

Screams Of Humanity V/S Artists Creativity

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 beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes Keats

The new millennium has begun and is already two years old but the impact of the last century lingers on our thoughts and minds. The chain of time has a flexible continuity, which does not break. A peep in the past brings in a spectacle of a world full of fear, apprehension, plunder and marauding. Apparently the clouds of war looming large over a number of countries, have diffused; so has the fear of nuclear explosion. But the stockpiles of Atom Bombs & Hydrogen Bombs are not only intact but increasing day by day. Taking stock of these developments in the world and the different opinions of expertise in their own fields, if we look at the books written in last fifty years, we would find that nothing has changed. The same restlessness that existed fifty years ago and the same fears and apprehensions simmer in our bone marrows even today. We had books like One Dimension Man by Herbert Marcuse and Future Shock that really shocked the world. True that consumerism has provided facilities and comforts in the day-to-day life of a common man but the fear looming large on our world is still conspicuous in different colours. Among the thinking minds after 1950 there is a poet Nasir Kazmi who wrote;

Hold the cord of bivouac of life Nasir,
A whirlwind is rising on the Horizon

What catastrophies and calamities are expected. What apprehension the poet has. Why does he think that his bivouac of life is not secured.

Generally a Ghazal is preoccupied with the subject of love but here Nasir presents a very delicate symbol full of fear and apprehensions. It seemed as if the day of Judgement, was at hand. The centre cannot hold and life is about to end. This fear of nearing doomsday and dissipation of life is found in another poem by Majeed Amjad, which could be treated as one of the best poems written after 1950.

Shattering earth quakes,
Fallen roof of the sky,
Oscillating burning towns
Doomsday has come.

The earth collided the black sun
Some where these diminishing stars
The ash of the Universe.
These worlds, like shadows
Take turn in the boiling lava
The semi-opened window.
A face peeping from the threshold of the dying centuries
Covered with the red hot soil of
The earth and sky with parched lips.
As if the morn would come
And drench the town sunshine.
The street buzzing with activity
And the courtyard is humming with life.
Somebody with sleep induced eyes
Would get up and say,
How windy it was last night.

This poem and Nasir Kazmis couplet raise a pertinent question that this fear of collision of Earth with the black sun point out certain apprehensions latent in the psyche of our life.

This is a pertinent question because a creative writer is sometimes more powerful than soothsayers in predicting the possible events of future, presenting them through different pictures in their writings. In several creative writings this atmosphere of fear is manifested in such a way that the whole world appears conscious of this fear. This fear is the fear of an unknown future, the fear of plundering and marauding and acts of terrorism. This is such a smell, which pervades through the whole society. This smell embraces the smell of the gunpowder as well as the atoms and molecules. The last shrieks of the suffocating men and the cunningness of the wilderness. All these feelings manifest themselves in a story Sawari by Khalda Hussain.

That day I heard some other people too talking about this smell; which came in tidal waves intermittently. But they became severe in the evening at sunset. In the course of a few weeks it became so strong that I could breathe with difficulty. Now the bright glowing faces would become pale. People complained of Asthma and the doctors made hay out of this situation. The philosophers observed that the experimental Atomic explosions had its effects in different parts of the world in

different manners. That this smell was also one of the manifestations of these experiment and it had its toll on the senses of the people. Therefore the demand for the medicines for release from stress and tension increased since these medicines became scarce in the medical stores. Though the supply of the medicines was not short but there was a kind of passion among the people for hoarding these medicines. In a short while calm pose and other sleep inducing medicines became a rarity.

This smell had terrorized the whole town. Though consciously no body admitted the existence of this terror but unconsciously every one was in the grip of this fear, which was not misplaced, as it was evident by that incident which occurred within a few weeks.

