



PRAYAAS

Jan-March, 2023

IN-HOUSE MAGAZINE

Year-2023

Issue-01

Regd. No. 953

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Editorial

Dear Colleagues,

As Principal Editor, one more opportunity has come my way to place before you this **Prayaas** in-house magazine for the Jan-March 2023 quarter.



The enormous challenges which our colleagues face while working in the secretariat or in the field, are becoming more complex as years roll down. With the input of technological advancements, they are enabled to sail through turbulent waters. Nevertheless, woe betide who shall not be able to go ahead with confidence and equipoise. We have come across islands of superb performance by many of our colleagues who have achieved extraordinary results by leading their teams and building further upon the foundations laid by their predecessors.

Taking on the Sand mafia in Sone river, Start-ups in W Ch, Ganga Water Scheme and Rubber Dam on Falgu river, Power management, the activities in **Jeevika** and MSME sector and assiduously making the Engineering Colleges operational, are some of the facets that acquired limelight and earned kudos for Sandeep Poundrik, Sanjeev Hans, Sanjay Kumar Agrawal, Lokesh Kumar Singh, Balamurugan D, Raj Kumar, Rahul Kumar and Kundan Kumar.

A poignant story on Maharana Pratap, by late Raghupati Sahai 'Firaq' is a part of this issue.

RU Singh

RU Singh, IAS-(1961)

Principal Editor

[Mob: 91133-04025]

Areas 06-03-23

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All views and opinions expressed in the contributions are of their authors.



IAS BHAWAN

Photo Gallery

HOLI MILAN at IAS BHAWAN on Friday, March 4, 2023

Enjoying the Musical Programme



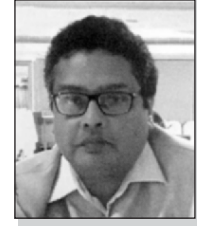
(L-R) SS Thakur, Ashok K Choudhary, RU Singh, Aamir Subahani, Dipak K Singh, Chaitanya Prasad

Exchanging Holi Greetings



(L-R) Chaitanya Prasad, Ashok Chauhan, Aamir Subahani, SS Thakur, Sanjay Kumar, Abhay Jha, Arbind K Singh

From Secretary's Desk



Dear Colleagues,

The first two months of the New Year saw two major events depicting nature's fury and revenge. The first one was the subsidence at Joshimath in Uttarakhand and second one was the devastating earthquake in Turkey. First calamity that befell on the people of Joshimath was obviously by way of revenge by nature. This is a prominent example of imbalance in the ecosystem due to over exploitation of natural resources. Neither such imbalances happen overnight nor the over exploitation can be attributed to one or two projects. It is a gradual, comprehensive and long term process. Nature gives warning signals too but we choose to ignore them either in the vain hope that the consequences shall not be disastrous or that our technological advancement would be able to handle the aftereffects. Both these are belied in each and every instance that has happened not only in India but anywhere else in the world.

The devastating earthquake in Turkey – Syria during February 2023 shows how pygmy the Homo sapiens are in front of nature. Be the people developed or developing, rich or poor, all are equal in the eyes of nature. The sooner we realize this gospel truth, the longer shall be the existence of mankind on earth. Every one of us is aware of the data about exponentially rising rate of exploitation of natural resources especially after the industrial revolution.

As bureaucrats and as part of the policy implementation team, it is our duty to keep the concern in mind. Every little step towards taking less from nature, going along with nature while implementing schemes shall contribute to the longevity of our existence on earth. As Gandhiji laid down the principle of keeping the last person in the queue in mind while framing or implementing policies, and similarly the imperative of maintaining the Balance in Nature has to be remembered always whether in our day to day personal actions or professional activities.

Hoping to see you all on or on the eve of forthcoming Civil Services Day falling on the 21st April, 2023,



March 13, 2023

Yours sincerely

(Dipak Kumar Singh)



सम्पादक की कलम से...

प्रिय साथियों, नमस्कार!

'प्रयास' के प्रस्तुत अंक में आप प्यारे साथी श्री अंशुल कुमार (2016) के बांका जिले में "चाँदी की मछली" के उत्पाद को राष्ट्रीय ख्याति दिलाने की शानदार उपलब्धि पर गर्व करेंगे। आपको यादों के झरोखों में कई संस्मरण पढ़ने को मिलेंगे। रघुपति सहाय फिराक गोरखपुरी का महाराणा प्रताप से जुड़ा वृत्तान्त हम सबको देश प्रेम की भावना से ओत-प्रोत कर देगा। श्री राहुल कुमार (2011) ने गाँधी विवेचन के माध्यम से गाँधी की प्रासंगिकता को व्याख्यायित किया है। जहाँ श्री सूर्य प्रताप सिंह (2021) ने दरभंगा के सांस्कृतिक एवं ऐतिहासिक विरासत को अपनी कविता में पिरोया है, वहीं सुश्री वर्षा सिंह (2016) ने महिला सशक्तिकरण के विभिन्न पहलुओं को अपने आलेख में दर्शाया है। इसके साथ कई प्रेरणाप्रद कविता, कहानी, आलेख तो आपको पढ़ने को मिलेंगे ही, साथ ही हमसब की गतिविधियों को दर्शाती तस्वीरों से आप सभी रू-ब-रू होंगे। मैं 'प्रयास' के प्रधान संपादक श्री राम उपदेश सिंह (1961) तथा सचिव, श्री दीपक कुमार सिंह (1992) का हृदय की गहराईयों से आभार प्रकट करता हूँ।

'प्रयास' के अंक के संबंध में आप में से कई ने जो प्रशंसा/सुझाव मुझे भेजे हैं, उसके लिए आपको धन्यवाद ज्ञापित करता हूँ। यद्यपि अब प्रयास के लिए अपेक्षाकृत अधिक संख्या में कविता, कहानी, आलेख प्राप्त होने लगे हैं तथापि नये साथियों को आलेख भेजने के लिए आमंत्रित करता हूँ। 'दिनकर' की पंक्तियों के साथ शुभकामनाओं सहित,

वर्षों तक वन में घूम-घूम, बाधा-विघ्नों को चूम-चूम,
सह धूप-घाम, पानी-पत्थर, पांडव आये कुछ और निखर;
सौभाग्य न सब दिन सोता है, देखें, आगे क्या होता है।

मैत्री की राह बताने को, सबको सुमार्ग पर लाने को,
दुर्योधन को समझाने को, भीषण विध्वंस बचाने को;
भगवान् हस्तिनापुर आये, पांडव का संदेश लाये।

दो न्याय अगर तो आधा दो, पर, इसमें भी यदि बाधा हो,
तो दे दो केवल पाँच ग्राम, रक्खो अपनी धरती तमाम;
हम वहीं खुशी से खायेंगे, परिजन पर असि न उठायेंगे!

दुर्योधन वह भी दे न सका, आशिष समाज की ले न सका,
उलटे हरि को बाँधने चला, जो था असाध्य, साधने चला;
जब नाश मनुज पर छाता है, पहले विवेक मर जाता है।

हरि ने भीषण हुंकार किया, अपना स्वरूप विस्तार किया,
डगमग-डगमग दिग्गज डोले, भगवान् कुपित होकर बोले;
'जंजीर बढ़ा कर साध मुझे, हाँ, हाँ दुर्योधन! बाँध मुझे।

हित-वचन नहीं तूने माना, मैत्री का मूल्य न पहचाना,
तो ले, मैं भी अब जाता हूँ, अन्तिम संकल्प सुनाता हूँ;
याचना नहीं, अब रण होगा, जीवन-जय या कि मरण होगा।'

आपके आलेख की प्रतीक्षा में.....

आपका ही,

(दीपक आनन्द)

संपादक

मार्च 16, 2023

दूरभाष : 7764000000



DOWN THE MEMORY LANE (Part 2)

Continued from the previous Issue-

After the district and settlement training, I had to remain on medical leave for the treatment of an old injury and on return joined as Joint Magistrate entrusted with judicial work under the pre-1973 CrPC and minor acts. In June 1969, my batch-mate, HAK Subramanian was SDO at Biharsharif and was proceeding on leave to settle his marriage. So I was posted there as his substitute. On the appointed date, I reached there in the morning. I took over charge as SDO and proceeded straight to the court room for Sawal Khani which went on till about 2 PM. I returned to his quarter close by and we had lunch together. Thereafter I attended to signing of remand orders and miscellaneous papers. Around six in the evening, a telephonic message, taken by Subramanian, informed us that a girl in a village close to Ekgangarsarai had been abducted by a boy belonging to other community and there was tension building up. He felt that it needed to be acted upon and that I should proceed to the place. He also volunteered to accompany me as I was new to the place. It was quite hot and the dim lights of incandescent bulbs made the ambience very dampening. We could have taken food and then proceeded but Subramanian wanted to move fast and sounded the DSP who promised to accompany us. So we dropped in at his place close by and left after half an hour or so, reaching Ekgangarsarai PS at about quarter to eight. There was a lone armed constable sitting on a chair, his companions having left for the night

(Andheriya) duty! The Officer-in-charge (Daroga), who was at his quarter close by, soon appeared. Brief discussion followed in which he tried to suggest that the girl had perhaps gone on her own sweet will and that the matter was not communal. The DSP was not satisfied as also Subramanian and it was decided to visit the places where the boy and the girl lived. The Daroga tried to dissuade us from going, saying that there were no male members in the family of the boy as his father, a railway guard was away on duty. However, he was told to get ready, the 1-4 was also asked to put on uniform and come along in their truck, an old Willys pick up. We boarded our vehicles, constables took their seats and the driver tried to start. The vehicle did not crank, perhaps due to a weak battery. So the party was asked to push it and it responded with loud report; accelerator pedal was liberally pressed, enough to keep the engine running; a usual technique of those days. The truck moved a little and suddenly stopped, a constable yelling, 'Golia to peeche chhoot gaya!' The DSP cursed the party and got out the jeep to find the Daroga missing. He was seen coming in civies and said that he cannot accompany as '*Zenana bahut ghabra gaya hai kyonki dera pur kisine dhela chala diya hai.*' The roar of the truck engine, shouting by the constables and commotion made some in the neighbourhood to switch on their lights and come out. Soon two men in *Kurta* approached Subramanian to have a word. On knowing the purpose of the visit they

said that a raid at night in all probability would be futile as it will alert everybody and the girl, if at all still around may face the risk of being moved further away. They, therefore, wanted the matter to be taken up after day break. The entire party, therefore, stood at ease, waiting for orders. Subramanian, having handed over charge was in a fix. He did not want to disclose that fact to the visitors who were known to him. It was nearly ten thirty and a very hot night. We had not taken food and were feeling hungry. The Daroga was not helping either. The whereabouts of the alleged culprit and the victim were not known and our efforts to proceed in that direction were getting stonewalled. In exasperation I blurted out that the father of the boy should be brought to the Thana and detained to ensure production of his son. There was hushed silence. Visitors kept quiet and the DSP who had kept the engine of the pick up running, pondered over the suggestion. After a few moments, he decided to go it all alone. The force followed him and we stayed back in the PS. After about an hour we returned with the force, gave them some instructions and we decided to call it a day. It was past midnight.

Arriving back after an hour, we had dinner and slumped on bed only to get up late next day. Subramanian was preparing for his journey. As I was preparing the report, the DM, Mr AK Verma rang up to enquire about the incident. On listening to the description of the situation and my suggestion to the DSP, he asked me to return to Patna. On being told that Subramanian was proceeding on leave, he suggested that the charge be handed over to the second officer. So after lunch, I handed over the charge. I was not amused and felt that the two persons at the Thana were no ordinary individuals. We both left together

and came to Patna. After dinner in circuit house, Subramanian took the night train to Calcutta. Thus my first posting as SDO came to its end.

