CHAPTER I

A PEEP INTO THE PAST
Indian poetry in English constitutes a significant part of Indian writing in English. The growth and its development can be divided into four periods. The first period comprises the half-century before the great revolt of 1857. This was a period when "English Education and Western ideas had begun to act as a great liberating force in a country which had been suffering from political instability for about a century and from social fossilization and intellectual stagnation for even much longer." Henry Derozio, Kashi Prasad Ghose, M.M.Dutt belong to this period. Henry Derozio and Kashi Prasad Ghosh wrote poems before the government decided to make English the medium of instruction in our schools and colleges. A little later, a lot of original English poetry came from one family — the Dutts. All these poets were influenced by the English Romantic poets of the early 19th century and by Homer and Dante. They made use of Indian myths and legends. They tried to achieve Indianness by bringing into their poems Hindu Gods like 'Brahma', 'Vishnu' and 'Shiva'. They all make frequent references to classical mythology.

During the next phase (1857-1920) the dawn of Indian English poetry grew into the high noon of Indo-English romanticism producing some of its finest works like the lyrics of Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu and masterpieces like
Githanjali and Savitri though as in every age, there was no dearth of derivative verse trying desperately to appear like the authentic article.

The following period (1920-1947) could be called the Gandhian age. The Indian resurgence received a fresh impetus during this period which witnessed a tremendous upheaval in the political, social and economic spheres. The freedom struggle reached its high peak and there was an unprecedented awakening among various sections of society — women, the youth and depressed classes — which had long suffered from the weight of traditional authority. The time appeared to be ripe for the flowering of romanticism as never before, but curiously enough, Indian English romantic poetry did not register any signal gains during this period. There was more than one reason for this. First, the major Indian Romantics had, with the exception of Sri Aurobindo, already produced their best work by this time and after the high noon of romanticism, a twilight naturally set in. The minor romantics that followed — K.D.Sethan, N.K.Gupta, B.N.Seal, G.K.Chettur, Aromando Menezes, V.N.Bhushan and rest like Manjeri Isvaran and Harindranath Chattopadhyaya — generally wrote a derivative verse and it is mostly their work which had created the unjust impression that all Indian English poetry before independence is imitative and inconsequential.
The mass-based struggle for independence, the starting of the progressive movement and the breaking out of the second world war made romanticism in literature out of tune with times.

Romanticism came to be equated with escapism. The dreamladen imagery cloyed. A need for a core-reality in all poetic utterance was felt. The declamatory patriotic effusions also jarred. The new poets were hard put to attaining a genuine poetic voice.

Naturally, the ethos of the post-independence phase (1947- ) of Indian English poetry is radically different from that of all the previous periods. When the overwhelming question of political independence was finally solved, the tensions of the Indian psyche seemed suddenly relaxing. Politics ceased to be an idealistic pursuit and was reduced to a power game and the new gods of self-aggrandizement and affluence easily dethroned those of selfless service and dedication to a cause. The era of hope, aspiration and certitude was gone, an age of merciless self-scrutiny, questioning and ironic exposure commenced. The rightful assumption of a recognised national identity also gave the post-independence poet greater self-confidence in his new role as the critic of the present, the past and himself, while his nineteenth century
predecessor was generally a spokesman of his times and its dreams and visions. In this new role, the post-Independence Indian poet in English found himself in line with modern British and American poets and there was naturally much inevitable borrowing in the earlier phases from Eliot, Keats, Auden, Lowell and Sylvia path.

Nissim Ezekiel was the first Indian poet who adopted modern Indian sensibility to a larger extent. Indeed, what Indian poetry needed was some whose writing approximated to the demands of the present-day world who could bring "a modern sensibility in confronting the confusion, bewilderment and disillusion of the times someone who could transfer poetry from its bullock habitat to an urban one, dump archaisms and the monotonous, jangling rhyme schemes of the earlier poets and adopt a form which could adequately display the subtle modulations of pace and the strength and sinews of free verse". Ezekiel's first book A Time to Change was a landmark. Two more volumes followed in the same decade, Sixty Poems (1953) and The Third (1959) which gave evidence of his range and versatility. Each succeeding book, The Unfinished Man (1960), The Exact Name (1965), Hymns in Darkness (1976) introduced a new note, added a touch of compassion or even humour to his irony and covered further distance in his progressive pursuit of simplicity.
The new trends in Indian poetry in English set by Ezekiel are witnessed in the poetry of a host his contemporaries — A.K. Ramanujam, Kamala Das, Dom Moraes, Parthasarathy, Arun Kolatkar, Adil Jussawalla, K.N. Daruwalla, Gieve Patel, Jayanta Mahapatra and Pritish Nandy.

