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VISION

An honest voice having the vision to provide a vibrant literary culture with the creative writers with the literary commune to promote peace and humanity in the society.

MISSION

1. To provide a vibrant literary culture among the creative writers.

2. To encourage the development of poets and writers in society.

3. An initiative to promote peace and humanity in society.

4. To provide an ambience among the literary communities to work together for a common cause.

5. To provide a platform for human expression for the deep inner expression of suppressed thoughts.

6. To encourage hidden voice from the grass-root contributors giving them an opportunity to express human values.





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A NEW JOURNEY BEGUN.

Che all

FOUNDERS' VOICE



Founders' Voice

Dear Readers,

Greetings!!!

And the Journey Began...

It was a journey to unknown when it had its springs out... Quite hesitantly, we stepped onto the road whose destination *IS* unquestionably beautiful, soothing always... In the direction of Humanity and Peace, we called the world forth and to pacify our thirst, the world answered. From all corners of the world - US, Canada, UK, Germany, New Zealand, Philippines, Palestine, Romania, South Africa, Scotland, Serbia, Nigeria, Myanmar, Nepal, Bhutan, Brazil, Spain, Italy, and Australia - the submissions showered on us with different cultures, language groups, ethnicities and geographical differences... the reverberations flooded towards the journal...

On the background of the disastrous Pandemic of Covid -19, we had a vision of bringing the world together... through the literary voices. It is a difficult task always to select but in the quest for the Highest Quality, our Editorial Board worked hard... the result is the First Issue of INNS/EI.

Of course, it's a beginning... we hope to ascend towards the peaks... to set new peaks. On this buoyant journey, once again, we will be in need of peace-making voices every month... The ultimate aim is to spread the messages of PEACE and HUMANITY.

Let all the singing birds join to pray for the world...

Let all Humans join hand in hand to help each other...

Let the world be a village to live happily together...

Adieu...

Kind Regards,

Mr Orbindu Ganga and Tejaswini Dange Patil, Ph.D.

Founders and Literary Editorial Directors

INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative

Literature for Peace and Humanity (IJCLPH)

chants at

ADVISORY VOICE

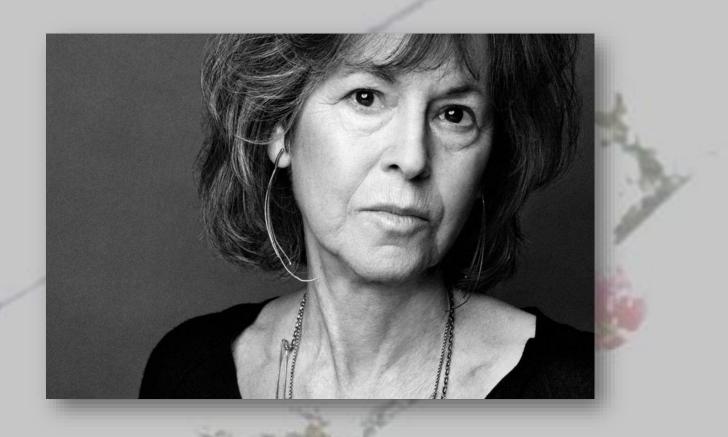
Advisory Voice

A well-known German saying asserts that "every beginning is difficult". Considering the high number of E-journals that are available across the globe in our times, to establish a literary E-platform for emerging as well as established writers whose works embrace peace within humanity is not at all an easy task. Already with their publication's debut issue, the young, incredibly dynamic and capable, and visionary founders of *Innsai Journal* have demonstrated to a diverse audience how to create a comprehensive and inspiring model of success for the communication field of focus. From its utterly inviting cover design, its carefully planned layout, its well-calibrated extent to the multitude of content offerings, the journal has undoubtedly etched for itself an irreplaceable presence already in its formation stage. Heartfelt congratulations are in order!

Kind Regards,

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. Advisory Board Member, INNSÆI International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity Professor Emerita, The Pennsylvania State University Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International Published author, literary translator, ghostwriter

COVER STORY



Louise Glück, the 2020 Noble Prize Laureate for Literature.



Demetra's Daughter

A few considerations about Louise Glück, the 2020 Noble Prize Laureate for Literature

by Ligia Tomoiaga, Ph.D.

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Colonized America started as a new country with old people. The English, the Germans, the Dutch, the Irish, the French.... all those European people who made the big leap across the ocean, were very different: some were running from various religious, social, political or legal predicaments; others were adventurous, curious, they wanted to tame the unknown; and of course, others were just looking to get rich as quickly as possible. They arrived on that territory with their own stories, their own mythologies and legends, their own customs, cuisine, religions, fashions, and languages. But they had one thing in common: their Indo-European culture and their Judeo-Christian values. For a very long time, American authors have tried to give American people their own mythology, their own history - hence the use of specific relief, mountains and woods instead of the European dungeons and castles during Romanticism; the use of the American south as a setting for a rediscovery of tragedy, etc. Then, new voices appeared on the continent - African, Asian - all with

their own stories. The old Native layer started to surface. Nevertheless, the wish for classicism, for literature that 'fitted all' was always felt, somehow, because all of those people had their own ancient voices from their old countries. With Louise Glück, the 2020 Noble Prize Winner for Literature, the United States, the literary world acknowledges the career of a poetic voice that can be considered to be such an ancient spirit, who was able to give the New World its link to ancient mythology as nobody else before.

Louise Glück was born on Long Island, New York, in 1943 and started her career very early, with a volume of poetry - *Firstborn* - which was published in 1968, and which was received with great appraisal from the critics. She had been inspired from her own biography, and her own growing-up pains, but her poetry was mature, steady, and very memorable, even at that age. She started teaching, and after a period of concentrating on her own self, she continued her literary career with more than twenty collections of poetry. Glück's favourite themes refer to such everlasting human obsessions as age, death, innocence, fate, human relationships... In that, she is related to all great writers of the world, as the best literature is the one that deals with human nature - that human nature that does not change, no matter how seriously dramatic the historical, social or technological contexts might be different.

In this logic, Louis Glück is obviously much influenced by ancient Greek mythology, which is also deeply rooted in those 'everlasting' human realities. Her parents would read to her mythological tales, instead of the usual bedtime stories; she grew up under the influence of Homer's *Odyssey*, so her poetry is much indebted to this classical tradition. Many of her 'characters', her poetic egos are feminine figures coming from Homer's epic poems, in a sort of lonely quest for the spring where all humanity comes from. She appears to be mostly attracted by family drama, with the sometimes troublesome relations between husband and wife, daughter and mother, etc., which may account for a Freudian influence on her poetry. Nevertheless, most of the times, Glück's verses remind the reader of the plethora of poets and writers looking for their youthful innocence, for that initial energy (be it

love, family, tragedy, happiness..) that constituted ground 0 in their voyage on earth - in general - and on the path of poetry, in particular.

Persephone is the daughter of Zeus and Demetra, the goddess of fertility. She is half seduced/half raped by Hades, the owner of the dark world of the dead. He does not want to repel her completely, so half a year he allows her to live on earth and then the rules of fertility apply: spring comes, the grass is green, flowers bloom, and woods come to life. Then, the other half of the year, she goes back to Hades, and the earth is barren of fruit, decays, it is almost dead: autumn comes, the leaves fall, flowers are gone, and there is no more grass. Winter comes next, when apparently nothing is alive anymore in nature, the snow covers everything. Such is the vision that Glück has on her own life - a woman, her mother's daughter, a Persephone in a kind of continuous doubt whether her place is on earth, or in the after world. The poem Persephone the Wanderer ends with a few lines that are illustrative of how the poetic voice identifies with the everlasting tragedy of human soul, somehow trapped in between worlds: "Song of the earth,/ song of the mythic vision of eternal life - / My soul/ shattered with the strain/ of trying to belong to earth - / What will you do, / when it is your turn in the field with the god?". In another poem, Vespers (a Latin term for dusk), the poetic voice identifies herself with a feminine spirit who comes to bring spring, and the beginning of all natural life, but who is also somehow responsible for the death of nature, for the autumn that comes too soon - a splendid image of the tragedy of the human being, who is pendulating between life and death: "You who do not discriminate/ between the dead and the living, who are, in consequence,/ immune to foreshadowing, you may not know/ how much terror we bear, the spotted leaf,/ the red leaves of the maple falling/ even in August, in early darkness: I am responsible/ for these vines."

A kind of biography of all women, all girls, but identified by the poetic soul with her own quest for innocence and for answers - where everything started, where youth went, how much of her life is her own doing, how much she is responsible for her own feeling of estrangement - is given by Louise Glück in *The Myth of*

Innocence. The girl, who stands by a forest pool, watches herself in the mirror offered by the water, wondering how life and love and other 'happenings' have changed her, and whether beneath all those surfaces there is still herself looking in the mirror; and whether she has arrived at a place that represented what she wanted, or she is just a victim of fortuitous outer constraints. Persephone has very little say in the way she was raised by her godly parents - Zeus, the king of gods, too involved in his own doings, in his own quest for power and meaning, having but little time to devote to his numerous children; and Demetra, the goddess who kept in her hands the source of life and wealth and happiness, the one praised by people during the Mysteries of Eleusis (a feast dedicated to her and to fertility). She has very little say in the way Hades approaches her, lures her into the abyss of the world of shadows. She has very little to decide as to her 'married' life, she is somehow destined to be part of both worlds - the world of fertile nature and the world of darkness and death. She feels the anguish of having been thrown in her own destiny at times, but she also feels that in a way she is responsible for her destiny - destiny, fate are at the core of ancient Greek tragedies, in which the hero tries to fight against fate, seen as the will of gods, and thus breaks the harmony, which has to be re-installed; in this process, man gets to have a glimpse of the matrix idea that created the universe through a 'feeling of the mind', which is called *catharsis* by Aristotle. At the same time, though, during the same process of re-institution of harmony, the hero loses his/her life thus the tragedy. This is represented in Glück's aforementioned poem by the image of the young girl, who does not know if she conformed to her god-willed destiny, or she has just lost her innocence and earthly power in vain: "She stands by the pool saying, from time to time, / I was abducted, but it sounds/ wrong to her, nothing like what she felt./ Then she says, I offered myself, I wanted/ to escape my body. Even, sometimes, / I willed this. But ignorance / cannot will knowledge. Ignorance / wills something imagined, which it believes exists./ All different nouns -/ she says them in rotation./ Death, husband, god, stranger./ Everything sounds so simple, so conventional./ I must have been, she thinks, a simple girl./ She can't remember

herself as that person/ but she keeps thinking the pool will remember/ and explain to her the meaning of her prayer/ so she can understand/ whether it was answered or not.".

These are but few words about a really gifted and very deep poet - Louise Glück. She is powerful, she is dramatic, she is extremely intelligent, and she gives humanity a new set of answers to an old set of questions, a new feeling of depth in an apparently superficial world, which demonstrates that the thirst for meaning, for deep thinking and knowledge have never died in humanity, even if such quests and anguishes sometimes seem to be covered in the ever-changing mirrors of everyday life. Glück is not only the beneficiary of this Nobel Prize for literature; literature is the beneficiary of a Noble Prize laureate, who is well-worthy of our recognition and adulation.

About the Author :

Ligia Tomoiaga, Ph.D., is an Assistant Professor with the Technical University of Cluj Napoca, the Baia Mare University Centre, Romania. She teaches various courses on literature- British and American - cultural studies and history. She is an author of several books, translations, and articles. She is also an international conference organizer and editor of several volumes.

AND S. ME

INTERVIEW



HON. BASUDEB CHAKRABORTI, Ph.D.

M.A.(Calcutta & Houston), M.Phil.(Nagpur) Ph.D.(Kalyani), PGDTE(CIEFL), Hyderabad.

Former Professor and Faculty Dean, University of Kalyani. Founder Professor of English, Sikkim Central University at Gangtok. Former World Humanist Professor of English, the University of Central Arkansas at Conway, Arkansas State, USA.

An Erudite Conversation With a Literary Connoisseur

Hon. Basudeb Chakraborti, Ph.D. (India)

by Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul, (India)

Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul : Welcome to the interview chamber of INNSAEI, Professor Chakraborti.

Hon. Basudeb Chakraborti, Ph. D. : Thank you, Sanju Paul

Sanju Paul: You already have seven books published in your bag including the thesis on Hardy. May I request you to kindly enlighten the readers (in brief) on Thomas Hardy's view of happiness?

Professor Chakraborti: Hardy is often called a pessimist. Very often it is said that Hardy's creed is Greek fatalism, that Hardy has a preconceived idea about the role of some inexorable power in human lives. Those who argue in favour of Hardy's pessimism almost invariably quote the last few lines of the novel. Tess of the D'urbervilles: "Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals, in Aeschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess".

A careful study of his major novels reveals that he is neither tragic nor pessimistic. He is an altruist. In my doctoral thesis, I have tried to use a wealth of materials from contemporary philosophical theories and social and economic reality as well as from his personal life and opinions to demonstrate convincingly that he believes in the possibility of Mankind's evolution towards an altruistic perfection. Love for fellow beings is the cardinal feature of altruism. The role of contemporary thinkers in the formulation of this point of view in the novelist's mind especially the evolutionary theories of Darwin (Social Darwinism), Herbert Spencer (Social) and Leslie

Stephen's understanding of the Positivism of Comte (Ethical) influence Hardy's view of happiness.

Charles Darwin says in formulating his theory of Origin that the failure of a species to adapt itself to the environment that has been continually undergoing change must result in his extinction. The 'fittest' will only survive and the rest of the species will become extinct in the course of their struggles against the environment which is hostile to them. Darwin noticed and made experiments with the Marine lives while he was on a transatlantic voyage. But if someone transfers this concept of biological evolution to the context of social evolution which is popularly known as Social Darwinism, he or she will find that a character's failure to anticipate what is going to happen next, a character's failure to reconcile or adapt himself/ herself with the changing circumstances, his/her failure to maintain the ecological balance – all these considerations play very important roles in his continual struggles for examples. Let me give examples from his one novel only to justify this point. The novel is Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

In Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Tess's failure to adapt herself to the changed situation after the unexpected arrival of Clare at Sanbourne where Tess and Alac live together results in the total wreck of her life. The moment she sees Angel Clare, she totally breaks down. In chapter LVI, Tess appears as a person who is unaware of her changed situation. The reappearance of Angel Clare in her life has revived her emotional attachment for Clare and the pangs of separation from Clare owing to her reunion with Alac have driven her mad. At this moment she becomes hysterical, goes upstairs and kills Alac. Had she understood the implication at that time, she wouldn't have killed Alac and definitely she wouldn't have been chased by the police. This was Tess's failure to reconcile her to the changing circumstances.

The influence of Charles Darwin's theory of evolution is an important factor in Hardy's attempt to show the extinction of some pivotal characters of his novels owing to their failure to respond appropriately to changed situations. The pattern of

human life continually undergoes change and a man's task is to reconcile himself to that changed situation. Hardy shows in his novel and short stories that a man's failure to adapt himself to change will result in his extinction. This concept of Darwin influenced Hardy and so, examples of failure on the part of different characters to adapt themselves to changed environments, resulting in their elimination from the world, abound in his novels and short stories.