Next day I reported myself to the DM, Mr Verma. He smiled and said that I should have been more careful in the presence of unknown persons; the two were emissaries of Dr Sidheshwar Prasad, MP! He also said that I was being posted elsewhere. Next day I got my posting as Under Secretary in the Appointment Department and joined the following day.

The Appointment Department then was a small one. The cCief and the additional Chief Secretary were at the helm. Shri Venkatesh Narain was the secretary of the Department. It had two Dputy Secretaries and two Under Secretaries. I was looking after the cadre of deputy collectors up to the rank of sub-divisional officers, pension section of all administrative officers, recruitment of the ministerial staff of the entire Political Department except the Political (General and Transport) Department and CR section. Shri Ramanand Singh, as Addl. Chief Secretary was in overall charge of these and Home, Police and Special sections. Though he appeared very quiet in appearance, he was a strict disciplinarian and hard task master. Although senior officers always used the main entrance to the old secretariat on western side, he used to enter from the rear gate, towards the assembly side on the east, climb the stairs and enter his chamber, opposite the CS's. He used to come early, by nine in the morning and often stand outside in the verandah facing the assembly at around ten, observing officers and staff coming to the building. He was often called 'Head Master' for this peculiar habit. My work often brought me in contact with the then

Chief Minister, Shri Bholu Paswan Shastri and his successor, Shri Kedar Pandey. Occasionally, I used to visit them alone with files, discuss, take orders, come back and brief my superiors. Shastriji was every inch an upright and intellectually honest individual who tried hard to stick to rules and strive to serve the poor. The Chandwa-Rupaspur incident in which many Santhal cultivators were killed by the agents of landlords in Purnea district greatly disturbed him and made him recluse for some time. Dr Laxmi Narain Sudhanshu, a noted Hindi scholar and freedom fighter, had settled large number of Santhals on his lands in Purnea; Shastriji also belonged to the district and had closely worked with him in the freedom movement. Some of the accused were close relations of Dr Sudhanshu. So, the predicament of both was understandable. The Assembly was in session and the opposition expected a strong response from the government. We in the department were not directly concerned. All that we had to do was to place under suspension the Circle Officer of Dhamdaha for apparent dereliction of duty. Later on, it appeared that he was on leave! The police charge-sheeted a few persons, who were convicted by the Sessions court and perhaps acquitted by the high court after fourteen years on the ground that the prosecution had failed to connect them with the crime.

The Chief Secretary was Shri RS Mandal. Some of my files pertaining to disciplinary or pension matters, used to be put up to him by the Secretary or the Addl. Chief Secretary and then the discussion that followed revealed the humane side of his personality; the view of the 'Head Master' often giving way to the mature and practical advice of Shri Mandal. Due to the small size of the department, I was usually

called by him to attend the inter-departmental meetings and draft minutes, to forestall delays. I always wondered about it, initially, as his PA would only tell me to attend the meeting – Saheb bole hain bula lijiye - so I used to go and sit in a corner, faithfully listening to and recording the discussion nearly verbatim. Not knowing what to do next, after the meeting, I would come back and hesitantly ask the PA the purpose. He was also at a loss - neither of us had the courage to go and ask him. So I asked my colleague, Awadhesh Prasad, Under Secretary (2), who had been SDO at Sasaram and was expecting promotion as ADM. He offered the solution - prepare a draft of the discussion and put up and see the response. So I prepared the draft and sent it. Next day I received it with some corrections and direction to show it to Shri Anwar Karim, the Finance Secretary, whose item - Administrative Personnel Committee - was discussed. He also approved it and returned it to the CS. Thereafter it became a routine affair that as Under Secretary (1), I was to act as a staff officer, something that perhaps became a formal arrangement about a decade later.

Around January 1972, Shri SN Saigal took over as Secretary. I was conscious of the fact that I had not done a sub-division and that it would prove a hurdle when time came for my promotion to the senior scale. So I mentioned it to him, emphasizing that I needed at least one confidential report to become eligible. He perhaps talked to the Addl. CS who called me and smilingly said I needed to go to a Bhojpur area. So he proposed Sasaram and it went to the cabinet, as was the practice those days. It was approved but thereafter, due to some reason the notification was not issued. The Secretary thereafter mentioned that the

promotion depended on the government and that I may forget about the posting till elections. The Chief Secretary was to retire at the end of February, I think, but was given extension in view of the impending elections. This also perhaps weighed with them and thus I continued till Shri PKJ Menon took over as the new Chief Secretary in April 1972. He had returned to the State after three years; last having served as an Advisor to the Governor in 1969. A new government under Shri Kedar Pandey had taken over and we in the Department, at lower level, were trying to cope up with strangers - so to say. My seniors, who had worked under Shri Menon earlier, advised me to be careful and forget earlier times as he was a silent worker and was not very keen on meeting people. So I avoided meeting him. When in the month of May, it appeared that the proposal to take-up my batch for promotion would be taken up, I decided to call on him and request for a posting as sub-divisional officer. On hearing me, he expressed surprise and promised that he would send a proposal. Next day he called me and asked to be ready to go to Gaya. A notification followed but on the third day, he called me again to say the incumbent officer at Gaya had served under him and wanted to stay for a few more months to finalize the marriage of his daughter and that he would try to arrange another posting for me. This took some time and I kept waiting. Finally, what I had apprehended happened - my batchmates were promoted and I was posted as SDO Jehanabad, the post vacated by my friend and batch mate, RCA Jain in June. The secretary was visibly upset as was the addl. CS.

So it was. I had no remorse. I had worked with diligence and sincerity and

had the rare chance of working under officers known for their stature, maturity and hard work and had earned valuable experience. If I had missed the bus for promotion, as everyone felt, it was for reasons beyond my control - I was not at fault.

So at the end of June, I went to Jehanabad and prepared myself for a haul of at least three months to earn a good report. During training, Shri Arthanareeswaran as collector, Darbhanga, had emphasized on night halts, crop cutting experiments, checking cash balances in field offices, preparation of DC bills and field visits for inspecting HML schemes. As summer was at its peak, I started making use of block inspection rooms at Kako, Kurtha and Arwal for night halts and inspections next morning. The Sawal Khani was held on all days by me and occasionally by another officer. Usual visits by public representatives and demonstrations by the CPI workers in Ghosi and Kako blocks kept the officers busy. Just when I was beginning to get a grip on working, at the end of nearly a month, one afternoon, while I was holding court, a telephone call was received from the Collector, Gaya, Shri R.N.Dash, who was at Patna, to tell me to hand over charge immediately and proceed to Dumka to take charge as Additional Collector. When I enquired about the notification number and the name of successor, he replied that his discussion may be taken as order and the senior most officer may be given charge. Feeling a bit surprised, I rang up his office at Gaya who said that they had also received the message. I thereafter completed court work and next day handed over the charge to the LRDC and left for Patna by the evening train.

□□□

... to be continued in the next issue



चाँदी की मछली से मनियां गांव की समृद्ध हुई पहचान

बांका जिला मुख्यालय से करीब 25 किलोमीटर की दूरी पर स्थित मनिया गांव की पहचान चाँदी की मछली बनाने के रूप में होती है। इस उद्योग से गांव के करीब 140 परिवार जुड़े हुए हैं। पूर्व में ग्रामीण अधिकतम धान, गेहूँ आदि की खेती किया करते थे एवं छोटे स्तर पर चाँदी का आभूषण बनाने का कार्य करते थे। सन् 1947 से स्व० केदार ठाकुर एवं स्व० बाबूलाल ठाकुर के द्वारा मछली हस्तकला का प्रशिक्षण मुंगेर से प्राप्त कर अपने पैतृक ग्राम मनियां में इसका विस्तार किया गया। बाद के दशक में विलुप्त हो रही इस हस्तकला को श्री जनार्दन ठाकुर जी के अथक प्रयास से पुनर्जीवित किया गया तथा इन्होंने गांव के अन्य लोगों को भी चाँदी की मछली बनाने का प्रशिक्षण दिया जिसके फलस्वरूप वर्तमान में इस गांव के युवाओं एवं महिलाओं के द्वारा भी मछली बनाने की इस हस्तकला को अपनाया जा रहा है। वर्तमान में उनके इस प्रयास से मनियां गांव के लगभग 500 कारीगर एवं उनके परिवार अपना जीवन-यापन कर रहे हैं।

कच्चे माल का श्रोत एवं बनाने की विधि

इस उद्योग को करने हेतु कच्चा माल साहूकार/महाजन द्वारा चाँदी (99.99 शुद्ध चाँदी) उपलब्ध करा दिया जाता है। उपलब्ध कराये गये चाँदी को गलाकर उसमें 70:20:10 के अनुपात में क्रमशः चाँदी, तांबा एवं जस्ता मिलाकर नवप्रवर्तन योजनान्तर्गत उपलब्ध कराई गई मज्जीन से तार एवं पत्तर का निर्माण किया जाता है, फिर निर्मित तार एवं पत्तर से विभिन्न कार्यप्रणाली के द्वारा हस्तनिर्मित रूप से एक मछली का आकार दिया जाता है। उसके बाद सल्फ्यूरिक एसिड से धोकर पॉलिश करने के उपरान्त बाजार में बिक्री हेतु उपलब्ध कराया जाता है। चाँदी से निर्मित मछली की बिक्री हेतु स्थानीय बाजार के अलावे पटना, बनारस, दिल्ली एवं कोलकाता भेजा जाता है। यहां की बनी चाँदी की मछली ने देश-विदेश में अपनी प्रसिद्धि प्राप्त की है। इस उद्योग को कारीगरों के लिये और अधिक लाभप्रद बनाने हेतु जिला प्रजासन, बांका के तत्वाधान में उद्योग विभाग, बांका एवं जीविका बांका द्वारा इनके प्रोत्साहन के लिए अनेक प्रयास किये जा रहे हैं।

जीविका बांका द्वारा मनियां गांव में 17 समूह यथा सिल्वर फिश दीदी ग्रूप, लक्ष्मी जीविका स्वयं सहायता समूह इत्यादि का चयन किया गया है, जिसमें 100 से अधिक महिलाएं शामिल हैं। आरंभ में कार्यशील पूँजी के अभाव में गांव के कारीगर, महाजन/साहूकार द्वारा दिये गये चाँदी पर निर्भर रहते थे। इससे उन्हें दिनभर मेहनत करने के बावजूद मात्र 100-200 रुपये की आमदनी हो पाती थी। जीविका बांका के पहल से गांव के कारीगरों को हस्तकला में उपयोग होने वाले कच्चा माल (चाँदी, तांबा एवं जस्ता) तथा औजार खरीदने के लिये लोन एवं रिवाँलविंग फंड के माध्यम से कार्यशील पूँजी (working capital) उपलब्ध कराया गया है जिससे कारीगर, साहूकारों पर निर्भर न रहकर अपना स्वयं का व्यवसाय करने लगे हैं, जिससे उनकी आमदनी में लगभग दोगुने से अधिक की वृद्धि हुई है।

उद्योग विभाग से संचालित जिला औद्योगिक नवप्रवर्तन योजना के अन्तर्गत बांका जिला में चयनित कुल 14 समूहों में से 02 समूह का चयन मनियां गांव में किया गया है।

