Markings*' readers, some part of the content: "Dear Professor Ghosh, Do you, can you recall having met me in Nagpur last month? I was there in connection with an international seminar organized by the Hindi Department. You were kind enough to gift me a copy of the January issue of *Re-Markings*. I have now read almost all the articles and am so delighted. It was a very pleasant and exciting experience to read your journal. I am so impressed by your editorial resourcefulness. I was delighted by your own article, 'A Soul Deep Like the Rivers.' Nothing short of a revelation for me, really....I don't know why I conceived such a strong urge to send you a recent article of mine on the fictional work of Ruth P. Jhabvala. I hardly ever participate in Seminars of English literature but this one was one of the rare exception. Ruth's daughter Renana Jhabvala insisted on it and I couldn't resist, she being a friend of mine as well as of my (late) wife. I just had a strong impulse to read it through *your* eyes. It's not meant for publication. Renana and her husband liked it very much and the audience as well (It was presented in a week-long festival in memory of Ruth at India International centre, New Delhi)."

I have treasured this postcard that came from none else than Padmashree Dr. Ramesh Chandra Shah, the icon of Hindi poetry, fiction and criticism, as an emblem of his monumental magnanimity and endearing affection for *Re-Markings*.

It is a very special privilege for me as well as for the *Re-Markings* fraternity that the current issue features, among many other valuable contributions, Professor Dickstein's interview with Jonah Raskin and the brilliant write up on Ruth Praver Jhabwala by Professor Ramesh Chandra Shah. Let us extend our heartfelt felicitations to Professor Dickstein on the recent publication of *Why Not Say What Happened* and to Professor Shah for bagging the Sahitya Akademi Award for his novel *Vinayak*. Let us also thank them for being a part of the excellence that *Re-Markings* stands for.

Nibir K. Ghosh
Chief Editor

CONTENTS

American Culture in the Sixties:
A Conversation with Morris Dickstein
Jonah Raskin / 7

The Elusive Quest for Truth: Ruth Praver Jhabvala's
My Nine Lives & A Love Song for India
Ramesh Chandra Shah / 14

Whose Island is it Anyway?: The Prospero-Caliban Equation
Shernavaz Buhariwala / 20

Countdown
Sushil Gupta / 26

“The Negro Speaks of Rivers”: A Critical Reading
Suruchi Kalra Choudhary / 30

Strategies of Subversion in David Davidar's
The House of Blue Mangoes
Preeti Bhatt / 38

Aesthetics of Rasa Siddhanta
Dev Vrat Sharma / 46

Bakhtin's Dialogism and Novelistic Discourse
Sharad Rajimwale / 54

Repressed and Silenced History of 1971 in
Kamila Shamsie's Kartography
Sadia Hasan / 61

Human God: Deconstruction & Reconstruction
Mrudula Lakkaraju / 70

Experiencing the New Self in
A Matter of Time and Small Remedies
Reena V. Nair / 78

Feminism in Arundhati Roy's *The God of Small Things*
Ambri Shukla & Shuchi Srivastava / 83

Indian Feminist Response to Postcoloniality
Varsha Sharma / 90

Indian Women in Amitav Ghosh's *The Hungry Tide*
Natabar Jena / 96

Feminine Sensibility in Shashi Deshpande's
In the Country of Deceit
Minushree Pattnaik / 101

Poetry

Two Poems
G.L. Gautam
Hoping Against Hope / 105, The Summer Morn / 105

Healing Nature
Arati Thakur / 106

Book Review
Review of Nar Deo Sharma's *Emotionoceans*
K.K. Srivastava / 107

Review of C.L. Khatri's *Two Minute Silence*
Binod Mishra / 110

AMERICAN CULTURE IN THE SIXTIES: A CONVERSATION WITH MORRIS DICKSTEIN

Jonah Raskin

Morris Dickstein's neighborhood on the Upper West Side of Manhattan has seen far worse days. "I was held up once on the street," he said in April 2015, not long after his 75th birthday. He added, "That was hairy. The neighborhood is in much better shape now than it was then." Dickstein and his wife have shared the same apartment since the 1960s. Their children grew up there, on a street between Broadway and Amsterdam, where legions of students have nestled, studied, caroused, and recited poetry until late at night.

English majors at Columbia in the early 1960s, Dickstein and I took many of the same classes with the same professors, though we never met at that time. He was two years ahead of me and already on his way toward a long teaching career and an illustrious vocation as a literary critic, social historian and author of *Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties*, *Dancing in the Dark: A Cultural History of the Great Depression* and *Why Not Say What Happened*, a refreshingly candid memoir about his own education. "Those were the days when we were undergraduates," he says. "Columbia had fewer students than any other school in the Ivy League and classes were small. Moreover, teachers didn't have to publish to get tenure, though that ethos soon changed. I was told that if I didn't publish my thesis on Keats I probably wouldn't get tenure. I did publish it and I still didn't get tenure at Columbia."

Just a week before we spoke, *The New York Times* ran an obituary for M. H. Abrams, the revered historian of ideas and editor of the *Norton Anthology of English Literature*, who died at the age of 102. "I was once on a panel with Abrams," Dickstein remembered. "Before it began he told me, 'Our job is to be pleasantly entertaining.' I said to myself, 'This guy will live forever.' I envied him." In a way, I suppose you could say that I envy or at least admire Morris Dickstein, not because he's old and venerable, but because he seems so young and vibrant. I hope this interview reflects that admiration.

- **Jonah Raskin** has taught journalism, media law and the theory of communication at Sonoma State University, U.S.A.