Men and women in Hardy's novels wanted to lead their lives following the dictates that came from their within. Society was an arch villain. Indeed Hardy was very much influenced by Spencer's Laissez Faire social policy. He stands against all sorts of state and social authoritarianism. Herbert Spencer welcomed 'the Government that governs least'. He was highly individualistic. Hardy was against all sorts of social interferences. This is evident in Tess. Let me refer to an incident from Tess of the D'urbervilles. The Victorian outlook on the chastity of a woman was that she should not have any sexual experience before her marriage. Tess's loss of virginity before her marriage, even though it was against her will shocks Clare. Though Angel Clare claims to be an emancipated man with an openness of mind and broad vision of life, the moment he learns about Tess's seduction by Alac, he becomes upset and loses his sanity. A piece of conversation will reveal the emotional reality of Clare's attitude towards the chastity of a woman whom he is going to have as his wife:

"Then how can you, O my husband, stop loving me?"

"I repeat, the woman I have been loving is not you."

"But who?"

"Another woman in your shape."

Virginity was a respected social ideal in Victorian society. Angel Clare, with his so called broadness of mind, cannot even conceive that his beloved Tess, whom he has married, had experienced sexual union with Alac before her marriage. It is the accepted Victorian idea of an ideal wife that Angel Clare misses in Tess. When he

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finds that Tess lacks that value, he loses his rational control over himself and leaves her in utter helplessness. Clare's highfalutin sentiment for Tess has been wounded. The wreck of their marriage, Thomas Hardy shows, is due to the social interference of Angel Clare's social belief that an ideal wife is one who has never experienced sexual union before her marriage. The make-believe world about the chastity of Tess, his would be-wife, cherished by Angel Clare in his inmost heart, is responsible for their tragic ends. This is also a kind of social interference. Society interferes in Tess's life through Angel Clare whose apparently emancipated mind cannot defy the Victorian taboo on sex. Hardy shows in his novels, short stories and poems that in Victorian society there is was a contraction of the individual and corresponding expansion of the social domination. Had there been no interference of contemporary social values and popular social beliefs, Angel Clare would definitely not have deserted Tess, though he loved her from his heart of hearts. Actually both Tess and Angel Clare are in love with love only, like Romeo's earlier love for Rosaline in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. They do not love each other of flesh and blood. The absence of social control upon an individual being, Hardy points out, enables an individual unit of society to grow independently according to the inherent ability and potentials. This indicates clearly the influence of Herbert Spencer's theory of social evolution on Hardy. Like Spencer Hardy also thinks that society is not a master machine to which a man should submit himself.

Sacrifice of Man's happiness has been compensated by altruism in some of his major novels of Hardy (Jude the Obscure is an exception). To Thomas Hardy, Man's happiness lies in his altruistic attitude to life.

To resume this discussion of Tess, the remaining few days of her life are, indeed, mellowed with the spirit of altruism. She has murdered Alac in a fit of her anger and repentance and the police started chasing both Tess and Clare. They hid themselves in one dense forest. During these days of their escape they developed a kind of realisation which is altruistic feeling of life. Tess is totally changed into one who is above all self seeking. She talks about the marriage prospect of Liza-Lu. The last words she speaks before her arrest seem to be strikingly humane: "It is as it should be ", she murmured. "Angel, I am almost glad . . . yes, glad. This happiness could not have lasted. It was too much. I have had enough . . . '.

Let us refer to the concluding part of The Return of the Native. The scene which marks the end of the novel hints at the altruistic state of Clym's mind. Here there is a brilliant comment by Thomas Hardy, which highlights the unambiguous contrast between what the novelist introduces in the opening scene and what he describes at the end. "On the Sunday after this wedding, an unusual sight was to be seen on Rainbarrow. From a distance there simply appeared on top of the tumulus, just as Eustacia had stood on that lonely summit some two years and a half before. But now it is the fine warm weather, with only a summer breeze blowing, and early afternoon instead of dull twilight.... Round him upon the slopes of the Barrow a number of men and women were reclining or sitting at their ease. They listened to the words of the man in their midst, who was preaching, while they abstractedly pulled heather, stripped ferns, or tossed pebbles down the slope. This was the first of a series of moral lectures or Sermons on the Mount, which were to be delivered from the same place every Sunday afternoon as long as the fine weather lasted". The man is Yeobright Clym who becomes an altruist, sacrificing all his dearer ones and happiness of life.

The description of the situation hinting at the conspicuous contrast between what was what is at present reveals Clym's concern for the village-folk. It is not the drab and dreary moment of twilight. The weather is not insipid. It is a day full of golden sunshine, a day of serene comfort. The atmosphere soothes everybody's mind Clym Yeobright feels that he is not alone in this world.

Sanju Paul: If the translator is a also a linguist, will it help minimising the losses that occur while squeezing out the matter out of source language into the target language? As you have a prominent work in your name ["Some

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Problems of Translation: A Study of Tagore's Red Oleanders], can you tell us how efficient did you find Tagore in working on "ambiguity of sense" while translating Raktakrabi to Red Oleanders? Your point of view on translational losses if the source language author himself is the translator, as is the case with Raktakrabi and Red Oleanders? How less challenging is it to keep the essence of source language intact in the target language during translation if the author and translator have no barrier of cultural or linguistic background and what is the effect on the quality of final output there of ?

Professor Chakraborti: A language learner can easily learn the four basic skills of a language and for this learning he may not require to be familiar with the internal mechanism of that language. One can know how to drive a motor car and for this driving, he may not know the internal systems of the car engine. George Steiner, one of the leading 20th century translation theoretician in his book After Babble says that a translator is expected to be familiar with both the languages of the Source language text and the Target language text.

Now I will aim at explaining the nature of translation process based on a comparative study of an original text and its translated version. It will also explain creative translator's problem of transferring a text written in one language into another. Indeed translation is an encoding and decoding process. A translator first decodes the source language text. At the time of decoding the SLT, he decodes a SLT. He may or may not construct a text of the SLT. It is the translator's understanding of the language and the meaning of the Source Language Text with the help of which a translator constructs a text of his own text. The text may or may not tally the text of the SLT. Here the Reader's Response theory is relevant. The problem of a translator is which of the two texts ---the author's text or the text he has created should encode in the TLT. This problem becomes complicated in the context of the translator of a literary text. Literary writings have different layers of implications. The problem is, which shade of meaning of the Source Language Text a practising translator should translate. A.K. Srivastava holds the following opinion:

"... It is the metaphoric meter that provokes the problems of ambiguity even when assuming that the 'core' meaning arrived at by the translation represents the temper and the tone of the original faithfully."

Thus the modern theory such as Readers-Response theory makes the process of translation difficult and vulnerable. In this context one popular tag that a translation work is 'either beautiful or faithful' needs to be examined. This adage encourages us to find the gender bias in the process of translation. The metaphor that translation is a woman is here relevant The words 'beautiful and faithful' with a natural overtone of patriarchy underlines that Source Language Text is the 'husband' and the Target Language Text is the 'wife. Here I am not quoting Terry Eagleton's relevantly interesting remark. Those who are interested to see this comment may kindly see the following: Quoted from Lawrence Venuti, Rethinking Translation London: Rooutledge, 1992. p.68.

The assumption that translation is either 'beautiful' or 'faithful' is based on certain misconceptions. It is wrong to think that there is a dichotomy between faithfulness and beauty. If faithfulness in this context means literalness or word-by-word translation and if beautiful translation refers to poetry or artistry, a literal translation may be beautiful and artistic and equally a beautiful or artistic translation may be faithful one to the SLT. There is no contradiction between artistic qualities and literalness in a work of translation. Indeed a literal translation may also be beautiful and artistic.

But the primary purpose of a translator is primarily to carry the theme and the metatheme of a source language text (SLT) into a text written in another language, i.e., target language (TL). This journey of the theme and the meta-theme, encoded into one language, to another language, is the kernel of the translation process. We need to remember in this connection that the translation process is no longer considered a mechanistic one. Of course, there are certain translation works—particularly those rendering scientific and technological contents written in one language, which

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demand relatively mechanical substitution for facts written in a particular language. The process of translation of scientific and technical writings is thus different from that of a creative and literary work. I have not examined here the translation process of scientific and technical writings. Translation is not an attempt of implanting any subject matter or any content written by a creative writer in his mother tongue or a foreign or second language into another language. Had it been so, it will have been a transplantation of a tree, grown up steadily on a particular soil into an alien soil and atmosphere. Indeed, translation is a creative art. It is not a mechanical transfer of a theme and meta-theme written in one language into another. Perhaps for this reason, there is hardly any set procedure for translation. A good translation can be an artistic creation. In that case it transcends translation; it then becomes a new creation. A good translation shows a spontaneous and creative process of a journey of a theme and meta-theme from one linguistic framework to another linguistic framework. This is called re-creation and this is also considered an artistic marvel.

With a new critical insistence on the inseparability of form and content, doubts have been raised in our time about the possibility of translation. Even much earlier, Shelley who was an admirable translator likened translation to subjecting a violet to chemical analysis. Perhaps he was highlighting the impossibility of exact correspondence between source and target text, and not indeed rejecting translation. He held the view that 'the plant must spring again from the seed, or it will bear no flower'. Some elements in the source text tend to elude being grasped by the target language in the translation. There are experts who stress it and draw an attention to the device that may remove hurdles and they are put into target language. The translator who controls the process must be a discerning and honest critic and at the same time a creative writer; he must have the natural ability to locate 'seed' and make it grow. He must have reasonable freedom and should first, to quote Dryden; 'know what is peculiar to the author's style'. Dryden in this connection says that a poet is in need of being a poet.

Linguistics is the scientific study of the internal mechanism of human language in general. It may be good if a translator is familiar with the internal mechanism of both the source and the target languages, particularly in transferring both segmental and supra segmental features of both SLT and TLT. But it is not the essential prerequisite. A translator without any idea of Linguistics may be a good translator. About my response to your second question on translation I will first refer to Noam Chomsky, Roger Bacon and other related problems of translation.

Differences among languages are the difference of surface structures.

The human child is born with a blueprint of language which is called Universal Grammar". Indeed Chomsky's Transformational Generative Grammar presents a faithful and objective description of the internal structure of all human languages.

Chomsky's Concept of Language Universals may be referred to this context.

A leading translation theoretician of the present time, Edwin Gentzler's comment on the importance of Chomsky's concept of the 'Universal Grammar' in the context of translation theories seems relevant, "Chomsky's deep structure/surface structure model, his transformational rules, although mono linguistically derived, lend themselves to justifying a theory of translation. Whether one accepts Chomsky's beliefs on how the human mind is structured or not his deep structures, postulated to contain all the necessary syntactic as well as semantic information for a correct transformation into surface structure and interpretation, lend themselves well to the translation practitioner trying to represent an 'underlying message' in a second language".

Without questioning the validity or otherwise of these two sets of intricate opinions about the possibility of translation let us accept the premise that translation is possible; 'the human actually does communicate across linguistic barrier, and this is the pivot of universalism'. Accepting this premise, let us see what goes on in the mind of a practicing translator when he is engaged in the act of translation.

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Moreover, one may consider whether a creative piece of writing can at all be translated successfully.

Before doing this investigation, let me refer to different types of translation which Roman Jacobson classifies in one of his articles on Translation.

1) Intralingual translation or rewording, which is an interpretation of verbal signs by means of other signs of the same language. (It refers to Translation of Shakespeare written in Elizabethan English into Modern English.) Diachronic translation-----It can also be translation at Synchronic level. Translation changing the mode of Discourse)

2) Interlingual translation or translation proper which is an interpretation of verbal signs by means of some other language. (From English to Bengali or vice versa.)

3) Intersemiotic translation or transmutation, which is an interpretation of verbal signs by means of signs of non-verbal sign system. (Taken from On Translation, Edited by Brower, Jakobson's article is On Linguistic aspects of Translation, 232-239)

As an example let us refer to the following: Translation of a Dramatic text into a theatre text of Dance Drama.

Note in this connection the following items

1) Interpretation - to make clear or bring out the intended meaning

2) Transmutation - Transmute means Change something into something completely different.

3) Jacobson has not referred to Self Translation - e.g., Tagore's Red Oleanders, which is a unique form of self-translation.

Translator' construction of the text which he translates may not be identical to the text of the SLT author. It is his understanding of the language and the meaning of the Source Language Text with the help of which a translator constructs a text of his own. His understanding includes not only the categorical and formal aspects but also the cultural significance of that language.

The Translator's taste, affinity, scholarship, experience social standing--- All determine the meaning of the author's text. (e.g., Baby swallows fly—Ambiguity)

Thus a translator first is a Reader and he decodes linguistic symbols which are signifiers of Source language text. He is expected to be familiar with every nuance, linguistic features of syntax, of inflectional and derivational affixes, of its arbitrary behaviour of lexical items and so on.

The translator also needs to be very much meticulous about the cultural significance of the text he undertakes to translate. The phrase Cultural Significance in this context refers to both conceptual and Associative meanings of language.

For Example: the word in English Needle

Its Conceptual Meaning: Thin, sharp, steel instrument

Its Associative meaning: Something painful.

The Next stage in the process of translation is that a translator encodes what is in his mind about the theme, Meta theme of SL text. He also keeps in his mind at this stage of encoding the Cultural significance (Conceptual as well as Associative meaning) and structural and grammatical aspects of the SL text. He keeps all these things in his mind for the following:

One of the important characteristic features of a Successful translator is to be faithful to the original text.

The problem in transferring the structural and grammatical aspects of the SL Text into the linguistic framework of the TL text seems to be very much formidable. The translator is also expected to take utmost care of faithful transference of the structural and grammatical aspects of the language of into the TL text.

Problems of translating mythological names seem difficult. The mythological name, Krishna in Mahabharata has often been addressed as Kalachand, Krishna, Parthasarathi, Shyam, Dwarknath, Nandadulal, Debakinandan and many others on various occasions of the SL text. And each of these names of Krishna has its own contextual meaning. The image of Devkinandan has little to do with the image of Parthasarathi. A practicing translator usually translates the various names of Krishna as Lord Krishna on all occasions. To an American, for example, the English translation of the Mahabharata presents Krishna in all contexts as Lord Krishna.