Some of these modern poets are preoccupied with roots. A strong school of ethnic minorities concentrated on the theme of alienation poets like A.K. Ramanujam, R. Parthasarathy and Arun Kolatkar, is concerned with conflict between Hindu religious tradition and modern scientific civilisation. Others show great variety of mood, tone and technical strategy that characterises the Indian poetic sense today. Jayantha Mahapatra experiments in surrealism. Pritish Nandy a kind of angry young poet, is interested in holding the banner of poetry aloft. He insists on authenticity and genuiness of experience in his poems.

There are a few eminent women poets like Kamala Das, Monika Varma, Gauri Deshpande, Margarett Chatterjee and others. The contribution of major women poets may be viewed as Indian feminine psyche's struggle to confront the exposure to different areas of experience.

Indeed, Indian-English poetry has more than a century of history. It covers thirty one poets including
younger generation of the contemporary poets and about 160 years. It has had a better start and satisfactory progress from Henry Derozio to the present. However, critics still feel that its standards are not upto the expected mark as it failed to rise up the mark of international literary canon. As M.K.Naik observes, it "has remained greater in promise than in actual fulfilment. What the poetic horizon today shows is only a glimmer of the modern dawn; the sun is yet to rise". It is true because only few poets are being discussed on the top of the literary map such as Tagore, Aurobindo and Sarojini Naidu. For many as it is viewed by V.K.Gokak "Sarojini Naidu is the Yeats of India, and Sri Aurobindo a great innovator in the art of verification". Though, these poets touch the poetic sensibility, aesthetic pleasure, covering almost all trends of poetic aspects are still caught in the storm of criticism. For viewers their poetry is chiefly meant for higher intellectuals. Here, the problem is what use is it if their poetry is not reachable to common man? Aurobindo branded as neosymbolist dives deep into mysticism. Tagore deals with spiritual aspects, abstract philosophical concepts, sometimes romantic and metaphysical as Sarojini Naidu. Taking poetry to all people is the unconscious urge of every
generation of poets. Besides durability readers wish the poetry which could be grasped easily. Philosophic ideas, abstract concepts, mystical way of treating things have become futile before common man as they fail to bring change over them. Referring to Sri Aurobindo's poetry David McCutichion argues "to an ordinary mortal this 'overmind poetry' is vague, abstract and long-winded in a word Tennysonian". Almost half-humorously V.K. Gokak describes the scene "It (Indo-Anglian poetry) started as romantic poetry simply because it was born under Romantic influence. It becomes Victorian because English Romantic poetry became Victorian. It decided to go through a period of 'Decadence' because the nineties were a period of 'Decadence' in English poetry. After Decadence came Georginism and Indo-Anglian poetry had no alternative but to do the same".