Note: For complete conversation contact remarkings@hotmail.com

**THE ELUSIVE QUEST FOR TRUTH:
RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA'S
*MY NINE LIVES & A LOVE SONG FOR INDIA***

Ramesh Chandra Shah

There is a well-known saying of Tagore: "Truth in her dress finds facts too tight,/ In fiction she moves with ease." That is, if one wants to discover and tell the whole truth about the life one has lived, one has to find a fictional route to it.

The experience of revisiting the fictional world of Ruth Praver Jhabvala is the experience of replicating the contours of a life-long search informing it. What is it? It is tempting to equate it with the yearnings of some of her characters, particularly of those to be found in *My Nine Lives* subtitled as *Chapters of a Possible Past*. The central character of the first chapter called "Life," has gone back to live in India where she had lived forty years ago: "I had gone to Delhi then to pursue a research project about a woman poet with her search for the 'Lover', the 'Friend'. Now, an old woman, this central character or "I" goes to Nizamuddin to listen to the Sufi singers; or, to "the river," where old women sing to a different God or Gods. At the end of this story (or chapter) she says, "These songs sound like the cry of anguish of desperate love for the 'Friend', who will not come, not even now at the end of our lives of unrequited longing."

It is tempting, as I said, to make such equations; but considering the fact that Ruth's writings also reflect what Henry James called "the enormous lap of the Actual," there is always the risk of appearing simplistic. Let us recall the second story or chapter of *Nine Lives* where the central character or "I" this time is not a researcher but a fiction writer like Ruth herself. She concludes the story thus:

- **Padma Shree Dr. Ramesh Chandra Shah** retired as Head of the English Department, Hamidia University, Bhopal in 1997. He received the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award for his novel *Vinayak* in 2015.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

WHOSE ISLAND IS IT ANYWAY? THE PROSPERO-CALIBAN EQUATION

Shernavaz Buhariwala

Once upon a time the island was virgin. Once upon a time the land was deserted. Once upon a time the old man was young. Once upon a time the rich man was poor. But that was once upon a time. Should we then in our nostalgic reverie, enthrone all manner of antecedents, banish successions, tear the constitution of the United States and relegate history to the domain of dinosaurs? The panorama of progress has seen a proliferation of literature on education, exploitation, immigration, colonization, settlement, displacement, etcetera, etcetera. Truth is everywhere and nowhere.

In the year 1613, as Shakespeare prepared to bid farewell to the stage in his valedictory play *The Tempest*, the world was agog with discovery. The migrations stimulated by the New Learning spread their destinations across distant lands. Africa was sighted, America cultivated and the Southern hemisphere, hitherto unseen and unheard, came into view. In the face of encroachments, old solidarities were threatened, some resorts got unsettled, some accommodated as new chapters in national history were scripted. Subsequently constitutions were crafted in accordance with the value systems on which governance was to be based. When the question of ownership is discussed, the legal system of the country is inevitably invoked. But laws differ from land to land. The realm of art exists out of time and place, and sanctions here are obtained not from parochial constructs but from the verities readily absorbed by the heart, approved by the mind and rendered eternal by divine decree, regardless of whether one is a believer or not. So we hold those truths self-evident that men are equal (though they may not be), that an entity belongs to one who cherishes and nurtures it, that it must be removed from one who desecrates and destroys it (though it may not be). It is to the preservation of these pieties that eternal justice is directed.

- **Dr. Shernavaz Buhariwala** is associated with the English Post Graduate Department of RTM Nagpur University, Nagpur and has also taught at the State University of New York, and Hislop College, Nagpur.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

COUNTDOWN

Sushil Gupta

I first became conscious of my age at five. My father had taken me to the neighbourhood school to get me admitted. The principal curtly said, "Sorry, the cut-off date is 1st October. Your son was born on 23rd October. Try next year." My father couldn't quite see the logic of denying admission just for a paltry delay of three weeks, "...as if the timing of birth was a human prerogative." Arguments and pleadings failed against the adamant utterance, "Rules are rules." To assert her principled stand she added, "Even Gandhi could not be accommodated if he had applied to our school."

Fretting and fuming my father returned with me in tow. He talked to his boss about the unfairness of arbitrary criteria of admission in primary schools. The boss happened to know the husband of the principal. He talked to him to persuade his wife to overlook the minor discrepancy. I heard the word 'discretionary quota' being bandied about. The upshot was that a week later I joined the school to launch on my odyssey of getting educated. Two years later, though, I was shifted to another school where I stayed put for the next eight years of my boyhood.

Thereafter the age became an increasing number of candles on the successive birthday cakes. My mother was keen on celebrating my birthday according to the Hindu lunar calendar. She fondly remembered giving birth to me, her first child, when she was barely eighteen, a day after the effigy of Ravan was lighted on Dussehra. She would ply me and other members of the family with home-made savouries. Cake-candle party with neighbourhood kids and school friends was reserved for the Christian calendar. Thus I had two birthdays, sometimes separated by a few days sometimes by a few weeks. Only once do I remember the two coincided. At times I wondered whether I was adding two years to my life by celebrating my birthday twice.

The next important phase of age consciousness was the onset of teens. The voice cracked, the facial hair made a tentative appearance, and the libido asserted itself disorienting the addled adolescent.

- **Sushil Gupta** taught at PGDAV College, Delhi and Sheubtse College, Bhutan. He is the author of *The Fourth Monkey*.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

“THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS”: A CRITICAL READING

Suruchi Kalra Choudhary

Langston Hughes, one of the leaders of the early nineteenth century Harlem Renaissance, pushed the ‘black experience’ beyond segregation and discrimination—from the back of the bus to front of the anthologies. His poems are read and enjoyed in classrooms throughout the country. His literary works helped shape American literature and politics. Hughes, like others active in the Harlem Renaissance, had a strong sense of racial pride. Through his poetry, novels, plays, essays, and children's books, he promoted equality, condemned racism and injustice, and celebrated African American culture, humor, and spirituality. Hughes identified as unashamedly black at a time when blackness was *démodé*. He stressed the theme of "black is beautiful" as he explored the black human condition in a variety of depths. His main concern was the uplift of his people whose strength, resiliency, courage, and humor he wanted to record as part of the general American experience.