1. ठाकुर स्वर्णकार हस्तकला उद्योग- आवंटित राशि- रू० 3,67,255/-
(1,00,000 कार्यशील पूंजी, शेष मशीन क्रय हेतु)
रोजगार सृजन - 10
2. गांधी चाँदी शिल्प हस्तकला उद्योग- आवंटित राशि रू० 3,67,560/-
(1,00,000 कार्यशील पूंजी, शेष मशीन क्रय हेतु)
रोजगार सृजन - 10

इस योजना के अन्तर्गत उपलब्ध करायी गई मशीन से चाँदी की मछली की आकृति को बनाने हेतु चाँदी का तार-पत्तर तैयार किया जाता है। पूर्व में मशीन नहीं होने के कारण कारीगर सहकारों द्वारा उपलब्ध कराये गये चाँदी का तार एवं पत्तर बनाने हेतु जिला से दूर अन्य शहरों में जाना पड़ता था, जिससे कीमती सामानों के साथ आवागमन करने से जान-माल का खतरा बना रहता था, साथ ही समय की भी बर्बादी होती थी। वर्तमान में इस योजना से उपलब्ध कराई गई मशीनों से ही बहुत ही कम शुल्क में चाँदी का तार-पत्तर तैयार हो जाता है एवं समय की भी काफी बचत होती है। जहाँ पहले यहाँ के कारीगर एक माह में एक कि०ग्रा० चाँदी की मछली तैयार करते थे वहीं अब एक माह में दो से 3 कि०ग्रा० चाँदी की मछली तैयार कर लेते हैं।

एक किलोग्राम चाँदी की मछली के निर्माण की विवरणी:-

क्र० सं०	आवश्यक सामग्री/कार्य	मात्र	वर्तमान दर प्रति कि०ग्रा०	लागत मूल्य	आय
1	2	3	4	5	
1	चाँदी	700ग्राम	70000	49000	साहूकार द्वारा एक कि०ग्रा० चाँदी की मछली पर कारीगर को 10000 रू० दी जाती है।
2	ताँबा	200ग्राम	700	140	
3	जस्ता	100ग्राम	400	40	
4	मेल्टिंग कॉस्ट	-	350	350	
5	प्लेट एण्ड वायर मेकिंग कॉस्ट	-	170	170	
6	पॉलिसिंग कॉस्ट	-	550	550	
7	झरण	-	3500	3500	
कुल				53750	

जिला प्रशासन, बांका द्वारा मनियां गाँव में हस्तकला निर्मित चाँदी की मछली के प्रोत्साहन हेतु उद्योग विभाग की PMEGP योजना के अन्तर्गत श्री बनारसी मंडल को दस लाख रूपये के लोन से सिल्वर प्लेटिंग एवं वाइबरेटिंग पॉलीश मशीन उपलब्ध कराया गया है।

कारिगरों की स्थिति

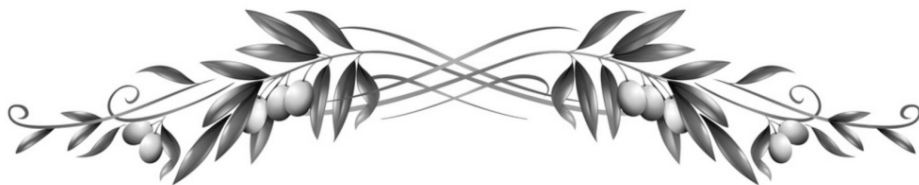
मनियां गाँव में चाँदी की मछली निर्माण हस्तकला से जुड़े कारिगर निर्माण के लिये आवश्यक चाँदी एवं अन्य तत्वों के लिये महाजन/साहुकारों पर निर्भर रहते हैं। एक कि०ग्रा० चाँदी की मछली के निर्माण में लगभग 53 से 54 हजार रुपये एवं एक महीने का समय लग जाता है तथा निर्मित मछली को महाजन/साहुकारों द्वारा 63 से 64 हजार देकर खरीद लिया जाता है। इस तरह कारिगरों की महीने भर की आय लगभग दस हजार रुपये तक होती है। बाजार की अनुपलब्धता एवं कार्यजील पूँजी के अभाव के कारण गाँव के कारिगरों को स्वरोजगार न करके सिर्फ मजदूरी पर ही निर्भर रहना पड़ता है।

सफलता की कहानी

मनिया गाँव में श्री अरविन्द ठाकुर, पूरी तरह से दिव्यांग है। उसकी पत्नी का कहना है कि हमारा पूरा परिवार कई वर्षों से मछली हस्तकला रोजगार से जुड़ा हुआ है। मेरी आय का स्त्रेत एवं जीवन-यापन इसी पर निर्भर है। जिला प्रशासन बांका की मदद से नवप्रवर्तन योजना के अंतर्गत जो मशीने प्राप्त हुई हैं उनसे अब हमे तार-पत्तर बनवाने हेतु भागलपुर नहीं जाना पड़ता है एवं कम खर्च में ही यहीं पर हमें तार-पत्तर प्राप्त हो जाता है। इससे स्वरोजगार में पहले से अधिक आय में वृद्धि हुई है। पहले प्रति व्यक्ति लगभग 150रू० से 200रू० प्रतिदिन आमदनी होती थी। किन्तु नवप्रवर्तन योजना से मशीन प्राप्त होने पर प्रति व्यक्ति 300रू० से 350रू० प्रतिदिन की आमदनी आसानी से हो जाती है। अब हमारा पूरा परिवार इस स्वरोजगार के माध्यम से खुशहाल जिंदगी जी रहा है।

आगे की राह

जिला प्रशासन, बांका द्वारा मनियां ग्राम में हस्तकला निर्मित चाँदी की मछली को प्रोत्साहन हेतु उद्योग विभाग, बांका द्वारा औद्योगिक नवप्रवर्तन योजना अन्तर्गत कलस्ट्रों का चयन कर अधिक से अधिक समूह को स्वरोजगार की दिज्ञा में आगे बढ़ने हेतु मशीनरी एवं कार्यजील पूँजी उपलब्ध कराया जायेगा। इसी प्रकार जीविका बांका द्वारा अधिक से अधिक समूहों का चयन कर ऋण उपलब्ध कराया जायेगा, जिससे कारिगरों की साहुकारों पर निर्भरता कम होगी एवं यहाँ के कारिगरों की आय में दोगुने से ज्यादा वृद्धि होगी। सभी कारिगरों को प्रोत्साहित कर मछली के अलावे लक्ष्मी-गणेश, हनुमान, ताजमहल, पायल, बिछिया, बाला, पौची, काड़ा, सिकड़ी आदि के निर्माण हेतु प्रेरित किया जा रहा है, ताकि भविष्य में मनिया गाँव चाँदी से संबंधित सभी प्रकार के हस्तकला निर्मित उद्योग के रूप में राष्ट्रपटल पर प्रदर्शित हो सके। इतना तो निर्विवाद है कि चाँदी की मछली उद्योग से मनियां गाँव की पहचान समृद्ध हुई है।





Darbhangha

"Darbhanga, city of rich culture and history,
Where the mighty river flows and the fields are green,
Where the temples stand tall and the festivals shine,
A place of pride and love, for all to be seen.

With the palace of kings, and the bazaars bright,
Where the sounds of music, fill the air day and night,
Where the people are warm, and the hospitality true,
Darbhanga, a city that shines in its own hue.

With its roots in the past, and its sights set ahead,
Darbhanga, a city that stands strong and not dead,
Where the traditions are kept, and the arts flourish,
A place where the old and new, coexist and nourish.

So here's an ode to Darbhanga, a city of light,
Where the memories are sweet, and the future so bright,
Where the heart thrives, and the soul takes flight,
Darbhanga, a city of beauty, offers a true delight."



[The author of this poem is at present posted at Darbhanga and is undergoing district training as Probationer – Principal Editor]





Women empowerment : Issues and Challenges

The Constitution of India lays special emphasis on the political, economic, social and educational empowerment of women. Though constituting around 50% of the total population of India, the Constitution-makers fully understood that this vulnerable section of the society needed special provisions for its advancement in life with confidence and dignity. Since then, various state governments (**via Directive Principles of State Policy**) have taken steps to effectively provide quality education to girls, economic opportunities, political participation and freedom to take life's various decisions without depending on male members of the family. All of these allowing the women to develop self-esteem and become active players in the social change dynamics of India.

Being born in Bihar (a village in Khagaria district) and making an arduous journey towards becoming an IAS officer in the same cadre, I am fortunate enough to have witnessed the various facets of women empowerment from close quarters. During that time, female infanticide was very common. Girls were seen as a burden to be carried throughout life (which effectively meant till they got married *and as doosron ki amaanat*), and this reason was deemed enough to carry out the cruel practices of female feticide

and infanticide. Child marriages were more common. Girls were not provided avenues to study; irregular school attendance and early dropouts were the norm. With the implementation of **PCPNDT Act** and a more vigilant government tracking (**line-listing of pregnant women**), these figures have come down sharply but continuous monitoring is essential. In case of Bihar, **Mukhyamantri Kanya Suraksha Yojana** incentivises birth of girl child and is helping in increasing the Child sex ratio as well.

As a child, I was good at and enjoyed studies. But the frequent questions “*itna padh likhkar kya karegi, collector banegi?*” (What would you achieve studying so much, can you ever become a collector?) were examples of dismissing the efforts of a girl child, to convey inessentiality of education in a girl's life. No opportunity was missed to bring home the fact that a girl's main duty in life is getting married and carrying out related responsibilities, education was just a transient phase in between. It was a different matter that I could not be dissuaded from studies and with time I indulged in it more and more.

The **Right to Elementary Education** as a Fundamental right (**under Article 21-A**) is the founding step allowing females to enhance their quality

of life and socio-economic freedom. ASER reports show that things are changing on the ground but female education needs more support and acknowledgement. Good thing is people, including girls themselves are becoming more aware regarding the importance of education. In Bihar, the provision of Bicycles and uniforms to girls, good transportation facilities, etc have led to improvement in girls' attendance and reduction in school drop-out rate. Prevention of child marriages is a major priority of the Bihar government, and a focused approach of awareness generation and prevention via administrative/police machinery have brought down the figures very substantially. Government's flagship schemes like “*Beti Bachao Beti Padhao*”, *Sarva Shiksha Abhiyan* and *Sukanya Samridhhi Yojana* along with the New Education Policy are playing a major role in catering to all-round educational needs of girls.

As far as employment is concerned, the visibility of women has increased substantially. Both civilian and armed forces are seeing more and more lady officers at senior (including apex) levels. Many States are getting female DGPs and Chief Secretaries, and our Armed Forces have started to have lady officers at cutting edges of work. Across all States, female participation in the unorganised sector: workforce, self-employment activities and ventures, business etc has increased . The self-help groups of women dealing with micro-finance have empowered women at grassroots level,

especially in rural areas, in many States. Financial inclusion and economic independence are really helping the women become major force for change in the society. In Bihar's context, any discussion on women empowerment would be incomplete without a mention of “**Jeevika**”, the women self-help groups running for and by the women themselves. In addition to bringing about freedom from economic dependence on others, the platform has made the women more aware and they are successfully changing the social dynamics, especially in rural areas. They focus on agendas that truly affect women and are beneficial for the society as a whole: fighting social evils of child marriage, dowry, substance abuse, saving traditional arts and crafts, conserving traditional skill-sets, protecting environment via social forestry, promoting organic farming, etc. Increasing financial self-reliance of women is helpful in fighting poverty, increasing family income and playing a major role in economic development of the Country/States.

