



The Vision of Political Life in O.P. Bhatnagar's Poetry

Vinai Kumar Singh
Former Head, Department of English
Digamber Postgraduate College
Dibai (Bulandshahar)
Email: shaleenksingh@gmail.com

Abstract

Poetry is unity in diversity, quite like Indian culture. Bhatnagar's poetry is a dialogue- going on between a man and men. Sardar Patel says, "There can be no distinction between man and man in a free country." (Bhuvan's Journal Vol 33 No.1 14). Poet O. P. Bhatnagar's poetry deals with the prism of political life, reflecting several aspects and several problems that agitate man's conscience. He rips open the bosom of several political riddles and mirrors before us all political problems, and this will become crystal clear from the discussion below. Voting has polluted the whole fiber of democracy in our country. Bhatnagar makes it amply clear and lays bare before our eyes the insanity of Indian politics. Our old values based on God and religions are crumbling, and we come across chaos and emptiness in life. Men or women are ready even to barter their physical bodies for money. Bhatnagar delineates the tragedy of an average Indian and points out blemishes in our life. The sensitive reader can touch his poetry lines without receiving an awful thrill through his body like an electric shock. His burning words, as they escape his nib, stir even the stony hearts. The poet's heart sobs at the sufferings of Indians, all engineered by political Pundits, who have brought the county to such a pass. He knows well that the revolution in India is an uphill task. However, humanity may groan under any heavy load of conscience, adhering to tolerance's fossil value. The degeneration of the Indian character becomes all the more clear from the following lines, which show how apathetic we are towards the cancerous decay of values. Bhatnagar appears to be too disillusioned and disillusioned by this apathetic outlook of the public at large. India's general run of politicians is by and large selfish to the core. Our national character has been sullied, and moral decay has set in. The nation is undoubtedly on the verge of despair on all fronts-moral, social, economic, and political. This paper aims to critically highlight the political views of the renowned poet O.P. Bhatnagar.

Keywords: Political views, humanity, Fall of Democracy, Moral erosion, Political degeneration.

It is still a belief in all literary quarters that Indo-Anglian poetry is unity in diversity, quite like Indian culture. Dr. S. C. Pande remarks, "There is no single formula or code for writing poetry. Poets do not write under a set banner." (129) Bhatnagar's poetry is a dialogue- going on between a man and men. It is a concern for the country's history.

It is a naked fact stuck in the pages of our history that India has attained freedom after a prolonged struggle. Still, it is undoubtedly not the kind of freedom that we wanted. It is certainly not the freedom of the type that the heroic freedom fighters, who delivered the country from the long-standing servitude shackles, expected. It is a shame that we have to confess that we have lost the true essence of freedom by our folly. We must, as such, do penance and deserve that freedom, which is our birthright. Sardar Patel says, "There can be no distinction between man and man in a free country." (Bhuvan's Journal Vol 33 No.1 14) We will have to fight all those evils, which are crippling our lives. A stagnant society is always dangerous. Dr. Radhakrishnan says, "Great issues and small minds cannot get together." (Bhuvan's Journal Vol 33 No.1 66)

Life is undoubtedly not a straight run. It is like climbing a steep mountain. When we climb a hill, inevitably, there will be ups and downs. This is the law of Natures. So is the case with national life and nation-building. The iron will, granite strength, and grim determination can help us surmount frustrations. Bhatnagar remarks, crying for reform in 'Beggars cannot be Choosers'.

I want to join the wave of reform

It was a society of assorted people

Disabled, diseased dreary and doleful

Old young, middle-aged and just born

All in angry resentment of order. (Angels of Retreat 42)

India is a country of vast dimensions. Her past has been full of glory. This country has been the birthplace of many great men and women. It has notably a rich history over which we can look back with pride. The prominent feature of India's culture is that it combines many cultures. India has shown an excellent capacity for absorbing what came to her from outside. And no

doubt today, India is the world's largest democracy. With the extension of the franchise to eighteen-year-old, India has assumed the largest democracy existing on the world map.