His poetry and fiction portrayed the lives of the working-class blacks in America, lives he portrayed as full of struggle, joy, laughter, and music. Permeating his work is pride in the African American identity and its diverse culture. He sought to explain and illuminate the Negro condition in America and obliquely that of all human kind, He confronted racial stereotypes, protested social conditions, and expanded African America’s image of itself; a “people’s poet” who sought to reeducate both audience and artist by lifting the theory of the black aesthetic into reality.

Hughes stressed a racial consciousness and cultural nationalism devoid of self-hate. His thought united people of African descent and Africa across the globe to encourage pride in their diverse black folk culture and black aesthetic. Hughes was one of the few prominent black writers to champion racial consciousness as a source of inspiration for black artists. His African American race consciousness and cultural nationalism influenced many foreign black writers.

- **Dr. Suruchi Kalra Choudhary** is Associate Professor & Head, Department of English, Hindu Girls College, Jagadhri, Yamunagar (Haryana).

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

**STRATEGIES OF SUBVERSION IN
DAVID DAVIDAR'S
*THE HOUSE OF BLUE MANGOES***

Preeti Bhatt

David Davidar's debut novel, *The House of Blue Mangoes* (2002), is a chronicle of his own family, and covers almost fifty years of South Indian history beginning from the last years of the 19th century to India's independence. It spans three generations and presents the transitions in the Indian society during the last fifty years of the British colonial rule through a focus on a fictional village named Chevathar located at the southernmost tip of the Indian peninsula. The narrative recounts the generational saga of the village headman Solomon Dorai, a non-Brahmin Christian, and his descendants. It centers on the caste-based conflict among the Indian communities, the growing disillusionment of the Indians with their imperial rulers, and the far-reaching influence of the struggle for independence as India awoke to its own status as a subjugated, exploited nation. Since the novel focuses on a tumultuous period in the history of India, the narrative is sprawling and expansive and presents in minute detail the vagaries in the lives of the different characters of the three generations of the Dorais as influenced by the socio-political milieu and their personal inclinations.

Leela Gandhi in *Postcolonial Theory: A Critical Introduction* draws attention to the subtle mode of what she terms "mimicry" – "the sly weapon of anti-colonial civility, an ambivalent mixture of deference and disobedience" (149) – the mimicry of the colonizers in the use of their language, style or content by anti-colonial writers to present a counter-narrative to the imperial texts. This mimicry inheres in the reshaping of a western genre through the mingling of local, anti-colonial content, or the translation of regional, counter-hegemonic ideas into the western language. Gandhi comments, "anti-colonial texts become political when, for instance, the formal shape of the European novel is moulded to indigenous realities, or when the measured sound of English is accented through an unrecognizable babble of native voices" (149).

- **Dr. Preeti Bhatt** is Assistant Professor in English at Malaviya National Institute of Technology, Jaipur.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

AESTHETICS OF *RASA SIDDHANTA*

Dev Vrat Sharma

The one thing that santarasa does that no other rasa can is that it disturbs us. - D.H.H.Ingallas

The criticism on *Santarasa* has tended to swing either on to a metaphysical perspective or to an aesthetical perspective. The “philosophical buttressing” or the aesthetical defense of an essentially metaphysical principle (Masson & Patwardhan) has obfuscated the concept itself and has mitigated its potentialities. The questions raised and inferences reached indicate an epiphenomenalist approach, for instance:

The *santarasa* has no corresponding *bhavas*.

Its status as a *rasa* is impossible to manifest.

The *rasa* implies a suppression of the constituent *bhavas*.

Locus of the aesthetic experience in its primary form is the contemplative spectator, not the working actor.

In aesthetic terms it appears to lead away from aesthetics, in philosophical terms it appears to make philosophy unnecessary (Gerow).

Philosophical justifications or aesthetic acceptances were, perhaps, never the standpoints which Abhinavagupta may have assumed, or thought about. *Santarasa* does not come to us as a defense doctrine; it was rather an experiential assessment of a monk-scholar of the non-dualistic school of Kashmir Shaivism, deeply indoctrinated in the *Pratyabhijna*, *Karma*, *Kula* and *Trika* schools and well versed with the *Spanda* ideology. Abhinavagupta epitomizes the culmination of the ontological study of the Language initiated in Panini (*Ashtaadaya*) and Patanjali (*Mahabhasya*) to Bharathari (*Vakiyapadiya*) on the one hand, to the metaphysical formulations of the Upanishadas; passing through the Buddhist Philosophers (Nagarjuna, Asanka) to the Vedantists (Gaupada, Shankaracharya) on the other.