A very important aspect of a woman's life also needs discussion here: Right to marry (**Article 21**) a person of her choice and at the **time** of her choice. It is being seen that even after getting education and achieving financial independence, many women find it hard to get married to the person of their choice due to immense societal and family pressure. The timing of the marriage is also decided by the girl's family. Girls' mental readiness is not taken into consideration for this and on

many occasions girls are forced into marriages. In addition to this, the prevalence of overt and covert dowry practices and its consequent financial pressure on families, not only affects the dignity of women during and after marriage, but remains the major cause of a life full of discrimination, neglect and even abuse. The government measures towards dowry prohibition has generated awareness on the issue. But a lot needs to be done in this area, so as to get its strength from societal sanction.

With increased economic avenues and increase in number of working women, the issue of balance between work and personal life becomes all the more important. The **mother-child hyphenation** is real, the well-being of both intricately dependent on each other. Proper care and upbringing of the child and giving sufficient time and efforts at work become challenging for the new and lactating mothers. To ensure work efficiency of working mothers, basic facilities at workplaces like crèche facility, covered office spaces etc become important. The new mothers also have special nutritional and health needs along with adequate rest requirements. A supportive work environment taking care of these issues, with flexible working hours, without compromising on timelines or quality of work, will empower such women to give their best at both personal and professional fronts.

When we talk about work spaces, women may also face the issue of sexual harassment at work. Or other difficult scenarios like discrimination at work

(misogyny), unequal pay for equal work, lack of organised work profile, prejudiced task distribution, discrimination in promotions (*brass ceiling*) etc. do exist. Various measures are in place to deal with such issues but more work needs to be done in this area. So that not only economic opportunities are realized to their full potential but women are actually able to work in a safe and dignified environment.

Additionally, for the political, economic and social empowerment of women, the government has taken various steps, from reservation for women in political bodies (50%), to reservation for women in various government jobs (35%), the result being the higher visibility of women in public spaces. As an officer having certain field experience, the change is slow but visible: the phenomenon of various “patis” (Eg: mukhiyapati, wardpati, pramukh-pati, zila parishad adhyakshpati etc) being the actual decision-makers and being the facade of the politically empowered woman, is on the decline. In fact, there are various examples of extremely confident women political leaders, desperately trying to bring about positive change in the society for others. It is heartening to say that I was fortunate enough to see the work of some of them during my field posting tenures. Women have gone on to reach apex positions in the political hierarchy of the Country as well as of the States. The assured livelihood opportunities provided to women via reservation have provided much-needed visibility to female officers

and functionaries (karmis) in office spaces. On this 74th Republic Day parade at Gandhi maidan, Patna, six battalions of female police officers was seen, further highlighting this success story.

An aware and empowered woman is an asset for the society. The two arenas where this helps immensely are :

Population Control: One of the most pressing issues of the Country, especially Bihar, is the Population load with high Total Fertility Rates (TFR). While Indian population is over 130 crore, Bihar has become the State with the highest population density (2011 census). This puts a lot of pressure on the available resources, and affects the quality of life of people adversely.

For effective population control, the participation of females is a 'sine qua non'. We need to give quality education to girls as “educating a woman is equivalent to educating a family”. The educated woman can do informed decision-making regarding the contraceptive methods to be used, the right age to get pregnant, proper spacing between children, number of children etc that directly impact population growth. Traditionally, such decisions have been imposed on the women without their consent by the family members. The onus also lies on the health system for awareness generation regarding usage of contraceptive measures, ensuring their continuous availability, mother-child health needs etc. so that population growth is slowed down to optimum level

(TFR=2.1).

Improving overall Health indicators:

The aware and empowered female population, coupled with efficient health system, with motivated workforce comprising of women themselves (ASHA, ANMs, Anganwadi workers, Jeevika didis) have led to drastic reduction in MMR, IMR, NMR etc all across India. Sex ratio has increased. TFR is slowly coming down. The general disease load of various diseases, including water-borne diseases, has come down due to better preventive measures (NFHS-5 report). Women awareness helps in avoiding early/unplanned pregnancies, curbing child malnutrition and allows putting pressure on family members, especially men, for de-addiction from various substances and promoting everyone's healthy lifestyle.

The above brief discussion on various facets of women empowerment can be effectively summed-up by saying that “Women are the social conscience of a Country; They hold our societies together”.

To conclude, the avenues provided for female empowerment must give real effect to the Constitutional mandate of political, economic and social equality of citizens. We have to create an environment where no social segment is required to be empowered. But empowered citizen is the automatic outcome of the development process and our civilization's progressive forward march.





सरिता की धारा

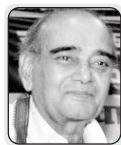
चल अतीत से नित्य निरंतर कलकल ध्वनि के साथ प्रवाहित,
सरित-धार में, क्षणभंगुर तन के अनेक अवशेष बह गए;
बह प्रवाह में, प्रलय-धार की पूर्व कल्पना प्रेषित करते,
समय-धार में बहे बहुत, लेकिन फिर भी कुछ शेष रह गए।

तिनके-तिनके एकत्रित कर, श्रमकण ढार जुटाये धन को,
लेकर साथ नहीं जा पाये, सब संचित धन यहीं रह गए;
ज्ञात हुआ, प्रज्वलित अग्नि में, भस्म हुए मानव-तन ऐसे,
अस्थि काष्ठसम जली, केश भी शुष्क ग्रास की भांति दह गए।

संत-समान उभय तट पर, जड़-जंगम तप में लीन हुए जब,
थे तटस्थ, पर गुप्त चक्षु से स्रवित अश्रु के लेश बह गए;
साक्षी मूक, सरित के तट से, रहे देखते जल-प्रवाह को,
चले गए आगन्तुक, पर उनके पावन स्मृति-शेष रह गए।

उद्गम से चल पड़े, नुकीले प्रस्तर के अगणित समूह,
जो, जल-प्रवाह के, घोर थपेड़ों के निर्मम आघात सह गए;
सरित-धार ने, शिलाखण्ड को शालग्राम-सा पूज्य बनाया,
मिल न सका गंतव्य जिन्हें, वे थे अमोल, अज्ञात रह गए।

शीत काल में, मंथर गति से बहती चली संकुचित सरिता,
तीव्र धार की, घोर गर्जना के स्वर भय के कथ्य कह गए;
चंचल गति के साथ प्रवाहित सरित-धार के गीत मनोहर,
प्रस्तर के निर्मम प्रहार, कोमल जल पर भी विफल रह गए।



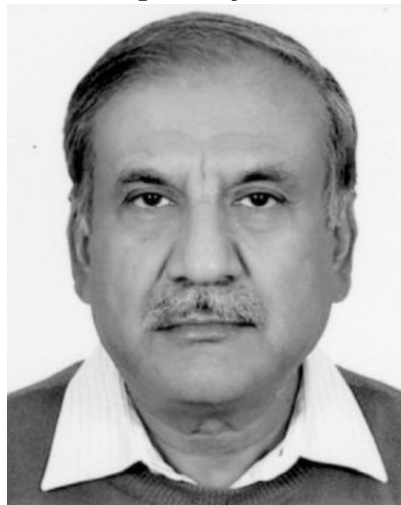
Deepak Gupta, IAS (1974)

Coming from an illustrious family of UP, Deepak Gupta (b. 1951) joined the Bihar cadre in 1974 and was sent for Jharkhand cadre after the new state was carved out of Bihar on 15 November 2000. He is the youngest of four brothers, the eldest Ranjit Gupta having been in the IFS and the remaining two, Harsh Gupta (1966) in HP and Madhukar Gupta (1971) in Uttarakhand cadres. Madhukar Gupta had been Uttarakhand chief secretary and Union Home Secretary and he had a stint also as Advisor to Governor of Jharkhand under President's Rule. Their father, Mr Anandswaroop Gupta, IP had been in UP cadre.

Deepak has had a bright academic career, being a topper in BA from the University of Allahabad, second positioner in MA (History) from the St Stephen's, M Phil from JNU, MPA (and Mason Fellow) from Kennedy School, Harvard University.

In his career spanning 39 years, Deepak Gupta held many posts in several departments of the State and Centre. He had eventful innings in Bihar as SDO of Godda, DM of Saharsa and Rohtas districts and Commissioner in the Water Resource department. When he had joined as Rohtas DM at Sasaram in 1986,

the district was known for deficient rural development and bad crime situation. But after a year Rohtas came first in the State in rural management and its crime situation improved to the extent that the criminals carrying state awards were either eliminated or were set to rot in the jails.



Deepak Gupta

During the period of his deputation to Government of India, Deepak spent nine years in the Ministry of Health and Family Welfare as Joint Secretary, Additional Secretary and Special Secretary. He retired as Secretary in the Ministry of New and Renewable Energy, and thereafter he had a stint as Chairman UPSC during 2014-16.

While working in the Ministry of Health and Family Welfare, Deepak Gupta made significant contributions to the anti-Tuberculosis efforts through the Revised National Tuberculosis Control Programme (RNTCP) which aimed at reducing the TB burden in India by 2025. The efforts were in the form of a flagship component of the National Health Mission designed to provide technical and managerial leadership to the anti-tuberculosis activities in the country. It is relevant to recall that when he joined as a

Joint Secretary, the World Health Organisation (WHO) had labelled India as a problem country. But after he left the Ministry five years later, WHO appreciated the inspirational story from India in the matter of TB-elimination. Thereafter, Deepak served as Advisor, WHO at Delhi for the anti-tuberculosis programme in India.

After his retirement, Deepak has also worked as Consultant to World Bank, United Nations Industrial Development Organisation (UNIDO), etc. He speaks and writes about Energy, Climate Change and Governance issues. He is a member of the independent commission on health and has published several field reports on TB and Kala Azar, besides reports on Panchayats and Health. Stationed in Delhi, presently he is Honorary Director General of the National Solar Energy Federation of India.

An achiever, Deepak Gupta has had thus a long trail of achievements during service and also after retirement. He is not only a voracious reader but is also the author of the following half-a-dozen books - the offshoots of the experience gained during his postings.

Documentary Study of Participatory Irrigation Management (2000), containing some case studies

Covering a billion with DOTS (2004), explaining the strategy for implementation of anti-TB programme;

Achieving Universal Energy Access in India (2015) with co-author, showing how energy access could be ensured through the use of renewable energy;

Caught by the Police (2015) – a

fascinating biographical account of the personal life and career of their illustrious father, Mr Anandswarup Gupta (IP-1939), jointly authored by the brothers and sisters, to mark his centenary;

The Steel Frame: A History of the IAS (2019) – an interesting account of the Indian bureaucracy from the arrival of the British civilians till 1947 and an analysis of its role, contributions and problems of the IAS after Independence; and

Small Things Matter – Key to Good Governance (2021) – an anecdotal account, written by him during the lockdown period, showing how small things matter for achieving better results.

Deepak is an avid Bridge player, having been part of the Bihar Secretariat team which had represented Bihar at the nationals. He is also a golfer, music lover and keen traveller. His several interviews on the YouTube are available, showing his views on the IAS and governance issues.

It was just a coincidence for me that as I stayed in the Amarnath Jha Hostel of Allahabad University during 1958-61, I happened to be acquainted with Deepak's first two elder brothers, Ranjit Gupta and Harsh Gupta. I had no occasion to meet Ranjit after I left the hostel and he joined the IFS in 1964 and retired in 2002 as India's Representative in Taiwan. I had contacted Harsh when he was Chairman of the HP State Electricity Board. I have intimately known Deepak as he is the youngest among the brothers known to me, and also because he had his plot in the colony in which I have built my own





FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE (A Story of Medieval India)

Down the skirts of the Arravolis, on verge of a rivulet which winded through thick jungles was sitting Champavati, daughter of the exile King, Rana Pratap. Close by sat her little brother Sunder Singh. Champavati was eleven and her brother four years of age. Fortune stands on a restless globe, and though born amid the glories and grandeurs of an Imperial court, these delicate scions of royalty were now sharing the hard fates of their hero parents in the dreary regions of the Arravolis where, having sustained defeat after defeat at the hands of Akbar, they were living in exile with the few surviving followers, the shattered remnant of a once mighty confederacy. There driven to bay by the triumphant forces of the Moghal, they were gathering the wreckage of their broken army for a last desperate clash which might, perchance, win back their lost empire and restore the vanished glory of Rajasthan. But the storm of troubles through which Champavati and Sunder Singh had to pass in this up-hill, heroic struggle for freedom had dried up the vital essences within them, and though supremely handsome, they looked, alas, like two drooping flowers, like two pathetic spots, as it were, amid the gaieties of the scene.

