

THE OLIPHANT

No. 93

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

1st October 1989

THINK ABOUT IT

If only one issue in a life time compels the moderate man to take a heroic stand, that is the one moment that fixes his place in history as either a man or a non entity.

HENRY MYERS

Editorial

Things have been happening so fast in school that it has become difficult to cram descriptions of events all into one letter.

Dear family,

I'm sorry I could not write to you earlier, I have began yet another term with my ritual sojourn in hospital, due to conjunctivitis (2 days) and bronchitis (5 days). In between these two visits I was was dragged over to the Welham Girls' School to take part in the quiz (not for the first time) to get beaten - and watch everyone else get beaten - by the Welham girls (again, not for the first time).

I was perhaps understandably suspicious about what went on in hospital before the quiz :

Doctor : I'll get you up and about in no time, ready for the quiz. Got any books that will help you learn for it?

Me : No, but in any case I'm not supposed to read anything, am I? Not with conjunctivitis.

Doctor : Says who? 'Course you can.

Sister : Oh yes yes!

After the quiz, I am back in hospital bed-ridden with the agony of

defeat and watching morosely as sister approaches a junior.

Sister : Where are you going with that comic?

Junior : Neil wants to read it.

Sister : What? He can't read anything. He's got conjunctivitis.

This does not mean that the school puts its prestige before the health of its pupils. I realized later that it was perfectly safe for me to read when the doctor told me to.

Sister is just getting fed up with these itinerant juniors. Sister also is glad to see some of us seniors go : when she discharged me, the smile on her face was indeed a sight for er, sore eyes.

Mother, you need not worry any more about my losing weight. The school food has improved no end. Earlier this term, Mr. Karshari assured us that this was due to the catering staff being new and inexperienced, and would soon change. Thankfully, though, this change has yet to come about.

Neither am I deprived of good music any longer. Our new English literature teacher, Miss Sen, has arranged for the boys of class XII to attend lectures on Western Classical music, Our lecturer, Mr. Nishad Das, is having a manly stab at transforming

us insensitive louts into culturally enlightened souls - a task for which I am sure he has Miss Sen's sympathy.

I am afraid I must stop now as it

is getting late and one of my classmates is begging me to 'off the light' (This is terrible. He should be able to speak good English like what I can).

Write soon.

Love Neil

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

ANNOUNCEMENT on the college bulletin board :

Sports meet - 9 am sharp. Any last minute changes in the programme will be announced well in advance."

* * *

Near the end of our grammar class a student hesitantly raised his hand 'let me get this straight. Do nouns have sex too?"

The student behind him piped up, "sure, that's why we get so many

plurals."

* * *

The cricket test had reached an interesting stage when our teacher walked into the classroom. As we began switching off our transistors, he joked, "Time to start our innings.

Immediately from back, a voice cried out "I hope you'll declare early."

* * *

Brain Teasers

ANSWERS TO THE LAST ISSUE'S BRAINTEASERS

A. Book Titles

1. Pride and Prejudice
2. The Christmas Carol
3. The Water Babies
4. A passage to India
5. War and Peace
6. The Time Machine
7. The Lord of Flies

B.

1. How many makes company?
Two
2. How many makes a crowd?
Three
3. How many to be unlucky?
Thirteen
4. How many eyes did cyclopes have?
One
5. How many labours and Hercules perform? Twelve

CLUES

Across

1. School grade
5. Scottish Caps
9. Foreign
11. Carved gem
12. Raised platforms
14. Artificial waterways
15. Make lace
16. Roomy car
18. Menagerie
19. Kind of rodent
21. Linger

22. Study closely
23. Of the sun
25. Charged atom
26. Scholars
28. Sack
29. Rushes of wind
31. Conical hat
32. Through (L.)
33. T.V. Unit
35. Cheering yell
36. Singing voice
38. Uncooked
40. Rubbed out
42. Costly fur
44. Acclaim
45. Boasts
46. Challenge
47. Groove

Down

1. Spar
2. Place of worship
3. Lariats
4. Small barrel
5. Brown colour
6. Warrior woman (myth)
7. Gourel fruit
8. Tolerably (Comp. Wd.)
10. Novel
11. Metal container
13. Lettuce dish
14. Gear tooth
17. Car repair shops
20. Yellow gem
22. Prices
24. Animals Limbs
25. Of that thing
27. Doctors' aid

28. Interest
30. Continued story
31. Mockery
32. Cushion
34. Ballroom dance
35. Clarinet tongue

36. Wager
37. Spherical body
39. A direction
41. Speak
43. Wife's title

Crossword on page 10.

