

Dialogue

'68

408
D 541 D;2

AX MUELLER BHAVAN / SOUTH ASIA INSTITUTE



**INDIAN INSTITUTE OF
ADVANCED STUDY
SIMLA**

Dialogue '68

Annual

CATALOGUED

Max Mueller Bhavan
South Asia Institute
Publication

CATALOGUED

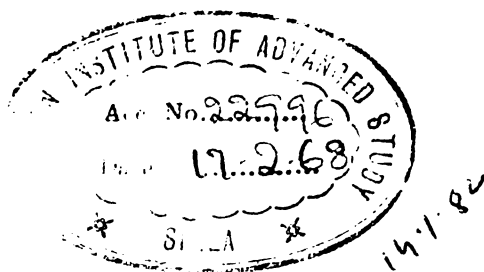
13

Library IAS, Shimla

408 D 541 D:2



00022996



Line
D54131

Published by
Max Mueller Bhavan, The Indo-German Cultural Centre, New Delhi
The Representative, South Asia Institute, University of Heidelberg
New Delhi 1968

© Max Mueller Bhavan / South Asia Institute

Designed by grafika, new delhi

Printed by Lakherwal Press, New Delhi

contents

AJIT KUMAR		
भाषा और आधुनिक समाज	1	language and present-day society
भाषा और राजनीति	3	language and politics
H. M. ENZENSBERGER		
4 gedichte	8	4 poems
SHRIKANT VARMA		
	16	on translating poetry
GOPAL SHARMA		
	19	problems of translation
S. H. VATSYAYAN		
	25	language and identity
५ कविताएँ	34	5 poems
DR. NAGENDRA		
	46	tragic pleasure or the enjoyment of the pathetic sentiment
K. J. CITRON		
	55	introduction to robert musil's 'the man without qualities'—or, life as an experiment
RAJENDRA YADAV		
कथा-साहित्य की भाषा	62	the language of fiction
LOTHAR LUTZE		
	72	the language of literature
3 reihungen	76	3 associative poems
H. J. KOELLREUTTER		
	80	principles of linguistic theory as a new basis of music aesthetics
KA NAA SUBRAMANYAM		
	91	2 poems
	93	language and literature : report on a writers' symposium on language in present-day society
	96	acknowledgments

Dialogue '68 is in its entirety devoted to the Writers' Symposium on Language in Present-day Society, jointly organized by Max Mueller Bhavan and the South Asia Institute in New Delhi from 21 February to 3 March 1967, on the occasion of Hans Magnus Enzensberger's visit to India. All the authors contributing to this publication were active participants in the Symposium; most of their contributions were made on that occasion and are in English, the inter-language of the Symposium. Hindi and German originals are translated into or summarized in English.

New Delhi
January 1968

H. J. Koellreutter

Lothar Lutze

जधानी के बौद्धक वातावरण की सक्रिय और समृद्ध बनावेवाला एक परिसंवाद अभी पिछले दिनों, २२ फरवरी से ३ मार्च तक मक्समुलर भवन, नई दिल्ली के लक्ष्मणभवन में हुआ। इसका विषय था- भाषा और आधुनिक समाज। बावजूद इसके कि परिसंवाद के विचार-विनिमय की भाषा अंग्रेजी थी, जबकि इससे भाग लेने वाले अधिकतर वक्ता और श्रोता जर्मनभाषी या हिंदीभाषी थे, यह अत्यंत सफल रहा। निश्चय ही इसका श्रेय परिसंवाद के संयोजक डा० लोडार् ज़ुरेसे तथा उनके सहयोगियों की मिलनता चाहिए।

परिसंवाद के विषय में उल्लेखनीय तथ्य यह है कि इसका आयोजन प्रसिद्ध जर्मन कवि हाफ्टर हेस मजुस एन्सससबॉर की आरत-यात्रा के उपलक्ष्य में किया गया। डा० एन्सससबॉर का जन्म सन् १९२९ में हुआ था। वे '४० के लेखक-वर्ग से संबद्ध रहे हैं। उन्हें अपनी कविता के लिए अनेक राष्ट्रीय और अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय पुरस्कार प्राप्त हो चुके हैं। उनके तीन कविता-संग्रह हैं : 'अहिंसा की रक्षा', 'देश की भाषा', तथा 'अर्थों की लिपि'। उचित हो या कि इस अवसर पर आयोजित परिसंवाद के अन्त-गत, एक शाम काव्य-पाठ का कार्यक्रम भी रखा गया, जिसमें कुछ हिन्दी लेखकों ने अपनी कविताएँ और गद्य-रचनाएँ तथा एन्सससबॉर ने अपनी कविताएँ सुनाईं। हिन्दी रचनाओं के जर्मन अनुवाद और जर्मन कविताओं के हिन्दी अनुवाद भी प्रस्तुत किए गए। एक शाम तीन प्रयोगात्मक जर्मन फिलमें भी दिखाई गईं, जिनका विषय था—युद्ध, आतंक, यांत्रिकता और दासता। और हाँ, शान्त तथा निश्चिन्ता-करणी भी, यही वे चीजें थीं, जिनकी गूँज और गहरी छाप समूची बहुसं पुर शुरु से आखिर तक अलकली रही।

इस परिसंवाद के अन्तर्गत भाषा के भाषावैज्ञानिक अध्ययन, भाषा और संगीत, भाषा और राजनीति, भाषा और अनुवाद, भाषा और काव्यानुवाद, भाषा और भाषाएँ, तथा भाषा और सर्वनामिकता जैसे अनेक विषयों पर विचार-विमर्श हुआ। प्रमुख रूप से जिन भारतीय वक्ताओं ने इन कार्यक्रमों में भाग लिया, वे थे : सर्वश्री डा० पंडित, डा० बहोदुरसिंह, डा० नामवर सिंह, डा० गोपाल शर्मा, श्रीकांत शर्मा,

अखिलकुमार
आधुनिक समाज
और
भाषा

A lively seminar on Language and Present-day Society was held in Delhi from 22nd February to 3rd March under the auspices of Max Mueller Bhavan. It may be noted that the seminar was organised marking the visit of the outstanding German poet Dr. Hans M. Enzensberger to India. Dr. Enzensberger was born in 1929 and is connected with the writers of Group '47. He has received national and international awards for his poems. Very rightly, an evening of this seminar was devoted to poetry reading, where some Hindi poets read their verses and prose compositions and Dr. Enzensberger recited his own. Three experimental German films were screened one evening, whose subjects were: war, terror, mechanisation and slavery. A number of issues were discussed in the seminar, e.g. linguistic study of language, language and music, language and politics, language and translation, language and appreciation of poetry, and so on. Some of the Indians who took prominent part in the discussions were Dr. Pandit, Dr. Bahadur Singh, Dr. Namwar Singh, Dr. Gopal Sharma, Srikant Varma, Dr. Nagendra, S.H. Vatsyayan, Rajendar Yadav, Dr. Kailash Vajpayee. Dr. Prabhakar Machwe effectively translated two speeches into English from Hindi. Among the German speakers were Dr. Enzensberger, the Director of Max Mueller Bhavan, Dr. Koellreutter, the Cultural Attache of the German Embassy, Dr. Citron, and the Hindi-speaking German scholar Dr. Lothar Lutze. It is encouraging to note that Max Mueller Bhavan is bringing out a volume with the proceedings of the seminar, which will throw some light on the complicated problem of language and modern society and will stimulate further discussions on the subject.

डा० नगेन्द्र, स० ही० वात्स्यायन, राजेन्द्र यादव, डा० कैलाश बाजपेयी आदि । डा० प्रभाकर माचवे ने हिन्दी के दो भाषणों का सफल अंग्रेजी रूपान्तर किया । जर्मन वक्ताओं में प्रमुख थे : डा० एन्सन्सबर्गर, मक्स म्युलर भवन के निदेशक डा० क्याँल रॉयटर, जर्मन दूतावास के सांस्कृतिक सहचारी डा० तिसट्रोन, हिन्दीभाषी जर्मन विद्वान डा० लोठार् लुत्से आदि ।

यह खुशी की बात है कि मक्स म्युलर भवन ने परिसंवाद का पूरी कार्यवाही पुस्तक रूप में प्रकाशित करने की योजना बनाई है । आशा करनी चाहिए कि इस पुस्तक के प्रकाशन से आधुनिक समाज और भाषा के जटिल संबंधों की हमारी समझ बढ़ेगी, साथ ही, जो चर्चा राजधानी में हुई, उसके सूत्र अन्य केन्द्रों की ओर भी उन्मुख हो सकेंगे । इस प्रक्रिया को गतिशील करने के उद्देश्य से ही, प्रस्तुत लेख में भाषा और राजनीति से संबद्ध कुछ पहलुओं को उभारने की चेष्टा की गई है । आशा करनी चाहिए कि हमारे लेखक और बुद्धिजीवी इस बहस को आगे बढ़ाने और उलझी हुई बातों को सुलझाने में अपना सहयोग दे सकेंगे ।

भाषा
और
राजनीति
अजितकुमार

भाषा और राजनीति के प्रश्न पर विचार करना प्रकारान्तर से 'भाषा की राजनीति' और 'राजनीति की भाषा' पर विचार करना होगा। मक्स म्युलर भवन द्वारा आयोजित एक परिसंवाद में दो प्रमुख वक्ताओं ने अपनी बात की शुरुआत इसी स्थापना से की थी। ये वक्ता थे—हिन्दी के प्रखर आलोचक डा० नामवरसिंह और जर्मनी के प्रखर कवि डा० हंस माग्नस एन्त्सन्सबर्गर। परिसंवाद इस तथ्य का प्रमाण था कि एक-दूसरे से बहुत दूर देशों में रहने वाले और बिल्कुल भिन्न भाषाएँ बोलने वाले दो लेखकों के विचार किस प्रकार आपस में मिल जाते हैं। डा० सिंह का कथन था कि चीजों को उनका सही नाम दिया जाय। डा० एन्त्सन्सबर्गर का मत भी कुछ-कुछ यही था कि राजनीतिक छल या प्रवंचना से भाषा को मुक्त कर उसमें सुनिश्चितता लाई जाय, उसे 'प्रिसाइस' बनाया जाय। लेकिन दोनों वक्तव्यों के बाद जो बहस शुरू हुई, उसमें यह बात उभरकर सामने आई, कि राजनीतिक प्रवंचना से भाषा को मुक्त करने का आग्रह कहीं भाषा को एक प्रवंचना से छुड़ाकर दूसरी प्रवंचना में डाल देने का आग्रह तो नहीं है? चीजों को सही नाम से पुकारने का अर्थ यदि उन्हें केवल बदले हुये नाम से पुकारना सिद्ध हुआ तो यह संतोष भले किया जा सके कि भाषा के प्रयोग में कुछ विकास हुआ है, पर ऐसा बुनियादी तौर पर 'सही नाम' की दिशा में हुआ है, यह क्योंकर कहा जा सकता है। बहुत संभव है कि आगे चलकर वह नाम, जिसे हमने 'सही' कहा था, पहले वाले नाम की अपेक्षा कहीं ज्यादा 'गलत' साबित हो जाय।

वास्तव में, जैसा कि डा० एन्त्सन्सबर्गर ने कहा, ये सारी बातें युद्ध या शीतयुद्ध से जुड़ी हुई हैं। सीमित घरेलू स्तर से लेकर अत्यन्त व्यापक स्तरों तक भाषा की राजनीति के मूल में हितों के संघर्ष को ही निहित देखा जा सकता है। इसी प्रकार, राजनीति की भाषा शीत युद्ध का ही परिणाम होती है। इसके कितने ही उदाहरण भारत और जर्मनी दोनों जगह मिल जायेंगे। कठिनाई यह है कि ऐसी स्थिति में यदि लेखकों और बुद्धिजीवियों की ओर से 'फावड़े को फावड़ा' कहने—'कॉल ए स्पेड ए स्पेड' का आह्वान किया जाये तो शीत युद्ध में रत तमाम देश तुरन्त उत्तर देंगे—'हम वही तो कर रहे हैं।' चीन को विस्तारवादी कहना, भारत को

प्रतिक्रियावादी कहना, अमरीका को साम्राज्यवादी कहना, रूस को संशोधनवादी कहना—और इस दृष्टि से देखा जाय तो किसी को भी कुछ भी कहना—कहने वाले के लिए तो 'फावड़े को फावड़ा' कहना ही होता है ।

माना कि अनेक बार यह जानबूझ कर बदनाम करना होता हो, पर कभी-कभी ऐसा नाम अपने आंतरिक विश्वास या निष्ठा के कारण भी तो दिया जा सकता है । इन दोनों में अन्तर करने का उपाय क्या है ? क्या ये देश वही हैं जो ये अपने आप को कहते हैं—चीन अपने को क्रांति का वाहक कहता है, भारत अपने को जनतंत्र एवं सत्य का वाहक कहता है, अमरीका अपने को स्वातंत्र्य का वाहक कहता है और रूस समाजवाद का । —तो ये वास्तव में क्या हैं ? इनका सही नाम क्या है—वह जो इनके विरोधी इन्हें देते हैं या वह जो ये खुद अपने आप को देते हैं ? इस समस्या का हल यदि भविष्य पर छोड़ दिया जाय तो इस बात का क्या भरोसा कि भविष्य की राजनीति उस दिशा में ही विकसित होगी, जिसे हम या आप सही राजनीति समझते हैं । और यदि भविष्य की राजनीति उस तथाकथित 'सही' दिशा में अग्रसर हो भी, तो उस समय उसे 'गलत' करार देने वालों की संख्या आज की अपेक्षा कम होगी, यह कौन कह सकता है । हमारी विडम्बना है कि हमारा संसार एक ऐसे दौर से गुजर रहा है जिसमें सत्यान्वेष्टा के नाम पर प्रत्येक व्यक्ति से लेकर प्रत्येक देश तक आत्म-समर्थन में संलग्न है । ऐसी स्थिति में सही नाम या सुनिश्चितता की बात उठाना छिपे हुए ढंग से यही कहना है कि चीजों को वह नाम दो, जो मैंने दिया है । आलोचकों और बुद्धिजीवियों से लेकर बड़े-बड़े देश और शक्तिशाली गुट, सब यही कर रहे हैं । इस प्रसंग में अंधायुग की ये पंक्तियाँ याद आती हैं :—

“टुकड़े-टुकड़े हो टूट चुकी मर्यादा,
दोनों ही पक्षों ने उसको तोड़ा है—
पांडव ने कुछ कम, कौरव ने कुछ ज्यादा ।”

दो विश्व युद्धों और नव स्वतन्त्र देशों के पारस्परिक सम्बन्धों, उनकी आशाओं-आकांक्षाओं आदि से निर्मित हमारे आज के संसार की समस्याएँ दिनोंदिन बढ़ रही हैं, या घट रही हैं यह भी उतना ही विवादास्पद प्रश्न है, जितना कि वह था, जिसकी चर्चा ऊपर की जा चुकी है । इस परिस्थिति का हल क्या है ? पूछे जाने पर, कवि कहता है :—

“हल ढूँढने का काम कवियों ने
ऊँचकर

छोड़ दिया है राजनीतिज्ञ पर
और उसने गणितज्ञ पर ।”

कहना न होगा कि यहाँ इन पंक्तियों के सही अर्थ की खोज में भी उसी राजनीतिक दौड़पेंच या शब्दावली का प्रयोग किया जा सकता है, जिसका उल्लेख हम पहले कर आए हैं । इन पंक्तियों के आधार पर हम कवि को पलायनवादी भी घोषित कर सकते हैं और आक्रोशयुक्त भी । हमें कवि में महज ऊँच या खीज भी दिखाई दे सकती है । इनमें से कौन-सा नाम 'सही' होगा, यह बताना मुश्किल है । इसलिए और भी, कि सही 'नाम' की तलाश बहुत बार हमें सही 'आदमी' की तलाश की तरफ खींच ले जाती है और हम यह जानना चाहने लगते हैं कि जो आदमी कोई बात कह रहा है, वह 'सही आदमी' है या नहीं । ऐसी स्थिति में बात या नाम के सही होने से हटकर हमारा ध्यान उस बात को कहने वाले या उस नाम को देने वाले की ओर चला जाता है और यह वहस फिर शीत युद्ध के घेरे में फँसकर रह जाती है ।

DEALING with the question of language and politics one must take into account the politics of language and the language of politics. At a seminar held under the auspices of Max Mueller Bhavan the two main speakers, and Dr. Namwar Singh and Dr. Hans M. Enzensberger, agreed that language should be freed from the shackles of political bondage. But does this not lead to jumping from the frying pan into the fire? How can we be certain that calling things correctly is not just giving them another name, which, in turn, may prove wrong, too?

In reality, as Dr. Enzensberger pointed out, all this is related to 'war' or 'cold war'. Unfortunately in such a situation, for writers and learned men to call a spade a spade would evoke an immediate retort from all the nations involved in this 'cold war'. China is 'expansionist', India 'reactionary', America 'imperialist' and Russia 'revisionist'. How is one to differentiate between the names they give themselves—China—the harbinger of revolution, India—of truth and democracy, America of freedom and Russia of socialism, and the ones they are given by the others?

Our problem is that the world is going through an era where in the name of truth everyone, from the individual to the nation, is busy with self-interest.

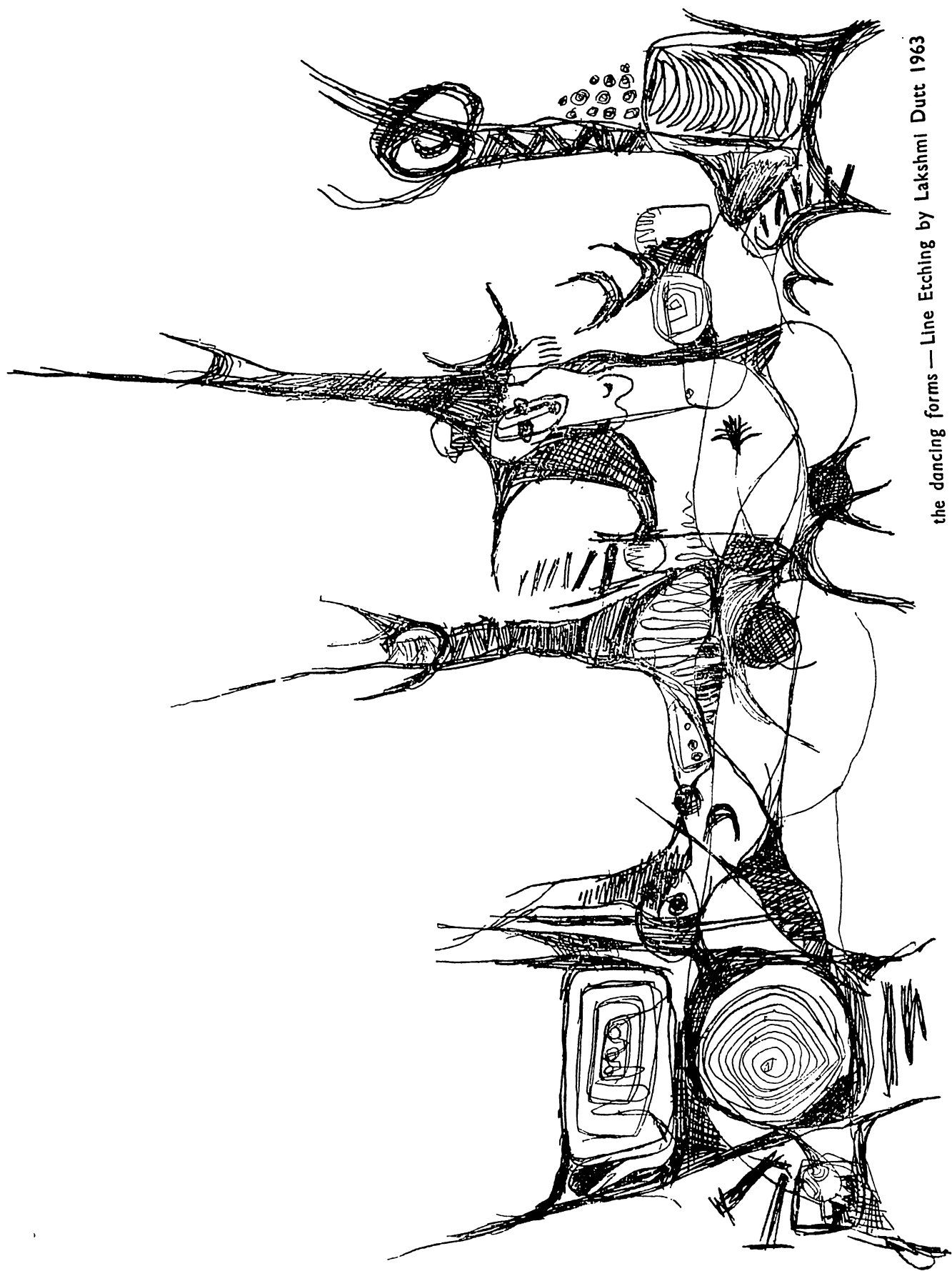
The search for truth, correctness, in language, leads us to the search for truth in mankind—for the right man to say the right word, and we are drawn back once again into the vicious web of the 'cold war'. In order to understand the relation between language and politics one must not only know the words and the people who give these names but also the nature of the relations between the makers. Dr. Enzensberger gave as example the "Radio Free Europe" of West Germany and the "Free Voice of the Free World" of Berlin. What then is the truth? It is especially difficult for the man of learning, who wants to fathom the depths of things by steering clear of political intrigue. The politician moulds himself to the circumstances, but the man of learning is left feeling that everything is wrong. The people who succeed are the men who are both politicians as well as men of learning, who find the right name for things and proclaim it to the world at the right time. But is their word not another camouflage or deception?

भाषा और राजनीति के सम्बन्ध का व्यापक संदर्भ हम तभी समझ सकते हैं, जब हम वस्तुओं, वस्तुओं को दिये गये नामों, और नाम देने वाले लोगों को ही नहीं, इन सबके बीच स्थित पारस्परिक सम्बन्धों को भी किसी कदर समझने की कोशिश करें। दुर्भाग्यवश विश्व की वर्तमान परिस्थितियों में, हमारी इस समझ को अनिवार्यतः सीमित और विकृत होना ही पड़ता है। डा० एन्सबर्गर ने जर्मनी की वर्तमान राजनीतिक स्थिति से जुड़ी हुई भाषा के कुछ उदाहरण देते हुये बतलाया कि जर्मनी के दोनों भागों में शीत युद्ध चलते रहने के कारण किस प्रकार ऊपर से निर्दोष और सीधे-साधे दिखनेवाले शब्दों और मुहावरों के द्वारा छिपे हुये अर्थ व्यंजित और प्रचारित किये जाते हैं। पश्चिमी जर्मनी के एक रेडियो स्टेशन का नाम है : 'रेडियो फ्री यूरोप' जब कि बर्लिन के एक रेडियो स्टेशन ने 'फ्री' शब्द का दो बार इस्तेमाल कर अपना नाम रखा है—'फ्री वॉयस ऑफ़ द फ्री वर्ल्ड'। पर यह परिस्थिति अकेले जर्मनी की ही नहीं है। आधुनिक सभ्यता के केन्द्र यूरोप और अमरीका में ही नहीं, पिछड़े हुये एशिया और अफ्रीका में भी इस तरह की असंख्य उदाहरण देखे जा सकते हैं। स्वयं हमारे देश में, पाकिस्तान और चीन के साथ विशेष रूप से विगड़े हुये सम्बन्धों के कारण, यह तय कर पाना मुश्किल है कि 'रेडियो आज़ाद कश्मीर' क्या सचमुच 'आज़ाद' है या दलाईलामा क्या सचमुच तिब्बत के संघर्ष और स्वातन्त्र्य के प्रतिनिधि हैं? बुद्धिजीवियों के लिए यह समस्या विशेष रूप से परेशानी की होती है, क्योंकि वे, दाँवपेंच वाली राजनीति से परे हटकर, चीजों की तह तक पहुँचना चाहते हैं। दिक्कत यह है कि तह को वे कभी पाते नहीं, एक परत के बाद सिर्फ़ दूसरी परत ही उनके हाथ लगती है। ऐसे मामलों में राजनीतिज्ञ इन बुद्धिजीवियों की अपेक्षा कहीं ज्यादा सुलझे हुये दिखते हैं। अपनी राजनीति को समझते हुये, वे उसके अनुसार विषयों तथा समस्याओं के बारे में अपना दृष्टिकोण बना लेते हैं और प्रत्यक्ष या अप्रत्यक्ष रूप से उसको पुष्ट करते रहते हैं। ज़रूरत पड़ने पर कलाबाजी खाकर अपना दृष्टिकोण बिल्कुल उलट देने में भी राजनीतिज्ञों को कोई हिचक नहीं होती। बुद्धिजीवी के साथ कठिनाई यह है कि वर्तमान के अनेक दृष्टिकोणों को अपूर्ण और अपर्याप्त समझते हुये भी वह किसी पूर्ण या पर्याप्त सत्य की खोज नहीं कर पाता। उसके लिये तो यह भी और वह भी—सभी कुछ गलत है। अतः विशुद्ध राजनीतिज्ञ और विशुद्ध बुद्धिजीवी के द्वारा उत्पन्न किये गये शून्य को भरने का प्रयास करते हैं वे लोग, जो न केवल राजनीतिज्ञ हैं, न केवल बुद्धिजीवी बल्कि जो इन दोनों का अद्भुत मिश्रण होते हैं। पूर्वोक्त परिसंवाद में भाग लेने वाले दोनों प्रमुख वक्ताओं को न्यूनाधिक इसी काटि में रखा जा सकता है। कुछ गलत नामों और उलझी हुई बातों की ओर संकेत करने के बाद वे 'सही नामों' और 'सुनिश्चितता' का आग्रह करके अपनी बात समाप्त कर देते हैं। यह तो हुआ उनका बुद्धिजीवी-पक्ष। पर अपनी राजनीति का वे केवल हल्का-सा आभास मात्र ऐसे अवसरों पर देते हैं और कदाचित् उचित अवसर की तलाश में रहते हैं, जब वे अपने राजनीतिक स्वरूप को पूरी तरह उद्घाटित करते हुये कह सकेंगे—'यह है सही नाम, यह है सुनिश्चित नाम।' हमें उनके ऐसा कहने पर कोई आपत्ति न होगी। आपत्ति है तो केवल यह कि वे अपने विचारों की अनिवार्य परिणति के रूप में अभी, इसी समय ऐसा क्यों नहीं कहते। उनकी बातों से बुनियादी तौर पर हम सहमत हों, तो भी उनकी यह प्रवृत्ति हमें शंका में डाल देती है। हम सोचने लगते हैं कि ज़रूर इसमें कोई पेंच होगा, तभी तो अपनी बात के अनिवार्य निष्कर्ष को वे हम लोगों से छिपा ले गये। तो क्या उनकी बात भी उसी तरह का एक और अलावा या 'कैमुफ़लाज' या 'डिसेप्शन' नहीं है, जिसके खतरों की ओर एन्सबर्गर ने इशारा किया था और जिसका शिकार मनुष्य को पहले की अपेक्षा अब कहीं अधिक बनाया जाने लगा है। इसके लिये कभी भाषा के साधन का इस्तेमाल किया जाता है, कभी राजनीति का और कभी किन्हीं और-

और साधनों का । हमारा निवेदन केवल इतना है कि जो लोग प्रपंच या छलावे को मिटाकर सही बात पर आग्रह करते हैं, कम-से-कम वे उस छलावे और प्रपंच का शिकार हमको न बनायें, न खुद बनें ।

We hope, like Dr. Enzensberger, that a time will come when there will be no cold war. But, perhaps, by then, mankind will be deeply affected by scientific and technical progress. Language even today, in certain progressive nations has become more of a feelingless instrument. In reality, for poetry and literature, science has a more dangerous influence on language than politics. But since the ravages of cold war have not been able to erase our language—have only made it more hot—the machine age will not be able to crush it under its wheels either.