It was a lovely spring. The place all round was covered with a luxuriant growth of trees and plants looking exceedingly beautiful in their emerald paraphernalia over which the golden rays of the setting sun spread a matchless lustre.

In the midst of this scene when nature seemed marveling at her own great release of energy and her lavish bounties which transformed the valley into a dream of beauty, sat Champavati and Sunder Singh like two small speaks of sorrow lurking behind nature's joy, like two stifled sobs that throbbed imperceptibly in the breast of nature. Once more nature's laughter was an awful irony on the sorrows of these two frail human creatures,

Champavati sitting on a smooth rock near one of the flower-beds was weaving with her emaciated hands a garland of flowers for her brother who, sitting beside her was playing with the pebbles which lay scattered in heaps on the rock. Occasionally he would pick up one of those pebbles and fling it into the stream where the water splashing up into a ripple would break into a series of expanding circles, until kissing the margin of the pool, they would, one by one, disappear altogether. This making and remaking and at last the vanishing of the ripples the child noticed with excited glee and his rapt tiny face was a symbol of the irony of human joys in which self-unconscious sorrow blended as if to uphold and sustain its very antithesis. For this child of four who lived but for the present, whose life-stream seemed to consist of but successive surges of momentary conscious states, and who was endeavouring to mimic nature's joy and played with delight, was sad, though he did not know it.

After a while he turned round, and looking up into his sister's face told her that he was hungry. But Champavati had nothing with which to appease her brother's hunger. She affectionately kissed him, and in order to beguile him, began to relate a story to which he listened with the rap attention of a child.

"Once upon a time," she said, "there lived king who had lost his kingdom and was living in a forest. One day he was hungry and took a cake to eat, but just then a crow came down and flew away with it." "The poor king must have cried then?" interrupted Sundar Singh. Champawati smiled, a

calm sad smile, at this innocent query of her little brother. She fondly caressed him and said, "He was not a stupid child alike thee to cry at such a thing." "Am I a stupid child?" asked her brother with evident embarrassment. "Yes, thou art a very stupid and naughty darling," she said. This hurt the child's innocent vanity, and touché to the quick he answered in sweet defiance, "No, I am wise and good." Upon this Chapavati's quick retort was, "Wise and good children do not always cry for food." The child answered in helpless tone, "What am I to do? I am hungry and so I weep. I am very hungry." There was a pathetic eloquence in this simple statement of a fact. Champavati endeavoured to speak but her voice failed her. What should she say? What could she say? She was painfully conscious that her brother was extremely hungry and at this thought she was on the point of sobbing and breaking down. She restrained herself and wiped away a tear. She lovingly embraced her brother and put the flower-garland which had by now been completed, on his neck.

All of a sudden Sundar Singh uttered a cry and raising his tiny hand to his neck, looked up imploringly in his sister's face. Champavati hastily drew off his hand for his neck and saw that the skin had grown blackish and that there was a swelling on this spot. Immediately she noticed a bee flying away from one of the flowers of the garland. The bee had stung the child on the neck. All this while Sundar Singh was crying bitterly and to soothe him Champavati told him that she would give him bread to eat. Saying this she got up but felt dizzy and sat down again. After a moment she rose and drank some water from the stream. This somewhat refreshed her. Then taking the child in her arm she slowly made up to the place of the parent's abode.

THE KING AND THE QUEEN,

Is there one cruel turn of fortune unseen of me?

Is there a pang, a grief my wounded heart has missed?

In a cottage embowered by wild shrubs, in the heart of the dreary forest, on an obscure desolate spot, surrounded all round by a wall of bamboo trees through which a narrow way had been made, sat Rana Pratap and his Queen Maharani Gunwati. They were clothed in coarsest garments and looked very sad. Behind this miserable exterior shone the formidable Rajput valour and the indomitable Rajput courage. Both seemed absorbed in some thought. After a while the Rana heaved a sigh and said, "Gunwati, how unfortunate we are today. For the first time it is that a hungry Brahman had to go away from our doors without receiving food. O' God to what a pitiable condition have we to been reduced! Alas, that it was to come to this! The descendants of the chiefs of Chittore, the crown and glory of the Kshatriya race, who once held sway over the whole of Rajasthan, reduced to so ignoble poverty! A hungry Brahman had to return from these doors unfed. How can I bear the cruel shame of it? God, take mercy on us and put an end to this. How I would welcome death at this moment!" Saying this the Rana fell down senseless. The Maharani raised him, and taking his head on her lap began to fan him with the skirts of her *saree*. After a while the Rana opened his eyes. The Maharani said, "My Lord, be not so much downcast. Bhagwan who has not forsaken us till now will not withdraw the hand of his help at this moment of trial. Bhagwan is merciful. And so My Lord, I beseech you not to allow this trouble to break your heart. This state does not become the lion-hearted Rana Pratap of Chittore," The Rana said, "Ah Gunwati, today for the first time I have failed to feed a hungry Brahman. What shall I say to him when he comes to us again? We have borne the agonies of hunger for many a day and I remained firm. My child Akshaya Kumar had to die of hunger and I bore it. My dear daughter. Swarna Kumari passed away amid the agonies of starvation and I said nothing. Thou too hadst to go without bread for several days on so many times but I did not lose heart even then. But today--ah...." There are moments when the mightiest heart will crack. Expression which soothes the oppressed heart of sorrow sometimes singularly fails to do so and renders itself more heart-rending. Rana Pratap could not bear the weight of his own words, and again broke down and lost consciousness.

Just then Champavati entered the cottage with her brother.

Gunwati: "Champa, why hast thou come here at this moment?"

Champavati paused a moment and replied, "Mother, I would not have come here at this moment but....."

Gunwati: "But what?"

Champavati: "The Brahman shall not go hungry from our doors."

Gunwati: "What dost thou know of Atithi?"

Champavati, with her eye fixed to the ground answered, "I was listening to father's words."

Gunwati (frowning and angry), "Dost thou overhear the talk of others from concealment like a sky?"

Champavati: No, mother. I have committed this fault today for the first time. So pardon me, mother. But pray tell father that the Atithi shall not go away hungry, I will give him food."

The Rana at once opened his eyes and sat up, "Will thou feed him, and where wilt thou get food?" he asked excitedly.

"I am just coming" said Champavati and went out of the hut.

Sunder Singh was tired with weeping. He was extremely hungry and was feeling dizzy. Gunwati took him in her lap and in a few moments the child sobbed to slumber.

After a moment Champavati returned with two small cakes. The sight of the cakes made the Rana's face glow up and he seemed supremely delighted. In glad surprise he asked, "Champa, where didst thou get these cakes?" Champavati said, "Last evening I had no appetite and so I preserved my cakes. This morning I took some wild fruits." - This was an inspired falsehood. The fact was that Sunder Singh's constant crying from hunger was unbearable to Champavati and so she preserved her cakes for him, herself having only taken some dried berries. To what high pitch of heroism had sorrow raised this little girl of eleven! - "and had kept these cakes for Sunder, but as he is now asleep I shall give these to the Atithi." Hearing this the Rana's heart swelled with love, and tears gushed from his eyes. He embraced his daughter and only said. "God bless thee, noble girl."

THE RETURN OF THE ATITHI.

It was now for several years that the Rana had been living in exile like this. Such indeed was his indigence that on many occasions he and his family went without food for days. Only few surviving servants still clung to their unfortunate master and served him faithfully. They managed to feed the Rana, the royal family, and the other Rajput followers of the King by what they could procure from the neighbouring villages. But with all their efforts only a cake or a half cake was all that each could get as his share. The Rana and the Maharani used to take only a few morsels just to keep body and soul together, and gave rest of their shares to their children.

Such had been the Rana's hard fate for years. For freedom's sake he had been compelled to taste the bitter cup of adversity and to drink it to its dregs. Only the inspiration of his cause sustained him through these trials and enabled him to bear up in the face of such an ordeal right manfully. A pathetic light is thrown on this solitary figure, "clinging to hope with the tenacity of despair," bearing the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune without any sign of dismay and following the gleam - the gleam of liberty, of freedom and franchisement with a calm, heroic, almost superhuman faith.

On the morning of the day of which we write, the Rana's servants had brought a small quantity of flour. When the cakes were made of it they were so few that only the Rana's Rajput followers and the Rana's children could get, each a cake or two. The Rana and the Maharani took nothing. Champavati knew it and she herself abstained from eating her share. The two small cakes which she had just brought were the same that she had preserved. The Rana, as we have said, was deeply moved by this example of self-sacrifice and for a moment experienced that supreme bliss which the sight of a noble deed always brings.

But the sight of these small cakes only partly allayed the Rana's anxiety. His next care was that

more cakes were required to satisfy a hungry man. He communicated his anxiety to Rani Gunwati in a whisper, not daring to belittle his daughter's utmost self-denial. Alas! it was by her utmost self-sacrifice that even these two tiny cakes had been preserved - by telling her that they would not do. But, as if guided by the unfailing instinct of sympathy, the girl said immediately, "Father, I have two pieces with me and I think that we may buy some more flour for these and make some more cakes which would be enough for the Atithi." The Rana snatched the copper-coins years old from his daughter's hand as she was holding them out to him and hastened to the market.

Shortly after the Rana's return the Brahman reappeared. Beforehand Champavati had cleared the place near the hut and placed a grass-mattress for the guest. The Atithi looked fifty years old and even in rags he appeared grand and commanding. As he approached the cottage he called out, "A hungry Brahman wants some food. God bless thee." Champavati came out of hut and asked him to sit down on the mattress. As he sat down he asked Champavati, "Who art thou my child?" Champavati said, "I am Ranaji's daughter at your holiness' service." The stranger's face displayed a suppressed compassion and loving admiration, as saying this the girl went inside to bring the scanty food for him. She returned with about two small cakes on plantain leaf and some *chatni* and placed this with a glass of water before the Atithi. The Atithi began to eat.

Champavati (hanging down her head in shame): "Maharaj, it is due to our poverty that you have to eat this course food. How can you ever like such bad diet?"

Atithi: "No, my child, there is no harm. I like the food. God will bless thee."

After a while he finished and rose to depart. A glow of joy illumined Champavati's face- she had bought this precious moment of bliss at great cost and the joy was as great as the sacrifice.

While leaving, the satisfied Brahman blessed Champavati and said that at night he would again come to see the Rana. Champavati entered the hut in order to tell her parents that Brahman went away well satisfied, and thus enable them to share the bliss that was hers. But hunger had weakened her extremely and she fell down head-long at the threshold – senseless.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE .

When the pain becomes too sharp it is cured - Ghalib,

It was pitch dark. A brisk breeze hissed through the thick cluster of trees and shrubs. The branches waved, the twigs shook and the leaves trembled as if afraid of the black night. On a mattress lay the thin figure of a girl, a mere skeleton, faintly moving about amid the last agonies of death. It was Champavati lying on her death bed and gasping for breath. By her sat Rana Pratap and Rani Gunwati in an attitude of helpless awe. Sunder Singh was now wide awake.