The Literary Affairs of Welham

As we walked through the peaceful streets of the land of the Rising sun, there was an odd air about us. The silence of the flood-lit roads were only broken occasionally by the barks of some stray mongrels. As dawn cracked the sky was overcast with glittering alto-cumulous clouds. It seemed as if the silver lining in the clouds had dawned upon those unfortunate people who had fallen a prey to the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

We were a team from the Indian doordarshan, planning to telecast a programme on the world network based the on pitiful state of the people. During our stay in Japan, we interviewed the inhabitants of that region.

A visit to the East-End museum built in memory of the victims of the atom bomb massacre, moved our hearts, the mummified corpses, wax statues of the people and above all the weeping relatives of the dead, turned the atmosphere into a grave yard. However, as we moved on, there was an aged women sitting all by herself in a park. There was no response even when we approached her she simply sat still, staring blankly into empty air. On patting her back, she broke down and we were taken aback. On condoling with her and introducing ourselves, only then did she open her mouth. She was one of the affected in the atom bomb explosion. She said that the fateful day had hardly dawned when thunderous noises rang through the air. The air fare went on for hours.

This was in the midst of the second world war when Japan, the underdogs refused to surrender and the powerful states dropped the atom bomb. Neither did the Americans nor did the others imagine the terrible consequences. As the bomb blasted, the earth shook violently. Houses, people and trees were flung hither-thither. The pandemonium reaching its climax when yet another bomb was dropped.

Conjecture prevailed among the panick-stricken people. Thick clouds rose and a pungent odour spread everywhere. Some people were choked to death and others perished in the stampede. She was with her daughter and husband in their cottage when fire broke out. Her husband gave his life by trying to save them and her four year old daughter was burnt to death. She was herself charred and lost her eyesight but somehow managed to survive.

Such tragic incidents were common. There were also cases in which the effect of the atomic explosion on people had affected their children and grand children who were born handicapped.

After finishing our task, we left the presently so called land of the rising Sun with a heavy heart, as the magnificent peak of the Fuji Yama disappeared behind the clouds.

Neeraj Kakati

THE DOG BETWEEN TWO BONES

He looked into the mirror only to see his past Sun, Cars, music and sand.

Joys, that come in quantities vast and dreams that from heaven, came back to land.

He saw himself cry in pain he shook with excess sorrow Frustration saw him shiver in vain Could he make it to see tomorrow?

He remembered Samuel Samuel,

The short, fat, dark and ugly kid with whom no girl could dream of a date

But he had excess virtue in him He gave gallons of love for every drop of hate.

Michael missed Samuel, he had done a lot for him.

For when bright light had hurt his eyes.

Samuel could make it dim.

When all for Michael, was lost

Samuel would make him win.

And then came the day that Samuel

feared,
A woman entered Micheal's life
Samuel's ugliness, seemed to her very
wierd
She even hated his very stride
For once Samuel made a a mistake
more was seen than should have been
A drop of an error was made a lake
To fight, the girl seemed to be very
keen.

She tried to produce between them, a
rift commenting Samuel's ugliness each
time You know jealousy in a woman, is
God's gift

Specially in those who spend millions
to get a dime.

Michael had 2 tickets to the music
show

now the question was, who should go
Samuel, the friend who loved him.
Or Carrie, who tried her best, to do
so.

No storm nor rain marked the day
When true love, to evil, fell prey
For Michael had chosen Carrie
Having dropped the flower and kissed
the hay.

"But I thought friends first", asked
Samuel

"Surely, I cant go there with you."

"Why not?" Samuel inquired

"Your ugliness would shatter my
personality into two."

