

SACH

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This issue of SACH is dedicated to two great, powerful, beautiful women, Zohra Sehgal and Maya Angelou. They have left behind a legacy to follow and cherish. Their lives and works are an inspiration for artists, writers, activists and particularly for women. Their lives tell us how they broke the stereotype image of women and pursued their passion. Their passion for dance poetry, theatre, teaching and writing. Their struggle for equality and dignity.

Both of these legendary women have a lot in common. They abandoned the idea of meek, vulnerable and dependant women. They lived their lives on their conditions. Refused to succumb to the do's and don'ts set by the society. They were passionate, intelligent, strong yet humble and kind. Internationally acclaimed for their works, loved by people for their humor, liveliness, straight forward approach and the kindness. A life lived to the fullest.

They inspired us and will continue to.



[27 April 1912—10 July, 2014]



[4 April 1928—28 May 2014]

I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

By **MAYA ANGELOU**

The free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wings
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings
with fearful trill
of the things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing
trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright
lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Maya Angelou : My Terrible, Wonderful Mother

“Maya Angelou was just three when her mother sent her to live with her grandma, and 13 when they were reunited. After so long apart, could she ever learn to love her?”

The first decade of the 20th century was not a great time to be born black and poor and female in St Louis, Missouri, but Vivian Baxter was born black and poor, to black and poor parents. Later she would grow up and be called beautiful. As a grown woman she would be known as the butter-coloured lady with the blowback hair.

My mother, who was to remain a startling beauty, met my father, a handsome soldier, in 1924. Bailey Johnson had returned from the first world war with officer’s honours and a fake French accent. They were unable to restrain themselves. They fell in love while Vivian’s brothers walked around him threateningly.

He had been to war, and he was from the south, where a black man learned early that he had to stand up to threats, or else he wasn’t a man. The Baxter boys could not intimidate Bailey Johnson, especially after Vivian told them to lay off. Vivian’s parents were not happy that she was marrying a man from the south who was neither a doctor nor lawyer. He said he was a dietician. The Baxters said that meant he was just a negro cook.

Vivian and Bailey left the contentious Baxter atmosphere and moved to California, where little Bailey was born. I came along two years later. My parents soon proved to each other that they couldn’t stay together. They were matches and gasoline. They even argued about how they were to break up. Neither wanted the



[4 April 1928—28 May 2014]

responsibility of taking care of two toddlers. They separated and sent me and Bailey to my father’s mother in Arkansas.

I was three and Bailey was five when we arrived in Stamps, Arkansas. We had identification tags on our arms and no adult supervision. I learned later that Pullman car porters and dining car waiters were known to take children off trains in the north and put them on other trains heading south.

Save for one horrific visit to St Louis, we lived with my father’s mother, Grandmother Annie Henderson, and her other son, Uncle Willie, in

Stamps until I was 13. The visit to St Louis lasted only a short time but I was raped there and the rapist was killed. I thought I had caused his death because I told his name to the family. Out of guilt, I stopped talking to everyone except Bailey. I decided that my voice was so powerful that it could kill people, but it could not harm my brother because we loved each other so much.

My mother and her family tried to woo me away from mutism, but they didn’t know what I knew: that my voice was a killing machine. They soon wearied of the sullen, silent child and sent us back to Grandmother Henderson in Arkansas, where we lived quietly and smoothly within my grandmother’s care and under my uncle’s watchful eye.

When my brilliant brother Bailey was 14, he had reached a dangerous age for a black boy

in the segregated south. It was a time when if a white person walked down the one paved block in town, any negro on the street had to step aside and walk in the gutter.

Bailey would obey the unspoken order but sometimes he would sweep his arm theatrically and loudly say, "Yes, sir, you are the boss, boss."

Some neighbours saw how Bailey acted in front of white folks downtown and reported to Grandmother. She called us both over and said to Bailey, "Junior" – her nickname for him – "you been downtown showing out? Don't you know these white folks will kill you for poking fun at them?"

"Momma" – my brother and I often called her that – "all I do is get off the street they are walking on. That's what they want, isn't it?"

"Junior, don't play smart with me. I knew the time would come when you would grow too old for the south. I just didn't expect it so soon. I will write to your mother and daddy. You and Maya, and especially you, Bailey, will have to go back to California, and soon."

My grandmother said she and I would go to California first and Bailey would follow a month later. By the time the train reached California, I had become too frightened to accept the idea that I was going to meet my mother again after so long. Grandmother rocked me in her arms and hummed. I calmed down. When we descended the train steps, I looked for someone who could be my mother. When I heard my grandmother's voice call out, I followed the voice and I knew she had made a mistake, but the pretty little woman with red lips and high heels came running to my grandmother.

"Mother Annie! Mother Annie!"

Grandmother opened her arms and embraced the woman. When Momma's arms fell, the woman asked, "Where is my baby?"

She looked around and saw me. I wanted to sink into the ground. I wasn't pretty or even cute. That woman who looked like a movie star deserved a better-looking daughter than me. I knew it and was sure she would know it as soon as she saw me.

"Maya, Marguerite, my baby." Suddenly I was wrapped in her arms and in her perfume. She pushed away and looked at me. "Oh, baby, you're beautiful and so tall. You look like your

daddy and me. I'm so glad to see you."

My grandmother stayed in California, watching me and everything that happened around me. And when she decided that everything was all right, she was happy. I was not.

Grandmother smiled when my mother played jazz and blues very loudly on her record player. Sometimes she would dance just because she felt like it, alone, by herself, in the middle of the floor. While Grandmother accepted behaviour so different, I just couldn't get used to it.

My mother watched me without saying much for about two weeks. Then we had what was to become familiar as a "sit-down talk-to".

She said, "Maya, you disapprove of me because I am not like your grandmother. That's true. I am not. But I am your mother and I am working some part of my anatomy off to pay for this roof over your head. When you go to school, the teacher will smile at you and you will smile back. Students you don't even know will smile and you will smile. But on the other hand, I am your mother. If you can force one smile on your face for strangers, do it for me. I promise you I will appreciate it."

She put her hand on my cheek and smiled.

"Come on, baby, smile for Mother. Come on. Be charitable."

She made a funny face and against my will I smiled. She kissed me on my lips and started to cry. "That's the first time I have seen you smile. It is a beautiful smile. Mother's beautiful daughter can smile."

I was beginning to appreciate her. I liked to hear her laugh because I noticed that she never laughed at anyone. After a few weeks it became clear that I was not using any title when I spoke to her. In fact, I rarely started conversations. Most often, I simply responded when I was spoken to.

She asked me into her room. She sat on her bed and didn't invite me to join her.

"Maya, I am your mother. Despite the fact that I left you for years, I am your mother. You know that, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am." I had been answering her briefly with a few words since my arrival in California.

"You don't have to say 'ma'am' to me.

You're not in Arkansas."

"No, ma'am. I mean no."

"You don't want to call me 'Mother', do you?"

I remained silent.

"You have to call me something. We can't go through life without you addressing me. What would you like to call me?"

I had been thinking of that since I first saw her. I said, "Lady."

"What?"

"Lady."

"Why?"

"Because you are beautiful, and you don't look like a mother."

"Well, that's it. I am Lady, and still your mother."

"Yes, ma'am. I mean yes."

Soon after Bailey's arrival in California, Vivian Baxter said to me and Bailey, "Please sit down, I have something to say.

"I have learned that Maya doesn't want to call me Mother. She has another name for me. It seems like I don't fit her image of a mother. She wants to call me Lady." She waited a second, then said, "And I like it. She said I'm beautiful and kind, so I resemble a true lady. From now on, Junior, you can call me Lady. In fact, I'm going to introduce myself to people as Lady Jackson. You all feel free to call me Lady. Everybody has the right to be called anything he wants to be called. I want to be called Lady."

Bailey jumped into her speech. "Then I want to be called Bailey. I hate Junior. I am no little boy."

There were a few seconds of quiet.

"Then that's what you'll be called."

I smiled at "Lady". She handled introducing her new name with grace. It was difficult to resist her.

When I was 17 I had a baby. My mother never made me feel as if I brought scandal to the family. The baby had not been planned and I would have to rethink plans about education, but to Vivian Baxter that was life being life. Having a baby while I was unmarried had not been wrong. It was simply slightly inconvenient.

I found a job when my son was two months old. I went to Mother and told her, "Mother, I am going to move."

"You are going to leave my house?" She was shocked.

I said, "Yes. I have found a job, and a room with cooking privileges down the hall, and the landlady will be the babysitter."

She looked at me half pityingly and half proud.

She said, "All right, you go, but remember this: when you cross my doorstep, you have already been raised. With what you have learned from your Grandmother Henderson in Arkansas and what you have learned from me, you know the difference between right and wrong. Do right. Don't let anybody raise you from the way you have been raised. Know you will always have to make adaptations, in love relationships, in friends, in society, in work, but don't let anybody change your mind. And then remember this: you can always come home."

I walked away and was back in my bedroom before I heard my own words echoing in my mind. I had called Lady "Mother". I knew she had noticed but we never ever mentioned the incident. I was aware that after the birth of my son and the decision to move and get a place for just the two of us, I thought of Vivian Baxter as my mother.

Independence is a heady draught, and if you drink it in your youth, it can have the same effect on the brain as young wine does. It does not matter that its taste is not always appealing. It is addictive and with each drink you want more.

By the time I was 22 I was living in San Francisco. I had a five-year-old son, Guy, two jobs and two rented rooms, with cooking privileges down the hall.

Mother picked up Guy twice a week and took him to her house, where she fed him peaches and cream and hot dogs, but I visited her only once a month and at an agreed-upon time. She understood and encouraged my self-reliance and I looked forward eagerly to our standing appointment. On the occasion, she would cook one of my favourite dishes. One lunch date stands out in my mind. I call it Vivian's Red Rice Day.

When I arrived at the Fulton Street house, my mother was dressed beautifully. Her makeup was perfect and she wore good

jewellery. Much of lunch was already on the kitchen table. On that long-ago Red Rice Day, my mother had offered me a crispy, dry-roasted capon, no dressing or gravy, and a simple lettuce salad, no tomatoes or cucumbers. A wide-mouthed bowl covered with a platter sat next to her plate. The chicken and salad do not feature so prominently in my tastebuds' memory, but each grain of red rice is emblazoned on the surface of my tongue forever.

My mother had plans for the rest of her afternoon, so she gathered her wraps and we left the house together. We reached the middle of the block and were enveloped in the stinging acid aroma of vinegar from the pickle factory on the corner of Fillmore and Fulton streets. I had walked ahead. My mother stopped me and said, "Baby."

I walked back to her.

"Baby, I've been thinking and now I am sure. You are the greatest woman I've ever met."

I looked down at the pretty little woman, with her perfect makeup and diamond earrings, and a silver fox scarf. She was admired by most people in San Francisco's black community and even some whites liked and respected her.

She continued. "You are very kind and very intelligent and those elements are not always found together. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune and my mother— yes, you belong in that category. Here, give me a kiss."

She kissed me on the lips and turned and jay walked across the street to her beige and brown Pontiac. I pulled myself together and walked down to Fillmore Street. I crossed there and waited for the number 22 streetcar.

My policy of independence would not allow me to accept money or even a ride from my mother, but I welcomed her and her wisdom. Now I thought of what she had said. I thought, "Suppose she is right? She's very intelligent and often said she didn't fear anyone enough to lie. Suppose I really am going to become somebody. Imagine."

At that moment, when I could still taste the red rice, I decided the time had come to stop my dangerous habits like smoking, drinking and cursing. I did stop cursing but some years would pass before I came to grips with drinking and smoking.

Imagine I might really become somebody. Some day.

In Los Angeles, I began singing in a nightclub. I met the great poet Langston Hughes, and John Killens the novelist. I told them I was a poet and wanted to write. "Why don't you come to New York?" John Killens asked. He added, "Come find out if you really are a writer."

I considered the invitation seriously. I thought, my son is 16. We could just move to New York. That would be good, and I would become a writer. I was young enough and silly enough to think that if I had said so, it would be so.

I called my mother. "I am going to go to New York and I would love you to meet me. I just want to be with you a little bit before I leave the west coast."

She said, "Oh baby, I want to see you, too, because I'm going to sea."

"To see what?"

"I'm going to become a seaman."

I asked, "Why, Mother?" She had a real-estate licence, she had been a nurse, and she owned a gambling house and a hotel. "Why do you want to go to sea?"

"Because they told me they wouldn't let any woman in their union. They suggested that the union certainly would not accept a negro woman. I told them, 'You want to bet?' I will put my foot in their door up to my hip until every woman can get in that union, and can get aboard a ship and go to sea." I didn't question that she would do exactly what she said she would do.

We met a few days later in Fresno, California, at a newly integrated hotel. She and I pulled into the parking lot at almost the same time. I brought my suitcase and Mother said, "Put it down, beside my car. Put it down. Now come on." We went inside the lobby. Even in this newly integrated hotel people were literally amazed to see two black women walking in. My mother asked, "Where's the bellcap?" Someone stepped up to her. She said, "My daughter's bag and my bags are outside beside the black Dodge. Bring them in, please." I followed as she walked to the desk and said to the clerk, "I am Mrs. Jackson and this is my daughter, Miss Johnson, and we have reserved rooms."

The clerk stared at us as if we were wild things from the forest. He looked at his book and found that we did indeed have reservations. My mother took the keys he offered and followed the bellman with the bags to the elevator.

Upstairs we stopped in front of a door and she said, "You can leave my baggage here with my baby's." She tipped the man. She opened her bag and lying on top of her clothes was a .38 revolver. She said, "If they were not ready for integration, I was ready to show it to them. Baby, you try to be ready for every situation you run into. Don't do anything that you think is wrong. Just do what you think is right, and then be ready to back it up even with your life."

My mother's gifts of courage to me were both large and small. I met loves and lost loves. I dared to travel to Africa to allow my son to finish high school in Cairo. I lived with a South African freedom fighter whom I met when he was at the United Nations petitioning for an end to apartheid. We both tried to make our relationship firm and sturdy. When our attempts failed, I took my son to Ghana and the freedom fighter returned to southern Africa. Guy entered the University of Ghana. My mother wrote to me and said, "Airplanes leave here every day for Africa. If you need me, I will come."

I met men, some of whom I loved and trusted. When the last lover proved to be unfaithful, I was devastated and moved from my home in Ghana to North Carolina.

I was offered a lifetime professorship at Wake Forest University as Reynolds professor of American studies. I thanked the administration and accepted the invitation. I would teach for one year and if I liked it, I would teach a second year. I found after teaching one year that I had misunderstood my calling. I had thought that I was a writer who could teach. I found to my surprise that I was actually a teacher who could write. I settled in at Wake Forest to be a teacher for the rest of my life.

The telephone call had brought me across the country to my mother's hospital bed. Although she was a pale, ashen colour and her eyes didn't want to stay focused, she smiled to see me.

The prognosis was unpromising – Mother's ailment was lung cancer along with

emphysema, and they estimated that she might have at most three months to live.

Shortly after, the University of Exeter invited me to come and teach for three weeks as distinguished visiting professor. I thanked the administrator but said no, I couldn't leave North Carolina, because my mother was gravely ill.

When Vivian Baxter heard that I had rejected the invitation, she called me to her. "Go," she whispered. "Go. I'll be here when you get back!"

When I returned, Vivian Baxter was in a coma. I spoke to her anyway. Her hand lay in mine without movement.

On the third day after I returned, I took her hand and said, "I've been told some people need to be given permission to leave. I don't know if you are waiting, but I can say you may have done all you came here to do.

"You've been a hard worker – white, black, Asian and Latino women ship out of the San Francisco port because of you. You have been a shipfitter, a nurse, a real-estate broker and a barber. Many men and – if my memory serves me right – a few women risked their lives to love you. You were a terrible mother of small children, but there has never been anyone greater than you as a mother of a young adult."

She squeezed my hand twice. I kissed her fingers. Then I went home.

I awakened at dawn and raced downstairs in my pyjamas. I drove to the hospital and double-parked my car. I didn't wait for the elevators. I ran up the stairs to her floor.

The nurse said, "She just left."

I looked at my mother's lifeless form and thought about her passion and wit. I knew she deserved a daughter who loved her and had a good memory, and she got one.

Source : <http://www.theguardian.com/books/2013/mar/30/maya-angelou-terrible-wonderful-mother>

Zohra Sehgal, a Magnetic Force

Ranvir Shah remembers the actor for loving life and living it fully

When I first met Zohra Sehgal, she was over 90 years old but she could make strange faces and delight in the game of *abhinaya* with the innocence of a child.

As a co-curator of The Other Festival, I had been trying to get in touch with her for over a year. Then a chance meeting happened during an event that I had gate-crashed in Mumbai. I sidled up to her and made my request: would she please come and present something in Chennai — whatever she liked — and how we could be in touch... the usual sort of conversation. She was extremely co-operative and said she would love to visit Chennai. After that, it was all very simple and fuss-free.

In Chennai, to a full house, she recited Hindi and Urdu poetry, which was translated by two young Chennai-based poets Tishani Doshi and Priyamvada. After a standing ovation for her encore, she repeated the speech she had given from the ramparts of the Red Fort, celebrating India and its independence at a memorial event.

Post performance, a mesmerised audience stayed back for a question and answer session. She returned after a change and was greeted by another standing ovation. A young editor of a Carnatic music and dance magazine asked the first question. "Madam, at this age, you have given us such a great experience. What is the secret of your energy?"

Zohra's eyes twinkled; straight-faced, she answered: "Sex!"

It took the audience a moment to catch on, but there was thunderous applause and yet another standing ovation. She gently waved them to sit and proceeded to talk about her past, movies and future projects. The day before had resulted in the entire Chennai press waiting to meet her, and as organisers we had to schedule the day.

The evening ended with a light tea at my house to meet a few theatre people and friends in a relaxed atmosphere. My grandfather, also in his nineties, had been a bit of an adventurer

in his life having worked for the British police and then running a private detective agency for many years. He was reminiscing about the past, Lahore and Prithviraj Kapoor. A clear memory stays: Zohra asking him for dinner, dance and a date, and he promising it the next time she visited; both in jest, with an understanding of the stations of life they had reached.

Later that night, an interior designer — a big fan of Zohra's — was very keen to meet her so I requested her to see him at her hotel. He finally came out — flushed and red — delighted with her company, and inducted into the club of whiskey drinkers. Her characters on stage and cinema have left us a huge public memory but the image that has stayed with me all these years is of her talking to a friend about the suicide of her husband; the pain and memory, she said, was in her heart every day like the coal embers that the women of Kashmir keep close to their hearts in winter.

She recounted to me a lesson about gratitude and paying back of life's debts. It is a well-known fact that she had been in Prithviraj Kapoor's theatre group and movies in her formative years. Years later, Shashi Kapoor sent his son to her to be trained in acting. After a few weeks, he called and asked for her fees. Her reply: the debt she owed his father, Prithviraj Kapoor, was so great that she could train several generations of the Kapoors.

Gentleness. Kindness. Humour. Compassion. A life fully lived, not short on travails and losses, and yet a magnetic force of *joie de vivre*. She put us all at ease, had no special tantrums, gently asked for passes for her grand daughter who was in town, and taught us all the big lessons of life in those two days by just being herself completely and truly — a legend in our times.

Source : <http://www.thehindu.com/features/magazine/zohra-sehgal-a-magnetic-force/article6228340.ece>

Sayed Kashua : Why I have to leave Israel

“The Arab-Israeli author moved to Jerusalem as a child and has devoted his life to telling Israelis the Palestinian story. But last week he decided to emigrate with his family to the US.”

Quite soon I am going away from here. In a few days we'll be leaving Jerusalem, leaving the country. Yesterday we bought little suitcases for the kids. No need to take a lot of clothes, we'll leave our winter clothes; in any event they won't be warm enough given the coldness of southern Illinois, USA. We'll just need a few things until we get settled. Perhaps the kids should take some books, two or three in Arabic, and another few in Hebrew, so they don't forget the languages. But I'm already not sure what I want my kids to remember about this place, so beloved and so cursed.

The original plan was to leave in a month for a year's sabbatical. But last week I understood that I can't stay here any longer, and I asked the travel agent to get us out of here as fast as possible, "and please make them one-way tickets". In a few days we'll land in Chicago, and I don't even know where we'll be for the first month, but we'll figure it out.

I have three children, a daughter who is already 14 years old, and two sons, aged nine and three. We live in West Jerusalem. We are the only Arab family living in our neighbourhood, to which we moved six years ago. "You can choose two toys," we said this week in Hebrew to our little boy who stood in his room, gazing at boxes of his toys, and he started to cry despite our promises that we will buy him anything he wants when we get there.

I also have to decide what to take. I can choose only two books, I said to myself standing in front of shelves of books in my study. Other than a book of poetry by Mahmoud Darwish and another story collection by Jubran Khalil, all of my books are in Hebrew. Since the age of 14 I have barely read a book in Arabic.

When I was 14 I saw a library for the first

time. Twenty-five years ago, my maths teacher in the village of Tira, where I was born, came to my parents' home and told them that next year the Jews would be opening a school for gifted students in Jerusalem. He said to my father that he thought I should apply. "It will be better for him there," I remember the teacher telling my parents. I got in, and when I was the age of my daughter I left my home to go to a Jewish boarding school in Jerusalem. It was so difficult, almost cruel. I cried when my father hugged me and left me at the entrance of the grand new school, nothing like I had ever seen in Tira.

I once wrote that the first week in Jerusalem was the hardest week of my life. I was different, other; my clothes were different, as was my language. All of the classes were in Hebrew – science, Bible, literature. I sat there not understanding one word. When I tried to speak everyone would laugh at me. I so much wanted to run back home, to my family, to the village and friends, to the Arabic language. I cried on the phone to my father that he should come and get me, and he said that only the beginnings are hard, that in a few months I would speak Hebrew better than they do.

I remember the first week, our literature teacher asked us to read *The Catcher in the Rye* by Salinger. It was the first novel I ever read. It took me several weeks to read it, and when I finished I understood two things that changed my life. The first was that I could read a book in Hebrew, and the second was the deep understanding that I loved books.

Very quickly my Hebrew became nearly perfect. The boarding school library only had books in Hebrew, so I began to read Israeli authors. I read Agnon, Meir Shalev, Amos Oz and I started to read about Zionism, about

Judaism and the building of the homeland.

During these years I also began to understand my own story, and without planning to do so I began to write about Arabs who live in an Israeli boarding school, in the western city, in a Jewish country. I began to write, believing that all I had to do to change things would be to write the other side, to tell the stories that I heard from my grandmother. To write how my grandfather was killed in the battle over Tira in 1948, how my grandmother lost all of our land, how she raised my father while she supported them as a fruit picker paid by the Jews.

I wanted to tell, in Hebrew, about my father who sat in jail for long years, with no trial, for his political ideas. I wanted to tell the Israelis a story, the Palestinian story. Surely when they read it they will understand, when they read it they will change, all I have to do is write and the Occupation will end. I just have to be a good writer and I will free my people from the ghettos they live in, tell good stories in Hebrew and I will be safe, another book, another movie, another newspaper column and another script for television and my children will have a better future. Thanks to my stories one day we will turn into equal citizens, almost like the Jews.

Twenty-five years of writing in Hebrew, and nothing has changed. Twenty-five years clutching at the hope, believing it is not possible that people can be so blind. Twenty-five years during which I had few reasons to be optimistic but continued to believe that one day this place in which both Jews and Arabs live together would be the one story where the story of the other is not denied. That one day the Israelis would stop denying the Nakba, the Occupation, and the suffering of the Palestinian people. That one day the Palestinians would be willing to forgive and together we would build a place that was worth living in.

Twenty-five years that I am writing and knowing bitter criticism from both sides, but last week I gave up. Last week something inside of me broke. When Jewish youth parade through the city shouting "Death to the Arabs," and attack Arabs only because they are Arabs, I understood that I had lost my little war.

I listened to the politicians and the media and I know that they are differentiating between blood and blood, between peoples. Those who

have become the powers that be say expressly what most Israelis think, "We are a better people than the Arabs." On panels that I participated in, it was said that Jews are a superior people, more entitled to life. I despair to know that an absolute majority in the country does not recognise the rights of an Arab to live.

After my last columns some readers beseeched that I be exiled to Gaza, threatened to break my legs, to kidnap my children. I live in Jerusalem, and I have some wonderful Jewish neighbours, and friends, but I still cannot take my children to day camps or to parks with their Jewish friends. My daughter protested furiously and said no one would know she is an Arab because of her perfect Hebrew but I would not listen. She shut herself in her room and wept.

Now I am standing in front of my bookshelves, Salinger in hand, the one I read 14 years ago. I don't want to take any books, I decided, I have to concentrate on my new language. I know how hard it is, almost impossible, but I must find another language to write in, my children will have to find another language to live in.

"Don't come in," my daughter shouted angrily when I knocked on her door. I went in anyway. I sat down next to her on the bed and despite her back turned to me I knew she was listening. You hear, I said, before I repeated to her exactly the same sentence my father said to me 25 years ago. "Remember, whatever you do in life, for them you will always, but always, be an Arab. Do you understand?"

"I understand," my daughter said, hugging me tightly. "Dad, I knew that a long time ago."

"Quite soon we'll be leaving here," as I messed up her hair, just as she hates. "Meanwhile, read this," I said and gave her *The Catcher in the Rye*.

Sayed Kashua is a Palestinian writer whose novels have been translated into 15 languages. The film Dancing Arabs, based on his first novel, opened the 2014 Jerusalem international film festival. His most recent novel, Exposure, was published by Chatto & Windus. Translated by Deborah Harris

Source : http://www.theguardian.com/world/2014/jul/20/sayed-kashua-why-i-have-to-leave-israel?CMP=fb_gu

Israel's Template For The Globe's Future

Satya Sagar

INDIA

For all those who think that Israel is run by the most despicable, racist and repressive regime in the world here is some very bad news indeed.

Not only are the Israeli state and its ruthless methods here to stay they could also be, very frighteningly, a prototype of our collective global future.

Watching the unbelievable destruction wrought by the Israelis in Gaza a simple question very high on many minds must be, "how in hell does this artificially concocted child of European guilt and American ambition get away with all this again and again and again?"

The answer is that instead of being a strange historical aberration Israel may well be a model state that global elites want to establish to control the world in the days to come.

A world where the ruling classes live off the stolen resources and labour of those they contemptuously deem as lesser human beings in a system of institutionalized apartheid.

A world where the forces of the militarized State can routinely shoot anybody, even entire populations and call them 'terrorists' with complete impunity.

A world where the process of nation building automatically involves smashing the sovereignty of every other nation reducing their people to a faceless, nameless, helpless mass.

The question of why Israel's brazen crimes against humanity have been tolerated by the so called international community is not new at all, being one asked from the very day this nation was violently forged nearly seven decades ago. The legacy of Zionist terrorism, the numerous pogroms against the Palestinians, the systematic usurpation of their land, the routine bombing of civilians, the murder of peace activists—any other fledgling nation even contemplating crimes on this scale would have been ostracized out of existence by now.

Many have attempted to answer this conundrum in many different ways. Israel is the

bulldog of the US in the Middle-East-there to keep an eye on the region's oil wealth, promote the sales of Western arms and intimidate Arab regimes into meek submission. And in all its actions Israel merely imitates its mentors in the United States, whose own list of crimes against humanity make that of its protégé pale into nothing.

For some others it is Israel, run by Jewish supremacists, that is manipulating the West for its own devious purposes. They are abetted in all this by Christian fundamentalists in the US who believe in some complicated bull about the role of Zionists in bringing about rapture, the return of Jesus Christ and Armageddon. (An end of the world hastened and brought about by these strange bed fellows themselves).

In yet another version the formation of Israel, aided and encouraged by Western powers, was a historical fobbing off of Europe's abused Jewish masses onto the heads of the hapless Palestinian people- fulfilling the Nazi dream of getting Europe rid of the Jews. A cynical pitting of the victims of European racism against the victims of their colonialism.

There is no doubt of course that the history of Europe and post-Second World War geopolitics of the United States have a lot to do with the creation of Israel.

In many ways the State of Israel carries over into our era all the baggage of Europe from the turn of the 19th century with its simplistic understanding of race and biology, the crude equation of national interest with conquest of territory, the brutal trappings of the colonial state and worst of all the tryst with fascism that deeply shaped the worldview of Zionism. In the past seven decades Israel's behaviour, within its own region, has also mirrored the relentless American need for control over the world's natural resources.

But all this focus on historical trends obscures the fact that in contemporary Israel today has become the template of a terrible global future. Here is where the accumulated burdens of the past, stoked to the right temperatures in

the crucible of the present, are shaping the contours of a world yet to come.

Already, the aggressive Israeli 'whatever the cost pursuit of self-interest' - unfettered by any principles of civilized behaviour and contemptuous of all international law- has become the role model for governments in many other parts of the world. Every indicator points to this sordid trend. The way the leaders of the world have openly acquiesced in the Israeli assault on the Palestinians in recent days is testimony to the fact that elites everywhere find this violence a useful exercise, not just in the context of the Middle-East itself but on their own home turf too.

Just take your eyes off for a minute from Israel and look around the globe and you can see what I mean. Look at the mini-Israels that governments everywhere are operating within their own national boundaries against the poor, the ethnic minorities, the historically marginalized or any population that can be enslaved at low cost. For the votaries of the hard state and the preservers of privilege everywhere Israel is the pioneering trendsetter in newer and more brazen ways of exercising illegitimate power.

That is why even as many governments condemn Israel in public, they are also slyly figuring out how best to incorporate elements of similar repression within the apparatus of their own states.

At one level is the exhortation to emulate Israel internationally. In India, after every mysterious bomb blast or terrorist attack there is a clamour to 'do it like the Israelis' and bomb whoever is responsible for the blasts wherever. Imitating Israel, in anything it does, is a recipe for perpetual World War- something that suits the designs of some countries and their rulers perhaps but not of a majority of this planet's residents.

At another level, governments around the globe are using the excuse of the Israeli example to terrorise their own populations. While Israel certainly did not invent the concept of kidnapping, torture and assassination of its opponents it has done more than any other regime in the world to legitimize such behaviour internationally. (This has been possible of course because of its special hold over Western

governments- particularly the US who define what is legitimate and what is not.)

Given the discontent produced by the forces of globalization throughout the world and the need of the elites for controlling the 'rebellious masses' Israel's approach to law and order are a valuable contribution towards maintenance of the unjust status quo everywhere. All you need to do is to close your eyes, shut your conscience out, pretend to be the Israeli government and imagine all your opponents - workers, farmers, students anyone- as Palestinians.

In that sense it is not just nation states but also corporations- which are the main shareholders of the Empire - that seek guidance from Israel for ideas on how to put down dissent and continue ruling the world. After all at the core of global capitalism lies a fierce authoritarian urge that seeks to monopolise everything that exists but is unable to do so because the little people of the world have fought and established, over the centuries, some basic norms and laws of human and social behaviour. If Israel keeps demolishing these barriers and advances the forces of barbarism - it makes complete world domination by the moneyed that much easier.

What emerges then is that, given the importance of Israel to global elites, a solution to the Palestinian question can never really be achieved through a struggle that focuses exclusively on the politics of the Israel and Palestine alone. Contrary to what Benjamin Netanyahu believes a lasting resolution of the issue will not come from eliminating the Hamas, nor can the latter get what they want with their primitive rockets against some of the world's most advanced technologies of war.

Instead a just peace is possible only by promoting more organizations everywhere that are willing to take on the various vested interests on their own hometurf that are bent on making the entire globe look like one large State of Israel.

Courtesy : Countercurrents.org

This is why Modi has sent an Invitation to Nawaz Sharif

Pravin Mishra

INDIA

After spewing continuous venom against Pakistan all these years and during the run up to the general elections 2014, Narendra Modi sent an invite to Pakistan PM for his swearing-in ceremony. **The real reason is not peace, but Adani.**

Adani Power wants Narendra Modi Government's nod for export of electricity to Pakistan, reports Financial Express. Adani Power is planning to set up a 10,000-MW thermal power plant in the Kutch region of Gujarat and the bulk of the electricity to be produced from it is likely to be exported to Pakistan. The company, a part of the \$8.7-billion Adani Group, is country's leading private sector thermal power producer with a current capacity of 8,520 MW. The ports-to-power group has plans to ramp up electricity production by over 10,000 MW by this financial year.

The mainstream media sang along with BJP's PM candidate Mr. Modi while he made hate speeches against the Pak regime headed by PM Nawaz Sharif for the "biggest insult to India" quoting the "dehati aurat" remarks and had warned that "the country will not tolerate this." He added that "the Indian journalists who were eating sweets served by Nawaz Sharif while he was insulting our country's PM by using slangs, the country expected them to kick the sweets. They are answerable to my countrymen as country also has self-respect and dignity."

Talking about his analysis of Narendra Modi's stand on Pakistan, after interviewing Modi, Times Now editor-in-chief Mr. Arnab Goswami said :

On Pakistan, Narendra Modi was extremely clear. He has made an on-record statement that there shall be no talks if terror continues. In the past, there was talk that he was taking a middle path and could have been softening his stand. However, in his interview with Times Now, he was extremely clear about his stand. As I said, it was an on-record statement and this according to me will be a significant departure from the UPA's stand on Pakistan.

Criticizing the government for having talks with those who behead Indian soldiers, Modi in an interview with Arnab Goswami had stated, "Bomb, bandook or pistol ki aawaz mein baatein sunai de sakti hai kya?" Now that Mr. Modi has

got majority in the elections, there's a complete u-turn in his stand and nobody is talking about the real reasons. Today the media won't show you those clippings. Instead, they are busy painting invitation of India's Prime Minister elect as a bold step to launch a policy of regional engagement.

Adani Power had discussed the proposal of the Kutch project with the UPA-II government, but there was not much progress. The company hoped to implement the proposal during the incoming NDA regime as a coal-based project in phases beginning with 3,300 MW and ramp it up to 10,000 MW within the next five years, he said.

While the initial investment would be around Rs. 13,000 crore, for ramping up the capacity to 10,000 MW a total of Rs. 40,000 crore would be required, according to the source. The project is likely to be implemented by Kutch Power Generation Company Limited (KPGCL), an Adani Power subsidiary. KPGCL would be responsible for generating, evacuation and transmission of electricity. The company is learnt to have acquired land at Bhadreswar in Kutch for the project, according to sources.

Adani Power has reported a net profit of Rs. 2,529 crore for the fourth quarter ended March 31, 2014, against a net loss of Rs. 585.52 crore in the corresponding quarter in the previous fiscal. According to a company statement, its consolidated EBIDTA has risen to Rs. 4859 crore in FY14, which is an increase of 322 per cent.

Last week the Directorate of Revenue Intelligence had slapped a Rs. 5,500-crore show cause notice on the Adani Group for alleged over-valuation of capital equipment imports. Also last week the firm announced purchase of the Dhamra Port in Orissa.

Everything Mr. Modi says is to pamper the emotions of his vote bank. Everything Mr. Modi does is to benefit the corporations and help them loot our nation's natural resources. No wonder, Mukesh Ambani has added \$6 billion to his fortune since September 13, 2013 when Narendra Modi was named BJP's PM candidate, reports Bloomberg. The wealth of Gautam Adani quadrupled to \$7.6 billion, from \$1.9 billion on September 13. That's over \$25 million per day in a nation where some 800 million people live on less than \$2. True, the good days have actually arrived for some. Nation's much hyped 'lost self-respect' may rest till the next elections.

How Archaeology in Pakistan is Forced to Deny the Nation's Hindu Past

*The nation's archaeological investigations are motivated
by a desire to grant Pakistan historical legitimacy.*

Haroon Khalid

PAKISTAN

"A bewildered Sassi ran directionless in the desert. The sand burned through the skin of her feet, creating huge blisters that hurt with every step she took. But not even the heat of the desert could match the fire in her heart, which longed for her beloved. "Punnhun, Punnhun," she yelled but only the roar of the desert wind answered her call."

I sat in the backseat of the car, embarrassed of where I was from. Flags and graffiti of Sindh nationalist parties bedecked every other house and wall on the highway as soon as we exited Karachi. Altaf Hussain, Muttahida Qaumi Movement and Pakistan Peoples Party have a tight grip on politics of the city. I am from Lahore, so such politicisation of a city is alien to me. Every time I come to Karachi I am amazed at how contested the political space here is. There are flags of Sunni parties, Shia parties, nationalist parties, federalist parties. There is also the violence. Lahore on the other hand is a monolithic place, almost entirely Punjabi, with one political party capturing the imagination of the people: Pakistan Muslim League-Noon.

When I finally saw a poster of our prime minister, Nawaz Sharif, on one of the walls I felt relieved. Not because I support the party or the man but because it was familiar. The one thing that unites all these separate political entities in Karachi and its surrounding areas, all of whom regularly battle each other for political rewards, is their hatred for the Punjabi establishment. That PML-N has hardly any seats outside Punjab and yet dominates the national government speaks volume about the region's grip over national politics.

Now a new force is being sent south into Sindh. Much less frequently, but enough to capture my attention, I saw flags of Jamaat-u-

Dawa – the front for the terrorist organisation Lashkar-e-Taiba, a group that Indians are all too familiar with – and Sipah-e-Sahaba. Both of them are hardline Sunni parties that don't shy from using violence and religious rhetoric to achieve their political purposes. While Jamaat-u-Dawa has officially severed links with LeT, most observers believe some connections remain. Sipah-e-Sahaba has led the Shia pogrom in Pakistan for decades. Both of them are slowly entering mainstream politics in Pakistan and both are Punjab-based movements. Their primary support comes from the Punjabi middle-class, which is easily swayed by the slogan of Islam.

For years Sindh has been the target of puritanical Islamic movements because they believe that a corrupt version of Islam is being practiced here, in the form of shrine worship. After redeeming the soul of Punjab, they are now on a mission to redeem the soul of Sindh.

Sassi did not know when in the darkness of night Punnhun's brothers had tricked him and taken him back. Like Punnhun she also believed that they truly rejoiced in their happiness; that they wanted to take part in their wedding celebration. Had she known that they were only pretending she would have stood outside her Punnhun's door throughout the night, and would have fought with anyone who would try to separate them. But that is the folly of love. It cannot be defeated by repression and suppression. It can only be deceived by kindness and love itself.

THE FIRST MOSQUE

I pointed out a board to the driver and asked him to head in that direction. It led us towards the museum of Bhambhore. The

archaeological ruins of this ancient city were next to the museum. There was no one on duty. It wasn't even eight in the morning. Then finally a government official decided to present himself and gave us tickets to see the mound.

GHARO CREEK

There was a beautiful sturdy protective wall around this ancient city. The mound was about twenty meters higher than its surroundings. In front of us was the majestic water of the Arabian Sea, flowing inland. This is Gharo creek. Before Karachi emerged as the most important port in Sindh with the arrival of the British, Bhambhore had that honour. Archaeological records of this port city go back to the 1st century BCE. It was from here that traders travelled into Mesopotamia and Egypt. Bhambhore must have been a metropolitan city itself, entertaining traders from the rest of the world. Bhambhore was also the first city that the Muslim general Muhammad Bin Qasim conquered in India. This was in the year 711-712 CE.

Much needs to be excavated in this archaeological mound. Of what has been excavated, the most important building is the grand mosque. This is believed to be the first mosque in the Indian peninsula, so it is a vitally important monument. Not far from here is another excavated section of the mound. This was the main market. I walked around this mound in vain, searching for a temple or any other place of worship besides a mosque. Everything else has been conveniently left uncovered.

When Punnhun expressed the desire to marry Sassi, Sassi's father, a dhobi, refused. He said that he would only marry Sassi into his own profession, their equal. In this way a dhobi refused the proposal of a prince, for Punnhun was the prince of Kech (present day Makran region of Baluchistan). What Sassi's father did not know that Punnhun was an equal of Sassi, for Sassi herself was a princess and that too of Bhambhore. Her father had left her in a basket in the water when the priest had predicted that she would bring infamy to the family. The little girl was found by the dhobi. In this way a prediction

of a priest turned both Sassi and Punnhun into dhobis. To win the love of his life Punnhun started washing clothes.

POLITICS BEFORE HISTORY

Muhammad Bin Qasim, the seventeen-year old invader of Bhambhore and Sindh captures the imagination of Pakistani historiographers like no other Muslim warrior. He is represented as the man who brought civilisation to a dark, anarchic land dominated by Hindu rulers. Some idiotic textbooks claim that in its essence the Pakistan movement began with the arrival of Muhammad Bin Qasim. Other heroes of Pakistan history are also those who left deep wounds on the subcontinent: Muhammad Ghaznavi, Muhammad Ghor, Babur, Aurangzeb and Ahmad Shah Abdali.

Inside the museum of Bhambhore there is a depiction of the forces of Muhammad Bin Qasim arriving on their ships, reaching the gates of Bhambhore and burning down the city. This is the single most important event regarding this city as far as the archaeological department is concerned. The only excavated structure is the grand mosque. Eight hundred years of history are rendered irrelevant.

The politicisation of archaeology in Pakistan is hardly discussed. The Gandharan civilisation, of which the city of Takshashila was also part, is depicted on popular tourist posters and postcards. The priest-king of Mohenjo-daro is another favorite. I often wonder why the sensibilities of my countrymen are not hurt by looking at the glorious statues of Buddha and Bodhisattvas in Takshashila and Lahore museum, while they immediately take offence at Hindus who worship before an idol. Why is the university of Julian at Takshashila, believed to be the oldest university in the world, and where Chanakya trained Chandragupta, depicted as an example of culture in Pakistan, while the ancient Hindu temple of Katas Raj at Kalar Kahar has only been recently renovated?

The answer is not in religion but in politics. Pakistani archaeology doesn't ignore Hindu monuments because they are idol worshippers,

but because of the two nation theory. We want to exert even through our scholarship that we are separate and were throughout history. The Gandharan civilisation was divorced from the Gangetic plain, the India of the future. It provides Pakistan historical legitimacy, indicating that this was a separate civilization from the Indians even before there was an India and Pakistan.

THE ENTRANCE TO BHAMBHORE

Aitzaz Ahsan's Indus saga is a brilliant case in point. It is a desperate attempt to separate the Indus valley civilisation from the future civilisation that was to take roots in the Gangetic plains. In Pakistan, the Indus valley civilisation is presented as having no influence on the civilisations that followed it in India. While international scholarship now finds a marked degree of continuity, for Pakistani scholars it remains a separate phenomenon, one that was in fact destroyed by the Indians in the form of an Aryan invasion.

No archaeological board or tourist website of Pakistan states that the University of Julian was a Hindu university before it became Buddhist under the influence of King Ashok, the grandson of Chandragupta. I found a similar situation in Kashmir, where I visited the ancient university of Sharda in Neelum valley, not far from the Line of Control. That too was once a Hindu university and temple, before it became Buddhist under the dominant influence. Yet today the department of archaeology is only willing to accept its Buddhist past. If under the influence of Buddhist kings these monuments had not become Buddhist and remained Hindu, today they would have been allowed to fade away, as once the Katas Raj was.

Islam first established its roots in Sindh and then slowly spread into India. It is also here that Islam was given its unique South Asian flavor. The syncretistic culture of Sindh adopted Islam and gave it new meanings. It is here that poets like Abdul Latif Bhittai eternalised the love story of Sassi and Punhnun, by using their love as a metaphor for divine love. It is also here that Shahbaz Qalandar picked up religious practices

from tantric and ascetic Hindu traditions and adapted them to mystical Islam. From Sindh rose a Hindu deity called Jhole Lal, to whom hymns are sung throughout Pakistan.

While Punjab today is the center of power and the trendsetter of the culture of Pakistan, something that Sindhi nationalists decry, it was Sindh that gave birth to a new Islamic culture that slowly took root in India. And now Islam comes back to Sindh, in almost full circle, in the form of ultra-Sunni extremist organisations. For decades Sindh has fought back, but it seems like it may be losing the battle now. Only a few months ago a Hindu temple was burned down in Larkana over allegations of blasphemy. Hundreds of Sindhi Hindus have migrated to India in the past few years. They have left a home they did not desert even during Partition.

Hundreds of miles away from Sassi, Punhnun too roamed like a Majnun on the desert sand screaming the name of his beloved. He did not know that Sassi was now taking her last breath. Tormented by her love, her body gave up.

Haroon Khalid is the author of A White Trail : A journey into the heart of Pakistan's religious minorities (Westland, 2013)

Courtesy : <http://scroll.in/article/670462/How-archaeology-in-Pakistan-is-forced-to-deny-the-nation%27s-Hindu-past>

Message to the Modern World

by an Indian Chief

The great chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The great chief also sends us words of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him, since we know that he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer, for we know that if we do not do so, the white man may come with guns and take our land.

How can you buy or sell the sky—the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. Yet we do not own the freshness of the air or the sparkle of the water. How can you buy them from us? Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

If I decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers. What is man without beasts? If all the beasts were gone, men would die from great loneliness of the spirit, for whatever happens to the beasts also happens to man.

One thing we know which the white

man may one day discover: Our God is the same God. You may think that you own Him as you wish to own our land. But you cannot. He is the God of men. And His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. This earth is precious to Him. And to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator. The whites, too, shall pass—perhaps sooner than other tribes. Continue to contaminate your bed and you will one night suffocate in your own waste. When the buffaloes are all slaughtered, the wild horses all tamed, the sacred corner of the forest heavy with the scent of men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wives, where is the thicket? Where is the eagle? And what is it to say goodbye to the shift and the hunt? The end of living and the beginning of dying.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the leaves of spring or the rustle of insect wings. But perhaps because I am a savage and do not understand—the clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lovely cry of the whippoorwill or the argument of the frogs around a pond at night? The Red Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind itself cleansed by the midday rain, or scented with a pine. The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath—the beasts, the trees, the man. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the smell.

We might understand if we know what the white man dreams, what hopes he describes to his children on long winter

nights, what visions he burns into their minds, so that they will wish for tomorrow. But we are savages. The white man's dreams are hidden from us.

And because they are hidden, we will go on our own way. If we agree, it will be to secure our reservation you have promised. There perhaps we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last red man has vanished from the earth, and the memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, these shores and forests will still hold the spirits of my people, for they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heartbeat. If we sell you our land, love it as we loved it, care for it as we have cared for it, hold in your mind the memory of the land, as it is when you take

it, and with all your strength, with all your might, and with all your heart, preserve it for your children, and love it as God loves us all. One thing we know—your God is the same God. The earth is precious to Him. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny.

(Letter released by the United States Government as part of the Bicentenary celebrations).

¹ The Chief's name is perpetuated in the name of the city of Seattle in the State of Washington.

Source : *Studies in Comparative Religion*, Vol. 10, No. 3. (Summer, 1976). © World Wisdom, Inc. www.studiesincomparativereligion.com

Still I Rise

By MAYA ANGELOU

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may tread me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

FIFA WORLD CUP-2014

Adil

ISD, INDIA

On October 30, 2007 it was confirmed by FIFA that Brazil will host the FIFA WORLD CUP 2014. 12 venues in 12 cities (Rio de Janeiro, Brasilia, Sao Paulo, Fortaleza, Belo Horizonte, Porto Alegre, Salvador, Recife, Cuiaba, Manaus, Natal, Curitiba) were selected for the tournament. The World cup cost Brazil somewhere between \$11 to \$15 billion. South Africa spent around 6\$ billion for world cup 2010. Germany (2006) and France (1998), with modern stadiums, spent less than a billion each.

The World Cup 2014 was dubbed as the “biggest theft in the history”. Footballer turned politician Romario said “You see hospitals with no beds, you see hospitals with people on the floor, you see schools that don’t have lunch for kids, you see schools with no air-conditioning, you see buildings and schools with no accessibility for people who are handicapped.” “FIFA got what it came for: money, they don’t care about what is going to be left behind.”

Anti-World Cup protests started in the cities, more than a million people joined protests across the country. Clashes between police and protesters were increasing. Rubber bullets and tear gas were fired at protesters. Many protesters even burned a government transport. The displacement of the poor has led to a huge uproar all over Brazil. The Brazilian government, after winning the hosting rights, came out with a plan to clean up the favelas (slums) in order to bring out a beautiful image of Brazil. But the programme led to the displacement of thousands which was criticised all over the

world. The tribes of Amazonia were robbed of their land and nothing was done to re-organise them. The harsh methods of the police for dealing with the tribals and the poors led to numerous deaths. One of the victims of police brutality was Amarildo Sr., a 42 year old labourer, who was mistaken to be a drug dealer by the police and was brutally killed. His controversial death gained a lot of public attention which eventually led to the head of the favela’s police force being tried. The condition of the construction workers was also a cause for concern. The workers, who are not aware of their rights, were exploited endlessly with numerous deaths reported across the country. The workers are among the poorest of Brazil and FIFA never showed any concern for them.

\$300 million was spent on construction of the Arena Da Amazonia Stadium with 44,000 seats in the city of Manaus, which has a population of 2 million people and most of them live in slums, the city is located in the middle of the Amazon rainforest. The stadium was going to host only four world cup matches and there is no football team in Manaus that plays in Brazil’s 1st division and only one team plays in 4th division and that averages only 1,000 fans per game and will not be used by the Brazil national football team after the world cup. Due to the large amount of money that went into the preparation for the tournament the prices of commodities increased drastically and contributed to the misery of the people.

The Manaus city is only accessible by boat or by plane. When construction started the building material was shipped through Amazon River. The Arena Da Amazonia Stadium was not completed in time. There

were no seats and three construction workers had died. At least 8 workers died in construction accidents (one in Brasilia, three in Manaus, three in Sao Paulo, one in Cuiaba).

Many questions were raised by the citizens like what will happen to the stadiums after the world cup is over, with no teams to fill most of the stadiums. According to FIFA rules the world cup hosting nation should construct eight stadiums or have modern stadiums to host the 64 matches. Brazil chose 12 stadiums instead of eight.

In 2003 all types of alcohol were banned from the stadiums in Brazil after increasing number of deaths in the football stadiums and in 2007 Budweiser, one of the main sponsors of FIFA, were allowed by the Brazilian government to sell beer in the stadiums and a bill was passed by the Brazilian government that only Budweiser will be sold and consumed in the stadiums.

The continuing protests by millions had cast a huge doubt over the World Cup with many human rights activists asking for the World Cup to be moved somewhere else.

FIFA, the governing body of world

football, also faced a lot of criticism. According to its President- Sepp Blatter- FIFA is a non-profit organisation but he also admitted that reports of FIFA having \$1.4 billion as reserve money are true. It grew from just \$50 million in 2003 to \$1.4 billion in 2013.

With the amount of money that was wasted on hosting the world cup, Brazil is surely going to face a lot of problems in the near future and the way in which these problems will be dealt will be the biggest concern for the people of Brazil. The upliftment of the poor like those living in favelas will be the biggest stumbling block. If these problems are not dealt with in time, then it could prove to be disastrous for the country and their economy. It is important for the government to bridge the vast gap between the rich and the poor.

Although Germany did take home the World Cup, but it is safe to say that the real winners of this mega event were none other than the FIFA. The world body was able to make profits in millions, but did not provide much financial help to a relatively poor country like Brazil.

The Development of Modern Poetry

Christopher Caudwell

...Continued from previous issue

[3]

The gradual self-exposure of this illusion is the history of bourgeois freedom. We may find it as tragic as Macbeth, as comic as Falstaff, as inspiring as Henry V, or as disgusting as the world of Timon of Athens – all these aspects are reflected in its development, corresponding to a similar development in the economic foundations.

Have we not said that tragedy is always a problem of necessity? To Oedipus tragedy appears in the very guise by which freedom seems to be secured in a slave-owning society – as Will, as Fate visualised in the form of a divine, superior will overriding all human wills.¹ To Macbeth tragedy appears to the cloak of bourgeois freedom: man's free desires intemperately issuing forth are reflected back upon him by circumstances and now appear as their opposite – Macbeth's wishes, granted by the three Witches, reappear as those wishes inverted, as a contradiction of their very essence. Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane and he is slain by a man not of woman born.

All bourgeois poetry is an expression of the movement of the bourgeois illusion, according as the contradiction rooted in bourgeois economy emerges in the course of the development of capitalism. Men are not blindly moulded by economy; economy is the result of their actions, and its movement reflects the nature of men. Poetry is then an



expression of the real essence of associated men and derives its truth from this.

The bourgeois illusion is then seen to be a phantasy and bears the same relation to truth as the phantasy of primitive mythology. In the collective festival, where poetry is born, the phantastic world of poetry anticipates the harvest and, by so doing, makes possible the real harvest. But the illusion of this collective phantasy is not a mere drab copy of the harvest yet to be: it is a reflection of the emotional complex involved in the fact that man must stand in a certain relation to others and to the harvest, that his instincts must be adapted in a certain way to Nature and other men, to make the harvest possible. The collective poetry of the festival, although it is a

confused perception of the real harvest-to-be, is an accurate picture of the instinctive adaptations involved in associated man's relation to the harvest process. It is a real picture of man's heart.

In the same way bourgeois poetry reflects, in all its variety and complexity, the instinctive adaptations of men to each other and Nature necessary in those social relations which will produce freedom – for freedom, as we saw, is merely man's phantastic and poetic expression for the economic product of society which secures his self-realisation. We include of course in this economic product not merely the commercial or saleable product of society, but the cultural and emotional products, including men's consciousnesses themselves. Hence this bourgeois illusion regarding freedom, of which bourgeois poetry is the expression, has a reality in so far as it produces, by its existence, freedom – I do not mean in any formal sense, I mean that just as primitive poetry is justified by the material harvest it produces, which is the means of the primitive's freedom, so bourgeois poetry is justified by the material product of the society which generates it in its movement. But it is a freedom not of all society, but of the bourgeois class which appropriates the major part of society's products.

For freedom is not a state, it is a specific struggle with Nature. Freedom is always relative, relative to the success of the struggle. The consciousness of the nature of freedom is not the simple contemplation of a metaphysical problem, but the very act of living and behaving like a man in a certain state of society. Each stage of consciousness is definitely won; it is only maintained as a living thing by social movement – the movement we call labour. The working-out of the bourgeois illusion concerning freedom, first as a triumphant truth (the growth and

increasing prosperity of capitalism), next as a gradually revealed lie (the decline and final crisis of capitalism) and finally as its passage into its opposite, freedom as the life-won consciousness of social necessity (the proletarian revolution), is a colossal movement of men, materials, emotions and ideas, it is a whole history of toiling, learning, suffering and hoping men. Because of the scale, energy and material complexity of the movement, bourgeois poetry is the glittering, subtle, complex, many-sided thing it is. The bourgeois illusion which is also the condition of freedom for the bourgeoisie is realised in their own poetry, because bourgeois poets, like the rest of the bourgeoisie, realise it in their lives, in all its triumphant emotion, its tragedy, its power of analysis and its spiritual disgust. And the consciousness of social necessity which is the condition of freedom for the people as a whole in classless, communist society, will be realised in communist poetry because it can only be realised in its essence, not as a metaphysical formula, but by living as men in a developing communist society, which includes living as poets and readers of poetry.

[4]

The bourgeois sees man's instincts – his "heart," source of his desires and aims – as the source of his freedom. This is false inasmuch as the instincts unadapted are blind and unfree. But when adapted by the relations of society they give rise to emotions, and these adaptations, of which the emotions are the expression and mirror, are the means whereby the instinctive energy of man is diverted to drive the machine of society: the machine of society, revolving, enables man to face Nature and struggle with her, not as individual, instinctive man but as associated, adapted men. Thus the instincts drive on the movement which secures man's freedom. This

illusion and this truth about the relation of the instincts to freedom and society work themselves out in bourgeois poetry and constitute its secret energy and constant life. Thus, knowing the essence of this bourgeois illusion to be a special belief concerning "individualism" or the "natural man," which in turn derives from the conditions of bourgeois economy, we cannot be surprised that the bourgeois poet is the lonely man who, apparently turning away from society into himself, by so doing expresses the more strongly the essential relations of contemporary society. Bourgeois poetry is individualistic because it expresses the collective emotion of its era.

We saw that all literary art – originally generated by the passage of mythology into religion, so that poetry separated itself from mythology – is rooted in freedom, and is the expression of the spontaneity of society, which in turn is based on the material products of society and is a kind of mould of the emotional relations these material products demand of associated man. It is because art is the expression of freedom that, in a developed class-society, art is an expression of the illusion, not of all society but only of the ruling class. In the course of the development of the bourgeois illusion, literary art in turn separates the story from poetry. Poetry, younger more primitive, more emotionally direct, is therefore in capitalist culture concerned with the emotions struck from the instincts – like sparks from flint – in the conditioning of instinctive responses by the relations of society. It expresses that part of the bourgeois illusion which sees the heart and the feelings of the individual man as the source of freedom, life and reality, because the freedom of society as a whole rests ultimately on the drive of those instincts whose struggle with Nature has created society. Because it must use the collective

world of language it focuses all the emotional life of society in one giant "I" which is common to all, and gives to all men one breathless experience.

The story takes the reverse of the tapestry, and expresses the instincts as they emerge in society in one adapted individual. In this case the individualism of bourgeois society is expressed as an interest in men not as abstracted into one common experience, but as characters, as social types living in a real world.

We shall understand the way in which the bourgeois illusion gives rise to poetry, how this self-contradiction works itself out in actual poems, when we have studied (a) the development of English poetry in the persons of representative poets, schools and trends, (b) the technique of poetry, (c) its relation to language as a whole, (d) the nature of the impact of the poet's life on his environment, and (e) the particular way in which this impact gives rise to poems.

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1. *"The God to whom men pray, whether it be Compulsion or blind Fate, or all-fathering Zeus" (Euripides).*

To be Continued...
Courtesy—Illusion and Reality

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