Rana Pratap (heaving a sigh): "O God, if thou hast given me such worthy progeny why dost thou snatch them away from me so soon?"

Sunder Singh: "Mother why is sister lying so?"

Rani Gunwati (wiping a tear): "She is sleeping, my son."

There was a pause. After a while the Rana broke the silence and spoke to the Rani.

Rana Pratap: "Well, what reply shall we send to Akbar? He says he will befriend me if I acknowledge his supremacy. He is very keen on having friendly relations with me. I do not know how he has come to know of our helpless condition, for he writes that he is very much grieved at our plight. He implores me in the name of our children whose sufferings, he says, have greatly moved him, to conclude a 'treaty with him with a nominal acknowledgment of his supremacy. He concludes that if I am not prepared to listen to his proposal I may go anywhere and he promises never again to molest us."

Just then a voice was heard outside the hut, the Rana was startled and asked: "Who is there?"

No one answered.

Gunwati: "Perhaps it was only the cracking of the fallen leaves."

Rana Pratap: "I think Akbar is a generous-hearted man,"

As if galvanised by the words Champavati half rose and reclining on her two bony arms and shaking all over, spoke in histrionic accents. For once passion seemed to have given her a victory over death. She said, "Yes, today you have discovered Akbar's generosity, tomorrow you will be tempted by one of his official services and the next day you will become his proud servant. But, remember, that day you will ring the death knell of Rajput independence. Does he say he feels pity at your children's sufferings? Perhaps he is not aware, simple man, that the Rana's children are not so made of such tender fibre. Perhaps he has forgotten Haldighati!"

This was her supreme effort and she fell down exhausted. The Rana and the Rani looked at the girl in dumb amazement. Gunwati pressed the girl's temples to see if high fever had not made her delirious.

Champavati (In a faint halting voice whose gentleness seemed already to come from another world): "No, mother, I am not delirious. Father, do not listen to Akbar."

The Rana (inspired and excited): "Beside thy death-bed I swear that so long as I live I shall fight for Chittore. Only for one moment and for one moment only parental love had got the better of my sense of duty. But I am firm again. So long as I have such progeny as thou to inspire me and hearten I shall not be defeated by Akbar."

Champavati: "That is it."

"Yes, that is it," a voice echoed outside the cottage, and immediately the Emperor Akbar entered, made up as a beggar.

Champavati: "How now, this is the Atithi."

Akbar: "Rana, your courage and your children's courage have conquered me. All glory to you. The soil of India should be proud of such children. Here stand I as a witness to the matchless example of patriotism, pledged to respect your independence. Give me your hand."

Tears stood in the eyes of the two monarchs as they stood hand in hand. There was a brief silence. Akbar drew Rana Pratap in a close embrace and asked leave to go.

Just then there was a slight movement on the bed on which Champavati lay. Both Akbar and the Rana turned to her. She lay motionless – dead. Outside the moving of the breeze had stopped and an awful silence, the silence of death reigned.

*

[This is the pathetic story of the siblings, Champavati and Sunder born to Maharana Pratap and Gunwati. An exceedingly poignant and inspiring story of a princess in rags but filled with patriotism up to brim. It has been excerpted from The Indian Review of January 1919 made available by Subroto Banerji, IAS-1971 of MP cadre. The story told by Mr Raghupati Sahai, MA underscores that Maharana Pratap is the foremost freedom fighter in the annals of Indian civilization. Under shadow of the hunger of his progenies, the Maharana once even hints a compromise with Akbar but his daughter Champavati, who ultimately dies of hunger, takes his pledge of never submitting to the Moghal. The story also shows the greatness of Akbar who, instead of launching an attack on the Rana in exile, visited his hut in tatters as a beggar and, moved by the patriotism of the family, took the Rana in his embrace. Hearsay has it that Akbar cried on hearing about the death of the Maharana. Such conducts of the bygone era are like dreams in the current ultramodern society. I am appending two lines of my poem, which reminds us of the valour of the irrepressible Maharana Pratap even in absolute adversity – RU Singh]

यह एक जन्म पर्याप्त नहीं, मिट्टी का कर्ज़ चुकाने को,
सौभाग्य कहाँ मिलता सबको, रोटियाँ घास की खाने को।





सोशल मीडिया के दौर में गांधी विवेचन

गांधी को समझने के दृष्टिकोण से भारतीयों के जीवन में प्रायः तीन चरण होते हैं :

1. प्राथमिक एवं माध्यमिक कक्षाओं में पाठ्यक्रम के हिस्से के रूप में गांधी एवं अन्य स्वतंत्रता सेनानियों के बारे में लगातार पढ़कर उनके प्रति आदर एवं श्रद्धा के भाव पनपते हैं। किंतु, वह उम्र विश्लेषण की नहीं होती। पढ़ाया जाता है, हम पढ़ते हैं। हमारी स्मृति एवं संस्कार का निर्माण होता है और सभी राष्ट्रीय नायक उस बाल स्मृति/संस्कार में जगमगाते सितारों की तरह विराजमान होते हैं।
2. किशोरावस्था/आरंभिक युवावस्था एक अजीब सी बेसब्री एवं विरोधी तेवर की अवस्था होती है। इस चरण में विशेष विचारधारा द्वारा दुष्प्रचारित एवं अब फेसबुक/व्हाट्सएप यूनिवर्सिटी के फॉरवर्ड पर आधारित ज्ञान की वजह से देश/समाज की हर समस्या का कारण गांधी को मानने का फैशन सा होता है। देश के विभाजन का जिम्मेवार गांधी, भगत सिंह की फांसी को न रोकने का कसूरवार गांधी, गांधी न होते तो क्रांतिकारी बहुत पहले देश को आजाद करा चुके होते आदि आदि आदि। ऐसे न जाने कितने ही कपोल रूमानी और बदहवास कुतर्क देश के नुककड़ चौराहों पर चिर निरंतर बहसों में शामिल होकर इतिहास की धारा को मोड़ने की कोशिश में लगे हैं।
3. समय बीतता है, उम्र बढ़ती है। बाल्य मन की श्रद्धा और किशोर रूमानियत पीछे छूटती है। तर्क और विश्लेषण की कसौटी पर सारे नायक कसे जाते हैं। और तब हम गांधी को थोड़ा और बेहतर समझ पाते हैं। तब हम समझ पाते हैं कि अपने समकालीन कुछ शानदार व्यक्तित्व वाले नायकों की तुलना में साधारण होने के बावजूद कैसे वह सबसे असाधारण हैं। हम तटस्थ होकर उनका मूल्यांकन करते हैं और समझ पाते हैं कि देश-काल के विभेद के बावजूद आखिर क्यों नेल्सन मंडेला से लेकर मार्टिन लूथर किंग जूनियर तक एवं अल्बर्ट आइंस्टीन से लेकर बराक ओबामा तक गांधीवाद में ही प्रेरणा ढूंढते हैं। हम भक्ति के चश्मे से नहीं देखते फिर भी उनकी कमियों और तथाकथित ऐतिहासिक भूलों को वर्तमान के मापदंडों से नहीं बल्कि तात्कालिक परिस्थितियों के बरक्स निर्णयों को संपूर्णता में समझने की कोशिश करते हैं।

दुर्भाग्य से हम भारतीयों में से अधिकांश के जीवन में तीसरा चरण नहीं आ पाता। गांधी को पढ़ा जाना चाहिए। अधिक से अधिक उन पर विमर्श हो, संवाद हो, उनकी आलोचना हो, उन पर प्रहार हो, उन्हें खारिज कीजिए, किंतु उन्हें पढ़कर, WhatsApp University के Forwards के आधार पर नहीं। यह लिखना पड़ा क्योंकि 'गांधी जयंती' हो या 'शहीद दिवस', ट्विटर पर 'गोडसे अमर रहे' का ट्रेंड आजकल सामान्य बात हो गई है।

[इस सामयिक लेख के प्रणेता, राहुल कुमारजी जीविका के मुख्य कार्यपालक पदाधिकारी, मनरेगा के आयुक्त के साथ ही मिशन एलएसबीए तथा मिशन जल-जीवन-हरियाली के निदेशक भी हैं – प्रधान संपादक।]





टूटते तारों की वापसी

छात्र जीवन में हिंदी जगत की लब्ध प्रतिष्ठित साप्ताहिक पत्रिका दिनमान में मेरी एक लघु कथा छपी थी जिसमें सामाजिक चित्रण में मैंने एक पंक्ति लिख दी थी, “पति ने बीवी की हत्या कर खुद को भी मार लिया।” कुछ दिनों के बाद तत्कालीन पत्रिका के विख्यात संपादक स्व रघुवीर सहाय जी का एक पोस्टकार्ड मिला जिसमें उन्होंने भूल सुधार करते हुए लिख भेजा, “अशोकजी, पति की बीवी नहीं होती, बीवी तो शौहर की होती है, मियां की होती है। पति की तो पत्नी होती है। मैं जानता हूँ कि आपके भाव शुद्ध हैं लेकिन हिंदी साहित्य में भाव अपनी जगह हैं, शब्द अपनी जगह।” उनके इस संदेश पढ़कर मैं झप गया था। कुछ दिनों के बाद एहसास हुआ कि कुछ शब्द कुछ जगहों के लिए बने ही नहीं होते, ऐसे में शब्दों का घालमेल गड़बड़ी उत्पन्न करता है। तब से मन में यह बात बैठ गई कि शब्द बहुत सोच-समझ कर गढ़े गए होते हैं।

खैर, आज मैं रिश्तों के एक अलग अध्याय की चर्चा चित्रण कर रहा हूँ जो वास्तविक घटना पर आधारित है। कॉलेज समय से एक अंतरंग मित्र मनोहर ने कुछ दिनों पहले फोन कर मुझे घर पर बुलाया। फोन पर उसकी आवाज में कुछ न कुछ गड़बड़ लगा। उसके घर पहुँचते ही कुछ इधर-उधर की बातों के बाद उसने कहा आजकल मुझे तेरी भाभी मंजू से नहीं बन रही है। बात-बात पर वह झगड़ा कर बैठती है जो अब सीमा पार कर गया है। इसलिए उसे तलाक देने का निर्णय मैंने कर लिया है। मैं यह सुनकर कुछ देर के लिए विचलित जरूर हुआ क्योंकि दोनों ने अपनी शादी अपने अपने परिवार की सहमति के विरुद्ध जाकर की थी। मैं चुपचाप बैठा रहा। उस समय उसकी पत्नी ऑफिस से घर नहीं लौटी थी इसलिए मैंने उसे फोन कर बुलाने को कहा। मनोहर ने मायूस मन से कहा कि जब उससे बातचीत नहीं होती है, फिर फोन कैसे करें? उलझन के पटाक्षेप हेतु मैंने संशय स्थिति में मंजू को फोन कर बुला लिया। दोनों के चेहरे पर तनातनी साफ झलक रही थी। लग रहा था दो जिस्म-एक जान कहे जाने वाले पति-पत्नी आँखों ही आँखों में एक दूसरे की जान ले लेंगे। दोनों के बीच कई दिनों से बातचीत नहीं हुई थी।