Raghupati, Raghunath, Raghab, Janakinath, and Sitapati---all are unknown to a person who does not know Indian languages, as Lord Rama. Indeed, every name of Lord has its own connotation in each context. Lord Rama does not convey all the shades of meaning conveyed by various names of Rama. Problems again crop up in translating place names, in translating names of seasons like Asharh, Shravan, Poush, Phalgun, and Chaitra and so on. Tagore in his Rakta Karabi introduces "Pousher Gan". If it is now translated into English "Songs of Poush", will a western reader who does not know Bengali language and its cultural significance of the season of winter, understand and appreciate what it is? To appreciate the words and melody of the song sung in the month of Poush in Bengal one needs to be intimately familiar with the difference of climate among the seasons of Bengal and the joy and ecstasy, the seasons of Bengal generates in the minds of the Bengalees. The name, Varanasi, has often been translated as Banaras but Varanasi or Kashi has its own meaning which Banaras does not convey. A reader not knowing Indian languages will hardly appreciate the smell associated with name of Varanasi. A comment made by Sukanta Chowdhury is relevant to this context:

Working compromise seems the only feasible solution.

By 'working compromise', Sukanta Chowdhury perhaps means that a translator has to resort to some devices with the help of which he may convey at least the essence of the idea of what he translates into another linguistic framework. On certain occasions, a work of translation may be explanatory, interpretative, metaphoric or even symbolic. It is the discretion of a translator. A translator enjoys this freedom. Exact substitution and precise transference may not be possible on many occasions. A creator-translator has this liberty. This freedom makes a translator creative.

Sanju Paul: Not only seven books, you have more than 100 other publications in various literary journals (India and abroad). In addition, you have many poems to your credit too. Your poetry effectively displays different dimensions of your thought process as well as vision. I picked this quote up straight from your face book timeline which says, "Poetry is an escape not from life but into life". How practical is that when it comes into practice in real life?

Professor Chakraborti: This is a quote made by T. S. Eliot in connection with his reading and commenting on the poem, written by John Keats' Ode to a Nightingale. A close reading of Keats' Ode to a Nightingale reveals that the poet with the help of his poesy goes to the world of the Nightingale ---the world of permanence. Life in the world of the Nightingale is not transitory. The poet makes a contrasts between the world to which he belongs and the world of the Nightingale thus:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs,

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

But in the last stanza, the poet returns to this world. The last two lines of the poem are very much relevant to your question. The poet concludes:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

Indeed, the poet escapes not from life. He escapes finally into life. He is compelled to return to these mundane realities of life. Readers of this poem require the feeling of this poignant suffering of the poet. There is a poetic truth in the poem which is ever more sacrosanct the truth we find in either Philosophy (Wordsworth).

Let me now refer to Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner and D. H. Lawrence's poem Snake. The Christian allegorical overtones of these poems must be understood by the readers. A reader is in need of understanding the meaning of Cosmic War between the Virtue and the Vice. Then only Milton's Paradise Lost will be meaningful to him.

Indeed the growth and the Technology during the last two centuries has made man dehumanised and we are now interested in the concept of our pseudo and ultra Nationalism. We are making a mad race for our own hegemony. The result was two World Wars in the last century. Maybe, we are heading towards the World War III. The reading of poetry may help Mankind not to be dehumanised, provided readers of poetry reach the certain level of aesthetic sensibility. Sanity of Mankind is most

important in this context.

Sanju Paul: Coming to one of your poem, "The Binary Opposition: Individual and Society", following words grab my attention and remind me of "The unknown Citizen" by W.H. Auden, (Society, men are simply numbers,

And the number, allotted to him, by the society,

When he pays taxes and all utility bills properly,

On time and to appropriate authority")

How impressed and influenced do you find yourself with Poet Auden in your academic and social life?

Professor Chakraborti: An individual in a machine dependent society is less important than the State run by the ruling class or ruling party. In a Capitalist system of society, Capital is more important than Labour. Auden delineated the role of an individual in a machine based and industrialised society. Society demands from an individual obedience and work efficiency that accelerate production and finally the profit. Before I wrote this poem I already had a copy of Auden's anthology of poems and had read the poem, The Unknown Citizen. I became very much impressed by the cardinal theme and the Meta theme of the poem.

What I try to transmute through this poem is my exploration of the perennial conflict between an individual and the society to which an individual belongs. It is the State that determines the society and society through its norms and values controls the individual. With the expansion of democracy it is found in the history the individual contraction and the expansion of social dictates. The premise of democracy is "the greatest good of the greatest number of people (Bentham)". Individual hopes and aspirations are thwarted in an ideal democracy though there may be a presence of the strong opposition.

Another important point that comes to my mind in this context is the following: Does the society come first or the individual come first? Which of the two is more important, society or individual? The answers to these questions are embedded into my questions in the poem. The third point in the poem is man's insatiable desire to see the unseen, to know the unknown, to reach the unreachable is the eternal. Shelley's A Sky Lark is a case in point. Can collective consciousness satisfy an individual's love for the Infinite? These are the basic human problems I have introduced in my poem in the context of social and political development of the world.

Sanju Paul: Coming back again to the "The Binary Opposition" and "The Unknown Citizen", Two poets visiting the planet Earth on different timelines and in different corners of the world seem to have very similar expression (it's quite a common phenomenon) is one thing, how we view the things sometimes. But is it not the legacy of the thought that occupies the mental faculties of the intellectuals almost alike worldwide? Knowingly or unknowingly, voluntarily or involuntarily, psyche of many thinkers revolves around the single karyon of intellect, how do you define it in terms of cognition?

Professor Chakraborti: This is not new. Let me give some examples. Vaughn in the 17th century wrote a poem entitled The Retreat. And the first lines of the poem are:

Happy those early days! When I

Shined in my angel infancy

Before I understood this place

Appointed for my second race,

Or taught my soul to fancy aught

Here the poet talks about the pre-natal or ante-natal existence. The poem at the beginning laments the loss of heavenly innocence that is discernible in the childhood. Wordsworth in his poem, Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood begins the second half of the poem the following:

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Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Wordsworth might or might not have read Vaughan's The Retreat. But Wordsworth also talks about the transformation of soul and refers to the existence of cycle of soul. Wordsworth makes a straight reference to the Pre-natal or Antinatal existence of human soul.

Did Wordsworth read the Vedanta Philosophy of our country? It may be a different area of research with which we have no concern in this context. The Vedanta Philosophy rests on the concept of immortality of soul. To the Vedanta Philosophy death is not the end. Death heralds the new life in this world. Our soul simply changes His attire after the new birth. What is about Somerset Maugham? What is about Rabindranath Tagore? He was influenced by the Upanishad. We find the Voice of the Upanishad in his Gitanjali. This is one of the natural features of the cognitive functions in our psychic lives.

Sanju Paul: Tagore believes that machine shouldn't mechanise human life. In Red Oleanders, the miners of Yaksha Town are known by the numbers allotted to them by King's administration. They have forgotten their names; they have no identity of their own except their number. Do you visualize something similar in near future happening to Homo sapiens as species? A hypothetical question but!

Professor Chakraborti: Tagore in his Collection of Essays, titled, Sadhana says at the beginning the following:

"... Thus in India it was in the forests that our civilisation had its birth, and it took a distinct character from this origin and environment. It was surrounded by the vast life of nature, was fed and clothed by her, and had the closest and most constant intercourse with her varying aspects.

Such a life, it may be thought, tends to have the effect of dulling human intelligence and dwarfing the incentives to progress by lowering the standards of existence. But in ancient India we find that the circumstances of forest life did not overcome man's mind, and did not enfeeble the current of his energies, but only gave to it a particular direction. Having been in constant contact with the living growth of nature, his mind was free from the desire to extend his dominion by erecting boundary walls around his acquisitions. His aim was not to acquire but to realise, to enlarge his consciousness by growing with and growing into his surroundings. He felt that truth is comprehensive, that there is no such thing as absolute isolation in existence, and the only way of attaining truth is through the interpenetration of our being into all objects. To realise this great harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of the world was the endeavour of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India."

Tagore also passes this comment in Sadhana that the Western Civilization is 'a civilization of brick and stones'. His several visits to Europe after the First World War made him convinced of the Civilizational difference between the East and the West.

In the context of unprecedented growth of Science and Technology in this century, the emergence of a new world has started emerging. Nature is both a destroyer and

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a preserver. After the change, man will get his own identity back. Every human being is 'born free'.

Sanju Paul: Somewhere on the web, I read about you working on a book on Dalit literature, what pushes you to do that? Any specific stimulation or inspiration that you can point out to?

Professor Chakraborti: Yes, you are right. There was a time when I had started researching Dalit literature written not only by Non-Dalit writers like Mulk Raj Annand or Mahesweta Devi. There is a debate in Dalit community that Non-Dalit writers cannot write anything about the hopes and aspiration of the Dalits. This point particularly interested me. But later on under certain academic assignments, I could not make any pursuit in this research. Still I try to answer to your specific question.

My interest is how Indian Dalits are presented in Dalit fictional narratives by Dalit Activists writers living in different parts of India. By Dalit, my research includes both Dalit men and women. The research primarily focuses a comparative study of Dalit aesthetics and the mainstream aesthetics of Indian literature. Who are Dalit writers? Indian Dalit Activist writers are those who attempt to debunk conventional literary norms of Indian literature. One is the mainstream literary norms and values which are found in conventional and canonical Indian literature and the second one is Dalit aesthetics, which is distinctively different from the former, and which aims at destroying the mainstream literary aesthetics and to establish separate poetics of their literary writings arising out of the millennium old oppression perpetrated to their community and their deep rooted commitment to their self-respect and their all-out empowerment. Dalit Activist writers' purpose of writing a piece of literature is to delineate the barbarous and inhumane cruelty committed to them by upper class Hindus for hundreds and hundreds of years in India, resulting in the defeat of the self-dignity of a vast section of Dalits of Indian population. Even a good number

of Dalits intuitively believes that they are born to do the perennial drudgery and thraldom to upper class Hindus. Their belief has become almost and nearly instinctive because of thousand years of the practice of their servitude. They believe that it is their pious duty to serve upper class Hindus for the sake of the fulfillment of their religious salvation and their subsequent Moksha. This conviction of their subjugation has been embedded to Dalit instincts. And this is their stark reality. The extent of cruelty and wound, Dalits had to be subjected, impinged upon their psyche in a way that they were circumstantially forced to believe they were born to serve Hindus of the upper strata of Indian societal hierarchy. Upper class Hindus brutally treat those Dalits in the name of Indian tradition in general and Brahmanical Hindu religion in particular. According to Dalit Activist writers, it is one type of social, religious and economic terrorism and intimidation. And this is the only objective of Indian Dalit literature. To them literature is an indivisible part of their political movement against all out injustices. The aesthetics of 'Art for Art's sake' is absent in Dalit literary enterprises. On the contrary, if anyone constructs the hypothesis that Dalit literature upholds the English literary dictum, i.e., Art for Life's sake, he will definitely make an inappropriate and subjective evaluation of Dalit writings. Dalit literature specifically underlines the areas of injustices perpetrated to Dalits by upper class Hindus and gives a clarion call to all Dalits to stand and revolt against all discriminations at all levels of life between Dalits and Non-Dalits. The exclusive perception of Dalit women writers underscores that Dalit women are humiliated not only by male members of the upper class Hindu society but also by the members of their own community. Indian Dalit woman thus suffers Indian patriarchy. Dalit women are also the victims of gender discrimination. Dalit woman writers Like Bama Faustina delineates in Karukku and Sangati how Dalit women are doubly tortured and exploited by male members of their community as well as those of upper caste Hindu society. Indeed Dalit writings, I believe, are a Revolt Literature. Dalit writers are in a sense iconoclasts. Dalit writings stand for the restoration of Dalit's self-respect and their empowerment as equals to their upper caste Hindu

counterparts. This spirit of revolt against the age-old system of Hindu society is the seminal features of Dalit writings.

In this context, a hot debate among Dalit sociologists ignites that Ambedkarism and Marxism cannot go together. They are distinctively separate. Today Dalit literature firmly stands on Dr. B.R. Ambedkar's thoughts though it is a fact that both Ambedkarism and Marxism fight for the underdogs and the downtrodden. A study on the difference of viewpoints between Marxian class struggle and the struggle of Indian Dalits is undertaken in my research. The question is why and how Dr B.R. Ambedkar inspires Indian Dalits to embrace Buddhist religion. In what ways is Buddhism different from Hinduism? Ambedkarism is not anti-religious while Marxism is. The way a Marxist looks at religion is different from the way a Dalit Activist looks at it. These are the pertinent issues which this research focuses. Another point which is relevant to this context is that Dalits traditionally denotes asprishya or untouchable or Ati-Shudra. Ati-Shudras are not within the four conspicuous classes (Chatur Varnas) of the Manu Samhita. In subsequent period Dalit community includes Schedule caste, Schedule tribe and all of backward classes. The Mandal Commission's report includes people of all these categories. Literally, a Dalit is an exploited human being. It may be noted that Mahatma Gandhi refers to Dalits' Harijans or "Children of God". The term Harijan or the phrase "Children of God" wounds Dalit consciousness. This reassertion legitimizes the age long continuing Hindu caste hierarchy in a tacit manner. Every human being is a child of God. Are not the lower caste people "Children of God"? So Mahatma Gandhi gives a clarion call to wipe out Untouchables from the Hindu society and asserts that Harijans are also "Children of God". Does he say so because Dalits should be considered an inseparable, indivisible and unitary one of mono and unitary Indian identity? This further creates a debate on whether Indianness is single, indissoluble and unitary or not. Does Mahatma Gandhi want the integration of only two identities into one? One identity is of Dalit community and the second of upper class Hindus? Does Mahatma Gandhi hint at one whole and single Indian identity; A

careful examination of Dalit movements led by Dr B.R. Ambedkar, Gandhiji's movements for the Untouchables.

I started this research long back but I could not complete it. When I make my response to your question on Dalit literature, I try to search my academic researches I had undertaken in the past. And this response to your question is based on my recollection.

Sanju Paul: How does your travel experience influence your work on gender issues like e.g. "Gender Perspectives: South Asian Writings in English and in English Translation".

Professor Chakraborti: I have not extensively travelled different countries of the world. I visited the United States several times and the Southern Italy for about three weeks. And I spent only few days in London in the last century during transit to the United States. Patriarchy in a way or other is present in these countries and in India too. The form of patriarchal oppression may be more or less or somewhere it remains in a very subtle way or in some countries it is blatant. I have noticed the hegemony of millennium- old man's psyche everywhere. I never visited any Socialist country. What interested me very much about the Gender Studies was my study of Mary Wollstonecraft's, A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, Tehmina Durrani's My Feudal Lords, Blasphemy, Mukhtar Mai's In the Name of Honour, Malala Yousafzai's I am Malala, Elaine Showalter's Towards a Feminist Poetics, The Female Malady, Sexual Anarchy and one Indian novelist in English Neelam Saxena Chandra's In the Flickering of an Eye, etc. Neelam Saxena Chandra's novel is on 'Honour Killing' which is rampant in some parts of Northern India. In this connection, let me refer to Milton's Paradise Lost. In Book IV of Paradise Lost the epic poet presents Eve as a weaker sex and so Satan instead of targeting Adam targets Eve who can easily be persuaded to taste the fruit of that forbidden tree. To some critics, Milton is a misogynist. My study of all these literary sources inspires me to

write an edited anthology of critical articles on Gender Perspectives along with my Introduction.