However, such a large democracy of ours is sick with many evils and diseases that Bhatnagar diagnoses, examining the nation's pulse like an astute physician. Indeed, if the corruption is curbed, controlled, or cut, half of our ills will be gone. Our mentality is such as we want to be the last to do any good thing. People here are sleeping giants. If they awake, no power on earth can stand against them, and India would become heaven if they listen to Bhatnagar's clarion call. Bhatnagar deals with several themes. He makes a satire on contemporary society and living. Dr. A. N. Dwivedi comments:

Bhatnagar's poetry comprehends a great variety of themes, which directly focus on the largeness of his experience and the solemnity of his involvement in the affairs of life". (Contemporary Indo-English Verse 217)

Bhatnagar understands the tempo of his times and accordingly orchestrates his poetry. Bhatnagar deals with the prism of political life, reflecting several aspects and several problems that agitate man's conscience. Bhatnagar tries to throw a good deal of light on all of them. S. C. Bose remarks, "The poetry of O. P. Bhatnagar, which has many dimension indeed is also significant as a poetry of political consciousness." (Vision and Voice 29) We find in Bhatnagar a frank analysis of the facts of contemporary life. Bhatnagar descants upon myriad aspects of political life as existing currently. No salient feature escapes his keenly discerning eye. Bhatnagar rips open the bosom of several political riddles. He mirrors before us all political problems, and this will become crystal clear from the discussion given below.

ELECTION

We have the proud distinction of being the world's largest democracy. Our general elections are a mass upheaval—India's carriers on the march to the polling booths. Our elections are openly being held in full view of the candidates or their agents. Governments say that any panic is out of the question. The counting of Ballot papers is also done in the presence of the candidates or their agents. Hence it is unrealistic to suggest that our elections are rigged or unfair. But this claim of honesty in elections by the Government is far from the ambit of truth. The voting has polluted the whole fiber of democracy in our country. The country's average

voter is poor and illiterate and does not make his franchise's correct use. Bhatnagar ridicules saying:

The ignorant voters in their routine
Queen up daydreaming
And in a passion of a second
Get rid of their oscillant indecision
Stamping signposts for men. (Angels of Retreat 46)

It is a paradox that a few educated persons befool many illiterate voters and get their votes cast in their favour in this country. Bhatnagar says:

With a handful of literates
Sealing illiterate in steel boxes
And recording the proud percentage of the poll. (Angels of Retreat 4)

After the process of voting is over, there is a great hum around. People indulge in all sorts of guesses about their success or the unsuccessful of the adversary:

Speculations and calculations
Float in smoke rings
Breaking hopes and fears
And myriads of thoughts. (Angels of Retreat 15)

Thus, Bhatnagar makes it amply clear and lays bare before our eyes the insanity of Indian politics. The election is a routine matter here, but it is hardly of any use to the masses. S. C. Bose remarks, "The people who cast their votes every five years are lured into political miracles, which never happen." (Vision and Voice 33) As our country is passing through a crisis of political corruption, we need poets like Bhatnagar, who can cry over how the so-called patriots:

Hang their tortured ideals
On trees like dew
Drawing empty centuries
Into a metaphor of unbroken dreams
Smoking visions

In the vacant eyes of innocents. (Oneiric Vision 58)

British Nandy remarks," But there is still a politics that goes beyond political arithmetic. It is our craving for power, which dupes and brings cheap politics to front, who desire to show in the eye of the public to eternity." (Bose 33)

BRIBERY

Bribery means accepting illegal gratification for doing work in favour of someone. The definition of bribe as incorporated in the Advanced Learner's Dictionary runs as follows:

"Something gave, offered or promised to somebody to get him to do something (often something wrong) in favour of the giver." (Advanced Learner's Dictionary 117) In Indian Penal Code, bribery has been defined as an offense, and its correct definition runs as below".

"Wherever, being or expecting to be a public servant, accepts or obtains, or agrees to accept or attempts to obtain from any person, for himself or some other person, any gratification, whatever, other than legal gratification as a motive or reward for doing a forbearing to do any official act, for showing or forbearing to show, in the exercise of this official functions, favour or disfavor to any person or far rendering and forbearing to render any service or disservice to any person in the Central or State government or Parliament or Legislature of any State or with any public as such, shall be punished with the punishment of either description of a term, which extend to three years or with fine or with both." (Section 161, Indian Penal Code 6). Present India, with all its progress, has more dark spots. Corruption is rampant, and no part of the State-machinery moves unless greased with graft. Bribery stalks in every nook and corner of the country. No department is free from the infection of this virus. Our old values based on God and religions are crumbling, and we come across chaos and emptiness in life. We are setting up a large structure of stone, but our lives are also becoming stormy. We build huge plants of steel, but steel enters our souls. There is not even an iota of doubt that we have become hollow men, our head-pieces filled with straw. Prabhu Dutt Brahmachari remarks, "Money is everything. Even politics stands quiet. There is not goodness." (The Northern India Patrica 4) Bhatnagar possesses a sharp eye, which sees the minutest flaws floating on the stream of our political and social aspects of life. Mrs. P. S. Kasture observes, "So the degenerate present becomes alive in his poetry" (Vision and Voice 4). The tragedy of man today is the distortion