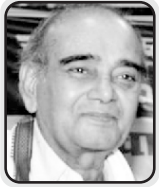
मैंने कहा, “सुना है, तुम मंजू से तलाक लेना चाहते हो।” मनोहर ने कहा, “सही सुना है। अब हम साथ नहीं रह सकते।” मंजू ने भी कह दिया कि “अब इनसे निभने का समय खत्म हो गया है और मैं भी आजादी चाहती हूँ।” मैंने कहा, “तुम दोनों चाहो तो अलग रह सकते हो, पर तलाक नहीं ले सकते। तुम दोनों मैरिज की होती तो डाइवोर्स ले सकते थे। निकाह किया होता तो तलाक ले सकते थे। तुम दोनों ने शादी की है और हिंदू धर्म में पति-पत्नी के अलग होने का प्रावधान है ही नहीं।” मैंने बात पूरी गंभीरता से कही थी, पर दोनों मुस्कुरा बैठे। मैं समझ गया कि रिश्तों पर पड़ी बर्फ पिघलने लगी है। मैंने मंजू से पूछा, “ये तुम्हारे कौन हैं?” नज़रें झुकाते उसने कहा, पति। फिर मैंने मनोहर से पूछा, “ये तुम्हारी कौन हैं?” उसने भी नज़रें घुमाते कहा, बीवी। मैंने टोका, “ये तुम्हारी बीवी नहीं हैं, क्योंकि तुम इनके शौहर नहीं। तुमने मंजू से शादी की है, निकाह नहीं, तो ये तुम्हारी पत्नी हुई। हमारे यहां जोड़ी ऊपर से बनकर आती है। तुम भले सोचो कि शादी

तुमने की है, पर यह सत्य नहीं है। शादी का एलबम लाओ, मैं साबित कर दूँगा।” एक दो बार कहने पर मंजू एलबम ले आई।

कई तस्वीरें देखने के बाद एक तस्वीर निकालकर दोनों को मैंने गौर से देखने को कहा। तस्वीर देखकर दोनों साथ साथ बोल बैठे, इसमें खास क्या है? मैंने कहा कि “यह पाँव पूजन की रस्म है। मनोहर, तुम अपने श्वसुर से छोटे हो, जो तुम्हारे पाँव पूज रहे हैं। दूसरी तस्वीर में तुम भी मंजू के पैर के अंगूठे को छू रहे हो। ऐसी रस्म संसार के और किसी भी धर्म में नहीं है जहाँ छोटे के पाँव बड़े छूते हों। हमारे यहाँ शादी को ईश्वरीय विधान माना गया है। मान्यता है कि शादी के दिन पति-पत्नी, विष्णु और लक्ष्मी के रूप हो जाते हैं। तुम दोनों सोचो कि क्या हजारों-लाखों साल से विष्णु और लक्ष्मी कभी अलग हुए हैं? तलाक और डाइवोर्स शब्द हमारे नहीं हैं।” फिर मैंने पूछा, “हिंदी में तलाक को क्या कहते हैं?” दोनों मेरी ओर देखने लगे, उनके पास कोई जवाब नहीं था।

दरअसल, हिंदी में तलाक का विकल्प ही नहीं है। मंजू और मनोहर चुपचाप मेरी बात सुन रहे थे। मंजू चाय बनाने रसोईघर में चली गई और मैं मनोहर से बातें करने लगा। पता चला कि छोटी-छोटी बातें हैं, छोटी-छोटी इच्छाएँ हैं, जिसकी वजह से दोनों के बीच झगड़े हो रहे हैं। खैर, चाय आ गई। मैंने एक चम्मच चीनी अपने कप में डाली। मनोहर के कप में चीनी डाल ही रहा था कि मंजू ने मुझे रोकते हुए कहा, “भैया, इन्हें शुगर है, चीनी नहीं दीजिए।” मैंने सोचा, घंटा भर पहले इनसे अलग होने को सोच रहीं थीं और अब इन्हें अपने पति के स्वास्थ्य की चिंता हो रही है। और मैं हँस पड़ा। मुझे हँसते देख मनोहर ने थोड़ी शर्म से अपनी आँखें नीचे कर ली और दोनों ने गीली पलकों से मुझे दरवाजे पर विदा करते हुए, ‘थैंक-यू’ कहा।

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- राम उपदेश सिंह 'विदेह'



दूसरों की गलती के लिए खुद को सजा क्यों?

बहुधा हम अन्य की त्रुटियों के लिए स्वयं को सजा देते हैं। वर्षों पहले की बात है। एक दिन मैं सन्ध्या के समय एक मित्र से मिलने गया। मैंने पाया कि अन्यथा खुशमिजाज रहनेवाले पति-पत्नी अपने ड्राइंगरूम में अन्यमनस्क भाव से उदास बैठे हैं। कुछ देर इधर-उधर की बातें होती रहीं। फिर मैं उनसे उदासी का सबब जानना चाहा। पहले तो वह टालता रहा पर मेरे जोर देने पर बाद में कहा कि कि उसके एक मित्र ने उसकी पत्नी के बारे में कुछ अनुचित बातें की है। मैंने उससे पूछा कि इसमें उसके मित्र की गलती है या उसकी पत्नी की? उसने कहा, “सौ प्रतिशत उस मित्र की।” इस पर मैंने उससे कहा, “अगर गलती मित्र ने की तो सजा भी उसे भुगतना चाहिए। यह कितना अजीब है कि किसी और की गलती के लिए तुम दोनों अपने आपको नाहक सजा दे रहे हो।” इस छोटी-से वक्तव्य का उनके मानस पर इतना त्वरित असर हुआ कि सब कुछ भूलकर दोनों ही प्रसन्नचित्त हो गए और मुझसे अच्छी-अच्छी बातें कीं।

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Last Page of the Notebook

I must begin with the first page of the notebook before going to the last page. The first page was tribute to our culture and cultivation, our good intentions and sincere motivations. So I would scribble '*Jai Ma Shaardey*' on the first page and Reyaz - my friend - would doodle 786. In Mathematics notebook, both of us would go for both the holy expressions. The dread of secular Mathematics needed multi-religious intervention to see us cross the Rubicon. The pass mark was 30 and we would barely be there. There was no problem with length and width but area was an alien and inscrutable proposition. Another friend, Manojwa who had been to the eastern metropolis of Calcutta and had returned with a smattering of English, would write on the first page with some misplaced arrogance, "This notebook runs under the sweet shadow of Manoj Kumar."

From the first page to the last page was a journey in progressive degeneration like the four ages of Hindu cosmology, with the last page representing the very nadir of 'Kaliyug'. Page after page of our notebooks would bear testimony to how we - supposedly the future leaders of India - had started letting India down. Mathematics was unmitigated disaster but we also refused to excel in language and even the

pejoratively referred History – Civics, later dishumiliated and rehabilitated as Social Sciences. Our balls - scratching and nostril - digging teachers would dismiss our original answers with utter disdain and make dire predictions about our futures. For reasons which remained unascertained, they predicted that we would excel in tending and herding buffaloes. Reyaz knew that these predictions were utterly bogus as his family did not have a buffalo. I was not similarly fortunate.

From the first page to the last page was a journey from profound to profane, from sacrosanct to sacrilegious, from gravity to levity, from sincerity to futility....The last page was an eloquent manifestation that the future makers of India were angry and hopeless, confused and clueless. So the last page of the notebook was the page of cathartic outpourings. Often enough we would test a new but always erratic refill on the last page by drawing lines - these lines first going up and down before making oval shapes to finally settle into concentric circles - so close to each other that they could not have been counted. We would continue the exercise on a note of anger to leave multiple holes in the last page. Our teeth gritting, our jaws taut and breath suspended, it was admission of our worthlessness.

Much later would I learn about the notions of 'non-space' and 'space' - the former being instrumentally efficacious but not intimate - Airport being a good example - and the latter being intimate, warm and with a homesickness about itself. The last page was that space, that intimate world of ours where we would develop the world of our own make-believe, exercise our autonomy and agency. Away from the regimentation of the remaining part of the notebook, the last page was our very, very own.

So we would use the last page to draw cartoons of our teachers. We would draw them in bizarre shapes with their balls protruding out of and dangling from their *Dhoti*. Once Kedar Master Sahab, with a bad case of Hydrocele, chanced upon our furtive imagination. The punishment was swift and brutal. He took a rope, used both ends to make two knots, put our big toes in them and put the big loop behind our necks and left us to stew or marinate under the scorching Sun. Later, we learnt that the Sun is static and it is the source of all energy.

The last page we also used to write love messages and pass them to the girls of the class who unfortunately did not appreciate the sincerity of our love. *Manohar Kahaniyan* was our sole exposure to literature. So we would pick up lines of passion and longings from

those lurid magazines. Once it went like this, “तुमने मेरे प्यार को अपने अरमान के कब्रिस्तान में दफन कर दिया।” Unable or unwilling to appreciate my intense love, she reported it to the teacher. The result was the same. The habit has continued. Even today I use the last page of my diary for this and that. Some mobile number without names and '*Jagga Jasoos*' of my wife suspects what your wives suspect in your case. She tries the number in a deliberate, masculine voice, "Who am I talking to?"

"Pintu, Akhbarwala" comes the answer. He calls me late night in a sweet voice, "Hello Ma'am!"

When my boss calls me, I report to him with a notebook in my hand. He scolds me left and right and I concur with him. He declares me an idiot and I say that he could not be more right. Back to my den after the dressing down, I go back to the last page of the notebook and console myself: "What can't be resisted must be persisted."

The last page is what keeps me sane by letting me pour out my whims and fancies, eccentricities and idiosyncrasies. Here is my individuality, my sense of worth, the way I interact with the world, reminder that in the world threatening to explode around me, my life has not been a waste and I still have some control over my life.

□

[The writer, Sanjay Kumar is posted as a Joint Secretary in the Cooperative Department and is presently also the Associate Editor of this Magazine – Principal Editor]

□□□



Magnanimity of Ratan Tata

The words of a disabled child who was overwhelmed after receiving a Gift from the Tata Sons supremo, Mr Ratan Tata, clasping his feet:

“Sir, I want to remember your face so that when I meet you in heaven, I can recognize you and thank you once again.”

*

Albert Einstein on Mahatma Gandhi

“Generations to come will scarce believe that such a man as this (Mahatma Gandhi), ever in blood and flesh walked upon this Earth.”

**

Why do you say Hello on the phone

Hello is the name of a girl, Margaret Hello. She was the girlfriend of Graham Bell who used Hello while calling her or answering her call.

Five Lessons

A dog jumped from a high cliff on a flying bird. Both fell on a deep gorge and died, suggesting the following five lessons to us:

1. Not all opportunities are to be taken. Some are traps.
2. A person can become so determined to destroy another person that they become blind and end up destroying themselves.
3. You fight best in your natural element and environment. Here the bird has advantage in its natural element.
4. Know your limits. We all have them.
5. Sometimes the best response to provocation is to avoid a fight.

— Olivier Kizika

Turkey Earthquake

When digging, they found the dead body of a father in a bent position. Just like a canopy, the father covered the baby who was found alive. He himself perished while protecting the baby that survived. Some mirror to those who are contemplating to dump their parents in an old age home at a time when they need them the most.

— Col KC Gupta,
ex-Murian, Allahabad University



Activities of IAS Association (Bihar Chapter)

A. New Year Celebration:

The new year 2023 started on a Sunday and the Association celebrated the new year with a lunch organised for the members and their families on the lawns of the IAS Bhwan. Around 140-150 persons including members, spouses and kids enjoyed the sunny day with live instrumental music in the background.

B. Managing Committee meeting:

Main decisions taken in the meeting are as follows:

- (i) Agenda No. 2- As per rule 7 of the “Association Rules and regulation”, the following six members were co – opted to the Managing Committee for the term 2022-2023.