एन्सन्सबर्गर की भाँति यह आशा करना हमारे लिए उचित ही होगा कि शीत युद्ध संसार में कभी-न-कभी समाप्त होकर ही रहेगा । पर उस समय तक विज्ञान और तंत्र इतने अधिक विकसित हो चुके होंगे कि मनुष्य की समस्त अनुभूतियों और अभिव्यक्तियों पर उनका गहरा प्रभाव पड़ चुका होगा । विकसित देशों में तो इस समय भी उद्योग-धन्धों, तंत्र और विज्ञान ने भाषा को एक सीमा तक यांत्रिक और भाव-शून्य बनाने में सफलता पा ली है । तथाकथित विकसित भाषाओं में पाई जाने वाली चुस्ती और चालाकी इस तथ्य का एक प्रमाण है । वास्तव में, कविता और साहित्य के लिए—भाषा की सूक्ष्म और संवेदनपूर्ण अभिव्यक्तियों के लिए—राजनीति की भाषा जितना बड़ा खतरा हो सकता है, उससे कहीं अधिक खतरनाक होगी—विज्ञान की भाषा । लेकिन शीत युद्ध की अन्तर्धारा ने यदि हमारी भाषा तथा साहित्य को अनेक स्तरों पर उष्ण और समृद्ध बनाया है तो मशीनयुग के घूमते हुये चक्के भी उन्हें अपने नीचे पूरी तरह कुचल न सकेंगे, ऐसी आशा करना कदाचित् बहुत अनुचित न होगा ।



the dancing forms — Line Etching by Lakshmi Dutt 1963

vier gedichte

H. M. Enzensberger

verteidigung der woelfe gegen die laemmer

soll der geier vergißmeinnicht fressen ?
was verlangt ihr vom schakal,
daß er sich häute, vom wolf ? soll
er sich selber ziehen die zähne ?
was gefällt euch nicht
an politruks und an päpsten,
was guckt ihr blöd aus der wäsche
auf den verlogenen bildschirm ?

wer näht denn dem general
den blutstreif an seine hose ? wer
zerlegt vor dem wucherer den kapaun ?
wer hängt sich stolz das blechkreuz
vor den knurrenden nabel ? wer
nimmt das trinkgeld, den silberling,
den schweigepfennig ? es gibt
viel bestohlene, wenig diebe; wer
applaudiert ihnen denn, wer
steckt die abzeichen an, wer
lechzt nach der lüge ?

seht in den spiegel : feig,
scheuend die mühsal der wahrheit,
dem lernen abgeneigt, das denken
überantwortend den wölfen,
der nasenring euer teuerster schmuck,
keine täuschung zu dumm, kein trost
zu billig, jede erpressung
ist für euch noch zu milde.

ihr lämmer, schwestern sind,
mit euch verglichen, die krähen:
ihr blendet einer den andern.
brüderlichkeit herrscht
unter den wölfen:
sie gehn in rudeln.

gelobt sein die räuber : ihr,
einladend zur vergewaltigung,
werft euch aufs faule bett
des gehorsams. winselnd noch
lügt ihr. zerrissen
wollt ihr werden. ihr
ändert die welt nicht.

four poems

H. M. Enzensberger

should the vultures eat forget-me-nots?
what do you want the jackal to do,
cut loose from his skin, or the wolf? should
he pull his own teeth out of his head?
what upsets you so much
about commissars and popes?
why do you gape at the fraudulent TV screen,
as if someone just slipped you the shaft?

and tell me who sews the ribbons
all over the general's chest? who
carves the capon up for the usurer?
who proudly dangles an iron cross
from his rumbling navel? who
rakes in the tip, the thirty pieces
of silver, the hush money? listen: there
are plenty of victims, very few thieves; who's
the first to applaud them, who
pins on the merit badge, who's
crazy for lies?

look in the mirror: squirming,
scared blind by the burden of truthfulness,
skipping the trouble of learning, abandoning
thought to the wolves,
a nose ring your favorite trinket,
no deception too stupid, no comfort
too cheap, every new blackmail
still seems too mild to you.

you lambs, why crows would be
nuns stacked up against you:
all of you hoodwink each other.
fraternity's the rule
among the wolves:
they travel in packs.

blessed are the thieves: you
ask them up for a rape, then
throw yourself down on the mouldy bed
of submission. moaning
you stick to your lies. you'd love
to be torn limb from limb. you
won't change the world.

the wolves defended against the lambs

letztwillige verfuegung

tut mir doch die fahne aus dem gesicht, sie kitzelt:
begrabt darin meine katze, begrabt sie dort,
wo mein chromatischer garten war.

nehmt den blechkranz von meiner brust, er scheppert so:
werft ihn zu den statuen auf den schutt
und schenkt die schleifen den huren, damit sie sich
schmücken.

sprecht die gebete ins telefon, aber schneidet den draht ab:
oder wickelt sie in ein taschentuch voller semmelbrösel
für die blöden fische im tümpel.

soll der bischof zu haus bleiben und sich betrinken:
gebt ihm ein fäßchen rum,
er wird durst haben von der predigt.

und laßt mich mit denksteinen und zylindern zufrieden:
pflastert mit dem schönen basalt eine gasse, die niemand
bewohnt,
eine gasse für vögel.

In meinem koffer ist viel bekritztes papier für meinen
winzigen vetter:
der soll luftschiffe falten daraus, schön von der brücke
segelnde,
die im fluß ersaufen.

was übrig bleibt: eine unterhose ein feuerzeug ein
schöner opal
und ein wecker, das müßt ihr kallisthenes schenken, dem
lumpenhändler,
und dazu ein gehöriges trinkgeld.

um die auferstehung des fleisches inzwischen und das ewige
leben

werde ich mich, wenn es euch recht ist, selber bekümmern:
es ist meine sache, nicht wahr? lebt wohl.

im nachttisch sind noch ein paar zigaretten.

get your flag out of my face, it tickles!
bury my cat inside, bury her over there,
where my chromatic garden used to be !

and get that tinny wreath off my chest, it's rattling too much ;
toss it over to the statues on the garbage heap,
and give the ribbon to some biddies to doll themselves up.

say your prayers over the telephone, but first cut the wires,
or wrap them up in a handkerchief full of bread-crumbs
for the stupid fish in the puddles.

let the bishop stay at home and get plastered!
give him a barrel of rum,
he's going to be dry from the sermon.

last will and testament

and get off my back with your tombstones and stovepipe hats!
use the fancy marble to pave an alley where nobody lives,
an alley for pigeons.

my suitcase is full of scribbled pieces of paper for my little
cousin,
who can fold them into airplanes, fancy ones for sailing off the
bridge
so they drown in the river.

anything that's left (a pair of drawers a lighter a fancy birthstone
and an alarm clock) i want you to give to callisthenes the junk man
and toss in a fat tip.

as for the resurrection of the flesh however and life everlasting
i will, if it's all the same to you, take care of that on my own;
it's my affair, after all. live and be well!

there's a couple of butts left on the dresser.

auf das grab eines friedlichen mannes

dieser da war kein menschenfreund,
mied versammlungen, kaufhäuser, arenen.
seinesgleichen fleisch aß er nicht.

auf den straßen ging die gewalt
lächelnd, nicht nackt.
aber es waren schreie am himmel.

die gesichter der leute waren nicht deutlich.
sie schienen zertrümmert,
noch ehe der schlag gefallen war.

eines, um das er zeitlebens gekämpft hat.
mit wörtern und zähnen, Ingrimmig,
hinterlistig, auf eigene faust:

das ding, das er seine ruhe nannte
da er es hat, nun ist kein mund mehr
an seinem gebein, es zu schmecken.

TWELVE

for the grave of a peace-loving man

this one was no philanthropist,
avoided meetings, stadiums, the large stores,
did not eat the flesh of his own kind.

violence walked the streets,
smiling, not naked.
but there were screams in the sky.

people's faces were not very clear.
they seemed to be battered
even before the blow had struck home.

one thing for which he fought all his life,
with words, tooth and claw, grimly,
cunningly, off his own bat—

the thing which he called his peace,
now that he's got it, there is no longer a mouth
over his bones, to taste it with.

karl heinrich marx

riesiger großvater
jahvebärtig
auf braunen daguerreotypen
ich seh dein gesicht
In der schlohweißen aura
selbstherrlich streitbar
und die papiere im vertiko:
metzgersrechnungen
Inauguraladressen
steckbriefe

deinen massigen leib
seh ich im fahndungsbuch
riesiger hochverräter
displaced person
In bratenrock und plastron
schwindsüchtig schlaflos
die galle verbrannt
von schweren zigarren
salzgurken laudanum
und likör

ich seh dein haus
in der rue d'alliance
dean street grafton terrace
riesiger bourgeois
haustyrann
in zerschlissnen pantoffeln:

ruß und »ökonomische scheiße«
pfandleihen »wie gewöhnlich«
kindersärge
hintertreppengeschichten

keine mitrailleuse
in deiner prophetenhand:
ich seh sie ruhig
im british museum
unter der grünen lampe
mit fürchterlicher geduld
dein eigenes haus zerbrechen
riesiger gründer
andern häusern zuliebe
in denen du nimmer erwacht bist

riesiger zaddik
ich seh dich verraten
von deinen anhängern:
nur deine feinde
sind dir geblieben:
ich seh dein gesicht
auf dem letzten bild
vom april zweiundachtzig:
eine eiserne maske:
die eiserne maske der freiheit

karl heinrich marx

gigantic grandfather
jehovah-bearded
on brown daguerrotypes
i see your face
in the snow-white aura
despotic quarrelsome
and your papers in the linen press:
butcher's bills
inaugural addresses
warrants for your arrest

your massive body
i see in the 'wanted' book
gigantic traitor
displaced person
in tail coat and plastron
consumptive sleepless
your gall-bladder scorched
by heavy cigars
salted gherkins laudanum
and liqueur

i see your house
in the rue d'alliance
dean street grafton terrace
gigantic bourgeois
domestic tyrant
in worn-out slippers:
soot and "economic shit"
usury "as usual"
children's coffins
rumours of sordid affairs

no machine-gun
in your prophet's hand:
i see it calmly
in the british museum
under the green lamp
break up your own house
with a terrible patience
gigantic founder
for the sake of other houses
in which you never woke up

gigantic zaddik
i see you betrayed
by your disciples:
only your enemies
remained what they were:
i see your face
on the last picture
of april eighty-two:
an iron mask:
the iron mask of freedom

on translating
poetry

Shrikant Varma

The act of translating a poem is the act of recreating a poem. The verse-translation of a poem is not translation in the strict sense of the word. In such a translation the poet-translator repeats the experience of the poet as well as his own. This does not mean the translator reconstructs his world. In the process of translation the world of the poet dissolves in the world of translator. The translator creates a new world which has the essence and perfume of both the worlds. He is condemned to do so as he has to relate the experience of the poet in a language which has different associations for the same experience and meaning. For example the word 'spring' in a poem by Pasternak may easily be translated as '*vasant*' in Hindi. But the moment the translator uses '*vasant*', the world of Pasternak may dissolve in an Indian world and a new world is created which belongs neither to the poet nor to the translator. The word 'fog' in any poem by T.S. Eliot can be translated as '*kuhra*' in Hindi. But '*kuhra*' will arouse a somewhat different expectation in the mind of a Hindi reader. Can one feel the warmth of a Russian Spring in any other language except Russian? Can one illuminate the world behind the fog in a London street through Bengali, Persian or Chinese?

The world of translation is deceptive. The greater the deception, the better the translation. A good translation can only create

an illusion of the original. In such a translation there is no loss of poetry. The poetry which is lost in translation is replaced by the poetry created by the translator. In this metamorphosis the poem emerges as a much more colourful poem.

While in a standard translation the two cultures dissolve, in a bad translation the two worlds crumble. A bad translation is a disaster. It doesn't recreate. It destroys. A bad translator is a bad poet as well as a bad critic. His understanding of poetry is academic. His responses are fixed and his ears are trained. He attempts at discovering the meaning of a poem. And then according to his understanding of poetry he defines the meaning of the poem through his own idiom. In this way he reduces a Pushkin to a dwarf, a Mayakovsky to a monster and a Shakespeare to a shopkeeper. It is interesting to note that a number of *post-chhayavadi* Hindi poets, still at work, have simplified the process of translation to the extent that it has become a mere intellectual exercise.

One has to understand that there is nothing like 'Art of translation' as there is nothing like 'Art of poetry'. In a world, where every word has lost its meaning, 'art' is a dirty word. The so called 'Art' of any art is nothing but commercial art. Translation is not a device. Nor is it a lesson to be prescribed for the ambitious but untalented and uncreative. It is a fallacy to believe that the problem is, how to translate? The problem is who is the translator? Is he the blessed hack who is liberated from all creative sufferings or is he the condemned poet who suffers while he creates?

The worst translations are by professionals. A professional doesn't choose as he has nothing to choose. To him all poems convey the same urge. The problem of choice is with a poet only who while choosing a poem for translation identifies himself with the poem. It is impossible to identify oneself with the whole range of a poet's sensibility. Every poet has a unique world of experience. Only an imitator can boast that he has lived the whole range of a poet's experience who lived the unique moments of his life alone and aloof. It is just accidental that a translator finds the echo of his own experience in a certain poem by a certain poet, who is a stranger to his own world of living. The bilingual edition of Baudelaire's poems edited by Marthiel & Jackson Mathews* includes translations by 30 different translators. The editors could have easily chosen translations by a single translator. But they preferred to include different attempts by different poets. In their preface they remark "No one can translate all of the poems of a great poet. A translator's range, even if he is better poet than the one he is translating, will not coincide with the range of his model; their sensibilities will vibrate together only within limits."

The choice of a poem is the choice of one's own sensibility. A translator works upon his own sensibility. He gives a name to an

*Flowers of Evil : Routledge & Kegan Paul, London.

experience to which the poet has already given a name. It is futile to put translation face to face with the original text. Translation is not the best way to read the text. No translation can do justice to the original.

Each translation is a new edition of a poem. Every time a poem is translated it undergoes certain chemical changes. These changes do not necessarily make a translation insincere. Only that translation is insincere which consciously or unconsciously makes qualitative changes in a poem. A recent American anthology of Hindi poetry* edited by an Indian scholar and translated by six American poets carries a number of poems which were extremely dull in original. But the translators have made them amazingly alive. Should we thank the translators or should we take them to task? The failure of these six well meaning Americans is the failure of all those people who try to reconstruct their own world around an object which fascinates them. They have not known the other world. But the attraction of the unknown world is so intense that as soon as they get a glimpse of it, they relate it to their own condition. In an attempt to possess the world behind a poem they destroy the poem.

It is interesting to note that most of the poets in this anthology appear to be pseudo-western poets who have half-baked sensibility. The translators were deceived by their Indian counterparts as in their poems they heard the echoes of what they were longing for. As soon as the translators heard these echoes, which to them was almost a call from a mysterious land, they started relating these poems to their own local conditions and created new poems full of fancies which never belonged to the poets. They discovered a meaning in these poems which suited them.

No one can translate a sensibility. One can only discover a sensibility. But the discovery must be real. It is foul to impose one's own fancies on a poem which was created under certain different impulses. With almost hostile cultures it will become more and more difficult to suit a foreign poet in one's own language. It was easier for T.S. Eliot to translate St. John Perse in English. St. John Perse had to cross the English channel only. Though in itself an impossible task, it was worthwhile for Pasternak to render Shakespeare into Russian. The bard had to manage only a visa for himself. But it is almost impossible to revive the spirit of Homer in a language which never had the Greek past. Through an Indian language one can know Homer but one cannot have a Homer. A great poet belongs to his own language. To measure his greatness one has to read him in original. He cannot be repeated in any other language. While conceding that one has to create a new poem out of the original one, a translator must remember that by making any qualitative change in the poem or adding local colours to it, he is destroying a poem.

While recreating a poem one has to work within the range of a poet's sensibility. Otherwise all good poets are bound to be destroyed by all bad translators.

*Modern Hindi Poetry edited by Vidya Nivas Mishra; Indiana University Press, Bloomington.

problems of
translation

Gopal Sharma

I am introducing a prosaic subject this evening. When the purpose of translation is aesthetic, which is achieved by extremely complex means one can dismiss the subject by saying:

The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in speech—and $\frac{3}{4}$ in translation.

But the moments I am talking about do not flower, they grow like a crop and no reluctant quivering fingers pluck them, but are reaped manually or mechanically. The non-literary subjects like Physics, Chemistry, Psychology, Law, look at things and events in a different way. For example the people of this field would ask :

Does the man go round the squirrel ? He goes round the tree, sure enough and the squirrel is on the tree. But does he go round the squirrel? This is a very very fundamental metaphysical enquiry. In the transition from an enquiry to a conclusion there is a long complicated chain of observations which reduced to description would be distaste-

fully unaesthetic and disparingly unintelligible. A technologist once described the working of a machine to a villager:-

'It works by means of a pedal attachment to a fulcrum lever which converts a vertical reciprocal motion into a circular movement. The principle part of it is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc and the work is done on the periphery where the hardest steel by mere impact may be reduced to any shape.'

The villager looked at him in gaping wonderment.

The object of description was a grind stone. The language he employed was, of course English. The ludicrous abstruse enquiry and a monstrous manner of description adequately warn us, that when we talk about the translation of the non-literary subjects we are in for trouble.

When we are confronted with two languages with God forsaken subjects like the one mentioned above we are between the two stones of the Grind-mill. One of our saint poets has said—

दो पाटों के बीच में सावत बचा न कोय ।

Between the grinding action of two languages the meaning and knowledge are in jeopardy. The other day here, we have discussed how meaning and the word lose their intimate connection—a non-duality—in politics. This is taken for granted in a pragmatic manner. In literature it has been even a source of aesthetic pleasure. But in science such a meaning will mean the very negation of knowledge. The whole tool of expression is 'sense-realistic.' The words called the technical terms are stuffed heavily with concepts of the reals known through observations, i.e. senses.

Now English, through a long tradition of European sense-realism developed a jargon for science while other languages like Hindi which have predominantly been employed for aesthetic purposes, have yet to formulate it and crystalise it. Hence, every Hindi translator of technical text is a pioneer in expression.

Scientific treatment of a phenomenon culminates in a definition, which in itself is wrapped up in a symbol or a group of symbols called technical terms or technical expressions. Several connected definitions or technical terms form another definition and another technical term. Thus the whole scientific language is a system of compressed sentences. When the scientist finds that terms are inadequate he uses symbols. In his desire for precision he avoids all dilatory procedures and resorts to escapist facile word formation devices like prefixes suffixes, compounds portmanteau expressions and the like. His love for mechanical devices is natural. Therefore, the early originators of technical terms have reclined on classical languages very extensively because their mechanical possibilities were immense. Right from Galilio to Albert Einstein the scientists have bothered little about

improving or simplyfying or giving aesthetic touches to scientific technical terms.

All the world over, they are so passionately in love with their complicated celebration to the utter neglect of its verbal counterpart that they would stake their life for a set of lexical units which have been handed down to them by their ancestors, howsoever inadequate they might now actually be from the semantic considerations. Their termogenetics is strangely conservative and their lingogens have developed an organic hypertrophy in the otherwise normally growing languages.

With the rapid growth of scientific knowledge languages coming into picture at a later stage had no choice but to translate. Here begins the trouble of Hindi. Therefore, the problems of translation in non-literary fields in Hindi relate to terminology and appropriate diction. Hindi language, as I have already pointed out, has little tradition of sense-realism and any person translating a scientific text should be treated as a pioneer. A great deal of pioneering was done in the later half of the 19th century and the initial decades of the twentieth century both for developing terminology as well as technical style of writing. The writers of this period had found a way of their own to maintain a fair balance of simple and scholastic diction at least in the fields of social sciences. Since they were the initiators in this field they proceeded with a greater responsibility and foresight. Pandit Mahavir Prasad Divedi, whose contribution to standardization of Hindi is most valuable, himself set an example.

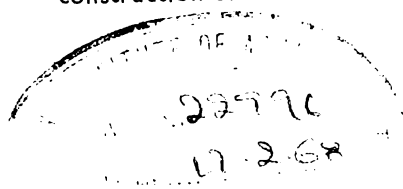
‘इस प्रतिपादन से यह सिद्ध हुआ कि कीमत और मालियत या कदर में फर्क है। जहाँ दो चीजों का आपस में मुकाबला होता है वहाँ ‘मालियत’ या ‘कदर’ का अर्थ गभित रहता है। पर जहाँ किसी चीज के बदले में रुपये पैसे से मतलब होता है वहाँ ‘कीमत’ का अर्थ सूचित होता है यह इतना भ्रष्ट हमें अंग्रेजी शब्द value और price का भेद समझाने के लिए करना पड़ा। सम्पत्ति-शास्त्र हिन्दी में बिल्कुल ही नई चीज है। यह अंग्रेजी भाषा की बदौलत हमें प्राप्त हुआ है और अंग्रेजी में पूर्वोक्त दोनों शब्दों के अर्थ में भेद है value का अर्थ मालियत है और price का कीमत। इसी से कीमत और मालियत का तारतम्य बदला देना हमने मुनासिब समझा।
,.....(पृष्ठ 69)

,कागजी रुपये अर्थात् करंसी नोटों की निज में कुछ भी कीमत नहीं।...(पृष्ठ 104)

सम्पत्ति शास्त्र

(First decade of 20th cent.)

But later on this genial and liberal approach to expression in technical fields was discarded. Wrong notions and orthodox procedures about evolution of terminology aggravated the situation. Perhaps the commonly accepted and fairly intelligible use of Social and Philosophic terms of Sanskrit origin coupled with escapist practice of running to classical languages for rescue among European Scientists, inspired the Indian linguists to adopt sanskritization as an article of faith in the construction of all technical words. The persistence of incubation by



the mother language developed certain inhibitions in the daughter. Sanskrit is now thwarting Hindi's separate identity.

Extremist puritanical efforts have deliberately weaned out the words of common usage and universally accepted words of Science called the International Terminology. An illustration of a translation done with puristic bent of mind would make it abundantly clear as to how comparatively simple meaning gets unnecessarily involved.

वह निपीड (pressure) जिसके कारण इस अर्धतिवेध्य कला में से होकर पानी संकेन्द्रित विलयन में चला गया, आसूतीय निपीड कहलाता है और यह क्रिया आसूति (osmosis) कहलाती है। इस प्रकार आसूति का सिद्धान्त यह है कि यदि दो विलयनों के संकेन्द्रण में अन्तर है और उन दोनों के बीच कोई अर्धतिवेध्य कला (semi-permeable membrane) है तो कला के द्वारा प्रसूति (diffusion) इस प्रकार होगी कि जब तक दोनों ओर समतोल (equilibrium) स्थापित नहीं हो जाता तब तक संकेन्द्रित विलयन मन्द होता जायेगा।

Given a terminology with a different and more realistic philosophy this piece would have read—

वह दाब जिसके कारण पानी इस अर्धपारगम्य झिल्ली से होकर गाढ़े घोल में चला जाय 'रसाकर्षण दाब' (osmotic pressure) कहलाता और यह घटना 'रसाकर्षण' (osmosis) कहलाती है। यदि दो घोल जिनके गाढ़ापन में अन्तर हो किसी अर्ध पारगम्य झिल्ली द्वारा अलग हों तो हलके घोल से पानी झिल्ली में होकर गाढ़े घोल में जायगा जब तक कि दोनों घोलों का गाढ़ापन बराबर न हो जाय। यही रसाकर्षण का सिद्धान्त है।

These abstractional lexical adventures have developed different styles of words. I have described the puristic. There is another which has created words of radical nature, though not substantial in coverage of different fields of knowledge. This school is identified by the choice of base and word formation techniques. Hindi has for long been juxtaposed to an allied language Urdu, which has made no mean contribution to developing facility of expression and determining its diction in *Belles Lettres*. The radical school inspired by a genuine desire for simplicity prepared a glossary with common elements of Hindi and Urdu and their inherent word formation possibilities with their latent grammatical resources e.g. terms of this class could be घुसपैठिया, अपीलिय, नातरफ़दारी, पूंजीदार, ढलवाँ लोहा, समाजी-मामले इत्यादि।

But a large number of Hindi scholars did not favour this effort. They entertain a peculiar snobbery in the field of expression and decry such words as slang. However, we as translators, before we could make a comparative evaluation of such technical synonyms of different castes, were confronted with a confounding plurality of translations of technical terms. Books written with different sets of terminologies made the confusion worse confounded. At a late stage however Government of India came to our rescue.

The two Commissions, one for Legal and another for Scientific & Technical Terminology have solved the problem by issuing authorita-

tive glossaries. It is agreed that in the transitional stages of development of a language nothing is final but for purposes of translation, book-writing and education, the glossaries published by Government of India have to be treated as provisionally final.

Scientists who met under the auspices of Ministry of Education have considerably toned down the Sanskrit content. They have also included the internationally accepted names, and have disfavoured replacement of current words like motor, rail, etc. by new coinages. Excessive dependence of Science on technical terms howsoever moderated in texture, is still posing problems of syntax and clear narration.

But contrary to this one more fact calls for our attention. In the fields of journalism and science, translation requires to be done with expedition. It almost amounts to a speedy transmission of an idea from one language to another, irrespective of their differing structure patterns and genius. Midnight translations of news items, political despatches and instantaneous translations in U.N.O. and Sansad require almost a mechanical conversion of a reflex action type. Translator in these circumstances must be able to master two sets of corresponding linguistic devices for a comprehensive body of ideas and patterns of expression, so that cerebration is reduced to the minimum resulting in a speedy translation. It would be something like maintaining a conversion table of words, phrases and expressions in the memory.

Thus for all practical purposes, in a large measure, translation has to be developed as a craft. Dr. Johnson once defined translation thus—“To translate is to change into another language retaining the sense.” This supports the idea of craft. A craft is a perfected skill in execution. It is a composite ability consisting of many harmonised movements. This applied to translation would mean analytical study of syntax, expressional patterns including vocabulary, phrases, idioms etc. of the two languages in order to establish correspondence between them. The translators in Hindi badly require such ready references for their day to day use, almost in all subjects.

Speed is the enemy of spontaneity. It is admitted that conversion tables proposed above would make the translator mechanical. But it is in preparing these conversion tables that one has to plant the saplings of simple diction. Great foresight and care is required for preparing these glossaries. A.I.R. has compiled one for translating current affairs. It is meant for departmental news and features and has not been published.

Hindi authors and translators of Science subjects lack confidence in their own understanding. Their entire scientific thinking is based on verbal images of English language. This habit coupled with inadequate attainment of Hindi compels them to stick closely to the English pattern of expression.

Fortunately growth of General Science and popular Science literature

is exercising a salutary effect on Science diction, which seems to be progressively relaxing its horrid definitive terseness. This will give breath to the translator to evaluate the terms and employ alternative devices to make his narrative congenial, palatable and easily intelligible.

I would now refer to the problems of translation of a different field. 'The language of the law vies in antiquity with that of religion,' and so does the manner of translating the legal codes. Word for word and linear translation prescribed in case of the Bible in the early days is insisted upon even today. Laws of the British days and for that matter of the post-independence period in India, employ a host of Latin and other foreign expressions. Once, in England, a county member complained against this tendency. Another member replied with a straight face that he would examine the matter *de novo* that it was *sine qua non* that reports should be intelligible, but that every Latin expression was not *ipso facto* un-intelligible'———The Complaining member then replied "Will you *inter alla* form an *ad hoc* committee or would this be *ultra vires*?"

This tradition of English legal diction has encouraged the Hindi draftsmen to perpetrate phrases and expressions from a language of parallel antiquity एतद्वारा, विधिना समर्थ, एतस्मिन् पश्चात् उपबंधित, एतदुपावद्ध, etc.

The translators of legal and procedural codes feel that a jumble of clauses and subclauses, complex and compound sentences, is not the inevitable destiny of laws in modern Indian languages. Some sensible legal expert should disentangle himself and think anew as to how we can best bring out the provisions of law in a simple straight-forward manner. Perhaps law has nothing to do with epithets such as 'simple' and 'straight forward.' I see no reason why—'whereas it is expedient' need be translated as अतः यह समीचीन है कि and not as चूँकि यह ठीक or उचित है किor It is hereby enacted यह एतद्वारा अधिनियमित किया जाता है and not इसके ज़रिए यह अधिनियम बनाया जाता है etc.

Likewise why must we say उठाए, उठवाए, उठाने में कारण हो, उठवाने में कारण हो ? Why must we accept the hair splits of a human action as they are embodied in synonyms and cognates of English Language? Why 'thirty six calendar months' be 'पंचांग के छत्तीस महीने (and not तीन वर्ष) and "not less than" be से अन्यून ? it all appears to me painfully fatalistic.

There are several other problems of the translation which cannot be discussed extensively in such a short span of time. But I feel that those engaged in this activity have a responsibility of developing new usages and vocabulary, academic and popular styles during the critical period of development of Hindi and it would be better if they are made to think on the technique of their work, through seminars, group discussions, etc. Delhi University is running a regular certificate course for training prospective translators but very few are taking advantage of it.

language and identity

S. H. Vatsyayan

The Japanese have no word for 'Man'. The word they use is made up of two elements meaning 'human' and 'between' ; so that man is merely the 'human between'. In Hindi—in the Indian languages generally—it may be said that there is no exact equivalent for the English word 'Duty' ; the words used carrying rather more the meaning of repayment of a debt.

Now it is possible to conclude that the Indian, therefore, has no sense of duty; certainly Baden-Powell drew a similar conclusion from his assertion that 'the Indian languages had no word for honesty'. By the same token, one may conclude that the Japanese do not visualise themselves as men. But without carrying the point to absurdity one may consider how exactly 'Man doing his Duty' would be conceptualised within this Indo-Japanese framework, "The human between retrieving his debt." Between what and what ? Between whom and whom ? Whose debt or to what ?

Of course, there are answers. There generally are answers to questions of this kind. In fact one might even say that the more complex the questions the more elaborate the answers. But such answers are rarely easy ones and almost never very brief ones. And that is what makes language for any serious or sensitive user, an expression of identity.

When I told a western friend that to the Japanese 'Man' was only the 'human between', he asked the inevitable question which I had also earlier put to Japanese friends : "Between what and what ?" For myself, I had vaguely thought that it might refer to man's position between heaven and earth, the human between joining or separating the divine and the mundane. To make this notion plausible an analogy was available in the traditional Japanese flower arrangement ; in it there are always three levels or directions integrating the 'three principles'—the sky-principle, the man-principle and the earth-principle. But I was told by my Japanese friends that the 'between' referred to other human beings—other 'human between's—and that it emphasised the social aspect of man. I am not sure if this is entirely true—I mean I am not convinced that the between-ness is to be understood as referring only to man's need of community, though certainly this must be one of the relationships connoted by the word. But if it were true, or even if it were true, the second question which again my western friend put to me would seem inevitably to arise : wasn't there a self-reference there—one which seemed to my western friend to be characteristic of the inscrutable Japanese ? The 'human between' between other 'human between's': really, really.....

The pursuit of the predicative part is no less mystifying. Retrieving a debt to whom ? Both the Japanese and the Indian conceive of duty as part of a code of cosmic relationships in which one is endlessly incurring and repaying debts—debts to the gods, to the race, to society, to the parent, to the teacher—in short to everybody with whom one ever has or has had anything to do.

This is not a preface to an exercise in metaphysics. It is a preface to a statement about language. The point is that when I say "Man doing his Duty", and when I say "the human between retrieving a debt", I am on the one hand making interchangeable and seemingly identical statements, translating one statement into the other ; but on the other hand I am simultaneously making two completely different statements also—two profounder and more far-reaching statements too. Each carries with it a statement of a world-view of which I may or may not be conscious, but which cannot be separated from the words in which it is expressed. The man who naturally talks of 'Man doing his Duty' lives in a different world-order from the man who thinks of 'the human between repaying his debts'.

It is through the language I speak that I choose the world-order in which I live or rather I am chosen by the world-order to which I belong : I am chosen, I am assigned a place, given a function, given the freedom to fulfil it.

Language is the most powerful and the most effective instrument of culture, because it is the most important vehicle for the sense of belonging. It follows negatively, of course, that language can be a powerful divisive force. We would not have to go far to seek illustrations of this negative power. But such power stems from an exaggerated sense of threatened identity. That sense of identity itself is wedded to language and a product of language *in use*. For, before one begins to belong to language, language must belong to him ; and this belonging comes neither by birth nor by the study of grammar but

by use. The deeper, the more extensive, the more comprehensive the use of language, the richer it becomes and the more it enriches its users. And such a use of language is not an exigent or a concomitant use; not the use that an administrator, or a public relations man, a merchant or even a scholar might make. It is only when a commitment to language means a commitment to experience in that language, that use of language is enriching; only language so used may be considered an instrument of culture and of identity.

I am convinced that such a view of language and its contribution to the identity of the user is valid at all times and places. To say so *could* imply that it need not be argued from time to time, or even asserted at all. We do not go about proving that two and two makes four. But it seems to me that there is a present context in which we do need to re-assert this, a context in which we not only have to claim again that two and two makes four, but to try and *prove* it; because there is a very real sense in which it has ceased to be true. For the twos have continuously been whittled down while the fours have been steadily inflated. We will all remember George Orwell's wry comment about certain kinds of socialism in which 'all men are equal but some are more equal than others'.

While it would be my effort to concentrate on the writer's or the creative use of language and its bearing on the defence or the achievement of identity, the argument cannot be limited to literature because it is impossible today to consider literature in isolation. Politics and its techniques for creating mass opinion on the one hand, and the totally apolitical world of Big Business creating patterns of mass responses on the other, have set up inflationary spirals in the world of language currency which a writer is pitted against. One need not mention journalism and state bureaucracy separately here; they fall into their places in one or the other of the two categories named above. Journalism may sometimes seem to belong in one, and at others in the other category, but is seldom seen to be outside the ambit of both. On rare occasions when journalists or editors have shown a concern for language as an intrinsic value, they have been regarded as moving outside their proper field, or indulging in snobism to inveigle a particular kind of client, or just putting on airs! In short, it is recognised that Politics and Business do and must destroy value in terms of language; the 'man in the street' tends also to accept this as inevitable and therefore somehow right: what is he to do anyway, if he is in what turns out to be only a one-way street?

However acute the dislike of the writer today may be for the stance of a literary St. George rescuing the linguistic damsel-in-distress, there is no escape from the realisation that the Rape of the Mind is in essence the Rape of Language, and that language is today subject to the grossest violence and abuse all over the world.

The writer resents having to strike heroic poses. It is not only that the temper of the times is against such an attitude, or that the individual has been cut down to size (or perhaps to less than size) in a modern world and also been made so acutely conscious of his puny stature. It is also that so far as language is concerned, he cannot forget that language is not and cannot be his exclusive estate: that

besides being the means for the creative pursuit of values and the communication of intrinsic experience, words are, have been and must continue to be the vehicles of countless ordinary, commonplace and even insignificant purposes and activities. Not only that: the writer cannot dismiss either these activities or such uses. For, besides the fact that these are often the material of his own creations, in dismissing them he would run the risk of preciosity, and even incomprehensibility. Thus, though he fights an enemy he cannot barricade himself against the enemy: he has to allow his defences to be infiltrated, to establish rapport and even a *modus vivendi* with the enemy. It need hardly be said that these additional compulsions do not go to make a situation palatable that was distasteful to begin with.

Is there something new in the writers' situation today, or have these pressures always existed?

Language has, of course, always been the medium of commonplace pursuits: in that respect there has not been a fundamental change. But while in the past language so used still recognised precision, a certain congruence of word and meaning, as a value, it seems no longer the case today. I am not referring to the hypocrisies of polite intercourse, or even of orthodox diplomacy, where a set of known conventions enabled people to understand precisely what words stood for, even if they were made to stand for meanings other than established ones. In such use there was a substitution, but always within a framework of correspondence or equivalence: something that can no longer be said today. Meanings today become relative to the needs and purposes of the user—in this case the State, the political leader, or the business boss and these purposes are *not made known* to the other side—to the people on whom (I could almost say *against* whom!) words are used: there is no shared or known convention.

Those of us who use cars or hope to own a car one day think of themselves as having a 'big' car or a 'small' car—some choosing on the basis of their needs, others on the basis of what they could afford. But if you are in the U.S.A. you cannot be sure any more, unless of course you share the American compulsion to go for the biggest. Indeed you have to subscribe to it whether you will it or not: you have the choice of the 'big' car or the 'biggest little compact' car—never the 'small' one. There cannot be anything small in the American dream: or rather the things that *are* small cannot be referred to as being such. You are in a Jumbo-sized rat-race, as it were: you may be allowed to be a "giant-sized midget", if you can figure out what proportions that gives you, but you cannot be just the ordinary little man. Regardless of the measure of your need, you cannot buy anything small: you have the choice of Giant, Jumbo, Economy or Family sizes; you buy not at such-and-such a price but at so much 'off' what you therefore assume the price must be. So that everything offered to you seems to be *relative* to a standard or norm and bigger or better than that standard or norm; but you never really encounter such an entity because *it does not in fact exist*. You live in a universe that has been *relativised* not just to an *abstraction* but to something *non-existent*. And you are deliberately, calculatingly made increasingly dependent on this basis of

evaluation: all your judgments of value have to be referred to something which does not in reality exist, a fictitious something to which a value is assigned from time to time based on the businessman's idea of what constitutes a fair profit—for *him*. How much better would be the simple self-reference of the 'human between'—even if that really were merely a self-referent term !

We know that an analogous situation exists in politics. It is not only the climate of the cold war that debases language as words of abuse are flung across sensitive geographical or ideological frontiers, whether it be a word-war between the East and the West, or a mud-slinging match between the two colossi of the so-called East, or whether it be the counterparts of these antinomies within a country. We can recognise a double process going on all the time: words being used to mean what they do not ordinarily mean but creating a semblance of convention by maintaining a uniform level of aggressive violence or hysteria; and again words being used in a kind of code to which others have no key at all. Orwell talked of 'newspeak' and 'doublethink'; what we are witnessing is a super double-doublethink. One of the obvious consequences is that while in the past we could fall back on a dictionary to find the meaning of an unfamiliar word or to discover unfamiliar recorded meanings of known words, today we run from one political interpreter to another discovering not meanings but theories regarding meanings—systems as elaborate and no less speculative than those perfected by compulsive gamblers. At school I had read the story of the Riddle of Countess Runa; it ended with what today seems a naive reassurance that "though a woman does not mean what she says and does not say what she means, yet she always does mean something when she says something." Today I would wonder if even the Countess could be quite sure of her meaning—or if she could even be sure of being Countess ! Wallace Stevens says:

I am what is around me.
Women understand this.
One is not a duchess.
A hundred yards from a carriage.

(—'Theory', Collected Poems, p. 86)

In India the debasement of language by politics and business has not gone so far. One might say that this is because India has not developed or advanced so far. "Viva for the under-developed countries !" as a friend once wrote to me, changing from paper napkins to real linen as she changed from an American airline to a South American one. We learn of these phenomena only through our acquaintance with English and what is being done to it and to other advanced languages around the world. An increasing knowledge of this debasement of language as a part of the West's progress—and in this context Russia is as much 'the West' for us as Europe or the U.S.A.—seems as inevitable a part of our education as English has been and continues to be.

When almost fifty years ago, a number of Indian writers began to chafe

against the inadequacy of the Indian languages, their impatience was with what was to some extent a real inadequacy. Words and connotations did not exist in these languages because the language had not been called upon to provide them. Scientific and developmental advance opened up new avenues of thought which demanded a new vocabulary. Where and to the degree to which Indian languages were used to meet these demands they rose to them; after all it is only use that creates language. The Indian writers of the twenties were aware of the limitations of their languages and simultaneously removing those limitations. Amongst the major Hindi poets, for example, both Sumitra Nandan Pant and Suryakant Tripathi (Nirala) complained that the language they inherited was inadequate; both at the same time enriched it by their use so that to us their protests might even seem excessive. They found, they created the language they needed for what they had to say.

Those of my generation repeated the protest. The language we were inheriting from 'Nirala' and Pant and others seemed no longer adequate for our needs. Of course, we were making fresh demands on language, demands which were qualitatively different from those made by them. But in one vital sense we were together and shared the same concern. We did not, in our impatience with Hindi, consider that another language was or could be more adequate. In other words, our anguish was not that of a failure to translate, a failure attendant upon the inadequacy of the receiving language—our language. It did not even occur to us—it could not have occurred to us—that it might be possible for us to experience in one language what we were seeking to express in another. We struggled with our language, we fought it; in our anger and frustration we sometimes trampled upon it or tore it to shreds; but it was never anything but ours. Any hope of expression or communication we had could only be fulfilled through it. And so it was fulfilled. I have spent some forty-odd years being impatient with my language, an impatience I have frequently expressed in prose and verse, but I have never found the language inadequate for anything that I felt deeply enough and wanted strongly enough to say. I continue to be impatient; I continue to find the means in my language to say what I want to say. Each impatient struggle had brought me something new, something beautiful, rich, significant for my growth and well-being; with each has come added confidence that this is how it can and must be. In order to make my language make me what I can be, I have to go on making my language what it can be.

And thus I continue to have an identity, a sense of wholeness, of confidence that *I am*, that it is I who am and that I am effective. I continue to have a language.

Others have felt impatient too : younger people, people who should have been more confident and effective; people who, if they had the greater demands to make on language, had also a slightly better equipped medium at hand to serve their needs. Not all of them, however, have achieved the same relationship with their language. May I be permitted to observe that they have also not achieved the sense of identity or wholeness and that the two things are related. The reason for failure has been that they have not struggled with

their own language hard enough, or with faith enough that it could rise to their needs. It may seem a cruel observation, and I should hate to be cruel to people younger than myself, but more and more of them appear to have been content with a situation in which they try to express in one language what they have only found possible to experience—what they believe can only be experienced—in or through another language. It is not language that has proved inadequate; it is they themselves who have been content to remain inadequate.

I said that the observation may seem cruel: it is in fact only a sad one. The delusion of the hope, held too long, too pathetically, by too many people, of finding complete adequacy in a foreign language has at last brought full punishment. A society *cannot* begin to live in a foreign language, the success of a few notwithstanding; it can do so even less when such an attempt is being made simultaneously with a struggle for freedom and for dignity in freedom. It must live in its own language—or suffer alienation and a loss of identity. The English-speaking West may dismiss this view as linguistic chauvinism: its opinion would be suspect, to say the very least. And against it there is a mass of historical experience: the experience of every country that has been through a comparable situation. Notable contemporary examples are the Philippines and Indonesia; perhaps also several of the African countries could be quoted. The Philippines is perhaps the closest parallel; it provides also the most telling proof of my assertion.

The most important feature of creative writing by the new generation in India, the generation of the 'fifties and after', is this very sense of alienation and loss of identity. And it is difficult to say that the reasons might be identical with those of similar manifestations abroad. The Indian citizen has not yet been reduced to the insignificance and impotence *vis-a-vis* the machine, the Establishment, the State, the soulless and inhumanly efficient Organisation of mass technology and industry which characterises western societies. Of course, the statement is relative and one can see the same inexorable trends here, but *it hasn't happened yet*. So that, while there is reason for Indian apprehension of the fearful *future* prospects, there is none whatever for moans of present suffering. Either there is the *simulation* of western attitudes which deserves no more respect than the simulated labour pains that some over-sensitive husbands are said to suffer in sympathy with their wives; or the cause of the feeling of alienation and loss of identity is elsewhere. I suggest that it *is* elsewhere, and that it is in an unsatisfactory, a barren relationship with language. Almost a whole generation is, if one may be permitted to put it thus, living in *translation* rather than in original. And they are living in translation without knowing the original, and doubtful whether it exists or could have existed at all. Well might one exclaim with Shakespeare, "Bottom, thou art translated indeed!"

Why should a writer, a creator, make such a mistake? Has he been duped or caught unawares? No. It cannot be that there is a decline in intelligence; on the contrary it is probably true to say that there has been a continuous development of

intelligence and that young writer is by and large more intelligent and alert than his precursor. It is not a failure of the *intelligence* that is involved; the question is one of a dysfunction or underfunction of *sensibility*. The young writer has been educated into an inability to feel rather than an inability to think: the loss of identity is an emotional failure rather than an intellectual one. That this diagnosis is correct is shown by the presence of all the symptoms that go with emotional failure: anger, bitterness, the rage of impotence, the violence of frustration, the flaunting of perverted attitudes, an almost infantile exhibitionism, an overweening contempt that might even have had some positive value if its ultimate object were not the subject himself.

One may yet ask why. Why has the new writer allowed himself to be caught in this trap? And here, having made the cruel objective assessment of the malady, I want my view of his predicament to be a deeply sympathetic one. He will spurn sympathy, I know, and perhaps he *should*; but my sympathy is not something *given* to him, it is a recognition of experience shared at least in part. It is more; it is also a recognition that he is not entirely to blame. Indeed when the blame is apportioned it has to be admitted that he has been given less than a fair chance.

First of all, the demands of the non-creative uses of language have grown immensely and with great speed. The problems that Pant and 'Nirala' faced were of the language that *they* would use; the problems that we faced were also those of our language though the peripheral problems of more general needs kept forcing itself into our consciousness. The writer today is all but swept off his feet by these problems—extraneous to creation in one sense but never to language and therefore on one plane not to creative use either. We all learned our language anew from day to day, but the young writer today has more to learn every day, and is more oppressed by the fear of being outstripped. Those who appreciate the pressures of modern education will easily understand the implications.

Secondly, the people who set themselves to solve—or who were employed to solve—these problems were not creators: they were often not even intensive common users of the language they were set to build. Inevitably they adopted the brick-and-mortar approach: weren't they *building* a language? Few, if any of them, had any real idea of how language grows and develops, how unpredictably and illogically some words find acceptance and others don't. They were scholars, linguists, specialists in different fields: they were eminently qualified to be invited to sit on committees. But when it came to making sentences, these makers of words were woefully inadequate and unspeakably dull. And I *mean* unspeakably dull: the dullness was sometimes relieved by the absurdity of their coinage, but the unspeakableness was as it were a hall-mark.

Thus we, with fewer problems, if never helped by experts, were never hindered. The younger writer with *theoretically* a much larger stock of words at hand, had in practice to go

back to foreign words, because such new coinage as was offered obviously did not have the value-content it claimed. Let down too often by counterfeit coinage, he appears finally to have resigned himself to an estrangement with his language. The values he pursues seem to be found only in alien words; the words he is given seem all to have alien meanings. It is thus that he lives a life in translation, out of touch with the original and in inevitable uncertainty about the rendition.

The point is that *he need not do so*. There is no inevitable reason why he should fall back on the sterile expertise of the specialist or drink the brew from the scholars' cauldron. The case for coining scientific vocabulary does not apply to literature or to the humanities; it does not even apply fully to the quasi-scientific disciplines with which the modern writer has to be acquainted. The writer has merely lapsed into a habit of mind which looks to translation terminology. What is worse, he rarely reminds himself that translation is a two-way traffic and that finding precise and adequate English equivalents to Indian language terms is no less challenging and necessary a task. It may be that it is not *his* task; but that is not the point. The point is that it must not automatically be supposed—as all common Indian readers tend today to suppose, vitiating the climate and infecting also the writers' mind with their feeling of inadequacy and incompetence—that if there is a stalemate in translation the failure is necessarily that of the receiving language. I should refer also to the equally baseless if equally common assumption that if a stalemate in translation is being discussed, the translation in question must be from English into an Indian language—a tragic prejudgment of the capacities of Indian languages to which, unfortunately, too many young writers seem to subscribe, even if some only secretly.

I have said enough: perhaps more than enough. And of course I have said less than enough, because I have somewhat simplified what is really a more complex process, projecting only the language aspect of the sense of alienation which is a feature of writing today. But this was the subject I had set myself, and this is an approach to language as well as to literary criticism that has suffered much neglect, with depressing consequences for both. We need to look at language afresh, not as a political issue or an inter-State issue, but as a most important link with what is around us and as the means of self-recognition, indeed of self-creation, for that is what a discovery of identity is.

Perhaps I may now return to the Japanese word I began with: *nin-gen* the 'human between'. Perhaps it is not necessary to become immediately involved with the second element and a better answer might be found in the first element. The crucial question is perhaps not what the human between is *between*, but what makes him *human* so that he can be between. It is not the between-ness that is man's distinguishing feature, it is his humanness that makes him unique while yet keeping him between. And it is language that provides the basis for both: language is the most precious attainment of human culture, and the most valuable tool of living in community—living between. It is the articulate human animal that is the human between: having language, man has identity.

पाँच कविताएँ

स० ही० वात्स्यायन

आज तुम शब्द न दो, न दो
कल भी
मैं कहूँगा ।

तुम पर्वत हो अम्र भेदी शिला खंडों के गरिष्ठ पुंज
चाँपे इस निर्भर को रहो, रहो
तुम्हारे रन्ध्र-रन्ध्र से
तुम्हीं को रस देता हुआ
फूट कर
मैं बहूँगा ।

तुम्हीं ने दिया यह स्पन्द
तुम्हीं ने धमनी में बाँधा है लहू का वेग
यह मैं अनुक्षण जानता हूँ ।
गति जहाँ सब-कुछ है, तुम घृति पारमिता
जीवन के सहज छन्द
तुम्हें पहचानता हूँ ।
माँगों तुम चाहे जो : माँगोगे, दूँगा
तुम जो दोगे
सहूँगा ।

आज नहीं
कल सही
कल नहीं
युग-युग बाद ही
मेरा तो नहीं है यह
चाहे मेरी असमर्थता में बाँधा हो
मेरा भाव-यन्त्र ?

एक मड़िया है सूखी घास-फूस की
उस में छिपेगा नहीं अघड़
तुम्हारा दान —
साध्य नहीं मुझ से, किसी से चाहे सधा हो ।
आज नहीं,
कल सही
चाहूँ भी तो कब तक छाती में दबाये
यह आग मैं रहूँगा ?
आज तुम शब्द न दो न दो
कल भी मैं कहूँगा ।

(बाबरा अहेरी, १९५०-५३)

five poems

S. H. Vatsyayan

if you don't have the
words today

If you don't have the words for me today, never mind :
I will speak again tomorrow.
You are a mountain, dense mass of sky-cutting rock;
Weight this spring if you will.
From the numberless fissures that flow through your body
I will well forth.

This throbbing in me is your work
A pounding of blood through my vessels;
Instant by instant I know this.
Where every thing stirs, you are the final calm.
It is in you I discover
That cadence conceived with the life.
Ask me what ever you want: I will give what you ask
I will endure what you give.

Not today—well, tomorrow then;
Not tomorrow—then an age or so later.
It is not only mine.
Though reduced to my lack of power,
This station of feeling:
This foundation of reed and grass
Which cannot support your profusion, unsparing giver !
I could not support it—even though others might.
Not today ?—then may be tomorrow;
How long can this blaze be confined
To my being ?
If you don't have the words for me today, never mind,
I will speak again tomorrow.

है, अभी कुछ और है जो कहा नहीं गया ।

उठी एक किरण, धायी, क्षितिज को नाप गयी,
सुख की स्मिति कसक-भरी, निर्धन की नैन-कोरों में काँप गयी,
बच्चे ने किलक भरी, माँ की वह नस-नस में व्याप गयी ।
अधूरी हो, पर सहज थी अनुभूति :
मेरी लाज मुझे साज बन ढाँप गयी —
फिर मुझ बेसबरे से
रहा नहीं गया ।
—पर कुछ और रहा जो
कहा नहीं गया ।

जो कहा नहीं गया

निर्विकार मरु तम को सींचा है
तो क्या ? नदी-नाले ताल-कुएं से पानी उलीचा है
तो क्या ? उड़ा हूँ, दौड़ा हूँ, तैरा हूँ, पारंगत हूँ,
इसी अहंकार के मारे
अन्धकार में सागर के किनारे
ठिठक गया : नत हूँ
उस विशाल में मुझ से
बहा नहीं गया ।
—इस लिए जो और रहा वह
कहा नहीं गया ।

शब्द, यह सही है, सब व्यर्थ हैं
पर इसी लिए कि शब्दातीत कुछ अर्थ हैं ।
शायद केवल इतना ही : जो दर्द है
वह बड़ा है, मुझी से
सहा नहीं गया ।
—तभी तो, जो अभी और रहा
वह कहा नहीं गया ।

(बाबरा अहेरी, १९५०-५३)

not been said

There is something more yet, not been said.
A light beamed up, sprinted, spanned the horizon,
A smile loaded with pain, hung from the tail of a poor man's eye,
The child's delighted shriek ran through the fibre of
Mother's being.

Unformed, the happening was sudden.
My hesitation was a wrap that wrapped me in,
And my impatience drove me on.
—But something remained still which could not be said.
I have blandly watered deserts,
And so what ? I have taken from the river, stream,
And so what ? I have flown, have run, the puddle, well,
have swum, have crossed it all;

Heavy with this pride
I came, in dark, up
I faltered, abashed;
How could I move with such a vastness ?
—And thus, something remained which could not be said.

All words, it's true, are futile ;
But only for this cause : what is said is more.
Perhaps it's merely this: the pain that is
Is much too great ; I cannot stand it.
—That's why what still remained could not be said.

किसी को
 शब्द हैं कंकड़
 कूट लो, पीस लो,
 छान लो, डिब्बियों में डाल दो
 थोड़ी-सी सुगन्ध दे के
 कभी किसी मेले के रेले में
 कुंकुम के नाम पर निकाल दो ।

किसी को
 शब्द हैं सीपियाँ
 लाखों का उलट-फेर --
 कभी एक मोती मिल जायेगा :
 दूसरे सराहेंगे--
 डाह भी करेंगे कोई
 पारखी स्वयं को मान पायेगा ।

किसी को
 शब्द हैं नैवेद्य
 थोड़ा-सा प्रसादवत्,
 मुदित, विभोर वह पाता है
 उसी में कृतार्थ, घन्य,
 सभी को लुटाता है
 अपना हृदय
 वह प्रेममय ।

(इन्द्रधनु रौंदे हुए ये, १९५४-५६)

words

To one
Words are gravel :
Grind it, sieve it, pack it in boxes,
Add a little scent; then in the press and surge of some fair,
Pass it off as *kumkum*.

To one
Words are sea-shells:
Turn over a thousand, a million,
Perhaps in one you'll find a pearl.
Others will admire, some even envy:
You will become a connoisseur.

To one
Words are a temple - offering
A portion returning
To acceptance, to delight,
To thankfulness:
Benediction shared with all
By him, the loving.

शब्द और सत्य

यह नहीं कि मैंने सत्य नहीं पाया था
यह नहीं कि मुझ को शब्द अचानक कभी-कभी मिलता है :
दोनों जब-तब सम्मुख आते ही रहते हैं ।
प्रश्न यही रहता है :
दोनों जो अपने बीच एक दीवार बनाये रहते हैं
मैं कब, कैसे उन के अनदेखे
उस में सेंध लगा दूँ
या भर कर विस्फोटक
उसे उड़ा दूँ ।

कवि जो होंगे, हों, जो कुछ करते हैं, करें,
प्रयोजन मेरा वस इतना है—
ये दोनों जो
सदा एक-दूसरे से तन कर रहते हैं,
कब, कैसे, किस आलोक-स्फुरण में
इन्हें मिला दूँ—
दोनों जो हैं बन्धु, सखा, चिर-सहचर मेरे ।

(—अरी ओ करुणा प्रभामय, १९५६-५८)

words & truths

It is not that I have never found the truth,
Nor that I stumble upon the word only rarely, by chance;
I keep running into them every so often .
The question that abides is this:
The wall that these two always have between them,
How, when, catching them off guard
Can I breach that wall
Or blow it up with high explosive ?

Let those who are be poets, let them keep doing what they do.
My simple concern is this:
These two who stand so rigid, one towards the other—
How, when, in what burst of light can I bring them together:
These two, my friends, my comrades, my companions always.

जिन्दगी हर मोड़ पर करती रही हम को इशारे
जिन्हें हमने नहीं देखा ।
क्योंकि हम बाँधे हुए थे पट्टियाँ संस्कार की
और - हमने बाँधने से पूर्व देखा था -
हमारी पट्टियाँ रंगीन थीं ।

जिन्दगी करती रही नीरव इशारे :
हम धनी थे शब्द के ।
'शब्द ईश्वर है, इसी से वह रह है',
'शब्द अपने-आप में इति है'
हमें यह मोह अब छलता नहीं था ।
शब्द-रत्नों की लड़ी हम गूँथ कर माला पिन्हाना चाहते थे
नये रूपाकार को
और हमने यही जाना था
कि रूपाकार ही तो सार है ।

एक नीरव नदी बहती जा रही थी,
बुलबुले उस में उमड़ते थे
रहःसंकेत के :
हर उमड़ने पर हमें रोमांच होता था
फूटना हर बुलबुले का हमें तीखा दर्द देता था ।
रोमांच ! तीखा दर्द !
नीरव रहःसंकेत ! — हाय !

जिन्दगी करती रही
नीरव इशारे,
हम पकड़ते रहे रूपाकार को ।
किन्तु रूपाकार
चोला है
किसी संकेत शब्दातीत का
जिन्दगी के किसी
गहरे इशारे का ।

शब्द
रूपाकार
फिर संकेत
ये हर मोड़ पर बिखरे हुए संकेत—
अनगिनती इशारे जिन्दगी के

ओट में जिन की छिपा है अर्थ !
 हाय, कितने मोह की कितनी दिवारें भेदने को —
 पूर्व इस के, शब्द ललके
 अंक भेंटे अर्थ को ।
 क्या हमारे हाथ में वह मन्त्र होगा, हम इन्हें सम्पृक्त कर दें ?
 अर्थ दो, अर्थ दो !
 मत हमें रूपाकार इतने व्यर्थ दो !
 हम समझते हैं इशारा जिन्दगी का —
 हमें पार उतार दो —
 रूप मत, बस, सार दो !

मुखर वाणी हुई : बोलने हम लगे :
 हम को बोध था, वे शब्द सुन्दर हैं —
 सत्य भी हैं, सारमय हैं ।
 पर हमारे शब्द
 जनता के नहीं थे
 क्योंकि जो उन्मेष हम में हुआ
 जनता का नहीं था
 संवेदना ने ही विलग कर दी
 हमारी अनुभूति हम से ।
 यह जो लीक हम को मिली थी —
 अन्धी गली थी !

चुक गया क्या रहा ? लिख दें हम
 चरम लिखतम् पराजय की ?
 इशारे क्या चुक गये हैं
 जिन्दगी के अभिनयांकुर में ?

बड़े चाहे बोझ जितना
 शास्त्र का, इतिहास का,
 रूढ़ि के विन्यास का या सूक्त का —
 कम नहीं ललकार होती जिन्दगी की ।

मोड़ आगे और है—
 कौन उस की ओट, देखो, भाँकता है ?

(अरी ओ करुणा प्रभामय, १९५६-५८)

the signs

At every turn in the road, we were given signs
Which we didn't even notice.
The old ways of seeing blinded us.
Surely we were not blind at the start, but the old ways of seeing
Is dazzling,
A blindfold of many colours.

We kept on getting those signs: they were wordless:
But we were rolling in words.
'In the beginning there was the word, and it is secret'—
'The word is the thing in itself'—
And then we saw through the word
And would sit stringing garlands of glittering words
For a novel form.
For this much we knew:
Form was the thing.

A silence was sweeping on past us.
Sending up bubbles,
Its secret signs.
Each swell of a bubble thrilled us,
Each burst was a state of pain.
A thrill, A pain.
Silent and secret signs. Mere shame!

And we kept on getting these
Wordless signs
We kept on grabbing at form.
But form is only the figure
Of something, some signal, just beyond words—
Some sign that living
Has given from far underneath.

Words,
Forms,
Then signals.
These signals on every side at every turn of the road—
So many signs from living
Which say beyond themselves
What is meant !
How many walls round nothing are yet to beat down
So the word, released, can leap through
To take what is meant
To itself !
Will we ever command the sacred art to hold them as one ?

What is meant ! Give us that !
Don't rush us with a flurry of forms !
We know the sign that is given by living
Carry us over :
Not form, but what is essential.

And so we found out our voice : we broke into speech.
We know the words : words were exquisite
And even true, and crammed with rich matter.
But our words
Did not comprehend the people.
Because what was in us and opening out
Was not of the people.
Our fineness of feeling
Kept us apart from the life we were in :
The road we had opened
Came out at nowhere.

Is that the place we have finished ? Is it there, defeated,
Our signature means the end ?
Has living used up the very last message
In the chronic book of signs ?

They may bend us under—that load of books—
The old ideas, the old ways of doing.
Those massive manuals for living last year,
But something ahead insists that we meet it.

There is another turn in the road up there,
But who is that seeming to signal just at the turn ?

tragic pleasure
or
the enjoyment of the
pathetic sentiment

Dr. Nagendra

In Indian poetics, Tragic Pleasure or the enjoyment of the Pathetic Sentiment never assumed the form of a problem—as if the accompaniment of the word 'Rasa' or 'aesthetic bliss' ruled out the very possibility of controversy on the subject. Therefore, we do not come across any sustained discussions or well-argued positive answers to the question. Yet the Indian mind was vitally conscious of the enigma and has in its usual philosophical way made an acute analysis and suggested profoundly impressive answers: the solutions are, however, only implicit and not explicit as in the West because the problem as such hardly ever arose.

The general answer is that it is basically unwarranted to apply the natural cause-and-effect theory of normal human life to Poetry. Poetry is a peculiar unworldly phenomenon which cannot be defined in terms of ordinary human logic—it is an extraordinary creation of a supernatural-supernormal genius and as such the ordinary rules of life cannot govern it. Sorrow emanates from sorrow—fear proceeds from fear in usual life: but the poetic genius performs the miracle of affording pleasure from painful situations, of converting horror or terror into pleasure:

हेतुत्वं शोकहर्षदिर्गतेभ्यो लोकसंश्रयात् ॥६॥
शोकहर्षदयो लोके जायन्तां नाम लौकिकाः ।
अलौकिकविभावत्वं प्राप्तेभ्यः का व्यसंश्रयात् ॥७॥
सुखं संजायते तेभ्यः सर्वेभ्योऽपीति का क्षतिः ।

--साहित्यदर्पण, ३।६-७

“In the worldly life, well-known causes of pleasure or pain such as exile etc. (refers to Rama's exile) might lead to painful experience, but in poetry they assume a supernatural character. And hence, what is the harm in believing that in Poetry they cause pleasure invariably?”

(The Sahitya-Darpana 3/6-7)

FORTY-SIX

This is one simple stock answer to the much-vexed question of Modern Poetics. I need hardly remind the students of Western criticism that this explanation anticipates in its own way all those theories of the Aesthetes like Bradley and Clive Bell of the 20th century who emphasize the specific character of poetic experience and claim complete autonomy for poetry and art. In the words of Bradley:

"First this experience is an end in itself, is worth having on its own account, has an intrinsic value. Next, its poetic value is this intrinsic worth alone.....For its nature is to be not a part, nor yet a copy of the real world as we commonly understand that phrase, but to be a world by itself, independent, complete, autonomous,"

—A.C. Bradley: Oxford Lectures on Poetry,
Page 5.

These critics have, of course, used the word 'experience' and not 'joy', but as I have explained in my introduction to Aristotle's Poetics, the aesthetes, directly or indirectly, believed in the principle of aesthetic joy.

This answer underlines the supernatural character of aesthetic Joy and naturally it stands or fails by that. This is really true that in almost every country the literary thinkers of the past have claimed that the poet's genius is a supernatural phenomenon and his activity also is consequently supernatural. Plato himself believed in the theory of divine madness of the poet. But today, after all the advances in the Sciences of the Mind and the Matter, it is too late to revive or even accept the theory except in a metaphorical sense. It does not require a serious effort to prove that between Poetic genius and other genius or between poetic activity and the intellectual activities and consequently between poetic and other emotional-cum-intellectual experience, there is a difference only of quality and not of nature. Therefore, whereas it is not to be denied that the experience of poetical sorrow is certainly different from that of actual sorrow, it is certainly not supernatural or peculiar in the sense that it cannot be defined in terms of the Science of Emotions. Without being a direct experience of sorrow, it still remains a psychic experience all right. And, hence this answer does not go very far to solve the problem.

Another solution is suggested by the 'Theory of Universalization' propounded by Bhatta Nayaka in the 8th—9th century A.D. According to him, the poetic experience is never personal or individual—it is always universal. The emotional experiences are so portrayed in literature that they are freed from their personal limitations—they cease to be the experiences of the particular hero or the heroine and become the common experiences of all the receptive and responsive readers or play-goers. Freed from the limitations of time and space in this way, they are elevated and refined—their edges are rounded and stings lost. Thus, in their universalized form, pity and fear are both enjoyed.

तस्मात् काव्ये दोषाभावगुणालंकारमयत्वलक्षणेन नाट्ये चतुर्विधा -

मिनयरूपेण निविडनिजमोहसंकटतानिवारणकारिणा विभावादिसाधारणी-

करणात्मना अभिघातोद्वितीयांशेन भावकत्वव्यापारेण भाव्यमानो रसो---

भोगेन परं भुज्यते ।

The gist of this quotation is that—according to Bhattanayaka—the poet with the help of a certain functional quality called ‘Bhavakatva’ which is very much akin to ‘imagination’, lends poetic enchantment to the word and the meaning and presents the painful emotions like sorrow and anger also along with their subjects in a universalized form.

—Hindi Abhinava-Bharati, p. 464-65.

Thus, the poet has at his command two positive inter-related faculties, namely the imaginative faculty and the faculty for universalization—they are interrelated because universalization also is ultimately effected by the faculty of imagination. Under the spell of imagination ‘sorrow’ loses its peculiarity:—divorced from personal associations it is freed from the sordid attributes of common physical experiences and a sublimation of the emotion takes place. In terms of Indian philosophy we can explain this process all the more effectively. All personal experience is limited and the feeling of limitation is by itself a painful experience. But when it transcends personal limits and is universalized, it is converted into a veritable pleasure because the feeling of Universality is essentially pleasant. We find some vague indications of this answer in Aristotle’s theory of Catharsis, only vague indications, mind you, and not the fullfledged explanation which has been offered by Prof. Butcher on behalf of Aristotle on the basis of the later advances in Western Criticism. “The sting of the pain,”—says Butcher—“the disquiet and unrest, arise from the selfish element which in the world of reality clings to these emotions. The pain is expelled when the taint of egoism is removed,” (Aristotle’s theory of Poetry and Fine Art p. 268). Butcher is himself conscious that he has overdone the job and adds by way of explanation: “If it is objected that the notion of universalizing the emotions and ridding them of an intrusive element that belongs to the sphere of the accidental and individual, is a modern conception, which we have no warrant for attributing to Aristotle, we may reply that if this is not what Aristotle meant, it is at least the natural outcome of his doctrine”. Bhatta Nayaka’s theory, however, is as complete in itself as it is convincing. One of the most effective processes of sublimation according to Modern psychology is ‘the socialization of the Ego’—which is in essence the same thing as the ‘Universalization of the Personal Experience.’

Allardyce Nicoll has spoken of the ‘Feeling of Universality’ almost in the same context while discussing the various causes of ‘tragic pleasure’: “Part (of the tragic relief) too comes from that very sense

of universality—which has been stated to be the fundamental characteristic of all high tragedy—some form of contact with forces divine; if we are atheistic we shall say it is a contact with the vast, illimitable forces of the Universe.”

(The Theory of Drama, p. 131).

The third answer is implied in the Theory of Revelation—Abhivya-ktivada of Abhinava Gupta who was possibly a junior contemporary of Bhatta Nayaka. Drawing on the philosophical treasures of Shaivite Philosophy, Abhinava Gupta has propounded that Rasa or aesthetic bliss is not created, but is only revealed. There is no cause-and-effect relationship between Poetry and aesthetic bliss: therefore, the question of tragic scenes giving rise to sorrow or fear does not arise. According to Abhinava who was a believer in the Vedanta School of Philosophy, the soul is an abode of eternal bliss—it is by nature blissful. But on account of its associations with the mundane life, its purity is tarnished and a sort of moss gathers over the chrystal stream of perennial joy. There are various ways and means of removing this mess and restoring the original purity and blissful state of the soul—such as the Yoga or devotion or other spiritual practices. As soon as the moss is removed, the stream of joy flows clear and chrystal again. Poetry is also one of these ways and means; although its effect is less permanent, yet it does succeed in removing the moss. Thus, poetry does not cause or create bliss, it only opens the veil and lays bare the eternal bliss which resides in the soul :

असमन्मते तु संवेदनमेवानन्दघनमास्वाद्यते । तत्र का दुःखाशंका केवलं
तस्यैव चित्रताकरणे रतिशोकादिवासनाव्यापारः ।

i.e. “In our opinion the ever-blissful soul is enjoyed in the form of aesthetic pleasure; there is no question of pain. The emotions like love and pathos are only to lend it variety.”

—(Hindi Abhinava Bharati p. 507)

All good poetry which succeeds in doing this leads to bliss—irrespective of its theme. The theme may be tragic or comic or romantic—so long as it is successfully poeticized, it must restore our soul to its essential blissful state. That’s how a successful tragedy also lead to pleasure in the same way as a successful romance does. This is obviously a metaphysical theory and we find its echoes in critics like Coleridge and Croce in the West.

Shardatanaya—a Critic of the 13th century, comes out with another explanation which is also based on Shaivite philosophy. According to him, this world is a mixture of good and evil, of pleasure and pain. Evil and pain are unavoidable in life, yet the soul by means of its certain permanent attributes enjoys it. (They are Raga, Vidya and Kala: I shall not confuse you with their detailed explanations). The

impulse for bliss is so powerful in the soul that it breaks down all barriers and forces and painful elements also to yield bliss because bliss alone is the reality. By the same process the soul of the reader discovers joy even in tragic scenes.

All these Critics have, on the whole, a positive outlook—they all believe in the pleasure of pain. But there is another remarkable work on Sanskrit dramaturgy—the *Natya-Darpana* of Ramchandra—Guna-chandra who flourished in the 12th century A.D. The two authors have boldly challenged the tradition and laid down in unmistakable terms that Rasa or aesthetic experience is not pleasant only, it is both pleasant and un-pleasant: सुखदुःखात्मको रसः. They believe that the reader or the play-goer takes delight in a poetic work or a drama not because the painful emotions portrayed in the theme are transmuted into pleasurable experiences, but because he is charmed by the art of the poet and the actor and is deceived into finding a kind of enjoyment in the performance. The painful emotion remains painful without doubt, but the marvel of the poetic and the histrionic art fills him with a sort of rapturous astonishment in which the consciousness of the painful element is merged for the time being. This is a fore-runner of the 'Formal Theory' of the West which propounds that the embellishments of poetry and stage lend enchantment to a tragic work and round off its painful edges.

To quote Nicoll once again:

"There is the presence of the creative artistic power of the dramatist himself, and, particularly in the Greek and Elizabethan plays, the rhythm of the verse, to reave away our minds for a moment from the gloomy depths of the tragedy. A more detailed consideration of the use and of the value of verse in tragedy we may leave till later, but here it may be observed that verse in many cases acts as a kind of anaesthetic on our senses. The sharp edge of the pain is removed in the plays of Aeschylus and Shakespeare and though it becomes more poignant in some ways, yet it is reft of its crudeness and sordidness by the beauty of the language."

The note in the *Natya-Darpana* contains one more answer which is again implicit. It is said that the taste of a work of poetry or drama is very much like that of a saucy drink. Just as in this drink a number of spices of all tastes—sweet, bitter, sour are mixed up and they all contribute to the 'ultimate taste', in the same way in human life all experiences—pleasant and unpleasant are mixed up and contribute to the ultimate enjoyment of life. In ordinary parlour, the bitter, the sour and the sweet are all called Rasas or tastes—so also in poetry the pathetic, the horrible, the terrible, the humourous and the beautiful are called Rasas. Just as the mixture of the bitter improves the taste of the drink, in the same way the mixing up of the tragic or the pathetic enriches the ultimate aesthetic experience. This explanation is more pragmatic than philosophical. But it contains the germ of the famous 'Interest theory' of Western Criticism. Human life is a mixed pattern of pleasure and pain—both of them are equally

inevitable and human mind is naturally interested in both: the funeral engages our attention as much as the marriage—may be a little more. By the same logic, man is attracted towards a tragic play—his interest in the inevitable gloom of life invariably draws him to a tragedy. It is not for the lighter entertainment or the pleasure, but for the inherent interest in life in all its vicissitudes, that he loves to read or witness a tragedy. We find echoes of this theory in Lucas: “Life is fascinating to watch whatever it may be to experience. And so we go to tragedies not in the least to get rid of emotions but to have them more abundantly: to banquet not to purge”. (Tragedy p. 52).

These are in brief the various answers suggested by Indian Poetics to the problem of Tragic pleasure. One more could be found in the realm of philosophy. According to the Buddhist philosophy, pain is one of the Supreme Truths of life. The realization of truth is always a positive gain; it is a joyful experience in essence. Tragedy, which emphasizes the Supreme Truth in life, is a veritable means of this realization and ultimately results in a happy experience. In Western philosophy, quite obviously under the influence of Buddhism, Schopenhauer has given the same explanation:—according to him tragedy lays emphasis on the ‘serious and miserable side of life’ and helps us to understand better the ultimate reality—namely ‘the utter vanity of living’. Schlegel also offers a similar explanation although his argument is a little different. His belief is that in tragedy we have the consciousness of ‘a destiny soaring above this earthly life and we find something consoling and elevating’. Such consciousness is not unknown in Indian literature—for ages the Indian mind has been deriving solace from the consciousness of a destiny soaring above earthly life:

करम गति टारे नाहिं टरे ।

मुनि बसिष्ठ से पंडित ग्यानी सोधि के लगन धरे ।

सीता हरन, मरन दसरथ को, बन में बिपति परे ।

“Inevitable are the ways of Destiny:

A seer like Vasistha made all calculations and every thing was done most auspiciously.

Yet Rama was robbed of his wife, lost his father and was miserably stranded in the jungle:”

This problem has been tackled in a more optimistic way—possibly by Burke who explained that tragedy was enjoyable because of the atmosphere of nobility and magnanimity which pervaded it. There is a veritable fall in a tragedy but it is the fall of the mighty and the virtuous—which rouses not pity but admiration in the spectator. The

hero suffers, but his suffering sublimates his character and the spectator also shares this process of sublimation of personality. No poetic work illustrates this argument better than the Ramayana depicting the sufferings of Rama who personifies nobility.

Such solutions, I may repeat, are found only in the realm of philosophy or philosophical poetry or ethics and ethical poetry : they are not accepted in Indian Poetics—directly or even indirectly for the simple reason that they are in contravention of the fundamental theory of Rasa which is based on the theory of 'Ananda'.

These explanations cover almost all the answers offered by Western Poetics. There are a few more given by Russo, and Hume etc., namely (a) that we find a sort of gratification in the distress of others or (b) that pleasure and pain are sisters and in meeting with one we discern the form of the other or (c) that we watch a tragedy to get out of boredom because it is better to be afflicted than to be bored. But they are not to be taken very seriously. The Indian critics have arrived at their conclusions independently, of course—in most of the cases they have forestalled the theories of their Western colleagues. Their way of thinking is, without doubt, more profound and their arguments have sounder philosophical basis. They have at times mystified their explanations by using certain metaphysical terms or by starting on premises which the modern mind may find difficult to accept as such. But that is not enough to reject them as unscientific. A scientific, rational and psychological reorientation is easily possible in almost every case and it has never caused me much difficulty in rationalizing them in the modern way.

In this context, one is naturally reminded of the great Aristotle and the solution offered by him in his famous theory of Catharsis. For Aristotle, the experience of reading or watching a tragedy is a process of psychic purgation. According to him "by arousing pity and fear tragedy affects a purgation of these and kindred emotions with the result that the painful element is extracted and the mental equilibrium is restored." The explanation is fairly convincing but it goes only the half-way. To the Indian thinker, such an experience is negative. It is only the extraction of the painful element and not a positive enjoyment. It only prepares the ground for the aesthetic bliss to blossom forth. As it is, it is only a sort of relief and not an enjoyment. Contrary to this, the experience envisaged in Indian Poetics has a positive character. It is not just a relief from pain. but a veritable enjoyment; it is a self-fulfilment and since it is achieved after breaking through the hurdles of pain and sorrow, it is all the more profound and powerful. And that accounts for the poetic outburst of Bhavabhuti who asserted that there is only one sentiment—the Pathetic

CONCLUSION

Thus, for more than two thousands years, the Western and Eastern, the ancient and the modern thinkers have been struggling to solve this problem. Yet, it seems to be where it was—at least we have not found any unimpeachable answer which may be universally accepted. In the light of the above discussions, we can safely draw the following conclusions:—

- i) There is a grain of truth almost in every answer—even in the principle of malicious pleasure; the difference is only of the degree i. e. some answers are comparatively more acceptable than others—that's all.
- ii) No single answer is complete in itself so as to meet all doubts and objections. If you believe in the existence of a soul which is essentially blissful, then Abhinava Gupta's argument should suffice. But this 'if'—this proviso is not so simple, because how many can have this belief today and how can they have it? By the laws of general logic and general psychology, the solution given by Bhatta Nayaka, without its metaphysical concepts, seems to be quite profound: many a Western thinker has accepted or echoed it in his own way. This solution combines in itself the principles of 'artistic synthesis' and 'universality' which are fairly convincing by themselves.
- iii) Therefore, we shall have to combine several arguments together in one to evolve an adequate formula—because in actuality also several conditions combine together to convert pain into pleasure in a piece of art: for example (a) the sentiment of sorrow depicted in a work of art is not a direct but imaginative experience and there can be no doubt that its sting is considerably minimized as a consequence.

(b) In tragic poetry, pathos is mostly associated with the great and the noble—this association with greatness and virtue relieves sorrow of all its sordid elements and lends it a peculiar grandeur. The tragic scenes generally represent the dignity of the human soul at its climax and they invariably refine and sublimate our emotional responses. The personal sufferings of Rama, for example, in the Ramayana are adorned with a divine halo by his unshaken fidelity to social duty. Such scenes emphasize the grave and the serious side of life and help in the realization of the deeper truths of human existence. Realization of truth is indeed an achievement which elevates the soul. Thus, the pathetic contents in a piece of art help us in the enjoyment of life in its fullness.

(c) And lastly the artistic process removes the remnant of pain. Artistic creation is a process of synthesis: by effecting harmony in diffused elements, the artist creates a unity in diversity and imparts 'form' to the formless and the deformed. This is called artistic unity in Aesthetics: it brings about secretly a harmony of emotional exper-

iences which in its turn gives comfort to the psyche. I cannot, in this context, resist the temptation of reproducing a quotation from one of my own earlier works: "Experience is composed of sensations and it is never one solitary sensation but a system or pattern of sensations. When the sensations are coordinated and harmonized, our experience is pleasant and when they are discordant and dishevelled the experience is unpleasant. The sensations derived from art are not direct but reflex. This by itself relieves them of their sting to a considerable extent and besides, they pass through a process of coordination and systematization during the artistic contemplations by the poet. Thus, they are invariably reduced to a pleasant harmony, because the poetic contemplation is essentially a process of effecting unity in diversity which at the level of the psyche is, without doubt, a gratifying experience. In his way, the painful experiences of life, when their basic sensations are coordinated and systematized, are converted into a unified happy experience in art.

This is how the paradox of tragic pleasure can be resolved: at least that is how I have been able to satisfy myself.

FIFTY-FOUR

Few German writers have been so intensively occupied with language as Robert Musil, who was rightly called by the Literary Supplement of the Times in 1949 "the most important German novelist of this era and at the same time one of the most unknown of this century."

introduction to
robert musil's
"the man without
qualities"—or,
life as an experiment

K. J. Citron

The precision of language was of utmost importance to him, so much so that you may call him the mathematician of modern literature, who was almost never satisfied with his sentences and constantly rewrote the chapters of his books, with the result that some of them exist in more than 20 versions.

Robert Musil was not eager to tell stories, become a traditional novelist, but he wanted to follow the strange meanderings of the human mind—the unknown paths of human thoughts—in order to analyse, through the medium of the language, the intricate pattern of emotion, thoughts and subconscious reactions.

In the framework of this symposium, this talk on Musil might help to prepare the ground for the topic "Language and Literature." I have given my lecture the sub-title "Life as Experiment," as this is, in a way, the attitude of Musil's hero in his novel "Man without Qualities". Ulrich refuses to accept his life as it is; he plans to live an experimental life by taking leave from his previous existence in order to discover new human possibilities. Musil's Personage becomes the 'Faust' of the 20th Century, without, however, any desire for a contact with the devil.

Before trying to introduce you into the world of the novel, I would like to ask a question. "Who was this Robert Musil, who died in Geneva nearly 25 years ago, in April 1942, almost unnoticed by the general public?" During his lifetime he suffered from the paradoxical situation that his fame as an outstanding writer did not reach beyond a small intellectual elite.

He was born in 1880 in Klagenfurt, Austria, son of an engineer who sent him at the age of 12 to the cadet-school, where Musil soon discovered his technical abilities. He studied engineering and became an Assistant Professor. A technical career, however, did not satisfy him, so he studied philosophy and psychology, wrote his thesis, but dissatisfied again, finally dedicated himself entirely to writing.

His first novel, "The Confusions of Student Törless" had brought him early fame. This novel was recently made into a German film which was widely acclaimed at European film festivals.

The first world war saw Musil as an Austrian officer at the Italian front. In 1918, he lived through the downfall of the Austrian Empire—an experience which was to influence him and other famous writers of his time deeply.

The income he drew from various jobs during the postwar period was scanty, but he dedicated more and more of his time to the great novel which was to become his masterpiece. Though his literary fame increased when he was awarded some of Germany's leading literary prizes, his economic situation remained shaky. In 1930 and 1933 the first two volumes of his giant novel were published. Simultaneously, he continued to be a keen observer of the political events which began to change the face of Europe. Disgusted with the Nazis, without himself being persecuted, he left Berlin and settled down in his native Austria. His diary notes on the reactions of the German masses to the Nazi take-over are of utmost lucidity and prove him a psychologist of a high order. He calls himself, in his diary, "Monsieur le vivi-secteur" (the man who dissects the living body). This quality is depicted in his desire for precision, in order to describe the feelings and thoughts of human beings as accurately as humanly possible. His novel proceeded very slowly. It was only due to the fund-raising of some friends in Vienna, who founded a Robert Musil Society, that he subsisted. In 1938, the power of the Nazis overwhelmed Austria. Musil, who had vehemently protested against the anti-intellectual persecution of the Hitler regime, moved to Switzerland, where some friends helped him to settle down. But his situation was desperate. His works were forbidden in Germany and Austria and no Swiss publisher was willing to risk his money by publishing his books. All efforts by Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein to get him a United States visa failed. In 1942, when he died at the age of 61, few people listened to the memorial speech of a friend who remembered him as one of the foremost German writers.

Musil belonged to that generation of great German writers who were born in Austria between 1874 and 1890 and who experienced the

tragic breakdown of the old order after World War I: Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Kafka and Max Brod, Trakl, Werfel and Rilke, Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Hermann Broch.

The novel "The Man without Qualities", the result of almost 40 years of work, even though unfinished, is a masterpiece of linguistic and literary brilliance. In Europe, Musil has become the ideal subject for literary criticism, since the English, French and Italian translations were published. The man without qualities is Ulrich, the hero of the novel, who was originally to be called 'Anders', the different one. As an 'homme disponible', he does not allow anybody to use him, to mould him into a 'type'; he represents a programme and a protest against our world which insists on uniformity. At the same time the writer hints at the weakness of this lonely position; Musil, born into the troublesome heart of Europe had found out the hard way that the position of the individual, of the intellectual, who refuses to take sides is almost indefensible.

We can divide the book into 3 main sections :

- (1) The parallel campaign (politics and ambitions)
- (2) The love between brother and sister
- (3) Crime and insanity

The action takes place in the Austria of 1913; Musil calls his homeland Austria, with loving irony, Kakania, using the old abbreviation for the imperial and royal state (k and k-kaiserlich und koeniglich). Austria, the loosely built Empire of the Habsburg Monarchy, consisted at that time of many nationalities, which tended, more and more, to break away from the super state, which had become unable to contain the centrifugal forces. The old structure of the Austrian Empire was not strong enough to resist the manifold pressures, such as the urge for independence of the Slavic people, the message of the international ideologies and the many prophets of utopic dreams.

In the novel, the Austrian patriots in Vienna are informed about the German project to celebrate the 30th Jubilee of the German Emperor Wilhelm II in the year 1918. The national pride of the smaller country Austria, which looks with a mixture of admiration and contempt at Prussia, is hurt and the patriots decide to organize a parallel campaign to celebrate in the same year 1918, the far more important 70 year Jubilee of their "Emperor of Peace", Franz Joseph. This is to prove to the world the leading role of internationally minded Austria by offering to the world a new idea for the furthering of international brotherhood. By selecting the year 1918 for the planned celebrations of the German and Austrian patriots, the same year indeed which was to bring about the downfall of the two monarchies and the world they represented, Musil proves himself the master of tragic irony.

The parallel campaign gives Musil the opportunity to introduce to the reader representatives of the most heterogeneous political movements, self-styled prophets of new religious movements and all kinds of lobbyists, all of them busy with trying to endow the 'parallel campaign' with their limited and outmoded conceptions.

The hero of the novel, whose main characteristic consists in not being a hero in the traditional sense by rejecting every action, every quality for the benefit of other yet unproven possibilities, enters this world of yesterday and "sees with astonishment that the reality which surrounds him is at least one hundred years behind the thinking of his time." This confrontation leads Ulrich to a kind of intellectual stocktaking of his era. He is a mathematician, 32 years old, who, dissatisfied with his life, decides to live the next year of his existence hypothetically, thereby committing himself to the role of a human guinea-pig. He becomes the secretary-general of the 'parallel campaign' without, however, taking this role too seriously. He assists without getting involved, restricting himself to the part of the observer who notes down how in their search for a new idea, the human marionettes around him get more and more lost.

His counterpart is Arnheim, who represents in this novel the progressive forces of powerful Prussia and who "combines the talents of the businessman with the brilliancy of the aesthete in a very characteristic and peculiar unity". Musil paints in Arnheim an ironic portrait of the famous industrialist, Walther Rathenau, the late foreign minister of the Weimar Republic. But neither Arnheim's philosophical attitude nor his belief in the combination of soul and business deceive Ulrich. He rejects the juxtaposition of outmoded ideas and requests the planners of the 'parallel campaign' to organize an intellectual stocktaking to allow mankind to establish a century plan or even a plan for a millennium in order to discover the law of perfect life. The man without qualities does not experiment with his own life only; the whole world should become "a great laboratory where the best ways to be a human being would be tried and discovered".

But Ulrich the moralist is not understood. The bustling activities of the 'parallel campaign' finish in empty talks—the funds raised would probably be used for armaments—all these contradictory, idealistic and pacifist movements seem to have no other result but war.

These are but the broad outlines of part one. The second and third sections are linked with the first part through Ulrich who realises that he has to escape the narrowness of his own self in order to reach "another higher state", a sphere of yet undreamed possibilities. The scientist Ulrich, tries to discover for himself the experiences of the saints in the world of irrationality. "Would it not be the only real adventure if we could notice the shadow of the coming of God?"

In the second part of the novel, Ulrich meets, by chance, his forgotten twin-sister Agathe. Brother and sister discover their love for each other and in exaltation seem to reach "another higher state" close to the state of mystic unity longed for by the mystics. The love between brother and sister, condemned by traditional morals, is presented by Musil like a myth—brother and sister escape to an island in the Mediterranean—the walls between I and Thou seem to break down—a very ancient dream, mentioned by Plato, seems to come true, but only for a few moments. The experiment to eternalize this extreme experience must fail—brother and sister separate, the outbreak of World War

One delivers Ulrich from his desperate search for 'absolute experiences', the individual throws himself into the all-embracing fires of the war.

In part three we read about a murderer, who after having killed a prostitute, faces the court with his childlike innocent face. The case, which is widely discussed in Vienna, attracts the curiosity of Ulrich, who realises that even the murderer combines in himself all the possibilities of a human existence. Moosbrugger, the murderer, becomes for Ulrich a part of our paradoxical world. For a moment he even contemplates the thought of committing a crime, in order to escape the pattern of his life by burdening his existence with such an act. It is in consequence of this thought that he tries to set the murderer free and later falsifies the last will of his father, thereby following his conviction that nothing is unequivocal, neither law nor morality, health or insanity. He does not, however, lose himself even in these antisocial experiments; his thought, unremittingly, controls his acts.

All the three actions finally lead to the war. The failure of the 'parallel campaign' the sudden end of the high-pitched love of brother and sister, crime and insanity, all these phenomena of disintegration seem to explain why the European war was bound to happen. However, Musil never accepted the role of a pessimist or a prophet of doom. Like his hero Ulrich, he was constantly searching for a new moral, a new religion, based on the knowledge of the 20th century. He hoped that his novel would help us to cope with the problems of tomorrow.

The ambitious plan of the novel and the multitude of ideas should not make us forget that "Man without Qualities" is one of the most important works of art of modern German literature. The writer succeeds in holding our attention for more than 1600 pages in spite of the lack of cohesion between the various parts. Musil does not want to tell stories, nor does he want to write a historical novel. He loves to write essays. The course of the novel is again and again interrupted; the main characters forget the very action and begin to reflect, losing themselves in long and profound discussions until the limelight reminds them of their role.

The loosely knit composition of this novel, so rich in digressions of all kind, has, however, one center: the narrator, who appears again and again, mocking and smiling, among the creatures of his fantasy, probing with the weapon of irony into the world of reality and delusion. The many utopic ideas of Musil's novel would be impossible without Musil's irony, which, in a way, puts a limit to the boundless dreams of Utopia. It makes the reading of the novel an intellectual stimulant. Musil holds up to his era, the mirror of fools by writing the satire of a doomed world, a world for which he, however, felt sympathy and affection. It is this benevolent irony which unites him with Thomas Mann, his North German counterpart. His terms are steep-

ed in irony; the "parallel campaign" clearly manifests the intellectual poverty of those who originally wanted to show off their independent mind and seem only to be able to imitate others. •

The reader's attention is drawn to the chapter headings which, better than anything else, allow us an insight into the ironic mind of Musil. Note the self-criticism of the first chapter heading—"which remarkably enough, does not get anyone anywhere," or the seventh "in a state of lowered resistance, Ulrich acquires a new girl friend". In German some of these puns and jokes are naturally more effective, as in this last case—"in einem Zustand von Schwäche, zieht sich Ulrich eine neue Geliebte zu"—der Spass liegt darin, das man sich im allgemeinen eben nur einen Schnupfen, nicht aber eine Geliebte zuzieht.

Musil is not interested in telling stories; he dissociates himself from the naturalists and refutes those who would like to associate him with James Joyce. He strongly criticizes James Joyce's way of representing the thinking process by merely reproducing the abbreviated linguistic expressions without allowing us to understand the process of thinking.

Musil tries to elucidate the various processes by which our consciousness and our thinking work; he uses for this purpose a psychological theory which assumes that our thinking takes place in different levels or strata. "These strata of thought are of course something that is not to be taken literally, as though they were superimposed on each other like different strata in the structure of the earth, it is merely a convenient expression for something porous, flowing from various directions, which is the stuff of thought under the influence of strong emotional conflicts". Musil tries to analyse with the precision of a scientist, these various states of consciousness and subconsciousness and to determine the origin of the many images and associations, which seem to appear automatically in our mind. "One would think such random images were the most transient of things in the world, but there comes a moment when the whole of life splits up into such images, and they alone stand along the road of one's life; it is as though destiny did not take its bearings from resolutions and ideas, but from these mysterious, halfmeaningless pictures."

Musil's novel is filled with such surprising image associations and parables. In his desire for precision, he seldom contents himself with one image or one comparison, but tries to differentiate, as much as possible, by a series of contrasting images or comparisons. He loves to use surprising and shocking metaphors and builds a series of complex sentences. With frivolous irony he draws comparisons between the most dissimilar objects. Every event becomes for him a parable, which hints at the significance of the entire action.

There is no better way to enter into Musil's universe than to read his books, or at least some chapters. Together with Thomas Mann and Franz Kafka, he represents the very essence of modern German literature.

robert musil
short bibliography

Gesammelte Werke in Einzelausgaben, Hamburg 1952 ff.

- (1) Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften
- (2) Tagebücher, Aphorismen, Essays und Reden
- (3) Prosa, Dramen, Späte Briefe

English Translation "The Man without Qualities" by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser, London, Secker & Warburg, 1954.

- G. Kalow : Robert Musil, in Deutsche Literatur im 20. Jahrhundert
- H. R. Boeninger : The Rediscovery of Robert Musil, in Modern Language Forum, 1952
- B. Allemann : Ironie und Dichtung, 1956
- W. Berghahn : Robert Musil, Rowohlt 1963
- H. Arntzen : Satirischer Stil, zur Satire Robert Musils in "Mann ohne Eigenschaften", 1960
- W. Braun : The problem of true and false unity in Musil's "Mann ohne Eigenschaften", German Quarterly 29, 1956
- Pike, B : Robert Musil : An Introduction to his Work, Cornell University Press, 1962
- Y. Isitt : Robert Musil, in German Men of Letters, III

English Translation "Young Törless", by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser, London, Secker & Warburg, 1955 (Also available in Penguin)

कथा-साहित्य की भाषा

राजेन्द्र यादव

यह लेख, कुछ उदाहरणों की पीठ थपथपाकर, पहुँचे हुए निष्कर्षों की सूचना नहीं, सिर्फ़, क्रमशः सोचने का एक तरीका है—एक व्यक्तिगत चिन्तन। इसमें बहुतों का हिस्सा हो सकता है, क्योंकि नितान्त मेरा और इसी क्षण का भी नहीं है, कोई भी व्यक्तिगत नहीं होता।

मेरी याद्दाश्त बहुत अच्छी नहीं है, बल्कि खराब है। कुछ लोगों को पढ़ी हुई किताबों के वाक्य, उनके वार्तालाप, पात्रों के नाम सभी कुछ याद रह जाते हैं। ज़िन्दगी में कब, कहाँ, किसने, क्या कहा था—सब खुदा रहता है। बिल्कुल ही उलटी बात मेरे साथ है, मुझे केवल स्थितियाँ—सिचुएशन्स याद रहती हैं, उनके प्रभाव बने रहते हैं, कुछ बिम्ब मन में सुरक्षित रह जाते हैं। लिखते समय यही-कुछ मेरी पूँजी है। सारा प्रयत्न इन बिम्बों, प्रभावों और स्थितियों को भाषा का आकार देने का रहता है, इसके लिए वाद में परिस्थितियाँ आती हैं, परिवेश और

वार्तालाप आते हैं, पात्रों के व्यक्तित्व और स्तर आते हैं। ठीक जिस तरह कोई अनुभव, अनुभूति और संवेदना में बदलकर बोध और संस्कार बनता है, उसकी ही उलटी प्रक्रिया खोजी जाने लगती है। पाठक और लेखक के बीच यह अनुभव से अनुभव तक की यात्रा है। इसी विवशता के कारण रचना मेरे लिए सृजन है, जाने और भोगे हुए की रिपोर्टिंग नहीं।

जिस चीज को, इस यात्रा में सचेत होकर मैं पहले से कभी नहीं सोचता, वह है भाषा। लिखने से पहले और लिखने के दौरान, भाषा मेरे लिए कभी अलग से परेशानी या चिन्ता का कारण नहीं होती—उस समय तो संघर्ष अपने अनुभव को प्रभावशाली तरीके से भाषा का रूप देने, अनुभूति को शब्दों में अनुवाद कर देने का ही सबसे अधिक होता है। इसलिए लेखन को व्यक्तिगत पत्र कहना मुझे ज्यादा सही लगता है, और भी आगे बढ़कर प्रेम-पत्र, अपनी आत्मीयता और उष्मा के धरातल पर। अन्ततः सारा लेखन मानसिक आत्मकथा ही होता है। जिस परिवेश में मानसिकता बनती है, उसके साथ रहते हुए “आत्म” की तलाश और कथा का रूप—यानी मूलतः रूपक और पंरेबुल—लेकिन जटिल और अनेक स्तरों पर। दूसरों की बात में हम सच्ची रुचि उसी हालत में ले पाते हैं, जब वह कहीं समान्तर हमारी अपनी भी बात हो। मित्र—दम्पति की आपसी समस्या पर विचार करते हुए, हम कहीं भीतर अपनी ही समस्या पर विचार करते हैं, दूसरों के माध्यम से। इसलिए वह समस्या दूसरों की भी उतनी ही है, जितनी हमारी अपनी। रचनाकार के लिए कथा, व्यक्तिगत पत्र लिखने की एक टैक्नीक है, क्योंकि समस्या, अगर मानें तो, अपना पत्र पते तक, सही तरह पहुँचा देने की ही सबसे बड़ी है। पत्र लिखने के लिए लोग अपने-अपने स्तर और संस्कारों के अनुरूप साधन चुनते हैं, कागज-लिफाफे से लेकर लिखने के तरीके तक, कोई शेर और शायरी में मनस्थिति बताता है, कोई सिनेमाई डायलॉग चुनता है, कोई हाशिया और वेल-बूटे आजमाता है। कमलेश्वर की कहानी में एक पात्र कोरा कागज लिफाफे में रखकर भेज देता है, क्योंकि सभी कुछ तो लिखा नहीं जाता। “कहिहै सबु तेरी हियौ, मेरे हिय की बात” के बिहारीवाले तर्क पर मौन-पत्र लिखने की आवाजें भी सुनने को मिल रही हैं। बहरहाल, मकसद बात को पहुँचाना है, ठीक और प्रभावशाली ढंग से पहुँचाना है। लेखन में यह क्रासिद या सन्देश-वाहक होती है भाषा। लेकिन दयनीय-मुश्किल यह है कि चैखव के बाँका की तरह लेखक के पास कोई विशिष्ट पता नहीं होता—उसे समय पर अपने ‘नाना’ का पता ही याद नहीं आता। सुनते हैं, शैली पत्र लिख कर बोटलों में बन्द कर देता था और समुद्र में वहा दिया करता था। इसलिए इस तरह के पत्र या तो किसी को नहीं मिलते, या बहुतों को साथ ही मिलते हैं, अर्थात् वे एक साथ किसी के लिए भी सम्बोधित हो सकते हैं मिलने के बाद भी जो उस सम्बोधन को अपने लिए स्वीकार नहीं कर पाते, उनके लिए वे सिर्फ बकवास हैं।

जैसा कि मैंने कहा, मोटे रूप में समस्या मेरे लिए भाषा और क्रासिद की है ही नहीं, वह टोटल ऐक्सप्रेशन या टोटल कम्यूनिकेशन की है। द्रष्टृ मूलतः बात को पहुँचाने को लेकर है, इसके लिए कोई शब्द, कोई मुहावरा, कोई अभिव्यक्ति अलग से सिरदर्द क्यों बने? अगर संदर्भ और मंतव्य ठीक हैं तो हर अभिव्यक्ति वही बात बोलेगी। मगर नहीं, हमलोग बात के प्रति जितने सचेत हैं, उतने ही सचेष्ट इसके प्रति भी हैं कि वह सही तरह, सही अन्दाज और प्रभाव के साथ पहुँचे। यानी क्रासिद की बोलचाल, उच्चारण-लहजा, रूप-रंग, आचार-व्यवहार—सम्पूर्ण व्यक्तित्व हमारी बात के अनुरूप हो और हमारा अपना ही प्रतिरूप बनकर जाये। हम सभी रत्नाकर के इसी ऊधो की तलाश में हैं जो हिचकियों तक में “हमें” कह दे और सारे आरोप सिर झुकाकर सहले। कह सकते हैं, हमारे क्रासिद का काम दुहरा है—सही व्यक्ति की तलाश और सही बात को सही ढंग से कह देने की

SOME people remember situations to such an extent that even the words spoken are engraved in their minds, and yet others have vivid impressions of particular situations but the whys and wherefores elude them. They then have to resort to ‘recreate’, i.e. the medium of fiction and give concrete form to it by finding the right words for it. The language of fiction is not pre-planned, but rather a projection of the writer’s mind, which is a treasure of memories and images gathered through a variety of experience. The problem, hence, is not of language, but of the intensity of expression, of an identification with the reader, which would enable him into active participation in the action. For, sympathy and appreciation are a result of self-

क्षमता। इस संदर्भ में मुझे सौल वैंलो की कहानी “लुकिंग फ़ार मि०ग्रीन” बार-बार याद आ रही है। यहाँ व्यक्ति की तलाश, खुद उस व्यक्ति से ज़्यादा महत्वपूर्ण हो जाती है जिसकी तलाश की जा रही है। अपने-आप में लक्ष्य बनी यह तलाश, क़ासिद को इतना थका देती है कि अन्त में जो भी अपने को वह व्यक्ति या उसका प्रतिनिधि बताता है, लिफ़ाफ़ा उसके हाथ में थमाकर क़ासिद अपने मिशन को पूरा समझने लगता है। ख़ैर, तो सिर दर्द क़ासिद के चुनाव और मन-मुताबिक़ अपनी बात उसके भीतर उतार देने का है, उसे अपने ही व्यक्तित्व का ‘डबल’ बना देने की है।

सिर-दर्द इसलिए है कि बात और पहुँचाने के बीच यही तीसरा आदमी है। चूँकि वह तीसरा है इसलिए उस पर हमें भरोसा नहीं है, मगर भरोसा करने को हम मजबूर भी हैं। चारा भी नहीं है। इसलिए उसे खूब ठोक-बजाकर प्रशिक्षित करते हैं, बार-बार प्रॉम्प्ट करते हैं, रिहर्सल कराते हैं और शायद ज़िन्दगी-भर यही करते रहते हैं। मगर यह भी तो हमें ग़वार नहीं है कि हमारी स्थिति केवल क़ासिद-ट्रेनर की रह जाय . . . अजीब सँकरी सुरंग है जिससे गुजरते हुए आदमी यही भूल जाय कि उसे किस हकीम ने इस सुरंग को चुनने और इससे गुजरने को कहा था। दिल की लगी की मजबूरी ही इसे कहा जा सकता है।

लेकिन नहीं, इस क़ासिद से बात बनेगी नहीं। यह तो उसे और उलझाये दे रहा है। आपके सामने संदेश साफ़ हो, कँटा-छँटा साफ़-सुथरा लिखा रखवा हो, तब तो इस ‘तीसरे आदमी’ को भरोसे में लिया भी जाय—उसे वाक़ायदा तैयार किया जाय। वरना उस वक्त क्या मुँह रह जायेगा जब तीसरा आदमी चुन लिया गया, उसे क़ायद-कसरत कराके तैयार कर लिया गया और तब पाया कि संदेश कहीं रखकर भूल गये हैं, अभी लिखना और सोचना है, या कि कहीं कोई सन्देश है ही नहीं। अब अपने आप और अपनी भूक पर सिर ख़ुजला रहे हैं, आख़िर कह देते हैं—“आजो, कह देना कि नवाब साहब सो रहे हैं। क्या इसी बात को कहने के लिए सुबह से माथा फोड़ रहे थे?—नवाब और क़ासिद दोनों झल्लाते हैं। नवाब सोचते हैं, मेहनत बेकार गयी। उधर क़ासिद तय करता है, “आदमी झूठी है, लेकिन ट्रेनिंग अच्छी देता है। अब किसी अच्छी जगह काम मिल जायेगा। मेरे साथ नवाब का भी तो नाम जुड़ा है।” सुबह से शाम तक की सेज-तैयारी का नपुंसक आक्रोश नवाब साहब को भूनता रहता है, अब सारा गुस्सा इसी ‘तीसरे आदमी पर केन्द्रित हो गया है :” मेरा सारा वक्त बरबाद कर दिया। तुझे सिखाने-पढ़ाने में मैं तो यही भूल गया कि बात क्या पहुँचानी थी, कहाँ पहुँचानी थी। ठहर बच्चू, मेरी ही ट्रेनिंग लेकर मुझे ही ठेंगा दिखाने की हालत में नहीं छोड़ूँगा” अब छल-बल से नवाब इस क़ासिद को अपना मुसाहिब बना डालते हैं, खुद ही अपने संदेश सुनते हैं और महान महसूस करते हैं। इसे कहते हैं मुसाहिब में “आत्म-साक्षात्कार”।

मोपासाँ की एक कहानी की नायिका खुद अपने को प्रेम-पत्र लिखकर अपने पते पर ही डालती है।

लेकिन ऊपर से हँसते और खीसें निपोरते नवाब साहब भीतर बहुत ही ग़मगीन, खिन्न और परेशान हैं—यह खुशामदी, मुसाहिब किसी दिन विद्रोह न कर बैठे, किसी दूसरे से न जा-मिले। आख़िर बाहरी आदमी है, कब क्या बात इसकी खोपड़ी में घुस जाये? इस तरह मुसाहिब और नवाब-साहब के बीच अनकहे पेंतरे चल रहे हैं, दोनों को एक दूसरे पर भरोसा नहीं है, लेकिन दोनों एक दूसरे को अपना सबसे ज़िगरी साथी कहने को मजबूर हैं। सारी ज़िन्दगी इस नवाब के चक्कर में बेकार चली जा रही है की कचोट को जितने दिन टाला जा सके, इसी में भलाई है। फिर भी क़ासिद आदमी

participation only. So, for the writer of fiction, total communication and total expression are imperative and distinct parts of his technique.

Between experience and expression, language is a third live and independent existence. It has been given to us by others; it joins us with others. According to Sartre, it is a public property which we bring into personal use. But those who consider language and words a purely public property like trains or buses, can never be identified with it and through unfamiliarity and mistrust, are jealous of others. ‘Words’ are not dead fixtures; they have life in their meaning with its history, character, association, expansion and decline. We cannot

चालाक है, वह 'अपनों' के बीच नवाब साहब की नकलें उतारता है, उनका मजाक उड़ाता है। नवाब यह भी जान लेते हैं। दोनों तरफ का झूठ बढ़ता चला जाता है।

अनुभूति और अभिव्यक्ति के बीच भाषा निश्चय ही एक तीसरी, जीवित और स्वतंत्र सत्ता है। वह हमें औरों से मिली है, हमें औरों से जोड़ती है। सार्त्र के अनुसार भी "शब्द सार्वजनिक सम्पत्ति हैं," और हम उनका व्यक्तिगत उपयोग करते हैं। लेकिन जिनके लिये भाषा या शब्द, रेल और बस की तरह जड़-सार्वजनिक सम्पत्ति हैं, वे कभी भी उससे जुड़ नहीं पाते, हमेशा अजनबियत और अविश्वास के संत्रास-दायक दश से घुलते हैं, पड़ोस में कौन आकर बैठ गया है, इस पर कुढ़ते हैं।

लेकिन शब्द जड़ नहीं है, उनमें अर्थ नामका प्राण भी घुसा बैठा है जो अपना इतिहास, व्यक्तित्व, सम्पर्क और विकास-हास—सभी कुछ जीता है। जैसे ही हमने उसे छुना, वह हम पर अपने दावे ठोकने लगता है। हर किसी शब्द का मनचाहे अर्थ में उपयोग नहीं किया जा सकता, वह बिगड़ और मचल जायेगा। हम केवल अपने वास्ते देकर, अपना संदर्भ जोड़कर, उसका अपना व्यक्तित्व स्वीकार करते हुए मतलब निकाल लेने की कोशिश करते रहते हैं, शब्द को व्यर्थ या सार्थक कर देते हैं। शब्दों के स्पन्दित कैप्सूल—कुप्पियों—में ही हमारा सारा इतिहास, संस्कृति, चिन्तन—पूरा मानव-जीवन हम तक आया है। "हुजूर" शब्द एक पूरी जाति, पूरी सभ्यता, समय और मानसिकता को साकार कर देने के लिये काफ़ी है। शब्दों से अलग ज़िन्दगी की कल्पना नहीं की जा सकती।

लेकिन जब ज़िन्दगी के मूल्य और मानक बदल जाते हैं, अर्थात् जिस ज़िन्दगी को सही-सही व्यक्त करने के लिये भाषा आयी थी, वही पीछे से खिसक जाती है, मगर शब्दों को प्रयोग करने का आग्रह जारी रहता है तो वे शतान बच्चों की तरह अलग खड़े-खड़े मूँह चिढ़ाते हैं, शलील-अश्लील हरकतें करते हैं, ढेले फेंकते हैं। "महाराज" रसोइया हो जाता है, "हजरत" और "गुरु" गुन्डे का अर्थ देने लगते हैं, "राजा" फ़ुटपाती डालिंग बन जाते हैं और "महल-रानी"? "भले घर की रंडियों के जानने योग्य बातें"—यह पंक्ति छपी है इंग्लैण्ड की किसी महिला-कल्याण-समिति की ओर से १८०३ में प्रकाशित "स्त्री-शिक्षा-विधायिनी" पुस्तक पर। सारी पुस्तक में "रंडी" शब्द को संभ्रान्त-लेडी के अर्थ में प्रयुक्त किया गया है और इसी अर्थ में लिया है इशाअल्ला ख़ाँ ने। आज का नेता, जन-सम्पर्क के लिये जब "सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम" कराता है तो सारे शब्द अलग-अलग विरोध में चिल्ला उठते हैं और इस सचाई का भण्डा-फोड़ कर देते हैं कि एक तिकड़मी आदमी, अफसरों को पटाने के लिये रंगीनियाँ छिटका रहा है। व्यावसायिक माहौल में एण्टरटेनमेंट का अर्थ कौन नहीं जानता? शान्ति, सत्य, नैतिकता, सद्भावना, मिशन, मानवता जैसे हजारों शब्द हमारे देखते-देखते बेकार हो गये। (उनका अवमूल्यन हो गया) ज़िन्दगी की सारी ठण्डी-गरम लड़ाइयाँ, मनोवैज्ञानिक लड़ाइयाँ हैं और वे शब्दों के ज़रिए और शब्दों के बीच में लड़ी जाती हैं। हम भेड़-बकरियों की तरह कोशों से निकाल-निकाल कर उन्हें मोर्चों पर भेज जरूर देते हैं, लेकिन ज़िद्दी और झल्लाये हुये ये शब्द या तो काठ के पुतलों की तरह जाकर खड़े हो जाते हैं या अपने अर्थ खोल-खोलकर असलियतें बताने लगते हैं—बाकायदा विद्रोह कर देते हैं। रचना चूँकि अपने आप में प्रकृति और व्यवस्था के खिलाफ़ विद्रोही है इसलिए ये 'विद्रोही' रचनाकार का ही मुँह ओहते हैं कि वह उन्हें उनका सही नाम और अर्थ दे। दमघोड़ मुसाहिबी से उन्हें मुक्ति दिलाये।

भाषा ज़िन्दगी की नब्ब है और शब्दों का विद्रोह हो उठना, ज़िन्दगी का विद्रोही हो उठना है। अगर आज हमारी भाषा के सारे शब्द अराजक, हिंस्र और दुर्दान्त हो उठे हैं तो कुमूर उनका नहीं, ज़िन्दगी की वास्तविकताओं का है, उनसे मनमानी मुसाहिबी

use them as we please; in doing so, in our own personal context, we either render them useless or imbibe them with true meaning. In the capsules of words alone we have received our entire history, culture, philosophy and thought—our entire civilization. One word like 'Huzoor' is enough to bring alive an entire society, culture, time and civilization. Life cannot be lived without words.

But when the purpose and context of life change, then those very words, which were brought into life to give it meaning, lose their reality and truth. Today politics and commercialization, the controlling centres of life, have corrupted our whole language and hundreds of

करानेवालों का है। जो कुछ और जिस तरह हम भोगते और जीते हैं, उसे न शब्दों से बहकाया जा सकता है, न टाला। सही चीजों के सही नाम देकर, सही शब्दों में समझकर हम उसे समझ और ढाल सकते हैं, क्योंकि इन जंगली और बनैले शब्दों के साथ जीकर, इन्हें पालतू बनाकर वही अपनी बात कह सकता है जो ज़िन्दगी को, आज की सच्चाई को पहचानता है, उसका पक्षधर है, भोक्ता है...लेकिन दुनियाभर की विडम्बनाओं आडम्बरों और कृत्रिमताओं से घिरा आदमी जब खुद ही जंगली हो उठा हो तो? शब्द उसे फाड़ते हैं और शब्दों को फाड़ता है—सारे दरवाजे, रस्से और कुण्डे काट-काट कर वह इन्हें अपनी की ही भीड़ पर लहका देता है.....शब्दों की यह सरकसीय-ऊब उसके वर्दाश्त से बाहर हो जाती है।

शब्द-पशुओं के चित्र-विचित्र रिग-मास्टरो से घिरा आज का लेखक, वेहद डैस्पेरेट और हताश हो उठा है। उसके सामने न कोई शत्रु है, न मित्र। सभी शत्रु हैं, वह खुद अपना शत्रु है। ज़िन्दगी क्या है, घूल-धक्कड़ से भरी अजीब से मेले की हाट है। एक तरफ विश्वविद्यालयों की शास्त्रीय, आडम्बरी, नकली, शुद्धतावादी भाषा है जहाँ हर शब्द की जाति, जन्म-तिथि, सम्पर्क, रिश्तेदार, सिफारिश, चोटी-जनेऊ देखकर ही प्रवेश दिया जाता है। दूसरों को डराने-धमकाने के लिये अलग “शब्दावली” तैयार की जाती है, गुप्त-संगठनों की तरह शोध-ग्रंथों के अखाड़ों में इन शब्दों से जोर कराया जाता है और रचनात्मक साहित्य में ये शब्द, गण्डे-तावीजों से लैस सीनातान कर दादागिरी करते घूमते हैं, राजनीतिज्ञों और “प्रभावशाली” लोगों के लिये किराये पर “शान्ति” स्थापित कराते हैं—“सरकशों” को ठिकाने लगाते हैं। दूसरी ओर महीन-महीन नक्काशी और मीनाकारी का काम करनेवाले सुनार हैं जो एक-एक चावल पर गीता लिख ढालने के अहंकार में डूबे खुट-खुट किये जा रहे हैं। इन शब्द-नक्काशों का अपना एक अलग आभिजात्य है। आज की इस ऊबड़-खाबड़ भाषा में, ये कहाँ अपने व्यक्तित्व की नफ़ासत और लताफ़त को कायम रखें, उसे संगीत दें—इसी चिन्ता में दुबले हैं कि दुनिया के किस छोर में ऐसे पहलदार चावल होते हैं जिनका पता कम ही लोगों को है। ताकि उन चावलों के हर पहलू पर अपनी गीता लिखी जाती रहे...इन महीन कामों के जो भी कद्रदां बचे रह गये हैं वे कहीं निराश न हो जायें। मखमली ड़िबियों में जतन से रखे हज़ारों आतिशी शीशे वेकार न हो जायें। तीसरी तरफ़ आध्यात्मिक रहस्यवाद की चाशनी में, बैठे-बैठे इलायची-दाने बनानेवालों के फड़ लगे हैं। इन्हें न इलायची से मतलब है, न चाशनी से—“चाशनी है, तो इलायची भी होगी ही। दोनों ही नहीं भी हो सकती थीं। हैं, तो इनका होना सार्थक हो।” चौथी तरफ़ धूप छाँही रंगोंवाले छायावादी रेशमी शब्दों से ज़रदोज़ी के फूल-पत्ते बनाये जा रहे हैं—भाषा क्या है, जैसे एयरकण्डीशण्ड कमरे की पत्तीदार चिकों से मधुर-मधुर ऑकेस्ट्रा भर रहा हो, सुरूर की चुस्कियाँ और कोहरा और धुन्ध और नीली-नीली आँखें...धूँए के छल्ले और ऊब। खैर, ज़रा उधर भी मुलाहिजा फ़रमायें...बड़ा शोर है न। नहीं जी, लड़ कोई नहीं रहा—शब्द ही स्मार्ट खिलाड़ी बन उठे हैं, मृत्यु-संज्ञास के ताजियों के आगे-आगे पटेबाज़ी, ट्विस्ट करनेवाले मुहल्ले के शोहदे शब्द...“कच्ची” और मारजुआना चख लेने से चोट नहीं लगती न...हाय हुसैन! यहाँ तो कुछ कर गुज़रने की थ्रिल को ही रास्ता मिल रहा है, असली लड़ाई तो हुसैन पहले ही लड़ चुके थे।

words like Truth, Peace, Leadership Courtesy, Mission, Humanity, have fallen dead helplessly. Life's 'cold wars' are all psychological wars, fought through the medium of words. At the 'front' of war they either behave like puppets or turn into rebellion by betraying the 'real meaning', i. e. the 'motive behind.' Language is the pulse of life; in the rebellion of words is the rebellion of life itself.

Confronted with this confusion, the writer today is an extremely desperate and disillusioned being. He has neither foe nor friend. He is tossed around in the storm created by the various factions of modern society. The hero of Sartre's "Erostratus" says: "Even

इस सारे दिखावटी नकलीपने में “यारों के यार” की ज़िन्दा, “वाज़ारू” गालियाँ फूटती हैं, “आधा गाँव” की ज़िन्दगी कगारें फाँदती है और बीट-हंग्री एन्थ्रो-दिगम्बर शब्दों के भुण्ड के भुण्ड तोड़-फोड़ करते हैं—हम अपने भीतर के सारे अर्थ उलीच-उलीच कर फेंक देंगे, इस भाषा को न तुम्हारे काम का रहने देंगे न अपने। यह नकली भाषा और उसके चारण आलोचक तुम्हें ही मुबारक हों...तुम जिन्हें फूहड़, भदेस, वाज़ारू और फ़ोहश कहते रहे हो, हम उन्हीं को तुम्हारी सजी-सजायी बैठकों

में लाकर, उन्हीं शब्दों के साथ उठ-बैठकर तुम्हारी नक्काबें फाड़ेंगे, खिल्ली और नींद उड़ावेंगे।

सार्त्र की कहानी “इरोस्त्रातुस” का नायक कहाता है : “जिन हथियारों का मैं इस्तेमाल करता हूँ, वे तक उनके हैं। मसलन शब्दों को ही लीजिए : मैं सिर्फ़ अपने शब्द और अपनी भाषा चाहता था। लेकिन जिन शब्दों को मैं इस्तेमाल करता हूँ वे न जाने कितनी चेतनाओं से गुजर कर घिसटते चले आ रहे हैं। वे मेरी खोपड़ी में अपने आप ही एक क्रम ले लेते हैं, क्योंकि और अभ्यासों की तरह उन्हें भी मैंने दूसरों से लिया है। इसलिए लिखने में उनका प्रयोग मुझे तीव्र विवृण्णा से भर-भर देता है।”

और दूसरों के झूठ और अपनी झल्लाहट से आक्रान्त यह रचनाकार किसी भी दूसरे की भाषा नहीं चाहता, किसी दूसरे के शब्द नहीं चाहता, किसी दूसरे के संदर्भ नहीं चाहता। वह सिर्फ़ अपनी भाषा, अपने शब्द, अपने अर्थ चाहता—उसका विद्रोह शब्द-मात्र से है, सारी भाषा-जीवी व्यवस्था से है, ज़िन्दगी से है क्योंकि ज़िन्दगी राजनीतिज्ञों और व्यापारियों के क्लिंओं और क़ंदखानों में बन्द है। खरीद-फ़रोख्त का माल बनाकर उसे उन्होंने अपने गोदामों में भर लिया है और मनुष्य की सारी अच्छाइयों, उपलब्धियों के साथ-साथ इन लोगों ने उन्हें व्यक्त करनेवाले अच्छे से अच्छे शब्दों और उनकी शक्तियों को सिर्फ़ अपने विज्ञापनों के लिए निचोड़ लिया है—परिणामतः आदमी की अच्छाइयाँ और ये शब्द, एक सिरे से हमारे लिए व्यर्थ, झूठे और खोखले हो गये हैं—दुश्मन हो गये हैं। हम उन्हें सिर्फ़ आशंका और हिंकारत से ही देख सकते हैं कि उनकी आड़ में कौन-सा माल खपाया जा रहा है? ये गुलाम शब्द अपने मालिकों के मनोरंजन के लिए ग्लैंडियेटरों का खेल दिखाने को मजबूर हैं—एक के मर जाने तक यह खेल चलता है और फिर विजेता को भूखे शेरों के सामने डाल दिया जाता है।

भाषा और शब्दों की इस भयावह अराजकता में दर्द कहीं किसी से जुड़ने—बिलौंग करने—का उतना नहीं, जितना कहीं भी किसी से भी जुड़ न सकने का है, भीड़ में अलग-अलग, अकेले और फ़ालतू हो जाने का है, किसी भी सम्बन्ध और सन्दर्भ के न रह जाने का है। असुरक्षा की नियति का अहसास या तो आदमी को मनहूस और अवसन्न बना देता है और वह एक कोने में बैठा-बैठा रोता है, अकेले हो जाने के मृत्यु-संक्रास को भोगता है, आत्म-हत्या कर लेता है, या फिर वह हताश होकर विवेक खो देता है, बौरा जाता है—पागल होकर हत्याएँ करता है। दोनों स्थितियाँ उसे कहीं नहीं ले जातीं।

मगर अपने मन की इस विवृण्णा और विक्षोभ-विषाद को लेखक भोगता और रियलाइज़ कैसे करता है? अपने अस्तित्व के संकट की जानकारी उसे किस भाषा में होती है?—और भी आगे बढ़कर, किस संदर्भ में होती है?

यहाँ से साहित्य की दूसरी समस्या शुरू होती है। भाषा केवल अभिव्यक्ति ही नहीं, चिन्तन-प्रक्रिया भी है। हम शब्दों में ही सोचते और अनुभव करते हैं। भाषा, यानी ज़िन्दगी खोखली, व्यर्थ, बेमानी, फिज़ूल और बेतुकी होगयी है—इस बात को महसूस भी तो हम सिर्फ़ भाषा में ही कर पाते हैं। भाषा की अनुपस्थिति में सोचना किस तरह संभव होता, मेरे लिए कल्पनातीत है। लेकिन भाषा अपने आप में क्या है? क्या केवल शब्दों का व्याकरण सम्मत-समुच्चय? बात नयी नहीं है, लेकिन यहाँ दुहराना ज़रूरी है कि शब्दों का अपना कोई अर्थ नहीं होता। उसके पर्याय होते हैं शब्द केवल चीज़ों के पर्याय या प्रतीक हैं और बार-बार के प्रयोग से हम उन्हें एक ओर सुनिश्चित कर लेते हैं तो दूसरी ओर अपने आशय और व्यक्तित्व

the tools I used, I felt, belonged to them. Words for example; I wanted 'my own words'. But the ones I use have dragged through, I do not know how many consciences; they arrange themselves in my head by virtue of the habits I have picked up from others and it is not without repugnance that I use them in writing to you.”

In the frightening anarchy of life and language, the pain is not in the 'belonging' but in the inability to belong to either of them; of getting lost in a stampeding and crushing crowd from both the sides. This realisation of alienation and insecurity either turns a man into a self-pitying individual contemplating suicide, or an amuck

मिला—मिलाकर सुनिश्चित अर्थों को तोड़ते-फँलाते जाते हैं। बार-बार का प्रयोग एक आसंग बनाता है और हर व्यक्ति, समय का आसंग अलग होता है। अज्ञेयजी की “नदी के द्वीप” कविता का अपनी समझ में उत्तर देते हुए मैंने भी कभी एक कविता लिखी थी। उसमें शब्दों को मनुष्यों का प्रतीक मानकर कहा था कि शब्द अपने आप में कुछ नहीं होता, अच्छा-बुरा सदाचारी-दुराचारी, व्यर्थ-सार्थक, सामिष-निरामिष कुछ भी नहीं—शब्दों का ढेर केवल कोश बना सकता है। उन्हें विशेष सम्बन्ध, व्याकरण, संदर्भ, आशय और आसंग में रखने से ही भाषा बनती है और ये सम्बन्ध, संदर्भ और व्याकरण हमारी ज़िन्दगी के हैं, हमारे आस-पास की दुनिया के हैं—जो हर दिन बदलती है हमारी चिन्ता या कन्सर्न इसी ज़िन्दगी को लेकर है। शब्दों को प्रयोग-कक्ष में ले जाकर उनका रासायनिक-विश्लेषण करनेवाले क्रोमियागरो से यह एकदम उलटी प्रक्रिया है।

कथा या साहित्य के संदर्भ में भाषा की बात किसी भी कोण और धरातल से शुरू की जाय, वह ज़िन्दगी और यथार्थ पर ही आकर टिकती है, क्योंकि उसी से हम ज़िन्दगी को जीते, समझते और अभिव्यक्ति देते हैं। या इनसे वचते हैं।

कविता भाषा को कम्प्रैस करती है, सम्पूर्ण अनुभूति और आसंग को कुछ शब्दों में समेटकर प्रस्तुत करती है। बात को बहुत न खींचा जाय तो, कहा जा सकता है, वह सम्पूर्ण संवेदना को टैबलैट्स में पेश करती है। मैं “मुवर्ण-कामी” कहकर कवि की महत्ता कम नहीं करता, लेकिन यह सही है कि कवि का आग्रह शब्द पर अधिक है—यानी ज़िन्दगी के अर्क पर। कथा ज़िन्दगी का सीधा अनुवाद है, वहाँ शब्द और उसके पीछे का चित्र अलग खड़ा होकर नहीं बोलता, वह भाषा में ढल और घुलकर संपूर्ण स्थिति का चित्र और स्वर बनता है। इसलिए कथा-भाषा पर विचार शब्दों के आधार पर होना ही नहीं चाहिए, सम्पूर्ण अभिव्यक्ति या टोटल ऐक्सप्रेसन के आधार पर होना चाहिए—इसमें अगर शब्द सार्थक या संगत है तो वह किस जाति-पेशे-देश-भाषा का है इसकी तफ़्तीश करना फूहड़पन है—या अतिरिक्त विद्वत्ता। बात एक ही है। किसी ने, थियोडोर गुडमैन या पर्सी ल्यूबक ने, कहा था कि कथा-भाषा वह पारदर्शी शीशा है जिसके दूसरी ओर ज़िन्दगी गाल सटाये भाँकती है। उसे हम जैसे का तैसा छू भले ही न सकें, महसूस जरूर कर सकते हैं, अपने भीतर फिर से जी सकते हैं, क्योंकि वस्तुतः बाहर के साथ-साथ जीते तो हम अपनी ही ज़िन्दगी हैं। जहाँ शीशे की अपनी खूबसूरती और नक्काशी, दृश्य से ध्यान हटा या बँटा ले, वहाँ कथाकार वेश में कवि होता है। भाषा-विषयक अतिरिक्त चिन्ता कथाकार से अधिक कवि में होती है। हिन्दी में प्रेमचन्द और प्रसाद, अज्ञेय और यशपाल इसके उदाहरण हैं—विश्व-साहित्य में जेम्स जॉयस और दोस्तोयव्स्की। जीवन के प्रमाण की बात छोड़ दी जाय तो शक इसमें भी नहीं है कि साहित्य को खूबसूरत भाषा देने का काम प्रायः कवि ने ही किया है, उसका सार्थक उपयोग भले ही कथाकार ने किया हो।

कथा साहित्य की ज़िन्दगी को हम छू नहीं सकते, केवल महसूस कर सकते हैं, उस अहसास को जी सकते हैं, इस तकलीफ़ को टोमस मान का टोनियो-क्रोइगर जानता है। अज्ञेजी अनुवाद का वाक्य है: “नाउ फ़ॉर द वर्ड। इट इज़ेन्ट सो मच ऐ मैटर आफ़ ‘रिडीमिंग-पावर’ ऐज़ इट इज़ ऑफ़ पुटिंग योर इमोशन्स ऑन आइस एण्ड सर्विंग् देम अप चिल्ड...”

भावनाओं को बर्फ़ में जमाकर पेश कर देने का यह संकट, हर लेखक का दुहरा संकट है। अनुभव करने, सोचते की भाषा निराकार, गतिमय, सजीव और बड़ी लचीली है, उसे ठोस शब्दों में रख देना और फिर महसूस करना कि जाने कितना-कुछ छूटा जा रहा है। अपने को सम्प्रेषित करके बाहर से जुड़ने के प्रयत्न में और भी अकेले छूटते जाना। जीभ के स्वाद को शब्दों, आकृतियों और मुद्राओं में

who finds an outlet in destruction. But how does a writer realise and bear his dissatisfaction and sorrow? In what language does he find the ‘awareness’ of the danger to his existence? Words as such have no meaning. It is the life, its circumstances and experiences of day to day, which gives them a unity and makes them a language. So, when we talk of the language of fiction, it is not of words but of the language of life we are concerned with. We cannot touch the life of fiction but we can feel it and live through the pain of realisation. Thomas Mann’s Tonio Kroeger says: “Now for the word; it is not so much a matter of ‘redeeming power’ as it is of putting your emotions on ice and serving them up chilled.....”

व्यक्त करने की मजबूरी और इस अधूरेपन का अहसास कि यह तो व्यक्ति के अनुसार हर स्वादिष्ट चीज का स्वाद हो सकता है, उसी विशिष्ट चीज का वही इकलौता स्वाद कहाँ है जिसे मैं दूसरे तक पहुँचा देना चाहता हूँ। दूसरा तो अपने ही किसी विशेष स्वाद का आसंग जगाकर इसका अनुमान भर करेगा—या अपने ही आसंग में इतना डूब जायेगा कि मेरा और मेरे प्रयत्न का उसे खयाल भी नहीं रहेगा। यह किसी एक के तादात्म्य, या व्यक्तित्व-विलयन की अपेक्षा सह-अनुभव—एम्पैथी की समस्या है जो अपने अकेलेपन से लड़ते हुए रचनाकार अनुभव करता है।

संवेदना की भाषा ठीक वही तो नहीं है जो लिख और छपकर सामने आती है। भाषा अपने ढंग से सजीव और व्यक्तित्ववान है और हमारी संवेदना अपने ढंग से। दोनों के एकाकार होने के बिन्दु जितने हैं उनसे कहीं अधिक बिखर जाने के हैं, पकड़ाई में आने का भ्रम देकर दोनों दूर छिटक जाते हैं। फ्रैंक ओ—कोनर के शब्दों में उस समय तो “चेतना की सरहदों पर चलनेवाली इस गुरिल्ला-लड़ाई” की प्रकृति और भी जटिल हो जाती है जब सोचने और अनुभव करने की भाषा, जीवन जीने की भाषा ही न हो—जैसे आज हमारे लिए अंग्रेजी। ऐसे में अपने और भाषा दोनों के प्रति एक अजीब अविश्वास और खीज जागती है और रचनाकार घातक द्विधा का शिकार रहता है कि वह जो कुछ अनुभव और अभिव्यक्ति कर रहा है, वह सटीक है भी या नहीं। किसी भी स्तर पर बिलौंग न कर सकने और अपने को अधिक अन-कहा, अजनबी महसूस करते रहने के पीछे हमारी यही भाषा सम्बन्धी ऐम्बिवैलेन्सी—पसन्द-नापसन्द का एक साथ होना भी है। काफ़का जिस भाषा में हम तक आता है, वह न काफ़का की है, न हमारी—एक विचित्र विश्वास-अविश्वास के साथ काफ़का से हमारा परिचय होता है। इस प्रकार के परिचय से हमारा जो बोध बनता है उसके प्रति हमेशा निश्चय-अनिश्चय का भाव साथ बना रहता है। मध्यस्थ ही जब दो व्यक्तियों के बीच की मैत्री का आधार हो तो वे कभी नहीं जान सकते कि एक दूसरे के संदर्भ में उनकी वास्तविक स्थिति क्या है? बुद्धि-जीवी की भाषा वही न हो जो अपनी रचनात्मक अभिव्यक्ति के लिए चुनी जाये, इससे संकट अधिक जटिल हो जाता है। इस ओर लोगों का ध्यान नहीं गया है। यहाँ हम अनुभूति और अभिव्यक्ति के बीच एक ऐसे तीसरे विदेशी तत्व से जूझते हैं जो हमें अपनी रचना-प्रक्रिया को सीधे समझने ही नहीं देता। हम अनुभूति को अपने भाषा-बिम्ब या शब्द से नहीं पकड़ते, पहले उसका अंग्रेजी में अनुवाद करते हैं और तब उसके लिए हिन्दी में पर्याय तलाश कर लेते हैं—उधर पाठक भी जब उस शब्द को पढ़ता है, तो उसके पीछे के “असली” अंग्रेजी शब्द को जानकर ही अर्थ ग्रहण करता है। यानी भाषा लेखक-पाठक के बीच विश्वसनीयता का सेतु नहीं, अविश्वास ही जगाती चलती है। भाषा का यह अविश्वास, विचार और कथ्य के प्रति अविश्वास जगाता है और अन्त इसका एक दूसरे के मौलिक अस्तित्व के प्रति अविश्वास में ही होता है। दोनों को एक दूसरे से शिकायत है कि उनके बीच वास्तविक डायलॉग—अन्तर्सूत्र—नहीं रह गया है। हिन्दी में मौलिक लगनेवाला अंग्रेजी में अनूदित होते हा “नंगा” हो जाता है। वह अंग्रेजी से मान्यता भी चाहता है और साथ ही इस तरह भरे बाज़ार में नंगा होने से डरता भी है। हममें जाने कितने लेखक हैं जिनका अनुवाद अगर उसी भाषा में कर दिया जाय जिसमें वे “सोचते” रहे हैं तो हम पायेंगे कि वे अपनी जबान बोल ही नहीं रहे थे। अविश्वास और अनाश्वस्ति की यह स्थिति और भी भयावह संक्रास, अकेलापन पैदा करती है।

इन दुहरे-तिहरे मोर्चों पर लड़ना रचनाकार के लिए और भी भारी इसलिए पड़ता है कि अनुभूति और अभिव्यक्ति की इस गुरिल्ला-लड़ाई को भोगने वाले समर्थतम लेखकों ने अपनी समर्थतम भाषा में ही इसे महसूस किया है—उस भाषा में जो

Even this dialogue, often, gets disrupted in our world of today. We come in touch with a writer's thoughts through translation, which does not always inculcate a 'directness of intimacy', consequently a distrust prevails while we 'read' and not 'live' a writing. It is looking at an object through double mirrors, which have their own textures and depths, thus groping always in a world of uncertainty and unreality. On its own, the original work in itself is a translation of experience, done through an extremely complicated 'creative process'. Translating the self into the language, which is a foreign element and part of one's being at the same time, is a highly intriguing job. In this process invari-

सोचने और लिखने दोनों की रही है। बाद में फिर उन्हें चाहे जितनी तारीफें मिलती रही हों। लेखक की समझ में सचमुच नहीं आता कि वह कहाँ-कहाँ संभाले? जिन्दगी को पकड़ता है तो पहले से प्रयोग-विकृत शब्द साथ नहीं देते, शब्दों को पकड़ता है तो संवेदना के पर कतरते हैं, संवेदना को समझने-जीने के लिए अपने ही भीतर डूबता है तो दोनों हाथों से निकलते महसूस होते हैं। सारी की सारी जिन्दा विस्मियों को एक ही गठरी में बाँधने में कोई भी तो उसकी मदद करनेवाला नहीं है। यह यातना तो उसे अकेले ही भोगनी है। एक बैगाटेल है जिसमें बेकार गयी गोलियों का दर्द, नम्र जीतनेवाली गोलियों से बड़ा है। किसी को क्या पता कि एक सफल गोली के पीछे कितनी असफल गोलियाँ छिपी हैं?

और जिस ठोस, साकार, अक्षर-मय भाषा में वह अपने इस बचे-बुचे को आँकता है उसकी हालत क्या बहुत संतोष—जनक है? नहीं, वहाँ दूसरी मुसीबत का सामना है। एक-एक शब्द, पंक्ति, पैरा टटोलते हुए आप पढ़ या बढ़ रहे हैं, साथ ही पीछे लौट-लौट कर उसे पुनर्सृजित—रिकन्स्ट्रक्ट—भी करते जाते हैं। जिस स्थिति और अनुभूति को लेखक ने एक साथ ही भोगा है, उसे पूरा पढ़कर ही पुनर्सृजित किया जा सकता है। वास्तविक जिन्दगी की दिशा और गति आगे की ओर है और लिखते हम पीछे की ओर लौटकर हैं। यानी जो चुकने पर ही लिखने की स्थिति आती है। जिये हुए को लिखने की, या उसे विशिष्ट अर्थ देकर केवल परिभाषित करने की? अनुभूति के इस सिरे पर खड़े होकर उसका जायजा लेने में, जीने की ताजगी का भ्रम भले ही दे लिया जाये, वैसा होता नहीं है। एक विशेष रंग या दृष्टि के अनुरूप हम उसकी व्याख्या ही कर सकते हैं—अंशतः पुनः उसी क्षण को जीने का भ्रम पाते हुए। किसी भी अनुभव को जीते हुए हम बिल्कुल भी नहीं जानते कि इससे गुजर चुकने पर हम किस रूप में रह जायेंगे, लेकिन अनुभव को जी चुकने पर जिस रूप में हम रह गये हैं—वही उसे “देखने” का दृष्टिकोण निर्धारित करेगा। खैर, लेखन में इस सारे समय दूसरे को यह भ्रम जरूर दिया जा सकता है कि जिस तरह जीवन में जीते हुए वह भविष्य का अनुमान ही करता है, ठीक उसी तरह भाषा के माध्यम से एक-एक कदम बढ़ते हुए भी वह “भोगता” और अनुमानता रह सकता है। यानी संस्कारों, सीमाओं और जिस अपने ढंग से लेखक ने उस अनुभव को प्रस्तुत किया है, उसमें पाठक अपना समानान्तर तलाशता चलता है।

इस “अपने ढंग” को ही शायद लेखकीय व्यक्तित्व कहते हों, जो उसे अपने वास्तविक कथ्य की कीमत पर मिलता है—जिये हुए को दुहराने की ऊब और दमघोट संकरी सुरंग से गुजरने की कीमत पर। लेकिन कोई चाहे कितना भी बड़ा “व्यक्तित्व” क्यों न हो, अगर उसकी बात न दूसरे को छूती है न बंधती,—तो क्या वह हर समय के लिए अनसुना, अनपढ़ा रह जाना पसंद करेगा? एक सार्वजनिक सम्पत्ति यानी भाषा का उपयोग करने की मजबूरी के नाते क्या उसे अपने (सार्वजनिक न भी कहें तो) सार्वजनीन पक्ष से छुटकारा मिल सकता है? भाषा या वाणी की खूबसूरती और उनका बहुत अच्छा प्रयोग कर लेने के तर्क पर ही तो कोई सुने जाने की मजबूरी नहीं लाद सकता। हो सकता है अपनी वाणी पर मुग्ध होते रहना किसी के लिये बोलते चले जाने की प्रेरणा हो। गुसलखाना-गायक के मन में यह तृष्णा भी क्यों बैठे कि बन्द दरवाजे के पार एक श्रोता—मण्डल खड़ा है? वह किसी को सुनाने की परवाह नहीं करता, वह केवल अपने लिये गारहा है कहते हुए भी जब यह गायक जानता और चाहता है कि ‘कुछ’ उसे सुनें तो वह अपनी और दूसरों को शुद्ध घोखा देता है।

यहीं से सम्पूर्ण अभिव्यक्ति की समस्या सम्पूर्ण सम्प्रेषण की समस्या बन जाती है और हम किसी भी स्तर पर कितने ही विद्रोही क्यों न हों, इस समस्या से बिना जूझे नहीं रह सकते।

ably, the precision for solidarity of word, sentence and paragraph, make the experience impersonal and the rapport between the writer and the reader is lost. In our society today, where each individual speaks his own language and there is such a diversity in language, it is a great dilemma of the writer of fiction whether to give vent to the outpourings of his mind by adhering to his own words or to lose the ‘life’ in his creation by trying to communicate with readers in the language they live. Here, the problem of total expression becomes a problem of total communication, and on whatever level the writer may be rebellious, he cannot escape this dilemma.



Musician — Somnath Hore

the language of literature

Lothar Lutze

There is no language of literature; at least descriptive linguistics will have it so. Even large-scale conscious attempts to produce literature in a language different from the common—the ‘vulgar’—idiom, such as the ‘poetic diction’ of Dryden’s time, will be allotted a place somewhere on a register scale, which extends from extremely formal to extremely informal speech. In a purely linguistic analysis, the language of literature is just another set of speech varieties and thus robbed of its traditional prerogatives.

And rightly so. For any analysis of literary writing which is based on such prerogatives and dressed up in terms like ‘intuition’, ‘inspiration’,

SEVENTY-TWO

'genius' etc. is bound to be vague and subjective and to result in precipitate evaluation—in short, it is no analysis. No serious contemporary literary criticism can afford to ignore the tools provided by contemporary linguistics; e. g. in Hindi writing, 'Nai kavita' and 'Nai kahani' should by now have been supplemented by 'Nai alochna'.

But descriptive linguistics provides a foundation to literary criticism, no more. It takes you to the doorstep of the literary work of art and leaves you there. There have been isolated attempts to go beyond this point using purely linguistic criteria. Samuel R. Levin (*Linguistic Structures in Poetry*, Mouton, The Hague, 1964, p. 32) quotes two lines from Robert Browning:

*Irks care the crop-full bird?
Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?*

In this example, 'bird' and 'beast' are related 1) by their position at the line- (and sentence-) ends, 2) by similarity of sound (alliteration), 3) by similarity of meaning. In Levin's terminology, such a concurrence of positional and phonic and/or semantic equivalences is called 'coupling'.

Quite significantly, 'coupling' is a phenomenon of poetic language. Should 'language of poetry', i.e. verse, and 'language of literature' be identical? In 17th century Europe this question would have been answered in the affirmative. Indian prose-writing has started its struggle for full recognition only in this century, and some eminent writers and critics can perhaps not be blamed for going to the other extreme and asserting the superiority of prose over verse. Shelley's statement that the "distinction between poets and prose-writers is a vulgar error", made early in the 19th century, makes these arguments appear like manifestations of an inferiority complex.

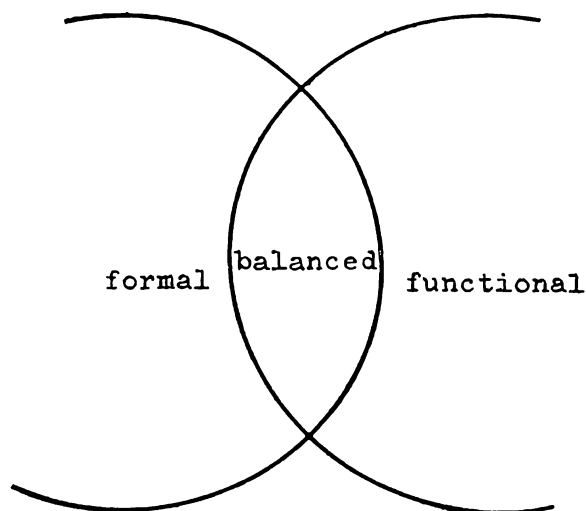
What, upon closer inspection, is left of the difference between verse and prose? Verse has rhythm, and so does prose. True, verse is metrical and prose non-metrical, but what about 'free' verse? Here, in non-metrical verse, as it should more properly be called, the line appears to be a fixed time-unit, pauses are counted, short lines are to be read more slowly, long lines more quickly, the rhythm is determined by emphatic syllables occurring at certain intervals. On the printed page, these relations are made visible by the relations between space filled and space left free.

Obviously, these distinctions are of secondary importance and could certainly not serve as the basis of a theory, or a set of theories, of the language of literature. In this context, 'literature' has, of course, throughout been used in the restricted sense of German 'Literatur', i.e. creative writing. At this point, however hesitatingly, the concept of the literary work of art has to be re-introduced into the discussion. Like any other work of art, it may be defined as the arrangement of material (here provided by language) by a creative individual. Linguistically speaking, the specific nature of literary language may be determined by the degree of interference with majority language patterns

for artistic purposes. In this statement, the term 'artistic' is, of course, a non-linguistic interpolation.

In a more striking formulation, Roman Jakobson (O cheshskom stiche, Berlin 1923, p. 16) calls poetry "an organized act of violence perpetrated on ordinary language". In this oxymoron, Jakobson emphasizes 1) the authoritarian status of the poet with regard to language, and 2) the establishment of a new, a poetic order.

Jakobson's statement may be extended by assuming that this poetic order is based on principles of organization (Organisationsprinzipien) which, corresponding to the phonic and semantic dimensions of language¹, can be placed somewhere between the two extremes of the purely formal on the one side and the purely functional on the other. These two extremes are only seldom reached. Rarely is ordinary everyday language (and a literary style imitating it) organized on the functional principle alone; and extreme formalism in literature is still considered a resort of outsiders. The bulk of literary writing, especially so-called classical literature, will be in a position of balance between the two extremes.



The organization of a literary work of art may also be bipolar, i.e., it may be organized on an ironic combination of extremely formal and extremely functional principles of organization. The result may be a heightened intensity both of sound and of meaning, as in "Finnegan's Wake".

Summarily, and perhaps somewhat pointedly, it may be stated that if there is a specific language of literature, it is language organized primarily on the formal principle. This, in turn, defines the role of formalism in the shaping of literary language. The Russian formalistic school of the first three decades of our century is an outstanding

¹ The optic or visual dimension (script) can be disregarded here.

example. Half a century ago, it worked for a renewal of literary Russian and anticipated much of what now, in the sixties, is still considered 'modern' or 'experimental' by the uninitiated. Moreover, it introduced into international literary criticism a number of terms which have since seemed indispensable, such as Majakovskij's emphatic verse and 'inaccurate' rhyme, his 'zvukovaja instrumentovka', sound-orchestration (cf. Wellek/Warren, *Theory of Literature*, Peregrine Books Y28, ³1963, p.159); Chlebnikov's 'internal declension'; Kruchonykh's 'zaúm', transintellectual language, a concept developed as a reaction against 'muki slova', the frustration of language. Some of the products in "Akavita" (obviously a nonsensical name for some of the fairly conventional poetry included in the magazine) are faint reflections of these experiments in Hindi.

In our days, with the advent of cybernetics, the process of de-humanization (Hugo Friedrich) of literary language has been initiated. New critical categories are being developed. On the basis of Max Bense's 'statistical aesthetics', the Czech critic Josef Hirsal (*Impuls* 6/1966) distinguishes between 'natural' and 'artificial' poetry. The "lyrical, personal ego" existent in 'natural' poetry has disappeared in 'artificial' poetry. Art has become artificiality, the artist has been replaced by the engineer. The machine can take over.

3 reihungen

Lothar Lutze

indisches

ebene
abend
abu

sonne sengte sank
staub stob starb
ganges gangen

krishna kreis kreuz
radha rad ratten
akbar achtbar nachtbar
ashoka coca

nehru nähr du
stall stahl
atoll atom
bombay

gier geier geifer
as aß aas

ganges gangen

wortspiele

l

anfang
wort
wortanfang
wortfang

ausbruch
wort
wortausbruch
wortbruch

witz
wort
wortwitz

witzlos
wortlos

3 associative poems

Lothar Lutze

	transcription		translation
indishes	eebene aabent aabuu	things indian	plain evening abu
	zone zengte zank shtaup shtoop shtarp ganges gangen		sun scorched set dust flew up died ganges gone
	krishna krais kroits raadhaa raat ratten akbar axtbaar naxtbaar ashookaa kookaa		krishna circle cross radha wheel rats akbar respectable nightclub ashoka coca
	neeruu naer duu shtal shtaal atol atoom bombee		nehru feed you sty steel atoll atom bombay
	giir gaier gaifer as aas aas		greed vulture spittle ace ate carrion
wortshpiile	ganges gangen		ganges gone
	I		I
	anfang wort wortanfang wortfang		beginning word beginning of word word trap
	ausbrux wort wortausbrux wortbrux	word plays	eruption word word eruption breach of faith
	wits wort wortwits		wit word word wit
	witsloos wortloos		witless wordless

2

anfang war wort
anfang wort wahr
wort wahr
wort schafft
wortanwartschaft

wort währt
wort wehrt
wort wert

wort schafft welt
welt wird wort
wortwelt
wortwirtschaft

wort wirrt

wort schafft
wann wahn

wort wo

rott

SEVENTY-EIGHT

2

anfang waar wort
anfang wort waar
wort waert
wort shaft
wortanwartshaft

wort waert
wort weert
wort weert

wort shaft welt
welt wirt wort
wortwelt
wortwirtschaft

wort wirt

wort shaft
wan waan

wort woo

rot

2

beginning was word
word was true
word preserves
word creates
word expectancy

word lasts
word defends
word worthy

word creates world
world becomes word
word world
word mess

word confuses

word creates
when madness

word where

rot

1) 'Continental' pronunciation of vowels. Long vowels are doubled in the transcription, ae=a in 'bare'. English pronunciation of consonants, x=ch in Scot. 'loch'.

principles of linguistic theory as a new basis of music aesthetics

H. J. Koellreutter

Whether art still arouses a vital, emotional or intellectual interest, as opposed to mere inclination, in the confined structural system of our technological world is an important problem on which discussion on art and artistic creation is centred.

For many, art is the highest expression of intellectual freedom. There is no doubt, however, that not all that enriches art and science corresponds to this concept. Wide ranges of intellectual creation cannot prevent the constrictions to which the intellect is subjected. The fact that these constrictions are continually growing is evident from the development of art and science. This is especially the case with regard to science, of which the essential achievements consist of theories. The content of these theories is observed in nature and reproduced in technology. But even in the art of our age, which is linked ever closer with science, these constrictions are more and more noticeable. One often has the impression that the change in

EIGHTY

styles and aesthetic tendencies is the expression of a repeated, unconcerned exploitation of the old, traditional relationship of creation and freedom played against the newly emerging relationship of creation and constriction, thereby resorting to theory, i. e. to an intellectual justification. It seems to me that this desire for an intellectual justification is already a sign of constriction from which intellectual work derives its creative character in a technological world.

At this point we are faced with the problem of existence of art in general and music in particular, the problem of place and function of art in a pragmatic, technological world. The fact that in order to maintain and promote this technological world scientific but no artistic creation seems necessary, raises the existential question whether art as a whole still can exist in our world as a reality or only schematically, creatively or only as an imitation, i. e. which function of art still remains in our epoch or which function it will be assigned.

From the point of view of the modern theory of information and communication, scientific and artistic achievements (as far as the processes of creation and not the results are concerned) are at least principally and qualitatively the same, i. e. information, messages about something new which are transmitted from an expedient to a percipient in combination with something known; for without something known, something new cannot be transmitted. In a more specific definition applied to aesthetics only the New in a message should be called information, the Known should be called redundancy.

According to the theory of information a percipient is informed about the events occurring from a repertoire of possibilities or from selections made by the expedient. If the number of possibilities, i. e. the repertoire, is large, the number of selections is large and therefore also the quantity of information: the probability with which the percipient could have predicted the selection is smaller, his surprise correspondingly greater. In a statistical approach, the concepts of Surprise, Novelty, Information, Improbability are identical with the concept of Rarity. A rare event has a greater effect of surprise, a greater content of information than a common one; this principle is of great importance in the evaluation of a work of art.

Information is teaching. Accordingly receiving of information is learning. Something new cannot, however, as I have already emphasized, be learnt, i. e. perceived, independently of something known. Therefore redundancy, i. e. what is known must be considered as a complement of information. It makes the relationship between the expedient and percipient possible and without its conscious perception of something new is impossible. Learning, therefore, also Hearing and Perceiving, consist above all of the discovery and exploitation of redundancy. Something new is combined with something known, New and Known from the point of view of the percipient. A message about something new therefore also belongs to the nature of art. Retrospective artistic creation is impossible. Artistic creation can

only be progressive, i. e. it must produce something new, inform about something new. One cannot go back to a period preceding the 20th century, the time before Debussy, Ravel, Mahler and Schönberg without losing some freedom and sincerity.

From this point of view, the problem of the existence of art is primarily a question of creation of something new, of information. At the same time, however, information is communication, i. e. communication of information. Communication of something new. Every society, including that of the technological world, is interested in communication to the extent that the latter forms or maintains civilisation; for man has not only originated civilisation, in our case the technological civilisation (due to certain vital experiences and the *resulting* insight, perhaps also due to certain anthropological conditions of constraint) but beyond this is forced to maintain, improve and control this once established civilisation by continuous achievements of all kinds.

That which is presented as Information, i. e. forming civilisation, is the *intellectual* sphere, plays the role of communication, i. e. maintenance of civilization, in the *social* sphere :

Information.....Creative Achievement.....Forming Civilization
Communication.....Transmission.....Maintaining Civilization

In so far as art brings forth information and communication it has the function of forming *and* maintaining civilisation in our society. Accordingly music, as all art, must be regarded as a means of communication. Thus it becomes comprehensible that modern aesthetics are based on the theory of information and communication, the psychology of perception and sociometry, i. e. the study of the relation of sympathy and antipathy in society. For this affirmation it is decisive that the selective nature of aesthetic information can be understood only in relation to the complexity of the ability of perception of man and to the complexity of society.

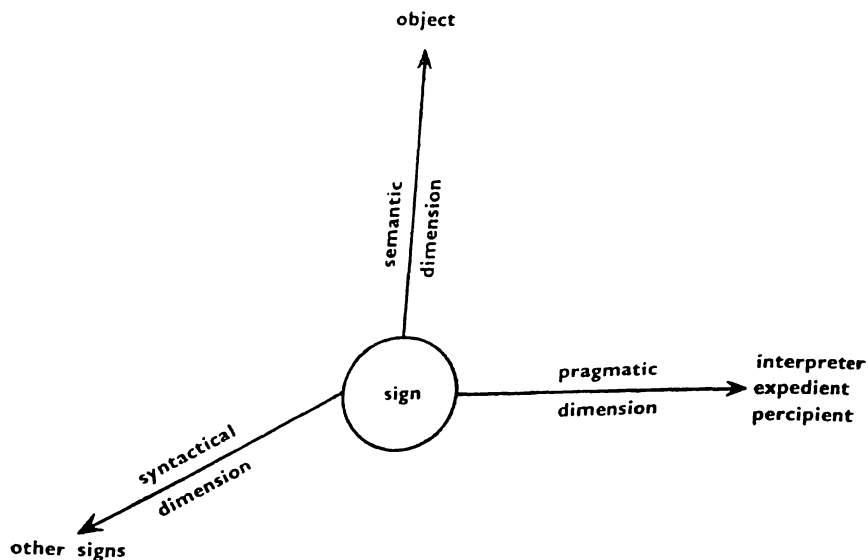
Thereby it is important to note that every civilisation replaces the "given" by the "achieved", i. e. that the world develops in the sense of it having been created by human beings, as it were an artificial world. This procedure especially characterises our technological world and presents itself as a continuous transition from an ontological, i. e. abstract, reality to a semantic one i. e. reality referring to thought content. Signs take the place of facts, relationships the place of characteristics. Things that were once ascertained are produced. One does not comprehend as per content, but structurally, not extractively but constructively.

In a modern theory of aesthetics music must therefore, as every language and every aesthetic reality, be seen and treated as a world of signs. In the world of signs we differentiate between real signs and communicative signs. A real sign shows itself, nothing else. A communicative sign refers to something other than itself. Signs are the means of human communication. Musical signs such as chords, rhythmic and melodic formulae and structures, are to *begin*

with, real signs but become communicative signs in a musical text. Every musical phenomena expresses itself as a sign. It emits an aesthetic stimulus. And every aesthetic stimulus is based upon the power of attraction or repulsion of the sign.

The world of signs develops in three dimensions which determine the structure of language and of modern aesthetics.

- 1) Signs belong to discourses, to sign systems. They stand in relation to other signs. They are subject to a syntax. One can therefore say that they function in a syntactical dimension.
- 2) Signs have meaning and significance. One says they function in a semantic dimension.
- 3) Signs have an interpreter, an expedient and a percipient. For them they are valuable. Their value is relative. They are effectual only through this value. One says they function in a pragmatic dimension.



The combination and putting into relation of signs from the point of view of time and space occurs through the Text. Chords, rhythmic and melodic formulae and structures are combined in a musical text. I have tried to formulate the basis of the combination of musical signs in a musical text, in a so-called Theory of the Musical Text. I have endeavoured to make this theory an objective, not a stylistically bound method of composition which permits one to regard the musical work of art of every type or style as a reality which is based on its own laws and to analyse it, as we do in the literary text theory regarding syllables, words, letters etc., we designate chords, intervals, rhythms etc., as *elementary* text material. Phrases, propositions, motives are *complex* text material. Generally we speak of sign-sequences as linear or of sign-constellations as plane. Analytical text theory divides given texts into elementary or complex text material and characterises the signs, sign sequences or sign constellations according to numerical points of view. Synthetic text theory is composition. It does not analyse but synthesise. It derives musical texts from given materials.

For the appreciation and analysis of the musical work of art it is essential to know how many different kinds of signs there can be and the speed with which these signs can be transmitted through the system of communication.

In other words : we must ascertain the necessary maximum capacity for the system. This stress on the capacity of the system leads to another definition of the word "information", i.e. to that of a measure for the number of transmitted signs. Thereby it is important that only the quantitative character of this definition plays a role contrary to the everyday meaning and use of the word which refers also to content and significance.

Let us consider first of all a so-called "non-selective transmittal" because this is easiest to analyse in a mathematical way. A non-selective transmittal as per definition consists of a sequence of signs which are chosen one after the other, independently of each other, however, with the same probability out of the available repertoire, whether this is made up of letters of the alphabet, tones and rhythms, prints on a television screen or any other medium. The process of selection is regular and statistical and builds the simplest example of that which we call stochastic selection. Over and above that, this non-selective transmittal has a maximum information content because the condition of the same probability allows no saving, as would the supposition that certain signs can only occur seldom or not at all. For this system R.V.L. Harvey, cybernetist and mathematician, developed the following equations under the condition of equal probability in the choice of sign from a repertoire :

Information Content :

$$(H_n)_{\max} = \log_2 N \text{ bits/sign}$$

where N = number of available signs, i.e. the available alphabet.

Speed of Information :

$$(H_T)_{\max} = n \log_2 N \text{ bits/second}$$

where n = number of signs transmitted per second,

Total Information transmitted

$$H_{\max} = nT \log_2 N \text{ bits}$$

where T = transmittal time of whole transmission in seconds.

In all these equations \log_2 is equal to $3.32 \log_{10}$, the general logarithm. 2 is the basis because the bit number is the basic unit of information in the theory of information. The binary numerical system consisting of the numbers 0 and 1 is used because one infers from the postulate that all decisions regarding the content of information go back to a bit choice, i.e. to decisions between "yes" and "no".

The example of playing cards is often used as an illustration. In a repertoire of 32 cards, 5 selections must be made in order to clearly name a certain card. One makes two heaps of each 16 cards and chooses one of them. This in turn is divided into 2 heaps of each 8

cards, one chooses, again makes 2 heaps of each 4 cards, chooses, makes 2 heaps of each 2 cards, chooses and chooses for the fifth time then, from the two cards which are left over. With 5 binary decisions or with 5 bit the degree of improbability (or of information content) that the choice of one particular card has, is ascertained while every single one of all 32 cards could have been chosen with the same probability.

As an example for the application of the Hartley equation let us consider the 12 notes C, C sharp, D etc. to B, which make up the chromatic octave. If these pitches in order to win a trial of simple non-selective music are subject to random selection of sequences, we conclude that $N=12$ and $(H_n)_{\max} = \log_2 12=3, 32 \log_{10} 12=3, 59$ bits/sign, in the Hartley equation. This is the maximum transmittable information of these 12 notes per sign. The speed of information depends on how quickly we reproduce these notes, i.e. on rhythm, tempo and structural compactness of the music.

Because non-selective transmittals are of relatively little interest, one becomes aware of Hartley's equations on information content of non-selective transmittals only 20 years after he had actually formulated them, when mathematicians like Norbert Wiener and Claude Shannon picked up Hartley's ideas and used them in all kinds of transmittals, no longer only in the non-selective ones.

In his classical examination Shannon developed a number of basic equations for calculation of information contents on the basis of the given probability of every sign— P_i , i.e. probability of i , in a repertoire of N signs, wherein $i=1, 2, \dots, N$ is :

$$H_N = \sum_i p_i \log_2 p_i \text{ bits/Sign}$$

where H_N = Information per sign

P_i = Probability for each sign

N = Number of possible symbols.

From this follows $H_T = nH_N$ = speed of information

$H = nTH_N$ = total information transmitted.

where n = number of signs per second

T = transmittal time.

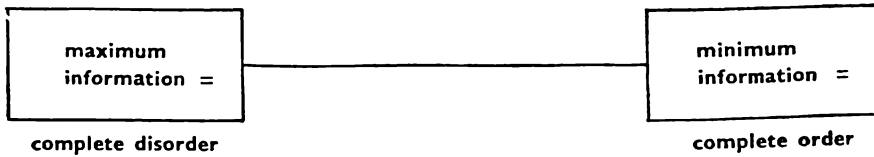
Thereby one has to note that

$$\sum_i p_i \log_2 p_i = P_1 \log_2 P_1 + P_N \log_2 P_N \cdot$$

From these equations it is obvious that the quantity H_n in a transmittal is not only dependent on the extent of the repertoire but also on the distribution of probability of the sign taken from the repertoire. Non-selective music as fully explained in the Hartley equation is "chaotic" or "completely disorganized" music. But what is "completely organized" music in our simple system which has only been developed from the point of view of pitch selection? Evidently it is

a single and singular choice of a certain concept from the sign repertoire. If therefore the probability of the tone C means unit, i.e. certainty, so that $P_C = 1$, then all other p_i must equal 0 and H is equal to 0 bits/sign.

The scale extends from maximum information content for complete disorder to an entire absence of information in complete order.



All rules of organisation—like compositional principles such as counterpoint, harmony, 12 tone laws or serial principles—change the distribution of frequency of element sequences and diminish the unexpectedness of the signs formed therefrom. Laws of organisation introduce that which one calls redundancy. This is measured as follows :

$$R = \frac{H_{\max} - H}{H_{\max}}$$

Thereby one must consider that the factual information H is always smaller than the maximum information H_{\max} .

Redundancy includes all innate or acquired organisation rules such as symmetry, equilibrium, counterpoint etc., apart from elements that have become known through continuous observation. Redundancy is very important, perhaps even more important than information itself. Redundancy characterizes the style of the work of art and it is mainly in close relation to that psychological concept that we call the intelligibility of the message. Intelligibility increases proportionately to redundancy. A maximum redundant message ($R=1$) would be fully intelligible but at the same time fully banal, for it would transmit nothing to the percipient—if instead unexpectedness reaches its maximum value one can in no way foresee whether one element of the repertoire is to be preferred to another. Information would then have its highest value but apart from the fact that such a message would be open to disturbances because every chosen element therein would be irreplaceable, it would be impossible to comprehend, for it presupposes a capacity of comprehension on the part of the percipient, i.e. listener, which by far exceeds anything that could be anticipated, as per experience. Maximum information, i.e. complete originality and maximum redundancy, i.e. complete banality, both inappropriate to evoke interest, are the limits between which the artist endeavours to attain an optimum relationship according to his intention. According to the latest researches, content of information of a work of art should never exceed 10%. For every percipient and every sociological situation this optimum naturally changes. The limit of comprehension of the percipient is a function of culture and the socio-cultural environment of the individual. This environment is different for the connoisseur and for the layman. It is different

for the urban and provincial population. It is different for the western and the eastern cultures.

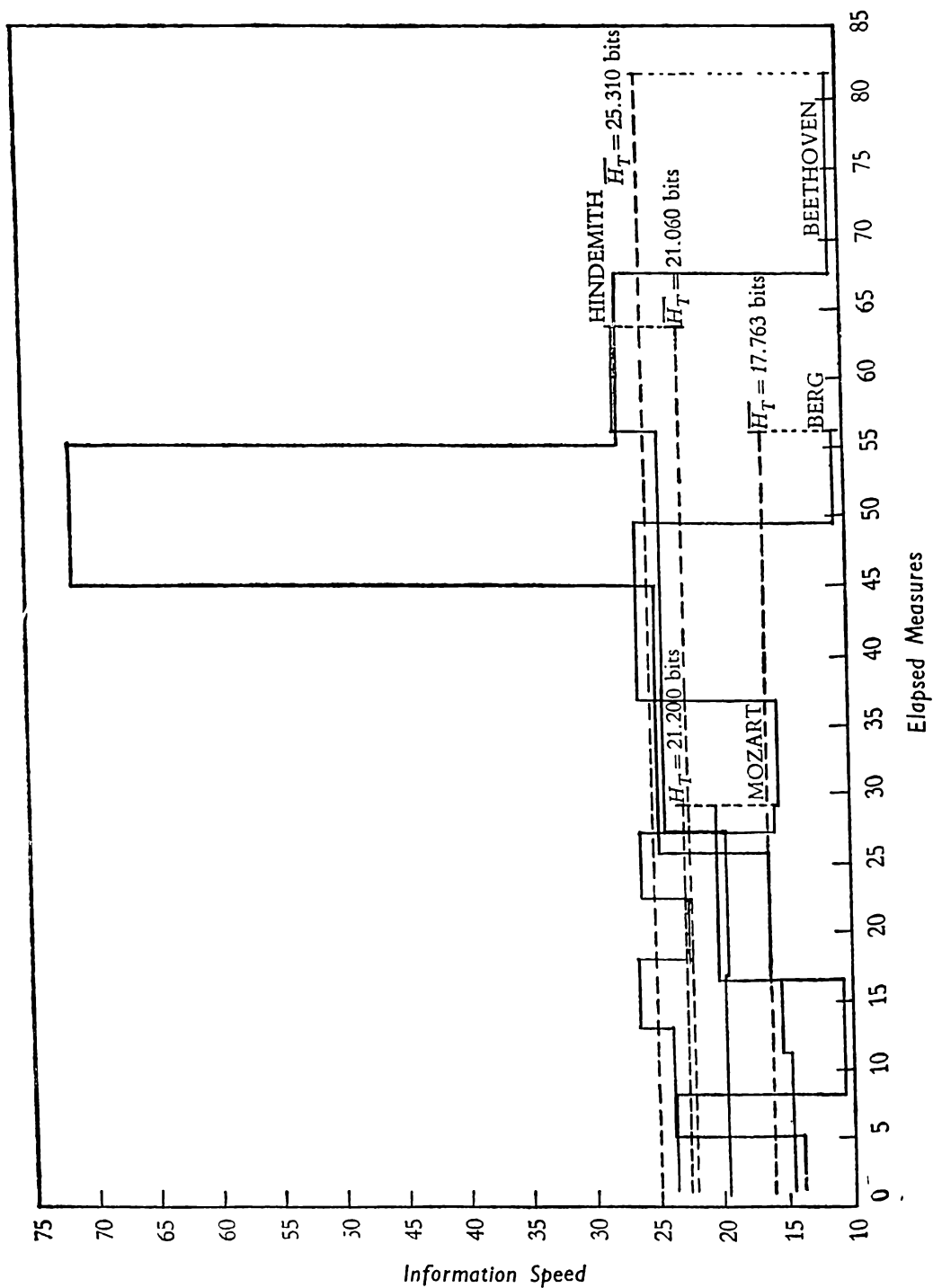
Any musical composition, like any other work of art is mostly neither completely disorderly nor completely orderly, but it moves between extremes. This observation is also valid for the so-called "completely structured" or "completely orderly" music of which so much has been composed in recent years. The system used for the composition of this kind of music leaves to the choice an extensive scope in every case. A work composed according to this procedure would therefore be best described as a composition achieved "after planned distribution of probability". This is also valid for the greater part of the so called aleatory music, which is also composed according to a planned scheme of distribution of probability.

As long as the repertoire of signs (of which such music is composed) is held at the same level, the average remains the same from part to part. Each of its parts is statistically identical to every other part, so that they can be presented in any order, be shuffled, completely exchanged, without changing musical characteristics in any part of it. Therefore a change may only then be really aimed at, if one changes the extent of the available repertoire of signs. On the other hand one can expect from a generally more valid musical composition that not only does the average of its information content lie somewhere between the two extremes, between chaos and absolute order, but that it shows variations of information content over a period of time. Among the possibilities of musical structure it is only in the exceptional case of non-selective music that the information content remains constant from beginning to end.

Through a very interesting analysis that was made in the Studio for Experimental Music in the University of Illinois, I shall show you how the information content changes continually and a dialectic play of information and redundancy so to speak, defines the style of the works and their composers.

The analysis referred to 4 sonatas by 4 different composers from different periods of style. The compositions were Mozart's C-major-Sonata KV 545, Beethoven's Sonata op. 90 in c-minor, Hindemith's Sonata No. 2 and Alban Berg's Sonata op. 1. In the examination all pitches in the parts of the exposition chosen from the first movements of these four compositions were connected in two ways: Firstly, all examples for the note C, C sharp etc. were registered regardless of the duration of the note but under the condition that there is an equality of octaves. Secondly, every counted pitch was examined for its duration in order to include the relative duration of time during which the pitch arises. In this way one ascertained the data for counting of frequency on the basis of the structural model, which takes for granted that all probabilities of former choice in the transmittal are independent. Thirdly, in both these processes the probability of each pitch was calculated for every part of the exposition, i. e. for the first theme, the transition, the second theme etc. Fourthly, information content and redundancy were calculated from these probabilities for every single part as also the average information content and redundancy of each of the four expositions.

The information content for the first calculation will be weighed against the time lengths indicated by bar marks.



To begin with one can see from the average information content of every complete exposition that Mozart's music shows the greatest redundancy and transmits the least information content per sign and that Berg's music comes relatively close to non-selective music from the point of view of this analysis. Thereby one supposes that the pitches which follow each other are each counted independently of one another.

The results accord with the fact that Mozart's music is strongly directed towards diatonic keys whereas Berg's music with its continuous

chromatic modulations for the 12 notes of the scale produces a considerably larger number of equal probabilities.

If one considers parts of the sonata expositions all four compositions show oscillations in the information content. But Beethoven's Sonata contains the strongest and most rigid change from one movement to another. Berg's music on the contrary shows the least. Altogether the results seem to correspond so far to the subjective experience of the listener.

All data thus ascertained were used in the calculation of speed of information in bits per second, a measure which considers the density of the note and the tempo.

One may note that a text theory and aesthetics of music based on linguistic principles and information presents the scheme of musical message in the form of a series of informational values which can be divided into two main categories, depending on whatever position the percipient wishes to take with regard to the message.—Informational values and corresponding values of redundancy are principally as many as there are fields of consideration. One speaks of information of frequency, chords, colour, instrumentation as well as of melody, harmony, rhythm etc. According to the period of time to which the percipient gives his attention the different values of information are a result of the consideration of the repertoire, the extension of which is defined through the psychological characteristics of the individual. These in turn are functions of the musical knowledge of the individual, they can however be defined objectively, and in a statistical manner.

The two main categories into which the values of information and redundancy can be divided correspond to two fundamental modalities of perception :

1) To a rational modality of perception which includes all that exists in the field of norms, of the objectively definable, logical, and can be expressed in a universal language. In the world of musical signs this modality corresponds to the score, i.e. standardized phonema put together in a universal language, i.e. notes.

2) To a supra-rational modality of perception which consists in surpassing the limit that the musical message causes with regard to its rational aspect and logical expression (e.g. its score). The generally accepted opinion is that the score only represents a scheme of operation, a logical abstraction, the translation of a musical reality that surpasses it and that on its own is subject to certain laws and ways of order. These however refer to one individual and are in no way generally valid; they take expression in degrees of freedom which are granted by the score and thereby often transmit a very great originality (i.e. weak redundancy) as opposed to the generally diminished information in the scope of a rational modality of perception.

So one could say that both categories of informational values stand for an intellectual, reasonable field and for a sensuous and sensorial

one. At the same time one must consider that the limited capacity of perception of the listener for originality or offer of information determines the intelligibility of the musical message and simultaneously delivers the rules of composition for a music that should be completely understood.

I summarize: Every modern aesthetic must fulfill two conditions which are fundamented in general, statistical and informational aesthetics : firstly that the so-called creative process becomes comprehensible in the sense of realization, of Making, and in the sense of innovation, originality and finally only as aesthetic category. Secondly that this aesthetic category is only effective as a statistical one and can only thus be described. A musical text is also basically a musical work of art only to the extent that it realizes and transmits aesthetic information. And it does realize and transmit it by being based upon a degree of order that can be described statistically, upon a selective complexity or upon a distribution of used elements according to their frequency. How far such a text—even if it contains a minimum of aesthetic information—can function aesthetically over and above its semantic and pragmatic dimensions is a question of comparative analysis and interpretation which, as in the case of statistic values, also has to consider conventional norms.

NINETY

two poems

Ka Naà Subramanyam

I

Introduced to
the Upanishads
by T. S. Eliot ;

and to Tagore
by the earlier
Pound;

and to the Indian
tradition by
Max Müller
(late of the Bhavan);

and to the Indian
dance by
Bowers ;

and to Indian
art by
what's-his-name;

situation

and to the Tamil
classics by
Danielou
(Was he Pope?) ;

Flesh nor fish
blood nor stone
totempole ;

Vociferous in
thoughts not
his own ;

Eloquent in
words not
his own
(The age demanded . . .)

2

Arab
mongol
tartar
three strains
go to make
this jade
dragging the *jutka*
grazing
on the tar-macadam
of madras streets.

three strains

Three *sangams*
and twice three
go to make this
tamil language
I handle
and speak
and manhandle
and teach
derived
from of old.

The strains are weak
wearing out :
arab or mongol
or tartar elements
are rarely
to be recognised
in this
tottering
but willing
jade.

**language
and
literature**

**report on a writers'
symposium on language
in present-day society**

Ka Naa Subramanyam

The language we use to-day is subject to pressures of various kinds, and linguists, politicians, musicians, writers and others approach language in a manner all their own, each distinct and different from the other. Add to this the fact that modern language faces possibilities of being made by machines as well; the science of cybernetics is advanced enough and both translations, as well as original writing, can now be done by machines. The universities and other academic bodies approach language in a formalistic manner, while the writer can claim to approach it in a creative way.

It is time that various conscious users of language got together and explored the possibilities of language in present-day society. The South Asia Institute of Heidelberg University, headed in Delhi by Dr. Lothar Lutze, gave them the opportunity to come together and debate points of language—but the writers failed to turn up at the session of linguists and the linguists retorted by not turning up at the writers' sessions. "Is linguistics a science at all?" asked Dr. Pandit presiding over the session of linguists, but the debate did not go very much beyond the posing of the question. Various linguists contributed to the debate, though the approach was mainly historical instead of critical.

Dr. Namvar Singh and other Hindi writers and scholars who spoke at the Symposium were generally general and avoided particularization of issues. The language situation in India lends itself to generalizations of a broad kind, though it calls for formulation of specific problems and speculation about solving them, in so far as it might be possible to solve them at all. The Writers' Symposium can be congratulated on having brought together people who are aware of the problems of language; this was a pioneering attempt in itself.

Though there is more airing of the politics of language in India and less awareness of the way politics have affected our use of language, the necessity to take note of the language of politics is on us, and Dr. Namvar Singh postulated and spelt out the position. Visiting poet and critic of Germany's 1947 Group, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, told the audience of the use of language in Germany during Hitler's time to spread the great lie. He gave instances of words and coinage debased to suit the politics of the day. The Hitler experiment in the use of language was more thorough than anything that had happened before or even after, as for instance during the days of the Cold War.

The seeking and the establishing of identity was the theme of Sri Vatsyayan's paper, which again was too general, though when he read his poems in Hindi and in English translation he began to particularize issues. One of his observations in the course of his speech requires comment, for it is indicative of a rather conservative reactionary spirit which is all-too-evidently with us. He claimed that he and his elders in Hindi poetry had solved the problem of establishing identity through language, while the younger generation of poets had not. This would merely seem to indicate that Vatsyayan's claim that he had once been an experimental writer, implying that he no longer is, is correct.

The session devoted to the reading of the poetry of Hans Magnus Enzensberger and five other Hindi poets—Shrikant Verma and others—was wholly worth-while. It elicited the comment from Enzensberger that modern poets all over the world are trying to do the same thing, use language in the same manner. High compliment for the Hindi poets indeed from a critic of such perception as Enzensberger.

A brief session on translation—of scientific as well as poetic material—was not very profitable. It was productive of the usual generalizations of the kind to which we are accustomed all over India now, in the past fifteen years. In spite of the amount of translation subsidized and done in India today in the various languages, it is certainly not a great age of translation in quality, it will have to be confessed. The area of discussion was limited to Hindi and the participants demonstrated the fact that Hindi translators and translations face the same problems as other languages do in India. Translation of poetry into another language is impossible, asserted Shrikant Verma, though, he conceded, it was necessary, and recreation of a sort was what we called translation.

Rajendra Yadav read a paper on his use of language in his stories. Robert Musil's novel, *The Man Without Qualities*, which is

perhaps one of the greatest novels of the twentieth century in the German language, was introduced to an audience which was generally not aware of Musil and his work. Dr. K. J. Citron's paper was all that an introduction should be — it was perceptive and it did not claim or say too much. The passage from Musil he had selected for reading was also representative and revealing.

I did not attend Prof. Dr. H. J. Koellreutter's lecture on the "Principles of Linguistic Theory as a New Basis for Music Aesthetics", but the title suggests possibilities that are worth-while exploring along the lines ably indicated by Dr. Koellreutter.

Dr. Lutze's concluding remarks about there having taken shape in Hindi a movement for New Poetry as well as for a New Story but no movement towards a New Criticism was pertinent in the context of a study of language being the base from which such new literary criticism can take off. He further observed that while there were in the West creative writers who also did criticism — thus making literary criticism also creative — the dichotomy between critics and writers in India, especially in Hindi, was very evident and was symptomatic. A study of language, formalistic as the academician would insist on or non-formalistic as the writer can make it, was a primary need in India as well as elsewhere in the world. Towards the realisation of the urgency of this need, the South Asia Institute Writers' Symposium on Language made its valuable contribution.

Acc. No.

This book was issued from the library
on the date last stamped. It is due
back within one month of its date
of issue, if not recalled earlier.

23.5.74



acknowledgments are due to

H. M. Enzensberger for his kind permission to reproduce four poems from 'verteidigung der wölfe' (Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt a. M., 1957, pp. 90f., 31f.) and 'blindenschrift' (Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt a. M., 1964, pp. 28, 60f.) and their translations into English from 'New Young German Poets' (Edited and translated by Jerome Rothenberg, The Pocket Poets Series: Number 11, City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1959, pp. 60f., 56f.) and 'Poems by Hans Magnus Enzensberger' (Translated by Michael Hamburger, Northern House Pamphlet Poets, 1966, pp. 9, 15-17);

S. H. Vatsyayan and L. Nathan for kindly sending us typescripts of five Hindi poems and their translations into English;

Ka Naa Subramanyam for his kind permission to include two poems translated by the author from Tamil into English and previously printed in 'Poetry India', Vol. 1 No. 2, April-June 1966, pp. 9-11).

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED STUDY

Acc. No. *22996

Author :

Title : Dialogue '68 Annual.

Borrower	Issued	Returned
Prof VV John	23.5.74	24.5.74

