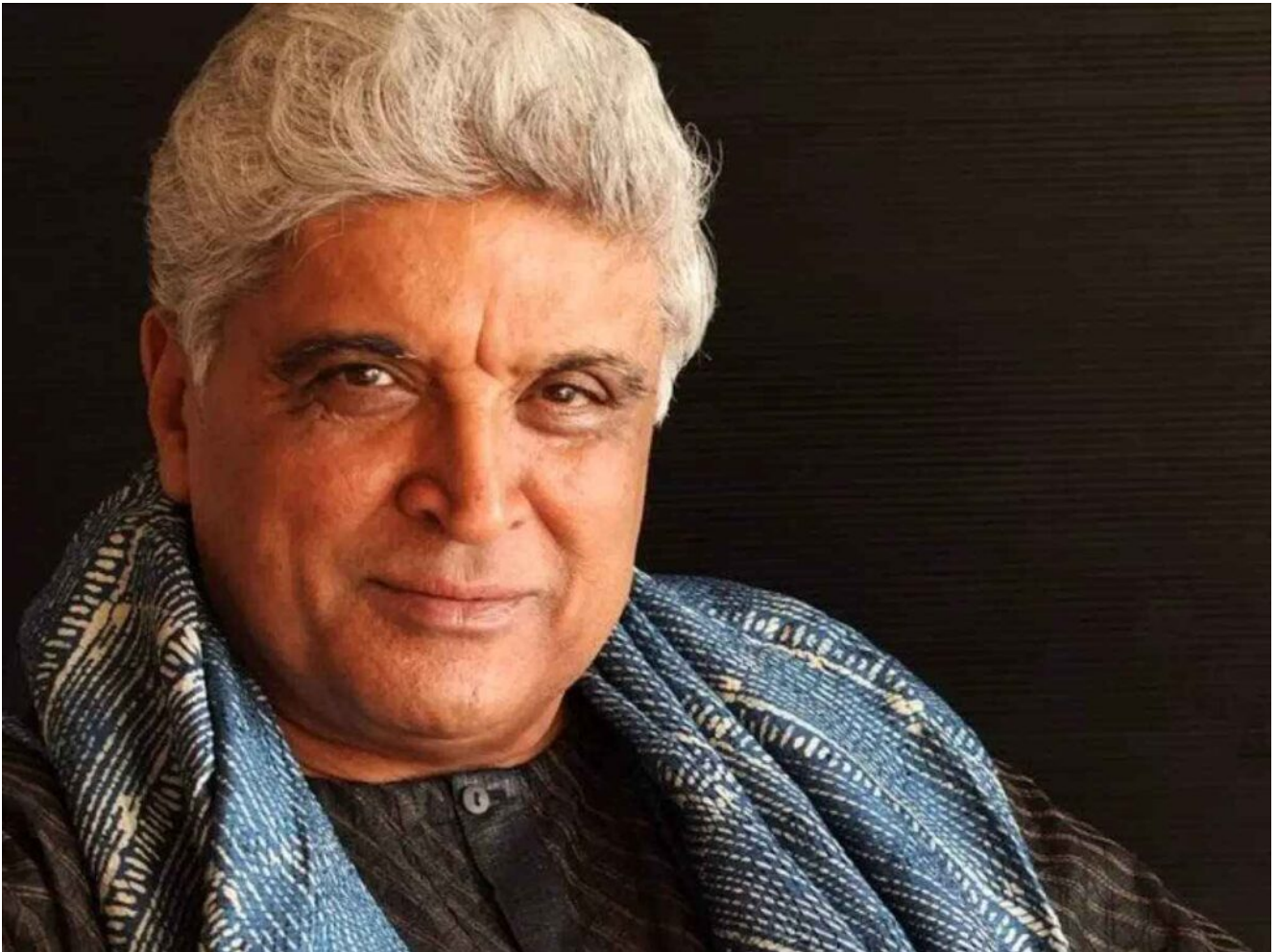


Jadunama – The Power of Time in Literature



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India International Centre New Delhi, recently organised an evening evening with Javed Akhtar, where the celebrated poet recited his outstanding poetry and conversed candidly with Anil Shrivatav and audience.

Shri Shyam Sharan, President India International Centre introduced the legendary poet and writer Javed Akhtar as apart from being an author and a poet, was also an outstanding lyricist, script writer who has been awarded with several awards and honors from home and beyond.

Anil Srivastav, engaged with Javed Akhtar in a candid

conversation as he talked against casteism and fundamentalism. He used the metaphor of toy very appropriately and said most of us are happy with toys as a child and not when grown up.

He said lineage, heritage didn't give any pride as the genes are not as important as the environment of poetry that made him. He recited wonderfully with great sensitivity two of his brilliant poems, waqt(Time) and Anshu(Tears) to the appreciative audience overflowing in the auditorium.