Sl.no	Name	Batch
1.	Shri Lokesh Kumar Singh	2003
2.	Shri Kumar Ravi	2005
3.	Shri Mahendra Kumar	2011
4.	Shri Rahul Kumar	2011
5.	Shri Amit Kumar	2012
6.	Ms Varsha Singh	2016

- (ii) It was decided to hand over some small Oxygen Cylinders. Concentrator and regulators accessories to following Senior Members, for safe custody and asking it available to any member or their family in need.

Sl. No	Name	Small Oxygen Cylinder	Concentrator	Regulators
1	Shri I.C Kumar	2	1	2
2	Shri Ashok Kr Chauhan	2	1	2
3	Shri S.N Lal	2	1	2
4	Shri Vivek Kr Singh	2	1	2
5	Shri Dipak Kr Singh	2	1	2

- (i) It was decided to keep some cylinders in reserve in the association and hand over rest of the Oxygen Cylinders and Other accessories to Kurji Hospital, Tripolia Hospital, Gurudwara Hospital, or any such organisations which are running hospital services specially emergency services and which are generally running with a motive of social service.

(ii) It was decided to organize the Patna Mind Fest on 25th and 26th March, 2023 under the supervision of President, of the Association. (although due to unavailability of venue, the date has now shifted to 22nd -23rd April.

(iii) It was decided to appoint Shri Sanjay Kumar, IAS Joint Secretary co-operative Dept. as the Associate Editor of Prayaas Magazine.

C. Holi Milan:

As per the decision of the managing committee, Holi Milan was organised in the evening of 4th March 2023, with dinner. The evening was made lively by the live songs of artistes.

D. Farewell of retired members:

Following members were accorded farewell on their superannuation:

Sl No	Name	Batch	Last Posting	Date of Retirement
1.	Shri Rishi Dev Jha	2008	Settlement Officer, Purina	31.11.2022
2.	Shri Gorkhnath	2006	Div. Commr., Saharsa/Purina	31.12.2022
3.	Shri Ram Anugrah Narayan Singh	2007	Spl. Secretary, PHED Dept.	31.12.2022
4.	Shri Satish Kumar Sharma	2008	Settlement Officer, Nalanda	31.01.2023
5.	Shri Ram Ishwar	2008	Spl. Secretary, Health Dept.	31.01.2023
6.	Shri Rajesh Chaudhari	2010	Jt. Secretary, Disaster M Dept	31.01.2023
7.	Shri Sarb Narayan Yadaw	2010	Director, Consolidation, Bihar	31.01.2023
8.	Shri Kapileshwar Mandal	2010	Settlement Officer, Khagaria	31.01.2023
9.	Shri Vijay Kumar	2007	Spl. Secy, Agriculture Dept.	28.02.2023

E. Welcome of Newly Inducted Members:

Following new members who have been recently inducted into service by promotion were accorded formal welcome into the Association:

Sl No.	Name	Present Posting
1.	Shri Anil Kumar Jha	Jt. Secretary, Agriculture Dept.
2.	Shri Sanjeev Mittal	Jt. Secretary, Finance Dept.
3.	Shri Sanjay Kumar	Jt. Secretary, Co-operative Dept.
4.	Smt Rubi	Jt. Secretary, Commercial Tax Dept
5.	Shri Krishn Kumar	Jt. Secretary, Commercial Tax Dept
6.	Shri Sanjay Kumar Singh	Jt. Secretary, Agriculture Dept.
7.	Shri Abhay Jha	Jt. Secretary, Co-operative Dept.

— Dipak Kumar Singh,
Secretary,
IAS Association, Bihar Chapter.



Transfers and Postings

सामान्य प्रशासन विभाग, बिहार सरकार द्वारा निर्गत अधिसूचनाओं के अनुसार
भारतीय प्रशासनिक सेवा के पदाधिकारियों के स्थानान्तरण, पदस्थापन, प्रोन्नति एवं अतिरिक्त प्रभार

क्र. सं.	अधिसूचना संख्या / तिथि	संबंधित अधिकारी की प्रोन्नति, पदस्थापन तथा अतिरिक्त प्रभार
1	23526 / 31.12.2022	श्री विवेक कुमार सिंह, भा0प्र0से0 (1989), विकास आयुक्त, बिहार, पटना को अध्यक्ष-सह-सदस्य, राजस्व पर्षद, बिहार, पटना का अतिरिक्त प्रभार।
2	23527 / 31.12.2022	श्रीमती वन्दना किनी, भा0प्र0से0 (1989), अध्यक्ष-सह-सदस्य, राजस्व पर्षद, बिहार, पटना का मुख्य परामर्शी, बिहार राज्य योजना पर्षद, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
3	23528 / 31.12.2022	श्री संजीव हंस, भा0प्र0से0 (:1997), प्रधान सचिव, ऊर्जा विभाग, बिहार, पटना का प्रधान सचिव, लोक स्वास्थ्य अभियंत्रण विभाग, बिहार, पटना का अतिरिक्त प्रभार।
4	23529 / 31.12.2022	श्री जितेन्द्र श्रीवास्तव, भा0प्र0से0 (2000), सचिव, लोक स्वास्थ्य अभियंत्रण विभाग, पटना का सचिव, गृह विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
5	23530 / 31.12.2022	श्री अभय कुमार सिंह, भा0प्र0से0 (2004), सचिव, पर्यटन विभाग, बिहार, पटना को प्रबंध निदेशक, कम्फेड, बिहार, पटना का अतिरिक्त प्रभार।
6	23531 / 31.12.2022	श्री गोपाल मीणा, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), विशेष सचिव, लघु जल संसाधन विभाग, बिहार, पटना का आयुक्त, तिरहुत प्रमण्डल, मुजफ्फरपुर के पद पर पदस्थापन।
7	23532 / 31.12.2022	श्री जय सिंह, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), निदेशक, भू-अभिलेख एवं परिमाण, बिहार पटना का सचिव, राजस्व एवं भूमि सुधार विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
8	23533 / 31.12.2022	श्री मनोज कुमार, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), निदेशक, माध्यमिक शिक्षा, बिहार, पटना का आयुक्त, पूर्णिया प्रमण्डल, पूर्णिया के पद पर पदस्थापन।
9	23534 / 31.12.2022	श्री संजय कुमार सिंह, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), विशेष सचिव, स्वास्थ्य विभाग, बिहार, पटना का सचिव, स्वास्थ्य विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
10	23535 / 31.12.2022	श्री विनोद सिंह गुंजियाल, भा0प्र0से0 (:2007), निदेशक, छात्र एवं युवा कल्याण, बिहार, पटना का सचिव, लघु जल संसाधन विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
11	23536 / 31.12.2022	मो0 सोहैल, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), विशेष सचिव, सामान्य प्रशासन विभाग, बिहार, पटना का सचिव, सामान्य प्रशासन विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
12	23537 / 31.12.2022	श्री बैद्यनाथ यादव, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), निबंधक, सहयोग समितियाँ, बिहार, पटना का सचिव, शिक्षा विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
13	23538 / 31.12.2022	श्री नन्द किशोर, भा0प्र0से0 (2006), निदेशक, उद्यान, बिहार, पटना का विशेष सचिव, सहकारिता विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।

14	23539 / 31.12.2022	श्री संजय कुमार सिंह, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), समाहर्ता एवं जिला पदाधिकारी, लखीसराय का आयुक्त, मुंगेर प्रमण्डल, मुंगेर के पद पर पदस्थापन।
15	23540 / 31.12.2022	श्री अमरेन्द्र कुमार, भा0प्र0से0 (2010), सचिव, बिहार लोक सेवा आयोग, पटना का समाहर्ता एवं जिला पदाधिकारी, लखीसराय के पद पर पदस्थापन।
16	109 / 02.01.2023	श्रीमती साहिला, भा0प्र0से (2018), सम्प्रति सामान्य प्रशासन विभाग, बिहार, पटना का उप विकास आयुक्त, पूर्णिया के पद पर पदस्थापन।
17	1031 / 13.01.2023	श्री जय सिंह, भा0प्र0से0 (2007), सचिव, राजस्व एवं भूमि सुधार विभाग, बिहार, पटना को निदेशक, भू-अभिलेख एवं परिमाण, बिहार, पटना का अतिरिक्त प्रभार।
18	2099 / 31.01.2023	श्री तुषार सिंगला, भा0प्र0से0 (2015), का संयुक्त सचिव, वित्त विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
19	2870 / 09.02.2023	श्री संदीप पौण्डरीक, भा0प्र0से0 (1993), प्रधान सचिव, उद्योग विभाग, बिहार, पटना को प्रबंध निदेशक, आधारभूत संरचना विकास प्राधिकार-आइडा, पटना का अतिरिक्त प्रभार।
20	3167 / 14.02.2023	श्री कुन्दन कुमार, भा0प्र0से0 (2004) का स्थानिक आयुक्त, बिहार भवन, नई दिल्ली के पद पर पदस्थान।
21	3168 / 14.02.2023	श्रीमती पलका साहनी, भा0प्र0से0 (2004) स्थानिक आयुक्त, बिहार भवन, नई दिल्ली को विशेष कार्य पदाधिकारी, बिहार भवन, नई दिल्ली के पद पर पदस्थापन।
22	3169 / 14.02.2023	श्री अनिल कुमार झा, भा0प्र0से0 (नवनियुक्त) का संयुक्त सचिव, कृषि विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
23	3170 / 14.02.2023	श्री संजीव मित्तल, भा0प्र0से0 (नवनियुक्त) का संयुक्त सचिव, वित्त विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
24	3171 / 14.02.2023	श्री संजय कुमार, भा0प्र0से0 (नवनियुक्त) का संयुक्त सचिव, सहकारिता विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
25	3172 / 14.02.2023	श्रीमती रूबी, भा0प्र0से0 (नवनियुक्त) का संयुक्त सचिव, वाणिज्य-कर विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
26	3173 / 14.02.2023	श्री कृष्ण कुमार, भा0प्र0से0 (नवनियुक्त) का संयुक्त सचिव, वाणिज्य-कर विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
27	3174 / 14.02.2023	श्री संजय कुमार सिंह, भा0प्र0से0 (नवनियुक्त) का संयुक्त सचिव, कृषि विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।
28	3175 / 14.02.2023	श्री अभय झा, भा0प्र0से0 (नवनियुक्त) का संयुक्त सचिव, सहकारिता विभाग, बिहार, पटना के पद पर पदस्थापन।

□□□



Holi Greetings



Sunil Kr Singh applying Abir on Aamir Subahani



Dipak K Singh applying Abir on Mrs Priyanka Singh while her hubby Mihir K Singh looks on



Mrs Harjot Kaur applying Abir on Mihir K Singh



Sunil K Singh applying Abir on Mihir K Singh



Applying Abir on Mrs Harjot Kaur as Subhas looks on



Mrs Harjot Kaur applying Abir on a colleague's wife

PHOTO

Cycling on a Great Sunday Morning (Shared by Kumar Ravi)



(L-R) Prasant, R Tuddu, Hardeep s/o Dipak, S Siddharth, Dipak Kumar Singh, Kumar Ravi, MR Naik

The Precipice



Dog Jumps to Death

Outreach



Process of making Silver Fish (Banka District)



JEEVIKA Didis (Banka District)

New Beginning in Bihar



The Silver Fish (Banka District)



Muzaffarpur Bag Cluster

Published for the Secretary, IAS Officers' Association, Bihar Branch,

IAS Bhawan, Patna, Ph.: 2225601, 2225602

Printed at : A. K. Enterprises, Patna

Designed by : Abhishek Kumar (9334858565)

Prayaas is also available at our website : www.iasbihar.org