These fulminating remarks make us to think whether Indo-English poetry really established a healthy literary canon or not. Is it mere mechanical growth? or a rich variety of poetry integral to the ever increasing aspirations of the masses of people? Does it maintain a gap between a poet and reader? In fact, we can't expect 'over top range' of poetry from figures such as Henry Derozio, Toru Dutt, her sister Aru, Kashi Prasad Ghosh, Shoshee Chandra Prasad and others. They all belong to
early pre-Independence period and produced genuine poetry. They tried to achieve Indianness somehow. They made use of Indian imagery and took material from Indian myths and legendary stories. They are all talented and promising poets but tragically short lived poets. As a result they failed to keep up the promise of establishing remarkable contribution to poetry. Yet, the lack of such contribution has been counterpoised by pre-Independence and contemporary poets. Tagore, Aurobindo and Sarojini Naidu who formed the poetic trinity of Indo-English poetry in later pre-Independence era bear the stamp of 'Compulsive Nationalists' seeking to project the renascent consciousness of India. Their poetry penetrated into the cultural inheritance of India. At times they are busy projecting landscapes, moods, fancies and dreams. For instance, Sarojini Naidu chiefly expressed the joy of life in romantic manner. Mostly, her poems are lyrical at the same time perfect in rhyme and metre. She doesn't use poetry to convey any deep philosophy of life. Her poems appeal to us chiefly for their lyricism and picturesque description of familiar Indian scenes. Her poetry seems to lack a note of realism and did not cater to all readers. It is because her poetic strength does not lie in reflective power or intellectual pith. She does not seek to grapple with life's problems as does the philosopher or abstract thinker. In fact,
for her there are no problems to be pondered. There are only situations that make her nerves tingle and stir her into quivering song. Life, for her, is not a riddle to be solved; it is a miracle to be celebrated and sung. Because of this she casts a low spell over young and impressionable hearts, and, while perhaps not quite satisfying the spiritual hunger of those who have suffered disillusionment or defeat, revitalizes them by leading them out of the murky atmosphere of a complex existence into the clear fresh air of life's elemental experiences. For that matter even Aurobindo is known to most Indians as a mystic sage. Very few people know that he was a powerful poet and a note of deep philosophy dominates his poetry. Of course, he is the only poet who wrote not only in English but he wrote only in English. He wrote beautiful lyrics, narrative poems, philosophic poems and an epic which contain beautiful Indian imagery. He has great mastery over English metre and blank verse. Despite, his deserved praise and possible merits, he failed to reach into the heart of lay people. Commenting on his great epic Savitri, Adil Jussawalla firmly viewed "to my mind the latter's Savitri", a poem on the relation of spirit to matter, unwinding like an interminable sari through twelve books and about 24,000 lines is one vast onion of a poem. Eventually the layers gradually fall away to
reveal nothing". For that matter though Tagore cast a tremendous influence on Indo-English poetry he too played a mystic role in poetry. He wrote not merely on Bengali poetry but on the literature of all the major languages of India. His thoughts, images, symbols, beliefs are all Indian. We can see a note of allegory both in religion and secular forms. Unfortunately, they were dismissed by critics consciously for scrupulous reasons. Mentioning about Sarojini Naidu, Aurobindo and Tagore, a visiting professor recently remarked "As a reader, I must confess to being unable to read much of the pre-Independence poetry for pleasure and delight because it is an incarnation of mere political facts and mystic experiences". Indeed, Sarojini Naidu was a very good talented poet. She acquired a wonderful command over the English at an early age. As a young girl she wrote poems in imitation of British poets. She sent her poems to a British critic, Edmund Gossen for advice. He advised her to give up the use of British imagery and not to imitate British poets. He also advised her to be a genuine Indian poet and to reveal the soul of Indian to the west. She took the advice and started writing poetry about Indian characters, images and scenes that appeal to her most. She expressed the joy of life in poems which are lyrical and at the same time perfect in rhyme and metre. She may not use poetry to convey any deep philosophy of
life. Yet appeals to us for her lyricism and picturesque
description of familiar Indian scenes. Dr. Lal estimated
their poetic skill; he says "Sri Aurobindo happens to be
our Milton, and Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu, Man Mohan Ghose
and Harindranath Chattopadhyaya our romantic singing birds.
They provide sufficient provocation to experiment afresh,
set new standards, preserve what is vital in the tradition
and give a definition to the needs of the present". 9 It
is not wrong to expect clarity and lucidity from an amateur
poet. Good poetry need not always be clear and lucid. These
poets are simply put to face unfair criticism from their own
country where they were labelled as 'a poor imitators of
English poets'. Most national critics simply overlooked
the richness of their language and their sublime appeal.
Until W.B. Yeats recommended Tagore's Gitanjali for the
Nobel Prize the Indian critics did not hail him as a
master of his art and now he is a household figure in India.
However, the lack of impressive elements and aspects in
post-Independence poetry has been rectified in the next
generation of poets whom we consider contemporary poets.
In this age poets like P.K. Saha, Narendra, K. Sethi and
Monika Varma, indeed, failed to produce admirable poetry
as they are all city poets and have no touch with masses.
The other set of good poets of this age are Nissim Ezekiel,
Dom Moraes, Kamala Das, A.K. Ramanujan, Parthasarathy and
all. They are making good contribution to contemporary Indo-Anglian poetry.

Even this generation of the poets did not reach the mark of expectations. There is a desultory air about the Indian-English poetic scene. Because, most of the Indian languages possess homogeneous, geographically compact literary cultures; whereas English in India doesn't. The publication of poetry by these poets is very limited. The reasons are many and obvious that many readers and publishers do not respond to poetry as they respond to other forms of literature. Even these poets too make their appearance like comets. If a collection is made the poet is scarcely visible for years, until his next collection appears. A number of established Indian poets failed to go beyond a volume or two. Publishers have not helped in brightening the Indian poetic scene.

