

# The reflection of Naxal movement in perspective of Bengali poetry

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Poetry is the beloved of birth. Poetry says more than not saying. Just as it is overwhelmed with joy, so it is twisted and twisted with sadness. Poetry becomes a companion in the midst of such tears and laughter. There is blood-flesh-marrow-vein-sub-vein-mind-mentality in the body of the poem like blood man. Poems can be everyone's heart temple. Poetry always tries to break the burden of the mind. When you are hurt he wants to live as a partner of the intestines by talking about the intestines. It must be survived. When he can't live again, he cries and drips many times.

Mao Zedong said – “Although human social life is the only source of literature and art and is much more vibrant and much richer in variety of subjects. Yet people are not satisfied with everyday life, so they want literature and art. Why? It is for this reason that although both are beautiful, the picture of life reflected in literature and art, which at a higher level is more emotionally concentrated, closer to the ideal, should become or become much more universal than everyday life. Revolutionary literature and art need to create different characters from real life and help people move history forward. For example, on the one hand there is the burning, neglect, and oppression of hunger and on the other hand there is the exploitation and oppression of man by man. This real truth is everywhere and to people it seems to be a daily occurrence. With that day-to-day event, the writer-artists evoke in him the conflicts and struggles within him, and create works that awaken the people, inspire them, unite them and inspire them to change their environment.” (Adapted from a speech in Yenan)

Marxists think that ‘human consciousness does not control human life, but in the opposite direction, human social being controls his consciousness. If you look at the history of the world, you will see many examples of this.

The intense political-economic crisis of the sixties ignited the situation all over the world. The wave of national liberation movement and mass movement broke out in the country. The food movement of the fifties and sixties; Anti-inflation movement; Tram workers movement; One-penny tram fare increase movement; Solidarity mass movements formed in support of the Vietnam War of Liberation - one mass movement after another erupted on the streets. Intense ideological struggle is also going on within the newly formed CPI (M) party in 1974. The inflow of revolutionary politics and ideology began to flow in the party as well. Charu Majumdar wrote eight historical documents to lead this ideological struggle. On 23rd May 1966, the coup d'etat of the great Naxalites took place under the leadership of Comrade Charu Majumdar. The Chinese party called the incident as "spring thunderstorm in India's bosom". One peasant revolt after

another took place in different parts of the country in the style of Naxalbari. Debra - Gopiballavpur, Srikakulam, Birbhum, Lakhimpur, Kheri- all are related with Naxalbari struggle. Is the struggle of Naxalbari an anarchist struggle?

The answer can be found in the poem written on the wall of the revolutionary poet Garad-

“I have the courage to build because I am breaking  
I can arrange it for breaking  
So arrange dream after dream  
We are now dealing in dreams.”

Under the influence of Naxalbari, lot`s of vandalism and transformation occurred in Bengali poetry. One of the leaders of the Naxalbari movement, the martyred poet Saroj Dutt clearly declared his class position in his poem 'The essence of a revolutionary poet' -

“Agnirath is on the way to the masses  
I'm a colleague of those who pull. “

Or the martyred poet Dronacharya Ghosh writes:

“My call for deliverance is in the air  
Just floats among the workers' peasants,  
The color of my dreams is red -  
In the words of age, only the days of exploitation.”  
- Call for my release

The martyred poet Murari Mukherjee in his poem 'Tumi Krishak' (You are the Peasant) evoked the farmers for rebellion and revolution. He knows it very well that rebellion can give birth to a new world.

“O peasant, rebel  
The fiercest rebellion  
Otherwise it will not move  
This is your misfortune.”

Perth Bandyopadhyay, a poet of the seventies, clarified his position in his poem 'Guide Me' -

“I don't want to leave any spring left today ...  
O time, help me to be loyal to you  
With a hammer blow  
Send your endless instructions in the blood every day.”

Manibhushan Bhattacharya has decided to sing the song of rebellion day and night.

“I will sing the song of rebellion across the horizon of the night,  
I will break the stone and bring water of armed thirst  
I will awaken the soul in the stone.”