of all human values. He knows it well that goodness is on the wane and evil ways on the rise. Bhatnagar says:

A simple, honest man
In a worn-out mode
May still himself find
Measuring life in value spoons
But the clever in it
A meaty situation see. (Thought Poems 11)

Man has become the worshipper of Mammon and never hesitates in earning money, even if he has to stoop down to nefarious means, so irresistible is his thirst and sharp avarice for money. Nothing to say of bribery. Men or women are ready even to barter their physical bodies. The poet remarks:

Women
Hurried to helplessness
Trade
On their flesh
Man
Are not different
They trade their prowess for flesh. (Feeling Fossils 11)

The predicament of Indian women is terrible. They are reeling under the heady tunes of westernization- on how to be up-to-date, chic, and yet retain their identity. The voice of Indian women is a cry in the wilderness. Their tongue is tied, and their voice on lips quite parched. Broken hearts and broken homes are their destiny, and still, the hearts of the masses are throbbless. The night of ignorance and misrule is going to plunge our country into eternal darkness. It is an irony that the uneducated and the incapable guide and lead us. Socrates, Plato, Voltaire, and Rousseau of India are slumbering in the arm of Morpheus. Perhaps Bhatnagar is giving a clarion call- speaking his words winged with light. His remarks:

Like a cat, politics dreams its dreams
And looks for so much more to destroy from our souls. (Audible landscape 12)

In "India of our Dreams", a similar call is heard

"Don't be so much lost in building your own nest" (Audible landscape 12)

CORRUPTION

S. Z. H. Abidi remarks, "The majority of our poets show that the future of Indo-Anglian Literature lies in its poetry." (Studies in Indo-English Poetry 271) At such an abnormal flux of time, Bhatnagar is writing his poetry. It is undeniably true that the canker of corruption and moral degeneration are obliterating our identities in the worst way. There is a typical gloom-spreading from Himalayan heights to the dry, dusty plains and down to the shores- washing feet of our Peninsula in Kanya Kumari. People in India appear to have forgotten how to live harmoniously and foster the spirit of natural accommodation. People are now so corrupt that they have grown selfish, communal, sectarian, and aggressively national. The politician today is just an opportunist. Austin O Malley, an American writer, says, "A politician is like quicksilver. If you try to put your finger on him, you will find nothing under it." (Bhuvan's Journal Vol.19, No. 2nd 47) People have altogether forgotten that all forms of religions, high or low, are just different stages towards that eternal state of light, which is God. The unthinking masses, as such, never understand either politics or religion. All great prophets were giants, and they bore a gigantic world on their shoulders. Compared with them, we are little pygmies in our small circles with our tiny homes. Bhatnagar delineates the tragedy of an average Indian and points out blemishes in our life. The poet paints the sordid picture of a girl dying in her teens at the time of partition. He says:

Shew as only thirteen

When she was butchered

On the birth of a nation. (Feeling Fossils 14)

The sensitive reader can ever touch his poetry lines without receiving an awful thrill through his body like an electric shock. His burning words, as they escape his nib, stir even the stony hearts. An older man has been shown, lamenting in a reminiscent mood.