Sanju Paul: "The Flute Stopped";

Analogy of racism and communalism in this poem speaks of the different horizons you see as a poet and as a human being. In Indian context, how much of this is taken as a digestible thought amongst your fellow intellectuals or in the society in general? Do you find a significant difference in their perspectives?

Professor Chakraborti: There are two driving forces in Man. One is Animality that represents vices and another force that Rationality representing virtue and all noble deeds. If we look at the history of Mankind, we find great philosophers like Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Abraham Lincoln and a great dramatist like Shakespeare with the quality of Negative Capability while he has written plays like King Lear, Othello or Hamlet. They are great. Their goodness led their lives. But we also see persons like Kala Pahar who plundered and destroyed Hindu temples in our country, Taimurlong, Napoleon, Hitler, Mussolini 'Tajo of Japan. These people led their lives following the dictates of animal instinct. I do believe that man is basically good. I do love Milton's Paradise Lost where the poet puts the following line in the mouth of Satan, "Better to reign in Hell than to serve in Heaven". No human being, even Eve and Adam could utter such an impious sentence. And in my poem, The Flute Stopped, I clearly state that I have also an animal in my mind. In my personal life I aim at being guided by my goodness, virtue and our traditional Indian morality. I do neither believe nor expect that everybody in my surroundings will follow me. There may be one or two devils.

Sanju Paul: For last many years, you have been playing multiple roles as an academician, a writer, a literary researcher, a teacher, a poet, a thinker etc., How important do you find various literary genre, methodologies, techniques and devices in bringing out the change in society on real time basis. Does the stagnation disturb you ever? Any message, you wish to forward to the readers?

Professor Chakraborti: Mediocrity, laziness, lack of imagination and finally stagnation of individuals and society definitely disturb me. But If I have any message, that message is conspicuous in my poetry, books and critical writings.

Sanju Paul: Thank you very much, Prof. Chakraborti for this comprehensive dialogue full of knowledge and wisdom. This document will keep empowering our readers in multiple ways.

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FEATURED WRITER



Alifya Basrai is an ex-banker with over ten years of experience in the banking industry. She embarked on a journey of writing poems and short stories getting inspired by her own eleven-yearold daughter. A voracious reader herself, she enjoys reading non-fiction, religious books and philosophical content. She has been writing poems and short stories over two years now and has more than forty poems to her collection. Her book, An Anthology from a Poet's Desk was published in June 2020 which is a compilation of her poems and prose along with her daughter's collection.



The Price of Freedom

by Ms Alifya Basrai

Each day Susan was reminded of the tragedy that befell three years ago. Eleven hundred and seventy-eight days of life spent behind four walls with just a beam of light trickling in from a hole in the ceiling, as if a window had opened up in the ceiling. A moment of happiness which would bring an ambiguous smile, when the breeze would skate in through that so-called "window". A hope that someday it would bring justice and freedom.

She was too naïve to allow herself to be ensnared by the idea he presented, too guileless to know that it was a trap that would ruin her future and its existence. He smartly wheedled his way into her home, her thoughts and into her agreement. A heavy price that she would pay for just a few green notes and freedom back then. Then silently she would laugh at her inanity and would shove those thoughts to the back of her mind, until they would emerge again and bother her.

What made her think that it was doable? Was it to make a fast buck which led her to a path with grave consequences, or was it because of the reminders she was getting from the hospice each week for her terminally ill mother who was stationed there?

Her hands would jitter on receiving a call from the care house back then, a one-sided communication always that would end up provoking her. Couldn't they really accommodate her in absence of a Medicaid, she would ramble to herself each day. Engrossed in her own thoughts, suddenly the door unlatched and she looked up to the lady standing in front of her in her official garb. Her words were no music to her ears, she was merely performing her duty to apprise her of her fate and left her with a lingering sense of guilt. Nevertheless, she knew her fate now, she knew what was awaiting her, she knew what she had to do.

It was the Fifth of July, when she walked out of the Boston Penitentiary with just a bag and a book in her hand. Her handovers needed no inventory listing, as it just comprised of the two things she had in possession when she was caught that fateful night for drug exchange. The night when Tom reassured her that all would be well, and that it was the last time; she was to hand over a sealed packet to the unknown man. That was the night, she knew that the money she would get, would help her pay for her mother's expenses. That was also the night that everything she had planned for, hadn't happened the way she had wanted it to.

The sun shone bright the next morning, without a white cloud. She loved the feeling of the warm breeze across her face and the sweat trickling down her neck. It was the zephyr of freedom that made her walk-in melancholy to the same place by the river, the river side where she would spend hours in solitude. The few hours of solitude and freedom that she savoured, whenever her thoughts would take her back to her childhood. Her little fingers would fix into her father's palms, when they would spend hours together with each other at the riverside, while her mother would be attending the drug addiction recovery programmes. A past that wasn't worth brooding over, a past that only had memories of pain and rage when her father hung himself in despair and shame and a mother who was taken to the rehabilitation centre. A little Susan who was placed in the foster care by the authorities as she had no other place to go in absence of relatives. Finally she had reached her destination, the place that would make her heart weep and also bring peace to her. It was the soundlessness of the place and nature around, that impressed her and brought solace to her soul.

She dropped her bag and book on the bridge and took a dip into the river. The river was not deep, however the depth of the water was enough to cleanse her soul and wash away her past forever.

Kaple, St

POETRY

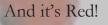


Misna Chanu born in Assam, India is a homemaker by choice but a poetess by heart. Though she is a postgraduate in Botany, she loves art and literature, especially poetry, painting and dance. Since her childhood, she has been writing poetry in her mother tongue, Manipuri, later she started writing poetry /short stories in English. Some of her poems in Manipuri published in local magazines of Assam and some short stories and poems have been published in Anthologies. Her first book of poetry, A Little Piece Of Melancholic Sky has been published recently.

And It's Red

by Ms Misna Chanu

No matter what religion you follow, I still know the taste of your tears when you cry, because it's not different from mine. No matter which culture you belong to, I still feel the joy in your smile when you are happy, because it is not different from mine. No matter what language you speak, I still hear the silence between your words because it's not different from mine. No matter where you see your beloved, either in the Church or in the temple or in the mosque, we still share the same color of blood



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INNSÆI



Dominic Loise is open about and advocates for mental health awareness. His work has appeared on Alchemic Gold Poetry Society, Analogies & Allegories, Calm Down, Clementine Zine, Push up Daisies!, Raven Review, Refresh & Silent Auctions and in Collective Realms & Emotional Alchemy. Dominic was a finalist in Short Editions' America: Color it in Contest.

The Sculptor

by Mr Dominic Loise

The sculptor carved

every loud interruption

he wanted blocked

out in stacking

up stones facing

away unwanted words

Running out of

rocks to work

with he smashed

his own statues

to encapsulate himself

in stone solitude

with his views

fully confining him and all legacy

of craft destroyed

he sat cut

Kaple

INNSÆI

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off from inspiration

Finally, hammer in hand he chiseled away at his obtrusive thought wall clearing up his

creative sight line

KING





Dr KiranPreet (M.A, M.Phil, Ph.D.)(English) (born 1981) is a bilingual poet from Punjab, writing in English and Punjabi. She has been teaching English for 14 years at college and school levels. She has been awarded 'MASTER OF CREATIVE ARTS' PHILOSOPHIQUE POETICA INTERNATIONAL AWARD in Literature by WORLD POETRY CONFERENCE held in Bathinda, Punjab. Twice she has received the 'Best Teacher Award.' She is an amateur painter and has her channel of poetry on YouTube Kiran-The Ray of Hope. Presently, she is teaching in a convent school. She is invested with an acute sense of social consciousness and a flare for the spiritual.

You too Brutus !

by Dr KiranPreet

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen" Thus spoke Brutus, the idealist Inflamed by the general good of Rome. Today, my conscience weighs upon me The Utopian dream of Brutus. My intimidated spark for Good Envisions a dream misinterpreted. The circumstances too conspire The Ides of my being And I see myself As a Senate house in flesh and blood Where a spiritual soothsayer stands unheeded. I, unaware,

Advance to be

Stabbed by Uncertainty Stabbed by Fear Stabbed by Criticism Stabbed by Failure

And the unkindest cut of all

INNSÆI

Stabbed by ingratitude. My wounded soul peeps through the wounds Seeking the pulpit of compassion Where my 'Will' – the spiritual testament Is read aloud by my intentions. The terrain of my soul is rendered bare With the mountains of hope Plains of imagination Desert of unfulfilled desires And ocean of possibilities Obsessed with the general Good of mankind But, I see around, the people cloaked, With filmy eyes and throats choked

INNSÆI

Smelling of conspiracies

Sneezing out idealism.

In her, I see Brutus In him, I see Brutus In me, Brutus

And

You too Brutus!

Capolity and



Lochana Mainali, from Temi Bazar, Sikkim, presently residing in Gangtok is a High School Teacher at Mount Zion School Kidzee, Gangtok. Designer and Founder of JabbersPoint.com. She is an enthusiast blogger, speaker, writer, dancer and traveller -news reader at Summit Times, Gangtok. She happily shares her life experiences through social media and her blog. She has completed her Masters in English from Sikkim University in 2018. She is also a passionate anchor and actively hosted Sikkim-Darjeeling Singing competition "Swar Swargam" in 2019.

Silent Scream

by Ms Lochana Mainali

My best friend saw my broken lips. Bitten hard by a hurtful kiss. She passed me a dark lipstick. She could see that I was sick. She saw everything on the outside. But what she did not see is Ribs that were fractured. And the love marks that hurts. I wear makeup to cover. Cover his hideous act. That he does to me. Hiding behind the certified level of marriage. I cannot say I get raped. Just because he is my husband. I took my vows to be with him till the end. Too late to realize he was a monster wearing a mask of man. I recently got a few tattoos. People asked me why? I said I wanted to with a smile.

INNSÆI



But it was to hide the marks my makeup couldn't hide. The cigarette he burnt. Was forced to die on my skin. My mouth was gagged. Only I heard my scream. Complaining isn't an option. Mother says to keep quiet. To be clam and be patient. But deep down, even she knows. That it's not right. But she is just passing the lesson. The lesson she learnt Was passed on to her generation and above. That a woman is just an object. The man and his clan are the subject. Woman is a shadow. And men are the image I wonder, Just a reflection? I question.

In front of the mirror I sat.

I feel the baby moving in me,

And visualize how it shall call him dad. This single thought made me go mad. I screamed 'enough of Being clam and patient'. Time to change the lesson. For the upcoming generation. I shall be homeless. If I walk out now. I no longer belong somewhere. No place to call my own. One is my Father's home. The other my husband's. But when I decided to break my cage. It didn't haunt me anymore of what they would say. Today I look back. And I am so grateful for walking away. My blood freezes when I think Of me dying every day. It wasn't easy, I must say. Making the decision of not to stay. But it was harder to stick to the decision I made. Almost to all the Gods I knew, I prayed

INNSÆI



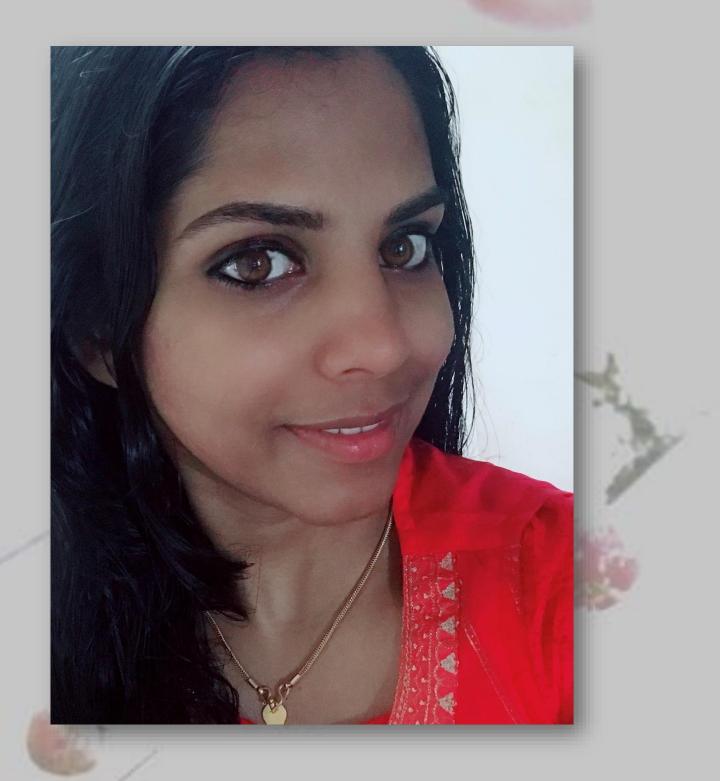
I didn't know where to start.

Yet I knew I already took the first step.

With chaos in my mind, I was unaware that

I took out my phone and sent my best friend a text.

A. St.



Vandana Sudheesh, a wife and a mother of a girl child from Kerala, is one among those who always wanted to rise and capture her dreams. She started her career as a banker after her Post Graduation. She has published her first book on poetry named THE HUMBLE WRATH. Apart from poem writing, she is a good dancer, an artist by nature. Within a short period of time she has participated in many anthologies. She believed in the mantra "Be a voice not an echo".

Agape to the Dawn

by Ms Vandana Sudheesh

Before the burgeoning sunset in affirmation unlatched heart of mine Each step uncurling towards the dawning superlative In contemplation the mighty wind invigorating the naughty dawn Alone hanging fire at the shore not to succumb but to allure All those wishes to be heard from each corner of my flesh My hopes like an inferno mushrooming out of the wrapped ecstasy The waves they implied the soul of desire

At the extreme dawn a dame when all my sorrows in eerie wilted with shame The sunset to shelter the ocean of the fervent weather applauding the hope of serendipity

Whistling in cupidity entered thee, flashing snippet from my thoughts Those inner stars brushed up once recouped of losses uncanny To be lost in the belief of the truth uncalled by the orbital depth of self In delusion I sat down perverted of imaginary world of peace Until with the throne of gratitude and appreciation in abundance I saw thee Beyond the clouds from an unknown world reigning perceptions My heart with solemn perseverance to weave in plenty memoirs Like the dawn the truth of own words be conjured in hopes and desires In my head immortal words of fury thrived to be forgiven nevertheless destroyed by thee At the dawn speaks the words of pirates rather than renounce the fearsome Oh! Dawn at thou beauty the unwisely mind boggles in agape

to all



Dr Shrabani Chakravorty is M.A. in English and has obtained the degree of Ph.D. She has been working as an Assistant Professor of English in Govt. Bilasa Girls College, Bilaspur C. G. She has 32 years of experience of teaching and has held the position of research supervisor at Atal Bihari Vajpayee University, Bilaspur C.G. since 2014. She is an Indian English writer, published 28 research papers in national and international journals and books. Her area of interest is writing short stories, original quotes, and recitation of poetry in English, Hindi and Bangla.