- **Dr. Dev Vrat Sharma** teaches in the Department of English at Pt. N.K.S. Government P.G. College, Dausa.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

BAKHTIN'S DIALOGISM AND NOVELISTIC DISCOURSE

Sharad Rajimwale

Much before the Anglo-American critical enterprise now famous as New Criticism showed a new way of looking at texts by treating them as self-contained autonomous work, another set of scholars were busy in Russia and some East European countries fashioning designs in order to examine literary form as a potential means of communication, establishing it as "an autonomous and self-expressive means to extend language beyond its normal scope of meaning" (Jefferson 26). Today the work done by the Moscow Linguistic Circle, Petrograd Society for the Study of Poetic Language (OP OJAZ) and the Prague Linguistic Circle is too well-known to require mention here. The very names of Boris Echenbaum, Viktor Shklovsky, Roman Jakobson, Boris Thomasjevsky, Jan Tynjanov and Jan Mukarovsky recall to mind our heavy debt to their monumental studies. The whole movement emerged as Russian Formalism which propounded that there is a fundamental opposition between literary (or poetical) language and ordinary language. While in the early stage of Formalism scholars' attention remained focused on formal devices and their functions and rarely engaged in analysing semantic content, it was at a later stage that they offered revolutionary insights by considering language as a system of multiple voices, a site of dialogic encounters in its primary role of a social communicational vehicle. From the works of Boris Tomashevsky, Shklovsky, Voloshinov and Roman Jakobson it became clear that literary devices "were not fixed pieces that could be moved at will in the literary game. Their value and meaning change with time and also with context" (Bakhtin 121). Now from defamiliarizing of reality they moved to "defamiliarizing of literature" (Selden 23) itself. Seminal work in this direction conducted by Mikhail Mikhailovitch Bakhtin, Pavel Medvedev and Valentin Voloshinov is embodied in The Formal Method in Literary Scholarship: A Critical Introduction to Sociological Poetics (1928).

- **Dr. Sharad Rajimwale** retired as Professor, Department of English, Jai Narain Vyas University, Jodhpur.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

REPRESSED AND SILENCED HISTORY OF 1971 IN KAMILA SHAMSIE'S *KARTOGRAPHY*

Sadia Hasan

"Pakistan is split in two, but undivided. This world is out of date" (Shamsie 1). The disintegration of Bangladesh or East Pakistan, as it was known as at the time, from West Pakistan, is an event in Pakistan's history that had a deep effect on the consciousness of the nation. The way defeat faced in the war, which also saw the involvement of Pakistan's staunchest enemy and its erstwhile conjoined twin, India, is painfully accepted or rather unaccepted by the Pakistanis has deep bearing on the psychology of the nation as a whole.

Kartography is a story of how wars and political turbulences, far from just affecting the countries' borders, carry with them the oblivious germs of changing the intricacies of relationships and thus, have a far reaching, extremely complex and percolating effect on human aspects. It is a story of personal-political entanglement, narrating how a nation's history has impact on personal equations, the way it alters life and creates permanent fissures.

A warm and layered study of friendship, love, and attachment to roots, it focuses on the interrelationships of a group of privileged elite residents of Karachi, specifically on Kareem and Raheen who, though, live a life sheltered from the ugly violence raging on the streets, still cannot completely cut themselves off from such a large scale disturbance escalating rapidly in the country's major port city. The story develops as Raheen and Karim, thirteen year old when the story opens, begin to explore the reasons their parents - Ali and Maheen; Zafar and Yasmeen -had swapped partners before the wedding. The story behind the exchange of fiancées, revealed as an intimate personal story, has wider implications, since it is tied to the ethnic unrest of 1971, when civil war broke out between East and West Pakistan, and Bangladesh came into being.

- *Sadia Hasan* is Research Scholar in the Department of English at Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

HUMAN GOD: DECONSTRUCTION & RECONSTRUCTION

Mrudula Lakkaraju

Introduction: All of us define ourselves in terms of our experiences and our thinking patterns. We perceive the world based on our observations, processed by the ingrained doctrines of the mind. This becomes the basis for the variety of people, concepts, expressions and perceptions around us. I was often told by my father what can explain the world to me and help me deal with its complexity, is 'rationality'. This paper, in its exposition, might touch upon the areas of sociology, philosophy, literature and psychology for the presented analysis.

The stance that was taken by me in my youthful arrogance and middle aged mellowed humility is that I believe in god; what else would explain the universe, though I seldom believed in idol worship and in empty traditions and rituals. My rationality, with my father's support, is deeply entrenched in my psyche. I always was drawn into the stories of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, the conduit of my empathy teleporting me to live the stories. I breathed the characters and experienced them. The truth was there for me to realise. These characters were people like me and their experiences were my experiences. With this framework of thought I have explored and experienced Hindu mythology. I always argued that miracles of gods were their good deeds, glorified and blown out of proportion because the grandiose stuns us into belief and subjugates the human ego. If the gods were like me then why would I worship them? The fear of god would never set in, making me less fearful, more risk mongering, and hence the resulting pain for people around me in case of an extreme situation. That was how our society, wielding the weapon of 'fear of god', kept us safe from the unknown.

Now a burst of similar thought is seen on the front of 'today'. I see more people, young and not so young, if one can describe the phenomenon as the 'deconstruction and the reconstruction' a more 'Human God'. This is the premise on which this paper is based.

- **Dr. Mrudula Lakkaraju** is Associate Professor in the Department of English at Osmania University, Hyderabad.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

EXPERIENCING THE NEW SELF IN *A MATTER OF TIME AND SMALL REMEDIES*

Reena V. Nair

Shashi Deshpande's novels present a social world of many complex relationships. Doubt and anxiety push her characters into intense self examination. Her fiction explores the search of the woman to fulfill herself as a human being independent of her traditional role as daughter, wife and mother. The women are particularly caught in the process of redefining and rediscovering their roles, position and relationships within their own society. The concerns of women are primarily in the context of the family and the community. Her novels are concerned with a woman's search for identity, an exploration into the female psyche. Her protagonists undergo a strenuous journey to discover themselves, and this leads them through a web of self doubts and fears. She depicts women in numerous roles - wife, mother, daughter and an individual in her own right. Although consistently pressured in tangled relationships, her women firmly refuse to become prisoners of orthodoxies, fossilized traditions and idealized identities. They may not be very brave heroines but they are strong women struggling to find their own way and own voice.