"My friend, never be intoxicated by
infatuation

For love is no wine

With her around, you have treated me
like a tool

But mark, it's the eye, but never the
mind

That can be fooled."

As the thick outline of Samuel faded
into the mist

Michael felt the tears suffuse his
eyes

How he had excluded his friend from
the list.

That mistake he somewhat realised

But what could he do, he had to change
with time

For if he loved her more than Samuel

It was because her words were grapes

That turned his tears into wines

But wait! She was no angel

She was the devil instead

She was a pest in every way

Having been so, even before they had
met.

Now Michael toiled from nine to five

Just to keep this girl satisfied

but when he needed her most

She was never there by his side.

With tears, one is forced to say
Her bills were larger than what

Michael could pay.

And one day.

He saw her with another man

He was shocked, he would be better off
dead

"He looks so much better than you,"
was all she said

History, as promised had repeated
itself.

Through the tears in his eyes, he
looked into the mirror.

He saw himself again

He waited for the seconds to tick by

All his heart could spell was laments

He felt so weak, he could die

He picked up a knife to do so.

He heard an almighty voice say

"Now do you feel the pain

When you have dropped the fruit and
eaten the seed. You are the gardener,
Who has uprooted the flowers and grown
the weeds.

I know you are looking for a place to
go

A place to call your own

But you cant do so

you are the dog between two bones!"

THE WORST TEA PARTY I EVER ATTENDED

Tea parties Bah! humbug! Nothing
but diabolical affairs with disastrous
results. An intervention of Satan
himself. The only things in the world
that a person should fear more than
God.

Unfortunately, I was once lured
into attending a tea party. I was
relaxing at home when the doorbell
rang. I unglued myself from the
armchair I was sitting in and answered
the door, and lo and behold who should
be standing there but Sabreena Gaihal!
She stood there in her frock, her
pigtails swinging about, a devilish
smile on the face of the most
dangerous girl in my class. She had
come to invite me to a tea party she
was throwing next week.
unsuspectingly, I assured her that i
would come. What a fool I was! I had
only thought about the goodies which
would be waiting to be polished off, I
had not taken into consideration any
disasters, but thats the way the
cookie crumbles.

I bit my fingernails in
anticipation every day, until finally
the fateful day arrived. Throughout
the day I kept hoping that a truck
would run over me but no such luck. It
is said that a time comes when you

have to face the worst. For me that time was five thirty. I showered, changed my clothes, polished my shoes, combed my hair and made sure that I looked positively dashing in my wall mirror, before I stepped out of the house.

By now I had decided to resign myself to my fate so I went whistling along the road, portraying what I looked like a lamb to the slaughter.

In a short time I reached the Gaihals' house. I rang the doorbell and little Sabreena answered the door, with that impish smile still on her face. I was ushered into the house. There were party decorations everywhere. A waiter was handing out soft drinks to everyone and I was promptly given one. I was to look very sophisticated and , with one hand in my pocket while the other held my glass of cola, but suddenly, out of nowhere came this little toddler who ran and bumped into me. One moment my cola was in the glass, the next it was all over my clothes. I insisted on returning home but everybody said it would be a shame to leave the party now and Mrs. Gaihal even remarked that I was just about Mr. Gaihal's size and so I should fit into his clothes, so I agreed. I went and changed into a shirt and a pair of his pants, but when I saw the fitting I just prayed to God that Mrs. Gaihal never came within a mile of a sewing machine. Her idea of my being Mr. Gaihal's size meant that the sleeves were six inches longer than my arms while the pants were even longer. About two boys my size could fit into those pants. Anyway I merely rolled the pants up and folded back the sleeves. I even thought about taking swimming lessons