He took it as a compliment when asked by Allok Srivastav that though he calls himself an atheist still he wrote of Lord Shiva's tandava, He went on to say that an author has to write differently in different situations that the script demands. He made an extremely significant statement that , "We have to surrender to time and norms." And also mentioned that we are living in a bubble and everyone wants to be victorious. Instead we have to look for yesterday's innocence, respect, honesty and surrender. He talked of the golden era of Hindi film songs with great appreciation as common people don't attend philosophy classes but learn from good film songs.

One very significant statement the erudite poet mentioned is that Hindi and Urdu are of the same origin . Urdu is written in Persian script while Hindi is written in Devanagari and eventually the script is just Hindustani .According to him Hindi and Urdu merged together bringing the best poetry and literature though only time will tell what is good literature. With ghazals, nazm, shayari and splendid conversation a splendid evening passed in an overflowing auditorium with Jadunama or journey of Javed Ji in hands of the captive audience.

Mandira Ghosh

Note

Jadunama is about a writer, poet, lyricist, and political activist. It is also about this one man's struggle since

childhood to become what he is today and to create a hallmark of success in everything he does. Named *Jadu* at birth, it was Javed sahab's father, Jan Nisar Akhtar's poem, 'Lamha, lamha kisi jadoo ka fasana hoga (Every moment will be the story of a certain magic)' that was the inspiration behind the name. When the little boy was in kindergarten, everyone realised that *Jadu* was not a serious name and to have a word as close to *Jadu* as possible, he was renamed Javed (meaning 'eternal'), Akhtar (meaning 'star')—Eternal star! Not only has he remained in the limelight ever since, he continues to shine brightly like the eternal star!

Javed Akhtar (born 17 January 1945) is an Indian screenwriter, lyricist and poet. Known for his work in Hindi cinema, he has won five National Film Awards,[1] and received the Padma Shri in 1999 and the Padma Bhushan in 2007,[2] two of India's highest civilian honours.

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their home in Dewas, Madhya Pradesh, was moving.■ MANJARI SINHA

The Power of Time in Literature

POETRY: *Jadu* Nama with Legendary Poet and Writer, Javed Akhtar
IN CONVERSATION WITH: Aalok Shrivastav
INTRODUCTION: Shri Shyam Saran, President, IIC
25 September 2023

Shri Shyam Saran introduced legendary poet and writer Javed Akhtar as someone who, apart from being an author and a poet, is also an acclaimed lyricist, scriptwriter and activist, and has been honoured with several awards and titles in India and internationally.

Aalok Shrivastav started the evening with candid conversation about religion, casteism and fundamentalism.

Akhtar used the metaphor of toys appropriately in referring to the social recognitions such as religion, caste or lineage which are presented to children who may continue to play with them as they grow older.

Explaining further, he said he didn't take pride in his lineage and heritage, as inheritance was not as important

to him as the environment of poetry that he was born into. He recited two of his poems at the beginning of the programme—'Waqt' and 'Aansu'—to the eager audience in the packed auditorium.

He took it as a compliment when Shrivastav commented that while the poet called himself an atheist, some of his works like 'O Paalanhaare' from *Lagaan* and 'Shiva Tandav Transcreation' reflect devotion. He responded that his profession demands that he write differently, depending on the script.

While talking about lyrics and sad songs that used to be featured in old Hindi films but have disappeared in present cinema, he said that in writing them, 'We had to surrender to the time and norms.'

In the discussion about the debate around original Indian language, Akhtar said that Hindi and Urdu have a similar origin. Urdu is written in Persian script while Hindi in Devanagari; eventually the script is just Hindustani. Hindi and Urdu merged to bring the best poetry and literature.

With *ghazals*, *nazm*, *shayari*, anecdotes and thought-provoking conversations, Akhtar gave a glimpse into his poetic world and journey.

■ MANDIRA GHOSH

On Starvation and War Without Peace



Famine & War are Brothers Image: Tufts University

On Starvation

She is eighteen

An age to dance.

.. She knows not her age

Her face wrinkled with sunlight and dust
Once could have been pretty
Now in her tattered clothes,
With swollen belly lying on a street Begs in a broken bowl.
The remaining one rupee Snatched by a rogue
Tomorrow death may strike On an unknown street
Tomorrow death may strike in any street
Across the continents...
Millions will starve Millions will die
For want of food...
Only one question will be asked to them
By the prosperous "Go and search for work!"
Work?

Woman Near the River

Diverged distant dreams
Shattered dreams
Of life and beyond life
Deaths seemed to be easy on them
Dreams that are now non-existent. beneath the yellow sand of
the riverbank
Breaking sand, one could see ...
Fossilized bodies of frozen women
Bodies earlier drenched in red.

By men

Their men

Our men

Your men

My men.

War and No Peace

Do you want to know

Meaning of Peace?

Then

Read Kafka.

If you want to know

Of our powerlessness

Then

Read Camus.

If you want to know

About war

Just

Listen to

The music of

Ukrainian singers.

Rhythm of their instruments..

The songs are not melodies

They are shrieks .

Instruments measure

the noise of the wreck...

And when you really want to wail

Look at

Picture of

The Last Supper

Jesus will make you sob

He will make you cry...

Mandira Ghosh .