Earth Day

by Dr Shrabani Chakravorty

How will the colourful flowers blossom? And the buzzing of the birds can always be heard? Will the birds flying in the blue sky always chirp? When all the sources of water will ultimately dry up? When the atmosphere is dipped in pollution. We'll fall sick living in this concrete jungle What are we going to give to our next generation? No water, no trees, no garden Neither pure air nor heart Have we ever thought of The pain and patience of those women Who wander many miles to fetch a pot of water Waste their lives in the scorching heat And we make all tantrums if we do not receive water for a day When will we get over from this materialistic mindset? Will we be able to listen to the clarion call of our mother earth? Will we be able to feel the incessant flow of tears From the eyes of our mother earth? When all the doors of saving her will be shut down?

INNSÆI

Wake up!

Wake up, my countrymen!

Wake up, my friends!

Come out from the cloud of darkness

Let us take a pledge to

Save this beautiful earth every day

And save each and every droplet of water

And remove pollution from every nook and corner

Then only we can save this environment

And will be able to pay our debts for being born on this planet

And then in the real sense will be

Able to celebrate World Earth Day

And in the true sense will be able to celebrate every day as Earth Day.

INNSÆI

dropts ares



Aldo Quagliotti is a London based Italian poet and has published his first collection of poems, Japanese Tosa, by London Poetry Books. The anthology debuted in October 2019 at the Tea House Theatre in Vauxhall and has then been promoted throughout the London open mic nights such as Flo vortex, Paper Tiger, Poetical Word. Nationally, many of his works has been anthologized. He represented the Poetry Corner as part of the Kensington+ Chelsea Art Week in London (1-11 October). He reviews music and writes live reports on Peek-a-boo magazine and Gigsoup, and also provides feedbacks to emerging poets/musicians.

Go ahead

by Mr Aldo Quagliotti

You can ponder over a glare mirroring your ego solvating away in front of your shadow you're nothing short of a stanza but nothing more than a glimpse the purplish of a bruise keeping the tempo stable

my metronome has an irregular tick it tells me it's running fast with tongue in cheek I hurry up, as a disease I run around consuming me 'till what I got is just a seed that I can plant into another poem

if you dare to open your eyes all you'd have would be Monday blues a melancholic boner flagging up



that you need to listen to the alarm clock



Jeanie Moothoo is a South African of Indian ethnicity. She has been writing poetry and short stories since the age of nine. After almost two decades in the corporate world, she left the rat race to pursue her love of all things creative. She writes content for various blogs and is a published author on Amazon, under the pen name JM Subban. She is currently editing her 3rd book and drafting her 4th. In between, she works as a business consultant and has visited 24 countries thus far.

When I look in the Mirror

by Ms Jeanie Moothoo

When I look in the mirror,I see sad eyes staring back at meStripped off the mask of joy I wear outside.I don't radiate happiness or hope.I see pain reflected in the dark shadowsThat no make-up can hide.

I turn away from the mirror. It reveals my inner turmoil, My sadness that life is leaving me behind That I never got to where I dreamt I'd be That all my accomplishments Mean nothing in the grander scheme of things.

I don't know what I'm chasing But it's not this, This constant feeling of under achievement In the pit of my stomach

That keeps me awake in the middle of the night

68



Asking me questions I cannot answer.

I can't turn back time.

I can only go forward,

Towards a dream I once had.

Of doing something,

Of being someone

I can be proud of, when I look in the mirror.

TANK . ME



Kashish Arora is an aspiring writer with a passion for poetry. Currently, she is pursuing a Bachelor's in Law degree and a distance course in psychology. Besides writing and poetry, lies her deep interest in art and human relations.

October

by Ms Kashish Arora

When the sun fades away, hopelessness wraps me in its arms draining every ounce of happiness, settling dust into my heart Inch by inch A shard of thought reveals itself I'll be waiting with bated breath To meet your shadow state Your heartbeat doesn't belong to me Reflecting how colourless love can be. Your love may die for me But ours will live forever My heart no longer collides with darkness Bleeding no longer hurts while I try to save a dried rose holding onto thorns. You and I, Will be burned to ashes

The rhythm of my heart screams, you've fallen in love

71



And, now even October seems to choke me.

1.28



Neha Singh is an Assistant System Engineer at Tata Consultancy Services. This Pandemic has given her an opportunity to develop a flair for writing while playing the role of a developer (coder).

Proximity

by Ms Neha Singh

In the dark night, When you look up to the sky, Eyes stuck at the soothing beauty Of the glowing ball with all its spot. For once you want to touch it, For once all you want is to be on it. Little did we all know, It will be filled with craters not snow.

The garden sometimes has the bushes pruned, With all the flowers, the leaves and some weeds around, Fascinated by the shape we are left astound, It took little of a time to be found, That from the second floor it looked profound, Not when you are near to them, on ground.

Wish we would have known the proximity, Along with it brings toxicity, Wish we would have known,

Wish we would have had the light to be shown,Would have known how many steps to be taken towards strangersWould have known how many, to be taken back from a friend.Unfortunately it's just the proximity,Which gives the measure of toxicity!

"Some play with emotions, Some play with words. The latter creates wonders, The former hurts like swords."

akantes at



'Shataxi' Akanksha is a post-graduate in English and a friend, philosopher and guide of her students. She writes because it is her passion, which is guided by the Divine. Her words are the whispers of her soul. She writes poems in English and Hindi and some of them have been published in different anthologies. She uses the words not only to heal but also to motivate and empathize with the creatures of the Universe. She unveils the hidden emotions of people through her pen.

Life is a boon

by Ms Shataxi Akanksha

When the luck is blessed By the Divine, You meet right people At the accurate time. Circumstances around you May be partially fine Nevertheless, you are Destined to shine! Don't pay heed To what masses say, They'll do it Till their hair turns gray! Shed the veil Of fear and dismay Step inside to explore Divine creative ray! Why don't you see How strong you are Your hidden talent

INNSÆI

Kantin R

None can mar! It's time to wake up Stop nurturing your scar! In the tragic life of others Be a guiding star! Clap for the achievers, You'll join them soon The sun brightens the day Night is guided by the moon. You are a butterfly, Come out of your cocoon! Stay away from negativity Your life is a boon.

AKARATA . AF



Chinonso Eze born on June 9, 1997 is the author of The Blind Shepherdess Song, hails from Eha-Alumona, a suburb of Nsukka Local Government, Enugu State, Nigeria. He graduated from the prodigious University of Nigeria, Nsukka with second class upper division in Library and Information science. During his course of study, he minored in English and Literary Studies because of his flair for creative writing. He is currently pursuing his master's degree program in the same school.

The Blind Shepherds' Song

by Mr Chinonso Eze

As the Sun's smile permeates the mists In the garden's harmonious embrace of the morn, I conduct the flock to the green Poor shepherd's blind daughter, Christ's! Eating to live but just today Tomorrow a mystery yet untold I may behold, or death, the debt to pay My duty nature-bound, I must uphold My world the baseless darkest end No friends, no foes; my life is torn Spurned daughter of a wretched shepherd Formed after the blest world was born Poor banished daughter of Eve In this vale of sorrows and grief.

80



Anil Kumar Panda was born in a small town, Brajrajnagar, in Odisha. At present he is working in a coal mine sector in India and writes poems whenever he gets time. He has already published two books of poems, Fragrance of Love and Melody of Love. He is working on his third book now. His poems have been published in many national and International Anthologies. He loves to write poems on nature and love.

The Old Home

by Mr Anil Kumar Panda

After a long period of time I visited the old home Like turning back the pages Of my favorite novel The smell of old bones is Still there Lingering on the walls and roofs Pillars and beams The well is full of water No one is there to draw it Using buckets and ropes I touched the floor of the place Where my grandmother sat Draped in a long veil Making spices The rooms smell of his muscles Dripping with sweat when He returned from fields

My father

5.8

The banyan has grown old

Smiling at me just like

My grandpa

Still gives its shade to the

Long corridor

Where we used to sleep

In creaking cots

Tears welled up in my eyes

How peaceful was that sleep?

CARREN



Sharath is an articulate writer who currently resides in India. His writings reflect the truth behind every aspect of life. Besides writing, he loves exploring psychology, biomimicry, artistic world, and quantum physics. He co-authored 5 anthologies. He completed his 10th standard in Paramita Heritage School, Karimnagar. You can follow his writings on depth-inscribed (Instagram).

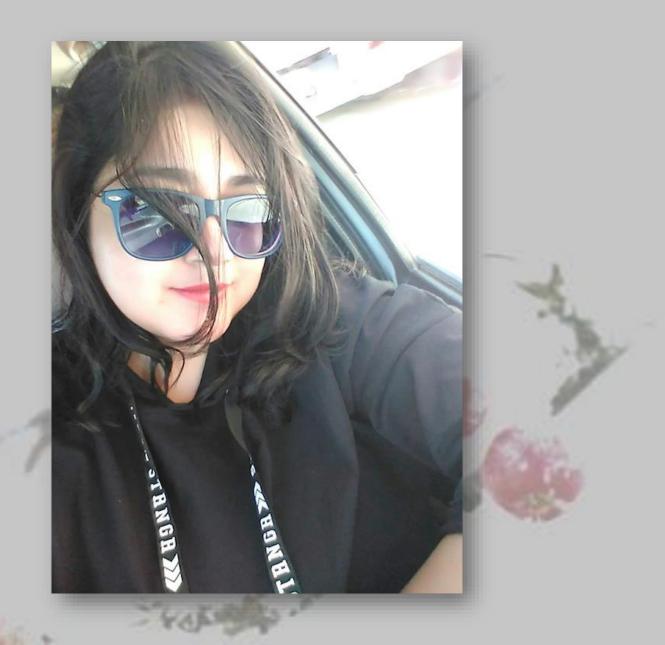
Irony of life

by Master Sharath Jonnala

Artistic leaves singing the carols Kaleidoscope of colours in The pristine nature aping Nebulas in the cosmos. Cyclones fighting with The ripples in The ocean Is the Life.



at and a set



Priyanka Banerjee is a Ph.D. scholar. She is currently pursuing Ph.D. from Rabindra Bharati University, Kolkata in American literature under the supervision of the renowned professor Dr. Chidananda Bhattacharya. She has done her M.Phil on William Morris' poetry. She is an experienced lecturer and has taught at IGNOU, Rabindra Bharati University and at different govt. and private colleges in Kolkata. She has also participated in different National and International seminars and Webinars. Her publications in National and International journals are highly acclaimed. Writing poetry is her passion.



She

by Ms Priyanka Banerjee

When the doomed past wakes up with its blind anger and raging voice

and unfulfilled promises and fits of temper-

the all-powerful woman emerges with a renewed force -

the light! the light! the light!

let it burn up the decaying world's rotten source.

As the rolling clouds hit the transparent face her broken limbs, her withered skin and the much tortured race – the light! the light!

Let the light intensify the ecstasy Of being one with the infinite space.

As her blood boils and her overloaded veins are about to burst – she finds an outlet to express her choked up, repressed voice of protest; the light! the light! the all-illuminating, bright and blazing light!



Let it determine the female soul's journey and her never ending flight.

3 . 25



Trinidad Baño born in Spain, the whole world is her homeland. Writing is her spiritual water and she confesses she is usually very thirsty. Writing has been a need to her since she was a little girl. The spirit whispers in His divine silence through Love, Music and Mother Nature. If you want to know her, read her. Poetry is a mirror and she lives in her words.

Egret

by Ms Trinidad Baño

Elegant egret in radiant nuptial attire Egregious bird of exquisite plumage Virginal flying flesh of beatific wings Only one leg sustaining your fragile figure Golden beak of bright squealing calls In royal pose you stand unaware Reflecting the full new moon glare Pure soul full of His divine Light Faithful female in flourishing snow flames At dawn you preened your silky feathers Your beloved is arriving from his distant river Enveloped in embroidered silver clouds To join you in first kiss of eternal union Imagine nothing to fear or yet to regret Egret, ecstatic static egret.. Who will dare touch you ...? Are you real or a vision of the invisible Eden...?



Nathaniel Toriano Dela Cruz is a 40-something writer from Malabon, inspired by his boyhood summer experiences in Pinamalayan, Oriental Mindoro. Sports a shaved head; bearded, tattooed, and wearing a pair of 50 mm ear plugs – it is hard to miss him from the crowd; Suffers from anxiety attacks; Dislikes closed spaces, which triggers his anxiety. And watching grey clouds bring soft rain, so long as it doesn't cause flooding. Formidable inebriate. Chronic daydreamer. Currently, he is working on speculative fiction combining Philippine history and Philippine mythology. He is a fellow of the 3rd Cavite Young Writers Workshop, his first-ever experience in formal training in literary writing.

Somewhere Behind the Magic of a Twilight's Time

by Mr Nathaniel T. Dela Cruz

Somewhere behind the magic of a twilight's time Cloaked behind a thin veil where your eyes can't see through Though you'll make out the silhouette forming, like mists A fantastic place hidden away in the realms of your memory Where there will always be a picture that will never age.

Somewhere behind the magic of a twilight's time A distant sound will flutter around Laughter, trapped in a time and space only we can find Hummed in a rhythm only we can recognize A remnant of what was once a reality, now a memory Echoing gently with the beating of our hearts.

And long after we have parted to hurry off (eager to grow) We will come back to these places and spaces again and again

Where dragonflies play on our apple cut hair Where the grass is damp and the wild flowers wave back Where the sun wakes from the cradles of the horizon



Where nothing is in front of us or behind

Only now and this moment

Only us

In a world where we will drift away A world that we will always find Hidden quietly, softly, lovingly Between the moments as we close our eyes

Somewhere behind the magic of a twilight's time.

chants of



Dr Disha, a Doctorate in American Literature; PG Diploma in Psycho Neurotics and Diploma in Nutrition & Health Education, is a prolific poetess and a freelancer holding an experience of 14+ years in teaching Post Graduate classes at the University. Currently, she is the Deputy Dean of Faculty of Liberal Arts at GNA University and runs her own YouTube Channel based on Life Skills teachings. Dr. Disha is the Basic Neuro-linguistic Practitioner and thrice the recipient of the Best Researcher's Award in the Faculty of Liberal Arts. She has to her credit more than 40 research papers and articles published in National and International Journals.



Endow Mercy on Me, My Benign Soul

by Dr Disha Khanna

Endow mercy on me, my benign Soul! Knowest thou that I am thine, I have naught but human words To shape and accomplish our dreams so pure.

Pay heed upon me, my benign Soul. I have and will abscond my entire life at your toes, Adhering to your preaching, Just ponder the torment I endure, Spending a life without you, my Soul.

Endow mercy on me, my benign Soul! You have bestowed and laden me with thy love, my Sweets. You have blessed me fortune beyond my grasp. You have revealed me what beauty of life is.

Your ecstasy and delight is everlasting, And my body suffers in anticipation. This my benign Soul is utterly perplexing.