Despite, these crises and barricades, Indian English poets achieved similarity in certain aspects such as 'the treatment of family relationships, possessing Bilingualism, modernity, Indianness and touching the masses. We can also consider them common dominant characteristic features of Indo-English poetry. Nevertheless, these poets are not far away from their faults inspite of their considerable merits. First, their poetry has lacked self-consciousness. Secondly,
these writers are concerned with the work of writers in other languages not as models but as literary experience. Thirdly, the most glaring defect of their poetry is lack of diction. Fourthly, their slavish involvement with kings English as it was handled out in schools and colleges. Except Nissim Ezekiel, none has made serious efforts to change the standard English learnt from textbooks. Nissim Ezekiel is a very Indian poet writing in English, and his poetry is the very epitome of the spirit of India. "Goodbye Party for Miss Pushpa T.S." is a very Indian poem in English, in which the poet has not only parodied 'pidgin' or 'babu English', as it is called, but has also made fun of the craze for 'foreign', of fashionable young ladies and of their mental vacuity. "Very Indian Poem in Indian English" and "Goodbye Party for Miss Pushpa, T.S.", he has tried to describe Indian culture but he has made good use of 'Babu Angrezi' or Indian English. Finally, these poets predominantly treated urban characters. There is nothing, in other words, pastoral or rural in their poetry.

It is wrongly viewed that contemporary poets can't standup to the level of their predecessors. No longer do these poets sing the glory of nature, but they probe into its darkness. We are living in a time of rapid and radical
changes. It is easy to grasp the fact that such changes will inevitably affect the nature. Their views in poetry certainly reflect on society. Therefore, the current society needs poet's help to shape it. And at the same time it should not run away from common man's taste. This seems to be one of the reasons why these poets are discussed more widely than those of their predecessors. They all speak in a new voice, although they retain some of the themes consciously or otherwise of the earlier poets - their use of idiom, style, syntax, freedom in handling of their themes.

Nineties and eighties witness the birth and development of new poetry in India. The realities of life and being are stressed with definite accents on this age by the modern poets. Poems like "Night of the Scorpion" and "A River" show the visions of an everyday Indian reality expressed in an unobtrusive personal voice stood out in the readers mind as signposts. Nissim Ezekiel has the power and advantage of viewing Indian poetry in English both as a native and a foreigner.

The incipient romanticism and rapid narcissism of the every Indian poetry in English are now discarded in favour of poetry as 'a criticism of life'. Recent Indian poetry in English tries hard to set its roots and develop its own artistic credo. The awareness of the contemporary
situation has become the key note of modern poetry. The rejection of the old idols like Sarojini Naidu, Tagore by these poets inevitably brought them under the influence of T.S.Eliot, Ezra Pound, the later Yeats, W.H.Auden, Wallance Stevens and Dylan Thomas as mentioned earlier. So, in this way the recent Indian poetry in English is 'derivative' if not imitative.

There is another set of poets who are considered to be the younger generation of the contemporary poets. In other words, these are the poets of current age who have shown a sign of great promise. Again there is a desultory air on newly emerging poets. There is a serious remark on these poets for not looking up for serious poetry. They feel that it is moving in half-beat direction. Nissim Ezekiel who occupied the foremost place among Indian poets in English views that 'Standards will never be good' in current day generation. As a matter of fact, no generation exists out of invention. There are many practitioners of the particular arts for it blooms on the basis of standards that it maintains. For better or worse they are coming forward to make something new from their predecessors.

Despite, their feeble voice, majority of the poets on the scene can be read, criticised and analysed and they deserve critical attention. Mention may be made of Bhatt Sujatha, Tara Patel, Makarand Paranjape, Tabish Khair,
Anna Sujatha Mathai, Bhibu Padhi, Suman Jossan, Raja Ram and others. This new generation is emerging with renewed spirit and honest efforts. They seem to carve a niche for themselves. They write poetry with sincerity and devotion, frankness and emotion, and that is why an humble sense of intimacy and intensity circumscribes their poetry. Moments, events, situations, experiences serve as the subject matter of their poetry. And their use of language sparkles with directness and simplicity. There is no ironical stance, no castigation, no complicate mode of device in expressing the smaller realities of life. Fidelity to experience and honesty of expression remain keynote of these poets. Their use of technique is impressionistic if not imagistic.