A Matter of Time is set in the nineties of Karnataka and explores the intricate relationships within an extended family encompassing three generations of men and women. It is the story of three strong women representing three generations in a family namely Kalyani, Sumi, Aru and how they endure their suffering with patience and courage. The novel begins with Gopal's desertion of his family comprising his wife Sumi and three children - Aru, Charu and Seema. After Gopal's desertion, Shripati, Sumi's father, brings them to the "Big House" - the parental home. This is set against the backdrop of the sad tale of Sumi's parents, Kalyani and Shripati, in the 'big house'. Kalyani and Shripati live in a strange relationship silent for the last thirty five years. The mystery of their long silence has its roots in a sad tale of loss and agony. Shripati had stopped communication with his wife because he held her responsible for the loss of their four-year old mentally retarded son. Gopal's desertion makes his wife Sumi experience the trauma of a deserted wife and the anguish of an isolated partner.

- **Dr. Reena V. Nair** is a visiting faculty in several educational institutions in Delhi.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

FEMINISM IN ARUNDHATI ROY'S *THE GOD OF SMALL THINGS*

Ambri Shukla & Shuchi Srivastava

Arundhati Roy became an international literary sensation with her Booker Prize winning novel *The God of Small Things* (1997) and has of late devoted her creative energy to writing brilliant, well crafted and elaborately argued essays on momentous matter of public interest. This novel addresses a wealth of issues considered significant by Arundhati Roy. This paper deals mainly with the issue of feminism in the Indian context.

Feminism as a movement is about women living on equal terms with men and not pushed down, by law or by culture, into a subordinate role. The use of gender as an analytical concept allows us to establish patterns of thought and behavior determined by patriarchal mentalities, exposing their stressing effect on women. Simultaneously, sexual difference theories enable us to monitor resistance and evaluate self-awareness of women to confront the social perpetuation of patriarchal codes and to find possible alternatives ways of being a woman.

Like Nayantara Sahgal, Githa Hariharan and Manju Kapur, Arundhati Roy offers a concrete set of direction to change the position of women in Indian society. But Roy puts a lot of energy in encouraging a critical, rebellious perspective to consider current patterns of feminine identity in India. In contrast to the traditionally accommodating and devoted figures, Roy constructs rebellious and dissenting women characters.

One of the protagonists of the novel is "Ammu." Ammu is a sort of "thesis" on the denial of women's place inside their own blood families, with far reaching implications in terms of affection, attention and educational opportunities: "Ammu had not had the kind of education, nor read the sort of books, not met the sort of people that might have influenced her to think the way she did" (180). The action of the plot takes place in a village of Kerala in the sixties. Despite the Hindu succession Act (1956),

- **Ambri Shukla** is Research Scholar in the Department of Humanities at Maulana Azad National Institute of Technology (MANIT), Bhopal. **Dr. Shuchi Srivastava** is Associate Professor in the Department of Humanities at MANIT, Bhopal.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

INDIAN FEMINIST RESPONSE TO POSTCOLONIALITY

Varsha Sharma

Normally, venturing to write on feminism in this ungodly world of today is like trying to wield the Bow of Ulysses – or, to Indians, the simile, the Bow of Shiva.¹

When analyzing the social condition of women in India it is totally wrong to think in terms of white and western concepts. Indian women live with the bondage of gender, class and caste and it is not easy to escape this triple-bonding; feminists must understand that being a woman in India is something alien and different from the concept of women in the western world. Most Indian women do not have clear choice in their life and are bound by the chains inherited by their mothers.

Women in contemporary India occupy a significant place though in medieval period and later they suffered a lot on various counts: socio-political, religious etc. If we truly want to know the condition of Indian women's life and their psychology we have to refer to the holy scriptures like – *Manu Smriti*, *The Ramayana*, *The Mahabharata* and so on because these are only the medium to give us an authentic picture of women of India. As per *Manu Smriti*: "In Childhood a women should be under her father's control, in youth under her husband's, and when her husband is dead under her son's. She should not have independence."²

Manu is considered to be the Law-giver and, in this ancient code, the physical and psychological identity of women is defined through the role and control of men, the terrible triad of father, husband and son. Women were not allowed to exist out side male-defining boundaries. Manu's infamous law belongs to the past, but contemporary Indian society is still based on a patriarchal and male centered system. Women are subordinated to men and they are often discriminated on gender basis.

- **Dr. Varsha Sharma** is Guest Lecturer in the Department of English at Government College, Chhapara, Seoni (M.P.)

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

INDIAN WOMEN IN AMITAV GHOSH'S *THE HUNGRY TIDE*

Natabar Jena

Amitav Ghosh is a leading diasporic novelist of present time. Although he lives outside India, he deals with Indian traditions, customs, emotions and psyche in his novels. The reflection of Indian feelings, thoughts, geographical locations, historical background of different places of India provide certain psychological appeal to other new immigrant writers.

As a diasporic and postcolonial writer he remembers his homeland, the tradition and legend of his birth place. He still maintains cultural identity even living outside India. The psychological state of Indian women, their thoughts, concern for family, attitude towards family and society are distinct in world literature. This paper aims at the study of Indian women in Amitav Ghosh's *The Hungry Tide*.

Dress and appearance give a distinct identity to the persons of a community. The novelist gives a description of Nilima Bose, a lady of seventy six with typical Indian dress and appearance. The writer describes her "face of waxing moon appearance, wispy hair wearing in a knot at the back of her head and putting on a plain white widow's sari" (21). Sari is not a dress for only old Indian women but even for young ladies like Moyna, the middle aged lady Kusum and Piya, who after losing her dress in a storm, puts on a sari. Kanai first meets Kusum with marked difference: "She had a chipped front tooth and her hair was cut short, making something of an oddity among the girls of the islands. She had put on the frock of a child instead of a woman's sari in order to wring a few more months wear out of a set of still usable cloths" (90).