because I did seem to be seimming in those clothes. The call for tea was finally sounded and everybody charged towards the dinner table since everybody was famished. I was just sitting down when I felt a sudden prick in my (blush) backside! Someone had been using thumbpins for the decorations, placed these pins on a chair and forgotten to pick them up, and as luck would have it, I picked that chair to sit on. You already know the result I almost hit the ceiling. Tea passed uneventfully. Then came the cake - cutting ceremony we sang 'happy birthday' although I had eyes only for the cake. The cake was cut to an accompaniment of clapping. Pieces of cake were handed out to everyone. I was holding my piece of cake on a plate, and was making for a place to sit in peace when it happened the final straw. my foot caught on the mug and I tripped. My face was travelling downwards and strangely enough my plate was travelling upwards, defying the forces of gravity and suddenly my face and the plate met each other and instead of saying 'how do you do' the plate went 'splat' in my face! I had to peel the plate of my face because people were beginning to think I had been born because people were beginning to think I had been born with a paper plate stuck to my face. My hair was being subjected to a very strange shampoo cake icing. Sabreena Gaihal came up to me and said that I looked much more handsome with smashed cake all over my face. I stomped out of the house, grabbing a face towel as I went. I returned home very angry indeed.

So the next time someone invites you to a tea party, make sure you think twice about it!

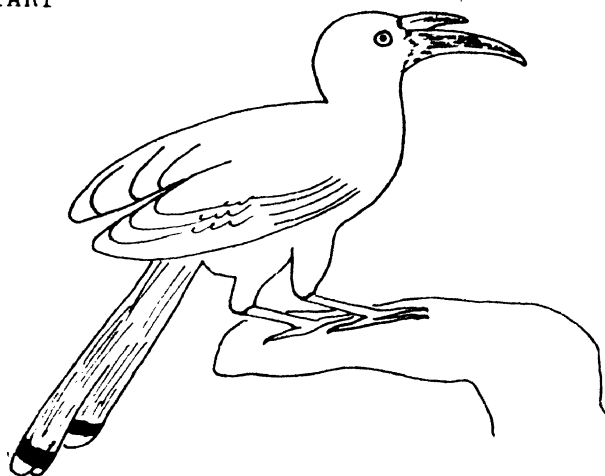
Ashish Debroy

NATURE DIARY

COMMON GREY HORNBILL

The Grey Hornbill very much a resident of our school, can be seen in its clumsy flight from one high tree to another in the follow-my-leader fashion. These are large brownish grey birds with an enormous curved bill surmounted by a peculiar protuberance or casque, and a long graduated tail. This is one of the few birds with remarkable nesting habits and behaviour.

At the appointed season which is principally march to june, after the



THE GREY HORNBILL

courtship, the female hornbill finds a natural hollow in a tree. She now uses her droppings as plaster and the flat sides of her enormous bill as trowel to wall up the entrance. Only a narrow slit is left through which it receives the food brought in by the male. Some proportions of clay and mud are also

used in building the wall and the plaster is so hard that no ordinary predatory animal can break through to reach the occupant within. The female does not free herself from the self-imposed confidence until the young hatch out and are about a fortnight old. Both parents look after the young thereafter.

Welham News!!

* An enchanting flute recital by T.S. Prasanna had the entire audience from Mr. Kandhari to the school bus - driver in raptures.

* A new music teacher Mr. Mitra has joined us.

* The picture club screened two excellent films by the name of 'The God must be crazy - II' and the 'The experts'. The next Saturday's films however were written off due to bad print quality and other reasons.

* The picture club also screened 'Newstrack' which was highly informative. It had a very interesting interview with Mr. Sam Pitroda, our chief guest this year.

* Quiz :- The inter house quiz this time was not very fruitful for any of the participating teams. Krishna and Jamuna came first with 55 points. The total points tally had Krishna leading with 190 points maintaining their lead of 70 points over Jamuna who came in second with 120 points.

Discovery

INTERVIEW

The ITV crew caused quite a stir when they appeared in Welham. Our curiosity was aroused as much as anyone else's so we were soon at their hotel to interview three of the crew.

After the introductions :

Q : We would like to ask you a few questions about your work to begin with, is this your first time here?

Mr. Boote : no, - i myself have been to India several times. About ten years ago I stayed here in Dehra dun for three months, in fact. i have also been to places in Kashmir and Karnataka. The fishing is really good in this country, and that is what first attracted me to it. (Smiling) it goes back rather a long way, really : i remember getting interested in fishing when I saw a picture of it in a book - at the age of four.