A scar, a wound sears the soul

Remembering his children butchered

In the frenzy of a newly won freedom. (Thought Poems 26)

Bhatnagar can never compromise with the snobbery. His aching heart compels him even to say:

We are a nation of spiritual past
Which for its fossil values will
Forever last
We may buy tickets in the black market
To see women raped in films
But our ideals honour women and values more
Than our morals can cast. (Oneiric Vision 51)

Corruption has gone so deep down in our blood and marrow that we can't realize the truth, not speak the same. Bhatnagar remarks:

We are afraid of speaking the truth
And resisting whatever is unjust
Foul and corrupt in our bones. (Audible landscape 10)

The sorry state of affairs constrains the poet, to sum up:

We are only free for corruption now
Which even animals detest as a foible
Leaving little or no energy for virtue
Or for after-thought. (Audible landscape 26)

DEGRADATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER

There is an excellent degeneration in the national character, which never goes unnoticed from the poet's eye. Dr. G. P. Bhagmar remarks, "The hollowness of the politics as the promise, does not escape the poet's searching eye." (Bhagmar 47) It appears that the poet's ever-vigilant eye never fails to catch the cunning tricks of our politicians. Bhatnagar says:

Slogans, sermons and speeches
Make good our hunger Foundation stones

And inaugurations fulfill our hopes. (Audible landscape 10)

The poet harbors a dream to shake the universe with the thunder from his poetry till the last breath of his life:

He is a staunch patriot, who says-

I love my country

Which loves my voice

And my speech. (Feeling Fossils 17)

Dr. A. N. Dwivedi remarks, "Amid the corrupt and shameful living life has lost all charms all primal goodness. The poet's heart sobs at the sufferings of Indians, all engineered by pert political Pundits, who have brought the county to such a pass." (Dwivedi 219) He remorses:

When I see a crowd

Line up for a bottle of kerosene

In tiring queues to light up

Their hungry homes; the numberless

Go blind of adulterated oils

Making a smooth passage to dark;

And children thin out to death

For want of milk in water

Served to them as feed,

I cannot ask my conscience to revolt

For suffering has become our greed. (Oneiric Vision 13)

There are only a handful of so-called evil leaders, who swallow all the benefits in the country, leaving the rest in the lurch and the state of plight, he says:

The land belongs

To those who rule

The others merely inhabit

The no man's land. (Feeling Fossils 19)

The land does not belong to the ordinary simple folk but the pervert political Pundits and sharks and swindlers of all shades. The poet knows it well that the revolution in India is an uphill task.

However, humanity may groan under any heavy load of conscience, suffering a lot adhering to tolerance's fossil value. He remarks:

Revolution is not in our blood

.....

The colour of tolerance is faded grey. (Oneiric Vision 48)

He presents an awe-inspiring and realistic picture of the Indians before us when he says:

Rich in stagnant expectations

The common man reveals nothing but frustrations

Uttered in defeating silence of caves

Deserted for long. (Audible landscape 48)

Bhatnagar knows the real condition of Indians and mirrors the realistic picture as follows:

We have broken the chains of slavery

The walls of prison-house remain. (Audible landscape 10)

He adds:

Long caged in slavery

We have become like circus lions

Incapable of freedom in emotions

Become our prison walls. (Audible landscape 11)

The history of our politics is appalling. Bhatnagar realizes:

Like a cat, politics devours its dreams

And looks for so much more to destroy from our souls. (Audible landscape 12)

The politicians have not been able to usher in the rosy millennium always promised by them.

It is all a will-o-the-wisp. Bhatnagar says:

So many years in the Sun and rain

As our freedom has grown

But for down in villages

I am the same. (Audible landscape 13)

The degeneration of Indian character becomes all the more clear from the following lines, which show how apathetic we are towards the cancerous decay of values:

The lightening violates
The innocence of clouds
There is thunder in the skies
But nothing moves to rage
When women are gang-raped
Or the chastity violated
In disgrace. (Audible landscape 15)

The poet cannot help himself saying:

A shameful rape of an innocent here
A savage outrage of the modesty
Of a helpless woman there
Only shows how much debased
Is our character. (Audible landscape 15)

Bhatnagar appears to be too much disillusioned and disillusioned by this apathetic outlook of the public at large. He sums up this sad predicament by saying:

But the disappointed poet
Unable to sell his minty dreams
Just a mile down the road
Has set up a tiny provision store
Called Flato's corner
And to build up his goodwill
And give his words a meaningful role
Uses the emotionally yellowed pages
Of his fragrant print poems
To wrap up provisions
For his indifferent customers. (Audible landscape 47)

It is a deplorable state of affairs, where a handful of the cunning people posing as politicians are caring a pin for the welfare of weal of the general masses. The sycophancy by way of grinding one's ax has become an abiding creed of politicians. See what Bhatnagar writes:

The fanatic erect marble statues
Of their transient heroes
On the evanescent route of times
Some whispering revolution
Others proclaiming peace
Hearing the common men
To elbow sun with the sun shades. (Oneiric Vision 17)

The general degradation of character is reflected in the widespread violence permeating the whole atmosphere. Hatred and scorn are rampant everywhere; Bhatnagar says:

When hatred and contempt
Are added to the violence
A man struck this way
Is hurt in many places
And in many ways
Beyond the repair of healing days. (Oneiric Vision 31)

Thus, we see that Bhatnagar magnanimously shares other's woes. He responds to the call of the man at every step. Bhatnagar holds that the genuine heroes of our country will emerge from the masses and, therefore, he advises:

Let there be more elbow-room
For the average in life
Monopolized by the heroes of a kind. (Thought Poems 9)

His total writing an approach to reform. T. D. Vaishnav says, "To go on tolerating evil is nothing short of evil." (Vaishnav 77) In India, there is a race for the chair among the politicians. There is a politics that goes beyond electoral mathematics. People want to grab power when the watch is continuously counting the certainties of life on the most uncertain pulse. Bhatnagar, but no thinking man who understands this country's immeasurable potential can at all feel satisfied with the stage we have reached. Bhatnagar says:

Oh, what a fun over a chair
Of old cedar and teak
It only holds.
Eh, it does not possess
It has long given up
Its power of a tree. (Feeling Fossils 21)

It is the only moral fiber that makes a nation, and Bhatnagar wants to rouse and sublimate the baser feelings. Could his poetry ignite a rebellion indeed to escalate the country to empyrean heights? Bhatnagar is as sensitive as a barometer to any political state of affairs. Our general run of politicians is by and large selfish to the core. False promises are lavishly given, enormous resources time, and energy are expended, and all kinds of ruses public for winning periodic elections. After that, unabashed pursuit of power and pelf begins. Politicians begin to cling to power, hotch-potch alliances are forged, defections engineered and encouraged. Without shame, pride and fear and great jealousy and ambition leading to the desecration of our temple of freedom and weakening the very foundations of our Democratic System. Our national character has been sullied, and moral decay has set in. The nation is undoubtedly on the verge of despair on all fronts-moral, social, economic, and political. This is the perilous state of the Indian Nation today. Once Aurobindo also said about the average politician, and the same reads like a prophecy applicable to the politicians of present times- Sri Aurobindo remarks, "He does not represent the soul of the people or its aspirations. What he does represent is all the average pettiness, selfishness, egoism, self- deception, that is about him and these he represents well enough as well as a great deal of mental incompetence, moral conventionally, timidity and pretence." (Aurobindo 23) Ridiculing the stagnant attitude of the common man, the poet says:

Has revolt ever been infectious
Or revolt ever been
Consumptive in our country. (Audible landscape 38)

It wants to sound a bugle for the people, badgered for years saying:

Let us not, therefore, have eyes of Egyptian granite
To suffer injustice like babies
Full of tears. (Audible landscape 31)

BRAIN –DRAIN

The poetry of Bhatnagar appears to be the powerful vocalization of revolt against all types of political enigmas. A. N. Dwivedi remarks, "He distilled his golden glittering dreams into the pages of his poetry and stirred the people to a fresh outlook." (21) Bhatnagar makes people realize what he has envisioned. He says:

Artists always aspire to realise

Their vision in concrete. (Thought Poems 16)

Dr. R. K. Singh says, "The collection of poems bespeak a sensitive mind that adequately reflects contemporary life and humanity mauled a mutilated." (Singh 27) No doubt, our general masses are suffering. There are only a few persons here and there who muster up the courage to fight the evil. In one of this latest poems, he laments:

Alone Pratap resisting a Shivajee fighting

A Bose revolting all alone

Justice gathering guts in Gandhi's bones.