Exploitation of poor women appears to be one of the features of Indian society. Keeping it in mind the novelist tells us how a land owner named Dillip Choudhury attracts Kusum's mother for giving employment.

- **Natabar Jena** is Lecturer in English at Chitrotpala College of Education & Technology, Uttarkul, Jagatsinghpur, Odisha.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

FEMININE SENSIBILITY IN SHASHI DESHPANDE'S *IN THE COUNTRY OF DECEIT*

Minushree Pattnaik

In the Country of Deceit by Shashi Deshpande was published in 2008. The novel was shortlisted for the Regional Commonwealth Writers' Prize 2009. She gives two quotations at the beginning of the novel; one is from J. Krishnamurti, "Love is not mere pleasure, a thing of memory, it is a state of intense vulnerability and beauty." And the second is from A.K. Ramanujan, "A fantasy feast, that's what love is." These two quotations stand as epigraphs to the novel. But reading between the lines Deshpande's novel is much more than what these two quotations mean.

The novel reveals women's predicament. Each one looks at her predicament from different angle. Each one is aware of one's own existential angst. But they don't leave it untouched. They confront it; it is because they are passionate about their existence. They look at their problems from the feminine perspective.

Sindhu is an interesting character in the novel who appears to play the role of a moral guide to the characters. The novel is epistolary in form. She writes letters in Kannada to Devayani and her argument for choosing her mother tongue is very befitting; "Writing a letter in English, she says, is like making love wearing a 'rubber'. You can't feel anything" (27). The use of the simile speaks volumes about Sindhu's character. She is bold and unprejudiced in her thoughts. After she became a widow she didn't hesitate to go for a second one. She had freedom and happy conjugal life. Devayani was opposite in her nature. She is reticent, a loner; her youth was spent looking after her mother. Sindhu and her sister are worried about her future. To be honest, they are worried about her security; they don't believe that a woman can be secure without a male beside her. They read the world from their angle.

What goes on inside Devayani remains a mystery to them. Each one of us lives in an island. It is the paradox of human existence. We take the world for granted. The irony in this novel is that a woman fails to understand another woman, let alone males.

- **Minushree Pattnaik** is Research Scholar in the School of Humanities & Social Sciences at KIIT University, Bhubaneswar, Odisha.

Note: For complete article contact remarkings@hotmail.com

POETRY

TWO POEMS

G.L. Gautam

HOPING AGAINST HOPE

When we swear never to fancy
we hear a quivering voice.
when we swear not to turn a single line of poetry
as decades gone waste
while others groomed their careers
we hear our poems, too, have been accepted.

When we swear not to return and
run from one river to another
from one sea beach to another
from one forest to another
from one city to another
a beaming smile on a friend's face summons us back.

When we swear not to live at all
we hear hope-giving words
ringing in our subconscious.

THE SUMMER MORN

The aged and
the children
lay hidden in their dens
all through the fearsome cold.
Now, at dawn,
the cuckoo calls them to be up
and rush to the park.
As the summer morn
awaits them,
birds open their full throat
trees in their new wear dance
the pathways are washed by the milky rays.
The hard summer day's birth is innocent
the wind while blowing sings a lullaby
and joins in the chorus of birds.

- **Dr. G.L. Gautam** is Associate Professor and Head, Department of English, Lajpat Rai College, Sahibabad, Ghaziabad. He has translated poems by Kedarnath Singh and Dhoomil for Mahatma Gandhi Antarrashtriya Hindi Vishwavidyalaya, Wardha and Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi.



HEALING NATURE

Arati Thakur

In untold happiness I wake up every morning!
 To go back to sleep a terrible pain I feel.
 Every morning a new day I take
 Heart soaring up in the walks that rejuvenate.
 To meet the glamorous aura generating trees
 Overwhelmed with the cheer it showers on me.
 Feeling completely one with them as
 They lighten the soul by
 Floating and exchanging energies to heal everyone.
 Blessing and kissing away the pain that
 Might have lasted all night long.
 Restoring the colour of my cheeks as I walk into it
 I am struck with the yellow shades it reflected as if
 Some bride has been teased and
 Smearred in turmeric somewhere;
 Mirth, exquisiteness and celebration I feel.
 Creepers hanging out longingly on trees
 Frozen night long in steps of Salsa it seems
 The bottle brush trees
 Filling the lips of pretty girls in love.
 Hanging shyly from the tree as on being complimented
 Violet leaves of banyan trees
 Love in shape and colour they formed,
 Holding me tongue tied.
 "Spread Love and Light all around," they conveyed.
 Enchanted with flowers like Magenta, Red Cotton Silk and Ashoka
 They glimmered and shimmered as if in dew drops
 Filling one with astonishing beauty and love.
 Being in Nature is all that ever matters!

- **Arati Kumari Thakur** is Guest Faculty in the Department of English at Ravenshaw University, Cuttack, Odisha.

BOOK REVIEW

Sharma, Nar Deo. *Emotionoceans*. New Delhi: Authorspress, 2015. pp. 67. \$ 10.

K.K. Srivastava

Nar Deo Sharma has brilliantly brought out in his writings “stylistic niceties and the mellifluous metaphors in the wrappings of multipurpose perspectives.” The collection *Emotionoceans* which the poet describes as ‘Innovatively Inimitable Poetry’, though on first reading may appear to be material for simple poetic recitation, slowly assumes a different perspective as it is savoured time and again. This is attributable to the poet’s scholastic qualities in choosing apt and correct words to describe a whole situation or a visualisation. He is able to achieve this by the use of one or two words instead of long sentences or paragraphs. The unique sense of the poet in visualising what he wants to tell the reader and being able to convey it in minimum number of coined words is quite evident in almost all of his creations in this collection. Being an acknowledged expert in linguistics and communication skills there is small wonder in his achievement.