Even when we talk of this new generation of poets we can divide them into two groups. One group has been present for more than ten years. This includes, poets like Raja Ram, Charmayne D' Souza, Anna Sujatha Mathi, Tara Patel and Santan Rodrigues. The other group is relatively 'Young both in age and exposure'. All these poets irrespective of sex, sect and age maintain distinctive features about their generation. Although this generation is familiar with the works of the older poets, they never seem to imitate or reveal their direct influence. They are definitely moving in their own direction and that is something respectable if not admirable.
Poets like Jeet, Sujatha Mathai, Tara Patel, Bhatt Sujata and Charmanyne use both form and content well. There is a satisfactory use of words and basic rhythmic patterns. We can see all elementary observations in their poetry. And they are so alert in responding to modern theoretical developments such as post-colonial studies, feminism, neo-marxism, psychoanalysis and so on. The feminism of Manaka Shiva Dasini and Charmayne D' Souza, Tara Patel, Mathai are among those who practice the modern theoretical developments. Sometimes even they are also glib and superfluous in handling modern theoretical developments. Many critics complain that today's poetry is not flourishing as it bloomed in the past. It is limited to public readings, poetry workshops and the small presses. It is not a genuine observation. We have more poetry than ever before. But it is not being exposed to many. It is not blooming in vacuum. Frankly speaking our trouble is not with poetry, but with poetic perception. The most visible fact is that it is less allusive, less comprehensive and direct. We can't say that there is no good poetry at all. Having seen progress in recent Indo-English poetry Keki N. Daruwalla viewed "Not that the poetic mills were ever slow in churning away. It was the publishers who would not tolerate anything that rhymed or scanned on their printing presses. There is
good poetry around. All it needs is publishers. They have brought up very good collections of poems in volumes by different newly emerging writers. Makaranda Paranjape's *The Serene Flame*, Mathai's *The Attic of Night*, Tara Patel's *Single Woman*, Tabish Khair's *My World* are a few examples. All these poets have put their best foot forward. Their poetry is safe, cautious, unornamental and assured. It gives no aesthetic pleasure or values, no philosophic ideas, no splendour of thought. Previously Indo-English poetry is ornamental, sublime, over-mind and illuminative in trimming reader's mind. They use language for sublime themes and mysterious ideas. Compared to previous generation of poetry today's poetry is shapeless, inartistic, smeared with rare splendour and delicacy of touch. Yet undoubtedly they are worth enjoyable and readable.

For example, Makarand Parajape's poetry is a fine romp through matrimonial love. It is a sequence of thirty love poems between husband and wife. Irony and a quirky, self-deprecating humour abounds these poems. There is a passion in many poems which brings direct influence on us. Tara Patel has some very compelling poems. A fine uneven poet, she mixes her tenses now and then. "Birthday Notes", "Basics" and "To be Alive" are fine poems which reveal bare facts of life. In "Birthday Notes" she moves from the present
to the past, and back to the present. There is no single line without an acknowledgement. Among the poems included in Single Woman, "To be Alive" marks a ponderable utterances of her poetry. They are highly sensilised and conveyed in a refined manner. As she acknowledges the 'life-flow' has lost its decency, decorum and modesty. She frankly admits that the world is not 'an Oyster' as it losing its virginity. As a result, life in this earth becomes a great riddle that one can't live in this earth unless they found some new reason everyday 'to be alive'. Indeed, pondering at these utterances or acknowledgements are like looking at the changing nuances of existence. She is a freelance journalist who has returned from Malaysia. In almost all her poems, she brings up memorable lines which are sprinkled all over the book. For instance,

"When two lives touch neither has the right to remain the same".¹¹

Tabish Khair's poetry could well be the 'Pick of the Pack'. He hardly ever falters in his collection, My World. He has an eye for landscape and gives a fresh angle to the themes he tackles. His line has a whipcord tension about it, and even though it may be unusually long on occasions, it is never 'limp or flacid'. And there is a finality about his poems. He knows what he wants
to say and drives home his point decisively. For example, his scathing poem on who write 'perceptively' about Calcutta is a miniature classic. For them Calcutta is already on its death bed. As he drives his idea decisively;

"And yet the rickshaw-wallah, who came here from Bihar. After a famine burnt his crops and landlord burnt his hut. Has a song on his lips sometimes, and sometimes even a smile".  

We are sure he expects Calcutta to live on forever. He uses the language awkwardly at times, 'as if they feared the fingers of the breeze' or 'mink coat happiness'.