You are highly rich in wisdom, and This body of mine is poor in compromising.

Oh! My benign Soul, thy Sweets is suffering coz of our distance apart. In the tranquillity of deep, darkened night you pay homage and engulf in the sweetness of each other.

Thus, lying arm in arm in peace, Endow mercy on me, my benign Soul!

then to set



Samir Gautam is the founder /administrator of English literature Group. He was born and brought up in Butwal, Nepal. He passed his school leaving certificate (SLC) from Sungabha Public School and currently studies in 12th standard at Oxford College located at Butwal taking major English as his major paper. He is a rising poet. He is admin in several Facebook poetry group. His hobbies are reading books, singing and story writing. He is a true seeker, generous and humble, 18- year old- poet. He was fond of poetry from his very early and vulnerable years.

I'm a poet

by Mr Samir Gautam

With all the hustle and bustle of feelings,

On such a cold winter,

Began to drop each thoughts,

A cup of tea aside,

Look my hands are trembling,

They are wrinkled,

I feel I'm being older,

Or my feelings,

Inevitably feelings are, Not me,

Some feelings are hanging like an icicles outside,

Some are unfathomably hided,

Where, some are resident since many years forming painful wound,

INNSÆI

When my tounge tastes warmth tea,

I have words,

Some goods and some bad,

They are my swords,

I can kill you

For I'm a poet,

To kill thou mounds',



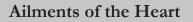
Assassination is not my business,

xPeace is my trueness.

1.000



Sarah Grey calls herself Aishwarya, a name of the goddess of prosperity and wealth. She is fond of the world of words and books. She finds herself more related to her pen name Sarah Grey because of this very reason. She did not really know herself until she learned to pen her thoughts into words. The very purpose of every individual's existence, she believes is to realize and enjoy the beauty of the world and the poet paints it better. Sarah Grey is an aspiring amateur writer.



by Ms Sarah Grey

How much does a heartbreak hurt? I'll be glad if I could find a scale to measure it. Claim it's a 9 when everything is a 10, 'the fighter' been stamped all over me. A wringer in my mastermind knocks, The ghastly pillow talk between the scholar and the soul begins. Was the feeling worth it? Was the illusion worth loosing yourself? Was it worth all the blood drained from your spirit? Or the wakeful twilights? Reminiscence of an eternity, gifted within a finite time. The hustle and urge to trust in magic and fireworks. My world turned black and white in a throb. I recall the day I stopped hearing birdsongs Watching everything turn into a zombie land. The cosmos I looked at once with love and only love The lights, the smell, the wind Soaking up the finite infinitude, holding my sweethearts hand

INNSÆI

Wishing the moment never perished.
The melodies intoxicating me on love faded.
Abrupt was the deflection.
No longer the master of my mind
The million colours I used to paint my love story with
A million colours more to be added on to,
Are lost in an anamnesis.
Love is lost

INNSÆI

And so am I.

CANNES , NE



INNSAEIANS' VOICE



Dr Sushmindarjeet Kaur is an Associate Professor and Head, PG Department of English at G.G.N. Khalsa College, Ludhiana, Punjab. She has been teaching English literature to college students for the last thirty years. Hailing from Patiala, Punjab, India, b. 1968, she acquired her M.Phil in Anthropological Linguistics and a Ph.D. degree from Punjab University in Indian English Literature. She has edited three books and translated a book Sikh Soldiers in Italy. She has to her credit more than fifty poems and articles published in various anthologies and journals. Dr. Sushmindarjeet Kaur was conferred with "Master of Creative Impulse" at World Poetry Conference and has been awarded the title of Edifying Editor at Poetic Confluence in 2019.



The Clutches of Substance

Dr Sushmindarjeet Kaur

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

How to free the tightly hugged soul from the self; How to detach from the attachments? How to bring forth the sensitive nerve; How to escape from the clutches of substance?

The matter has always been a fascination,

A cloak,

An amazing cover for the rugged, ugly, coarse, sinful abstraction.

The exteriority hides tiny insignificant spirit,

Under an alluring Maya,

Who is bewitching, enchanting and ravishing,

Seducing and extracting the gripped and captivated soul,

Providing her a charming countenance.

Since ages the mortal is trying to become immortal

IJCLPH

By suppressing the voice within, Paving its way from inside, But succeeded in only Annihilating the soul itself.

The pious becomes oblivious The imperfect wins Sinning against the sins And the sinners too. Again the soul shuts itself, Plain under the coarse, And the attachment wins temporarily Leaving aside the thought of Disillusionment.

chants at

INNSÆI



Sanju Paul is her pen name, original being Sanjeev Kumari Paul. She is a veterinarian by profession and a poet and an artist by passion. She belongs to Himachal Pradesh (India) and has been involved in multiple projects of artistic as well as scientific temperaments ranging from very local to global ones. She has also developed an artistic technique of carved and washed paintings using discard PVC sheets as canvas. Pen sketching is another art form she uses to express herself. In addition, she also has a short film named "Catharsis" to her credit.

Diaries of Solitude

by Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

1

Dark grey bubble of toxic air can anytime suffocate the airway of highway monkey playing an elite professor.

2

Until he himself underwent asphysiation, he couldn't imagine, the ropes he was seasoning whole winter, were actually ordered for him.

3

Process of alienation by enclosing people inside the rings of stereotypes, only helps to heighten the walls that inhibit communication and mixing up, thereby helping the selfish class to over power and control resources long preserved by people of the soil.

The art of sprinkling love doesn't come to those, to whom pushing helpless down the well is a priority. In the process, they forget wells are often visited by ripples underground.

5

It's quite practical and possible to program every brain to behave as bomb but it runs the danger of being receptive to commands of undesired unknown masters too.

6

During the ongoing phase of absolute hysteria of ignorance, it's not unusual for the power people to attempt military endeavours to fix political issues and try political procedures to fix social evils.

7

Spilling out poison in the air where in all of us are breathing will only poison everyone. In a way it's good that all will die together, there won't be any loneliness in the hour of death. Only those in the proof chambers will die alone not of poison, but of loneliness.

Not that, they don't understand what you intend, they are with you in all your intents. With every wind comes and goes the fertile soil that carries seeds of human mind which get preserved by dormancy to find their roots and shoots in the coming times. Cycle goes on.

changer, and



Rosy Lidia Alosious is an Assistant Professor of English with five years of teaching experience. She is also a keen researcher of space, spirituality and culture an individual holds, which are the areas of her doctoral research and has published four academic research papers in national and Scopus indexed journals. To her credit, she has also received the Best Researcher Award for her works. She has a flair for writing and has published several creative works in national and international anthologies. She is a certified Learning and Development professional and a soughtafter trainer in communication skills, soft skills, personality development skills and a motivational speaker.



Walls of the Decade 202

by Prof. Rosy Lidia Alosious

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

Once, a dividing factor. The cause of separation. First time, In the history of humankind, Walls stand for uniting us.

We met in places,

Mostly with four walls.

Inside, we stood together

As colleagues, comrades, companions.

Today each one confined,

to their four walls.

Hundred people with four walls, Makes 400 walls around.

Which is completely,

IJCLPH

walls, walls, walls,

Around all.

Time is up;

When hundreds and thousands of people,

INNSÆI

Stayed inside four walls,

for a meet, a function, a celebration.

Time now,

To be bound

By hundreds and thousands of walls.

For a meeting.

But sure,

This ain't for life.

The challenge is,

How we break all the walls, after it ends,

retaining just four around all of us?

Yet, staying safe and healthy...



Iuliana Monica Todorean, born on September 26th, 1996 in Romania, Targu Lapus. She completed her graduation and two years in The Technical University of Cluj-Napoca. In 2019 she applied for an Erasmus project in Malta where she was assigned as a teacher assistant for children from 4 to 15 years old. In the summer of 2020, she was a volunteer in Romania at The American International School of Transylvania where volunteers from Europe come to Romania and have activities with children from 4 to 18 years old. She was a host, organizer, manager, and a translator for both children and volunteers.



Revival

by Ms Iuliana Monica Todorean

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

Listening to the silent scream of nature...

Raindrops falling directly on the cold surface of the Earth

The leaves were dancing a somber requiem, collapsing and dressing the upsetting ground;

Red, Yellow, and Brown were sewing a natural carpet with no hands

just with the spirit that emerges from an unending circle of life.

The sound of the powerful Mjolnir resonate, Thor must have been joining forces;

Sounds of furry and despair were heard bouncing into a terrific symphony,

Only the Gods could see that pleasant moment.

Little by little, they were losing interest in us,

Going away, blaring and booming over the small community; Small creatures started to show up with their horns and tiny feet crawling and rolling in the mud,

Announcing a new beginning where Day is embracing Peace.



Madhu Jaiswal is a bilingual poet and social worker hailing from Kolkata, India. She is associated with The Impish Lass Publishing House, Mumbai in the capacity of an executive editor. She has 7 anthologies as an editor to her credit. Her creative contributions have been published in various national and international anthologies and she often gets featured in prestigious e-zines. Her poetry was recently featured in the prestigious anthology Aatish 2 alongside various stalwarts. Also, she bagged third prize in Beyond Black Sakhi Annual Poetry Awards 2019. She is attached to a social group named Share A Smile and volunteers for social cause and upliftment of destitute individuals.



Daring Demure

by Ms Madhu Jaiswal Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

The fitful days, the dreadful nights Who will be the one chosen as his prey tonight? The young girls of the juvenile home Petrified, always at mercy of their officer in-charge Days passed as they lived succumbing to the demands Their body and soul tattered thread by thread Dark and horrifying, dead end of the nights

And one fine day one amongst all, dared to fight
Resisting his lustful advances
Denying complying to his commands
She was tortured to give in, with feisty blows
Punches and kicks making her sick in the stomach.
After a point she couldn't take it anymore
Taking an opportunity she stabbed the predator with the kitchen knife

Girls were at roar feeling rejoiced

Punching, kicking and pounding upon His merciful pleas falling on deaf ears People were wary about the mishap When police took the charge of the mutilated corpse The girls lay mum with hateful gist in their eyes The daring demure was shrouded in an invisible cloak! INNSÆI

chants of



The Author of two Lockdown Story books, The Pride of Being Different, Love Remains Undefined, Making Impossible Possible, and The Blend of the Real and Imagination, **Mousumi Kalita Sachdeva** is an author coach, a ghost writer, a columnist, an internationally published poet, and an editor of Damick Publication and Turquoise Publication. She is serving as the content writer and editor at Beginup Research Intelligence Private limited and also as the Editor in Chief of Yoursnews.in, a media portal. She has been awarded by Gujarat Sahitya Academy on the 74 India's Independence Day.



Never to give up

by Ms Mousumi Kalita Sachdeva

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

Hopes do break, but you build them again Haven't you seen the spiders? If at all they would give up Would they survive?

Heart does break, but you mend it again Haven't you seen trees with fallen leaves? If at all they wouldn't grow Would we ever enjoy their shade?

Dreams do break, but we dream again Haven't you seen the story writers? With one forgone tale, they create a new. Do they ever pause their pens?

Life is full of peaks and valleys Peaks are the impetus, the valleys trials IJCLPH

Save them in our galleries And turn them into smiles. So many things I pen down Some stay in my pages That is irreversible

And some got effaced in time

That was written with Water.

Capity of



Sweta Kumari (Gold Medalist, M.A. in English) is a bi-lingual poet, short story writer, avid-reader, an academician, editor and an anthology compiler. She is currently pursuing her research entitled as "Dialectics of Feminism in Select Hindi Films and Film Adaptations of Indian English Novels 1960(-2010)". Her area of interest is contemporary issues like women empowerment, patriarchy, post-colonial studies, feminism, and film studies. Besides, she has even presented several scholarly papers in national and international Conferences and participated actively in workshops.



Inking Every New Moon

by Ms Sweta Kumari Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

Unprecedented rhyme in verse Unlike the edges, never to converge Though parted, yet sealed on pages Thine too little story, for generations to unfold Two silences together that lived through The reverse time, though so upright Tis vague, to curtail piercing thine heart As steals often when it's turn In sooth, no a prince, nor a queen No a fairy tale, nor even the ages seen But thine divergent world

Thy all absence, just kept inking Every New moon.



Orbindu Ganga is the Founder Director of Innsæi International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity. He is a post-graduate in science and the first recipient of Dr Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He worked in financial, banking and publishing domains. Proved his finesse as a Soft Skills Trainer and Client Relationship Manager. He is a multilingual poet, author, critic, content writer, sketch artist, researcher, and spiritual healer. His poems have been published in many international publications and anthologies. He has published two research papers on poetry and a science article. His short story, prose, painting, photography, and articles have been published. He has authored the book Saudade.



Leave the Hackneyed Behind

by Mr Orbindu Ganga

Founder Director, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

Tears gave me the solace of life To wander in solitude, Leaving the schedules in the bin To be aloof like a nomad, Giving the time her space to rest Evading from her clutches, Waiting for the shower to whisper To dance with her drizzle, Drenched with her mizzle Heaved with a sigh to leave in the midst, She poured heavily seeing me Relinquished from her holds, Smiling away to meet her again Expressions withered with her, Many faces were waiting To steal the show to be the cynosure, Smiled at them to be senile

Giving the aisle to stay, Never did they realize The walk was to open the door, The key always stayed With the wayfarer. The formless knot tied Never to be seen by the known, Sauntering with the Zephyr He left the traces behind...

Kanth, St

INNSÆI

SHORT STORY



Allison Whittenberg is a Philadelphia native who has a global perspective. If she wasn't an author, she'd be a private detective or a jazz singer. She loves reading about history and true crime. Her other novels include Sweet Thang, Hollywood and Maine, Life is Fine, Tutored and The Sane Asylum.

Why Didn't You Call Me September 11th?

by Ms Allison Whittenberg

Jean's body was drawn up in the cold. Her eyes travelled the room. Frugal, Tim kept the thermostat at 54. His nose was often red, right at the tip. It made him look like a drunk. She looked down the corners as she wondered for a moment where she was. She had one of those soprano headaches -- huge and pulsing.

Her brown body was on one side of the bed. His white one on the other. Not touching. Not on her belly. Not on her thigh.

They were quarreling and while they did Jean looked at the four walls. They were blank. The one picture he did display was downstairs. It was a bike trip he took when he was in college. She never asked him why that was special enough to put up but she guessed it commemorated back when he thought of the city as an adventure instead of a cesspool.

"Jean, my brother said you should have called me."

"You weren't even in New York," she said.

"I was in an airplane."

"You were in North Carolina."

"I was over North Carolina."

Tim Flanagan was taller than her. Nearly 40, he wasn't handsome anymore. Fallenfaced. He played golf for recreation, and his body wasn't thin or thick. It was simply prematurely middle aged.

S . Mars

Jean was average height. She kept her hair well straightened with Dixie Peach and always looked somewhat older than she was. It was the gray hair that she did a lousy job at concealing. She had a block in the front that was solid white. Very much like Tim, with his salt and brown hair and his stiff gestures, his droopy, damp eyes, she wasn't trying to appear youthful or vigorous.