The peculiar style the poet himself describes as ‘I’-centric tempts one to imagine that the recitation or rather lamentation in his poem ‘Remorse’ is really an episode from his own life. ‘I abandoned/my old mother to/her unpredictable lot.’ The explanation the poet himself offers for having adapted such an approach is to prompt the readers to identify themselves when confronted with such a situation in their lives or rather be forewarned and equipped to deal with such a situation. This argument may, to a common reader, appear a bit unrealistic or confusing. But we should give it to the poet in a gold platter – the situation he portrays by his words is life-like. ‘The moments of remorse/now outlive my peace.’

The poet’s topics of appeal are vivid and varied. In the forty odd poems in this collection – one or two with identical names – he traverses over a wide terrain of topics from human characteristics and weaknesses to situations in real life to description or rather his version of the appearance and status of certain places he had been to.

In his opening poem ‘Green Go’ (already published in prestigious *The London Magazine*), he compares the dryness of nature’s autumn season without any flair or fragrance to the dry and colourless lives of Indian widows who are bound to live by the conventions in India. ‘The eye-cry-dry-trees are/poised, pieced in pensive prayers/to preen on

green go.' With this comparison the poet tries to bring out the similarities in the phases of nature to the various phases in the life span of a human being who is also an inevitable part of nature. An alert reader will notice the contradiction of Sharma's imagery when compared to Ted Hughes showcasing 'violence in nature.'

He laments for the present day neglect and forlornness of the city of Jaipur in his poem 'Pink City: Jaipur', where he pities the downtrodden lives of the artisans who create such wonderful pieces of art but strive to make both ends meet in their miserable lives. 'Its roads are broad as/ permissive Europe, America./Narrow are its streets/as scrupulous Asia.' In a few carefully selected words he draws a most eloquent picture of a city whose adjective lies only in the colour of the walls painted pink.

The self-pity he brings into the poem 'Show of Sorrows' 'men stilled in still mourning/grief froze into their eyes.' assumes the form of a confession when he admits his deeds as the cause of his mother's death. Here he brings out that falsehood in human nature with which one tries to cover-up one's misdeeds by lavish gestures, which, he fails to realise, is not worth even a dime in the conscience of the society.

In his poem 'Soldier's Memories' he vividly portrays the soliloquy of a valiant soldier who in one of those rare moments of solitude weds his soldierly thrills to his beloved family life. 'The jingling of my weapons I take/ for the tingling of your busy bangles.' The poet's attempt at conveying a new perspective to the service life of our brave soldiers is quite unique and enthralling.

In the poem titled 'An Ideal Picture' the poet's love and admiration for the father in a house is revealed. His appreciation for the affection of his father and his commitment to care for him in his days of weaning out and helpless old age, are very much evident in his lines. ' never dump you/ in an old people's house as/ a maniac of modernity.' In the words 'maniac of modernity' all his vehemence towards modern day attitude towards parents and the elderly finds expression.

'Her love stuffed with/the fungus of hate;/ the hub of heaven and hell/ has become our life.' In 'Spark of Hope' he draws before the readers' eyes a picture of a man poor in his earnings but rich in his yearning for more valuable things in life. His feelings and frustrations when the interests of partners in life are at variance and the ensuing conflicts are penned sincerely.

'The Best Award' is a wishful thinking or a dream where the poet visualises his poems becoming instrumental in eradicating all the evils and miseries in the country, which he goes on to describe one by one, and proclaims that such an eventuality would be to him the best award. The poet's sincerity and commitment to social causes come to the fore in those earnest and simple words.

The recital 'Poet – A Family Funroll' reveals the poet's lighter and humorous side of character. He does not hesitate to make fun of himself in his role as a poet in the family by stepping into the shoes of his father, wife and children and tries to see himself through their perspective. He puts before the reader the situation where one chooses to be a 'fulltime' poet when his hobby and profession roll into one, that too a not so successful one, commercially. When it comes to his wife, the poet laments, 'Staple life with a poet/to marry myriad miseries.' "Dear to all/ not near to all" – how deftly the poet sketches everything there is to say about 'sleep' in his poem by the same name! In the two stanzas that follow the words seem so insignificant before the glowing seven words that qualify the phenomenon and serve as the opening words of the poem.

While unveiling the falsehood and guises the society assumes, through his many poems, the one real 'hero' the poet admires in his life is again reiterated and reaffirmed in the poem 'Father'. He personifies his father as embodiment of patience, endurance and dependability. The poet himself feels proud to have inherited such of those traits.

The poet concludes his collection with a poem dedicated to all Mothers and uses the word 'oceanic', which appears in the title of the collection, for the first time to describe his affection which goes on to show how deeply he is affected or encompassed by her love and caring for her children. His emotionally abundant words testify to the great esteem he has for the sacrifices a mother makes for the upbringing and welfare of her children who are for her, her own heartbeats.

Like the poet himself acclaims about style under the disclosure on 'Poetic Perceptibility', he has created for himself an inimitable style. His frankness and straight forwardness in dealing with his subjects are commendable. His command over the media of expression and the abundant supply of illustrative vocabulary at his disposal give him that freedom to honestly deal with a topic or rather the ability to delve into it

without ever having to restrict himself for fear of any over statement or over expression.

With the practised ease of a trained gymnast he practically hops from one topic to another without fear of any slip but knowing well how precarious his each step is. Here the difference is that his each such step is a beautiful poem. The eagerness with which the poet deals with each topic of his selection sometimes also tend to recall to our minds how a genius student of science seeks new experiences in his laboratory table with minimum of deft strokes of his hand. Likewise in his approach to an issue of contemporary nature his abstractness is evident. His style lays the subject there before everyone's eye threadbare for comprehending matters in their true perspective and invites the reader to form his own views and opinions.