Srijan Sen writes -

“One that was Hari  
Majto day and night in it  
Parliamentary loom.  
Haney for tari  
Rows and rows of people  
Uncle's house is father's house  
Sends oil jars.  
The day was cut like this  
For at least twenty years  
Who hurried and killed Dhil  
Broke the bone  
The intoxication of tari is over  
Lal Naxalbari.

In one of the loose bones  
Breaks down by sound  
Surasuriye came out  
About a dozen shores.”

Poet Birendra Chatterjee writes in a melodious tone of satire -

“There was a red tuktuk flag  
Suddenly I saw a white dove  
Flying higher and higher  
On the head of the hungry procession  
Long live the revolution  
But now peace is peace  
The procession is roaring like a ghost  
Flying pigeons are beautiful.”

Or the martyred poet Murari Mukherjee has shown through his poems what is the real face of the leaders and ministers of our country. -

“Peace, peace, peace  
Infinite peace brother  
There is bloodshed in Basirhat  
The minister makes hi”

In his poem 'Politics of Workers', Srijan Sen believes in armed struggle. -

“Who has a gun  
 Power in his hands  
 This is the history of the world  
 The exploiters know that  
 The exploiters know that  
 Two opposite beliefs.”

Peasant struggle was developing in several other places in the style of Naxalbari. In the party formation debate, Saroj Dutt raised the question - ‘I spent the night wearing mosquito nets, when was Shubi?’ Many people were hesitant that day. Poet Dronacharya Ghosh got in touch with Saroj Dutt. The poet’s responsibility towards the armed struggle seems to have mingled poetry and people’s revolution into one. In the words of the poet Nabarun Bhattacharya -

“Attempts are being made to write a new epic across the country.”

Manibhushan Bhattacharya, the poet of Bivore, dreamed of armed struggle. The document of which is the poem 'Nirjharer Swapnabhang'. -

“All the railway workers in India one day had rifles in their hands  
 Gather at all junctions.  
 Not for future workers,  
 Not for bonus,  
 For honor -  
 Will fight to own the whole state.”

I remember Sarojlal Bandyopadhyay's poem 'Weapons towards the face of arms' -

“Our fields will be brought from the next custody  
 Our school college factory  
 I will not keep it in the next custody.”

Poet Sabyasachi Dev writes -

“One day, one day India will wake up  
 Deep in the moonlight; ..

Endless flowers will fall on the graves of the dead;”

In another poem, Manibhushan Bhattacharya uses Rabindranath Tagore's line of poetry in a completely different context. In the midst of a state of terror, the poet Manibhushan Bhattacharya pushed the line 'They were covered in clouds in the twilight sky' and gave birth to romantic sentiments in a fit of rage. Gokul, a revolutionary activist in hiding, came home to meet his mother. Mother says, no more children, go back this time. Just then the state assassins came and killed the boy in front of the mother's eyes. This is exactly the place where the poet is applying the line of that famous song of Rabindranath, in a completely different atmosphere -

“The oven didn't burn anymore, and Danpit's blood rushed to the edge of the fence,  
 They covered the twilight sky with clouds.”

The black chapters of the seventies state terror inscribed one by one on the back of the poem.

“Blood is just blood, two eyes go blind to see

Teacher student blood on every staircase, room, chair, square porch!”

In poet Virendra Chatterjee's poem 'Fear', an icy scene of state terror emerges before our eyes -

“Fear has entered the neighborhood

The old man called the boy 'Shut up'.

The young boy calls his wife 'Shut up'.

The mother gave birth to a baby in her mother's womb -

‘Not a word of silence’.

Fear has entered the house

The sound of laughter is the sound of crying

What does the mother do with the baby.”

Nabarun Bhattacharya's poem against state terrorism ignites intense hatred and jihad -

“This death valley is not my country

The stage of execution of these executioners is not my country

This vast crematorium is not my country

This blood-soaked slaughterhouse is not my country

I will take back my country”

Competition seems to be alive in the poetry of poet Bipul Chakraborty. As a result of his struggle against state terrorism, this poem is a milestone in Bengali poetry.

“There should be whip marks from head to toe

Hit like that

The stain stays on for several days

Hit like that

Hit like that

When your beating is over

It looks to me like a striped tiger”

The time-honored declarations of Bipul Chakraborty or Nabarun Bhattacharya still inspire against state-run terrorism. A-sea men and women after engaging in the determination to walk the path of a calm-spoken voice against state terrorism. -

“Cut off both legs

Yet I will walk

On my way

Cut off both hands

Exclude but I will play

My tune

Take off your eyes

Yet I will see

My dream”

In Bengali poetry, therefore, we see the struggle of the revolutionaries against torture in the jails and police stations, the struggle of the jails, the poems about the martyrs, the poems about the martyred poets. Charu Majumder, the founder of Naxalbari, wrote – “Comrade bloodshed is the only path to revolution. I will not pay for the emancipation of the people, this cannot happen. Every blow to us is painful, and from pain arises the determination to give up and the intense hatred of the enemy - both of which, when combined with the chairman's thoughts, create new people - the oppressed people of India, the billions of the poor across the country. He is a landless farmer. The day this poor and landless peasant gives birth to the new man within themselves, the day when all the people of India will laugh, wiping away all tears; What a powerful flood he will carry all over India, our country will shine like a bright star - will enlighten the whole world. That India of our dreams will come true with the sacrifices of so many people. Each of these deaths is as heavy as a mountain, because they were formed as people much bigger than us, so their deaths will create millions of lives. That is why the dust of Epath has to be soaked with tears, it has to be strengthened with blood. “ Poet Manish Ghatak is raising the question in his poems - who is bleeding incessantly in the mind? Srijan Sen's poem 'Thana Garad To Maake' is a bloody context of torture.

“They have overthrown the love of non-violence of the police

Every fingernail of my hand,

Has poisoned the fingers

The rifle butt was smashed to pieces.”

In Parth Banerjee's poem 'One is one, many people' -

“Towards a field of darkness whose bullet-riddled body

Two days and nights rotted under the open sky

That boy used to sing - the song of liberation”

In another poem by Perth Banerjee, the subject of the martyrdom of the communist revolutionary leader Saroj Dutt-

“There are police vans and painter pipe guns lurking in the neighborhood

We have not forgotten.

The body of a fearless journalist was found in the middle ground”

Sanat Dasgupta 'Drona Flower' with Poet Dronacharya Ghosh -

“Blood-stained drona flowers are lying on the floor of the killer's paw

That flower bloomed one day in the moonlight, in poetry”

The struggle against state terrorism is going on inside and outside the jail. Prabir Roy Chowdhury was martyred on 13 May 1975 in Howrah Jail. Upon hearing the news, a political prisoner wrote on the wall of the Presidency Jail cell -

“Shut up

My brother is sleeping here

Decona OK with a sad face with a sad heart

Because, he smiles to himself.

Her body is not swollen

Raising flowers

What is the benefit?

If you can,

Bury him in your heart”

Shangkha Ghosh writes about the martyred poet Timir Baran Singh, 'Two pieces about whales' -

“The ground became heavy and foggy

The route march merges towards the horizon

Is it in the middle of the road and Krishnacura?

I sat down and picked it up

Your severed head, whale”

Poet Birendra Chattopadhyay witnessed the murder of revolutionary poet Ashu Majumder in a police station lock-up. He saw most of the poets of his generation remain silent about Saroj Dutt's assassination. But he did not hesitate to express his protest in poetic language -

“Those who play with the blood and clay of this century

Executioner of all times

Delighted to kill you like an animal?

Or does the poet's heart want the security of his homeland?”

As soon as the issue of leaving this dress arises, the issue of another poem comes to mind. Sunil-Shakti-Niren Chakraborty-Subhash Mukherjee, everyone belongs to this group. A number of poems have been written about their peaceful poetic practice in the legal enclave of progressivism. One such poem by Birendra Chattopadhyay is about the poet Nirendranath Chakraborty, 'Naked King' -

“Hey ho! Hey ho!

Without clothes, Niren! You,

You're naked too!

But there is such a thing in the house

Who keeps the mirror?”

Subhash Mukherjee was then vocal about the terrorism of Upper Bengal, while Maunibaba was vocal about the state terrorism of Upper Bengal. Poet Birendra Chattopadhyay is unveiling the hypocrisy of his progress-

“Human flesh is greedy man-eater

Our Akram's mothers kicked the rice plate

Akram was taken to the police station; Ismail is lying on the bayonet

On the bank of a lonely canal”

Sarojlal Bandyopadhyay, another poet of the seventies, is choosing the line of poetry of Subhash Mukherjee to unveil him.

“Democracy today, whether the people are happy or not

Inequality is socialism today

Let's not talk about freedom today

Whether the flowers bloom or not, today is spring”

The three poems that I will mention this time have the theme ‘Mother of Martyrs.’ Tanmoy Sikder, Sabyasachi Dev and Mridul Dasgupta. All three are young poets of the seventies. Sabyasachi Dev writes -

“You sleep baby. Your wrinkles

Now on the side of the blue lips

The blood is not flowing in the open communist proclamation

On; In the cavity of your eyebrows

There are huge dreams just frozen;”

In this poem, the mother is talking to the martyred son. In Mridul Dasgupta's poem, the martyred boy talks to his mother -

“I am like the wind, and she is my sweet mother

I'm still cold in your eyes

Don't believe that I'm dead, stupid girl, still don't believe

So stay awake, think Palash's team has come”

In the testimony of the mother of the martyred poet Dronacharya Ghosh, Tanmoy Sikder says-

“Come, dear friends of the martyred boys

Long time no see the sound of sure victory

I have been awake for a long time and I have kept it in my chest

My comfort and pain for you

The dream of my martyred boys -

You take it.”

The martyrs die, their dreams live on. The dreams of the martyrs survive in the struggle of the toiling masses, in the struggle of the oppressed masses. Generation after generation joined the battlefield with that dream. Bipul Chakraborty writes -

“Who says they are dead

When the trees sway in the night of a great storm

Makes slogans in the air, in the air

Fallen leaves also speak

On a stormy night

Every martyr altar woke up

An old poster that fluttered its wings”

The determination of the martyrs to return is mentioned in the poem of Sabyasachi Dev -

“Come back, we'll come back.



Those, lost,  
 Someone on the streets of Barasat,  
 Someone behind bars,  
 Someone in Baranagar, Dumdum, Bahrampur -  
 Everyone will come back”.

Although many Bengali poems were written under the influence of Naxalbari, the poems of contemporary women poets on the revolutionary movement have hardly been found in comparison. However, it is not that it was not written at all. Manik Das Gupta (Sanjay) was martyred in Alipore Central Jail on October 2, 1972. Poet Jaya Mitra was imprisoned in the Presidency Jail for being associated with the revolutionary movement. He wrote a poem in response to the incident -

“The country gets stones in my chest, head stones.”

Poet Madhumita Majumdar writes -

“ But this time they mean life  
 Found. The taste of liberation  
 Got the tool up.”

Kalyani Sengupta's poem has an introspection -

“The door is open  
 The heat of the sun inside  
 I used to peek and see  
 Whose body burns in that heat  
 Whether he is my body.”

The allegation that love has been neglected in poems as a subject inspired the Naxalite movement which is often heard. A revolutionary can see dreams and show dreams. The revolutionary poet declared -

“Revolution will release every lover in this country”

Romantic sentimentality is found in the poems of Sabyasachi Dev-

“Then the warmth of new life on earth;  
 The currents of the galaxy are in every heart,”

Naxalbari is not dead. So we see that the movement that was initially disrupted by hundreds of repressions in the seventies, like the phoenix, seems to have come alive again in Andhra-Bihar-Dandakaranye-Jharkhand-Orissa-West Bengal. Numerous poems have already been written about the recent revolutionary struggle in the jungles of West Bengal, which we can quote from the lines of the poet Nabarun Bhattacharya.

“Poetry acknowledges no constraints  
 Poetry Armed Poetry Independent Poetry Fearless.”

### Supporting Books:

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(The translation of the lines from Rabindra Upanyas, Chhotogalpo is done by me only for the sake of pure academic purpose)