They had other things in common. Neither liked to do much. It was always dinner and a movie. Never both. Tim always paid but never bought her flowers, stuffed animals, or candy. He thought that was wasteful and meaningless.

Tim worked as an engineer, and Jean was a psych aide in a ward for abused children.

They both went to bed early in order to get their eight hours of sleep each night.

Intercourse once every other week was all right. Clothed intercourse with the lights off lasting only minutes in the standard position. Both were partial to quick kisses. Neither liked the tongue.

Jean shivered. "Well, why didn't you call me? Why didn't you check on me? All those kids I work with. I had to keep them sane."

"You know I don't have your work number."

"You never asked for it, Tim."

"I never needed it. You have your mom if something really happened."

"And your brother lives right down the street."

"And he called me."

"To ask if I called you?"

"No, Jean, he called to see if I was all right like you were supposed to do."

Tim came from a good-sized Irish Catholic family. His mother, also, just two miles away in the house he grew up in. Two married sisters in Delaware.

"If I was living with you, I would have called you," she said.

"Why would you move in here with me? This is an hour from your work."

"We could live together in some place."

"I'm not selling my house. Not in this market. And what about your mother? You can't leave her alone after all these years... So where are we going, huh?" He sounded irritated. The icy range in his voice. "Jean, what if I said I will marry you tomorrow?"

A white chill bit through her. She folded her lips.

"You wouldn't ask me that."

"What if I did? What if I said, 'Jean, let's get married'. What would you do then?"

He turned to her. "Look, maybe I'll get that new position. I'll be able to telecommute. I'll also make about \$10,000 more."

"Then we'd see more of each other?"

He lapsed into thoughtful silence.

They lay silent as if watching a dying fire. No chasing after each other crying. The arguments they had were never operatic. They were always like this, carefully modulated.

She pulled the covers more tightly over her nightgown body. He seemed fine in his flannel pjs. Some people are like that, climatized.

The next morning, Jean drove home, looking without watching, without seeing. She thought of all those glossy vacation brochures she'd been collecting, fantasizing about their imaginary honeymoon where they would both finally splurge and live it up. She'd also been scoping at children with olive complexion and straight hair. That's how her pretend child looked. Straight-haired. No turn at all. She wasn't a racist; she just liked that look. She believed it was prettier.

Jean never thought she was particularly pretty. Her thick eyebrows dipped into a V. All throughout high school, her mother wouldn't have let her pluck her eyebrows. If her mother would've let her pluck her eyebrows, would she have been more popular back then? Those were the crucial years for forming relations. All of the expectant widows of 9/11 seemed so well connected. Well into family formation when it happened. Several were into their ninth month of pregnancy.

She stopped for gasoline and a snowball. Jean liked to write down everything she spent through the day right down to the sixty-six cent cupcake purchase. In her whole life, she'd never bought a bottle of wine or dry-cleaned an outfit. She had cassettes. No CDs. That would mean buying a CD player. Her clothes were from Clover's. Sensible shoes, not too much heel. She really hadn't changed her simple style of dress from 20 years ago.

The sugar and carbohydrates plateau took away her headache. Up until that day, Jean had thought that he was the one. They had so much in common. Both were conservative people. Though it was mid November and they'd been going out over a year, Tim wasn't her boyfriend. They didn't share. She never left anything over his house or felt like she could – should.

When Jean reached Calhoun, the small, nondescript borough on the outskirts of Philadelphia, her mother was about to leave for Presbyterian Church. Her blue haired, gossipy friends were about to come by for her. The house was roasting. Her mother liked to keep things at 77, fussing at her anytime she touched the thermostat. Jean immediately took off layers of clothing till she was just in an undershirt.

Jean stirred some Tang into a glass of water and put the Eggos in the toaster.

"Why don't you have some oatmeal today, Jean?"

"I don't want oatmeal."

"You have waffles every morning. Have pancakes. It's almost the same."

"I want waffles, Mom."

IJCLPH

Jean's mom had shiny black walnut skin and a Jeri curl wig that she started to wear after a bad relaxer. "What movie did you see? Did you see Collateral Damage? Is it worth it or is it a rental?" she asked her daughter.

"It was all right, Ma," Jean answered.

"I thought they were holding that back because of all this."

"They did. It was originally supposed to be released back in September."

"Well, I guess enough time has passed. Here it is November already. Does he get the terrorist that killed his family?"

"Of course, Ma. That's Hollywood."

"I wish you would have waited to see it with me, Jean. I like Schwartzenagger." "We can see the next thing he's in, Mom."

Jean was an only child; the product of her father's second marriage. She had half brothers and sisters that were in their fifties and a whole cadre of half nieces and

nephews who lived from 200 to 1000 miles away. It was hard to keep in touch. Her happiest days were behind her when she was really young watching her father adjusting the Windsor knot of his tie. Wrapped in a quilt of her father's memories, missing his large, big knuckled hands – his laughter. He liked coconut covered marshmallow filled cupcakes. It was adult onset diabetes he died of. He kept his sickness from her. He was that kind of father.

Jean reassured herself that Tim wouldn't break up with her with the holidays coming. He was sensible enough to save the trouble of looking for someone new. So, another whole generic year went by almost and Jean and Tim were on the same tepid schedule. Once a week dinner or movie/ sex barely touching. But it didn't feel like the relationship was winding down. It was just settling down like a stone at the bottom of a river. Eggos and Tang. Day after day, Jean went to work, came home and spoke to her mother and went to bed.

International news varied in the next few months. It was either about antiterrorist military squads or the INS or whatever. Yet it never seemed like the culprits would be precisely identified.

Months later, the bad guys weren't captured. They hid in caves. Jean didn't read the New York Times. She watched TV and Peter Jennings told her and her mom about Afghanistan and other countries she'd never heard of. What was Al Qaeda? What's a Jihad? This vocabulary. This geography.

Ten months passed, everyone was still asking deep questions about kismet. What's kismet?

Jean wanted to find a new job, but was unable to locate the resolve to do so. She didn't even want to be in the educational field anymore. She never did. Obedient and logical, she had done beautifully in high school, but less so in college where her brand of spewing back exactly what was dictated to her wasn't so well rewarded. Her paper would always come back with the same advice ``Put more you into this."

She should have gone to forestry school. That's what she really wanted to do, but there were so few women in the field and even fewer blacks. As a consolation, she volunteered at an animal shelter Saturday mornings and afternoons. She liked feeding cats and dogs. She liked helping the approved applicants in selecting just the right dog for adoption. She had her eye on a Labrador retriever mix. Just two months. Dogs stay in your life for a decade or so. It'd be like a marriage. She ran the idea past her mom.

"I don't want some dog," her mom said.

"It's a small dog, Mom."

"Who's going to clean up after it? You? Look how you keep your room."

Jean listened to her mom as she'd always done. Her mom was now in her 70s. A little stooped, she took tablets for her osteoporosis. It was her house. Jean just lived there with her. Her mother set the thermostat high, saying old people have old bones.

The first September 11th was on a Tuesday. This time it fell on a Wednesday. Jean called Tim.

"Hi," she said.

"Hello," he said.

"I just wanted to call you."

"What? Why?"

"Because I didn't last year."

"Oh, that. You're still thinking about that. That's ancient history. I'm glad you called... I have to go away this weekend. So we can't get together."

She thought of how it would be like laying in bed with him. Not touching, not looking at each other in their frozen divorced compartments.

"Isn't it funny? Your brother got married to that girl who he'd known for six months less than you'd known me."

"That's funny?"

Jean was burning up in this hot house. "I didn't get to the punchline -- they still haven't found Bin Laden."

"You're acting strange."

"Aren't you going to ask how work was today?"

"You never asked me. Look, where is all this going, Jean? You call me in the middle of this week, and you're all over the place."

"Have a good trip, Tim. I'll see you the weekend you get back."

"Now you sound like yourself, Jean. Good night."

Then he hung up. Then she hung up.

It was only eight in the evening. She looked around the room to see horse posters on the wall. They'd been there since 6th grade. Jean walked downstairs.

Her mom was on the couch. Sunday paper is still out. Metro section strewn. A 9/11 retrospective of local residents lost. Coupons clipped.

Her mother had coffee on a saucer. No longer hot, lukewarm. Cold. Jean wondered how she could stand sipping at it. Cold liquid that was supposed to be hot.

Her mom had her hands on the remote scanning the channels. Press the bottom on the control, and the image faded.

On this anniversary, Jean didn't want to be alone. She went to the kitchen to have Ritz crackers with peanut butter then she went to the living room to be with her mother. A sofa and two armchairs formed a U around the TV.

"I guess nothing regular's going to come on tonight," her mother muttered.

A young, hot Latin singer did his hit single. Something about being a hero. It was clear that his vocal ability was lacking. He made it on his appearance. Tall, olive, romantic looking.

"What kind of variety show is this?" her mother asked.

Jean sighed, leaned in the doorway, and turned her eyes toward the set. In that chunk of time after her father passed away and she had started going out with Tim, she questioned life. Obviously, those who die young never grow old, but how about those who grow old who never had the chance to be young? Jean was young when her father passed.

Jean wanted a new life. She wanted death to be the one that she had. With any death, there would be rejection of the truth, depression from the truth, acceptance, and then the reconstruction part. She needed to change towns and jobs. She needed to buy a place to live on her own. But she didn't want to live alone. She couldn't.

When her father died, the world didn't stop. TV shows weren't preempted. Balding, overweight, always had a smile, joked a lot. He used to bring home Chinese food and Chinese tea and say "Take tea, and see." Upon his death, her legs buckled under, face frozen in disbelief. His laugh, big, throaty and full. He was the life of the house. He lived 72 years six months and twenty two days.

Jean's heavily lidded eyes watched the TV. She thought that she could try to find someone else on the internet. Log on under her America Online handle. Her middle name followed by the number 2. Perhaps she could meet someone who actually wanted to share. To get married and have a child and a dog. To start something that would be there. Always.

It was the pop opera singer's turn. The way this woman sang was so emotive and clear. She reached her arms and delivered a song from the musical Carousel. "You'll...never... walk... alone..."

The camera panned the audience of blacks, whites, young, olds, gentiles, Jews.

The audience nodded in affirmation. They turned to their sons and daughters and sisters and brothers like this was just what they needed to hear.

Jean's right ear touched the flat cushion. Her shoulders sagged. She felt life pass her, and then she felt nothing.

ESSAY/MEMOIR



San Lin Tun is a freelance writer of essays, poetry, short story and novel in Myanmar and English. He authored over ten English books including his recent novel An English Writer. His writings appeared in local and international publications such as Asia Literary Review, Borderless, Countercurrent, Kitaab, Mad in Asia Pacific, Mekong Review, Myanmar Times, My Yangon Magazine, Myanmore, New Asian Writing Anthology (NAW), PIX, Ponder Savant, Pure Haiku, South East of Now, Strukturriss and several others. He holds an M.A (BDh) and is now working on his second novel and lives in Yangon.

MELODIOUS FINGERS

Or

BORN TO BE PLAYING FOR THE GUITAR

by Mr San Lin Tun

I remembered when in 1990 I first met Ko Myo Tun, the lead guitarist of the Wild Ones Music Band led by well-known and legendary vocalist Sai Htee Saing, endearingly known as Ko Htee in terms of his friends and music lovers. Ko Myo Tun was playing a classical song called Romance de Amor to us at a small room of Shwe Bon Thar Street for our sake. We gathered around him to be enchanted by his beautiful playing, forgetting the track of time. The song was totally new to us because we were not familiar with western classical music then.

The song was so wonderful and enthralled that we were absorbed in his playing. Later, he showed us how to pick fingers on strings and moved his fingers along the fingerboard of the classical guitar. He explained to us about the gait and posture of a classical guitarist. Later, it became an occasional evening classical guitar class and we attended it much zeal because we were hankering to be guitarists.

That time, Heavy Metal came into the local music scene with the availability of cassette tapes which were brought from Thailand and sold at some music stores at the back wing of Bogyoke Aung San Market (formerly known as Scott Market). The first Heavy Metal music album we had listened to was Bon Jovi, and at that time, the movie "Young Guns" was very much popular among youths of that time. The movie was shown in Yangon downtown cinemas. We liked to be speed guitarists who could play the licks and scales up and down on the fingerboard of the guitars whether Fender or Gibson was concerned after watching Eddie Van Halen's music album.

Our favorites were Guns and Roses, Ozzy Osborne, Cinderella, Scorpion, Metallica, and many others. We liked all the lead guitarists from good bands. Locally, we

revered Myanmar lead guitarists like Han Nge Tun, Saw Bae Hmuu, Zaw Myo Htut (Medium Waves), Ko Myo Tun, Derrick Miller, etc.

The guitar players were our heroes and some youths kept long hair to imitate them. Keeping long hair was a sore eye for some people. Even, we ruined Jean coats for etching with acid to portray Che Guevara on the back of the jean jacket to be more like Heavy Metal stars.

•••

A native of Taunggyi in Shan State, Ko Myo Tun who started the interest in the guitar in the 1970s and became a professional guitarist in the 1980s was a very good and excellent lead guitarist to us because at that time it was not very much easy to learn music theory and techniques from a real professional guitarist. If someone wanted to learn guitar playing, there were only private classes in downtown or uptown places. There had not still appeared Gitameit Music School in Yangon around in 1989. We had to plunge into self-taught, listening to newly released albums and we needed to rely on photocopy books and some guitar player magazines brought by pilots or sailors when they returned home.

Most of our time, we spent practicing scales and fingerpicking. Sometimes, we strummed our guitar with the guidelines of how to play a guitar book. We were so crazy to be a good guitarist. We played guitars at the corner of the street or on the pavement together with our friends. We sang out popular songs together with friends from the depth of our throats, though it was not meant for serenading.

One day, I replayed the classical song on the pavement after coming back from some music concert at a stadium in Sanchaung Township. As soon as I started to play Romance de Amor, some men gathered around me and listened to it. At first, they just pricked their ears. Later, they seemed quite absorbed to listen to it. They asked me the name of the song out of curiosity. I felt elated to show my skills to them.

. . .

Some thought that we were radical youths, keeping long hairs, wearing jeans and smoking cigarettes, and cheroots, bringing all misdemeanors to the community. We boasted of our guitar skills among our peers and friends. In our mind, we thought that we were copying heavy metal guitarists that were seen on MTV or TV channels. Learning western music was not a good way to support one's life or one's career although stereo music (locally known) was a charm of youths rather than mono music (some locally-themed popular songs).

Ko Myo Tun rectified our misunderstandings about drugs and liquors that if you were intoxicated, how we could play well, instead of reading tabs on musical note sheets. We knew that it was true that a guitarist should be grave and somber. Once I went together with Ko Myo Tun to May Studio (one of the best music studios of that time) which lied in the Golden Valley to experience the studio recording. On that day, he had to play the solo licks of Gary Moore for the album he was playing for.