One evening in the mid-December I left Choudhry Sahibs shop for my house. All around there was hub-hub of life. The shops were illuminated and people of the town were apparently busy in their routine of their daily life. That woe-filled smell of terror would pollute the atmosphere now and then making me nauseated and I would stop and wait for this wave of smell to pass and then resume walking. This had become customary with all the inhabitants of the town though they did it unconsciously. Any new comer in the town wondered what caused these working people that they would stop now and then; close their eyes; stop breathing; and then with one deep breath resume their work. But this had become our routine. That evening of the mid December as I came near that culvert suddenly a rod struck my head and losing my balance I got hold of the electric pole and held my head in both hands. But there was no iron rod or the striking hand anywhere around. Then I discovered that it was not a rod but attack of intense incredibly intense - wave of that smell. I was frozen with fear. It seemed the source of that smell was somewhere very near me, between my shoulder bones; near my neck somewhere behind me, so near that it cannot be separated from me.

The fear and apprehension of the smell or the train, which engulfs the whole town in the story of Khalida Hussain, still persists in our life and casts its ominous spell in our towns. Suddenly comes a date which after writing a panegyric of destruction passes off in a few moments. Then the whole world raises a hue and cry around that date. For example 11th of September place New Yorks trade tower and after a few moments buildings in high rising flames; dead bodies; stampede; falling and dying animals, the dark cover spread in the overhead sky and long silence and noisy wind. The whole world groaned that the fears and apprehensions could manifest themselves into such spectacles of terror, gruesome, cruel, and ghastly acts of terror. The whole world cried bitterly. The furrows of fear pricked the sensibility of the artists and the poets who translated their feelings on paper:

It is morning time

Still stars twinkle in the sky

They are falling on earth
Their warm ashes.
Are burning and simmering
The off springs of my verses.
It is afternoon
Yet there is moon in the sky
The blue rays of the noon
Reach the earth.
In the bluish rain of these rays
The off springs of verses
Are gradually drenched.
Evening Time
The sun is over our heads
At a lance distance.
And the lances of the sun,
Are falling on earth.
The sharp angles of these lances.
Are gradually piercing
The hearts of the of springs of my verses.
The night has fallen,
Suddenly all the offerings of my verses
Have receded
There is a very big graveyard,
It seems, the off springs of my verses.
Have become
The gravestones in that graveyard.
There is a silence all around.
No body answers me (Salahuddin)

11th September gave rise to a new face of terror and it translated into a painful tombstone. The creative sensibility and its verses amalgamated in the valleys of these graveyards where lay many unknown dead persons since there were no grave stones to reveal their where about. This is the symbol of fear which some time manifests itself in the form of a global incident. Fear is a Tornado; it is the voyage

of the black clouds that all of a sudden burst out anywhere, unannounced. The bombs drop, the earths tremble, the mountains become deserts; the habitats are devastated. The dwelling place of the people become graveyards and the voyage of these black clouds resumes with a new dimension and now when it pours it becomes Afghanistan.

This child is a magician
Altogether a magician
See, just now he had two hands.
But now there is only one left.
See, see, just now he had two legs.
But suddenly one has vanished.
Arr.. just now he had a head two
Suddenly he made it vanish
Arr just now he had a body below his head.
Suddenly where has he thrown it.
This child is a miracle.
Altogether a miracle.
Think
Which country does he belong to?
This child could be an Afghani
Or American too
May be an Indian -----
Who am I to this child
I have raised him
I am his father
He is ‘.. my child
Give my child back to me.
(Give my child back to me Salahuddin)

The spectacles of fear and terror find expression in literature through the symbols of cross and graveyards.

But there is a problem that the cross in Urdu poetry and literature has been monopolized by Faiz and his disciples. The new creative writers had this tattered

canvas of life, which spread from Latin America, to Africa, Iraq, Philistine and Sudan and now to Gujrat in India. The creative writers of our age have seen these events and spectacles and have felt them too.

The new literary philosophy raised some pertinent questions regarding social relevance. But the difficulty is that the social relativity is an established fact from Homer and Dantes age to the modern age though it transforms itself accordingly.