(Singh 77-78)

Nobody seems to shed off opacity of conscience. Most people are in a wanton quest of power and authority and transient fame. Bhatnagar knows well that it is not easy to bring those people to senses who are still the votaries of foreign culture and do not want to live in our own country to render service to the motherland. He mocks such a state of affairs, saying:

Ours is a multi-headed country

Looking in no particular direction

Trimurti is an all-inclusive vision

From here to eternity risen

Telling the tale of our frivolity. (Thought Poems 18)

Bhatnagar never brooks the intelligentsia, which goes abroad in search of Eldorado. He lays open before us the perversion that has overtaken the Indians. He openly says:

Their visions have been blurred

By night clubs and swingers

Blonds and ballrooms, their ethics

Performs cultural striptease

Or wallzing national pride. (Angels of Retreat 38)

Bhatnagar knows it well that people are going abroad actuated by a feeling of avarice for money, throwing all feelings of loyalty towards their own country. He adds:

But cutting the chords o country care

Presents an impoverished image

Of their feelings made dull by dollars

And ideals impounded by pounds. (Angels of Retreat 38)

The persons who go abroad are never able to retain their self-respect and suffer all sorts of humiliation. He says:

What segregation and humiliation

They suffer from disowning their citizenship

And acquire one which fits

So loose on their hybrid identity.

Bhatnagar does not stop opening their hypocrisy and condemns their apathy towards their motherland. He paints their picture:

The country that once brought them up

Splitting water with sun-rays

Now scorches and repels

Their skin and sentiments

Like a stepson borrowing name

Of his guilty father. (Angels of Retreat 39)

It is a very sordid and sad picture that our brains have lost the feeling of love for their country, and they place money or the charms bought by money above the state. Bhatnagar remarks:

But their fancy forbids them

To look beyond glamour and gold

Dazzling their eyes with rays of conceit. (Angels of Retreat 38)

Bhatnagar wants people who should drink the wine of love for the motherland. He thinks: "We need men, who can clay their feet in the mud." (Angels of Retreat 27)

DISINTEGRATING ROLE OF JOURNALISM

Bhatnagar's poetry has tried to articulate the dirty role of politics, which dominates the contemporary scene. Mrs. P. S. Kasture says, "So the degenerate present becomes alive in his poetry." (Kasture 24) Bhatnagar presents the modern view in his poetry. His poetry is a mirror that reflects the problem today. Bhatnagar makes a very caustic remark about the abysmal despair hanging our horizons. He says:

The tragedy is not my fate
Because I don't belong to the nobility
Even by way of fun. (Oneiric Vision 14)

Bhatnagar never feels satisfied with the role of journalism in our country. He thinks that even the Newspapers have been exploiting the gullible/fanning hatred and violence. To a very great extent, even our newspapers are responsible for our present global crisis. Often, the Newspapers are not representing events in the correct perspective so that people, who read News-Papers daily, lose their moral conscience and become insensitive to any serious affairs. Bhatnagar remarks:

Passing national secrets
On cold heights
Thickening conscience to snow
Makes small news in our country
The big news is floor-crossing
To keep our progress moving. (Feeling Fossils 13)

Bhatnagar never feels daunted in speaking out the truth. His remarks:

I love my country
Which loves my voice
And my speech.

The newspapers may not highlight many events, but Bhatnagar possesses a genuinely human heart. He says:

Oh, I know

How it feels
To see a whole family slaughtered
With eyes as open as a camera.

The dirty and fraudulent game of journalism will not do anything right or harmful to the country's weal and welfare. The poet firmly holds:

Too much suppression and much politicking
Ferments its defeat. (Angels of Retreat 41)

The Newspapers always try to create a lull before us and give false impressions that we are a very successful democracy. But Bhatnagar points out:

Much with us, is bondage
And a perpetual struggle for freedom
Without ever winning it. (Shadows of Floodlight 40)

Our Newspapers have not been able to do anything concrete to check corruption, red-tapism, self-interest, population explosion, poverty, and above all, the heroism of moral values. They have been miserably failed to establish appropriate standards of public behavior and inspire the youth with proper values and ideas to cultivate both at the school or college level. On the contrary, pornography has become the creed of many journals and Newspapers. Bhatnagar can never Brooke such distortion of values, be it as it well. His clarion-call is very clear and forceful. He says:

Uproot the signposts
They have aged telling faded routes
And bring down the milky way
For the innocents to tread on. (Oneiric Vision 18)

It is an age-old saying, "Pen is mightier than the sword." The might of the sword is superficial and also temporary. It can subdue the flesh but cannot touch the spirit. It is the writer or the poet who holds supreme sway over man's mind or heart. Ideas, once born, never die. The empires which Napoleon, Alexander, Timur built have to crumble to dust, but the empires of ideas, which Socrates, Plato, Karl Marx, Shakespeare, or Tulsidas erected have successfully withstood the ravages of time. The Newspapers should similarly try to present truth embalmed for the eyes. Every succeeding generation and humanity will derive inspiration from the same,

along with emotional guidance. Our journalism appears to be tuned to an out-worn orchestra climbing towards a humiliating end. So, he makes a passionate appeal to change our hackneyed outlook:

Let's not, therefore, have eyes of Egyptian granite

To suffer injustice like babies full of tears. (Audible landscape 38)

And, therefore, he wishes that even our endurance should be impregnated with revolt.