Ko Myo Tun listened to the song and its solo first and played according to Gary Moore's tones and styles. It was really good to look at the professional guitarist playing his electric guitar in the studio using different amps and effects. I dreamed that one day I would be a real guitarist like him pressing the Distortion pedal whenever it was necessary to do that. But later I found some impediments to learning music and changed my career to become a writer because I am more interested in composing songs and creating instrumentals.

I had a habit of persistence and so, I happened to collect nearly a thousand cassettes over three years and later I sold them to a music rental store near my house to end my interest in music. But, it was hard to erase one's interest in that way. Whatever it comes to music, I like to play some tunes on guitars or I like to go to attend musical concerts in my native town, Yangon.

It has been nearly thirty years. Recently, unexpectedly, I got contact with Ko Myo Tun who is living now in Yat Sout in Shan State when one of his friends answered my comments on the Facebook page. I called him pronto after thirty years' lapse. At first, he did not remember me but I told him that I was a boy who studied music with him back in the 1990s. Then, he figured out who I was. I was the boy from a corner book shop on Sule Pagoda Road.

We talked about him and about me. It was really wonderful to talk to a person who has not been contacted for nearly thirty years. But, I still have good memories of him, his cheerfulness, his politeness, his love for music, his life as a real musician, and guitarist. His enthusiasm for music seemed never waned. He does not want wealth or fame but he simply follows his life destiny to be a good guitarist.

Some people still remember him and his wonderful licks in Sai Htee Saing's songs such as Palet Phoung Min Tha (The Pavement's Guy) album, Yangon Hmar Thar Te La (The Moon Shines Over Yangon), etc. We saw that he tried to be very creative and passionate whenever he played his parts in songs. Still, his melodious fingers play songs in his place and he occasionally goes to Taunggyi for playing music for supporting music lovers and training youths. In this way, the life of a good guitarist is simple and contended. And, he lives a life much with satisfaction and contention. His music and melodious fingers make people remember him in any way.

So, I think that what he hopes for his life and instead he has already accomplished his life as a good guitarist and musician. That earns his name well in the annals of Myanmar's own tune music and Myanmar lead guitar players. Hopefully, with much anticipation, he will produce his instrumentals and improvising in one day to soothe the thirst of instrumentals' lovers and enthusiasts and especially for his fans and for those who value his musical creation and his passion for music.

INNSAEIAN'S VOICE



Jessieca Leo completed graduation in Chemistry and Economics from the University of Canterbury in Christchurch, New Zealand. She did her Ph.D. in Chinese Studies from the Ludwig Maximilian University, Munich. Her areas of research include History of Chinese medicine, Mongol history, and Chinese art and archaeology. Her Recently published works: Sex in the Yellow Emperor's Basic Question: Sex, Longevity, and Medicine in Early China, Global Hakka: Hakka Identity in the Remaking and Where Have All The Swordswomen Gone?

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

by Jessieca Leo, Ph.D.

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

One afternoon as I was taking a walk in the Umbrian hills to ponder world events and meditate about life, which is what us city folks called distressing, I came across a deer – a real deer carefully camouflaged by scattered bushes staring at me with those beautiful alert eyes through leaves that refused to yield to the approaching winter. "What a surprise and what luck!" I thought. I had heard that no deer had been sighted for more than thirty years in that part of the Italian province.

As if frozen in a still life with an autumnal backdrop of green and brown, the deer and I locked eyes. Time stood still – cliché, but my mind became a vessel of concentrated consciousness where only mindful and throbbing presence existed. The vastness of our happenstance brimmed to meet the universe.

The twenty metres or so between us was charged with an electronic currency, generated by the four intensive eyes that were willing each other to react. I was wishing that the deer would step forward to offer friendship or at least show curiosity, and the deer... I wondered what it was thinking about or what deer do with their brains.

If I were in its place, I would wish that I had come across a statue in the garden so that it would not have the power to shatter the peace and serenity of the moment or simply what a nuisance. Is this a friend or a foe?

I, the human, meanwhile, holding on to the visual connection and pushing my awareness to the limit, tried to bond with the deer.



Tell me where you are from.

What are you doing here alone?

Where are the rest of your herd?

Are you a buck or a doe?

"You must be a buck striking out on your own to look for a mate on heat. Do you know that you are in grave danger to go wandering about the farmland? The hunting season has just begun! Tell me where you are going and what you are looking for."

I waited for enlightenment.

We were transfixed on our spots – each not daring to move – my presence recognized by sight and smell and the deer's manifestation acknowledged by my running thoughts and vision. The air became denser, the green greener and I felt that we were actually bonding – the deer and I – our souls were merging... We are destined to be friends – woman and deer, what a beautiful scenario, the start of a spiritual adventure....

It could have been five seconds or ten minutes. The deer decided to break the flow of electrons that was holding us together. It turned its head in a vicious jerk as if to show me that it was the superior of us two. I blinked once and looked..... Oh!!! It is an ass – one of the five donkeys from Pratale, the farm where I was staying and his name is Othello.

QUOTES WITH THE IMAGES

1.500

CLOUDS MAY COVER THE SUNSHINE BUT THEY CANNOT BANISH THE SUN.

- DR. SHRABANI CHAKRAVORTY

Quote by Dr Shrabani Chakravorty

water is never thirsty

be water

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Quote by Ms Trinidad Baño

LITERARY APPRECIATION

1.25



INNSAEIAN'S VOICE



Tejaswini Patil, Ph.D. is a Founder Director of Innsæi International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity, an academician, poet and social worker; writes about Nature, social issues, feminist sensibilities and her experiences. Her publications include, 'Talons and Nets', 'Verses of Silence', 'A Glass of Time', 'Kaainat' (Hindi) and 'Relations and Relationship'. Editor of Tunisian Asian Anthology, Mystical Voices Thrice selected for prestigious Rio Grande Valley International Poetry Festival, Texas, USA. Part of the famous Coffee Table Book, 25 Women of Virtue. Awards- State Level Mahila Samajratna Lifetime Achievement Award and 'Master of Creative Impulse' by World Poetry Conference, Bathinda, Punjab.

'Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts' - P.B. Shelley: A Rethinking

by Tejaswini Patil Dange, Ph.D.

Founder Director, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

Shelley in his poem, To a Skylark argues that "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts." This statement has been accepted as a universal truth. In this regard, I started investigation within myself. Which of my sad thoughts I can sing about..? The happy moments of life are celebrated by everyone... the feelings of cheerfulness are always there but how can sadness be celebrated? Then it was realized that the joy of cheerfulness is temporary. We cannot enjoy the same thing for a long time.

Love is the most powerful phenomenon in the world... which purifies the souls. The lovers don't have any material wish to be fulfilled but the attainment of love... Being together is a heavenly bliss for them and parting a punishment. The pining hearts may seem vulnerable but they are strong enough to fight all barriers. So, when all malice is vanished from the hearts, there remains only love. It is most tender in separation. That's why, our pain in love, has the sting of melody. As we know, the music on the strings of an instrument cannot be achieved in silent mode. They create the best only when they are hurt. Our mind also has some unseen strings which lay deep for touch. Only love can touch them. Only then, they sing; they become alive. When two hearts are in concord with each other, the music is created. This is celestial music which cannot be experienced by anyone who has not entered the arena of love.

Love makes the language of silence envelope the whole creation. The moments of parting are painful for both the creatures in love. The pain of parting is sung by them only because they are the blessed persons on earth who are touched by the Golden, Ecstatic Love. The fortune has favoured them in bringing together.

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The lovers part; and they sing of it; the pain is so sweet that it brings heavenly joy. Once united their hearts are not separated till death. So, there is joy of union of hearts and there is pain of parting physically. These purified hearts can never be materialistic. So, their pains are pains of joy... pains of parting from their love. These are the most delicate feelings in the universe. These are saddest moments for them and at the same time, they *can sing* of them.

In my life, I sing of the moments of parting. Parting from the Lightening... that I have experienced very closely. Being in love with the Grandeur makes one excited. In the poem '*Prithviche Premgeet*' (Love Song of the Earth) by Kusumagraj, the Earth who loves the Sun God, pines for his love. But He is far away. There are so many who are closer to her like the Moon, the Comet, the Mars, etc. They woo her passionately, but she says,

> "I wish to love you though you are away from me Because, loving the Grandeur from distance is better than having ordinary lovers so close around."

This experience of sad parting in depths of love, I sing about. Every time, tears support me to encompass the hollow within; the silence to be pinned down in words. I hope I can make my readers *HEAL* of the *PAINS* through *CATHARSIS*.

There is a strange phenomenon in music... if two similar instruments are tuned with each other perfectly, only there, this phenomenal act takes place. In this case, if the chords of one instrument are touched, the other produces the same music without touching. It's the mesmerizing thing that occurs about inanimate things happens. The same theory is applicable to the hearts in love. And that marvellous act is only experienced. It's almost beyond words. Still, poets can provide them with beautiful, delicate expressions.

Now, the readers. How do they experience the sweetness of the sad thoughts? Again, it is not possible for any practical person to understand the melody. It can reach the heart which is sensitive... delicate. Many of the readers have an untold story which is brought to surface by the songs.

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The song of the skylark is heard... the bird soars and sings simultaneously. One can listen to it but cannot reach its heights. Perhaps, the bird sings of love.... eternal beauty of love.... its inextinguishable thirst. The pains in love are like hot chills and calm eagerness ... which is beyond words... The poets find appropriate articulation for their emotions... they make the world feel the sweetness of love through their saddest songs of parting, pain and love.

The love of Lady of Shallot is fulfilled after her death. Sir Lancelot, for whose love, she forgets the spell of curse and accepts death, adores her beauty and bows to her. And the reader's heart is satisfied with Love's Accomplishment. His tears sparkle with joy.

The same 'Union of Hearts' theory is applicable to all love relationships such as mother-child love, love in siblings or any strong relationship that has heart to heart bonds. The songs of their parting are sweet though they are painful.

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LITERARY ACHIVEMENT

Name : Heena Shaikh Mulla

Institute : Vajra World Record

Description : Poetries based on Android Versions in a sequential order.



<u>CERTIFICATE</u>

VAJRA WORLD RECORDS

Ms.Heena Shaikh Mulla from Pune, Maharashtra,India has created a new vajra world records by written a poetries based on tittle of android versions in a sequential order.This sets a new vajra world records.

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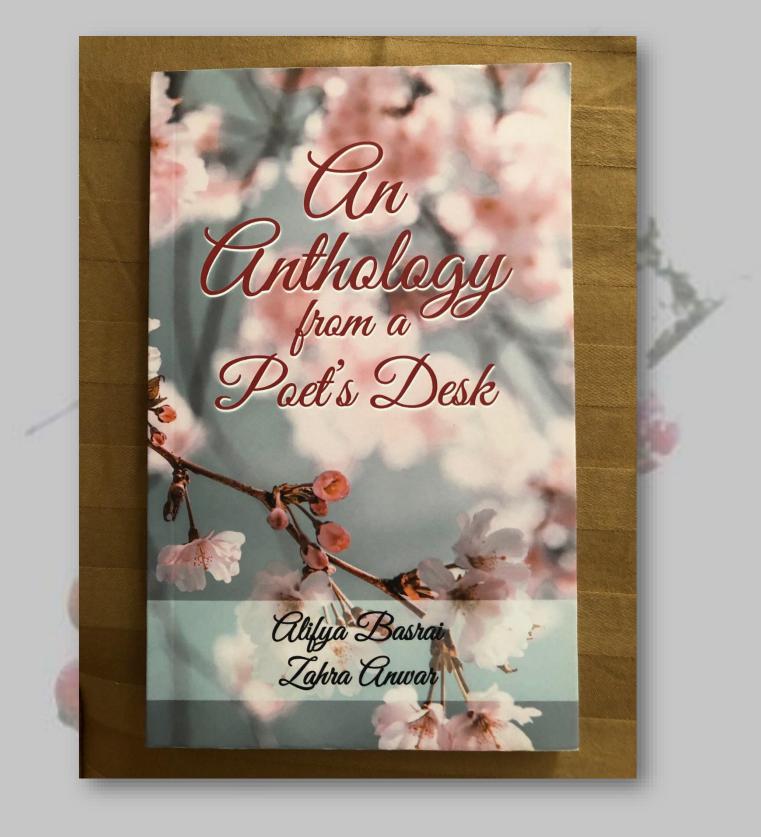
PUBLISHED AND UPCOMING BOOKS

1.200

The Title of the Book is "An Anthology from a Poet's Desk"

Author's Name : Alifya Basrai and Zahra Anwar

Date of Publication : June 2020



Alifya Basrai Zahra Anyar A mother-daughter duo who embarked on this journey of writing poems over a year now. Initially for both, it was just a bit of scribbling, but the words would transpire into poetry was what they had never imagined. We would like to take our readers through a roller coaster ride of poetry and not stories this time. Poetry that ranges from love, life, relationships, mathematics, heritage etc... Our attempt has been to put the best words in the best order. We never knew what the end was, when we started writing poems. However, we knew that we had to write, coz for us our emotions and thoughts had found words to express. POETRY Price : ₹ 199.00 ww.zorbabooks.com



Title: " A Little Piece of Melancholic Sky"

Author Name : Misna Chanu

Date of Publication :9th Oct , 2020





Title: Colours of Love and Other Poems

Author's Name: Namita Rani Panda

Year of Publication: September 2020



INNSAEIAN'S Books

Title of the Book: MAKING IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBLE

About the Book:

When dreams are high and hopes never die, the mind becomes strong and the body supports with a unique zeal to travel in the journey of success. Making Impossible Possible portrays the picture of the street and working children who dream high, however the ways to reach their dreams are challenging.

The book brings to the front a true story of a slum child who after many falls, stood by his dream and determination to reach his goals. Vijay is pushed to the slum ghettos from a peaceful village atmosphere to experience a life never imagined. He fell prey to all dark sides of the world, yet emerged as a winner. His story brings tears to the eyes and is a story of every single child in the street.

The book brings a motivational force to encourage every individual who desires to achieve success amidst hardships and obstacles.

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UPCOMING BOOK: UNFURLING MY HEART

UNFURLING MY HEART is an anthology which brings out the hidden stories in the hearts of many experienced as well as well as many aspiring authors. The book is a stage where the authors could unfurl their hearts relieving their stories and gifting to the readers to read their untold stories. The book is compiled and edited by Author Mousumi Kalita Sachdeva.

The best thing about this book is the rawness it includes without any forceful adornment by the editor. This book is a medium of true expressions right from the hearts of the authors. The pages of this book have been a platform to many experienced as well as aspiring authors to showcase their emotions, views and experiences along with their taste for language and literature, with their utmost efforts. They may not be perfect, but the passion and sentiments expressed are true, unleashed right from the core of their hearts.

The anthology would be released towards the end of October and is under the publishing process now.

Fakes . . .



The Sea, Within INNSAEI

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