The first and foremost thing is that these literary philosophers mislead the writers. There was a time when the champions of social relativity had, looking at the developments in Soviet Union, predicted the advent of a Neo-Man. Influenced by this prediction Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi wrote:

This dancer of space on earth
Waits for the Neo-earthling.

This poem brought a new blood to the progressive writers. There was a lot of hue and cry all around. This later on through different creative writings, changed into applause. Time changed and came the age of Khalil-ur- Rahman Azmi. In the last days of his life, he, too, asked his muse that where is that Neo-Earthling whose dreams they had seen or they were made to see. Has he incarnated or has died before taking birth. Any way this Neo-Man never appeared anywhere but a new name was born. A terrorist, demolisher of humanity, a tornado of barbarism who was christened by America as Osama Bin Laden. This name was infact nourished by the same country, which later on monopolized the task and assumed the duty of eradicating terrorism from the world. But this terrorist, the enemy of peace and humanity, is being nourished by different cultures. Its activities are conspicuously manifested in the shrieks and groans of those living-dead bodies in numerous camps in numerous towns of Gujrat. More devastating and fearful than the gravestones are these living dead bodies who are dismembered but they are breathing. Their breath does not stop nor do their tears. Nor has this milieu of fear and destruction ended. Nor has the writers or literary philosophers bothered to look at their predicament. But there is one creative writer who takes note of these painful, crawling voices, groans of fear, and the hiccups of terror and picks up his creations from the tears, blood and diminishing human values.

It is night
Beside the beach
The darkness of many centuries has descended.
In the darkness, there are many steps
Right, central right and ultra right
There are a few peepal trees also

In these very plants, river Euphrates
In these very plants, river Saryu
Drenched burns,
A few moments ago, the breeze.
The breeze appeared to be burning,
No body took pity on her, was she a murderess,
The breeze that was burning
Was it Gujratan
The breeze was Gujratan ..(Salahuddin Perwez)

It is being said that this painful and fearful experience of terror of Ahmedabad and Gujrat was a result or retaliation of Godhra which is a town in Gujrat. The same Gujrat from where rose an old and thin man with round spectacles on his eyes walking with a staff, who became the herald and harbinger of peace for the whole world. Traversing long distances of life and covering many oceans and rivers, he had built his hermitage. Many attempts were made to destroy this hermitage too. And along with this Ashram was razed many a graves. One of the graves belonged to Wali Gujrati - the one whose creative genius had influenced the people from India to Paris in France. His first collective works was published by an European.

This is over. The concept of Neo Man has also receded. The prospects of peace have taken the last hiccups. The only thing that has survived the onslaught is the name of God and the protest of the creative writers against fear and terror and a strange poem which is neither modern nor post-modern but in fact a true creation. This came into existence because this creation is the greatest truth after the name of God Almighty.

One night in Sabarmati Express.
I spent amongst the ashes of the
Cremated dead bodies.
The platform was deserted, nobody was there
Station Master, the Porter, the tea hawkers,
All of them had become mere aberrations
The moment of faith had stood still-----
-----In the village nearby rising
The smoke of innumerable innocent screams
Suddenly I shouted
Hay Ram
It seemed to me,

Bapu was sitting beside me
Holding his staff in his hand still
But now it had cracked
The round spectacles on his eyes
Was still there
But its glasses had broken
Into red colour
Bapu.. Bapu.. Bapu.
I tried to say something
But he placed his hand
On my lips and stopped me
Then he spoke to me
Today I would stay with you
In this Sabarmati Express
And when the doomsday would dawn
Than both of us,
Spreading our hands
Would pray in unison
Ishwar and Allah are Thy names
May God bless all of us(Salahuddin Perwez)

Sabarmati Express, the staff bearing old man and the epic poems, more than them is alive and conscious is that creative sensibility which braves the tornados of terror of every day in every age and which makes this couplet of Nasir Kazmi relive every other day.

Hold the cord of bivouac of life Nasir
A whirlwind is rising on the horizon.

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