Bibhu Padhi's "A wound elsewhere" reminds us of worthy predecessors in Philip Larkin and A.K.Ramanujan. Padhi's poems deal with everyday, common place things such as listening to the rain, a power-cut, a dead sparrow and a winter afternoon. Certain motifs are recurrent and obsessive. There is no grand statements about life, no sense of exuberant in the romantic sense. The romantic urge, as in Larkin, is always undercut. Constantly tempered by the realisation of life's fatal flaws, Padhi's poems remain subdued and low-keyed. A somber awareness of decay and death comes as a frequent reminder, not just in poems like "Taking care of the Dead", "Burial in Summer", "Among the Ruins", and "Celebration". The treatment of death,
however, is far from uniform. The poem "Rest" for instance, narrates the newspaper report of the aged Danish father being frozen alive in snow in the act of providing warmth to his baby daughter. The season's 'ultimate snow' guarantees the journey's end. But has this death been of any consequence? Does not this prosaic event uncover the perennial truth of sacrificing love.

"someone somewhere, amid the earth's dark tricks, will know how you had gifted away to me all your inherited warmth, long before. Someone said:
"Give her the coat".13

Padhi's tryst with life in A Wound Elsewhere is a perpetual discovery of pain in life's pleasure. It is similar to Mathai's The Attic of Night in this regard.

Mathai's poems are like sparks struck from a whirling flint, they did not add up to a sustained illumination. Many of her poems spring from her personal life - whatever it maybe remorse, loss or mere loneliness. Her personal utterances are used as a mark to conceal her true tragic personality. They are individual poems showing great moral insight, pity, concern, sweetness and moral philosophy in her life.
Her poetry is essentially a poetry of moods and occasions, of colour, tone and stance. As a result her poetry becomes a mystic industry rather than an aesthetic pleasure. She is not a poet of reformist nor sings the brighter side of life. She honestly surveys on the surface realities of life incidents in an illuminating manner. Sometimes, her illuminative poetry reminds us of T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. She wishes to make a home happy with faith, hope and charity.

Her poetry sometimes questions the fundamental things of human life. In "Journey", she questions can we go beyond love? "on the Beach at Baga" she pays her attention on existing human suffering. A sense of loss, sorrow, a deep human suffering rules her mind off and on. She deals with everyday reality, but it is deeply reflective and meditative, seeking to pierce the dazzling on humdrum surface realities to arrive at the core of experience. She is a skilful and accomplished poet who brings her task great sensitively, an awareness of both the possibilities and limitations of her poetic vocabulary and a preference for sharply defined images and metaphors. There is always the danger that lyric poetry will degenerate into versified sentimentality. Mathai's small lyrics seldom do and this in itself is no small achievement.
At first reading, she seems to be an illustrator of common truths and a story teller using verse as her medium and appeals to a wider audience. No doubt, her poetry is directly in touch with the spoken language of the day. She is not, of course, merely a reporter of happenings, situations or events. In fact, her poems do much more than that. For one thing, they carry a strain of memory, genetic memory. At a more human, universal level her poems form the contour of unresolved emotions. Conversation and expression in Sujatha Matha's verse, like certain types of marine life, prefer to remain quickly into the rockery of reflection. What is said in a line or a half-line suggests the whole. As a result, her poems lack progressive of thought.

"Life is a doctor who gives us death in small, daily doses".  

Today there is an increasing progress and a heightened awareness of actual Indian experience. Recent poetry is richer in its sense of location and range of subject matter. However, modern Indian English poetry has to play an integral part in the process of modernization which includes urbanization, industrialization, independency, mobility, social change, more easy access to communication in the form of films, televisions, radios, journals and
newspapers, national and international transportation networks, mass education and the resulting paradox that as an independent national modern, usually westernized world. Then only more than a century and half old history of Indo-English poets gets its total significance. It is time for current day poets to prove that Indian poetry in English are not caught in storms of dull standards. They are good enough to blossom in every part of the world.

Poets should manage to tame their own cynical range and retain their creative fire. The writers of today can no more afford to live in their 'archaic ivory tower, either' our critics too will have to decolonise themselves and rethink their as the western critical theories have tried to respond to the various political, cultural and philosophical crises specific to their societies. Our crises have been different, and we will have to evoke our own concepts and theories rooted in our social milieu and our literary practice. Afterall a genuine writer addresses this own immediate society, the people of his language, place and time, and some time vague posterity or an imagined foreign audience, eventhough he may later be celebrated by coming generations or readers abroad. It is ultimate challenge of the writer to stay a truth letter in spite of recognition or want of it, to 'sing his own God'.
REFERENCES:


