

RAMAKRISHNA MISSION SHILLONG



Ka Jingshai The Light
THE LIGHT ज्योति
Ka Jingshai

A tri-lingual magazine of Ramakrishna Mission, Shillong portraying the culture and spirituality of Meghalaya in a universal context through art, poetry, literature and humour.

Volume : 6 | Issue : 1 | Spring 2025

RNI : MGMUL/25/A0018

Secretary: Swami Hitakamananda

Manager: Swami Divyaswarupananda

Editor-in-chief: Swami Hitakamananda

Editorial Board: Swami Vedeshananda, Kong Silbi Passah, Ananya S Guha and Dr Anita Panda

Advisory Board: Swami Aryeshananda, Dr Mousumi Dey, Kong Ibabet Hynñiewta, Bah Raphael Warjri and Ms Krishna Dasgupta

Design and Artwork: Riti Academy of Visual Arts, Tanmoy Dasgupta

Cartoonist: Peacefully Kharkongor

Co-ordinators: Ajit Mohan Paul, Ananya Roy, Darifa Nora Lyngdoh, Mela ai Khoingliew, Banjopkumar, Lamjingshai Lamin, Anindita Dhar

e-Zine team: Shubhankar Paul, Prakash Joshi, Trustful Kharपुरi, Joysurya Ghosh

Voice artists: Moushumi, Akash, Arborlang

e-Zine: kajingshai.rkmshillong.org

Editorial and Publication Office:

Ramakrishna Mission Vivekananda Cultural Centre (Subcentre), Quinton Road, Police Bazar, Shillong 793001

e-mail: shillong.vcc@rkmm.org

kajingshai@rkmsillong.org

Website: www.rkmshillong.org/rkmvcc

Telephone No: +91 8974215740



In this compelling painting, artist Manoj Ray masterfully illustrates the profound impact of ancient heritage and wisdom on human life, symbolized through the 'mawbyinna' the traditional monolithic structure of the Khasi hills. This serves as a powerful backdrop for a tiny figure running across the field, holding the thread of a gigantic kite. This enables viewers to believe that despite our individual limitations, we are capable of achieving greatness when rooted in the strength of our heritage. The kite, soaring high, represents the boundless dreams and aspirations that become possible when fueled by the wisdom and traditions of our past.

CONTENTS

Editorial	5
A Visit with a Holy Man in America Jon Monday	7
Why we don't need to work 90 hours a week Samrat Choudhury	10
The Mythic Beginnings of Shad Suk Mynsiem Kynpham Sing Nongkynrih	10
Orality and the Lasting Archive Of Mother-Tongue Tannishtha Bhattacharjee	16
Cangaeva Pasasti of Jnaneswara Maharaj Swami Yugeshananda	21
To the Awakened India Swami Vivekananda	24
Sha ka India kaba Peitmat Da U Swami Vivekananda La pynkylla sha ka Khasi da U Rangkitbok C Dohkrut	25
Winter Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh	26
Ryngkat Mariang, ka Jingstad ka Biang Kong Silbi Passah	26
To the City Kennyson Lyngdoh Mawlieh	26
Don Bosco Square A defence of the flâneur Vancouver Shullai	27
जिन्दगी का तराना डॉ मंजु गुप्ता 'लता'	28
सोचा नहीं था डॉ अवधेश कुमार अवध	28
वही शब्द देना मुझे विशाल के सी	29
जड़ों में धड़कतीं ऋतुएँ भरत प्रसाद	29
अपना बोध, अपना बंधन स्वामी योगात्मानन्द	30
कील डॉ योगेन्द्र नाथ शुक्ल	34
अस्तर निवेदिता श्रीवास्तव 'निवी'	34
पल्लू गीता शुक्ला 'गीत'	35
साहित्य सेवा इन्दुकांत आंगिरस	35

Across boundaries	7
Review	21, 44
Poesy	24-27
कवितायन	28-29
Chiaroscuro	32, 33, 36-37
लघुकथा	34-35
ब्रह्मदेवानन्द स्मारक लेख	38
Youth Speak	40
यात्रा-संस्मरण	41
Larger than Life	46
Thus Spake	53-60
Press Release	66
News	67-68

Feedback

अपने नाम के अनुरूप ही सुन्दर स्वरूप हैं “ज्योति” The Light।
हिन्दी व अंग्रेजी भाषा से सजी सुन्दर मैगजीन हाथ में आते ही मन को भा
गई। उत्कृष्ट रचनाएँ इसका महत्व दुगुना कर रही हैं। मनभावन पुस्तक
प्रबन्धन, व संयोजन के लिये आप सबको बधाई।

अपर्णा गुप्ता
लखनऊ, उ. प्र.

स्वामी विवेकानन्द की कविता “किसे दोष दूँ?” - एक अवलोकन डॉ अनिता पांडा	38
एक अविस्मरणीय यात्रा : नई दिल्ली से शिलॉंग डॉ अतुल वैभव	41
पुस्तक समीक्षा तूलिका श्री	44
The Stag and the Snail Dr Peacefully Kharkongo	46
Ki Kyntien ba Kyntang U Ramakrishna la pynkylla da i Bah P S Lyngdoh	53
Ka Sarada Devi: Ka Kmie ba Khuid U Swami Vivekananda:	58
U 'Riewshlur Jong ka Ri India Ka Mahabharata : Bui I la pynwan sha ka khasi da U L Hardinge pde bad ka Streamlet Dkhar	60
Ka Shadsuk Mynsiem Dr Solony Bareh	61
	63



Say Om

Each soul is potentially divine. The goal is to manifest this divinity by controlling nature, external and internal. Do this either by work, or worship, or psychic control, or philosophy - by one, or more, or all of these - and be free. This is the whole of religion. Doctrines, or dogmas, or rituals, or books, or temples, or forms, are but secondary details.

*Swami Vivekananda
(Commentary on the Yoga Sutras II.25)*

The United Nations General Assembly's declaration of December 21st as the "World Meditation Day" underscores the growing recognition of this ancient practice's profound benefits. Celebrated globally, this day serves as a timely reminder of the power within each of us to cultivate inner peace and well-being. As Swami Vivekananda eloquently stated, the essence of religion lies in self-realization, a journey of discovering one's true nature. This quest for self-understanding often arises during times of hardship and existential questioning, prompting us to contemplate our place in the universe and the meaning of our existence.

The most direct path to self-discovery is introspection, a turning inward to conquer our inner landscape. Meditation, a practice involving focused concentration on a Name (mantra), Form (image or light), breath (life force), or a combination thereof, provides the tools for this inner exploration. By its very nature, the mind constantly changes with a ceaseless flow of thoughts. This mental turbulence obscures our true selves, disconnecting us from our center of consciousness. Meditation acts as a stilling force, allowing a clear reflection of our inner being and restoring our connection to this essential core.

In meditation or Dhyana, the mind is anchored to a single focal point. This sustained concentration creates a dominant mental wave, gradually diminishing and silencing distracting thoughts. Swami Vivekananda outlined a specific framework for meditative practice, suggesting a minimum of 144 seconds (equivalent to 12 Dharanas, where one Dharana is 12 seconds) extending up to 28 minutes for a genuine meditative state. Deeper absorption beyond this timeframe leads to higher states of consciousness, culminating in Samadhi.

Carl Jung's distinction between "I am doing a work" and "I am aware that I am doing a work" highlights the profound difference between simply existing and being truly present. In our daily lives, we often operate on autopilot mode, disconnected from our inner selves and lacking self-awareness. Meditation, like a skilled charioteer controlling their horses, empowers us to manage our minds through focused will, what Buddha referred to as right mindfulness. It is a self-directed process of conscious introspection.

A key distinction between ordinary concentration and meditation lies in the level of conscious control. Ordinary concentration is often unconscious, driven by external stimuli. When reading a book, the book dictates our focus; when performing a task, the task commands our attention. In meditation, the object of focus plays a passive role, with the self actively directing the mind. This control is not achieved through the mind itself but through a higher faculty known as buddhi or dhi, encompassing intuition and will.

Meditation offers a powerful antidote to the relentless pace of modern life. By practicing it, one attempts to transcend the tyranny of time by first slowing down our internal clock and then elevating the mind to a timeless dimension. In a world increasingly preoccupied with external sources of happiness, where addiction to technology, substances, and fleeting pleasures runs rampant, meditation offers a potent medication. It guides us inward, reminding us that true and lasting happiness resides within.

The benefits of meditation extend beyond the spiritual realm, with medical science documenting a wide range of positive effects. These include reduced stress and anxiety, improved attention and focus, enhanced emotional regulation, better sleep, and improved memory. Neuroimaging studies have even demonstrated that regular meditation can increase grey matter in the brain and slow down age-related cognitive decline.

As we navigate the complexities of the 21st century, the wisdom of meditation remains profoundly relevant. By incorporating this practice into our daily routines, we can cultivate inner peace, enhance our well-being, and lead more meaningful and fulfilling lives. As a final thought, it's important to remember that self-discovery is an ongoing process, a continuous exploration of our inner landscapes. There is no "holiday" in the pursuit of spiritual growth.



THE LIGHT Ka Jingshai ज्योति

A tri-lingual magazine of Ramakrishna Mission, Shillong portraying the Culture and Spirituality of Meghalaya in a universal context through Art, Poetry, Literature and Humour.

Truth does not pay homage to any society, ancient or modern. Society has to pay homage to Truth or die...

If society is not fit for the highest truths, make it so; and the sooner, the better.

-Swami Vivekananda

The treasure of spirituality, art and culture of the North-eastern India, especially of Meghalaya, has a lot to offer to the world. All the stakeholders of 'Ka Jingshai - The Light' - a trilingual ezine of Ramakrishna Mission Shillong, are trying to unearth the gems buried in the soul of this land and broadcast them to the masses. The ezine is being brought out in a tangible printed form to be distributed among the youths and intellectuals. If you feel the need to fund such a noble cause, then pitch in your support. Donate, and if you can't send in your prayers!

More ways to donate: <https://bit.ly/2VllYnW>



Subscribe to 'Ka Jingshai
The Light' and let the light flow

Term	Issues	Cover Price
3years	6	₹ 300

Scan the QR Code to Subscribe to the Magazine (Print version)

Once done send an email to shillong.vcc@rkmm.org and let us know the details along with the postal address where the magazine will be received.



Or send with payment details

Name: _____	Email Address: _____
Address: _____	Mobile No: _____
Pin: _____	Date: _____
Details of DD/ Cheque _____	

Advertise with us

Should you wish to publish an ad of your esteemed organisation, the rates are as follows.

New Advertisers	Price (Regular)	QR Code
Full page	15,000 https://img.in/v2w8eK	
Half page	7,500 https://img.in/s6cnc2	
Quarter page	4,000 https://img.in/s6f8eK	
Regular Advertisers	Price (Discounted)	QR Code
Full page	9,000 https://img.in/MQPKX	
Half page	4,500 https://img.in/BWdN29	
Quarter page	2,500 https://img.in/2h3vU	

In addition to the print edition, advertisements will also appear on our Ka Jingshai website. A full page advertisement of the print edition would correspond to Leaderboard (728x90) in Desktop and Mobile leaderboard (350x50) in the first visible display of the home page of the ezine. A half page would similarly occur at the bottom of the home page.

You are free to read 'Ka Jingshai - The Light' on the web at kajingshai.rkmmshillong.org



A Visit with a Holy Man in America

Jon Monday



After our guru, Swami Prabhavananda, dropped the body in 1976, my wife and I would make a pilgrimage once or twice a year to Portland to see Swami Aseshananda, the most senior monk of the Ramakrishna Order and a disciple of Sri Sarada Devi, Holy Mother. For many decades, he was strong and physically active. Giving classes nearly every night, mowing the lawn at the Center and the retreat, cooking his own food, and doing daily worship in the shrine well into his 80s. Until late in his life, he didn't even have an assistant Swami.

The few devotees who visited the Center had to follow strict guidelines, if they were to have a productive stay – acting outside those guidelines could result in a harsh scolding by Swami. But getting yelled at by Swami could also be felt as a blessing. I had filmed him many times in Hollywood and Portland; lectures, classes, and the first time we visited him in Portland, I asked him to let me videotape him telling his remembrances of Holy Mother and the Direct Disciples he met.

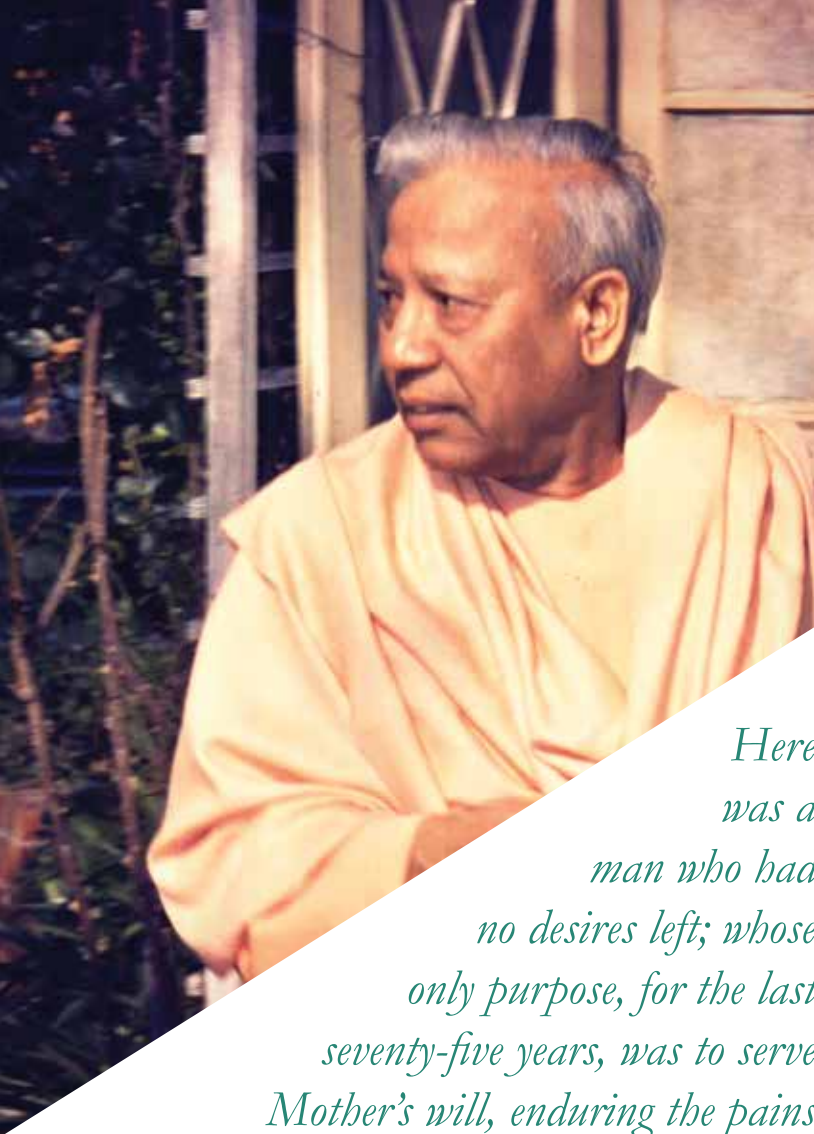
He seemed to be amused by the video camera and decided to become the director of the film. He instructed me where to set up the camera in the rose garden and went to his room to get dressed up for filming. When he was ready, he wanted to be filmed watering the garden while he spoke, perhaps as an analogy of his words bringing life-giving refreshment to devotees with a spiritual thirst.

The filming was a great success, although I had to do sound processing, to filter out the background noise of the water splashing as he talked, but it is a recording of a Direct Disciple of Holy Mother, and one who had met and served many of the Direct Disciples of Sri Ramakrishna, pour out his memories of those giant souls. You can see it here: <https://youtu.be/nubkX6qoD1I>

But, this visit was late in his life, in the mid-1990s – the end was approaching. About 7:30 in the evening, ten or eleven devotees gathered in the foyer of the Vedanta Center. We sat in silence for about a half an hour. We could hear Mr. T. slowly leading Swami

Jon Monday a.k.a. Dharmadas has long been associated with Vedanta Society of Hollywood. He used to run a media house called the Monday Media.

English



*Here
was a
man who had
no desires left; whose
only purpose, for the last
seventy-five years, was to serve
Mother's will, enduring the pains
and indignities of an ancient body, for
the benefit of the world.*

down the stairs, step by step, saying, "Swami, two more steps", then after a short while, "Swami, one more step". As Swami came into the room some bowed their heads, some saluted in the Hindu fashion with folded hands, I felt like standing to honor and acknowledge his presence filling the room. He sat down in the chair facing the devotees. He was now ninety-five years old and obviously mostly blind (physically), I was told that he had also become somewhat hard of hearing. I can say without question, I have never been in such a presence before in my life, and cannot believe that I will likely ever again meet such a soul. He is the most senior monk of the Ramakrishna Order, and the only remaining living monastic disciple of Sri Sarada Devi, Holy Mother. The Swami is a Holy, living relic of another age. Even senior monks of the Order who made a pilgrimage to visit him acknowledge that they had never seen such a manifestation, in India or anywhere else.

There were a few moments of silence while Mr. B. prepared to read from *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*.

Swami adjusted his ocher cloth, pulling it over his head like a scarf. Sometimes he sat with his eyes closed, head leaning forward, sometimes looking towards the ceiling, with his eyes open just a little. What does he see? Mr. B. read for about twenty minutes, occasionally punctuated by a gesture or sound from Swami. It was not obvious that he was listening at all, but if at any moment he was asked a question about the meaning of a passage, he would immediately give a short, very much to the point, comment or explanation. His mind remained sharp to the end..

After the Gospel reading the devotees occasionally asked questions, and Swami gives very short, to the point answers. I had asked, mostly out of desire to hear him speak, "Swami, the central message of the *Bhagavad Gita* is said to be renunciation. What is the central message of the *Gospel of Ramakrishna*?" Without hesitation he said, "Sha, sha, sha", and providing the translation himself, "Endure, endure, endure". The answer was not at all what I expected, but was, I felt, profound on many different levels. Here was a man who had no desires left; whose only purpose, for the last seventy-five years, was to serve Mother's will, enduring the pains and indignities of an ancient body, for the benefit of the world. He had been sent to America from India in the 1940's and had never returned, not even for a short visit. Mother told him his duty was in America, why go anywhere else? The living example of his endurance was monumental.

The next night was only a little different, after the reading we sat in silence for nearly half an hour. No questions, no need for questions, just thick atmosphere. Swami occasionally tapped his hand on the arm of his chair, sometimes looked in the direction of a devotee,

*Swami is guided down the stairs
at lunch to say grace, goes to the
foyer to meet with the women
devotees for half an hour,
mostly in silence. The women
are allowed to take the dust of
his feet, he gives them Mother's
blessing, and then is helped
back to his room.*



Swami Aseshananda and Swami Vishwananda

sometimes looking toward the ceiling, sometimes closing his eyes and letting his head fall forward. Swami certainly did not seem uncomfortable with the silence; at times I was. After nearly forty minutes of silence, Mr. T. told Swami that it was nine o'clock. Swami said, "Another ten minutes". A question formed in my mind. I thought I could be clever and ask it in such a way that it could only be answered definitively, and not just a 'yes' or 'no'. I asked, "Swami, is it better to sit in silence, or to ask questions?" His response was immediate, unexpected, and quite to the point, in a Zen kind of way. He let out a slightly amused, "heh, heh, heh", and then "Ya!"

Promptly at ten minutes after nine, Mr. T. asked Swami if he wanted to go upstairs, Swami said yes. He

sat another minute, then leaned forward and said, "May Sri Ramakrishna bless you all, may Holy Mother bless you all." and after a long pause, "Good night" Mr. T. lead Swami out of the foyer, up the stairs and into his room. The very same ritual has gone on for some time now, and it would be the same for at least a while more to come:

Swami is guided down the stairs at breakfast to say grace, and immediately afterward he is helped back to his room.

Swami is guided down the stairs at lunch to say grace, goes to the foyer to meet with the women devotees for half an hour, mostly in silence. The women are allowed to take the dust of his feet, he gives them Mother's blessing, and then is helped back to his room.

Swami is guided down the stairs at dinner to say grace, and immediately afterward he is helped back to his room.

At eight o'clock Swami is guided down the stairs to the foyer to hear a reading of the Gospel, and sit with the devotees. Promptly at nine o'clock Mr. T. tells Swami the time, Swami says, "another ten minutes." Swami is helped back to his room.

Day in, day out, the ritual is the same. The only variation is on Sundays, when Swami gives an introduction to the lecture by the assistant Swami, and then follow-up remarks after the lecture. I was expecting a very short introduction, perhaps just a few words of instruction or a benediction. His introduction was a 10-minute scripture, containing a fully-formed philosophy. If I could live by those words only, and had no access to any other instruction, it would be enough to achieve the highest.

Together with the sense of grace and privilege, I can't help but feel sadness that this, quite possibly the Holiest man on earth, is sought out by only a handful of devotees. But perhaps it is the isolation that has allowed this monk to evolve into such a towering figure. I also can't help but think that there is nothing that I can do in my life which will spiritually benefit me more than simply being in this Swami's thoughts and presence. The only price of admission was the desire to seek him out.

In 1996, at the age of 97, Swami Aseshananda dropped the body.

Why We Don't Need to Work 90 Hours a Week

Samrat Choudhury



*Samrat Choudhury
is the author
of Northeast
India: A Political
History and The
Braided River: A
Journey Along the
Brahmaputra*

S ometime ago, as happens every so often these days, a comment went “viral”. It was a remark the CEO of a large Indian engineering company had made on the regret he feels for not being able to make his employees work on Sundays, as that would make him happier. He could be heard saying in a video recording, “What do you do sitting at home? Come on, get to the office and start working”. He advocated a 90-hour work week, which would translate to more than 12 hours a day, 7 days a week.

This was widely reported in the media and soon led to a tsunami of reactions. There was anger at the CEO’s demand that employees who earn a tiny fraction of what the CEO himself earns should be expected to work even on official holidays, and the issue of workplace stress in India, which had been in discussion after the death of a 26 year old employee of accounting firm Ernst & Young due to alleged overwork, came back into focus.

The reason bosses like to drive employees to work without holidays and rest is known to everyone. It is because it enables them and their companies to make even more money. As if the sole measure of success in today’s corporate world is money. If the company shows ever greater revenues and profits, the CEO is considered great, shareholders profit financially, and some of the wealth is shared with the top honchos. These are the people who in any case earn salaries in the range of crores of rupees per annum. For example, the CEO who wants his employees to work without holidays, earned a salary of Rs 51 crore in financial year 2023-24, which is more than Rs 4 crore a month.

Most of his employees would probably never see even the equivalent of his one month’s salary in their lifetimes.

While money undoubtedly has its uses in a human life, the placing of money at the centre of human existence is a move of questionable wisdom because of the obvious impact that the stress of trying to earn ever greater quantities of it by working without rest has on health and family life.

It is also a mode of living that is completely antithetical to the genuinely religious or spiritual life.

Religions without exception place God, by whatever name, at the centre of human existence. Money is presumably not that God.

Spiritual existence, which may be distinct from organised religions, is more about an inward journey of seeking. The journey of the seeker, in cultures and faiths across the world and over time, is usually depicted as a solitary and meditative one that leads away from the temptations of money, power and lust.

A person who is chasing after money or power dressed in religious garb is often a fraud.

Money has little attraction for a truly spiritual person. This was exemplified in the life of Sri Ramakrishna Paramhansa, who was famously allergic to money.

That level of detachment is hard or impossible for ordinary people, especially householders who have duties and responsibilities. However, even for the ordinary person working a corporate job, the sole focus of one's life need not be money – which is the bottom-line that “career success” in the corporate world translates to. Good health, happy relationships, free time to travel, read, watch movies, and relax with friends and family are all quite valuable in themselves.

Everyone knows this, but still people sell themselves into wage slavery under bosses who demand they work without holidays or rest. Why do they do it? Well, because they have no other measure of success in life except promotions and raises.

The CEOs and business leaders typically suggest that those who work longer hours will “do better” in their careers. Doing better means promotions and salary hikes.

Promotions without raises would not be so attractive. Therefore, in essence the carrot that is dangled to make people work 70 or 90 hour weeks is money.

The equation boils down to “time is money”.

Except that it is not.

No one, not even the CEO worth millions, can buy back even one second of the minute that just went by with all his lifetime's earnings. We may sell our time of life for money, but we cannot buy it back. Once gone, that time is gone forever.

Understanding the importance of time is at the heart of understanding human lives and societies.

Back in the old days, before the invention of the mechanical clock, most ordinary people had no notion of time except in terms of days and nights, and seasons. Devices such as sundials, hourglasses and water clocks existed, but their use was limited. The experience of time they provided, even to those who bothered with them, was inevitably local because there was no concept of a standardised national time, or time zones. Moreover, the smaller units of time, such as the minute and the second, were yet to be invented.

The mechanical clock, which began to emerge into public spaces in Europe in the form of clock towers about a thousand years ago, has changed the world.

Slower, older ways of being have been destroyed as ever-smaller units of time came to be monetised. Now we are in the age of the attention economy where every moment there is an alert on our smartphones trying to entice us to see a post or video, or buy a product, because someone somewhere will make some money by stealing our time.

The wonders of modern technology and the many conveniences it has brought were supposed to leave us with more free time. The car made travel faster than the bullock cart, cooking gas made cooking faster than using firewood, electric lighting extended the day and rolled back the night, the phone and computer brought the world to our fingertips, and in all of that, somehow, we got ever busier until now even retired people find themselves with no free time.

Work chases us now on our phones and computers, outside of any concept of working hours. CEOs demand an end to holidays and expect permanent availability to respond to messages and mails at any time of day or night. People burn out and even die of stress, but it makes no difference.

Or sense.

What are the CEOs thinking?

Every day we get news about the leaps and bounds by which Artificial Intelligence is growing in its capabilities. It is irrational to believe that this will not take away jobs. The earlier industrial revolutions replaced physical labour. The AI revolution is going to transform the world of mental labour. There are essentially only two kinds of work in the human world, physical and mental. A combination of AI and robotics along with the powers of quantum computing would be able to do nearly all the work that is now done by humans in the not-too-distant future. It is only a matter of time – and we are talking a decade or two at most, or maybe less.

The problem in such a “hyper automated” world is that there would not be too many jobs left for people. The economy will crumble in such a scenario because there will be too few people left with the money to buy goods and services.

AIs and robots can work 24x7, but they don't need to buy anything from the market.

Businesses thrive when markets are vibrant. To be vibrant, markets need shoppers. An abundance of supply and too little demand is a terrible situation for any business. It means either that prices will collapse or that they will have to cut production.

Instead of trying to force people to work 70 or 90 hours a week, any CEO with a vision for the future should be worrying about how to sustain demand in an AI-driven world.



The Mythic Beginnings of 'Shad Suk Mynsiem'

Dr Kynpham Sing Nongkynrih



Ka *Shad Suk Mynsiem*, literally dance with a happy heart, is one of the most celebrated dance festivals of the Hynñiew Trep people. It marked its hundredth anniversary in the spring of 2011. According to historical records,¹ it was in 1910 that Seng Khasi, whose aims are the preservation of Khasi religion and culture, formally formed a resolution to organise an annual thanks-giving dance known as Ka Shad Suk Mynsiem. Of course, before this, there was already a dance festival organised at Mawkhar since 1909, but it was more of an informal get-together than an official event. Therefore, the first enactment of Ka Shad Suk Mynsiem could be said to have taken place on 14 and 15 April 1911 at the picturesque green slope by the winding and then limpid stream of Wah Umkhrah. The spot was then called Lum Weiking after (or so the story goes) a whirlpool (now no more) swirling at the bottom of the slope. It was from the whirlpool that Shad Suk Mynsiem—now evolved into a three-day extravaganza—got its other name, *Shad Weiking* or Weiking Dance. But this is not the only reason Shad Suk Mynsiem has also been called Shad Weiking. As will be shown, the name 'Weiking' is actually a description of the dance—its circular pattern and eddying motions.

But though its performance at the Weiking Ground started in 1911, that was not when it really began: that was merely its renaissance. This renaissance was in keeping with Seng Khasi's objectives 'To advance the culture of the Khasi people' and 'To express man's thankfulness and joy to God, the Creator, for His protection and His blessings throughout the year'.² The true beginnings of Shad Suk Mynsiem were in the dim past of mythic times, that is, at the very beginning of the history of the race.

Aristotle maintained that dancing was one of the oldest imitative arts known to man, imitating 'character, emotion, and action, by rhythmical movement'.³ As demonstrated by the Khasi scholar A. S. Khongphai,⁴ Aristotle's statement is borne out by the action of a child just beginning to stand. If the child is held under the armpits, it will immediately start moving rhythmically, as if to express its joy and gratitude for all the blessings it has received. And so it is with man; he dances to articulate his joy and happiness and

Dr Kynpham Sing
Nongkynrih, Reader
in English at
NEHU Shillong, is
a celebrated Khasi-
English poet and
2024 Shakti Bhatt
Prize winner.

acknowledge his gratefulness to God for all he has given him. And so it was with the ancient Hynñiew Treps, forefathers of the Khasi people.

The first reference to the dance of the happy hearts could be found in one of the earliest *khanatangs*, ‘sacred myths’, of the Khasis.⁵ This *khanatang* reveals that, in the beginning, there was nothing but a vast emptiness on earth. God had created only two beings—Ramew, the guardian spirit of the earth, and her husband Basa, who later was identified with Ryngkew, the patron spirit of villages. The two were blessed by God, after due entreaties by Ramew, with five children that people have come to call elemental forces. The Sun was their first daughter, followed by their only son, the Moon, and three other daughters, Water, Wind, and Fire. Ramew was delighted to see her children grow up and prosper. She was particularly delighted to see how they worked at reshaping the world into a pleasant land, giving life to tall trees and beautiful flowers everywhere. And yet, amidst all that plenty and peace, there seemed to be something wanting. That such loveliness should go untended and uncared for! That such plenty should benefit no one! It was not right, she felt. Ramew turned to God again, who finally elected, through the *Dorbar Bneng*, the council of heaven, seven of the sixteen clans living in heaven to descend to earth to till the land, to populate the wilderness, to rule and govern and above all, to be the conscientious caretakers of all life and all creations. And from then on, they would be known as Ki Hynñiew Trep, or the Seven Huts, the Seven Families, the Seven Clans, who would later become the ancestors of the seven sub-tribes of the Khasi people.

God, who had provided for happiness on earth, endowing its soil with riches and the fruits of plenty through the children of Ramew, then made a Covenant with the Hynñiew Treps. As part of the Covenant, he gave them *Lai Hukum*, Three Commandments, including *ka tip briew tip Blei* (the knowledge of man, the knowledge of God), *ka tip kur tip kha* (the knowledge of one’s maternal and paternal relations) and *ka kamai ia ka hok* (the earning of virtue). As a token of the Covenant, God also planted a divine tree on a sacred mount called Lum Sohpet Bneng, which served as *Ka Jingkieng Ksiar*, the golden ladder, between the kingdom of God and the kingdom of man.

The Covenant declared that so long as the seven clans adhered to the Three Commandments, they could come and go as they pleased between heaven and earth, via the golden ladder at Lum Sohpet Bneng, the mountain of heaven’s navel. The mountain would act as an umbilical cord between God and man, for even as a child is bonded with the mother through this thread of flesh and blood, so also is man bonded with God.

But this ideal state of happiness and tranquillity did not last long. It is not in man to be content with happiness alone. Like everything else in this world, he is essentially two-edged, capable at once of great good and great evil.

Soon, he began to tire of following the diktats of God; he wanted to branch out on his own, to determine his life independently, according to his own instincts and inclinations. In this manner, he strayed away from the Three Commandments. Greed, the mother of all evils, sat supreme in his heart, and in his craving for power and pelf, he trampled on the rights of others. He began to cheat, to swindle, to steal and even kill to gain what his avaricious heart desired. Respect for fellow men, through which alone man could approach God, was completely forgotten, as men tried their best to outwit each other for the sake of wealth, their new god.

God, on his part, was vexed by man’s rebelliousness. Sorely grieved that man had chosen to ignore and slight the Covenant, he broke off all ties and forever closed the golden ladder to heaven through Sohpet Bneng. Away from the remaining nine clans in heaven and bereft of God’s guidance and blessing, the Hynñiew Treps remained helpless orphans on earth amidst a new kind of darkness that bred all sorts of evil in the minds of men. Their Golden Age had ended.

And that was not all. As evidence of his displeasure, God made an oak tree on another sacred mountain grow to a monstrous height and width so that its shadow threw whole portions of the earth into pitch darkness. The perpetual darkness caused by the branches of *Diengiei*, the name given to this tree of gloom, made standing crops wilt and threatened to destroy all plant life while making man himself vulnerable, a prey to all sorts of evils.

Man panicked. But as is characteristic of him, instead of turning inwards to examine his soul, conceding his mistakes and missteps, and approaching God with a repentant heart, he proudly sought his own solution to the ever-worsening crisis that threatened his very existence. It was only when, in his desperation, he was ready to listen to one of the lowliest of creatures, the little wren called Phreit, that God permitted him into the mystery of *Diengiei*, which, as the little bird had put it, ‘... did not have the power to heal itself, though it did have the power to grow with the swiftness of a bird’s flight’. With the help of Phreit, man learnt how the Tiger had healed the gashes on the trunk by licking over them.

Tiger (a symbol of all that was evil) wanted *Diengiei* to stand as the expanding eclipse it caused made hunting easier. In fact, he was looking forward to a time when the entire world was blanketed in darkness so that he could start preying on man too. To foil the evil designs of Tiger, Phreit advised the men to fortify the portion of the trunk they had hewn by placing knives and axes against it each night. This shredded the Tiger’s tongue and eventually enabled man to cut down the tree of gloom.

After the fall of *Diengiei* and the return of light to earth, there was much rejoicing among earth’s inhabitants: men, animals, birds and all other living creatures. It was to celebrate the event that man prepared a huge dancing

ground and organised a dance festival participated by all manner of creatures, including heavenly beings like the Sun and the Moon. And that was how the dance of the happy hearts was born.

But at that time, only the dancing ground had anything in common with the dance as it is today. The ground was circular and cleared of all obstacles, and to make dancing easy, the organisers covered it with pure sand. The dancers, however, did not follow any particular pattern. Being a joyous festival of diverse creatures, it was very much a chaotic affair, and each dancer danced according to their inclinations and style. It was only much later that the dance became a human-specific celebration.

The happiness brought by the fall of Diengiei did not last very long. The Sun and the Moon were insulted by the motley gathering for arriving late at the festival when all the others had abandoned the arena and were engaged in other forms of pleasure. Enraged by the unwarranted

U Saw Shyrtong, or the Purple Crest. But glory did not make the Rooster forget that it was his humility, his self-abasement before the goddess, which had carried the day for him. So he remembered his pledge to the Sun, and when dawn came, he shook his shield and sounded his bugle thrice at regular intervals. And then, like the lifting of a veil, darkness was removed, and light filtered into the world once more, filling it with the joy of living.

But again, this happiness and tranquillity did not last long. When *U Syiem Lakriah*, the leader of the Seven Clans, grew old and infirm, his powers began to wane, and his hold over *ki laiphew jingthaw*, the diverse species of creation, began to fail. *U Thlen*, who represented the spirit world in his council of ministers, was the first to rebel against him. *Thlen* had always been envious of *Lakriah* and the *Hynñiew Treps*. He believed he was superior to them in every way and much more deserving than them to rule.

And yet, amidst all that plenty and peace, there seemed to be something wanting. That such loveliness should go untended and uncared for! That such plenty should benefit no one! It was not right, she felt.

insults, brother and sister vowed never to show their faces to the world again. The Sun, who was especially stung by the evil insinuation that she and her brother were behaving like husband and wife, went to hide in *Krem Lamet Krem Latang*, the cave of the sanctified leaf, which was somewhere beyond the valley of death on the way to the house of God.

From that day, the whole world was thrown, once again, into perpetual night. Man was stupefied. To experience a second darkness so soon after the harrowing first, filled him with dread and there was much fear and shedding of tears among the other earthlings. Man convened *Ka Dorbar ki Laiphew Jingthaw*, the council of diverse creatures, to choose someone from among them to bring the Sun back into their midst. The first choice fell on the Elephant, the largest and strongest. But after the Elephant, who personified brute strength and reflected man's pride in his own strength had refused to go to *Krem Lamet Krem Latang*, and after the Hornbill, cocksure and proud of his good looks and accomplishments, had failed in his task, it was eventually the Rooster, then a desperate featherless wretch lying low among small plants and dark holes, who finally succeeded in persuading the Sun to return to earth.

The Rooster, now invested with the forked tail of the Drongo and cloaked from head to foot in finery and warm feathers bright with all sorts of brilliant colours, returned to earth in triumph, and amidst a thunderous reception, the victorious fowl was awarded the title of

One day, during an open session of *Ka Dorbar ki Laiphew Jingthaw*, the council of diverse creatures, he openly contested the sanctity of the Covenant. To everyone's shock and horror, he proclaimed:

'From this day forth, I will cease to live by the Covenant made between *Ka Mei Hukum* and the *Hynñiew Treps*. I find that living in the knowledge of man and God, in the knowledge of one's maternal and paternal relations, or earning virtue, does not suit my purposes. From now on, my sustenance is humankind; my earning is pelf.'

From then on, virtue ceased to reign, happiness ceased to exist, and chaos sat upon the throne of innocence. The animals, too, clamoured for their interests, and the divine word was totally forsaken.

Before things could get out of hand, *Ka Mei Hukum* intervened and called for a council of diverse creatures to decide the fair share of God's blessings for each being. In the council, she directed man, the spirits and the animals to appear before her after 'nine days and nine nights'. The animals, however, impatient to know of their portion, went to her after only seven days and seven nights had elapsed. Seeing that they had violated her directive, she gave them an inferior share, comprising great strength but little ingenuity. She reserved for man, who had acted according to her wishes, the superior portion, comprising great ingenuity, though only a little strength. *Ka Mei Hukum* also took away the Spoken Word from the animals and ended their verbal interaction with mankind

forever. And Thlen, who did not turn up at the council, was condemned to live in the wilderness as a demon, who, later, true to his vow, fed on human flesh.

During that parting of ways, the animals sought to destroy the Hynñiew Treps with their brute strength. But the Hynñiew Treps, who still retained their link with Ka Mei Hukum through the Covenant, pleaded with her to come to their aid. Ka Mei Hukum appeared before them and taught them how to make *ka tiar ka sumar*, the weapon the protection, to defend themselves from animals. These were the names then given to the bow and arrow, which later came to be known as *tieh kpong* and *nam pliang*, respectively.

Thus, with the help of the bow and arrow, man gained the upper hand over all animals, and to commemorate this victory over the animals, he organised a mammoth dance festival, inviting everyone from the four corners of Ri Hynñiew Trep. This was the second edition of the great dance of the happy hearts, but in human terms, it was also the first. It was then that the dancing pattern, which has continued to these days, was first drawn. The dance being a victorious celebration, it was thought appropriate to fashion the form in such a manner that it would also serve as a reminder to all future generations of that epic struggle between man and the animals. Accordingly, after much deliberation, the movement of a weiking or 'whirlpool' was adopted as the most fitting pattern to express at once the ideas of unity, peace, and security associated with the dance, which alone could ensure the survival and prosperity of the race.

A description of this prototype model is also found in the myth of *Ka Shad u Laiphew Mrad (The Animal Dance Festival)*.⁶

According to this myth, a long, long time ago, when animals were not the savages they are now, they are said to have lived in a peaceful community, fraternising in one language, even though they could no longer communicate with man. There was no hostility or quarrel between them; the Tiger did not hunt the Goat, the Lion waited on the Cow, and the Elephant communed with the Ant ...

In that paradise-like state were three friends who never parted company—Shakyllia the Grass-babbler, Diengkhied the Porcupine, and Risang the Squirrel. One day, the three friends, while on a tour of the neighbouring countryside, came upon a circular dancing ground where humans celebrated their annual spring festival. Once or twice, they had been lucky enough to witness the celebrations. They had seen

maidens clad in silk and velvet and adorned with sparkling ornaments, gliding in a slow and solemn dance around the centre of the ground, their gold

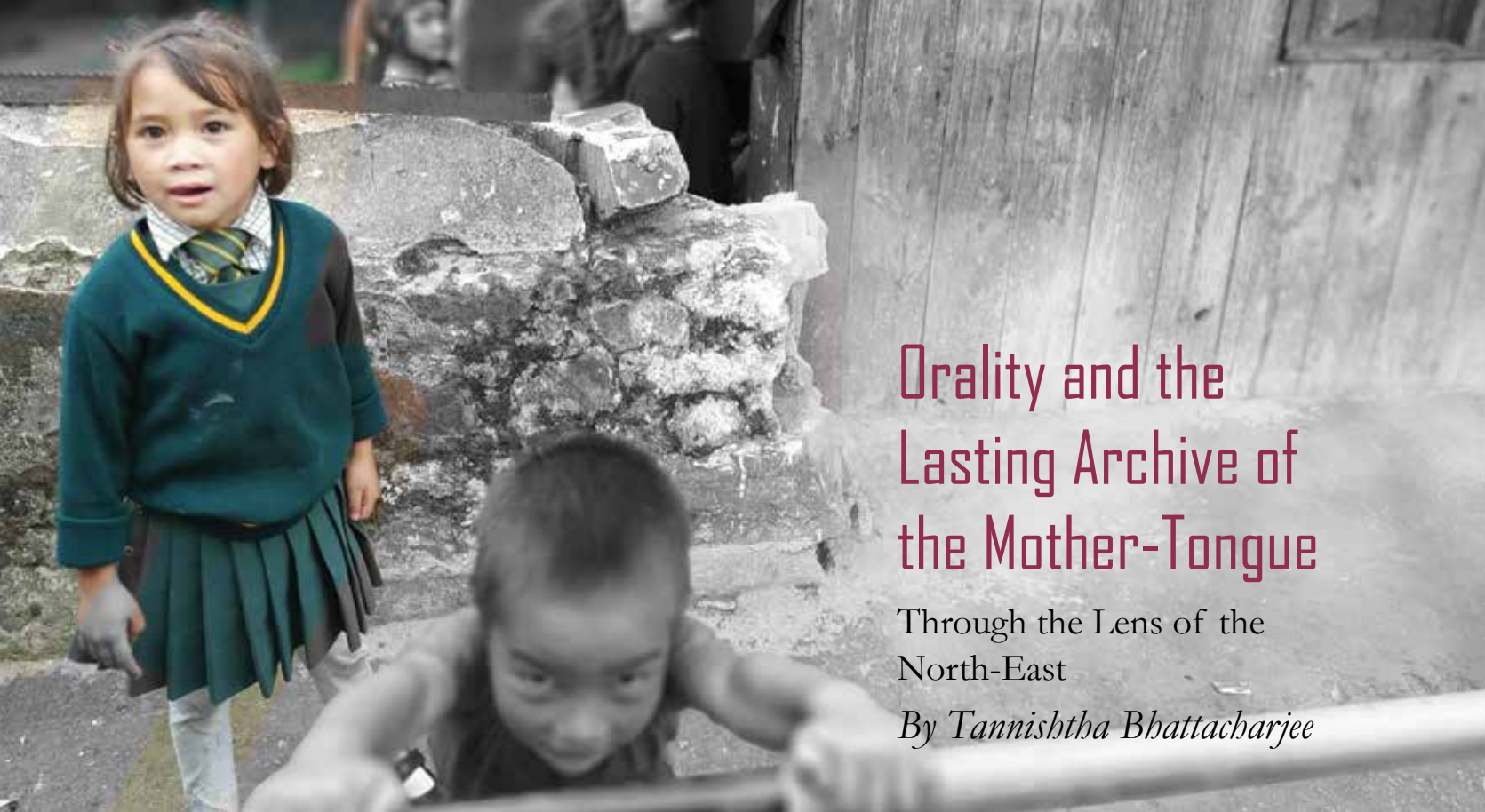
and silver crowns glinting in the sun with each movement. Young men had pranced in a ring around them, their silver swords flashing, their silver quivers jingling. And around them had stood a multitude of cheering, admiring onlookers. What a charming sight it had been!

The dance pattern described in the story is precisely the pattern of Ka Shad Suk Mynsiem today. Unmarried girls, dressed in the finery of silk and velvet, adorned with a gold or silver crown and gold and silver ornaments inlaid with precious stones, can be seen shuffling slowly in the middle of a circular field. Around them are the men, mostly young, dressed as princes and armed with silver swords and quivers of silver arrows, dancing energetically around them. This demonstrates the Khasi idea of unity between men and women whose roles are clearly defined. The women in the inner circle signify their role as the custodians of the home, and the men forming a parapet of braves around them signify their role as protectors. This protective role is clearly spelt out in the three silver arrows male dancers carry in their silver quivers. These arrows are used as a reminder both of man's lordship over animals and the qualities of manhood that he must carry, and they represent weapons to defend one's self, one's family and clan, and the territorial rights of one's village, *raij* (province), and *hima* (state).

Once these roles are fulfilled sincerely, there is peace all around. The women have nothing to worry about when their men are so joyfully ready to sacrifice their all for their hearths and homes. They are in an absolutely tranquil state, as is reflected in their slow and sedate dancing. Ka Shad Suk Mynsiem is, therefore, not only a celebratory festival to give thanks to the Creator for the protection and blessings received throughout the year but can also offer profound lessons for anyone willing to learn.

References

- 1 These records can be found at the office of Seng Khasi Kmie, Mawkhar, Shillong.
- 2 Roy, Hipshon, editor. *Khasi Heritage*. (Shillong:Seng Khasi, 1979). i.
- 3 Aristotle. 'Poetics', *Makers of Literary Criticism*, ed. B. Rajan & A. G. George, (Asia Publishing House, 1984),24.
- 4 Khongphai, A. S. 'Shad Suk Mynsiem Dance'. *Khasi Heritage*, ed. Hipshon Roy, (Shillong:Seng Khasi, 1979),129.
- 5 Nongkynrih, Kynpham Sing. *Around the Hearth: Khasi Legends*. (New Delhi:Penguin, 2007),1-4.
- 6 Nongkynrih, Kynpham Sing. *Funeral Nights*. (New Delhi: Westland/Context, 2021),50.



Orality and the Lasting Archive of the Mother-Tongue

Through the Lens of the
North-East

By *Tannishtha Bhattacharjee*



A Humble Proposition

In this short space that I am honoured to occupy, I wish to emphasize a simple yet essential point—can we think more deeply about the question of *orality*? Though my examples are rooted in local textures—Sylhet, Khasi Hills, Assam, Manipur, Arunachal—the proposition holds weight in wider frames of reference. What, historically, has allowed mother-tongues to survive the grinding force of colonial modernity, the lure of literary sophistication, and the institutionalisation of language?

Indian Sylhetis, for instance, have long used *formal Bangla* for literary production and public communication. It is a choice tied to a complex historical identity and sensibilities shared with wider cultural pathways. Yet, something fundamental is lost in that translation from tongue to text. The lived resonance of the *mother-tongue*—its flesh-and-blood intimacy—resists the stiff polish of written expression.

Why ‘Mother’? Why ‘Tongue’?

Let us begin at the most vulnerable, intimate, and authentic threshold of human expression. The moment of being truly bare, exposed, and emotional. In that moment, it is always the mother-tongue that rushes to your lips. Not the language of state or school. Not the language of a poem carefully written in ink. But the sudden outburst—*Dhur beta* in Bangla, *Thait* in Khasi, *Okora* in Assamese—that arises from the body, not the mind.

Why call it the *mother-tongue*? Why not father-tongue, or ancestral language? The answer lies in the corporeality of the phrase itself. ‘Mother’ evokes

Tannishtha Bhattacharjee, a sixth-year PhD candidate at University of California, Santa Barbara, researches Sylheti identity and has 10+ years teaching experience.

visceral, wombed origin—a *taan*, a pull, an umbilical connection. It is the maternal that grounds our first experiences of language, memory, emotion. Between maternal and paternal, it is the former that suggests a more fundamental intimacy and originary attachment.

And then, the 'tongue'. Why is tongue the chosen visceral tool in this expression, and not the vocal cord, or the throat?

Because long term practice of language, its phonetic specificity, alters the modality of the *tongue* altogether. Ask a long-term Korean speaker to articulate *coffee* and *copy*—their tongue may struggle with unfamiliar phonemes. The vocal cords remain untouched, but the tongue remembers. In this way, the tongue becomes the primary site of linguistic enunciation. Language leaves its archival trace as the muscle memory embedded in the use of the tongue.

Thus, both 'mother' and 'tongue' bind language to the body. And that body, in turn, becomes the living archive of speech traditions. I propose this: if we understand the body as the historical locus of language, then we will understand why *orality*—a bodily practice—is the most enduring life of the mother-tongue.

The Body as Archive: Reclaiming Orality and honoring the Subaltern Guardians of Language

Language lived on long before it was written. And it continues to do so in songs, conversations, work

chants, lullabies, jokes, and quarrels. The *body*, not the book, has preserved it. As people migrated, fled, or were displaced, they carried no textbooks of grammars—only the praxis of language-speech within them.

Fundamentally, in orality, the bodily practice of language, is archived not only the memory of a community, but also the rhythm of ecology and labour. The way one speaks of *jowar bata* (tidal current), or the *chauri* of harvesting grain, evokes an entire ecology. A way of life that is imprinted not in literature, but in habit, sound, and gesture.

At this point, it is imperative to point out that the most remarkable carriers of these oral practices and traditions, are not the elite literary classes—poets and publishers. Instead it is the *non-literate* communities that we have, to thank for the sustained life of language—peasant women, boatmen, Vaishnav *kirtanis*, *sufi faqirs*, fishmongers, and field labourers. If not for them, the mother-tongue would have become an extinct whisper long ago. Let us take a moment to honour these invisible stewards.

Take *bhatiyali*, for example—a folk genre from the floodplains of Bengal and Assam, also recognized as songs of the river, often sung by boatmen. Its melody mimics the rise and fall of water. The dip of the oar becomes the pitch of the note. Similarly, the tempo of *dhemail*—another Sylheti tradition—is embedded in agrarian life, shaped by the recurring



floods of the Surma, Barak, and Brahmaputra.

In 1789, colonial officers mapping Sylhet struggled to understand how the same lands shifted identities from being *haors*, *baors*, *beels* and *jheels* in different seasons. These were geographies flooded with unruly terrains of water, something that oral musical traditions captured and remembered, but surveyors could not. The songs archived a timeless fluidity of the region—the rhythm of shifting lands and itinerant lives, that colonial bureaucratic notes violently flattened.

The same could be said of the Khasi *phamar*. These are witty couplets, recited during festivals and rituals, creating a spontaneous poetic duel. One singer challenges, another responds—an oral dialogue preserved in community memory. These are now being transcribed and translated¹, but their true flavour remains only in performance, in voice and gesture.

The sonic inheritance of land travels in the voice. That is how a boatman's call in *bhatiyali* echoes the ripple of the oar, or the tidal rhythm of the *jowar* and *bata* currents. That is why a grain-grinder's rhythm—123_123_—resonates across folk musical traditions amongst agrarian communities in Chottanagpur Plateau, Assam, and Bengal. The way that ecology and labour are perpetuated through music, despite diasporic histories is so visible in the affinities amongst Sylheti *dhemail*, the Assamese *bihu*, Santhali *cchau*, and the tea-garden's *jhumoor*.

Orality Across the Region: Sylhet, Khasi Hills, Manipur, Arunachal

Nowhere is the idea of the body as an archive of language more evident than in South Asia, specifically the North-East, where oral traditions do not merely supplement literacy—they define cultural continuity.

In Manipur, the revival of the *Meitei Mayek* script is a significant step toward reclaiming a written heritage, but the soul of the Manipuri language still sings, quite literally, through *performance*. It is in the undulating vocal expressions of Lai Haraoba, the age-old ritual of pleasing the gods and recalling creation myths, that language becomes a living, breathing entity. Here, gods and humans do not converse through prose or print, but through gestures, songs, and stylized utterances—a

¹Sawian Bijoya, *Teachings of Elders*, (Guwahati, Vivekananda Kendra Institute of Culture, 2016)

choreography of memory. Language here is not inscribed, it is embodied.

Folk theatre forms like *Shumang Leela* also serve as visceral archives of linguistic flavor. These courtyard performances, enacted in open spaces and watched in the round, give Manipuri speech its theatrical musculature. The actor's intonation, the modulation of a line from lament to laughter, captures inflections of the mother-tongue that cannot be pressed into print.

And then there is the tradition of *Khongjom Parba*—melodic ballads often sung to the soft accompaniment of the *pena* (a traditional string instrument). These are not mere songs; they are repositories of collective memory—of the Anglo-Manipur War, of Meitei heroes, of ancestral pain and pride. Passed orally from elder to child, these ballads collapse the difference between history and myth. They resist the erasure of experience by paper and pen, clinging instead to voice and vibration.

Even in the growing urban centers of Manipur, where English and Hindi pervade digital and administrative spaces, the maternal pull of oral Manipuri remains. Whether in lullabies hummed by grandmothers or teasing phrases exchanged at paan stalls, the everyday music of the language resists reduction into standardized syntax. The rhythm is not just heard—it is felt in the ribs.

In Arunachal Pradesh, the stakes of orality are even higher. With over 26 major tribes and more than 100 dialects, and in the absence of any local lingua franca, the region is a miracle of sonic multiplicity—and a fragile one. Many of these languages do not have a standardized script, and even where writing exists, it has not displaced oral tradition as the core of community life.²

Among the Nocte, Monpa, Apatani, and countless others, language survives in ritual performance. Take the chants of the Miji or the Sherdukpen, where the very act of recitation becomes a form of sacred continuity. In the Losar festival celebrated by the Monpa, for instance, traditional chants precede every communal activity. The body becomes the vessel of memory; the voice, a tether to the ancestors.

Storytelling sessions—held during community

²Gourab Chatterjee, Debanjali Roy & Tanmoy Putatunda, "From Anonymity to Identity: Orality in Three Women Poets from North-East India", *Rupkatha Journal*, (April-June, 2022), < <https://doi.org/10.21659/rupkatha.v14n2.ne34> > accessed 18 March 2025

gatherings or after a day's work around the fire—continue to pass along cosmologies, genealogies, and moral codes. These aren't just stories. They are maps of being, sonic blueprints of identity.

The Apatani people, known for their sustainable practices of wet rice cultivation and forest preservation, narrate their ecological wisdom through oral verses and proverbs, each embedded in local experience. Their oral culture is tightly interwoven with the natural cycles of their land. This form of knowledge transfer is both poetic and precise—*what plant to sow, when to cut, how to cook—all spoken into being.*

Modernization and external linguistic pressures—particularly from Hindi, Assamese, and English—pose a looming threat of flattening these pluralities. Yet, it is in dance, in ceremony, in chant, that Arunachal's languages refuse extinction. Oral traditions here are not nostalgic residues—they are the active frontline of resistance against cultural homogenization. The children who watch and mimic these movements are not passive consumers of tradition—they are its next breath.

Thus, in both Manipur and Arunachal, language lives in the limbs. It is not imprisoned in books or buried in bureaucratic reports. It is whispered into bamboo groves, wailed in mourning songs, and laughed out during communal meals. Here, orality is not the absence of literacy—it is a different kind of knowledge ecology, one that remembers with the tongue and dances with the foot.

Buddhist chants of Tawang, the warrior dances of the Nocte, the rhythm of grain-pounding in the fields—all speak a language that cannot be written without losing something vital. The pressure of Hindi and English has made written language more uniform, but *orality* still holds the uniqueness of place and people.

The *Khasi Hills* offer a musical mode of language retention. The *phamar* is not merely folk poetry—it is *oral philosophy*, spoken wisdom. The Khasi tongue, like the Garo and Jaintia, refuses to fossilise because it is still sung, joked with, responded to.

The Sylheti mother-tongue, too, survives its marginalisation because of its oral creativity. Despite adopting *Shuddho Bangla* for formal writing, Indian Sylhetis return to their native rhythms in song and domestic chatter. They speak with *taan*—an accent—from the land, not the academy. It is curious to note that the Bengali words *taan* is a homonym, and it sometimes contextually means 'a pull', and sometimes 'an accent'. Both of them blend magically in the context of mother tongue—an accent (*taan*) is an unmistakable pull (*taan*) of the land.

In villages across Sylhet, storytelling and wit still flourish in everyday speech. Wedding songs (*biya gaan*), *pala gaan* (improvised lyrical duels), and lullabies are passed on not in notebooks but in kitchens, tea stalls, and boats on the Surma River. These oral forms are layered with humour, irony, and emotional intelligence—ways of making sense of migration, partition, and memory, and are quotidian knowledges sustained primarily by the invisible and gendered labour of women.

In diasporic communities, from the UK to the Barak Valley, Sylhetis often retain their spoken tongue while letting go of the written form, though amongst many Muslim Sylhetis, a revivalist movement of the old Sylheti Nagri script is not gaining credence. This creates a unique linguistic identity: deeply felt, richly intoned, yet almost invisible to the textual gaze. Sylheti orality becomes a form of quiet resistance—a refusal to flatten speech into standardised grammar, a way of carrying the homeland in the mouth.





Painting by Abanindranath Tagore

Multiplicity and the Sonic Continuum

The sonic inheritance of India's North-East and adjoining cultural belts is not linear. It does not conform to clean categories of language, script, or state boundary. It is multiple, intersecting, overlapping. It spills across rivers and ridges, carried on the backs of migrations, devotional currents, and resistance movements. The result is a sonic continuum—a spectrum of speech, song, and performance that defies political demarcations.

Few artists understood and enacted this continuum as intuitively as Bhupen Hazarika and Hemango Biswas. In the 1960s, as part of the Indian People's Theatre Association (IPTA), they staged folk theatre that refused to recognise the hardened borders of linguistic nationalism. Their performances did not draw distinctions between an Assamese peasant's grief and a Bengali labourer's anguish. They recognised that sorrow has no dialect. That song is its own script.

Hemango Biswas, likewise, lent his harmonium and pen to interwoven musical geographies. His collaborations with Bhupen broke barriers—not just between Assamese and Bengali, but between genres, castes, and classes. Their joint compositions placed a boatman from the Barak Valley alongside a clerk in Shillong's AG office; not as characters from different worlds, but as participants in a shared emotional archive.

Their IPTA productions rejected the notion of 'pure' cultural identity. Instead, they offered an aural alternative to the politics of separation—a mode of listening that sought resonance, not difference. Their music reminds us that even as languages seek

standardisation, the voice refuses to be standardised.³

Theirs was not merely art—it was an act of cultural synthesis. In a region often described as fractured by ethnicity and linguistic assertion, their songs imagined a common chorus. They blurred the edges between Sylheti Dhamail and Khasi Phawar, between Manipuri Lai Haraoba and Arunachali ritual chant. These forms did not stand isolated. They leaned toward each other. They whispered across state lines, hummed under closed doors, and danced from one tongue to another.

This is what Bhupen Hazarika called the unity of sound. His music was the river that refused to be dammed.

Conclusion: A Quiet Invitation

In closing, I invite you to embrace and recognize the *invisible*. The mother-tongue may not always be loud, grammatically pristine, or officially recorded. But it is always *there*—in the lilt of a lullaby, in the rhythm of rice pounding, in the affectionate scolding—*Thait! Dhur beta! Okora!*

It is there in the way your grandmother shaped her vowels. In the way your grandfather sang to the river. It is there in movement, in swaying bodies, in unguarded conversations. In the *taan*—the accent as well as the pull of the land, the memory, the body.

Language does not survive because it is taught. It survives because it is *lived*. And the mother-tongue lives—resolutely, rhythmically, quietly—in the oral.

Let us listen more. Speak more. Sing more.

³ Suvojit Bagchi, "Bhupen Hazarika and Hemango Biswas: The soulful music that calmed Assam six decades ago", Kolkata, The Hindu, (2 February, 2019)

Cāṅgadeva Pāsaṣṭī

of Jnaneswara Maharaj

Swami Yugeshananda

Book : Cāṅgadeva Pāsaṣṭī of Jnaneswara Maharaj
Original Author : Jnaneswara Maharaj
Translator : Swami Pitambarananda
First Edition : 2024
Price : 70
Publisher : Advaita Ashrama, Kolkata



Cāṅgadeva Pāsaṣṭī is written by *Śrī Jnāneśvara Mahārāj*, a 13th century saint from Maharashtra. The present book is an English translation with commentary written by Swami Pitambarananda, a senior monk of the Ramakrishna Order with vast experience in scriptural study and teaching. The original was written in Marathi in poetic form in *ovi* metre of four lines each. S

The book prods the reader for a complete paradigm shift. Set under a background of striking encounter between *Jnāneśvara Mahārāj*, a young teenager, as guru and *Cāṅgadeva*, a 1400 years old yogi, as a disciple in making. The content, Advaitic teaching, is also set forth in a novel format, devoid of all cumbersome philosophical processes, immersing the reader directly into the wonderful experience of Oneness through appealing similes. Commentary by the learned author gives wonderful insights which would otherwise would have to be got only through deep, intense and years of pondering.

Most of the Advaitic works stress on negation of this universe of ours as mere appearance, stressing more on the transcendent aspect of Brahman. Whereas *Jnāneśvara Mahārāj* focuses on the immanent aspect of Brahman. His forceful analogies completely transform our vision and thinking. A reader of Swami Vivekananda will invariably like this work for the way it looks at this universe, in an Advaitic way, as a precursor which clears the way for the practical vedanta philosophy.

The book is a must read for any beginner who wants to understand Advaita and also for any advanced who wants to taste the bliss and expanse of Advaita.

Following are some of the striking analogies:

Brahman is the entire world, without becoming anything. Has the water changed into something else to produce waves? or is it hiding anywhere to create an illusion of

*Swami Yugeshananda
is a monk of
Ramakrishna Order
serving at the Aalo centre
of Arunachal Pradesh.
Adept in scriptural studies
he joined the order in the
year 2011 and ever since
serving various centres.*

CĀNGADEVA PĀSAṢṬĪ

of
Śrī Jñāneśvara Mahārāj

श्रीज्ञानेश्वरकृत
चाङ्गदेवपासष्टी

Translation and Commentary
in English by
Swami Pitambarananda



waves? No. It is there in front all the time. Similarly, when we see a cloth, are we seeing cloth or thread? Only our acceptance is missing to assert the truth.(5)

The moon does not know how to cover itself. And, fire is not different from the flame of a lamp. (7) This reminds us of an appealing quote of Swami Vivekananda ‘Do not seek, just see’.

In whichever shape, jaggery is sweet. Similarly, the universe, created, sustained or dissolved, is nothing but consciousness. (14) A *saree* is named so only for our convenience of usage. But other than cotton do we have anything else there?(9)

In our normal thinking or even in philosophical enquiry subjective ‘I’ is taken for granted. But the

‘I’ is manifested because of the manifestation of this objective universe. A face needs to be called the original of a reflection, only if there is a reflection of it. (16, 17)

“In measuring the distance between.. [the seer and the seen], the seeing becomes lame.” (22)

Similarly profound are some of the observations from the commentary:

There are six ways to acquire knowledge in the Vedānta philosophy. *Anumāna* and *Upamāna* are two of them. *Anumāna* (knowledge gained through inference) can prove or disprove the veracity of a statement, it cannot lead us to anything novel. Whereas *Upamāna* (knowledge gained through analogy) leads one towards a new knowledge through analogy of previous experience. Hence all the great spiritual teachers have taught through similes to comprehend a radically different knowledge through experiential understanding.(3)

There are many people with great intellect, but all are not *buddhivādīs* who follow pure reason to approach Truth. Most of them are *buddhijīvis* for whom reasoning is only a tool to satisfy one’s own needs and desires.(3)

“Why am I a subject? Because I see the world. Why “world” is there? Because I see it. So, “world” and “I” are born together... The world has a relative existence in relation to my mind, your mind, everybody’s mind... That is Buddha’s.. *pratitya sautpada*, dependent origination.” (4)

Dissolution of the universe that a person experiences entering into *nirvikalpa samādhi* can be called as *jñānapralaya*.(14)

“*Sphurti* is an individual’s experience of coming out of *nirvikalpa samādhi*. That itself becomes *visvasphurti*, the world (as if) coming out of God.” (15)

“Has the world “come out of Brahman”? That is the common usage, but is there anything outside Brahman?... within Himself He shows the object to Himself.” (18)

To such a striking book as this, if the story of *Jñāneśvara* maharaj and Cāngaeva had been told in a little more detailed way, it would have added depth and richness to the narrative of the book.



Best wishes from
Sikdar & Associates
Advocates & Consultants
(Specialized in Tax Litigation)

Shillong Office: Neuk Cottage Annexed,
Keating Road, Shillong, 793001
Mobile: 9436116619

Guwahati Office: House of Dr N. J. Das
1ST Floor, Zoo Road Tinali M T Road,
Guwahati - 781024
Mobile: 9436701883

Kolkata Office: Chamber No. 906, Olisa Realty Pvt.
Ltd, 4, Govt. Place,
Kolkata - 700001
Mobile: 8794414472





To the Awakened India

Swami Vivekananda

Once more awake!
 For sleep it was, not death, to bring thee life
 Anew, and rest to lotus-eyes for visions
 Daring yet. The world in need awaits, O Truth!
 No death for thee!
 Resume thy march,
 With gentle feet that would not break the
 Peaceful rest even of the roadside dust
 That lies so low. Yet strong and steady,
 Blissful, bold, and free. Awakener, ever
 Forward! Speak thy stirring words.
 Thy home is gone,
 Where loving hearts had brought thee up and
 Watched with joy thy growth. But Fate is strong--
 This is the law--all things come back to the source
 They sprung, their strength to renew.
 Then start afresh
 From the land of thy birth, where vast cloud-belted
 Snows do bless and put their strength in thee,
 For working wonders new. The heavenly
 River tune thy voice to her own immortal song;
 Deodar shades give thee eternal peace.
 And all above,
 Himala's daughter Uma, gentle, pure,
 The Mother that resides in all as Power
 And Life, who works all works and
 Makes of One the world, whose mercy
 Opens the gate to Truth and shows

The One in All, give thee untiring
 Strength, which is Infinite Love.
 They bless thee all,
 The seers great, whom age nor dime
 Can claim their own, the fathers of the
 Race, who felt the heart of Truth the same,
 And bravely taught to man ill-voiced or
 Well. Their servant, thou hast got
 The secret--'tis but One.
 Then speak, O Love!
 Before thy gentle voice serene, behold how
 Visions melt and fold on fold of dreams
 Departs to void, till Truth and Truth alone
 In all its glory shines—
 And tell the world—
 Awake, arise, and dream no more!
 This is the land of dreams, where Karma
 Weaves unthreaded garlands with our thoughts
 Of flowers sweet or noxious, and none
 Has root or stem, being born in naught, which
 The softest breath of Truth drives back to
 Primal nothingness. Be bold, and face
 The Truth! Be one with it! Let visions cease,
 Or, if you cannot, dream but truer dreams,
 Which are Eternal Love and Service Free.

Sha ka India kaba Peitmat

Da U Swami Vivekananda

La pynkylla sha ka Khasi da U Rangkitbok C Dohkrut

Sa shisien to khie joit!
Namar ka jingiohthiah ka long,
ym ka jingäp, ban wallam ia phi
ka jingim kaba thymmai, ban
Shongthait ha ki 'tiew lotus—ki 'mat
Peit na ka bynta ka phangma
Ka Jingshlur haduh mynta. Ka
pyrthei kaba thrang ka iai ap,
Aa! Ka Jingshisha!
Ym don jingäp na ka bynta jong pha.
Sdang biang ia la ka jingiaid kodom,
Da ki kjat kiba jem ki ban nym dkhat noh
ia ka Jingsuk kaba kynjai ba wat
ha rud lynti uba u pui pui u dem
kynthop ha madan. Tangba da ka
bor kaba khlaiañ bad baskhem,
Ka Jingkmen ba Kyrhai, Ka Jingshlur bad Ka Jinglaitluid. Ko
Nongkysiew thiah,
iaid shaphrang! To kren ia ki ktien kiba pynkhih mynsyiem.

Ka iing jong phi kam don shuh,
Ha kaba ki dohnud ba dap jingieit ka la pynsan ia phi
ban peit da ka jingkmen ia ka jingheh jingsan. Tangba ka bok
ka nusip ka khlaiañ—
Kane ka dei ka aiñ ka hukum—baroh kiei kiei ki wan phai
biang sha la ka tyllong
Ki speh ia la ka bor ban pynthymmai.
Te kumta sdang thymmai
Na ka ri b'la kha ia pha, ha kaba ki kynian jong ki lyoh—
ka ior kaba kyrkhu bad buh ia la ka iktiar ha pha,
Na ka bynta ki jingtrei jong ki kam baphylla.
Ka wah bakynja bneng ka pynwan sur sha ka jingruwai ba
junom jong ka;

Ka jingkah syrngiew jong u Deodar ki ai ia pha ka jingsuk
bymjukut.

Bad Halor Baroh,

Ka khun jong ka Himala, ka Uma, kaba jai jai, nylla,
Ka Kmie kaba shongbha ha baroh kum ka Bor
Bad ka Jingim, kaba trei baroh ki jingtrei bad
Pynlong Kawei ka pyrthei, kaba ka jingisynei jongka
Ka plie ia ki khyrdop sha ka jingshisha bad kdew
Ia Uwei ha Baroh, kaba ai ia pha ka bor ka bym man thait,
kaba long ka Jingieit ba bymjukut.

Ki Kyrkhu ia pha baroh,

U Nongiathuhlypa bakhraw, ha kaba ka rta lane ka peisa
Kim lah ban kam kynti ia la ka jong, U Kpa jong ka
jaitbynriew,

uba shem kumjuh ia ka dohnud jong ka Jingshisha,
Bad da ka Jingshlur uba hikai ia u briew uba kren tohmet ne
uba kren da kaba don jingmut. Ki shakri, Me uba ioh
ia kaba la buhrieh— Tangba dei tang Kawei.

To kren, Ko Baieit!

Ha khmat jong ka sur ba kynthem kynjai, khmih kumno
ki phangma ki kylla um bad khylliap pa khylliap ia ki
jingphohsniew

Kiba leit noh sha ka Jinglong thylli, tad haduh ba ka

Jingshisha bad ka Jingshisha hi marwei

Ha ka burom jong ka baroh ka tyngshaiñ.

Bad iathuh sha ka pyrthei—

To khie, to khie, bad wat phohsniew shuh!

Kane kadei ka ri jong ki jingphohsniew, ha kaba ka Karma
Ka thaiñ ia ki kpieng syntiew khlem ksai, da ka jingpyrkhat
jong ngi

ia ki syntiew ba iewbih ne ba iewli, bad ym don
kiba don ki thied ne ka metbah, kaba la kha ha ka suda, ha
kaba

ka lyer ring mynsiem ba jai jai jong ka Jingshisha ka leit phai
biang sha

kaba mynnnyngkong ha jingbymdon ei ei. Long shlur, bad
pdian

ia ka Jingshisha! Long kawei bad ka! To ai ba ki phangma kin
kut noh

Lane, Lada phim lah, to phohsniew tangba da phohsniew
shisha

Kiba long ka Jingieit bymjukut bad ka Jingshakri ba laitluid



Winter

Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh

Jumping out of bed
 at the first cawing of
 the iridescent black jungle crow,
 sneaking out of the house
 to trample on the frost covered grass —
 outhouse across the courtyard
 its frosty white thatched roof
 slowly changing colour,
 languidly dripping water
 when nimble fingers of
 the mellow sun gently caresses it —
 the magic of winter never fails
 to fill the mind.
 Jungle crows have vanished now.
 So too have the thatched roofs.
 Steel and concrete buildings
 have come in to stay.
 Winter still pays us a visit
 but frost has disappeared.
 Smog has replaced fog.
 Memories of the winters of yesteryear
 bring back names long forgotten.
 Faded faces come alive
 to play before my eyes.

To the City

Kennyson Lyngdoh Mawlieh

The lazy dawn has just fled,
 Leaving a beam of honey glazed sunlight,
 I know I'm not even half from the spot,
 But the great lake beside me is radiant,
 The lushy green leaves circling the perimeter,
 The paddy, the lands the hills,
 All the greenery here compensated for the pavements,
 But my dwelling, resides the same.

Now that I have reached this destination,
 Plethora of creeping ceilings,
 Hanging out in broad daylight,
 The northern eastern land of the plains,
 And the eyes of mine is all that I can perceive,
 Foreign beings, foreign dialects, foreign spaces,
 Automobiles, machines of different uses,
 Creeping unto the busy streets,
 But home is where I have bestowed righteousness.

Ryngkat Mariang, ka
Jingstad ka Biang

Kong Silbi Passah

Dei jingstad ba biang, mynta tiplut.
 Riewstad shemphang ki wad khlem kut,
 Jinglong mariang pyrthei batai,
 Kumno la pynlong ia ka sngi u bnai.
 Science bantip ïai wad khlem kut,
 Ha pneh mei mariang peit shim tip lut,,
 Riewstad shemphang jingstad jingnang,
 Baniaid shaphrang ka ri ki thrang,,
 Bantip- mihngi, sepngi shathie shatei,
 Bansngewthuh jing-jngai jong ka pyrthei,,
 Minot tyngheh peit-thuh puson
 ymdon jingeh trei, minot phi don kamon.
 Pule sngewthuh bha ia ka geography;
 Ban sngewthuh shai mihngi sepngi,,
 Lada ngim tip ki pud sawdong,
 Kumno ngin tip ka shnong ka don,,
 Don kiba ong ka sngi ka mih na mihngi,
 Bad janmiet pat ka sep sha sepngi.
 Hynrei ka sngi ha sahit ka don.
 Dei ka pyrthei ba shad kum ka latom
 Miet bad sngi pyrthei tyllun.
 Ngi saioh jingshai bad jingdum,,
 Khat ar kynta jingshai wanrah,
 Khat ar kynta jingdum ka kah;
 Riewstad batai ia u snem u bnai,
 Khat ar bnai shisnem don batai
 Ki Aiom ki don la kajong ka por,
 wanrah Khubor khun bynriew tipbor.
 U slap ka lyer hapneh mariang,
 Ki kshaid ki wah ki sur bathiang,,
 ki da tip khun bynriew ai jingshai,
 Khun bynriew ban im kin nang tyngkai,,
 jingstad pynsuk habaroh ki liang'
 ymdon jingeh ki kam ki biang"
 Baroh jingsuk haka don lut
 Pyndon kam hok ka ai jingsuk"
 Jingstad ka dei durbhabriew babiang.
 Haka donlut ki soh bathiang
 Bansuk baroh ki nongshong shnong
 To wad jingstad ba bun rukom.



Don Bosco Square: a defence of the flâneur

Vancouver Shullai

Lehse, ba ngan shu batai ha phi lyngba ki laiñ poitri,
 Ngan ym da lah ban pynshong syngngeit ia ka tamasa
 Kaba phriang ha ki saw lynti ka lad Don Bosco Square.
 Khnang ba phin sngewthuh sani bha Ia kaei kaba ngan
 iathuh ha phi
 (Kum ba rung u ksai b'la khap pynnep phiak ha u
 thyrnia)
 Kan bha eh, lada phi don ka por ban bijai ei,
 Ba phin ieng khlem kyrkieh
 Kumba shiteng kynta ha kane ka jaka.
 Ynnai bynñiaw ban shaniah ha ki jingker sorkar,
 Ne ban pynkyrsum ktieh ia ki ktang patlun
 Ha ki lwer ka jingtlot ki nongmihkhmat jong ngi;
 Namar kum kita ki jingker nar kiba kylliang man ka
 samoi
 U phngit u ba sdien ha ki 'sai mih tam ruh, un ym shan
 slem.
 Ynda phi la poi ha ka lad Don Bosco Square,
 Ka mon ka byllai – phi lah ban jied kawei na laiphew
 Ki jaka ieng ang-lyer, na kaba phi lah ban tianbishar Ia
 kine kiba ngan kdew harum:
 Lada dei ka sngi poh-ia,
 Ka mangkarong ka la sdang dang step.
 U duhalia ka surok rong u kaweh ia la ki kti
 Bad u put tynggeh ia ka bisil
 Ban pynñaid ia ki shalyntem u kynrem-u lyndan,
 U duk-u suk bad u pdeng bynriew.
 Kum u nongsakhi ia kane ka jingpyni rong,
 Phin iohi kyrhai ki kali kiba tuid
 Kum ka dewthala-Umkhrah ha u 'nai Jylliew.
 Shaid u briew bad ter ki khynnah skul,
 Kiba, ha la ka kyrkieh, ki pyndep ia la ka bynta ha ka
 tamasa
 Kine baroh, lada phi ai lad ia ki,
 Kin lam ia phi sha ka mynnor kaba sngur;
 Bad ha kata ka lamwir, phin kynmaw
 Ia ka paralok kaba ju ia shong skul lang bad phi
 (Ka long kumno?)
 U 'rangkynsai uba ju ap ia phi ha shiliang kane ka wah
 (Shano u poi?)

Ka nongdie sohphie kaba phim ju iohi shuh
 (Ka la shong pat hangno?)
 Lehse, lada la thoh, kin sa wan iashim bynta biang
 Ha kane ka tamasa ha kawei pat ka por.
 Ha kane ka khlaw dewbilat,
 Yn ym don ba pushe ia ka ieng alhia jong phi.
 Ha kaba kumno eh, phi lah ban shah lymbup
 Ha ki samla lud kiba bat la ki pla kieng ka jingkhia kaba
 kat ka jingsarong.
 Kin pynran ia la ki niuhmat bad phai wak da ka bitar.
 Ka bha ba phin ba shu ong map bad sammut lane excuse
 me!
 Namar ka kham phalang hi ka English ha kine ki akhia ka
 skulbah.
 Ynnai ia kynad halor kaei kaba phin klet noh tang shipor.
 Ynda phi la kyndit noh na ka jingshahpeit-matdong,
 Ka jingtnen ka ap ia phi ha ka sha ka dud na ki dukan
 Kiba ki bun pateng ki ieit bad niiewkor.
 Hynrei, kumba ong ka khlieng ka tyngab:
 U khiew ha kine ki dukan kham niar ba un iohi ia ka kor
 khlieng tiar,
 Wat la katta, ka sha ka shngiam kum kaba la tong na ka
 shyngiar blei.
 Haba nga shong ha ki kyndong kine ki dukan
 Kiba bat ha la ki miej lati ia ka kmen bad ka sngewsih u ba
 bun balang,
 Ngam lah khlem da peitthuh ia ki khana kiba ki
 nongshong dihsha
 Ki tyngkhap ha ki khylliap shyllang kiba kit khuslai,
 Ha ki 'mationg kiba jylliew da ka jingthrang samla,
 Bad ha ki rymmuiñ khynnah ki bym pyrkhat ia ka lashai.
 (Man u nongiashimbynta, phi 'i, u wanrah buhrieh ha kane
 ka tamasa
 Ia ka jingim ba shisha ka jong u.)
 Ngam niiew ialade kum u lorni, ioh jia ba phi sngewthuh
 bakla,
 Namar ia ka jingiakhana, ngam pynshahshkor
 Bad ia ki pliang bam, ngam peit jawdud.
 Nga niiew ialade tang kum u nongpeit-iapmat
 Ia ka jingjanai da kaba baroh ki nongshimbynta ki pyndep
 ia la ka kamram.
 To, ngan ieng noh manga na kane ka jaka.
 Nga iohi ba bun ki la wad jaka shong naduh mynnai.
 Sa shong noh maphi, paralok,
 Ka bam jong phi ruh katei ka la wan.
 Ha shwa ba ngan aiti noh ia ka bynta ka jong nga,
 Pdiang shikyntien kum ka bhet ka bhar ia khlad:
 Ynnai ud 'nai khñium ba khapngiah, ne thlia ba shit,
 Ne wohdong ba ym don ba kren,
 Haba phi ieng ha ka lad Don Bosco Square;
 Namar lada baroh ngi long nongshimbynta, mano mo u
 ban peitkai?



जिन्दगी का तराना

डॉ मंजु गुप्ता 'लता'

आओ मना लें खुशियाँ, दो पल का है ठिकाना ।
 ये जग है एक सराय, सबको पड़ेगा जाना ।
 जो वक्त मिल गया है उसको सफल बनायें ।
 रो-रो के सबके आगे न उलझने बढ़ाये ।
 ये खुशियाँ सफर है रहता है आना जाना ।
 कोई तो कुछ कहेगा, सुनना तुम्हें पड़ेगा ।
 बिंदास बन के जीना मुश्किल बहुत पड़ेगा ।
 इस जाल में जो उलझे, मुश्किल है निकल पाना ।
 हँसने से जिन्दगी की मुश्किल घड़ी कटी है ।
 रोने से भला किसको कोई खुशी मिली है ।
 जो मिल गया मुक़दर, दिल से उसे लगाना ।
 दोगे जो फूल सबको, तो फूल ही मिलेंगे ।
 शब्दों के वाण फेंके, तो शूल ही चुभेंगे ।
 जीवन है एक उपवन, खुशबू यहाँ बसाना ।
 कुछ दिन का साथ है, ये कुछ पल की दोस्ती है ।
 जो दे सको खुशी, तो बस वो ही जिन्दगी है ।
 जो आज है, अभी है कल लौट कर न आना ।
 ये जग है एक सराय, एक दिन पड़ेगा जाना ।

सोचा नहीं था

डॉ अवधेश कुमार 'अवध'

आवारा आँधी की तरह
 दहलीज़ के बाहर वाले छप्पर से
 छेड़खानी करते हुए
 तेज़ी से गुज़र जाने वाले अपनों में
 वह हवा भी शामिल है
 जिसे अपने जिगर में
 छुपाकर रखा था मैंने ।
 मेरे स्वाभिमान पर
 बरसते अपमान के पत्थरों में
 वे कंकड़ भी शामिल थे
 जिन्हें अपनी बुनियाद से निकालकर
 उनकी मुँडेरों पर
 जड़वाया था मैंने ।
 पीठ पर पड़ने वाले
 छल-छद्म के हथौड़ों को
 चलाने वाले सैकड़ों हाथों में
 वे दो हाथ भी शामिल थे
 जिनको मजबूत करने में
 अपने निवालों को
 छोटा कर दिया था मैंने ।
 जिनको ढँकने के लिए
 मैंने उतार दी थी अपनी पगड़ी
 फिर टांग दिया था मैंने
 बाहरी जर्जर दरवाजे पर
 अपनी कमीज़ का पर्दा
 आज वे ही लोग
 मुझे बेपर्दा कर, मेरी उसी पगड़ी से
 पाद-कन्दुक खेलने लगे हैं ।
 सुना था और कहीं-कहीं पढ़ा भी था मैंने
 आवश्यक होता है असंतुलन
 पुनः संतुलन के लिए
 परिवर्तन तो शाश्वत नियम है प्रकृति का
 एक ही हाथ की पाँचों अंगुलियाँ
 नहीं होती बराबर
 गिरगिट का रंग और नेताओं का ढंग भी
 कहाँ रहता है एक-सा!
 बदलता है मौसम और बदलता है नसीब भी
 किन्तु इतना...
 मैंने कभी सोचा नहीं था ।



वही शब्द देना मुझे

विशाल के सी

वही शब्द देना मुझे
जिससे पूरी हो मेरी कविता
थोड़ा आशीर्वाद, देना संघर्ष घना
न दरबार, न आश्रय किसी का
आधा अधूरा जैसा भी हो
बस परिचय सीधा तुझसे मेरा हो
वही शब्द देना मुझे “माँ”
जिसके भीतर मेरे शब्द सुगंधित, प्रफुल्लित रहें
खाली पेट हो
अर्धनग्न तन हो
पर सत्यनिष्ठा से भरा शब्द देना
निडर, निर्भीक एवं निर्भय
पदचिह्न उड़ेल देना पथ में मेरे
बस इतनी भूख देना
जिससे पूरी मेरी कविता हो
कर पाऊँ तेरी वंदना हर रोज बिन भयभीत
उस दिशा का पथ देना
बदल सकूँ मैं खुद के भीतर का दानव
ऐसी मानव प्रवृत्ति देना
हे! माँ शारदा
वही शब्द देना मुझे
जिससे सार्थक हो मेरा जीवन।

जड़ों में धड़कतीं ऋतुएँ

भरत प्रसाद

कितनी छटपटाती आवाजें पीना जरूरी था
कानों के संस्कार के लिए।
जरूरी था-
पल, पल रुक-रुक कर निरखना
हर नाचीज़ को
आँखे निरर्थक न सिद्ध होने के लिए।
हमारे मतलबपरस्त पैर
लाखों पीड़ाओं की ओर दौड़ पड़ना
कहाँ सीख पाए?
मिट्टी की गोद में मिटकर सोना
सीख लेना था, जीते-जी
यहीं बस यहीं दबा है
जीवन का कोई अनमोल अर्थ।
अहक उठती है, लहर जैसी
पेड़ों के पास जाते ही आदमी न रहूँ,
खुद से तत्क्षण अलग हो जाऊँ
एक-एक चीज से बतियाते हुए।
मनुष्य की तरह जीने के लिए
वस्तुएँ हो जाना कितना जरूरी है?
क्यों मचलता है हृदय?
निर्जीव की धड़कनें सुनने के लिए
दरख्तों के आँसू पीने के लिए।
कितनी आत्मघाती खुशी थी
अपने सुखों को सहलाते रहना।
अपनी धड़कनों के आगे
हमने उपेक्षित कर दिया
जड़ों में धड़कतीं ऋतुएँ।



अपना बोध, अपना बंधन

स्वामी योगात्मानन्द



जब मैं शिलांग में रहता था, तब एक साधारण-सी घटना घटी, जिससे मुझे एक बड़ी ही शिक्षा मिली। मैं वहाँ सुबह दफ्तर में अपना काम करने में लगा था, तब एक भक्त महिला किसी कारण वहाँ आयी। अब मुझे उनका नाम याद नहीं है, न हि वह किस काम के लिए आयी थी इसका भी कोई स्मरण है। इतना स्मरण है कि, वह एक परिचित और प्रायः आनेवाली भक्त थी। उस दिन उनके साथ उनकी पुत्री थी। लगभग ४-५ वर्ष की वह छोटी बालिका अपनी माँ से चॉकलेट के लिए ज़िद कर रही थी। यह कोई आश्चर्य की बात नहीं थी, बच्चे माँ से इन चीजों के लिए ज़िद करते ही हैं। माँ उस बालिका को समझा रही थी कि बाद में वह उसे चॉकलेट जरूर देगी। अभी उसे मुझसे कुछ जरूरी बात करनी है। ताकि समझाया हमेशा चॉकलेट इत्यादि खाना स्वास्थ्य के लिए बिल्कुल अच्छा नहीं है। इधर माँ मेरे साथ बात कर रही थी, उधर बच्ची रो-रो कर माँ के ऊपर दबाव बढ़ा रही थी।

उन दिनों आफिस के कोने में टी. वी. हुआ करता था। १९९६ में भी वह टी. वी. गया बीता पुराना माना जाता था। मेरे शिलांग आने के कुछ समय पूर्व वह किसी भक्त ने दानस्वरूप आश्रम को दिया था। प्रायः रात को आश्रम के अन्तेवासी भोजन के बाद वहाँ सम्मिलित होकर कुछ पाठ करते थे और टी. वी. पर समाचार देखते थे। इस प्रसंग के वर्षों बाद जब मैं अमेरिका से शिलांग आया था तो देखा कि उस टी. वी. का स्थान एक अच्छे टी. वी. ने ले लिया है।

जब वह भक्त महिला अपनी छोटी बच्ची के साथ आयी थी, तो वह चल रहा था, किन्तु वह उस समय क्यों चल रहा था और उसपर कौन सा कार्यक्रम प्रदर्शित हो रहा था यह मुझे याद नहीं है। किन्तु हठात मैंने देखा कि उसपर किसी चॉकलेट का बिज्ञापन दिखाया जा रहा है। किसी बड़े से चॉकलेट का सुन्दर चित्र स्क्रीन पर दिखाई दिया। मैंने उस रोती हुई बालिका से कहा, “अरी रोती क्यों हो? देखो, टी. वी. पर से उसे लेलो; माँ को तंग करने की कोई आवश्यकता नहीं है।”

किन्तु बालिका अपने स्थान से हिली नहीं। जब मैंने फिर उसे स्क्रीन पर का चॉकलेट लेने लिए कहा तो उसने जवाब में कहा कि “वहाँ कोई चॉकलेट नहीं है।” मैंने फिर कहा, “बेटा दिख तो रहा था- टी. वी. के पीछे खोजने से जरूर मिलेगा।” उसने फिर जोर से कहा कि “नहीं! दिखता है, परन्तु है नहीं, केवल इलेक्ट्रिसिटी है।”

कुछ मिनट बाद माँ और बच्ची दोनों वहाँ से चले गये। बाद में उसे चॉकलेट मिला या नहीं उसकी खोज मैंने नहीं की। परन्तु उस बालिका का टी. वी. से चॉकलेट लेने से इन्कार करना मेरे लिए एक अच्छा चिन्तन का विषय बन गया।

इस घटना का जिज्ञा मैं आज भी व्याख्यानों में किया करता हूँ। वह बालिका निस्सन्देह जानती थी कि टी. वी. पर दिखने वाला चॉकलेट वस्तुतः वहाँ है नहीं - वह केवल आभास मात्र है; इसीलिए उसे लेने की प्रवृत्ति ही नहीं हुई। उस चॉकलेट के आकर्षण का उसपर कोई असर नहीं हुआ, यद्यपि वह माँ से चॉकलेट के लिए रो रो कर ज़िद कर रही थी।

*

*

*

स्वामी योगात्मानन्द वेदान्त सोसाइटी आफ प्रोविडेन्स के मंत्री एवं अध्यक्ष हैं। ये १९७६ में रामकृष्ण मिशन में शामिल हुए और १९८६ में संन्यास की दीक्षा ली। २० वर्ष तक रामकृष्ण मिशन नागपुर, में कार्य करने के उपरान्त रामकृष्ण मिशन शिलांग मेघालय, के अध्यक्ष के रूप में कार्यरत रहे। तदुपरांत आप सन् २००९ के ग्रीष्म ऋतु में अमेरिका में वेदान्त सोसायटी आफ प्रोविडेन्स के मंत्री के पद पर आए।

इस संसार के प्रति हमारा आकर्षण क्यों होता है? क्या हम नहीं जानते कि वह एक आभास मात्र है?

* * *

जानते तो हैं- किन्तु पूर्णरूप से नहीं जानते हैं। हमारा मस्तिष्क तो उसे समझ लेता है, किन्तु ज्ञान के इससे अधिक गंभीर स्तर होते हैं। मस्तिष्क में या बुद्धि में ज्ञान होना, यह प्राथमिक अवस्था है, जिसका वास्तविक जीवन पर विशेष रूप से कोई असर नहीं होता। हर रसायन शास्त्री या भौतिक वैज्ञानिक बुद्धि से तो समझता है कि समस्त शरीर सूक्ष्म परमाणुओं का नित्य परिवर्तनीय समुच्चय है। परन्तु यह समझ उसके शारीरिक आकर्षण पर असर नहीं डालती। उसका देह-भोगों की ओर आकर्षण किसी साधारण अनपढ़ व्यक्ति से अणुमात्र भी कम नहीं होता। इसका कारण स्पष्ट है। अपने मस्तिष्क की समझ के बावजूद भी वह वही देखता है, जैसा उसे देखना होता है। जैसा कि एक अनपढ़-अज्ञानी व्यक्ति देखता है। दोनों ही 'मैं और संसार', 'भोक्ता और भोग्य' रूप अज्ञान के बन्धन में फँसे हुए हैं और दुख पाते हैं। व्यवहार की दृष्टि से एक वैज्ञानिक का जीवन और किसी अनपढ़ व्यक्ति का जीवन, इनमें कोई गुणात्मक भेद नहीं है। आचार्य शंकर का तो कथन है कि उन मनुष्यों और पशुओं का आचरण भी गुणात्मक दृष्टि से देखो तो समान ही होता है। (ब्रह्मसूत्र भाष्य, उपोद्घात)

पर जब कोई व्यक्ति साधन-भजन करें, स्वयं के शरीर को और इस शरीर के माध्यम से देखे जाने वाले जगत्-संसार को अनित्य-असार जानकर उनकी ओर से मुख मोड़ ले, फिर कहीं जाकर धीरे धीरे यह मस्तिष्क अवगत ज्ञान, भावना में परिणत होता है।

इस भावना (Feeling) के स्तर पर जब 'मैं और संसार' रूप ज्ञान गलत है, यह कोई समझ जाता है, तो जीवन में बदलाव की प्रक्रिया मानो आरम्भ हो जाती है। संसार के प्रति आकर्षण तब भी विद्यमान तो होता है, पर अब उसे उससे उबरने की इच्छा भी जागृत हो जाती है।

* * *

किस प्रक्रिया से मनुष्यों की सांसारिक भोग-सुखों के प्रति जो स्वाभाविक इच्छा, उससे पैदा होने वाली आसक्ति और परिणाम स्वरूप बन्धन, ये सारा घटना जाता है, इसकी कुछ समीक्षा आगे करेंगे। किन्तु इससे पहले शिलांग में हुई एक और घटना यहाँ प्रस्तुत करता हूँ।

एक दिन शाम के करीब ५ बजे एक अधेड़ उम्र की दीखने वाली महिला ग्रंथालय में एक पुस्तक लौटाने और दूसरा ले जाने हेतु पधारी। तब वहाँ और कोई साधु-ब्रह्मचारी या कर्मी न होने के कारण मैं ही ग्रंथालय खोलकर उन्हें भीतर ले गया। उनका नाम पूछा तो उन्होंने बताया 'XX बरूआ'

'अच्छा, तो आप असमिया हैं।' मेरे इतना कहने भर की देरी थी की वह एकदम आग बबूला हो उठी।

'हाँ, पर आप ये सब क्यों पूछते हैं, मैं असमिया हूँ या और कोई इससे आप को क्या लेना देना? क्या रामकृष्ण मिशन भी असमिया लोगों के विरोध में है? ...'

जब उनका क्रोध कुछ प्रशमित हुआ तो मैंने उनसे क्षमा माँगकर कहा कि "यकीन कीजिए, न मेरे मन में मे, न रामकृष्ण मिशन के कार्य पद्धति में असमिया लोगों के प्रति कोई भी विरोध है। सभी भाषा बालने वालों का यहाँ पूर्ण रूप से स्वागत है।" तब उन्होंने संतुष्ट होकर कहा कि "कुछ वर्षों पहले यहाँ शिलांग के साथ पूरे मेघालय क्षेत्र में असमिया लोगों को खदेड़ देने का हिंसक, विद्वेषपूर्ण अभियान चलाया गया था। अब वह थोड़ा शमित हुआ है, परन्तु कुछ विद्वेष-भरी वारदातें अभी भी चलती हैं।" मेरे प्रश्न से उन्हें ऐसी ही कुछ पुरानी घटनाओं का स्मरण हुआ और वह क्रुद्ध हुई। इस घटना का तात्पर्य था कि कैसे अपने पूर्वानुभव के आधार पर व्यक्ति किसी शब्द का एक अर्थ निकाल लेता है और उसके अनुरूप बर्ताव करने के लिए बाध्य होता है।

जब १९९६ के मार्च में मैं शिलांग में प्रथम आया तो उस समय एक अजीब सी बदबू आती थी। विशेषकर सुबह आठ बजने के आसपास उसकी शुरुआत होती और फिर एक दो घन्टे वह चलता था। कभी कभी उसकी तीव्रता इतनी बढ़ती थी कि उलटी करने की भावना हो जाती। और यह बदबू केवल मुझे ही आती थी। अन्य सारे लोग जो वहाँ थे उन्हें यह समस्या नहीं होती थी। खोजबीन के बाद पता

चला कि वह गंध सूखी मछली (सूटकि) के पकाने के समय आती है। वहाँ के प्रायः सभी निवासी सूटकी खाना पसन्द करते थे। उनके लिए यह बिलकुल बदबू नहीं थी; ऐसा कहना अत्युक्ति नहीं होगा कि उनके लिए वह आकर्षक सुगन्ध था। जहाँ मुझे उलटी होने लगती थी, वहीं उनके मुख में पानी छूटता था। मेरे बोध से उनका बोध बिलकुल विपरीत था और इसी वजह से प्रतिक्रियाएं भी विपरीत थीं। मेरे लिए विकर्षण था, उनके लिए आकर्षण।

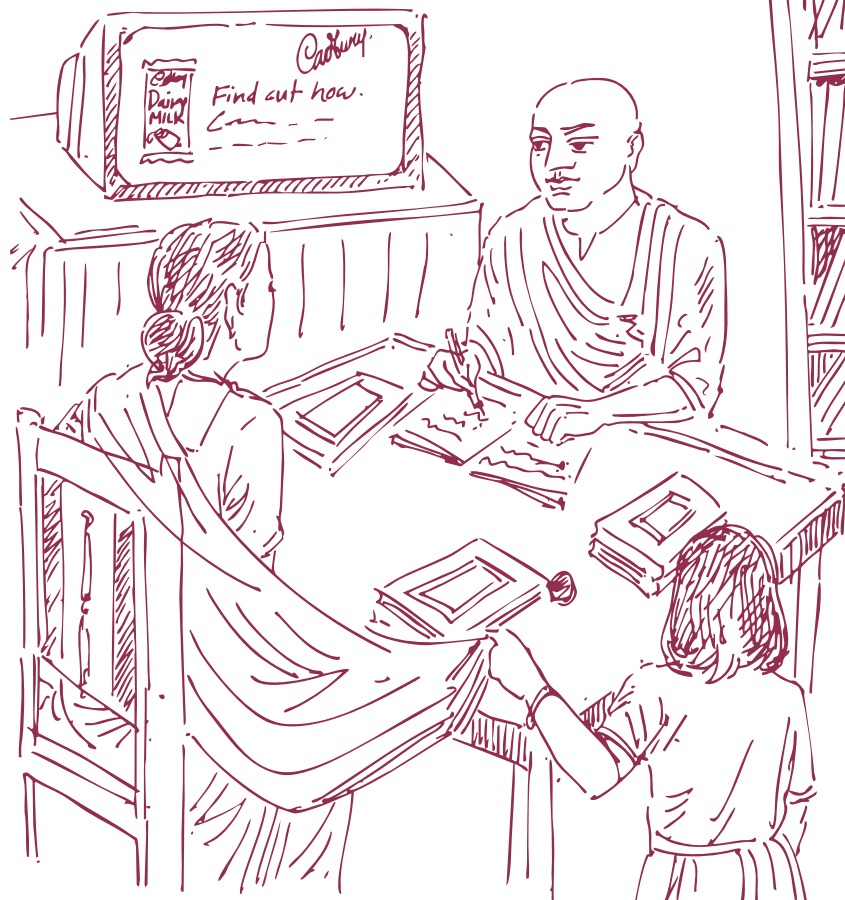
* * *

जैसा अपना बोध हो, उसी के अनुरूप कार्य करने का बन्धन सभी प्राणियों में दिखाई देता है। मनुष्य विचारशील होने के बावजूद भी यह उसकी विवशता हो जाती है कि जैसा बोध हो वह वैसा ही कार्य करे। जैसा बोध, वैसा कर्म और फिर उसी बोध का दृढीकरण, फिर से उसी के अनुरूप कर्म... यह चक्र तो चलता ही रहता है। और यही दुष्टचक्र बन्धन कहलाता है। फिर सवाल यह पैदा होता है कि इस दुष्टचक्र से छुटकारा कैसे पाया जाए। हाँ, इस चक्र को परिवर्तित करने का उपाय है। और यह उपाय है - अन्तर्निरीक्षण(introspection)।

जब कोई अन्तर्निरीक्षण से समझता है कि उसके अपने बोध के अनुरूप जो सारे कार्य वह करता है, और उनसे अपेक्षित सुख के स्थानपर उसे दुःख ही मिल रहा है, तब वह व्यक्ति सोचता है कि मुझसे कहीं गलती हो रही है। तभी वह देखता है कि (यह प्रक्रिया एकसाथ तुरन्त नहीं होती। धीरे धीरे यह भीतर चलती रहती है) जिसे, मैं सच मानकर चलता था, वह सच नहीं है, जहाँ वह सुख खोज रहा था, वहाँ वह है ही नहीं। तब कहीं ऐसा व्यक्ति अपने 'मैं और संसार' के से भरे बोध का विश्लेषण करता है। यह जो सारा परिवर्तनीय और इसी कारण मिथ्या है, इसके बन्धन से छुटकारा पाने की कोशिश में लग जाता है।

बहुत लम्बे समय तक नियमितता से, अपने जीवन को किसी महानुभाव के मार्गदर्शन के अनुरूप सही दिशा में ले जाने का भरसक प्रयास करें तब जाकर कहीं संसार का बन्धन शिथिल होने लगता है। जो सत्य है, नित्य है, आनन्द-स्वरूप है, उसके दर्शन हेतु तीव्र व्याकुलता होती है। इस व्याकुलता को श्रीरामकृष्ण अरुणोदय की उपमा देते थे। अरुणोदय होता है, तो हमें पता चलता है कि सूर्योदय होने में अभी ज्यादा देरी नहीं है। पहले तो सांसारिक विषयों की सत्यता का बोध था इसी के चलते संसार-बन्धन भी था। अब ईश्वर ही सत्य है, यह बोध उदित होता है तो ईश्वर के साथ बन्धन होता है।

इस ईश्वर के साथ बन्धन के फलस्वरूप, उसका बोध नित्य मुक्त, नित्य आनन्दस्वरूप ईश्वर में विलय हो जाता है, और फिर समस्त बन्धनों का अन्त हो जाता है।





“Artist Imogen Wahlang seeks to honor the women of Meghalaya’s Khasi, Garo, and Jaintia tribes by capturing their distinct beauty, strength, and individuality within a matrilineal society. Through this artwork, she aims to illuminate their vital contributions to cultural preservation, community leadership, and social cohesion. By portraying their elegance, resilience, and deep-rooted traditions, Imogen strives to create a visual testament to their empowerment and unique cultural identity.”



“In ‘Folded Memories,’ artist Jaya Boro crafts a mesmerizing installation from clay, meticulously recreating the gentle folds of fabric. This tactile exploration invites viewers to contemplate the intimate relationship between texture, memory, and the human experience. As the clay folds seem to shift and ripple, they evoke the whispers of forgotten stories, the softness of a loved one’s touch, and the comforting familiarity of a well-worn garment. By suspending these fragile, earthy folds in mid-air, Jaya Boro freezes time, allowing us to ponder the fleeting nature of memory and the enduring power of sensory recall.”





कील

डॉ योगेन्द्र नाथ शुक्ल

नया कैलेंडर फड़फड़ा रहा था। जिस कील पर वह टंगा था, उसे यह जरा भी नहीं सुहा रहा था। जब काफी देर तक कैलेंडर का फड़फड़ाना बंद नहीं हुआ तब कील से नहीं रहा गया।

“इतना घमंड मत करो... दशकों से मैं यहाँ लगी हूँ, लोहे की बनी हूँ, मजबूत दीवार पर टंगी हूँ। तुम्हारी तरह न जाने कितने कैलेंडर आए और फड़फड़ा कर या तो फट गए या साल के आखिरी दिन ‘डस्टबीन’ में फेंक दिए गए।”

“बहन! तुमने मुझे गलत समझ लिया... मैं तो सिर्फ खुशी जाहिर कर रहा था। घमंड तो मैं कभी नहीं करता क्योंकि जीवन का दर्शन मैं जानता हूँ लेकिन तुम नहीं जानती!”

“चलो मैं अज्ञानी ही सही... तो तुम ही बता दो वह जीवन दर्शन...!”

“एक दिन समय तुम्हें और जिस मजबूत दीवार पर तुम टिकी हो... दोनों को ही नेस्तनाबूत कर देगा...। सुनो बहन! मैं उसी समय का प्रतिनिधि हूँ!”

कील अब शर्मिंदगी महसूस कर रही थी।

अस्तर

निवेदिता श्रीवास्तव ‘निवी’

प्रति पल गहराती लहराती जा रही निशा की चुनरी ने जैसे राम की अयोध्या में वापसी के उत्सव को कुछ पलों का विराम दे दिया। कल के भोर की उजास में फिर मिलने का संकल्प लिये सब अपने कक्ष की ओर चल दिये।

अंतर्मन की शांति और संतुष्टि का अनुभव करते हुए, भरत अपने कक्ष में पहुँचे तब देखा कि मांडवी जैसे एक उत्तरदायित्व पूरा हो जाने की संतुष्टि के साथ किसी उलझन की धूमिल रेखा अपने चेहरे पर लिए गवाक्ष के सम्मुख खड़ी थीं। भरत ने माण्डवी के कन्धे पर हाथ रखते हुए प्रश्न पूछती सी चुप्पी से उन धूप-छाँव सी सपनीली आँखों में देखा।

माण्डवी की पलकें उठ गईं, “आपने सबके प्रति अपने कर्तव्य निबाहे, फिर मुझको क्यों और कैसे भूल गए? राम भैया का वनवास पिता महाराज के वचनों का पालन करने की उनकी इच्छा थी, साथ ही सीता दीदी एवं देवर लक्ष्मण का वन गमन उनकी। वनवासी जैसा जीवन जीना एवं राज्य की सुचारु व्यवस्था के लिए नन्दीग्राम में रहना आपकी इच्छा ... फिर मुझसे मेरी इच्छा जाने बिना ही क्यों राजमहल के दायित्व पूरा करने को यहाँ रहने के लिए कहा?”

भरत के चेहरे पर अलग से ही भाव व्याप्त हो गए, “हाँ! सच कह रही हो! मुझसे यह लुटि हुई है। परन्तु इसका कारण तुमको स्वयं से अलग न समझना ही है। मैंने धनुष बाण को निशाना साधने के लिये अलग हाथों में पकड़ा जाता है, परन्तु संधान के लिए अनदेखे बिंदु पर दोनों मिल कर प्रयास करते हैं। धनुष के लचीलेपन की दृढ़ता तुममें ही है, इसलिए तुमसे बिना पूछे ही बाण की तीक्ष्णता अपना कर सब के प्रति दायित्वों का निर्वहन किया।”

“परन्तु आपको क्या यह नहीं लगा कि मैं धनुष बनना चाहती हूँ कि विशूल, जो हाथ में बने रह कर भी तीन शूल हर लेता है,” माण्डवी के शब्द सितारों से छिटक पड़े।

“वस्तु को सुन्दर एवं सुगठित रूप देने के लिए उसका अस्तर तमाम सिलवटों को सुई की चुभन के साथ ही अपने में समेट लेता है, वैसे ही पति-पत्नी दो सर्वथा अलग व्यक्तित्व होते हुए भी, सिर्फ इसी एक विशेषता के कारण, एक दूसरे की सिलवटों को समेटते हुए जीवनपर्यन्त साथ रह पाते हैं ...” इन शब्दों के साथ भरत की आँखों में नेह भरी मनुहार की चाँदनी छलक गयी।

पल्लू

गीता शुक्ला 'गीत'

काफी दिनों से नमिता अपनी अलमारी की सफाई को टालती आ रही थी। यहाँ तक कि दिवाली भी बीत गई।

दिवाली के दूसरे दिन परीवा की छुट्टी होने के कारण किसी को कोई जल्दी नहीं थी। सब कुछ आराम से हुआ। दोपहर में खाने-पीने से फुर्सत हुई, तो पूजाघर व्यवस्थित करते समय रीति अनुसार लक्ष्मी-गणेश जी का चाँदी का सिक्का आलमारी में रखने के लिए आलमारी खोला तो लगा कि बस यही एक काम रह गया था। आज इसकी सफाई कर ही ली जाये। बस नमिता जुट गई सफाई में। सारी चीजें व्यवस्थित करने के बाद साड़ियों को निकाल कर पलंग पर रखने लगी।

अचानक एक साड़ी पर नमिता का हाथ रुक गया। उसने उस साड़ी को गहरी साँस लेकर सूँघा, मानों उसकी महक को अपने अंदर बसा लेना चाहती हो। उसके पल्लू पर नमिता ने बड़े ही प्यार से हाथ फेरा और अपने सीने से लगा कर आँखें बंद कर लिया। कुछ देर बाद उसने साड़ी को खोल कर देखा तो जगह-जगह से छेद हो गये थे। काफी पुरानी हो गई थी साड़ी लेकिन पल्लू आज भी दुरुस्त था। नमिता बार-बार बड़े प्यार से पल्लू पर हाथ फेर रही थी। ऐसा लगता था कि बहुत कीमती साड़ी थी। नमिता अपने ही खयालों में गुम थी कि तभी शालू 'माँ! माँ!' करती हुई पहुँच गई। उसने माँ के हाथों में ली हुई साड़ी को देखा और उछल कर बोली, "वाह! माँ कितनी प्यारी साड़ी है। रंग भी बहुत खूबसूरत है और कपड़ा तो बिल्कुल मक्खन जैसा है। बहुत कीमती साड़ी है न माँ? कब ली आपने ये साड़ी?"

नमिता ने कहा, "गौर से देखो ये मेरे लिए अनमोल है।" शालू ने उलट-पलट कर देखा और कहा, "अरे! ये तो काफी पुरानी है। फट भी रही है फिर इसे क्यूँ इतना सँभाल कर रखा है अब तक आपने?"

"तू पन्द्रह साल की हो गई लेकिन अब तक माँ का पल्लू पकड़ कर चलने वाली बच्ची है।"

"मेरी अच्छी माँ! अब छोड़िये न ये सब। पापा आपको बुला रहे हैं। उन्हें कॉफ़ी पीना है, प्लीज आप बना दीजिये न माँ। सचमुच आप बहुत अच्छी कॉफ़ी बनाती है।" नमिता ने अनसुना कर दिया और साड़ी को तह करने लगी। "माँ! चलिये न," शालू ने माँ का पल्लू पकड़ कर बहुत ही भोली आवाज में कहा। नमिता ने बड़े प्यार से एक बार फिर पल्लू पर हाथ फेरा और उसे आलमारी में टाँगने लगी। तभी शालू ने पूछा, "माँ! आपको बहुत प्यार है इस साड़ी और इसके पल्लू से।"

"शालू! तूने अभी मेरा पल्लू पकड़ा न, तो कैसा अनुभव हुआ तुझे?"

शालू की बड़ी-बड़ी हैरत भरी आँखों ने माँ की नम आँखों को देख कर सब कुछ समझ लिया।

साहित्य सेवा

इन्दुकांत आंगिरस

उम्र के ६०वें पड़ाव पर पहुँचने के बाद भारतीय मूल के अमेरिकन सेठ ने सेठानी से कहा, "बस अब बहुत हो गया, जीवन भर बहुत कमाया। अब आराम से घर में बैठूँगा और साहित्य सेवा करूँगा।"

"आराम से घर में बैठेंगे, तो घर का खर्च कैसे चलेगा? बिना आमदनी खर्च करते रहो, तो खज़ाने भी खाली हो जाते हैं," सेठानी ने ज्ञान परोसा।

"तुझे बताया ना अभी, साहित्य की सेवा करूँगा," सेठ ने ज़ोर से कहा।

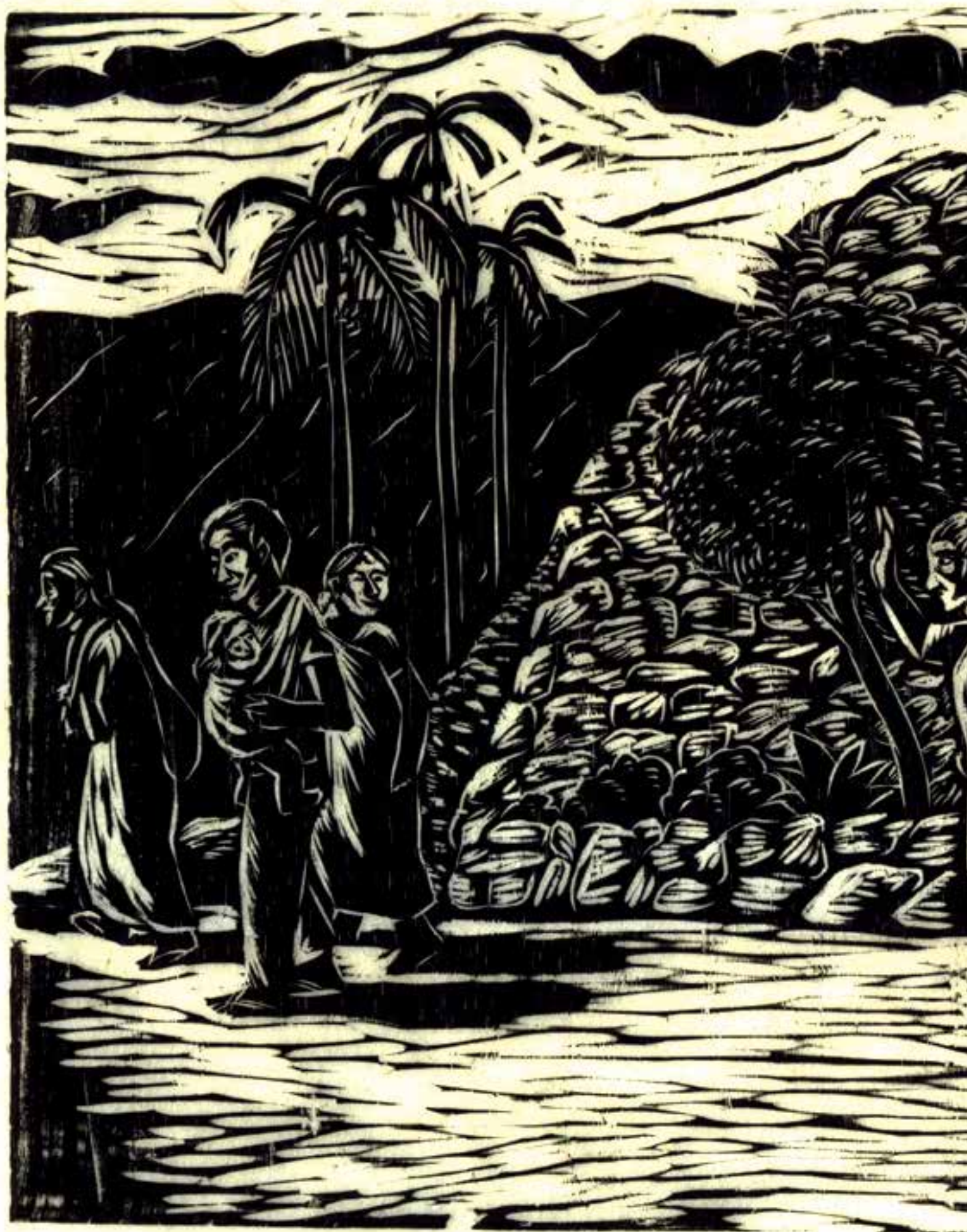
"आपकी साहित्य सेवा से तो पेट भरेगा नहीं," सेठानी ने अपनी दलील दोहराई।

"तू बहुत नासमझ है, मैंने आज तक कोई सेवा बिना मेवा के नहीं की। तुझे मालूम नहीं साहित्य-संसार में ऐसे हज़ारों कवि और लेखक भरे पड़े हैं, जिन्हें कोई पूछता तक नहीं। उन्हें छपास की बीमारी है, बस उन्हीं कवियों के साझा संकलन प्रकाशित करूँगा।"

"उससे क्या होगा," सेठानी ने जिज्ञासा से पूछा।

"उससे ये होगा कि सभी कवि अपने लिए कुछ प्रतियाँ खरीदेंगे। किताब की कीमत दुगुनी रखी जाएगी फिर भी सभी सहर्ष पुस्तकों को खरीदेंगे और किताब पर अमेरिकन मुहर भी तो होगी। देखना, खूब किताबें बिकेंगी। सेवा की सेवा, मेवा की मेवा।"

सेठानी अपने ज़हीन पति के इस जुमले पर मुस्कराये बिना ना रह सकी।





Treiborlang Lyngdoh Mawlong

Born in Meghalaya in 1987, holds a Bachelor's and Master's degree in Fine Arts (Painting) from Visva Bharati University's Kala Bhavan, Santiniketan. His works have been showcased in numerous solo and group exhibitions globally, including the Fumetto Festival in Lucerne, Akar Prakar and Vadehra Art Gallery in New Delhi, and the Indian Museum in Seoul. Among several others he is the recipient of, including the Inlaks Fine Arts Award, Mumbai, 2014; and the Kala Sakshi Memorial Trust Award, New Delhi, 2011. The artist lives and works in Mawbri, Meghalaya. Treibor Mawlong is a versatile artist with a flair for multiple mediums, but his true passion lies in woodcut printmaking, sketching. He draws inspiration from mundane routines and chores, he captures the essence of daily life with remarkable sensitivity.

This woodcut print captures a farewell scene, as a visiting family bids goodbye in the afternoon, subtly conveyed through the interplay of shadows, light, and shade. Set against a quintessential Meghalayan backdrop of arecanut trees, a common sight in the state's plains, the painting evokes a sense of nostalgia and warmth



स्वामी विवेकानन्द की कविता

“किसे दोष दूँ?”

एक अवलोकन

डॉ अनिता पांडा



साहित्य और दर्शन ऐसी दो विधाएँ हैं, जो सचेतन व्यक्ति के जीवन की प्रत्येक क्रिया को प्रभावित करती है। साहित्य मानव-संसार की भावपूर्ण अभिव्यक्ति है और दर्शन उसकी तात्त्विक व्याख्या। वास्तव में मानव जीवन की कोई भी क्रिया साहित्यिक अनुभूति और दार्शनिक चिंतन से अछूती नहीं रहती। मनुष्य जहाँ सांसारिक व्यापारों को भावना में दृष्टि से देखता है, वहाँ वह कवि होता है। जब वह उचित-अनुचित का तात्त्विक विवेचन करता है, तब दार्शनिक। स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी की रचनाओं में भाव और दर्शन का अद्भुत समन्वय मिलता है।

सागर की अतल गहराइयों से निःसृत मौक्तिक कणों के सौन्दर्य की अभिव्यक्ति सम्भव है पर स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी के काव्य-सागर में कविताओं में निहित सौन्दर्यबोध अवर्णनीय है। स्थूल रूप से ये कविताएँ लक्षणा-व्यंजना से परे लगती हैं तदपि सूक्ष्म रूप से जीवन के गूढ़ अर्थ को व्याख्यायित करती हैं। स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी की कवितायें हृदय को प्रकृत दशा में लाती हैं और संसार के बीच उसका प्रसार करती हुई उसे मानवता के उच्च स्तर पर ले जाती हैं। भावयोग की उच्च शिखर पर पहुँच कर उनका पूर्ण तादात्म्य ईश्वर से हो जाता है। वह व्यक्ति से समष्टि में समा जाती हैं। उसका हृदय विश्व-हृदय हो जाता है। वह बोध के स्तर पर परम सौन्दर्य और परमानन्द का आभास कराती हैं।

स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी के काव्य-संसार में आज एक मुक्ता “किसे दोष दूँ?” (मूल - No One To Blame) का सम्पूर्ण भाव सौन्दर्य बोध आपके समक्ष प्रस्तुत करने का भागीरथ प्रयास किया है। इसे स्वामीजी ने १६ मई १८९५ को न्यूयार्क में लिखा था।

मानव जीवन मृगतृषित है। सीमित साँसों में बहुत कुछ पाने की चाह उसे भ्रमित करती है। अंततोगत्वा जब यथार्थ से परिचित होता है, तो स्वयं को ही इसका उत्तरदायी पाता है। स्वामीजी के शब्दों में

“सूरज ढलता,
रक्तिम किरणें-
दम तोड़ते दिवस की देह लपेट चुकी है,
चौंकी हुई दृष्टि से देख रहा मैं पीछे,
गिनता हूँ अब तक की सब उपलब्धियाँ,
किन्तु मुझे लज्जा आती है, और किसी का नहीं, दोष मेरा ही है।”

ढलता सूरज यहाँ मनुष्य के जीवन के अंतिम पड़ाव को इंगित करता है। जीवन भर कुछ न कुछ पाने की चाह में वह भागता रहता है। स्वामीजी जब प्राप्त उपलब्धियों को देखते हैं, तो उन्हें आत्मग्लानि होती है कि उन्होंने इतने मूल्यवान समय को यूँ ही बिता दिया। उन्होंने लघु उपलब्धियों के लिए महान लक्ष्य को विस्मृत कर दिया पर वे दोषारोपण किसी पर नहीं करते, स्वयं को

वाराणसी में सन् 1957
को जन्मी डॉ अनिता पांडा की
कर्मभूमि सन 1984 से मेघालय
की राजधानी शिलांग रही है।
यहाँ की लोक-संस्कृति आदि पर
हिन्दी में लेखन तथा हिन्दी के
प्रचार-प्रसार हेतु संलग्न हैं। आप
कई साहित्यिक संस्थाओं से भी
जुड़ी हैं। सम्प्रति: समीक्षक एवं
सह-संपादिका “का जिन्साई/
ज्योति”।

ही दोषी मानते हैं। आमतौर पर लोग अपनी असफलता के लिये भाग्य, काल, परिस्थितियों या दूसरों को दोष देते हैं।

वे अपने जीवन के प्रतिदिन के कृत्यों को इसका उत्तरदायी मानते हैं। जो जैसा कर्म करता है, वैसा ही उसे फल मिलता है अर्थात् अच्छा या बुरा जो कुछ जीवन में घटित होता है, वह हमारे कर्मों का ही परिणाम है। ये कर्म ही हमारे जीवन को तदनुरूप बनाते हैं। कोई कितना समझाये या राह दिखाये पर कर्मों की गति निरन्तर चलती है। इसमें किसी दोष नहीं अपितु उनका ही है।

“मैं बनाता या मिटाता प्रतिदिन अपना जीवन,

भले-बुरे कर्मों का वैसा फल मिलता है

भला-बुरा जैसा बन गया यह जीवन,

रोके और संभाले से भी रुके न संभले कोई भी कितना सर मारे

और किसी का नहीं दोष तो मेरा ही है।”

स्वामीजी के मतानुसार अतीत अर्थात् भूतकाल में किये कृत्य वर्तमान में साकार होते हैं। अतीत में जिस दिशा या क्षेत्र में निरन्तर प्रयास करते हैं, वह वर्तमान में प्रतिफलित होता है। उन्होंने विगत दिनों में बड़े-बड़े आयोजन किये थे। उनका यह जीवन लिये गये संकल्प और स्वनिर्मित धारणाओं के अनुसार बने-बनाये ढाँचे के अनुरूप ढल गया। इसके लिये मनुष्य अपने अतिरिक्त किसे दोष दें। यथा

“मैं ही तो अपना साकार अतीत हूँ

जिसमें बड़े-बड़े आयोजन कर डाले थे,

वे संकल्प धारणाएँ वे जिनके ही अनुरूप ढल गया है यह जीवन,

वही, ढाँचा है जिसका,

और किसी का नहीं दोष तो मेरा ही है।”

कहा जाता है कि “जैसा बोओगे, वैसा काटोगे।” अगर प्रेम बाँटेंगे तो बदले में प्रेम मिलेगा और घृणा के बदले नफ़रत। प्रेम एवं घृणा ही जीवन और मृत्यु को अपनी परिधि में आबद्ध कर लेते हैं। अनुस्यूत भाव है कि दोनों ही बंधन हैं। इसमें किसी और का दोष नहीं है बल्कि वे खुद दोषी हैं, क्योंकि प्रेम-घृणा का संबंध उन्होंने ही बनाया है।

“प्यार का प्रतिफल मिला प्यार ही केवल

और घृणा से अपनी घृणा भयानक,

जिनकी सीमाओं से घिरा हुआ है जीवन

और मरण भी,

प्यार-घृणा इस तरह बाँधते किसे दोष दूँ जबकि स्वयं ही मैं दोषी हूँ।”

मनुष्य के जीवन का प्रत्येक दिन एक-एक करके बीतता ही जाता है। उसका हर क्षण शुभ-अशुभ, प्रेम-घृणा और दुःख-सुख के ताने-बाने से निर्मित होता है। एक सामान्य व्यक्ति की तरह स्वामीजी को भी कहीं ऐसे सुख की अभिलाषा थी, जिस पर दुःख की परछाई कभी न पड़े। लाख प्रयास के उपरांत यह सम्भव नहीं हो सका क्योंकि दुःख-सुख एक सिक्के के दो पहलू हैं। वे स्वयं से प्रश्न करते हैं कि इसके लिये कौन दोषी है? पुनः उत्तर देते हैं कि इसमें उनका ही दोष है। संत शिरोमणि कबीरदास जी की इन पंक्तियों में भावसाम्य मिलता है -

“बुरा जो देखन मैं चला, बुरा न मिलिया कोय।

जो दिल देखा अपनों, मुझ सा बुरा न कोय।”

स्वामीजी द्वारा रचित निम्नलिखित पंक्तियाँ द्रष्टव्य हैं -

“सभी शुभ-अशुभ प्यार-घृणा, सुख-दुःख को बाँधे,

जीवन सब दिन अपनी राह चला जाता है,

मैं उसे सुख के स्वप्न देखता जिस पर दुख की पड़े न छाया,

किन्तु कभी हों, कभी नहीं हो सके सत्य वे,

किसे दोष दूँ? जबकि स्वयं ही मैं दोषी हूँ।”

स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी का दुःख रहित जीवन और सुख की अभिलाषा के भीतर ही संसार रूपी मरीचिका में निरन्तर भटकते हुये शाश्वत सत्य से साक्षात्कार होता है। तदुपरांत भ्रम तथा माया का आवरण परे कर सांसारिक घृणा, प्रेम,

कामनाओं से वे मुक्त हो शान्ति का अनुभव करने लगे। जन्म के बाद मृत्यु ही ध्रुव सत्य है, जो सदैव समक्ष रहती है। हम इस सत्य को अनदेखा कर माया-जाल में फँसे रहते हैं परन्तु स्वामीजी को जीवन-सत्य का बोध हो गया है अतः ऐसा लगता है कि इन कामना रूपी ज्वालाओं को स्वामीजी के जीवन से सदा के लिये मुक्ति प्राप्त हो गयी। वे कहते हैं कि अब ऐसा कोई नहीं बचा है, जिस पर दोषारोपण करूँ। स्वामीजी के शब्दों में -

“छूटी घृणा, प्यार भी छूटा और पिपासा भी जीवन की प्रशमित हो गयी,

शाश्वत मरण, अभीष्ट रहा जो वही सामने,

जीवन की ज्वाला,

जैसे निर्वाण पा गयी,

कोई ऐसा शेष नहीं है, जिसे दोष दूँ।”

बाह्य जगत को ही सत्य मान मन भ्रमित होता है और सांसारिक विकार उसे विचलित करते हैं परन्तु जब वह अंतर्मुखी होता है, तो उसे आत्मसाक्षात्कार होता है। प्रथम वह द्वैत की स्थिति में रहता है। एक ओर काया तो दूसरी ओर परमेश्वर का स्थिति की अनुभूति होती है। शनैः शनैः आत्मानुभूति द्वैत से अद्वैत की ओर ले जाती है। वहाँ उसे आभास होता है कि उसकी आत्मा ही सम्पूर्ण है, जहाँ परमात्मा का निवास है। आत्मा और परमात्मा का एकीकरण हो जाता है। जैसे जल की बूँद सागर में समा सागर बन जाती है। स्वामीजी उन लोगों को परम ज्ञानी माना है, जिन्होंने आरम्भ से ही मनुष्य योनि में जन्म लेने का उद्देश्य समझ लिया। उन्होंने माया के जाल, सांसारिक नश्वरता से अवगत हो, उन मार्गों का उपहास किया अर्थात् उपेक्षा की क्योंकि ये रास्ते मनुष्य को दिग्भ्रमित कर लक्ष्य से दूर कर देते हैं। ऐसे मनुष्य को स्वामीजी परम ज्ञानी की संज्ञा देते हैं। वे स्वयं तो लक्ष्य की ओर पूर्णरूपेण अग्रसर होते हैं, साथ ही दूसरों का मार्गदर्शन भी करते हैं। लोग मृत्यु को अभिशाप मानते हैं, जीवन को वरदान जबकि गूढ़ रहस्य यह है कि जीवन भी अभिशाप ही है और संसार दुखालय। हर क्षण नश्वर सुख, वैभव, यशादि की अभिलाषा में मानव जीवन नष्ट होता जाता है। अंत में कुछ भी साथ नहीं जाता, शरीर भी नहीं। स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी जीवन की उत्तम सार्थकता जन्म-मृत्यु के बंधन से मुक्ति को मानते हैं।

“एकमात्र मानव, परमेश्वर एकमात्र, संपूर्ण आत्मा,

परम ज्ञानी वह जिसने

उपहास किया उन राहों का,

जो भटकातीं, पतित बनातीं, अधियारी हैं,

एकमात्र संपूर्ण मनुज वह, जिसने सोचा-समझा चरम लक्ष्य जीवन का,

पथ दिखलाया,

मृत्यु एक अभिशाप और यह जीवन भी तो ऐसा ही है,

सबसे उत्तम जन्म-मरण का बंधन छूटे।

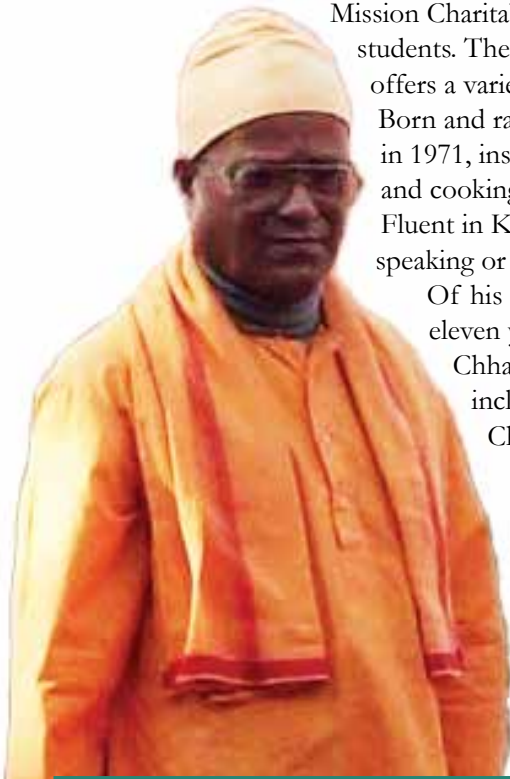
ॐ नमो भगवते सम्बुद्धाय,

ॐ नमः प्रभु! चिर संबुद्ध!”

निष्कर्षतः स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी की कविता “किसे दोष दूँ?” (No One To Blame) में जीवन के गूढ़ दर्शन एवं सत्य को बहुत सहजता से व्यक्त किया गया है। स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी की कविता में जहाँ एक ओर “एकमात्र मानव, परमेश्वर एकमात्र, संपूर्ण आत्मा ...” में कश्मीर शैव धर्म के प्रत्यभिज्ञा दर्शन की अनुभूति होती है। इस दर्शन के अनुसार, ईश्वर और जीवात्मा दोनों एक ही हैं। इस दर्शन में मुक्ति का मार्ग अपने दिव्य स्वरूप को पहचानकर शाश्वत सत्य का साक्षात्कार करना है। वहीं दूसरी ओर दूसरी ओर “मृत्यु एक अभिशाप और जीवन भी तो ऐसा है...” बुद्ध के दुखवाद, आत्मज्ञान और पीड़ा से मुक्ति की खोज बौद्ध-दर्शन से साम्य दर्शाती है। स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी भी सांसारिक दुःख एवं बंधन से मुक्ति हेतु आत्मसाक्षात्कार की ओर प्रेरित करते हैं। “किसे दोष दूँ” कविता में निहित दार्शनिक सौन्दर्य बोध के धरातल पर सर्व साधारण मनुष्य को चिंतन के लिये विवश करता है। साथ ही मुक्ति का मार्ग प्रशस्त करता है।

श्री श्री गुरुवे नमः

हिन्दु



Swami Brahmadevananda, affectionately known as Sadhu Maharaj, played a pivotal role in numerous philanthropic initiatives for the people of Meghalaya. During his tenure as Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission, Shillong, he oversaw the development of new infrastructure aimed at enhancing medical services through the Ramakrishna Mission Charitable Dispensary, and providing hostel accommodations for tribal school students. The Ramakrishna Mission Vivekananda Cultural Centre at Quinton Road, which offers a variety of educational services, was also established during his tenure in Shillong. Born and raised in Shillong, Swami Brahmadevananda joined the Ramakrishna Order in 1971, inspired by Swami Chandikananda. He had a deep love for music, horticulture, and cooking, and was especially known for his affection towards tribal communities. Fluent in Khasi, Assamese, Nepali, Bengali, and other languages, he was equally at ease speaking or singing in them.

Of his forty years of active service with the Ramakrishna Mission, he dedicated eleven years to working with tribal communities in Arunachal Pradesh and Chhattisgarh, and twenty-one years in Meghalaya. He served at various centers including Narottam Nagar, Ranchi Morabadi, Narendrapur, Kamarpukur, and Cherrapunjee, before assuming leadership of the Shillong centre in 2000.

Even after his retirement in 2011, his profound bond with tribal communities drew him back to Shillong and Shella during summers. Despite his declining health, he continued to serve as much as he could until 2016, when he was diagnosed with cancer. Due to his worsening condition, he moved to Arogya Bhavan, Belur Math, where he spent his final months before passing away on 29th January 2017.

In loving memory of Swami Brahmadevananda, the Ramakrishna Mission Shillong is publishing a series of articles on Swami Vivekananda.

YOUTH SPEAK

Jingieit Ba Maian

Meshullam Jeziel Khonglam

Jingieit ba maian,
 Naei keiñ ngan shem?
 Sha pyrthei nga leit wad,
 Uei ban sngewlem?
 Sngi ki nang iaid, nga jam sha khmat,
 Na jngai nga i, ka kper itynnat.
 Mynsiem ka khring, ki khmat ka pynbieit,
 Dohnud jong nga ka iai pynsmiej.
 Kumta nga beh ban peit ia ka,
 'Hangne ngan shem jingsuk shyrt'.
 Phewse da hajan, kylla khongpong,
 'a nga ka rah nalog sha tdong.
 Mynsiem ba lung, ka tan ka bam,
 Ban pynjot thiaiw, ka dung ka sam.
 La jot la swai, la tlot la sakma,
 Shano ngan leit nangne mynta?
 Joit nga ieng, nga iaid marwei,

Dohnud ka pait, ummat ki shlei.
 Ha khmih nga phai sha lynti khim,
 Hangta nga shem i' u Nongpynim.
 Jingsuk jingshngaiñ ka dap kyrhai,
 Da kti b' la pyiar bad sah ki dak.
 Dei hangne keiñ nga shem jingkmen,
 La pynim pat i' u briew b' la rem.
 Jingsuk jingshngaiñ ka dap kyrhai,
 Lyoh ba dum, la tap jingshai.
 U briew b'la jah, mynta la shem,
 Namar jingieit maian ba iai neh skhem.

एक अविस्मरणीय यात्रा : नई दिल्ली से शिलांग

डॉ अतुल वैभव



बात ३० नवंबर २०१४ की है, जब ट्रेन न. १२५०२, पूर्वोत्तर संपर्क क्रांति एक्सप्रेस (नई दिल्ली-गुवाहाटी) रात के ११:४५ बजे नई दिल्ली रेलवे स्टेशन से खुली, तो मेरे मन में अनायास ही अनेक रोमांचकारी दृश्य प्रतिबिम्बित होने लगे। जिन दृश्यों (बिंबों) को मैं अभी तक सिर्फ किताबों और अखबारों में पढ़ते, रेडियो-टेलीविज़न पर सुनते और देखते आया था, आज वे सारे दृश्य मेरे मस्तिष्क में एक साथ इस प्रकार उमड़-घुमड़ रहे थे, कि जिस प्रकार सावन के महीने में बादल आसमान में अठखेलियाँ करते हैं। मैं ट्रेन से पूर्वोत्तर पर्वतीय विश्वविद्यालय (नेहू) में एम.फिल दाखिले की प्रवेश परीक्षा देने जा रहा था। ३ दिसंबर को लिखित परीक्षा और ४ दिसंबर को साक्षात्कार होना था। जिस दिन परीक्षा की तिथि आई थी उसी दिन से मेरे मन में बार-बार एक ही विचार आ रहा था कि जितनी जल्दी हो सके द्रुत गति से शिलांग पहुँच जाऊँ। जिसे अभी तक मानचित्र पर ही महसूस करता आ रहा था अब उससे साक्षात् होने की तीव्र इच्छा बार-बार होने लगी। पूर्वोत्तर के विषय में पहले से बस इतना ही जानता था कि वहाँ आठ राज्य हैं, और यह भी कि दुनिया में सर्वाधिक वर्षा जहाँ होती है, वह स्थान चेरापूँजी (अब मावसिनराम है) पूर्वोत्तर भारत के मेघालय राज्य में ही है। भारत में सबसे पहले सूरज अरुणाचल प्रदेश में दिखाई देता है, असम में ब्रह्मपुत्र नदी बहती है और भारत के पड़ोसी देश चीन, म्यांमार, भूटान और बांग्लादेश पूर्वोत्तर भारत के पड़ोसी देश हैं। इसके अलावा दिल्ली में पूर्वोत्तर के लोगों के विषय में कई भ्रांतियाँ भी सुनने को मिलती रहती हैं।

मुझे तब प्रवेश परीक्षा देने जाने से ज्यादा खुशी इस बात की हो रही थी कि जो बातें अभी तक किताबों के पन्नों में शब्दों तक सीमित थी वो अब हकीकत बनने वाली हैं। पहाड़ों से स्पर्श करते बादलों को और ट्रेन की खिड़कियों से अद्भुत प्राकृतिक नजारों को देखूँगा। मासिनराम में जाकर बारिश में नहाऊँगा जैसे भाव मेरे मन में बार-बार हलचल पैदा कर रहे थे। नई दिल्ली से ट्रेन खुलते ही सभी यात्रियों की तरह मैं भी सो गया। अगले दिन जब नींद खुली तब सुबह के १० बज चुके थे। मैंने अपने कमार्टमेंट के एक यात्री से पूछा 'भाई कौन सा स्टेशन आने वाला है?' उसने बताया 'कानपुर' अभी थोड़ी देर पहले आया था, अब आगे कौन सा आएगा पता नहीं! मैं नीचे आकर बैठ गया और थोड़ी देर बाद एक चाय वाला आया तो उससे चाय लेते हुए पूछा- 'भाई अब कौन सा स्टेशन आएगा?' उसने बताया 'इलाहाबाद'। मैंने पूछा 'राइट टाइम चल रही है क्या?' उसने बताया- 'नहीं, ४ घंटे लेट है'। ये तो हम जानते ही हैं कि ठंड में देश की अमूमन ट्रेनें लेट ही रहती हैं। राजधानी हो या शताब्दी, सभी ट्रेनें माल गाड़ी बन जाती हैं।

मैं अगले एक घंटे तक नीचे वाली सीट पर बैठकर बाहर का नज़ारा देखता रहा। फिर अचानक से एक यात्री -जिनका नीचे वाला बर्थ था- उन्होंने पूछा- 'कहाँ जाओगे?' मैंने बताया 'गुवाहाटी'। फिर पूछा क्या करते हो, किसी काम से जा रहे हो? और मैंने उनके प्रश्नों का उत्तर दिया। थोड़ी देर में ही बातचीत का सिलसिला शुरू हो गया। वो तीन लोग थे और उन्हें भी गुवाहाटी

डॉ अतुल वैभव, एक शिक्षाविद और लेखक हैं। दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय में एक सहायक प्रोफेसर के रूप में, वह अपनी शोध विशेषज्ञता को कक्षा में लाते हैं। पहले, वह नॉर्थ ईस्टर्न हिल यूनिवर्सिटी (NEHU) में रिसर्च स्कॉलर थे।

हिन्दी

ही जाना था। वे तीनों रहने वाले तो असम के थे लेकिन रहते दिल्ली में थे। हमारे अलावे उस कम्पार्टमेंट में दो अरुणाचल प्रदेश, एक मणिपुर और असम के ही एक और सज्जन थे। धीरे-धीरे उन तीनों के अलावे अन्य यात्रियों से भी बातचीत होने लगी जैसा कि अमूमन सफर में होता है और जब सफर लंबा हो तो और भी ज्यादा। तीन असमिया और एक अरुणाचली का युप बन गया, फिर क्या था चारों में ताश जम गया। मैं थोड़ी देर बाद ब्रश करके अपने साथ कुछ खाने का सामान लाया था उसे खा कर अपने बर्थ पर जाकर पढ़ने लगा। सोचा थोड़ी बहुत पढ़ाई भी कर लूँ, इतनी दूर जा रहा हूँ परीक्षा देने, अगर पास नहीं हुआ तो घर वाले भी बोलेंगे कि सिर्फ घूमने ही जाना था तो परीक्षा का बहाना क्यों किया।

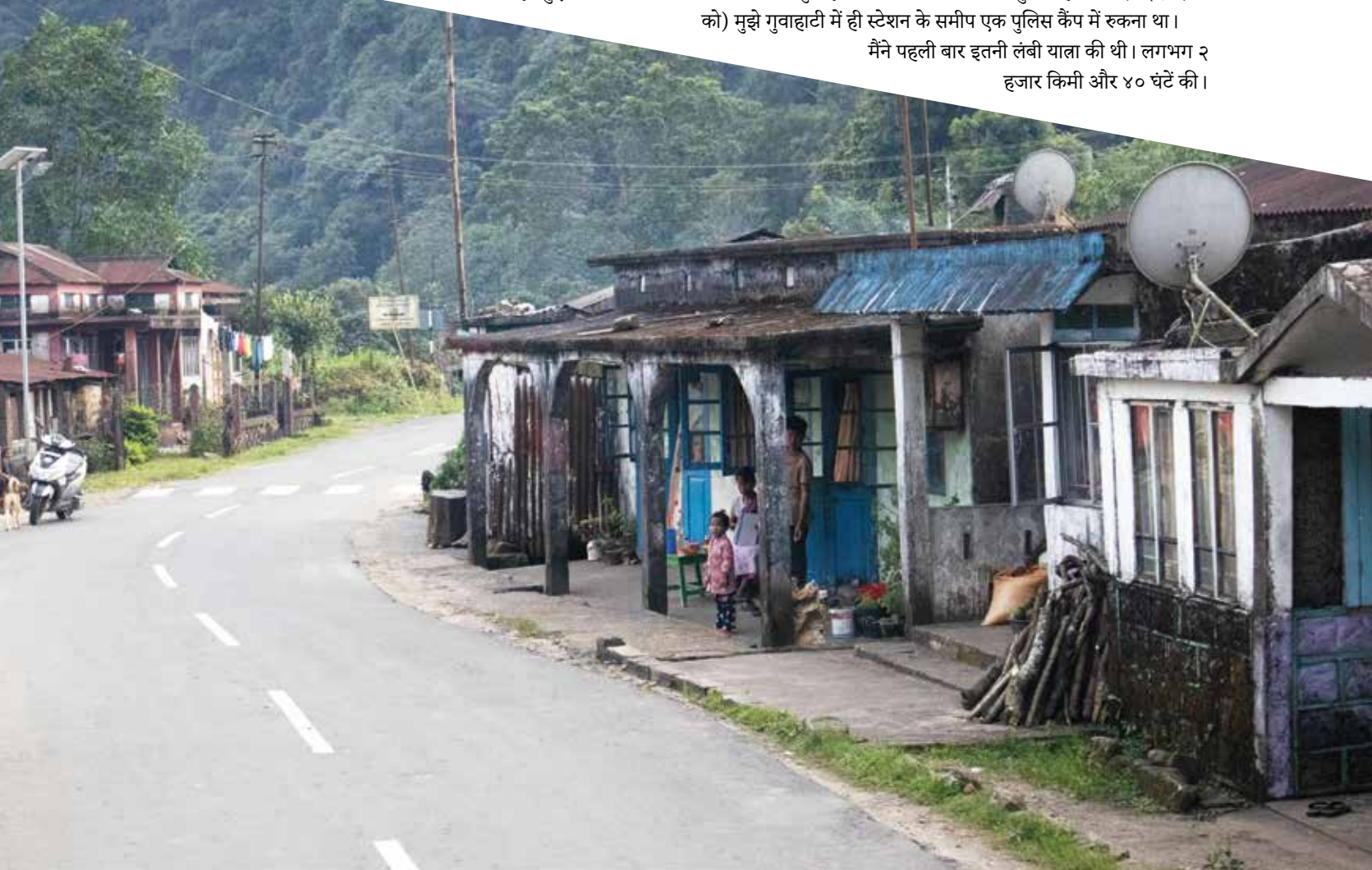
१ बजे मैं नीचे आया और फिर एक कप चाय ली। तब तक इलाहाबाद आ चुका था। उधर ताश भी जम चुका था। मुझे भी उन लोगों ने खेलने को पूछा लेकिन मैंने मना कर दिया। ताश तो मुझे आता था लेकिन मैं यह जानता था कि अगर एक बार खेलने बैठ गया तो फिर जल्दी उठ नहीं पाऊँगा। वो खेल रहे थे और मैं उन्हें देख कर ही आनन्द लिए जा रहा था, साथ में उनसे बातें भी कर रहा था। पूर्वोत्तर और मेघालय से सम्बन्धित अपनी जिज्ञासाओं को शांत कर रहा था या कहूँ कि अपने ज्ञान को पुख्ता कर रहा था। उस क्षण मेरी स्थिति उस बच्चे के समान थी जो नया-नया बोलना सीखता है। मैं कम्पार्टमेंट के यात्रियों पर अपने प्रश्नों की बौछार किए जा रहा था और वे बहुत धैर्य और सहजता से ताश के पत्तों को फेंकते हुए उन प्रश्नों का जवाब दिए जा रहे थे। मेरे कुछ प्रश्नों को तो वो ताश की मगनता में सुन भी नहीं पा रहे थे।

अधिकांश हिन्दी भाषी या समतल के लोग पूर्वोत्तर भारत तथा वहाँ के लोगों के विषय में जो सोचते हैं या जो भाव रखते हैं, वे लोग उससे बिल्कुल ही अलग थे। यहाँ मेरे बिल्कुल अलग कहने का आशय, उनके स्वभाव एवं व्यवहार से है। दिल्ली के अधिकांश लोग पूर्वोत्तर भारत के लोगों को पराया सा समझते हैं। दर असल दिल्ली के लोग पूर्वोत्तर भारत के लोगों और उनकी संस्कृति के विषय में अनेक भ्रांतियों के शिकार हैं। दिल्ली में रहते हुए मेरे मन में भी

अनेक भ्रांतियाँ घर कर गयी थीं। नॉर्थ ईस्ट के लोगों को समीप से जानने का मुझे यह पहला अवसर मिला था। वे मुझे से हिन्दी में बातें कर रहे थे और आपस में अपनी मातृ भाषा में। मणिपुरी हिन्दी ठीक से नहीं बोल पा रहा था, लेकिन बाकी सभी हिन्दी अच्छे से बोल और समझ ले रहे थे। अरुणाचली से भी मेरी बात होती रही। शाम तक मेरी उन सभी यात्रियों से एक मित्रता सी हो गयी और आपस में राजनीति बातें भी होने लगी जैसा अमूमन ट्रेन के सफर में होता है। सभी में देश के नए प्रधानमंत्री नरेंद्र मोदी को लेकर भी बातें होने लगी। नरेंद्र मोदी ६ महीने पहले ही भारत के प्रधानमंत्री बने थे। ऐसे ही बातचीत करते और खाते-पीते रात हो गयी और सभी यात्री सो गए। थोड़ी देर पढ़ने के बाद मैं भी सो गया।

अगले दिन सुबह ६ बजे मेरी नींद खुली तब तक ट्रेन न्यू जलपाईगुड़ी पहुँच चुकी थी। चाय... चाय..., पानी... पानी..., और पेपर... पेपर...की आवाज से मेरी नींद खुल गयी। मैंने एक कप चाय लेते हुए चाय वाले से पूछा तो पता चला कि 'ट्रेन ६ घंटे लेट हो चुकी है'। मैं चाय पी कर पढ़ने लगा। सभी यात्री थोड़ी देर में उठ गए। सभी को गुवाहाटी जल्द से जल्द पहुँचने की फिक्र होने लगी। सब बैठ कर एक-दूसरे से बातें कर रहे थे। मैं भी उनके साथ बात करते-करते पढ़ भी रहा था और साथ-साथ ट्रेन से बाहर के खूबसूरत नजारों को देख भी रहा था। ट्रेन बंगाल में से चल रही थी। पहली बार बंगाल की धरती पर था। कभी चाय के बागान तो कभी अनानास के खेतों के बीच ट्रेन अपनी अधिकतम रफ्तार पकड़ चुकी थी। मैं उस बंगाल की धरती पर था जिसकी वीरता और शौर्य गाथाएं हम इतिहास की किताबों में पढ़-पढ़ कर बड़े हुए हैं। जहाँ से देश में पलकारिता ही नहीं बल्कि हिन्दी पलकारिता की भी शुरुआत हुई और जहाँ से भारतीय नवजागरण की शुरुआत हुई। मैं गुरुदेव रविन्द्रनाथ टैगोर और स्वामी विवेकानन्द की धरती वाले उसी बंगाल में था, जहाँ के बड़े-बड़े चाय बागान के विषय में सिर्फ किताबों में ही पढ़ा था। मैं ट्रेन के बाहर की हरियाली देख कर मंत्रमुग्ध हो रहा था। बाहर के नजारों का लुप्त उठाए जा रहा था। मुझे विश्वास ही नहीं हो रहा था कि प्रकृति का ऐसा भी सौन्दर्य रूप होता है। ट्रेन का गुवाहाटी में पहुँचने का समय सुबह ८:४५ बजे का था परंतु वह शाम को लगभग ४ बजे पहुँचती है। उस दिन (२ दिसंबर को) मुझे गुवाहाटी में ही स्टेशन के समीप एक पुलिस कैप में रुकना था।

मैंने पहली बार इतनी लंबी यात्रा की थी। लगभग २ हजार किमी और ४० घंटे की।





काफी थक चुका था, कैप
पहुँच कर चाय पीने के बाद आराम किया।

थोड़ी देर बाद रात का खाना खाया और फिर पढ़ने लगा। १२:३० बजे सो गया और सुबह ४ बजे का अलार्म बजने पर उठा। सुबह अपने समय पर उठ कर तैयार होकर ४:३० बजे स्टेशन के लिए निकल गया और लगभग १० मिनट में स्टेशन पहुँच गया। ५ बजे १० सवारी को लेकर सूमो चालक ने गाड़ी आगे बढ़ाई। लगभग ३० मिनट की यात्रा के बाद हवा की ठंडक और कुहासे के बीच से धीरे-धीरे गुजरती गाड़ियाँ मन को आनंदित कर रही थीं। कभी ऊँचे-ऊँचे पहाड़ दिखते तो कभी कुहासा गाड़ी में आ कर चेहरे पर स्पर्श करता। रह-रह कर मुझे नींद भी आ रही थी लेकिन मैं सो नहीं रहा था। मानो यह महसूस हो रहा था कि इन्हीं नजारों को तो देखने के लिए मैंने इतना इंतजार किया था। ऐसे दृश्यों की मैंने कल्पना भी नहीं की थी। जिसे मैं कुहासा समझ रहा था असल में वह बादल था। ऊपर से नीचे देखने पर वही कुहासा जिनके बीच से मैं थोड़ी देर पहले गुजरा था वो बादल के समान दिख रहा था।

डेढ़ घंटे बाद लगभग ६:३० बजे गाड़ी नोंगपो में एक होटल (ढाबे) के सामने रुकती है जहाँ सभी यात्री उतर कर चाय वगैरह पीते हैं। मैंने भी चाय पी। वहाँ की चाय थोड़ी अलग थी। १५-२० मिनट के बाद गाड़ी वहाँ से खुल गई। अब पूरा वातावरण एकदम साफ हो चुका था। सूरज की रौशनी से पहाड़ों के पेड़ रत्न जड़ित मुकुट के समान चमक रहे थे। सड़क के दोनों ओर पहाड़ मानो ऐसा एहसास करा रहे थे जैसे कि सड़क उनके बीच नदी के समान आगे बढ़ रही हो। टू-लेन सड़क को फोर-लेन बनाया जा रहा था जिसकी वजह से सड़क की स्थिति काफी जर्जर हो चुकी थी और उसपर चलने वाली गाड़ियों की रफ्तार बहुत धीमी। यह सड़क जोराबाट से शिलांग होते हुए मिजोरम जाती है। यह राष्ट्रीय राज मार्ग संख्या ६ है। लगभग ७:३० बजे गाड़ी बड़ा पानी पहुँचती है। वहाँ पहुँच कर मैंने जो नजारा देखा वैसा अभी तक सिर्फ फिल्मों में ही देखा था। कुछ क्षण के लिए मेरी आँखों की पुतलियाँ मानों यह विश्वास करने को तैयार ही नहीं थीं। 'उमियम लेक' प्रकृति का वरदान है, बहुत बड़ी झील है। शायद इसी वजह से उस स्थान का नाम 'बारापानी' पड़ा हो। चारों दिशाओं से पहाड़ उस झील को इस प्रकार से कैद किए हुए हैं मानो मदारी का खेल देखने के लिए लोगों का हुजूम मदारी को चारों तरफ से घेरा हो। उस सौंदर्य को मैं अपने मोबाइल में कैद किए जा रहा था। मैं अपने मोबाइल से बिना रुके उस अद्भुत दृश्य का फोटो लिए जा रहा था। पहाड़ के ऊपर जैसे ही गाड़ी आगे बढ़ रही थी उस झील की सुन्दरता मानो और निखरती जा रही थी। ऊपर से नजारा कुछ और ही था। सूमो की खिड़की से कभी बादलों के बीच में पहाड़ों की चोटियों पर हरे-हरे सुहावने पेड़ दिखते, तो कभी उनकी परछाइयाँ गाड़ी के आगे इस प्रकार प्रतिबिम्ब बनाती, मानो वो किसी कैनवास से कम न हो।

समूचा पहाड़ चीड़ के पेड़ (पाइन ट्री) की हरियाली से ढका हुआ था। पूरा पहाड़ मानो जैसे चीड़ की सुन्दरता से हिलोरे मार रहा हो। पाइन भारत में नहीं पाया जाता था बल्कि इसे अँग्रेज भारत में लाए थे। बताया जाता है कि शिलांग में अँग्रेजों ने हेलीकॉप्टर से उसका बीज गिराया था। ऐसा लग रहा था मानो चीड़

के पेड़ और सूरज की किरणों के बीच युद्ध हो रहा हो। मानो एक तरफ सूरज अपनी रोशनी से चीड़ को भेद कर सड़क को उज्ज्वलित करना चाह रहा हो, तो वहीं दूसरी तरफ चीड़ अपनी छाया से सड़क को ढक लेना चाह रहा हो। जिधर देखता उधर वृक्ष ही वृक्ष दिखते। सड़कों के किनारे कहीं-कहीं एक दो दुकानें दिख रही थीं। समतल की तरह वहाँ घनी आबादी नहीं थी। इक्का दुक्का घर दिख रहे थे। ऐसे ही दृश्यों को निहारते हुए गाड़ी कब मावलई पहुँच गयी पता ही नहीं चला।

लगभग ८ बजे मैं मावलई पेट्रोल पंप पर उतरा और वहाँ से नेहू (कैंपस) के लिए टैक्सी ली। १०-१२ मिनट में नेहू पहुँच गया। जैसे ही गेट न.-२ से परिसर में प्रवेश किया समूचा विश्वविद्यालय चीड़ की खूबसूरती में मानो नहाया हुआ प्रतिबिम्बित हो रहा था। जिस प्रकार स्त्री की सुन्दरता को आभूषण निखार देते हैं उसी प्रकार चीड़ के वृक्ष भी उस परिसर की सुन्दरता में चार चाँद लगा रहे थे। चीड़ रूपी आभूषण से विश्वविद्यालय का पूरा परिसर आभूषित हो रहा था। सूरज की किरणें ठंड में भी मानो चुभ रही थीं। इतनी साफ-सफाई शायद मैंने इससे पहले कहीं और नहीं देखी थी। आपको बता दूँ कि एशिया का सर्वाधिक स्वच्छ गाँव (क्लीनेस्ट विलेज) 'मावलिनॉंग' मेघालय में ही है। चारों तरफ पाइन ट्री की हरियाली दूर ऊँचे-ऊँचे पहाड़ और आसमान एकदम नीला, कंपकपाने वाली ठंड और उनके बीच में मैं विभाग के बाहर बने बस स्टॉप पर बैठ कर वहाँ की खूबसूरती को चारों ओर घूम-घूम कर निहारता रहा और विभाग खुलने का इंतजार करता रहा। ९ बजे विभाग खुला तब तक अन्य परीक्षार्थी भी आ चुके थे। पहले विभाग के द्वारा परीक्षा पूर्व की औपचारिकताएँ पूरी की गयीं। १०:०० से ११:३० बजे तक परीक्षा हुई। लिखित परीक्षा खत्म होने के बाद सूचना दी गयी कि 'जो बच्चे बाहर से आए हैं उनका साक्षात्कार आज ही होगा। आधे घंटे के ब्रेक के बाद साक्षात्कार १२ बजे से शुरू होगा, सभी बच्चे यहाँ समय पर उपस्थित रहेंगे'। बाहर से का मतलब ऐसे छात्रों से था, जो उस विश्वविद्यालय (नेहू) के नहीं थे बल्कि बाहर से आए हुए थे। सूचना के बाद सभी बच्चे पास में ही एक कैटीन में खाने चले गए। मैं भी उनके साथ चला गया। मेन्यू देख कर मैंने आलू पराठा और चाय ऑर्डर किया। कैटीन में ही देश के अनेक हिस्सों से आए हुए परीक्षार्थियों से बातचीत होने लगी। आप कहाँ से आए हैं? आपने एम.ए कहाँ से किया है? शिलांग कैसे आए? नेहू के बारे में किसने बताया? किस ट्रेन से आए? परीक्षा के बाद कहाँ-कहाँ घुमने जाना है? जैसी जिज्ञासाओं को शांत कर रहा था।

१२:१५ बजे साक्षात्कार शुरू हुआ और मेरा साक्षात्कार २ बजे हुआ। साक्षात्कार कक्ष से बाहर निकलते ही मैं बहुत राहत और शांति महसूस कर रहा था। क्योंकि अब मैं शिलांग की खूबसूरती का आनन्द लेने के लिए बिल्कुल तैयार हो चुका था। थोड़ी देर के बाद मैं विभाग से बाहर निकला और विश्वविद्यालय के गेट न.-२ से पोलो के लिए टैक्सी में बैठ गया। मेरी दिल्ली वापसी की ट्रेन ६ दिसंबर को थी और तब तक मैं पोलो में ही एक पुलिस कैप में रुकने वाला था और अगले ३ दिनों तक शिलांग का भ्रमण करने वाला था। १० मिनट में मैं पोलो में स्थित पुलिस कैप पहुँच गया, जहाँ मुझे अगले तीन दिनों तक ठहरना था।

अगला पड़ाव अगले अंक में...

हिन्दी

संवाद करते मेघ



पुस्तक समीक्षा

पुस्तक संवाद करते मेघ
संपादक डॉक्टर अनीता पंडा
सह संपादक नीता शर्मा
प्रथम संस्करण २०२३
मूल्य ₹५०
प्रकाशक सृजन पीठ प्रयागराज

तूलिका श्री

अचानक ही किसी शहर में इतनी शक्ति कहाँ से आ जाती है, जो वह रोज़मर्रा के नागरिकों को रोज़ी-रोटी देती हुई कुछ दिनों के लिए कई लाख गुना ज़्यादा अधिक मनुष्यों को रहने के लिए स्थान और उदर पूर्ति हेतु अनाज प्रदान करने लगती है। क्या भूमि का विस्तार उस समय धरती माँ बढ़ा देती है? वैसे ही अनजाने लोग, अनगिनत भावनाओं का प्रवाहित होना है। जितना मन सुगठित हो, लिखते जाओ, बताते जाओ, आने वाली पीढ़ी को कि क्या हो रहा है? कितना भी विज्ञान अपना विस्तार दिखाए लेकिन मिट्टी अपनी सुगंध और अपने अस्तित्व को मौन रहकर बताती रहती है, यह लेखन यहाँ बिन प्रयास के ही उपस्थित हो रहा है। इस समूह का सृजन पीठ प्रथम प्रयागराज का ही है। शाखाएँ जाने कौन-कौन-सी मिट्टी में पुष्पित, पल्लवित हुई, एक अंकुरण शिलांग में भी हुआ तब शिलांग के कवि रत्नों ने अपने हृदय की तरंगों को प्रतिभाषित किया। सावन में आए श्रवण समुद्र मंथन का स्मरण कराते

(पृष्ठ ३१)

चाहे हम सात समंदर पार जाएँ या लाखों करोड़ों की लड़ियों से अपने निर्जीव हो रहे देह को सजाएँ। देश हेतु कुछ कर दिया वही प्यार, अभिमान है, स्वाभिमान है।

राष्ट्र के टुकड़ों को जोड़कर

पूरा किया इस देश के अरमान को

(पृष्ठ २७)

औरतों से सारी दुनिया, अखिल भूमंडल सुशोभित हो रही है। औरतों से प्रतिभासित हो रही है, फिर भी अपने अस्तित्व की तलाश में औरत खोई हुई रहती है। चली आ रही परंपरा में जीने की आदत हो गई है उसे —

आदत पड़ गई है सदियों से उसे वल्लरी बनकर रहने की

उसे इस आदत को थोड़ा अलग रूप देना होगा। वह उसे तोड़ पाने में सक्षम है, लेकिन, यह, पर, किंतु, परंतु — सब कुछ दंड स्वरूप स्त्री ने अपने ऊपर ले लिया है।

घर में सब जैसा है वैसा ही अपनाना होगा

हाँ, मगर रसोई में कुछ रोज़ नया पकाना होगा

(पृष्ठ ६२)

तूलिका श्री वर्तमान में
ऑक्सिलियम कॉन्वेंट हाई स्कूल,
बड़ौदा में हिंदी और संस्कृत की
अध्यापिका के रूप में कार्यरत हैं।
उन्हें अखिल भारतीय कवियत्री
समिति मथुरा से राष्ट्रीय कवि
पुरस्कार प्राप्त है, तथा वे बड़ौदा से
प्रकाशित हिंदी त्रैमासिक पत्रिका
नारी अस्मिता में समीक्षक हैं।

अनगिनत सितारों से भरी ज़िंदगी ना जाने कितने मन्वंतर बनकर, कल्प से गुजरती है। धरती के हम बन जाते हैं राजा? वे कब समझ सके हैं दीन-दुखी, सर्वहारा की भूख और पीड़ा?

आँखों की कोटरें

याचित

पूँजीपतियों के द्वार

मूँगफली बाँटते

दुख-पीड़ा से बेपरवाह

(पृष्ठ १९)

संवेदनशील हृदय ही अपने मनोभावों को शब्दों में ढालेंगे। जीवन की गति रुकती नहीं, मात्र स्मृतियों का पुलिंदा बढ़ता जाता है।

लम्हे तो यूँ ही चले जाते हैं

पर यादें जाती नहीं, जो बात कही थी तुमने

(पृष्ठ ११)

विचारों का ऊहापोह जीने नहीं देता है, मरने भी नहीं देता — तो क्या करता है? रास्ता ढूँढो — संत रूमी, कबीर, बुद्ध, नानक, दादू, अखा, नांगेली — सभी ने अपने रास्ते ही तो ढूँढे। बैठ करके उनके जीवन की यात्रा को समझना, पढ़ना और उसको अपने अंतरतम तक ले जाना बहुत ज़रूरी है। क्या हम वह कर पाएँगे? कोई न कोई गुरु तो होगा ही। दलित-विमर्श पर आधारित ये पंक्तियाँ प्रश्न कर रही हैं:

निकल आया है वह खामोशी से

नहीं लौटता है कोई वहाँ से

बुद्धन लिए ज्ञान का प्रकाश

नारी हृदय की भावनाएँ कहाँ, कैसे, किस रूप में प्रवाहित और प्रकाशित हो रही हैं — यह हम इस पुस्तक में देख सकते हैं।

प्राकृतिक परिवेश में साहित्य का अवगाहन हमें सोपान-दर-सोपान सौंदर्य-दर्शन कराता जाता है। आदरणीय पंडित पृथ्वी नाथ जी ने भूमिका में यही बात अपने शब्दों में बताई है कि इस पुस्तक में कुछ कविताएँ ऐसी भी हैं, जिनमें रचनाकारों का सर्जनात्मक पक्ष संलक्षित हो रहा है। उनमें कहीं विफल प्रेम की वेदना हिलकोरें मार रही है, तो कहीं सफल प्रेम का सुख मन-प्राण को आल्हादित कर रहा है, परंतु प्रेम की अपार भूख की अतृप्ति में परिणति ही प्रेम की वास्तविक विजय है।

“संवाद करते मेघ” एक ऐसी काव्य-कृति है, जो प्राकृतिक प्रदेश मेघालय राज्य के उर्वर भूभाग से पहली बार उद्घाटित हो रही है। पावन गंगाजल की कल-कल, छल-छल का अनुभव हो रहा है, जो मानवता और करुणा का संदेश संप्रेषित करती जान पड़ती है।

(पृष्ठ १२)

भारत बहुत कुछ अलग है और नहीं भी है। ऐसा कैसे है — जो है वह दिखता नहीं, जो नहीं है वह प्रतिभासित भी नहीं होता। पत्थर में बुद्ध है, मान लिया — फिर उस पर जल, धूप, दूध-भोग और जीवित इंसान से जी भर घृणा?

काश! वही नफरत बदल जाए और उसमें पावन धारा बन जाए। कोई तो पूछे — तुझ में छुपा कोई अरमान कहाँ से प्रस्तुत हो रहा है? बीज कहीं से उड़ कर आते हैं और अपनी खुशबू बिखेर जाते हैं। रस, छंद, अलंकार, लोकगीत, राष्ट्रगीत — ना जाने किस हृद तक प्रभावित, प्रवाहित होते रहते हैं।

ऐसी नौकरी का क्या करना

इंतज़ार की हृद तो हो गई

अब कुछ तो करम करना

मैं जल्दी आऊँगा

पलकें बिछा कर रखना

परदेस न जाओगे

परदेस न जाऊँगा

अपना वतन अपना

यहीं खुशी में पाऊँगा

(पृष्ठ ६७)

जिसके दिल में प्यार है, लोग उसे पल भर को मिलकर आत्मीयता से भर जाते हैं। यह तो पंचतत्व से निर्मित काया किसी और से खिंचाव का अनुभव करती है, पर हमारा यह चंचल मन कहाँ ठहराव पाता है? इतनी ही तो प्रक्रिया है। तब अंदर का भीगा मन कहता है कि सब साथ चलें और मंज़िल की ओर अग्रसर हों —

काहे की फिक्र?

“हम साथ-साथ हैं

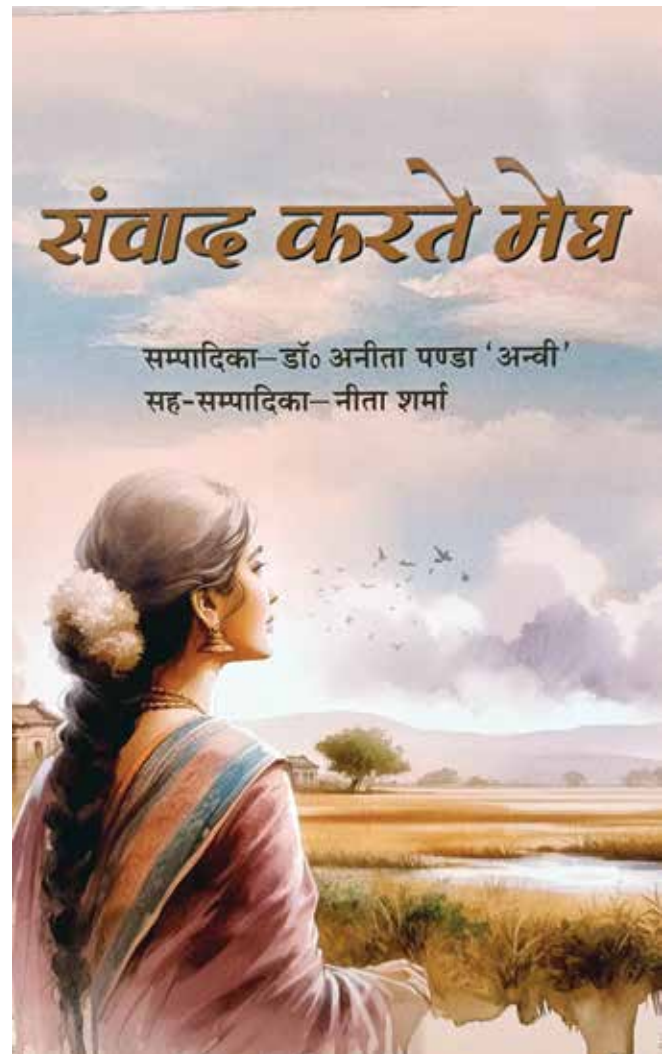
एक छतरी के नीचे”

इस वक्त मेरे भीतर पनप रही है,

एक और नई कविता

(पृष्ठ ८३)

लाखों विचार हमारे मन को मथते रहते हैं, सबको एक सूत्र में बाँध पाना अत्यंत ही दुष्कर कार्य है, फिर भी डॉक्टर अनीता जी और नीताजी ने अति दुष्कर कार्य को सरल बनाया है। उम्मीद है, आगे भी यह दीपशिखा प्रज्वलित रहेगी। कवियों को खूब-खूब शुभकामनाएँ।



LARGER THAN LIFE

Adaptations from Khasi Folktales

Illustrator : Dr Peacefully Kharkongor

The Stag and the Snail





On the day of the animals' fair at Luri Lura, the stag and the snail met. It was a very hot day, and the animals as they travelled to the fair eagerly sought the shelter of the trees. There was a large Rubber grove in the forest, and thither many of the animals hastened, panting from the great heat, and there laid down their burdens for a while and rested in the cool shades.

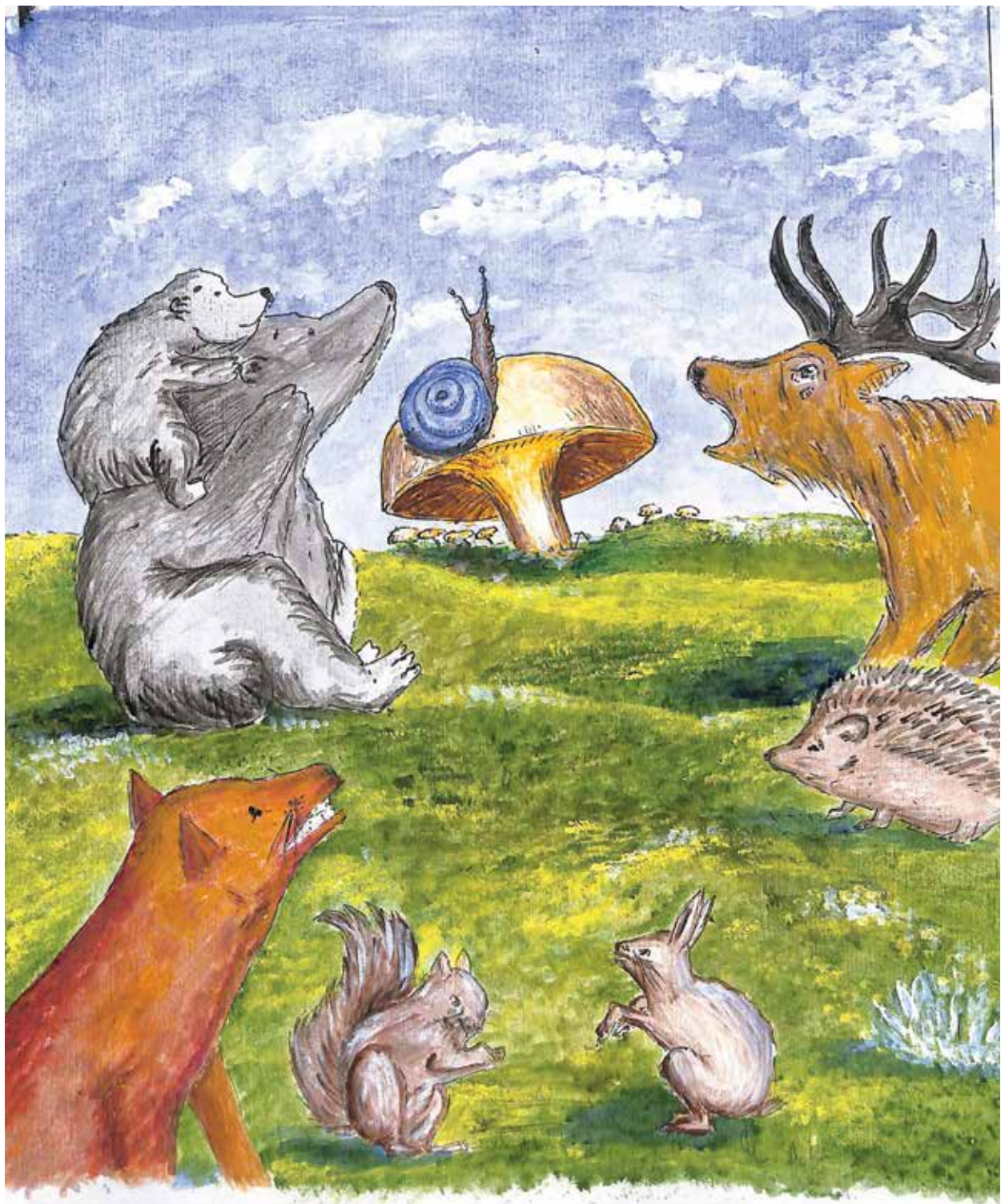
It was a familiar rendezvous, and many of the animals turned there, as much from habit as from fatigue, glad to meet old acquaintances. On the day which concerns this story there was an unusually large throng, and they chatted together sociably about the different events of their lives and the circumstances of their neighbours.

In one corner a group were noisily comparing notes with one another about the length of time it had taken them to travel certain distances. In this group was the stag, who monopolised the conversation, and boasted of his own speed, and the buffalo, trying to be

affable, said that they were bound to admit that the stag was now the swiftest animal in the jungle, since the dog had run away to Man, and the entire company nodded in agreement.

There was, however, a little grey snail in the grass with her shell on her back, who was very disgusted with the boastings of the animals, especially of the stag, as if swiftness was the only virtue to which an animal ought to aspire. In order to put a stop to their talk, she called out mockingly for them to look at the lather that covered their bodies from over-exertion, and to compare her own cool skin, which had not perspired at all in spite of the journey; consequently, she claimed the honours for good travelling for herself

This was received with much displeasure by the animals, who felt that their dignity had been flouted, for the snail was an insect in their estimation, not fit to be admitted to their august company. The stag began to canter gracefully round the grove to prove his



superiority, his fellow animals applauding admiringly; but the little snail was not to be silenced, and to show her contempt she challenged the stag to run a long race with her, declaring that she would beat him.

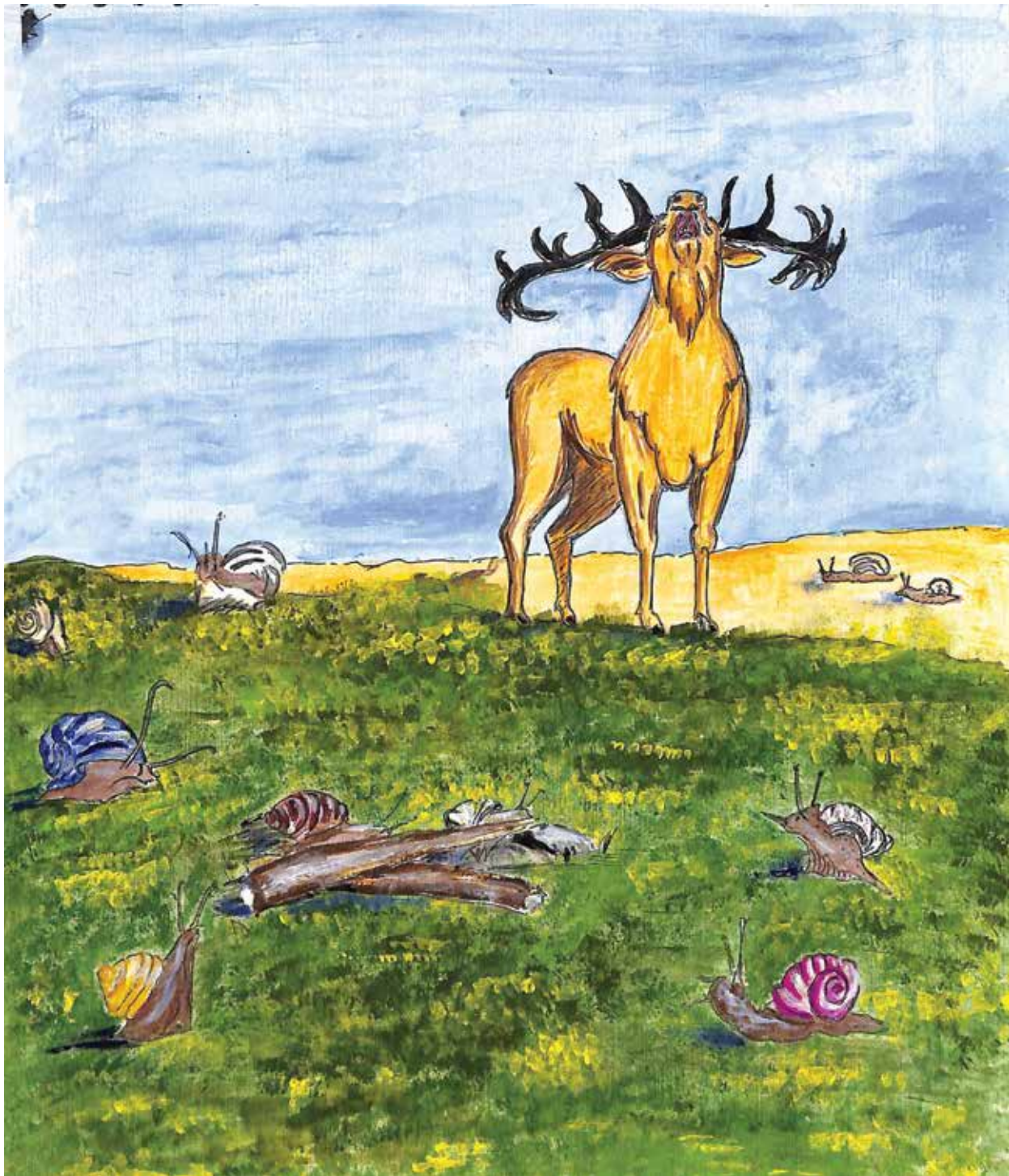
Many of the animals urged the stag not to heed the challenge of the snail, as it was only given to affront him, but he said that unless he would run she would always insult him and call him a coward who had shown fear of a snail. So it was settled that the stag and the snail should run a long race, from the Rubber grove to the top of Mount Shillong, on the animals' return from Luri Lura.

The name of this little grey snail was Ka Mattah. As soon as the animals left the grove she summoned together all her tribe to consider how to proceed so as to beat the stag in the long race. Many of the snail family found fault with her for her foolish challenge, but they were all prepared to help her out of her difficulty, and to save her from the disgrace

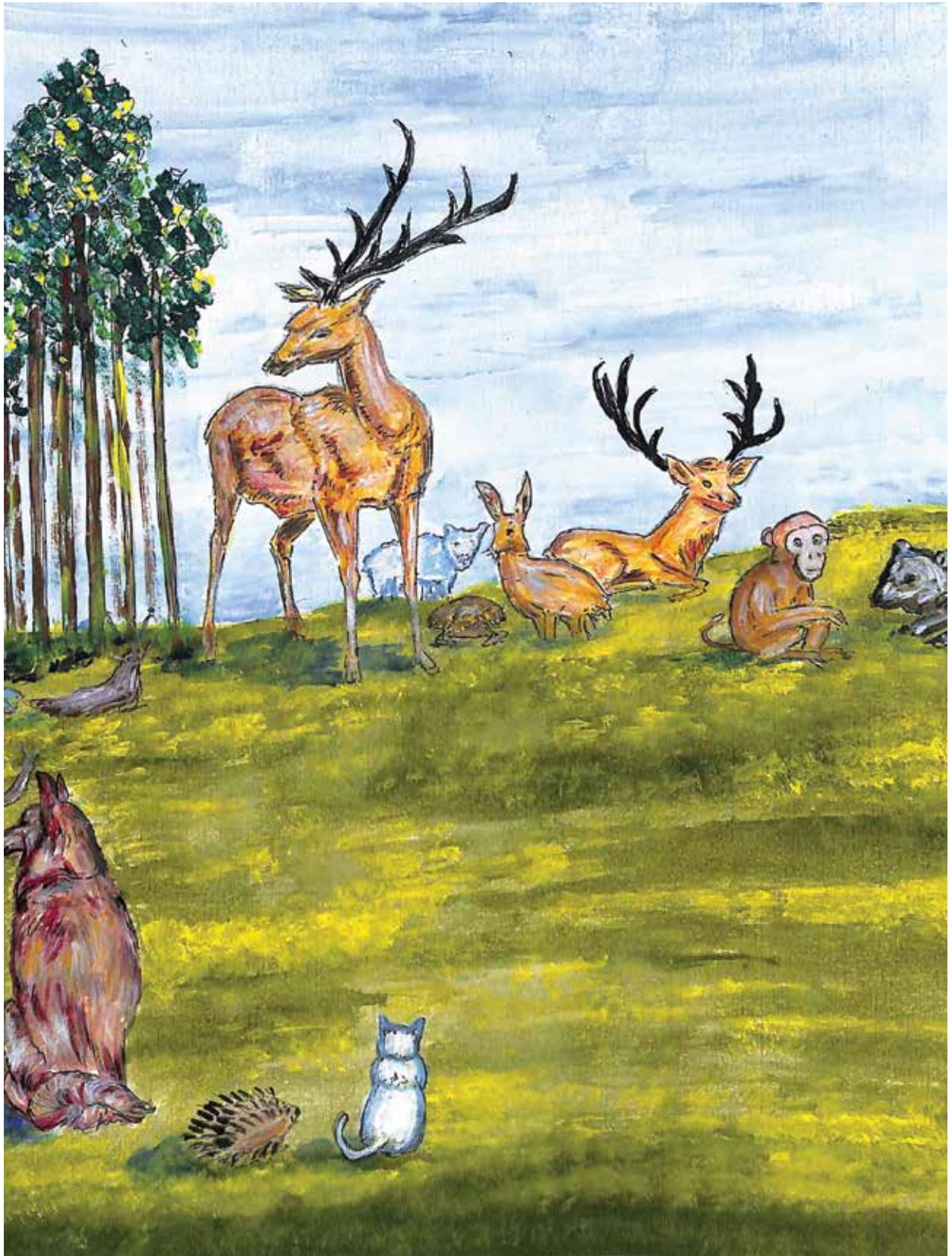


of defeat. It was decided in the family council that the snails should form themselves into a long line edging the path all the way from the Rubber grove to Mount Shillong, and hide themselves in the grass, so as not to be discovered by the stag. So the snails dispersed and formed themselves into a long line on the edge of the path.

As soon as they had sold their wares, the animals hastened to the grove, laughing among themselves as they walked at the foolishness of Ka Mattah in setting herself up against the swiftest of the animals, and they planned how to make her the general laughing-stock of the jungle for her audacity. When they reached the Rubber grove they found Ka Mattah ready for the race, having discarded her cumbersome shell and put herself into a racing attitude on the path, which caused them no little amusement. As soon as the signal was given she dived into the grass and was lost to sight, while the stag cantered towards the mountains. After going some distance, he stopped, thinking that there would be no need to run further, as he imagined that the snail was far behind and likely to have given up the race; so he called out, "Heigh, Mattah, art thou coming?"



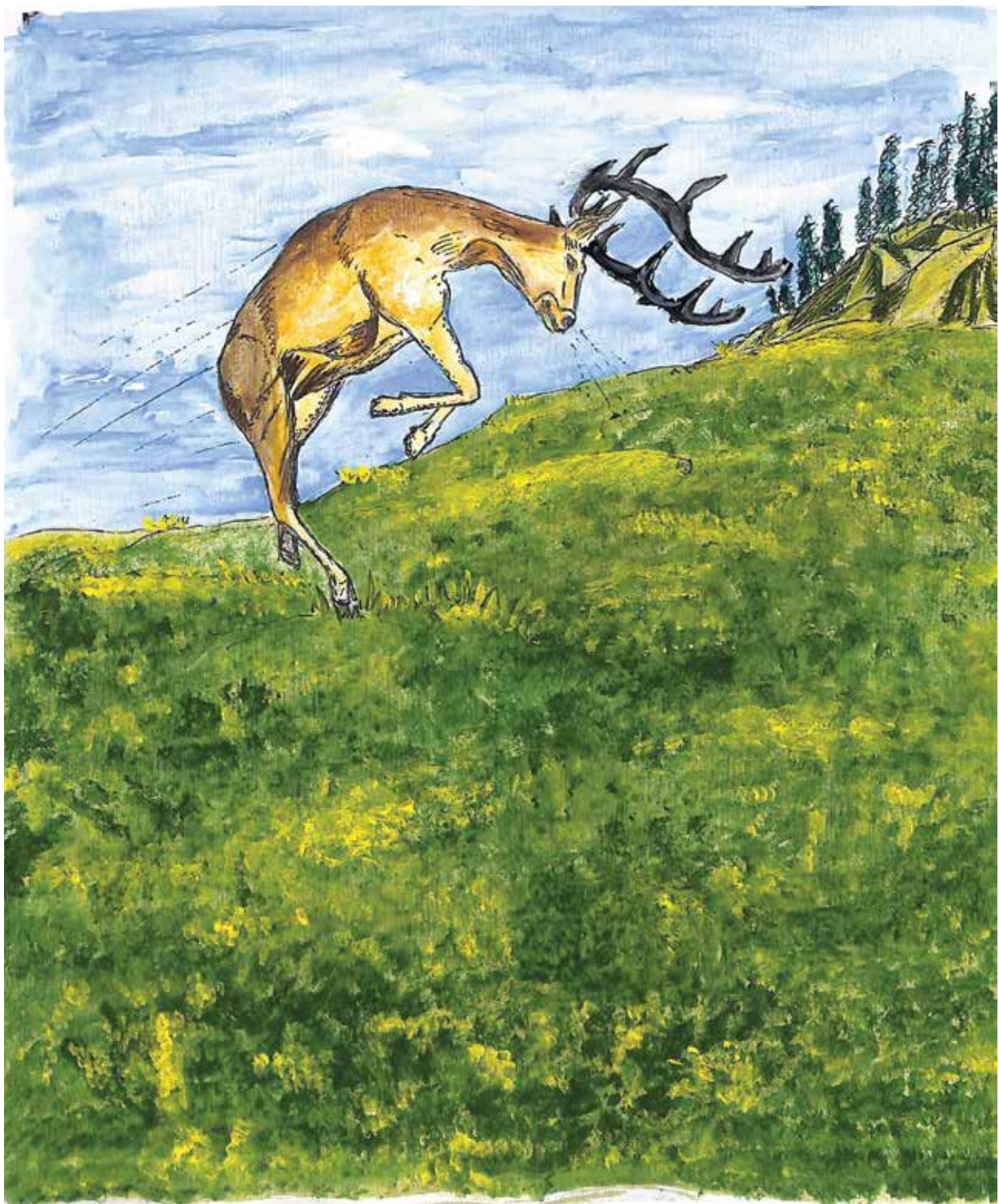
To his surprise, the voice of the snail answered close beside him saying, "I am here, I am here." Thereupon he ran on more swiftly, but after running several miles he stopped again and called out as before, "Heigh, Mattah, art thou coming?" And again the voice answered close to his heels, "I am here, I am here"; upon which the stag tore off at a terrific pace through the forest, only stopping at intervals to call out to the snail. As often as he called, the voice answered close to his feet, "I am here, I am here," which set him racing with ever-increasing speed. When he reached the lei Tree Mountain, he was panting and quivering from his great exertions and longed to lie down to rest, but he saw before him the goal to which he was bound, and spurred himself to a last effort.



He was so exhausted as he climbed up the slopes of Shillong that he was giddy and faint, and could scarcely move his wearied limbs, and, to his dismay, before he reached the summit, he heard the tormenting voice of the snail calling out from the goal, "I have won, I have won."

Exhausted and defeated, the stag threw himself full length on the ground, and his disappointment and the sickness due to the terrible strain he had put on himself caused him to spit out his gall-bladder. To this day no gall-bladder is to be found in the anatomy of the stag; so he carries in his body the token of the great defeat he sustained through the wiles of Ka Mattah, the little grey snail, and the pathetic look has never gone out of his eyes.

Dr Peacefully Kharkongor, the illustrator, is an Assistant Professor, Department of Anthropology, Women's College, Shillong. She also has a passion for art.





Ki Kyntien Ba Kyntang U Ramakrishna

la pynkylla da I Bah P S Lyngdoh

From the pages of Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna
(part of an ongoing project by Ramakrishna Mission, Sohra)

...Ka ba bteng

Nailar 5 tarik, 1882

“Ka Jingleit Jngoh İa U Vidyasagar”

Nailar 5 tarik, 1882 La kha İa u Pandit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar ha ka shnong Beersingh, ka bym da jngai na Kamarpukur, ka jaka ba la kha İa u Ramakrishna. La tip İa u kum u riewstad bakhraw, u nonghikai, u nongthoh kot, bad u riew shemphang ba kylluid mynsiem. U dei ruh uwei na ki nongthoh İa ka ktien Bengali jong ka juk ba mynta, u long ruh uba la tbit bha ha ka thoh grammar ha ka ktien Sanskrit bad poitri. Ka jingjynsur mynsiem jong u ka la pynlong İa ki para ri ha manla ki thliew İing ban İalap İariew tang İa ka kyrteng jong u, kham bun na ka jingİoh jong u, u ju İarap İa ki thei-İaplok, ki khunswet, ki khynnah skul ba duk bad kiwei kiwei ki briew ba donkam jingİarap. Ym tang ba u don ka jingsngew İeid kaba thew tang İa ki parabriew: u la sangeh kaba dih dud da ki bun bun snem khnang ba ki khun masi ruh kin İoh la ka bhah ban dih dud, bad um ju shong da ka kali kulai İoh ba kan pynlong ka jingshitom İa ki kulai. U la long u briew uba don ka mynsiem baİar jingmut bymlah thew, kaba u da pyni da ka kam haba u la iehnoh noh İa ka kyrdan kum u Principal jong ka Sanskrit College kaba don ha Kolkata namar ka jingbymiİadei jingmut bad ki nongpynİaid kam. Ka jingİeid jong u İa la ka kmie, ka long kaba jylliew haduh katta katta. Ha kawei ka sngi ha ka jingbym don ka lieng u la jngi lyngba ka lat lat um da kaba kheiİ duh la ka jingim ban pynurlong İa ka jingkwah jong ka kmie ba u dei ban don ha ka sngi kyntiew kurim jong u para. Baroh shilynter jingim jong u, ka paw tyngkreİİ ka jingim ba shisur jingmut. Ka nam ka kyrteng Vidyasagar kamut “ka jingnang-jingtip kaba İar bad jylliew kum ka duriaw bah,” la ai ka nam İa u

Khasi

ban ithuh ia ka jingkhraw ha ka pyrkhat pyrdaiñ bad ka pule puthi.

U Ramakrishna la slem bah, u la kwah ban leit jngoh ia u Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar. Hadien ba u la ioh jingtip na u M ba u long u nonghikai ha ka skol Vidyasagar, u Kynrad u la kylli, “Phi lah ban ia lam ia nga sha u Vidyasagar? Nga da kwah eh ban iakynduh ia u. U M u la iathuh ha u Vidyasagar ia ka jingkwah u Ramakrishna, bad u pundit u la mynjur da kaba sngewbha ba u M un wan ialam khnang khnang ia u Kynrad, ha kano kano ka sngi saitjaiñ ha ka por saw baje janmiet. U la shu kylli ia u M ba u long u ’riewsohblei uba kumno bad u ong, “U phong da ki jaiñ rongstem?” U M u la jubab. “Em, babu, U long u briew uba kham pher na kiwei pat. U phong da ki jaiñ ba thoh laiñ saw nadong-nadong bad ki jingsopkhat ba la ñiad khuid bha. U shong ha kawei ka kamra kaba don ha kper jong ka iingmane jong ka Rani Rasmani¹. Ha kamra jong u don kawei ka jingthiah rit, ka tyrsok bad ka musari. Um i don dak ei ei kaba paw shabar kum uta u ’riewkhuid. Hynrei um tip ei ei lait tang ia u Blei. Miet la bad Sngi u pyrkhat u pynleit jingmut tang ia u Blei.

Ha ka por janmiet u Nailar 5 tarik u Kynrad u la mih na Dakshineswar da ka kali-kulai paidbah, la synran lang da u Bhavanath, u M bad u Hazra. U Vidyasagar u shong ha Badurbagan, hapdeng jong ka sor Kolkata, kumba hynriew mer ei ei na Dakshineswar. Ha lynti, u Ramakrishna u la iakren bad ki synran jong u, hynrei katba ka kali-kulai ka la jan poi ha iing u Vidyasagar kynsan kynsan u la kylla la ka jingmut jingpyrkhat. U la shah khring ha ka bor jong ka jingbuaid Blei bakyntang. Khlem poi pyrkhat ei ei ia kane, u M u la kdew ia ka kper jong ka iing ba ju shong ju sah u Raja Rammohon Roy. U Kynrad u la dom bad u la ong, “Ngam da salia eh ia kine kiei kiei baroh mynta.” U la nang ngam ha ka jingieid Blei bakyntang.

Ka kali-kulai ka la sangeh ha khmat iing u Vidyasagar. U Kynrad u la hiar da kaba iarap kyrshan da u M, uba la ialam lynti. Ha phyllaw iing don bunjait ki syntiew baphuh. Katba u Kynrad u dang iaid sha iing, u la ong ha u M, kum u khunlung, da kaba kdew ia u budam ha ka sopti jong u: “U budam jong ka sopti jong nga u la lait. La kane kan pynsngewsih ia u Vidyasagar?” “Em, phi!”

La ong u M. “Wat da khuslai shaphang kata. Ym don kaei kaei shaphang jong phi ka ban pynsngewsih ia u. Phim don kam ban da pyndait budam ia la ka sopti.” U pdiang da ka jing hun mynsiem kum u khunlung hi.

1 Ka kynthei riwspah, ka nongshem ia ka iingmane ka Blei Kali ha Dakshineswar.

U Vidyasagar u la don kumba hynriew phew ar snem ei ei ka rta, u la tam khathynriew ne khathynñiew snem ia u Kynrad. U la shong ha ka iing armala ba la pynwan dur kum ki iing phareng kaba don ka jaka iaidkai baroh sawdong ba la ker da ka kynroh kaba jrong. Hadien ba la kiew ia ki mawlynti ban poi sha armala, u Ramakrishna bad ki nongbud jong u ki la rung hapoh kamra haduh bakut jong ka iing ha kaba u Vidyasagar u la shong da kaba phai khmat sha ki, kaba don bad ka miej ha khmat jong u. Shaphang ka mon jong ka miej don ka ben. Katto katne ngut ki paralok jong u ki la shong ha ki shuki ha baroh arliang.

U Vidyasagar u la ieng bad pdiang burom ia u Kynrad. U Ramakrishna u la ieng ha khmat jong ka ben, da kaba kyrshan da ka kti ha ka miej. U la peit lyngngoh ia u Vidyasagar, la i kumba ki la ju ia ithuh-ithaw naduh mynshuwa, u la rkhe ha ka rukom kaba kham i pher da ka jingieid bakynja Blei. Ha kata ka rukom jinglong ba kham pher ka jingmut-jingpyrkhat, u la shu ieng khlem khih katto katne minit. Teng teng ban wan rah biang ia ka jingmut jingpyrkhat jong u sha ka jingkyndit briew, u la ong, “Ngan sa dih um.” Ha kajuh ka por ki khun samla ka iing bad katto katne ngut ki paralok bad kiba ha iing ha sem u Vidyasagar ki la ialum lang hangta. U Ramakrishna, u dang neh ha ka jingkmien bad U Blei haduh bym tipbriew shuh, u la shong halor ka ben. Uwei u samla ba la khathynñiew ne khatphra snem ka rta uba la wan khnang sha u Vidyasagar ban ioh jingiarap pisa na bynta ka jingpule jong u, u la shong lang hangta. U Kynrad u la shong kham pajih na uta u khynnah, da kaba ong khlem da pynleit jingmut. “Ko Mei, une u khynnah u dang shah khring palat ha ka pyrthei. U dang don ha ka jingsah dum bad ka jingbiej.”

U Vidyasagar u la ong ia uwei na kiba don hangta ban wanrah um bad u la kylli ia u M la u Kynrad u kwah ban bam de ia ki jingbam thiang. Naba u M ym shim la kyntait, U Vidyasagar dalade hi u la leit shapoh kawei ka kamra ban wanrah ia ki jingbam thiang. La buh ia ki ha khmat u Kynrad. U Bhavanath bad u Hazra ruh ki la ioh la ka bhah lajong. Haba ki la tyrwa ha u M, u Vidyasagar u la ong: “O, phi ruh phi long kum shi iing shi sem. Ngim dei ban khuslai ei ei ia u.” Da kaba kdew ia u nongbud u ba dang i samla. U Kynrad u la ong ia u Vidyasagar. “U long u khynnah samla uba bha bad uba shemphang naduh dohnud. U ia syriem kum ka wah Phalgu. Ia ka sla um la tap da u shyiap hynrei lada phi tih khyndiat phin shem ba ka um ka tuid na shapoh.” Hadien ba u la bam khyndiat na ki jingbam thiang, u Kynrad, da kaba puh samrkhie u la sdang ban kren ia u Vidyasagar. Ha kata ka por ka kamra ka la dap da ki

briew, don katto katne kiba shu ieng bad kiwei pat ki la shong.

Kynrad: “Ah! Ha kaba khatduh, mynta ka sngi, nga la wan poi ha ka duriaw. Haduh kane ka sngi ba mynta nga la iohi tang ia ki nur-um, ki ñiur-ñiur, ne ki kynja wahrit, lah ban ong. Hynrei mynta ka sngi nga don markhmat jong ka ‘sagar’ ne ka duriaw hi baroh kawei.” (*baroh ki iarkhie*).

Vidyasagar (*phuh samrkhie*): Nangta, sngewbha rah khyndiat ka um mluh sha iing.” (*iarkhie*).

U Kynrad: “O, em! Balei da ka um mluh? Phim dei ka um duriaw jong ka jingbieit. Phi long ka duriaw jong ka vidya, ka jingstad-jingshemphang. Phi long ka duriaw jong ka dud ba rben (*Baroh iarkhie*).

U Vidyasagar – “Niuma, phi lah ban ong ha kata ka rukom.”

U pundit u la shu sngap khlem kren. U Ramakrishna u la ong, “Ia ki jingtrei-jingtah jongphi la ai mynsiem da ka sattva². Watla ki kam ki jam jong phi ki long Rajasie³ hynrei ki long pat ki ba la shah khring ha ka Sattva. Ka jingsngewlem ka kyrsoi na ka Sattva. Watla ka jingtreikam na ka bynta ka jingpynbha ia kiwei da ka rajas⁴, pynban kane ka rajas ka don ia ki sattva naduh ka tynrai jong ka bad kam don jingma-jingmysaw ei ei. U Suka bad kiwei pat ki riewkhuid ki kyrsoi da ka jingieid bad jingsngewlem na ki jingmut-jingpyrkhat jong ki ban ai ia ki para briew ia ki jinghikai niam, ban hikai ia ki shaphang u Blei. Phi iasam lem ia ka jingbam bad ka jingnang-jingtip. Kata ruh ka long kaba bha. Lada ia kum kine ki rukom jingtreikam la leh da ka mynsiem len lade kan ialam sha u Blei. Hynrei bun ki briew ki trei tang ban ioh ka nam ka burom ne ban kiew kyrdan.

2 Ka lynti jong ka jingia-pynbiang la ne ka jingstad jingshemphang. Peit ia ka guna.

3 Kaba pyniasoh ia kaei kaei ne kaba pynioh, ia ka rajas.

4 Ka lynti jong ka rukom trei jingtrei ne ka jing-bymshongthait. Peit ia ka guna.



House of Pandit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar

Kim aitulut ha ki jingtreikam jong ki. Nalor kata, phi long uba Siddha⁵, uba jai jai bad uba la ih bha ha ka jingmut-jingpyrkhat,

U Vidyasagar: “Kumno ka long kumta, babu?”

U Kynrad (da kaba rkhie): “Haba ia ki phan bad kiwei ki jait jhur la shet ih bha, ki jem bad ki shngiam. Bad phi don ia kata ka jinglong ba jai jai. Phi long uba don ia ka jingsngewlem kaba palat liam (u la pynrkhie).

U Vidyasagar (da kaba rkhie): “Hynrei lada phon pat ia u kynja dai iong u kylla eh noh pynban.”

U Kynrad: Hynrei phim dei pat uba na kata ka kyrdan. Ki pundit kiba shu tynngeng ki long thik kum ki soh ba don jingpang kiba tyrkhong bad ki bym ih shuh. Kum uta u jait soh um don jingshngiam kum u soh ba dang jyrngam ne ka jingbang kum u soh uba la ih. Ki pukni ki her shajrong ka suiñbneng, hynrei ki khmat jong ki peit kliaw hangno ki don ki doh-pyut ha khyndew. Ki la shah teh mraw ha ka jingbieit jong ka pyrthei. Ka jingsngewlem, ka jingieid ia u Blei bad ka jingkyntait ia ki jingkwah pyrthei ki long ka burom jong ka jingnang jingtip bashisha.

5 (Lit. , kaba janai ne kaba la shet) Kaba iadei ha baroh ar ha u mynsiem ba la janai bad kaei kaei kaba la shet ih bha.

U Vidyasagar u la shah shkor ia kine ki kyntien ha ka jingjar jar. Kiwei ruh kumjuh, ki la ang lyngngoh ia u Kynrad bad ki da sngap pynleit jingmut ia man la ki kyntien ba u kren.

U Vidyasagar u long ba tyngkan ban ai ka jinghikai -niam sha kiwei. U la dep pule ia ka jingstad ha ka pyrkhat pyrdaiñ ia ki jinghikai ka niam Hindu. Shisien, haba u M u la kylli ia u ia ka jingsngew jong u shaphang jong ka, u Vidyasagar u la ong, “Nga tharai ki riewstad pyrkhat niam ki la bakla ban batai pynshai ia kaei kaba ki la don ha ka jingmut jingpyrkhat jong ki.” Hynrei ha ka jingim ba man ka sngi jong u, u la bud thik-pa-thik ia baroh ki jingleh-niam kyntang jong ka niam Hindu bad u da teh ia u ’sai-kyntang kumba leh ki Brahmin. U la pynshai shisien kumne. “Ka long ka bym lah da shisha ban tip shaphang jong U. Te, kaei pat ka kamram ba ngi dei ban leh? Nga sngew ba ngi dei ban im ha kaba kiwei kin bud ia ki nuksa jong ngi, kumta kane ka pyrthei ba ngi shong ngi im kan jin da long ka bneng. Te man-uwei-pa-uwei u dei ban pyrshang ban leh ki kam ba bha ha ka pyrthei.”

Ka jingpyni-nia u Ramakrishna mynta ka la kylla long shaphang ka jingnang-jingtip jong u *Brahman*⁶.

U Kynrad: “U Brahman u long palat liam ha ka jingstad blei bad bymtip blei, ka jingshemphang bad ka jingsahbieit. Ka long palat ia ka bor pyrkhat *Maya*⁷, ka jingpynthame ia kine ki ar jinglong.

“Ka pyrthei ka kynthup lang ia ki jingpynthame ia kine ki ar jinglong jong ka jingshemphang bad ka jingbieit. Ka kynthup ia ka jingshemphang bad ka jingpynleit jingmut, bad ruh ka jingshahteh ha

‘ka kynthei bad ka ksar’. Ka jinglong-hok bad ka jingbymhok, kaba bha bad kaba sniew. Hynrei u Brahman um shah teh ha kine. Ka jingbha bad ka jingsniew ka thew ia ka jingmut ia ka jiva, ka mynsiem ba shimet, kumba dei ban long ha ka jinglong-hok bad ka jingbymhok, hynrei U Brahman um shah ktah ei ei ha kine.

“U briew u lah ban pule ia ka kotniam *Bhagavata*⁸ da kaba thang da i sharak rit, bad uwei pat u lah ban shna ia ki pisa thok da kaba pule da kajuha ka sharak rit, hynrei ka sharak kam don jingthut ei ei. Ka sngi ka ai jingshai kumjuh ia uba leh kam sniew bad ia uba leh kam hok”

“Phi lah ban kylli, “Te, kumno uwei u lah ban batai ia ka jingjynjar, ka pop ka sang bad ka jingbysuk? Ka jubab ka long ba kine ki iadei tang bad ka *Jiva*⁹. U Brahman um shah ktah ei ei da ki. Don ka bih ha u bseiñ, kiwei ki lah ban iap lada shah puh ha u, u bseiñ pat um shah ktah ha ka bih.

“U Brahman u long uba kumno ym lah ban batai. Baroh kiei kiei ha ka pyrthei – ki Veda, ki Purana, ki Tantra, ki hynriew tylli ki jingstad tynrai ha ka pyrkhat pyrdaiñ- la pyntngit, kum ka jingbam ba la jliaha da u thylliej, naba ki la dep pule ne pynkynnoh da u thylliej. Tang kawei ka bym shym la pyntngit ha kane ka rukom, bad kata ka long ia u Brahman. Ym don thylliej ba lah ban batai uei u *Brahman*¹⁰. ”

U Vidyasagar (*ba ki paralok*): “Oh! Kata te ka jubab kaba da sngew shongnia katta katta. Nga la ioh jinghikai bathymmai mynta ka sngi. ”

U Kynrad: “Uwei u briew u la don arngut ki khun shynrang. U kpa u la phah ia ki sha u nonghikai ban

6 Uba donbor tam; u Jingshisha Ba hakhlichtam ka rukom pyrkhat pyrdaiñ jong ka Vedanta.

7 Ka jingbieit kaba kah dum ia ka jingiohi-paw ia u Blei; ka Jing-pynthame bah , ba uwei u paw kum shibun, Uba donbor tam uba don ka jingiadei ; la pyndonkam ruh ia ka ban pynshai ia ka jingshahteh ha ka pyrthei.

8 Ka kot bakyntang jong ki Hindu, khamtam jong ki Vaishnavas, kaba iadei bad ka jingim jong u Krishna.

9 Uba la pynkupdur ia ka jinglong mynsiem, u jingthaw ba-im, u riew paidbah. fras

10 Uba donbor tam; u Jingshisha Ba-hakhlichtam jong ka rukom pyrkhat ka Vedanta.

wad jingtip bad jingshemphang shaphang ka jingstad jong U Brahman. Hadien khyndiat snem ki la wanphai na iing jong u nonghikai bad ki la nguh ha khmat la u jong u kpa. Da kaba kwah tip haduh katno ki la ngam ha ka jingtip bad jingshemphang jong ki shaphang u Brahman, u la kylli nyngkong ia uba la kham heh napdeng kita arngut. “Ko khun jong nga”, u la ong, “Phi la pule lut ia ki jingthoh ba khuid. Mynta, iathuh ia nga, kaei ka jinglong jong u Brahman?” U khynnah u la sdang ban batai ia ka jinglong u Brahman da kaba pule lyndet ia ki jingthoh bapher na ki kotniam veda. U kpa um shym la ong ei ei. Nangta, u la kylli sa ia u khun ba kham rit ka juh hi ka jingkylli. Hynrei uta u khynnah u la shu sngap jar jar bad u la ieng pyndem niuhmat. Ym shym la mih shikyntien ruh na ka shyntur jong u. U kpa u la sngewbha bad u la ong ha u. “Ko khun jong nga, phi la lah ban sngewthuh katto katne shaphang u Brahman. U long U ei ym lah ban batai da ki kyntien.”

“Ki brieve bunsien ki pyrkhath ba ki la lah ban sngewthuh pura shaphang u Brahman. Shisien iwei i dkhiew i la leit shaba don shikynton ka shini. Tang shi symboh shini ka la pyndap ia ka kpoh jong i. Da kaba shim sa shisymboh ha la shyntur i la sdang ban leit sha iing. Ha lynti iaid i la pyrkhath, “Ha kawei pat ka por ngan rah lut baroh shikynton sha la iing.” Kata ka dei ka rukom pyrkhath ki riewjyndon jingmut. Kim lah sngewthuh ba u Brahman u long halor ia ki kyntien bad jingpyrkhath. Lada u brieve u la long uba khraw, katno katno ruh, katno eh un tip shaphang u Brahman? U Sukadeva bad ki riewblei ki ba kum ma u ki lah ban long kum ki dkhiew ki baheh tangba ki ruh ki lah ban rong tang kumba phra ne shiphew symboh ka shini!

Kumba la ong ha ka kotniam Veda bad ka kotniam Purana, phi tip ki ia long kumno? Tharai, uwei u brieve

u la iohi ia ka duriaw, bad don mano-re-mano ba kylli ia u, “Niuma, ka duriaw kalong ka ba kumno?” U brieve ba nyngkong u ang la ka shyntur kat lah- kat-iai: u ong, “Wow kaba phylla shisha! Haduh katno ka jingishyrkhei ki dew bad ka jingkyrhuh!” Ka jingbatai ia u Brahman ha ka kotniam ba kyntang ka long hi kumta. La ong ha ka kotniam veda ba U Brahman u long ha ka jinglong ba dap pura da ka jingsuk bad jingkmen ka dei ka *Satchidananda*¹¹.

“U Suka bad kiwei pat ki riewblei ki la ieng harud kane ka duriaw bah jong u Brahman bad ki la iohi bad ktah ia ka um. Kat kum ka jingtip ba ioh na kawei ka rukom pyrkhath pyrdaiñ kim shym la ngam hapoh jong ka. Kito kiba leh kumta, kim lah ban wan phai pat sha kane ka pyrthei.”

“Ha ka Samadhi uwei u lah ban ioh ia ka jingtip jingshemphang shaphang u Brahman – uwei u lah ban ioh jingshai shaphang U Brahman. Ha kaba kum kata ka kyrdan jinglong, ki jingiatainia ki jah lut baroh bad u brieve um lait ban kren ne pynmih sur ei ei. Um don bor ban batai pynshai ia ka jinglong U Brahman.”

“Shisien iwei i khunbynrieve ba la shna da ka mluh i la leit ban thew ia ka jingjylliew jong ka duriaw (*baroh kei iarkhie*), I la kwah ban iathuh ia kiwei haduh katno ka um ka jylliew. Hynrei, im shym la lah da lei lei ban leh ia kane, naba tang mar ia ngam hapoh um i la kylla um lang. Mynta mano pat ban ai jingtip katno ka jingjylliew ka duriaw?”

Yn dang bteng...

11 (Lit. , Baiai neh-u Jingt看p- u Jingkyrkhu Uba donbor tam) ka kyrteng jong u Brahman, u Jingshisha Bakhatduh.



Ka Sarada Devi: Ka Kmie ba khuid

...ka ba bteng

N aduh kane ka por, ka Kmie Bakhuid ka la pynlut ia la ka por tang ha kaba iaiaid pilgrim. Ka Ja leit arsien sha Puri bad haba ka la leit jngoh ia ka iingmane, la iohi ia ka dur jong u kynrad u ba shong halor ka duwan kaba jrong bad kane ka la ktah jur ia ka mynsiem jong ka. Ha ka snem 1911, ka la leit iaiaid pilgrim sha Rameswaran. Hangne u syiem jong ka Ramnad, u ba long u nongbud jong u Swami Vivekananda u la ai ia ka ka iingmane kaba kyrpang bad kaba donburom. Ka la leit sha Vrindavan sa shisien bad sha Banaras lai sien bad ka jingleit kaba khatduh eh ka la long ha ka snem 1912, haba ka la leit jngoh ia ka jingtrei jong u Sevashrama u ba na ka Ramakrishna Mission. Hynrei hangno hangno haba ka don, ha Calcutta, lane ha Jayrambati ne ha ka jingiaid piigrim, ka don artylli ki jingthmu jong ka, kawei ka long ban peit ia kiba ha iing ha sem bad kawei pat ka long ban peit ia kito kiba wad ia kiei kiei kiba kynja mynsiem kiba long hi kum kiba ha iing ha sem. Kine artylli ki jingthmu ngin sa peit bha hadien.

KA JINGLONG IING LONG SEM

Ka Kmie Bakhuid Ka long ka khun nyngkong. Ka ju iarap ia la ka kmie ha kaba ri bad pynneh pynsan ia ki saw ngut ki para shynrang ki ba bud ia ka, bad ha ba ki la ryngbah ruh ki shaniah ha ka. Baroh ki long kiba duk ha ka bor met bad kumjuh ruh ha ka liang ka mynsiem bad ka jingieid jong ki ia ka Kmie Bakhuid, ka long tang haba ki ioh peisa. Haba ka la leit sha Jayrambati ka la shimti ha lade ia ka kam iing kam sem, kum kaba dung kba kaba shet jingshet ia ki bad wat ha ka ba ri ia ki khun jong ki. Uwei pa uwei na ki uju pyrkhat ba ka hynmen jong ki ka kham ieit ia uwei pat bad kane ka la pynlong ia ki ban ia nia khlem sangeh. Ka Kmie Bakhuid shisien ka la ong, 'Ki nang ban pan tang iaka peisa. Hato ki ju kylli mo shaphang ka jingstad ne kaba aitulut ?'



Uba khadduh bad uba bha tam na ki para shynrang baroh ula iap bad la sah sa tang ka lok jong u, ka Surabala bad i khun iba dangpun ha ka kpoh bad u la ieh noh ia ki ha ka kti bad ka jingsumar ka hynmen jong u. Ka Surabala kam lah ban shah ia kane ka jingjia namar ka long kaba rit mynsiem bad kane ka jingjia ka la pynbakla ia ka jinglong jong ka bad dei kum ha kane ka por ba sngewsih sat ba i khun kynthei jong ka, i ba kyrteng i Radhu la kha ha ka jingduna jabieng watla im da long khlehbieit eh.

Ka Kmie Bakhuid kam ju klet ia la ka kular ia kaba la khlei, ha la u jong u para u ba la khlad noh, bad ka la shimti ha lade ia ka Surabala bad Radhu bad ki ju leit ryngkat bad ka sha Calcutta na Jayrambati bad ban wan phai pat sha la shnong. Ka ju pynpaw barabor ia la ka jingieit ia ka Radhu, hynrei kine baroh shi kmie shi khun ki pynshitom sat ia ka jingim jong ka. Ka Surabala ha ka jingbym tip briew ka ju bishni, ba ka Radhu ka ieid ia ka Kmie Bakhuid, katba barobor ka ju kynnoh beifn ia ka ba ka pynshitom ia i khunlung. Ka ju pynphai ia ka nongkylliang jong ka Kmie Bakhuid bad ki jingtim jingtla. Haba don briew ruh, kam ju pynsngew ia ka Sarada. Ka ju tim ju tla hynrei ka Kmie Bakhuid kam ju pynshah shkor bad ka trei la ka jingtrei bad kane ka la pynlong ia ki nongbud jong ka ban sngewphylla ia ka jingjai jai jong ka.

Ka Radhu ka la long ka khynnah ka bym kohnguh, kaba mynathi ba tim ba tla kum ka kmie hi, bad ka ju bitar ruh ja ka Kmie Bakhuid khlem da suidñiew ia kiei kiei kiba ka la leh. Ka iai shong hi bad ka Kmie Bakhuid wat la ka shongkurim ruh. Ka jingsniew jong ka ka la poi haduh ba ka la dih kani hadien ba ka la ioh khun. Ka la tlot haduh ba kam lah iaid shuh. Ka Radhu ha kawei ka sngi ka la wan par sha iing ka Kmie Bakhuid bad ka la rah shi sien dih u kynja haba i khun jong ka i dang dap hynriew bnai. Ka Kmie Bakhuid ka la ong, 'Radhu balei phim ieng? Ka bym lah long ia nga ban iohi biang iaphi.' Ha ka jing- dom bymtip briew shuh, ka Radhu ka la shim u wei u khiew u baheh bad ka la kawang ia ka da uta. U la dei ia ka Kmie Bakhuid na u ingdong khala khala kata ka jaka ka la at bad ka la shitom jur, hynrei wat la katta

ruh ka kynmaw tang ia ka Radhu. Ka la shim ia i symboh khyndew na ka kjat jong ka bad kala buh halor ka khlieh jong ka Radhu, ka la kham ia la ki kti bad ka la peit ia ka dur u Sri Ramakrishna bad kala ong, 'Ah Trai, to map ia ka namar kam tip ia kaei ba ka leh.'

Ka jingiaishah ka long ka jinglong kaba bha bad kaba la judon khamtam ha ka jingmut jong ki nong India.

Ka jingim u Shri Ramakrishna ka iai sah hi ha ka iingmane jong ka blei Kali bad u iai don ryngkat bad ka Kmie Bakhuid wat la ym iohi ruh. Ka jingim ka Kmie Bakhuid la shisha ka long kaba eh bad bym sngewtynnad pynban ka jingiaishah kaba khraw ka paw hi ha ka jingim jong ka ia kaba u Sri Ramakrishna u la pynpaw shai.

Yn dang bteng...





...Ka ba bteng

Old Cairo, Painting by Robert Alott

Na Amarnath u la leit peit bad ialap ha bun ki jaka. U la wan poi ha Calcutta haka 18 tarik u Risaw. Naka bynta ka jingleit jong u sha bun ki jaka kylleng ka ri, ka met jong u ka la tlot bad bunsien u ju kem pang. Hakane ka juh ka por la sdang ban tei ia ka iingniam ha Belur. Wat la u Swamiji u la ju kem pang, hynrei u pyniaid hi dalade kumno ban tei ia kata ka iingniam ha Belur. Kane ka long ka jaka pdeng kaba pyniaid ia ka Ramakrishna Mission baroh kawei, la tip mynta kum ka Belurmash. Ha u bnai Kyllalyngkot, 1897, baroh ki riewniam jong ka Mission, ki la leit sah ha Belurmash. Ha u bnai Lber, 1899, u Mr. bad Mrs. Sevier, ki nongbud ha Bilat ki la seng ia ka iingniam ha Mayavati halor ki lum Himalaya. Ha kajuh ka por u Swamiji, u

U Swami Vivekananda: U 'Riewshlur jong ka ri India



la pynshlur bad ai mynsiem ia ki nongbud bad ki nongsynran jong u ban pyllait im ia la ka mynsiem bad na ka bynta ki para briew.

Ha u 'nai Jylliew, 1899, u Swamiji ryngkat bad ka Sister Nivedita bad u Swami Turiyananda ki la kiew lieng na Calcutta ban leit sha Amerika. Haba u la poi ha New York, u la sngewbha shibun ban iohi ba u Swami Abhedananda u la iaaid shaphrang ha ka jinghikai ia ka Vedanta. U Swamiji u la leit sha California, hangta u la seng ia ka Vedanta Centre ha San-Francisco, Oakland bad Alameda. La ai sngewbha ia u Swamiji katto katne ka khyndew ha Santa Clara. U la ong ia u Swami Turiyananda ban seng ka Ashram hangta ban hikai ia ki synran jong u shaphang ka rukom im jong ki riewniam. Ha u Naitung 1900, u Swamiji u la leit sha Paris, namar la khot sngewbha ia u da ka Congress of the History of Religions (Ka Dorbar jong ka histori ki Niam). Na Paris, u Swamiji u la leit sha Egypt, lyngba ki nongbah Vienna, Constantinople bad Athens. Hakane ka sien leit jngoh kaba arsien ia ki ri Sepngi, u Swamiji i kumba u pynlut bun ka por haka ba puson ia kiei kiei kiba jylliew, ki bym iadei eiei bad kane ka pyrthei. Ha Egypt, kane ka jingpuson ka la long kaba jur tam. Kaba khmih thuh i kumba u Swamiji u la im daka jingim kaba thymmai.

Haba u la sah katto katne ha nongbah Cairo ha Egypt, u Swamiji u la kwah eh ban wan phai noh sha la ri u la iohi lypa ia ka jingiap jong u nongbud jong u, u Capt. Sevier. U la poi ha India ha ka 9 tarik u Nohprah 1900. Ka jingwan poi jong u ka la pynkyndit bad pynsngewkmen ia ki synran bad nongbud jong u; namar u khlem da pyntip lypa ia ki. Ynda u la poi u la ioh ka khubor ba sngewsih ba u Capt. Sevier u la khlad noh ha ka 28 tarik u Risaw 1900. U la mih na Belurmash, ban leit sha Mayavati ban pyntngen ia ka tnga u Capt. Sevier.

Yn dang bteng...



Ka Mahabharata: Bui I

La pynwan sha ka khasi da

U L Hardinge Pde bad Ka Streamlet Dkhar, 1988

...Ka ba bteng

Ynda poi ha Ekavrata, u Vyasa u la pynithuh ithaw bad kawei ka iing babha kaba ai jaka shong jaka sah ia ki. Hangne ki la shong suk, hynrei teng teng ki kynmaw da ka jingbitar ia ka jingshet shukor ki bakha jong ki. Dei tang u Yudhisthira uba ju pyntngen bad ai barobor kata ka phang jingstad jong ka jingkyrmen. Da kumne ki pyniahap sur noh ia kata ka jingim jong ki. Kumta man ka sngi kumba leh ki Brahmin baroh, ki leit kylleng ka shnong bad ki khrong na ki iing bad wan rah pat ia ki sha la ka kmie kaba pyniabynta hapteng jong ki. U Bhima pat uba kham dawa shibun ka bam, u ioh ruh kham bun. Te da kumne ki ia im. Da kata ka jingim ba synlar. Hynrei ha kawei ka sngi ki iohi ba kita ki nongkhot ioh ki ia don ha ka jingngsewsih bad ka la don ka jingtyrkoh bajur hapteng jong ki. Ki la iohsngew ia ka jingiakren bad ka jingiaam briew hangta haduh ba ki Pandava kim banse shuh ban kylli kaei kaba la jia. Kita ki briew ki sa iathuh, “Ha kaba kut kane ka shnong shong uwei u rakot uba pyllait im ia ngi tang lada man ka iing ki phah shi kali ka ja bad ar tylli ki muid kiba dei ban leit ai da uno uno uba shong ha ka iing. Une u rakot u la long uba jlawnguid haduh katta katta, ba u bam ym tang ia kata ka ja shi kali bad kita ki muid, hynrei ia u nongleit rah ruh. Ngim nud ong ei ei shuh namar un tang shu tip, u la maham ba un bam duh ia ka shnong baroh kawei. Kumta man ka iing ki ioh la ka pali. Mynta ka dei ka pali jong ngi. Nga kwah ba kine kiba dang bun rta ba kin lait. Hynrei baroh na ngi ngi ia tyrwa marmet ialade ban pyllait im iwei ia iwei pat. Ym tip shuh. Kaba bha eh ka long ba ngin ia leit lang baroh ban ia kaba shah bam kumta ba ngin ym ioh lad ban iam briew na ka bynta jongno jongno ruh.”

