

12 Best Anti-Spam Plugins for WordPress 2020 – WPExplorer

Combating WordPress comment spam is an ongoing process and can be done with (a) the help of plugins or (b) with a little bit of tweaking the discussion settings in WordPress. In this tutorial, we focus on both methods. The 2 factors you should consider while deciding your next anti-spam plugin should be:

1. Amount of traffic
2. Number of comments

If both the numbers are on the lower end (for example, when you're starting off a blog), you can go for technique (b), i.e. tweaking WordPress settings to manually prevent spam. It's quite interesting to see just how much WordPress has to offer.

In part (a), i.e. preventing spam using WordPress antispam plugins, we first take a look at the important features an antispam plugin should have. Then we dive into the plugin list.

Read more

<https://www.wpexplorer.com/antispam-plugins-wordpress>

**Gene Deitch (1924 – 2020)
passes away / Manohar**

Khushalani

Eugene Merril Deitch, an American-Czech illustrator, animator, comics artist, and film director was based in Prague since 1959, Deitch was also known for creating animated cartoons such as Munro, Tom Terrific, and Nudnik.

Under the Grid of Sub Reality / Susmita Mukherjee



Hag
The old hag lay face down,
Her dried hair up in the air,

Like dry twigs after harvest.
Her scrawny left arm upturned
at an angle, as if not sure,
whether for alms or in benediction;
Her other hand, mottled, was tucked way under, gripping her
squashed belly bag.

She lay there for eons,
under the grid of the sub reality radars that were new in the
neighborhood,
their flickering light beams stinging her, serpent like, into
convulsions.

Sometimes she moaned.
At times she farted, and,
noxious fumes
volcano like, filled the air.

Too tired to be angry, she lifted her aged bum to pee,
And out flowed waters
that swirled and twirled in dizzy vortexes and caused
unnecessary delay around the area.

Too tired to get up, she shook her head and colours,
like flashing lightning,
danced with the grid overhead and trapped her in place.

" I don't like being watched, you wretches"
she said,
But the soundless sound,
rumbled into the countless clatter of car honks, and busyness,
as another coin dropped into her upturned hand.

" Can't you spare an old hag who has done you no harm"?
Her moan took the shape of a saliva drop that fell under her
breath.

No, no, she must not give up! Not yet!

The hag knew that as long as she wrapped herself around her
belly bag,
her little ones would survive.

She remembers the hard years,
when the singeing blast
had ripped her right breast,
her milk buds had scattered and mushroomed in the sky,

She remembers how her pubic rain forest had been blazed down
by a careless cigarette.

She remembers not so long ago, bullets, bayonettes, bombs and
blasts,
whistling over her body, as she curled around her belly bag.

“Stop it”! she warned
“Stop it”! she wailed
“Stop it”! she whimpered a command.

But no one was listening
to the old hag,
Old Mother Earth,
as she lay face down,
Under the giant grid,
Walked over, used and thrown,
An old useless Mother.

Susmita Mukherjee
9- 4-2020

The Only Whole Thing /

Susmita Mukherjee



I will give you a piece of my land,
I will give you a piece of my kid's custody,
I will give you the healthier half of the meal,
I will give you the lions share of my earnings,
I will give you freedom; credit for what you have not done,
I will give you a piece of my jewels, my cars, my credit
cards,
I will give you a piece of maintance, legal fees, even
alimony,

But I will not give you a piece of my mind,
because even though you don't get it,
It is the only whole thing I have,
The only land where I will find my peace,
Where I will pick up the pieces,
Into peace...
Soon, soon..
That I promise!

Norma Torian

Susmita Mukherjee from the heart cave of mother wounds.

8th March.

The mask with the black hair / a poem by Sushmita Mukherjee



Take the first step,
Become your own bestie,
Your online friend, begins and ends with You in the main role,
not a cameo,
in the online film forwards of others.
I spied a homely grey haired hag,
You guessed right..in the mirror,
She smiled Mona Lisa ish,
And gestured to the dressing table.
Ah! I don't have one here in the village, just some stuff
haphazardly pitched together in my hurried exit from Mumbai,
fleeing the Virus, like a Partition victim of yore.
The deodorant smiled at me, luring me to let her cozy under my
armpits.
Sorry girl, I said,
you know, here in nature, I don't smell at all.
The toothpaste squeezed soft and sparingly,
Wants to be pushed and handled hard.
But I decline... You have more to stay in today's day..
So with wipes and tissues,
No 'khachak khachak' like our film helpers do, liberally

plucking out 5, when 1 would suffice.
Trees, wood, plants heave a tentative collective sigh...
My shampoo stares seductively at me...
I hadn't noticed the sexy gaze all these years...
No no, not today..I tease her back,
I can wait
I will use you bit by bit,
till you foam at the mouth.
And then the hair colour dibba,
Painfully reserved for the last day of the lockdown,
The colour which will provide the mask to meet the masks that
I will meet,
When lockdown opens,
I will meet another woman,
The mask with the black hair!

Susmita Mukherjee

3-4-2020

Lockdowned in paradise.