Q : And then you were hooked, so to speak. However, I still don't see why you came to Welham for a fishing documentary.

Mr. Bailey : My question. You see, there is little point in coming all this way from England just to film fish. We must show other aspects of the country as well and being a teacher myself, I wanted to compare the educational system here with ours in England. We also happen to know

that Mr. Kandhari is interested in fishing, that's how we met.

Mr. Boote : yes, I met Mr. Kandhari eleven years ago in Dehra Dun. Mr. Nicholсан also knows him through a friend, Mr. Rajen Brijnath.

Q : Quite a coincidence. Now, i'd like to ask - how will you actually present the documentary?

Mr. Nicholson : (Chuckling) you mean, apart from badly? Well we are really interested in the ecological system around the Himalayas. While we're using our own techniques, we also want to film the villagers' method of catching fish. Especially the Himalayan Mahseer.

Q : I must confess my ignorance in this field. Is the mahseer an angler's favourite for some reason?

Mr. Nicholson : yes, it's one of the largest and strongest fresh-water fish in India. As a matter of fact it is known all over the world by the nickname of the Indian Salmon. The mahseer has never been filmed before, and we're particularly interested in filming it now because its population is decreasing at an alarming rate. That's why we won't kill any of the fish; we have to draw attention to its decline.

Q : You mean there are no local environment protection agencies?

Mr. Nicholson : No, the fisheries and forest departments are supposed to

protect the rivers, but in U.P. no-one does much. Tata does have a breeding area for the preservation of this fish, but unfortunately most of the public are not interested in saving fish (Smiling) After all, a fish isn't like a teddy bear - you can't cuddle it - and, in England for example, most people associate it with chips.

Q : Do you have any idea just how popular fishing is in England?

Mr. Nicholson : Yes, there are about four million anglers there. (noting my reaction) Surprising, isn't it? That means about one in every fourteen people in England is a fisher.

Q : Your documentary will be popular. What work have you done previously for ITV?

Mr. Boote : Oh, we've done projects on quite a few things - rivers, dances, sports etc. The interesting thing about these projects is that ITV, being a large corporation with a good reputation, sells them to other networks - even before they've been finished! So although the other networks are broadcasting there documentaries, ITV owns them.

Q : Very interesting. What would you

say is the most difficult part about the filming?

Mr. Bailey : The difficulty in shooting a fishing sequence is that you can't predict anything. Also, it is just not practical to keep the camera rolling for an entire day. You have to hope for the best. We'll be filming for five to six weeks, so that we will get plenty of opportunity.

Q : This reminds me of other documentaries on fishing i have seen. Will you be doing anything spectacular, such as underwater shooting?

Mr. Nicholson : No, you're thinking about another type of documentary altogether. With rivers, there isn't much scope for underwater photography. (smiling) we could always ask mr. Kandhari if we could use his fish task, but I don't think he would be too pleased to find a lot of television cameras in it.

Q : No, I see your point. Well, i'd like to thank you all for taking the trouble to see us and answer our questions.

: Not at all.

Q : Good fishing!

In the Welham Arena of Sports

With high expectations Welham took on Scindia School, Gwalior in the first match of the MCIF Tournament, held at Ajmer. Bedi put us ahead in the 20th minute of the game when his rasping shot found the right corners of the Scindia Citadel. Leaving the goal keeper stranded. After the breather the Scindia team looked a more organised side. Their forwards combining well netted two goals in quick succession, snatching the lead. Fifteen minutes from the final hooter Bedi restored parity when he floated a free kick into the goal post the diving custodian, much to the disappointment of the Scindian team.

W.B.S. Sciandias

2 2

In the second round we played hoots mayo [Blues]. In the 7th minute of play. Bedi gave a defence - splitting pass - off an indirect free kick - to catch Parth in an awkward position. Parth rose to the occasion and pivoting around on his right foot he volleyed home and gave us an early lead. Seconds before the time break Mayo pulled me back. when Prithviraj capitalizing on a loose ball blasted home. In the second half mayo played a much better brand of soccer raided our

goal on numerous occasion playing havoc in our defence. Our defence caved in as they netted twice to win the match 3-1.

W.B.S. Mayo (Blues)

1 3

Qualifying for the quarter - finals on better goal average, we were drawn to meet H.P.S., Begum peth. the heat took its stall on our players and the opponents routed us 5-0. The Welham forwards were rendered useless as they ran out of stamina even in the early stages of the encounter. Our defenders did an appreciable job but soon succumbed to continuous excessive pressure. It was more than a tough time for custodian Avinash as he was repeatedly struck by H.P.S. forwards who seemed to be more interested in playing rugby. And it was all over, we were eliminated in the quarter finals despite some heroic fight backs, in the tournament.

W.B.S. H.P.S.

0 5

The Ajmer tour was closely followed by the Football inter-house back at home. In the first match Krishna took on heavyweights Ganges.

Krishna weakened by the absence of Devraj were trounced 5-2. the pre-break session saw both teams counter-attacking each other's goals. but in the post break session the Ganges forwards finding their rythm struck repeatedly and thus won the match.

Krishna	Ganges
2	5
(Rohit, Samar)	(Dhiraj, Parth, Rajneesh-2, Bikash)

The second match was between Cauvery and Jamuna. Cauvery sprung into an early lead through a Goswami header. Encouraged by a commendable all round performance of Yogesh Cauvery chipped in with two more goals when Shailendra displaying wonderful anticipation netted both.

Jamuna	Cauvery
0	3
	(Rajneesh, Shailendra-2)

Fresh from their victory over Jamuna, Cauvery dominated their encounter against Ganges. After relentless raids, Dilsher Atwal 'Josimared' home as his clearance shot found the mark beating the keeper all hands up. The rest of the match was basically a mid-field play dominated by Cauvery due to the services of Yogesh.

Cauvery	Ganges
1	0
(Dilsher)	

Krishna and Jamuna clashed on a water logged ground in the next tie. In the first half it took some time for the players to adjust to the adverse ground conditions. Jamuna struck first through Ranjeet. Krishna drew first blood through Samar in a counter-attack who managed to beat the keeper with a stupendous drive. Krishna's custodian Rahul's performance was praise-worthy.

Krishna	Jamuna
1	1
(Samar)	(Ranjeet)

Scaled from the previous evening's encounter Jamuna played Ganges. After a lot of hustle-bustle in the penalty area Dhiraj jammed one into the right corner of the citadel past the helpless keeper. The second goal was a classic by itself. Biru outsmarting his own keeper found the net to the bewilderment of the on-lookers.

Ganges	Jamuna
2	0
(Dhiraj, Bir Singh self goal)	

Reinforced by the arrival of Devraj Krishna gave an improved performance against favourites Cauvery sealing the latter's hopes to the trophy.

Krishna finished off with a comfortable 4-1 victory over helpless Cauvery.

Krishna	Cauvery
4	1
(Devraj - 2 Samar & Harry)	(Rajneesh Goswami)

Junior division ;
Jamuna Cauvery
(Disqualified)

Krishna	Ganges
0	1
Ganges	Jamuna
0	0
Cauvery	Krishna
1	3
Jamuna	Krishna
1	2
Cauvery	Ganges

Ganges finally took the trophy. Our heartiest felicitations to Mohinder Bedi (Senior div.), Manvendra Singh and Mayank Tiwari (both from junior div.) for being adjudged the best players in their respective sections.

Avinash Kumar



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गाड़ी

मेरे पास एक गाड़ी है ।

वह हरे रंग की और भारी है ।

जहाँ जाना हो वहीं ले जाती ।

जगह-जगह की सैर कराती ।

मेरे पिता उसे चलाते हैं ।

मुझे उस पर घुमाते हैं ।

बैठौ तो मज़ा आता है ।

और दिल खुश हो जाता है ।

विपुल स्वरूप

तारे

रात को चमकते तारे,

लगते कितने प्यारे-प्यारे ।

टिम-टिम-टिम चमकते हैं,

दिये जैसे लगते हैं ।

गिन नहीं सकता कोई,

कोसों दूर इनकी दूरी ।

फिर भी सुन्दर लगते हैं,

मोती जैसे चमकते हैं ।

कुमार अभीजीत

पर्यावरण विरोधी विकास हानिकारक है (पक्ष)

स्वच्छ निर्मल वायु, कल-कल बहते शीतल निझर, सुरम्य पन्ने-समान हरे जंगल व अति उपजाऊ धरती जहाँ बीज गिरते ही अंकुर फूट पड़े, ऐसा था हमारा वातावरण, हमारे देश का एक मनोहारी दृश्य । ज्यों-ज्यों काल बीतता गया और समय की धारा में मनुष्य तरक्की करने लगा, उसने अपने वातावरण को हानि पहुँचानी शुरू की । अपनी प्रगति के लिए उसने प्रकृति को बलि का बकरा बनाया । धरती के नवीन रूप को उसने धीरे-धीरे कुरूप बनाना शुरू किया । आदिकाल में मानव ने अपनी प्रकृति से संतुलन बना रखा था और इस कारण अपनी प्रकृति माँ से पूरा सहयोग प्राप्त करता था लेकिन आज के मानव ने इस सन्तुलन को इतना बिगाड़ दिया है कि अब सूखे और बाढ़ जैसे दैत्य उसे हर साल परेशानियाँ पहुँचाने हैं ।

अब अगर हम उदाहरण स्वरूप मनुष्य की किसी भयावह उपलब्धि को लें तो सबसे पहले हमारे सामने

यह सबाल उठ खड़ा होता है कि क्या यह परमाणु अस्त्र-शस्त्र हमें विकास की जगह विनाश की ओर नहीं ले जाएंगे ? हर देश इन परमाणु शस्त्रों की होड़ में लगा है यह जानते हुए भी की इनका परिणाम सिर्फ क्रूर मौतें और कई हजार क्षेत्र वर्ग की भूमि विध्वंसित हो जाती है । इसका जीता-जागता उदाहरण है हिरोशिमा नागासाकी पर गिराया गया परमाणु बम । उन बमों ने इन शहरों को ऐसी नींद सुलाया कि आज भी वहाँ जो नया जीव आखं खोलता है उसमें किसी न किसी तरह की विकलांगता मौजूद होती है । उस विस्फोट का असर आज भी पीढ़ी दर पीढ़ी चला आ रहा है और मनुष्य के अपने हाथों ही अपने विनाश की कहानी सुनाता है ।

हर व्यक्ति यह सोचकर उद्योग लगाता है कि वह प्रगति करेगा, लखपति-करोड़पति बनेगा । पर क्या कभी किसी उद्योगपति ने यह सोचा कि वह अपने पर्यावरण को दूषित कर अपने जैसे कितने ही जीवों के जीवन के कई साल घटा रहा है । इन करोड़ों वाहनों और उद्योगों से निकली कट्टी जहरीली गैसें हमारे वायुमंडल को श्वास लेने लायक भी नहीं छोड़ती । भोपाल गैस कांड इस कासदी का सजीव उदाहरण है ।

मनुष्य ने अपने निवास-स्थान और उद्योग बनाने के लिये वृक्षों को काटना आरम्भ किया । हम इन वृक्षों का उन्मूलन कर अपनी पृथ्वी की इस गरिमा को क्यों समाप्त कर रहे हैं । इन विशाल पहाड़ों को जो कि हमारे देश की शान हैं, हम क्या अपने तुच्छ स्वार्थ की वजह से बिना सोचे नष्ट नहीं कर रहे हैं । चूने के लिये हम इन मनोरम पर्वतों को काटते हैं और परिणाम स्वरूप बाढ़ व अन्य प्राकृतिक दैत्य हमें तंग करते हैं । इसकी वजह से उपजाऊ मिट्टी बेकार जाती है तथा अन्य वनस्पति को भी बहुत हानि पहुँचती है ।

धीरे-धीरे आम जनता को इन विकास योजनाओं के दैत्याकार परिणामों के बारे में जानकारी प्राप्त होनी शुरू हो गई है और वह अब ने पर्यावरण के संरक्षण के प्रति जागरूक हो गए हैं तथा मेरा विश्वास है कि इन पर्यावरण विरोधी विकासों को जरूर रोका जाएगा ।