Sharma's every poem is an episode in itself of seemingly small but pertinent and significant issue everybody has come across at one time or another but failed to notice or register in their conscience let alone visualise it. Only when we go through his teeming words do we identify our lives and situations to what the poet has so unobtrusively jotted down in these pages. Everyone who have savoured the poems herein are sure to hear for sometime to come the persisting sound of the lashing of waves in the 'Emotionoceans'. That is one thing for sure.

This is a remarkable collection by a poet who reads and writes to live and not live to read and writes. A highly readable book.

- **K.K. Srivastava** is *Principal Accountant General, Kerala*. An internationally acclaimed Indian poet writing in English, his poetry collections include *Ineluctable Stillness (2005)*, *An Armless Hand Writes (2008)* and *Shadows of the Real (2012)*. His review of Indian Prime Minister Narendra Modi's book of poetry *A Journey* appeared in an earlier issue of *Re-Markings*.



Khatri, C.L. *Two Minute Silence*. New Delhi: Authorspress, 2014. pp. 81. Rs. 195.00.

Binod Mishra

C.L. Khatri, a bilingual poet writing in English and Hindi, a perceptive critic and editor has created ripples in literary world again with his latest collection, *Two Minute Silence*. It is his third poetry collection after *Kargil (2000)* and *Ripples in the Lake (2006)* devoted to "Maa

who lives in” him and “breathes through” him. It is a refreshingly novel and thought-provoking compendium of the poet’s innermost rumblings that can prompt every human heart to introspect “what man has made of man.” The collection, which contains thirty four poems along with fifty five haikus, has in its root a native vigour and folk sensibility transmuted into voice of struggle against loss of human values and cultural more in the tide of globalization, marketization and reduction of humans specifically women into commodities. What is remarkable is that a common man, like R.K. Laxman, in the vicissitudes of life peeps through his poems and they bring with them the aroma of wet soil after the first shower of the monsoon in the village.

The title of the collection itself hints at the poet’s realization of loss in various forms, be it the loss of poet’s mother or a mother’s son, our family value system, cultural mores or shramjeevan. “Homage to Maa” is the most emotive and forceful poem and whenever one turns to poems on Maa in Indian English poetry one will refer to this poem with the veneration that one refers to Shiv K. Kumar’s poem on his mother’s death, “An Encounter with Death”: “I was holding her in my arms/ In the icy winter morning/ Her breath slipped out of my hands/ My numb fingers could not hold her” (20). While he begins the poem with a touch of personal loss, he is able to transmute personal loss into universal realization: “Absence shows one’s real worth./ Today I feel her more intensely/ Than ever I did. A deity in the sanctum....” Mother becomes a metaphor in the poet’s delineation of river, flower, water, soil etc. which finally become the sheltering tree ready to clasp us when we grow weary of all our benign and malignant desires.

Khatri’s collection has some poems ironic in nature yet the poet commiserates with the eternal giver by saying, “There must have been some compulsions./ Nobody loves to betray the dear ones” (“Mother” 29). While *Two Minute Silence* also contains poems on other subjects yet the theme of loss rules supreme in the book and that substantiates the title. The poet seems aggrieved with man’s conflict with Nature and his environmental concerns prompt every reader to think beyond the poet’s message camouflaged in simple words.

What a pitiable reversal syndrome it is that the poet draws our attention to a river afraid of a city, a father afraid of the son and finally man afraid of machine! The poet’s anguish in the form of irony is not devoid of truths that humans in their blind craze for development (sustainable, if any) come across and are a part of it. While the picture drawn in the aforesaid poem is that of Patliputra (Patna) but the said city is only a metaphor. In fact, all cities are dying and so are all rivers. The poet

calls sex as any other hunger “immune to rags of time” and feels it as a result of humans’ craze for the fast pace of life which seems to blind all human considerations. Love has merely become a façade of sensual pleasure which starts with our birth and is not law-bound. Like a mute spectator, the poet foreshadows the claims of the youth: I am no one’s colony/ I have thrown away the albatross/ You had hung around my neck” (63). It also shows the emergence of new women who have broken away from the old patriarchal shackles.

Realism is the touchstone of *Two Minute Silence*. The poet draws his readers’ attention and persuades them not only to observe silence only for human deaths but for other deaths as well. Death in the physical form only terminates life but death of various customs, mores, values and practices continue to pester all coming generations. No reader is left with painful thoughts when the poet says: “Friends, stand with me/ To observe two-minute silence/ On this great grand culture/ On this glorious century/ On its great promises” (68). The poet’s knack of easing the pain comes as a palliative when he says, “Someone whispered in my ear/ Can’t we do with one minute...?” (68).

The book also contains fifty five Haiku with power pack punch and wit but they echo the same spirit and ironic mode of poetry: “Sonia’s Dandi March/ Gandhi makes salt out of tears/ VAT comes of her bag” (71) or “In a churchyard Gray/ releases anonymous poems/ fiction blows the candle” (71).

The poems in this volume are profound and expansive in meaning as they touch upon various issues of everyday concern beginning from personal to national and physical to metaphysical meanderings. The collection is packed with Indian smells and charms in terms of everyday practices of food, dress and desires. Written in free verse though, the poems of Khatri’s collection may lack in melody yet are not devoid of the melody of thoughts. The collection is essentially a meaningful addition to the world of Indian English poetry.

- **Dr. Binod Mishra** is Associate Professor of English at IIT Patna. He is Editor-in-Chief, *Indian Journal of English Studies*.



RE-MARKINGS

www.re-markings.com

Everything is
changing.
People are
taking
their
comedians
seriously
and the
politicians
as a
joke.

- *Will Rogers*

ISSN 0972-611X