Kane ka la pynlyngngoh ia baroh. Ka Kunthi te kum ka kmie ka la ong ia u Bhima ba un leit rah ma u ia ka bam sha u rakot. Hynrei u Yudhisthira u mut ban pynsangeh namar u ong “ba ngim lah ban shu khein duh ia u Bhima, u Arjun ne ki kha synrap. Ai ngan leit rah ma nga ia ka bam sha iing u rakot. Wat lada nga iap ruh Bhima bad u Arjun ki dang lah ban synran synrop ia phi ha ki por ba eh bad ba tan.” Ka Kunthi ka la pyneh ka ong, “Ai ba u Bhima un leit, un sa wan phai pat phin sa lohi.”

U Bhima te u leit bran bad niah ia kata ka kali kit ja bad artylli ki muid bad poi tiap ha kata ka jaka. Un sa beh ia kita ki muid sharud bad khot kat lah kat iai ia uta u rakot da ka kyrteng bunsien, “Baka, wan shane. Ale, me khun ka mare, ale peit ia nga ba nga dang bam.” U da bam hi noh artad ia kata ka bam. Uta u rakot u wan mareh shata da kaba kyrdem kjat bad uba itriem shisha ban peit. “Me dei uei mame uba khot ia nga da ka kyrteng?” Hynrei kane kam pynsalia ia u Bhima uba shong la ka shong kuman bad bam la ka bam khlem khieh wat tang uwei ruh u niuhmat. Kane ka la nang pyningkhong ia uta u rakot. “Me dei uei te mame uba bam kine ki jingbam jongnga. Shano ki muid ?” U la kyrhuh. U Bhima u shu kylli, “Are ki muid te ki leit bam phlang hangthie harud nong,” u Bhima u la ong shuh shuh “Mynta ka sngi phin ym ioh bam ia kine kiei kiei. Me dei ban shah jingit.” Wat la u rakot u kura u bok nadien, u Bhima u shong ngun ngun u bam, hynrei u shu ong, “Peit ho lih Baka, ngam ju sngewtynnad kane ka jingpynthut ia nga haba nga dang bam. Me dei ban nang ban ap”. Kane ka la pynlyngngoh pynban ia u rakot, U ai sa shi bok ar bok bad pyrshang ban pajut patrong na met, hynrei u Bhima pat um khieh, u thap pynban ia ka kti u rakot kumba thap skaiñ. U pyrshang ban niat ia u Bhima ban ioh bam, hynrei um lah ban pynkhih, bad weng ia ka kti u Rakot kumba kyndat ia ki kti shrieh.

“Nga lah thgan te me!” kyrhuh u Rakot, “Ngan bam ia me!” la khywinwin ka khlaw.



Khasi



“Nga tip ia kata,” la kyrhuh sa u Bhima, “Khun ka jlawnguid, nga tip ba me leh ia kito kiba wan rah bam ia me kum ki shyieng sokhia muid. “Mynta te me la kut ka sngi”.

“Me men bam ia nga?” la kren phoilia u Rakot.

“Em, mem ibang ei ei ruh. Hynrei ngan tar lyngkhot lyngkhai ia me ban ioh bam ki myrsiang bad ki pukni bhur.” Katba u ialeh ban ioh bam kata ka bam, um iohlad namar ba ka long pynban kumba ialehkai bad u khyllung. Kumne haduh ban da lut khoit kata ka bam. U Bhima u sa ieng bad ialeh bad uta u Rakot. Hangta ki ia rat ia ki dieng bad ia sympat. Ki rah ki mawlong mawteh ban ia kawang. Hadien ki sa ia kura kudung. Ha kaba khatduh, u Bhima u rah ia uta u rakot bad lynthem syik ha madan. U shim ia uta u rakot na ryndang u iuh de thrait bad khyrwait pynkheif artad ia u budlum bad ryndang thrut-rut-rut.

U paid ka shnong u la kmen haduh katta katta ia u Bhima, hynrei ki la dap da ka jinglynggoh kumno u Brahmin u lah ban leh kine ki kam shlur kiba ia dei ban leh tang ki Kashatriya. Ki Pandava te ki ia batai ba dei

tang U Bhima marwei uba la ioh ki jingbit lyngba ki duwai siat kiba rieh, kiba lah ban pynliem ia uno uno u nongshun.

Ynda la kumne, namar ki tieng ba ioh ki briew kin tip shaphang jong ki, da ka mynsiem bakhia ki hap ban mih noh nangta na ka iing basbun. Ha kane ka juh ka por, uwei u nongiaid lynti u la iathuh ba u Syiem Drapuda jong ka Panchala u la pynbna ia ka Swayamwara (Ka jingjied shynrang ka khun syiem ban long u tnga) jong ka khun jong u, bad ba ka pynbna paidbah ba uno uno uba don jingmut un wan ha ka sngi ba la buh ba ka khun syiem kan ioh jied.

Ynda U Drapuda u la shah jop ha u Drona, u la iaid wir shane shatai haduh ba un da iashem ia u nonghikai (Guru) uba la ai ki jinghikai ia u ban kha u khun uba lah ban pyn hiar kput ia u Drona. Te ynda u la duwai bad knia bun sngi ha kawei ka sngi lah mih ka ding knia uwei u khun shynrang bad ka khun kynthei. Ia une u khun lah kha bad ki tiar ialeh thik kum uto u khla ka wait. La pynkyrteng ia u, da u Dhrishtadyumna kaba mut la kha ha ka jingshlur, ki tiar ialeh bad ki jingdeng kordor. Ka kynthei pat ka long kaba bhabriew tangba kaba iong. La khot ia ka ka Draupadi bad kumjuh ruh ka Panchali.

Ka jingjied tnga ka Draupadi ka long ka jingleh bym bit duh, te ki Pandava bad ka kmie jong ki, ka Kunthi ki la ia mih ban leit sha Panchala. Hangta ha Panchala ki la ia sah ha ka dong bym paw eh, ka dong ki nongthaw khiew. Kumba ju leh, ki ju mih dang step ban leit khrong bad wan ai pat ha ka kmie ban ioh iasam. Ha ka sngi jied lok ka khun syiem (Swayamwara) baroh kine ki san ngut shipara ki ia mih lang ban leit. Ki la iohi ba la pynkhreh ka madan baheh bad ki jaka shong ia kito ki khun syiem ba kwah ia pashat waidong. Bun bah ki khun syiem ki wan da ki kulai bad ki kali iapom ki da deng ki jingdeng kiba da ki mar rem dor. La sdang ia kane ka sngi da ka jingknia da ki lyngdoh u syiem. Tang dep ka knia ka khriam, la wan rung ka khun syiem Draupadi kaba la pyniap bieit bad pynkiew snam ia ka khlieh kito ki khun syiem. La synran synrop ia ka da u Dhrishtadyumna u hynmen jong ka hi uba long u khun syiem ka Hima. Nangta u la pynbna ba kito kiba kwah ban shah pyndeng syntiew da ka khun syiem ki dei ban pyndait ksai ia kata ka ryntieh ba la buh hangta bad ba ki dei ban siat 5 tylli ki khnam sha ka sohpdung ba shad tawiar hynrei dei ban peit pat ia ka dur jong kata ka shalyntem ha ka dur ba paw ha ka umphniang kaba don ha ka dabor.

Yn dang bteng...



Ka Shad Suk Mynsiem

Dr Solony Bareh

Ka Shad ainguh ne Ka Shad Suk Mynsiem ka la don naduh ki por barim bajah ha kylleng ka Ri Khasi, ka briew hynñiewtrep ha man la ki shnong bad ki dong bad ki Raid. Ka jingsdang jong kane ka shad ainguh ka dei naduh ba la roi la iar u khunbynriew la roi ka longkur longjait, ka longkha longman. Ha u Khasi ka shad ainguh ka dei ka bynta jong ka niam ka rukom bad ka riti ka dustur.

Ha kiba bun ki rukom leh niam u Khasi, ka shad ka dei ban don ryngkat khnang ban ainguh ia U Blei Nongthaw ia ki jingkyrkhu ba U la theh. Lah ban ong ba kawei na kita ki jingsdang ka shad ainguh kadei na ka shad Nguh Meikha Nguh Pakha. Ha kane ka lehniem, ki khun kha ki ju leit nguh meikha pakha haba don ka phur ka siang ia ki meikha ne pakha jongki. Ki khunkha katba don ki kpoh ki ju wanlam la ki nongshad kynthei bad shynrang ryngkat ka ksing ka nakra ban pynpaw ia ka jingsngewnguh, sngewieid bad sngewburom ia la ki meikha ki pakha bad khamtam eh ia U Nongthaw, Nongbuh, u Nongpynlong uba la ai ia ka longbynriew manbynriew bad ka longkur ka longkha. Dei lyngba ki Meikha Pakha la ia roi ia iar ki khunkha khunlong.

Hadien hadien kum ka shad ainguh la ju pynlong ha ka por pyrem haba ki dieng ki seij, ki jingthung jingtep ki la sdang ban khie lung. Ha kum kane ka por u khun Khasi u sngewdei ba kane ka dei ka por kaba biang ban ai ka nguh ka dem iala u Nongthaw, Nongbuh, u Nongpynlong ha ka rukom ba shongkun ryngkat ka shad ka kmen ka risa ka kynhoi.

Kumno la ioh ia ka kyrteng Shad Suk Mynsiem?

Haba ki bor kiba nabar ha ka jingsynshar ki dohlieh ki la sdang ban tuklar bad khura ia ka jinglong tynrai u Khasi, ki 16 ngut ki rangbah Khasi kiba don ka jingsngewkhia bad jingkitkhlich ia ka jaitbynriew ki la seng ia ka Seng Khasi ha ka 23 tarik u Naiweng 1899, ban pynneh pynsah iala ka Jingngeit niam tynrai, ka riti ka dustur bad ia ka hok longbriew kum ka jait bynriew ba kyrpang. Kumba ka shad ka kmen ka dei kawei na



Khasi



ki bynta ka niam bad ka riti dustur ban pynneh pynsah, kumta ka Seng Khasi ka la rai ban pynlong ia ka shad ainguh ha Mawkhar. Haduh u snem 1910 ka Seng Khasi ka ju pynlong ia ka shad ainguh ha Mawkhar. La ju khot ruh ia kane ka shad da ka Shad Shira, namar la ju ai sha saw bad shira ia ki nongwan shim bynta. Ha u snem 1910, ka Seng Khasi ka la pynbna ba dei ban don noh ka shad ai nguh ne shad Khasi man la u snem bad namar ka jing khapngiah ha Mawkhar, ka Seng ka la sngewdei ban rah noh ia kane ka sha madan Weiking, bad ka la long ba kylluid. Ka Shad ai nguh ba nyngkong eh ha madan Weiking ka la long ha ka 14 bad 15 tarik u Iaiong 1911. Ha u snem 1912 ka Jylli Pyrkhat Kam ka seng Khasi ka la sngew dei bad rai ba dei ban tip noh

ia ka ne ka shad ainguh da ka Shad Suk Mynsiem kaba thew ia ka jingsuk bad jingpalei jingmut da ka mon ba bha ba kmen bad ba sngewbha. Ia kane ka Shad suk Mynsiem ha sor Shillong la ju ia khot ruh kum ka Shad Weiking namar la pynlong ha Madan Weiking kaba don harud ka wah ba khot Weiking jong ka Wahumkhrah. Ha ki por mynta ka Shad Suk Mynsiem ha madan Weiking la pynlong laisngi lynter.

Ha kane ka shad ki nongshad kynthei kidei ban long tang ki samla Thei Sotti, bad ki shad hapdeng ka lypung da ka ba pyndem ia ki khmat shapoh ban pynpaw ia ka jingpyndem ialade ha ki rangbah da ka akor bad ka burom. Ki kyrshah ka dhara rusom, ryngkat ka jaiñ pien, ka pangsngiat ryngkat ka lasubon, u shanryndang, ki paila, u tabah, ki kpieng ksiar, ki kynjri rupa, ka mahu, ki taj bad ka syngkha ba la shna da ka ksiar.

Ki Shyngrang pat ki shad tawiar narud narud sawdong ka lypung ha la ka jaiñboh, ka jymphong bad ka sponge ryngkat u thuia, ki kieng, ki ryngkap khnam, ka waitshad bad u symphiah ha kti, ki kynhoi ki phawar ha ka jingsawa, ka bom, ka ksing bad tangmuri.

Ka Shad suk mynsiem ka wanrah ia ka hyndai longbriew u Khasi sha ka mynta. Ka pynkynmaw ba ki shynrang kiba dei ki khatarbor ki nongker nongda ia ka burom ka ijot ki kynthei, ki dei ki nongshynshar nongkorbar ia ka iing ka sem, ka shnong ka thaw bad ia ka it ka hima.

Ki kynthei pat kidei ki nongri nongsumar ia ki khun ki kti, ka iing ka sem ka burom ka ijot, ka spah ka phew bad ka nongpynbiang ia ka niam ka rukom, kim lah ban korbar palat na ka Rympei iing.

Ha ka sngi nohkjat ki nongshad ki iawan bad la ka riam ka beit bad ki ieng ha khmat ka ing Seng Khasi da kaba phai shaphang surok bad da kaba pyndem la ka wait bad u symphiah. Ki dkhot ka seng, kynthei bad shynrang ki ker baroh arliang jongki. Ki rangbah

seng, ryngkat u nongduwai ki ieng pyrshah ia ki nongshad. Ki nongtem ryngkat ki nongrah lama ki ieng sha ka liang ka diang ki rangbah. Haba la biang ka ieng, u nongduwai u nguh lai sien bad u sa duwai, ynda la dep u sa nguh biang lai sien bad ki paidbah ki pynbud lang. Haba la dep kynhoi lai sien, ki hiar sha lypung Weiking. Hangne ruh ka don ka duwai ka phirat ka nguh ka dem, nangta ka jingpynher ia ka lama seng da uwei na ki rangbah ne nongkitkam seng. Bad ha ka sngi khatduh ia kane ka lama la pynhiar da uwei na ki riewtymmen jong ka seng kata ynda la dep ka nguh ka dem ka kyrkhu ka kyrdoh. Baroh lai sngi man ba hiar sha lypung Weiking na iing seng bad na lypung Weiking sha iing seng ka don ka Shad wait lynti lynti.

Don hynriew jait ki jait jingshad ha madan Weiking kata ka shad Nalai, ka shad Dum Dum, ka shad Klang bad ka shad Padiah ha kaba kynthei bad shynrang ki shim bynta lang. Haka Mastieh ki shad tang ki shynrang. Ka Shad Wait pat kadei ha ka Ksing Lynti ha ka por ba mih na ieng Seng sha lypung Weiking bad ha ka por ba wanphai na lypung sha iing Seng kane ruh ki nongshad dei tang ki shynrang.

Ban pynkut ngan pule ia ka jingrwai ba la thoh da i riew tymmen i Jun Sing Lyngdoh :

Burom ka ri kan neh tyrsem.

Kit khubor ba thieng ko erlum Ri khasi,

Ba ialang pyllun ba kan neh la ka Riti.

Burom ka ri kan neh tyrsem, La ka Riti ha ka shad suk mynsiem.

Pangsngiat theisotti ba janai ha Ri khasi,

Symphiah bad Thuia ruh ki nguh baroh arti.

Burom ka ri kan neh tyrsem, La ka Riti ha ka shad suk mynsiem

Ha ki thapniang Seng Khasi Kamon kadiang

Shynrang bad kynthei ho,

Da kynmaw kyndiang.

Burom ka ri kan neh tyrsem, La ka Riti ha ka Shad suk mynsiem

Jylluiñ lymphuiñ Ri Khasi shong pdeng pyrthei,

Tangmuri nakra ki kysiew ia ka pyrthei.

Burom ka ri kan neh tyrsem, La ka Riti ha ka Shad suk mynsiem

Ko riew Seng Khasi to ngin khmih da ba biang,

Ban ialong iaman ban ia sei soh bathiang.

Burom ka ri kan neh tyrsem, La ka Riti ha ka shad suk mynsiem

La sot ruh de tang khyndiat na ki Phawar Shad Suk Mynsiem ba la thoh da i kong Sweetymon Rynjah, kumne:

Hyndai u da kyrshem, Hyndai u da kyrshem.

Banseng la por lehkmien

Tylli tehsong, u ieng

Da ka shad ainguh aidem.

Pyrthuh bad ka tynneng, Pyrthuh bad ka tynneng,

Na mynsiem Khasi to weng

ia jingshai ba ngi la deng

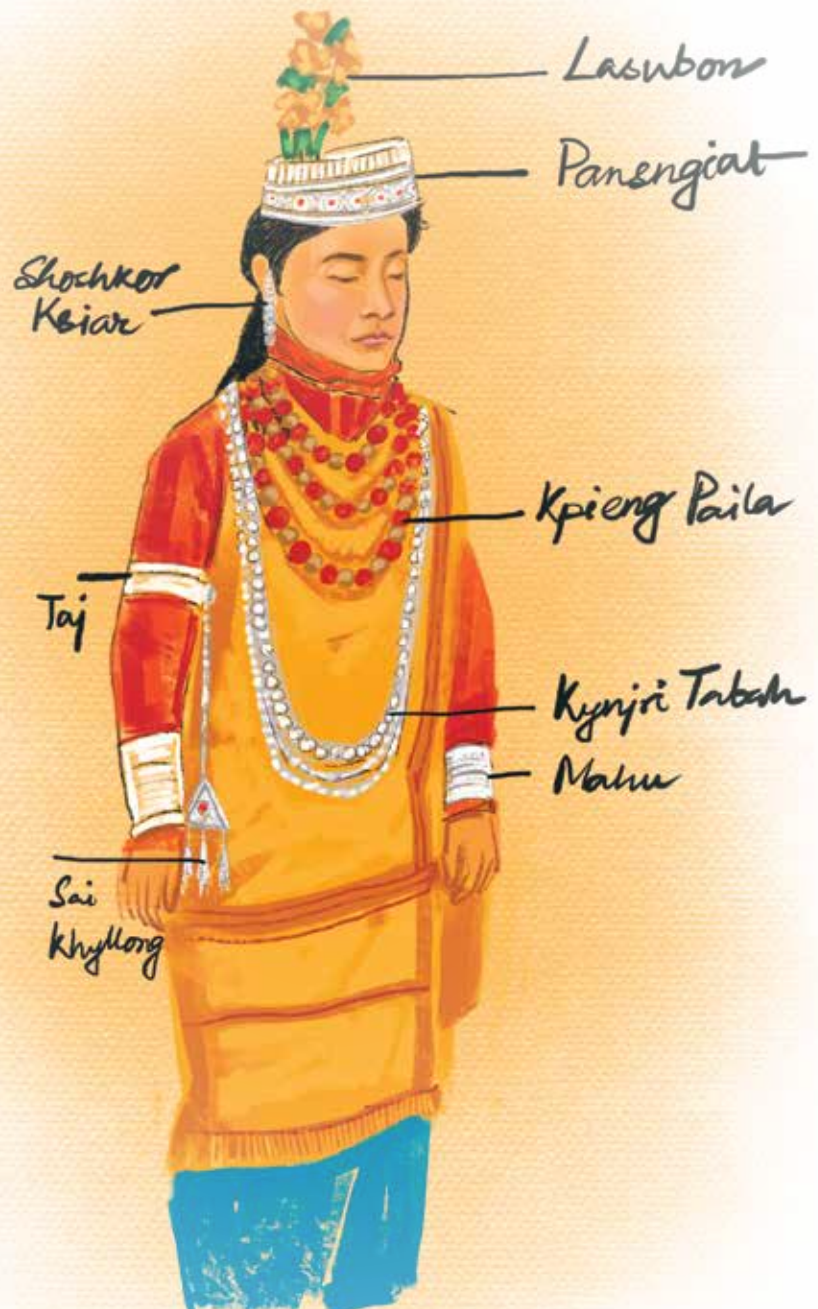
Ha mynsiem to ia pynrhem.

Kyrkhu ia Seng Khasi, Kyrkhu ia Seng Khasi

Ba la Seng ki Kong ki Ni

Ban kynthup ban da ban ri

ia Shad Suk Mynsiem jongngi.



Phone PBX :
(033) 2654 - 5700 / 5702
(033) 2654 - 9581 / 9681
FAX : (033) 2654 - 4346
Email : mail@rkmm.org
Website : www.belurmath.org



RAMAKRISHNA MISSION
(The Headquarters)
P.O. BELUR MATH, DIST. HOWRAH
WEST BENGAL : 711202
INDIA

PRESS RELEASE

KA ANNUAL GENERAL BA 115th MEETING JONG KA RAMAKRISHNA MISSION

Ka Annual General Meeting ba 115th jong ka Ramakrishna Mission ba la pynlong ha Belur Math ha ka Robibar (Sunday) jong ka 15 tarik Nohprah 2024 ha ka por lai shiteng (3.30 pm), ha kaba, U General Secretary jong ka Ramakrishna Math bad Ramakrishna Mission u la ai ia 'Ka samari jong ka Governing Body, ka Ramakrishna Mission ia ka rukom treikam jong ka kynhun ha ka snem (Financial Year) 2023- 2024'. Ka Synopsis jong ka samari ka long kumne harum:

1) Khusnam bad Jingthuh:

- Ka **Ramakrishna Mission** ka la ioh pdiang (a) Governor's Award for Excellence na ka Governor jong ka West Bengal ha ka jingthuh ia ka Mission ha ka jingnoh synniang jong ka ha ka liang ka Imlang Sahlang bad (b) Arunachal Pradesh State Award ha ka jingthuh bad ka jingpaw khmat ha ka jingtrei kam mon sngewbha da ka Mission kaba don ha Arunachal Pradesh.
- Ki khynnah skul jong ka **Vivekananda University** ki lah ioh rah ia ka kawei ka khusnam Takma Ksiar, kawei ka Takma Rupa, bad kawei ka Rynnong ha ka All India Sanskrit Students Talent Festival ba la pynlong da ka National Sankrit University ha Tirupati.
- Ka skul kaba don ha Viveknagar, **Agartala** ka lah ioh ia ka jingiaroh na ka Nongialam kaba ha khlieh duh jong ka Central Board of Secondary Education kum ka skul kaba biang tam jong ka CBSE bad ki khynnah skul jong kane ka skul ki lah ioh rah ia ka kyrdan ka ba hynriew ha ka National Level Boot Camp ba la pynlong da ka Niti Aayog, Government of India.

2) Ki Shnat treikam ba thymmai:

- Hynriew tylli ki shnat triekam ba thymmai jong ka Ramakrishna Mission ba la sdang ha **Gurugram** ha Haryana, **Kalyani** ha West Bengal, **Kharupetia** ha Assam, **Sakwar** ha Maharashtra, **Thirumukkudal** ha Tamil Nadu, bad **Ujjain** ha Madhya Pradesh.
- Lai tylli ki shnat treikam ba thymmai jong ka Ramakrishna Math ka ba la sdang ha **Amarkantak** ha Madhya Pradesh, **Dakshineswar** ha West Bengal, bad **Venkatapura** ha Karnataka.

3) Ki rukom trei kam ha ka Ri India:

Ka Ramakrishna Mission bad ka Ramakrishna Math, lyngba ki 235 tylli ki shnat treikam ba heh bad barit, ba la pynlut Rs. 1292.03 klur tyngka ha man la ki jingdonkam kumne harum:

Ka kyrteng jong ki shlem treikam	Ka jingdon ki nangioh jingmyntoi	Ka jingpunlut ha ka tynka (Klur)
Ka jingai jingiarap	5.23	8.56
Ka jingpynbha kyllum	56.34	29.07
Ki Dawai	79.28	496.70
Ka jingnang jingtip	2.87	712.89
Ka pynroi ha Nongkyndong	2.40	18.31
Ka jingpynmih jingthoh jingtar		26.50
	Jingkheñ lang	1,292.03

4) Ka jingtrei kam shabar India:

Ka Ramakrishna Mission bad ka Ramakrishna Math, lyngba ki 100 tylli ki shlem treikam, ba heh bad barit ki ba don ha ki 24 tylli ki ri shabar India, ki la noh synniang shibun ha ki kam bapher bapher.

Ngí shim ia ka kabu ban ai khublei ia ki nongialam jong ngi, ki nongkyrshan bad ki 'riewngait niam/nongbud na ka bynta ka jingkyrshan ba radbah jong ki bad jingiasnoh kti lang ha ka ban wanrah ia ka prokram ai jingiarap jong ka Ramakrishna Mission bad Ramakrishna Math.



Swirvananda

(Swami Suvirananda)
General Secretary

Ramakrishna Math bad Ramakrishna Mission

15 tarik Nohprah 2024

Centenary Celebration of Ramakrishna Mission Silchar

Swami Gautamanandaji Maharaj, the President of Ramakrishna Math and Ramakrishna Mission, Belur Math and the Chief Minister of Assam Sri Himanta Biswa Sarma, inaugurated the newly constructed Universal Temple of Sri Ramakrishna Paramhamsadeva at the Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama in Silchar on 18 March 2025 as a part of centenary celebration of Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama in Silchar. Addressing the gathering, the Assam CM said “Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa stands as one of the most profound spiritual luminaries to emerge from India, whose significant contributions to society remain unparalleled.”

“He not only enriched our eternal civilisation but also imparted timeless wisdom to the world,” Sarma added. He highlighted the Ramakrishna Math and Ramakrishna Mission’s universal spiritual movement, which has fostered humanity’s spiritual renewal for over a century. He extended his heartfelt greetings to Swami Ganadhishananda and all those associated with this esteemed institution. The Chief Minister also announced financial support to the institution, towards the government’s commitment to spiritual and humanitarian causes.

The Ramakrishna Mission, a beacon of spiritual and humanitarian service, has profoundly impacted the lives of countless individuals across the globe. In the heart of Barak Valley, Assam, the Silchar Ramakrishna Mission has stood as a testament to this legacy, completing 100 years of unwavering dedication. The profound and multifaceted impact on Barak valley is due to the services that included Spiritual Upliftment, Education and Empowerment, Healthcare and Well-being, Rural Development, Relief and Rehabilitation, Cultural Preservation, Social Harmony. From its humble beginnings to its present-day multifaceted activities, the Mission has become an integral part of the region’s cultural, social, and spiritual fabric.

Literary Festivals Across NE Cities Celebrate Storytelling and Cultural Heritage

Three literary festivals recently took place in different parts of the region, celebrating the country’s rich cultural heritage and the art of storytelling.

The Shillong Literary Festival was held at Ward’s Lake from November 18-20. The three-day festival featured authors like Vikram Seth, Shobha De, and Sanjoy Hazarika. Sessions included discussions on folklore, fiction, culture, and heritage, with a focus on Meghalaya’s tangible and intangible heritage. The festival also included the launch of the Meghalaya Listing Document, which aims to protect and promote the culture and traditions of Meghalaya.

The Golpo Utsab (Story Festival) 2025 was held at Melarmath, Agartala, from February 8-9. Organized by Akhaner Bikel, had a slightly different flavour.

The festival brought together renowned writers, storytellers, and literature enthusiasts. The event featured story-reading sessions, literary discussions, and competitions, including a Pure Bengali Spelling Contest, Illustration Competition, and Story Writing Contest.

Meanwhile, in Dibrugarh, Assam, the International Literary Festival 2025 commenced at Dibrugarh University. The four-day festival, held from February 5-8, brought together distinguished writers and litterateurs from 25 countries. With “Africa” as its central theme, the festival aimed to celebrate diverse literary traditions and promote cross-cultural understanding. Over 50 sessions and workshops explored topics such as contemporary literature, translation studies, indigenous storytelling, and global literary trends.

These literary festivals provided a platform for writers and literature enthusiasts to come together, share ideas, and celebrate the diversity of literature. They highlighted the importance of storytelling, cultural heritage, and cross-cultural understanding, and demonstrated the vibrant literary scene of the country that North East India is a part of.

Artists from Northeast Shine in Santiniketan and Goa Cultural Exchanges

In a vibrant celebration of Northeast India's artistic richness, two major cultural events recently spotlighted talents from the region—one in Bengal's Santiniketan and the other in Goa.

At the Ramkinker Baij Memorial Art Camp held at Prakriti Bhavan, Santiniketan, 14 artists from Shillong's Riti Academy of Visual Arts participated in an inspiring cultural exchange. Led by noted artist and cultural activist Bah Raphael Warjri, the event featured collaborative sessions with Santiniketan's Kala Bhavan artists. Raphael Warjri also released his publication *Kot*, based on Khasi myths and legends, and screened his acclaimed film *Apot*.

Meanwhile, in Panaji, Goa, the Octave 2025 folk festival brought together performers from all eight Northeastern states. Among the performers was Silbi Passah, representing Meghalaya with a soulful folk presentation that captivated audiences. Goa Chief Minister Pramod Sawant, who inaugurated the festival, praised the Northeast's cultural wealth and emphasized the need to protect traditional art forms.

Together, these events reflect a growing recognition of Northeast India's deep cultural presence in different parts of India.

Shillong Hosts Thrilling India-Maldives and India-Bangladesh International Football Matches!

Shillong's Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium was abuzz with excitement as it recently played host to not one, but TWO electrifying international football matches! The Indian national team took on Maldives and Bangladesh in back-to-back clashes that left fans on the edge of their seats!

The first match, an international friendly, saw India triumph over Maldives with a convincing 3-0 victory on March 19! This win marked a significant milestone, snapping India's 489-day winless streak and handing new head coach Manolo Márquez his first victory! The stadium's 15,100-strong crowd created an unforgettable atmosphere, cheering on the Indian team with unbridled enthusiasm!

Just six days later, on March 25, the stadium witnessed another thrilling encounter as India clashed with Bangladesh in a crucial AFC Asian Cup 2027 Qualifiers Final Round match! Although the result of this match is not specified, the event marked a momentous occasion for Shillong, which hosted international football matches for the first time!

These matches not only showcased India's footballing prowess but also highlighted Shillong's potential as a hub for international football! The stadium, having undergone significant renovations, has already hosted various domestic tournaments, including the Durand Cup and Indian Super League matches!

The success of these events is expected to have a lasting impact on the football culture in Meghalaya, inspiring young players and positioning Shillong as a premier destination for football enthusiasts in India!

How Secure Are Your Assets?



Control Critical Assets through Automation

Conventionally, assets are guarded using lock & key



We Convert Your Key
to a **Smart Key**



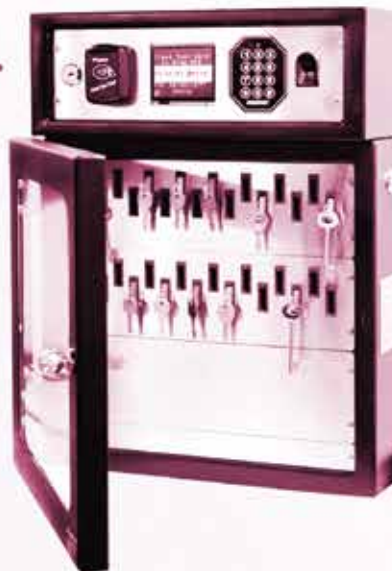
Smart Keys get
tracked electronically

KEYGUARD

Electronic Key Management System



INTRANET



Features

- Automatic User Identification
- Quick Key Dispensing
- Each Key Activity Logged
- Quick Return on Investment
- Made In India & Life Time Support

Widely used In

- ✓ Hotels & Hospitals
- ✓ Laboratories
- ✓ Malls
- ✓ Factories
- ✓ Airports, Ships, Railways

How It Works



How Can You Benefit?

Contact Now

📍 Senergy Intellution P. Ltd, Mumbai

☎ +91 9833132511

✉ info@senergy.net.in  www.senergy.net.in



WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS
FROM
PAKYALA BHASKAR RAO
MANAGING DIRECTOR



SVISS LABSS
PRIVATE LTD

(MANUFACTURES OF BULK DRUGS/DRUGS
INTERMEDIATES)

NO.88-89, PHASE - II SIPCOT INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX,
RANIPET - 632 403, TAMIL NADU.
PH.NO.04172-244820 & 244818
WEB SITE : WWW.SVISSLABSS.NET
E-MAIL : RAO@SVISSLABSS.NET

AN ISO 9001:2015 CERTIFIED COMPANY



ISO 9001:2015



www.tuv.com
ID 9105038334