ज्ञान गहलोत



गत शुक्रवार की सुहावनी संध्या में चार चाँद लगाने हमारे बीच श्री राजेन्द्र प्रसन्ना जी पधारे थे । 'स्पिक मैक' की ओर से प्रायोजित श्री राजेन्द्र प्रसन्ना एवं उनके साथियों ने अपने बासुरी वादन से सभी का मन मोह लिया । हमें प्रसन्ना जी से बातचीत करने

का अवसर मिला जिसके कुछ अंश आपके सामने प्रस्तुत हैं :—

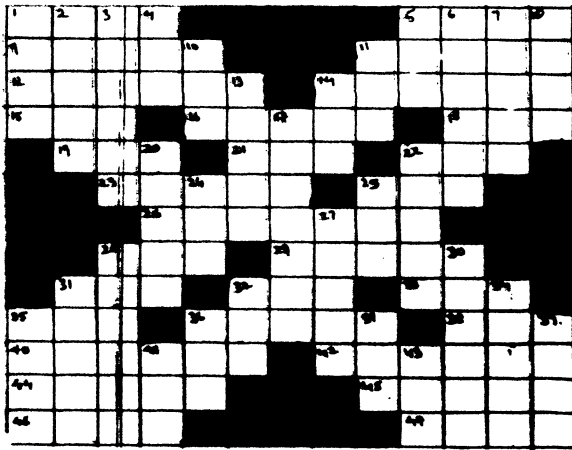
- प्र० आपने सर्व प्रथम बांसुरी की शिक्षा कहाँ से प्राप्त की ?
- उ० मैंने सर्वप्रथम बांसुरी अपने दादाजी श्री रघुनाथ प्रसन्ना जी से सीखी। उसके पश्चात मेरे चाचा श्री भोला नाथ एवं विष्णु प्रसन्ना ने भी मुझे बांसुरी में अनेक सवक सिखाए। वैसे मैंने इलाहाबाद में पंडित हरि प्रसाद चौरसिया जी की गोद में बैठ कर भी इस कला को सीखा है।
- प्र० आप बांसुरी पर मंच प्रदर्शन कब से दे रहे हैं ? उस समय आपकी उम्र कितनी रही होगी।
- उ० मैंने अपना सर्वप्रथम मंच प्रदर्शन कलकत्ता में १९६८ में दिया। उस समय मेरी उम्र केवल दस वर्ष की थी।
- प्र० आप किस घराने से सम्बन्धित हैं ?
- उ० मैं बनारस के घराने से सम्बन्धित हूँ।
- प्र० आपने प्रारंभ से एक ही गुरु से सीखा या बाद में किसी अन्य से भी ?
- उ० अपने दादा एवं चाचा से सीखने के बाद मैंने रामपुर सेंसवाल घराने के उस्ताद हफीज अहमद

खां और सरफ़राज हुसैन खां से भी बांसुरी वादन में शिक्षा प्राप्त की।

- प्र० आप लगभग कितनी देर अभ्यास करते हैं ?
- उ० दिन में चार घण्टे अभ्यास करना अत्यन्त आवश्यक होता है।
- प्र० आप मूलतः किस स्थान के निवासी हैं ?
- उ० बनारस
- प्र० भारत के बाहर आपने और कौन-कौन से देशों में अपनी कला का प्रदर्शन किया है।
- उ० मैंने पाकिस्तान, होलैण्ड, जर्मनी, बुल्गेरिया और बहुत से देशों में मंच प्रदर्शन दिये हैं। इसके अलावा मैंने १९८४ में हांगकांग में भी प्रदर्शन दिये हैं और नौवें एशियन उत्सव में भी भाग लिया था।

इसके साथ ही हमारी श्री राजेन्द्र प्रसन्ना जी के साथ बातचीत समाप्त हुई। अब हम यह आशा करते हैं कि वे फिर कभी न कभी हमारे विद्यालय में आयेंगे तथा अपनी बांसुरी वादन से एक बार फिर हम सभी का मन मोह लेंगे।

पार्थ अरोड़ा



CHUCK-HER-MAN