In every enlightened and advanced country, the press is the best and most effective means of establishing contact with the people. The media becomes the mouth-piece and the mirror of public opinion. In India, unluckily, the situation is quite different. The role of the Newspaper is limited to the towns, and even there, only the advanced Public read them. The number of Newspaper readers among the urban masses is minimal. In villages News Papers continue to be an object of rare curiosity since the percentage of literate people is extremely low and the circulation of the daily paper is practically nil.

The role of journalism is very singular and intellectual in society. Genuine intellectual is usually devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. He extends the bounds of human thought and gives new ideas and ideas to humanity. A journalist's role is a dedicated life with a mission to realize the truth and interpret it to his fellow-beings. Plato and Aristotle in Greece, Kant, and Hegel in Germany, Tolstoy in Russia, Tagore, Vivekanand, Tilak and Gandhi in India have contributed to world thought in some remarkable way. These persons have opened new vistas of thought and knowledge, and their legacy to humankind is permanent and undying.

It is the Newspapers, which are the standard-bearers of the new order. As such, they should not wallow or stagnate in the narrow or out-moded thought or break the superstitious and pernicious beliefs. The News-Papers should earnestly strive to blaze new tracks of view above all bias and undue prejudice. Newspapers should take up cudgels to fight against walls of parochialism and insularity of outlook. The journalist with his salt should be a radical brand and an iconoclast to battle against severe opposition and society's inertia if the country is to be safeguarded. Bhatnagar leaves a message to the journalists of his country and the masses:

Let's break open those modes

That has left us a willing slave

Then the power of any colonel ever had

Of keeping us in. (Audible landscape 11)

Works Cited

Bhuvan's Journal Vol 33 No.1 August 1986.

The Northern India Patrica Feb 1988.

Abidi, S. Z. H. *Studies in Indo-English Poetry*. Bareilly : Prakash Book Depot , 1984.

Aurobindo, Sri. *Bhuvan's Journal Vol 21 No 14 2* Feb 1973.

Bhagmar, G. P. Mohanty, Niranjana. *Considerations: Essays on the Poetry of O P Bhatnagar* .
Behrampur: Poetry Publications, 1986. 47.

Bhatnagar, O. P. *Angels of Retreat*. New Delhi: Samkaleen Prakashan, 1979.

—. *Audible landscape*. Aligarh: Skylark Publications, 1986.

—. *Feeling Fossils*. Dehradun: Paul Jacobson, 1977.

—. *Oneiric Vision*. New Delhi: Samkaleen Prakashan , 1980.

—. *Shadows of Floodlight*. Aligarh: Skylark Publications , 1984.

—. *Thought Poems*. Aligarh: skylark Publications, 1976.

Bose, S. C. "Vision and Voice." Baghmar, G. P. *Vision and Voice: Studies in the Poetry of O P Bhatnagar Vol 2*. Nagpur: Vishwa Bharti Prakashan, 1987.

Dwivedi, Dr A. N. *Contemporary Indo-English Verse*. Bareilly: Prakash Book Depot, 1986.

Hornby, Galenty. *Advanced Learner's Dictionary*. OUP, 1963.

Kasture, P. S. "Aesthtic Of Life: The Poetry 3 no. 1." *Eureka* (May 1988).

Malley, Austin O. *Bhuvan's Journal Vol.19, No. 2nd* 24 Dec 1987: 78.

Section 161, Indian Penal Code. Allahabad: Allahabad Law Agency, 1961.

Singh, R. K. "Risen or Fallen ." *Quest Vol. 1 & 2, No. 11* 1987-88: 77-78.

Vaishnav, T. D. *Bhuvan's Journal Vol. 19* 23 June 1977: 56.