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rec.music.indian.misc

RMIM Articles: 5. Lyricists

Prof Surjit Singh

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Compiler
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By professor toofaanii publishers, East Lansing, MI USA

DEDICATION

Friends [including from (but not limited to) both the classic RMIM and the new RMIM] who encouraged me to keep up my craziness for films, specially Hindi films of the 30s and 40s

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Immense debt is owed to the pioneers, the regulars, the lurkers, the posters, the warriors, the fanatics, the contributors of articles, photos, videos, and songs, the maintainers, the moderators, the meet holders, the meet attenders, the commemorative preparers, the quizzers, the photographers, the videographers, the airport drivers, the behind-the-sceners, the software writers, and other forgotten RMIMers.

A big thanks to my wife Harmesh, and three children, Jai, Libby, and Raja, and, special huggable thanks to Benjamin, for always being there for me.

Professor Surjit Singh
East Lansing, MI
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PREFACE

In the early days of the Internet, I used to read news and other stuff about India on the Yahoo portal and its directories. One day, one of my Indian students told me about Mailing Lists. So, I started reading some of those, e.g. soc.culture.indian. From there I discovered rec.music.indian.misc, which I learnt how to read on Deja News.

This was early 1995 and I was teaching at the Texas Tech University, Lubbock, TX. I read the FAQ, the articles, and lurked for a while. I noticed that apart from the lyrics, the most common questions appeared to be about the movie cast, and the list of songs. So, my early posts were on helping people using the now legendary and pioneering Hindi Film Geet Kosh (HFGK) by Har Mandir Singh “Hamraaz”. I also helped with the identification of lesser known characters in the movies, specially some of whom had famous songs picturized on them.

I learned a lot from some very knowledgeable RMIMers, e.g. Vish Krishnan, Rajan Parrikar, guri, Ashok Dhareshwar, Chetan Vinchhi, and the late Satish Kalra, to name a few. I and Harmesh enjoyed participating in the quizzes. From 1995 to now (2017) a good part of my waking hours have been spent on the Web, and a big chunk of that has been devoted to interacting with fellow RMIMers.

A few years ago, Suresh Chandvankar, the Honorary Secretary of the Society of Indian Record Collectors, asked me to contribute an article on RMIM for the Society’s magazine, The Record News. I started to write slowly and carefully taking my own time, but soon realized that there was no way to write briefly about RMIM. So I asked him if he could devote a whole issue of the magazine to RMIM! He said that magazine was no longer being published, but why don’t I write a book on RMIM. It was an excellent suggestion, because so much original valuable content has been generated by RMIMers that it should be collected before it disappears. So on the Facebook RMIM group, I started to collect pdf files of various posted articles. It is a work in progress and is continuing.

In the meantime, January 1, 2017 was the 25th anniversary of RMIM. I thought about writing a mini version of the book to go with the Silver Jubilee meet being planned for Bangalore, India. But there was not enough time and I was discouraged. Then, Pavan Jha asked if I was going to attend and Anup Pandey mused that it would be great if I could release the book during the meet. That was enough incentive to get to work. There was no way to include everything, so I had to select. Result is in your hands. The big book is called Omnibus, I decided to call this version the Minibus :)

I decided to keep the book a surprise. I had to have an accomplice from Bangalore to distribute the book at the meet. I chose Chetan Vinchhi, he

agreed readily. But when I finished the ms on April 2 and asked my US and Indian printers if they could print and deliver 50 copies to Bangalore by the 7th evening, they said no way. Again Chetan came to the rescue, and he, along with Ashok Dhareshwar, was able to keep the secret and deliver the book on time. Amazing people we have in RMIM!

In preparation for the big Omnibus, I looked at the material. It turns out that we have generated thousands of relevant posts, hundreds of articles, thousand of song lyrics, hundreds of quizzes like Rim Jhim Geeton Ki, Chitrahhar, etc, and dozens of individual series like A Sher A Day, Abhi To Main Jawan Hoon, Fill in the Blanks, to name a few. All this would have come to thousands of pages. What I plan to do is a series of books on different topics, about 200-300 pages each. I will make the pdfs available for free to download and also have the paperbacks to buy.

I am starting with the Articles, there will be 3-4 books on Articles, this one is on Films and Their Lyricists.

RMIM Archive Article "17".

Majrooh Sultanpuri

"He is much more than an Ordinary Poet!"

Posted by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Source: The Hindu.

In RMIM, a place which is infested with Sahir-bhakts and Gulzar fans, here is something to popularize one of my favorite lyricist, Majrooh! Majrooh, the man who has seen them all from Saigal to Shah Rukh, has been awarded, earlier this year, the Dada Saheb Phalke Award for his lifetime achievements in Indian Cinema.

Here is an article on Majrooh (and also some of his songs), in three parts. The article appeared in The Hindu just after the award was given to Majrooh.

Hope you will like it!

--

bye
satish

He is much more than an Ordinary Poet!

by
Girija Rajendran
for The Hindu

For the first time in the 15 year span of the Dada Saheb Phalke Award, a poet has been recognised as deserving of the honour. And Majrooh Sultanpuri has been bestowed with the honour because he is no ordinary poet.

Even while working extraordinarily successfully in films from the time of K.L.Saigal's "Shahjehan" (1946), Majrooh has maintained his standing as a man of letters in the Urdu literary world. He is at once a poetaster and a poet.

As a poetaster, he can come up even today with something so simplistic as "paapa kehte hai bada naam karega" for QSQT. As a poet, his value becomes evident when Lata Mangeshkar sings something written by him outside the orbit of films like "hum hain mataai-kooch-o-bazaar ki tarah". The way a poetry-oriented composer like Madan Mohan has tuned this one for Lata in "Dastak" gives one an insight into Majrooh's depth and dimension as a poet. In the same "Dastak", Majrooh could produce something so simple, yet heart-touching, by Lata, as "Baiyyaan na dharo bal-
maa," on the one hand and "Maayi ti main ka se kahoon," on the

other hand.

Which one of Majrooh's thousand and one song lyrics does one choose to illuminate the point that nobody else has contributed more significantly that he towards preserving the dignity of poetry in today's tilt towards thinly disguised vulgarity in film music? Majrooh's strength lies in the fact that he can give film songs the stamp of authenticity even in today's setting of rank mediocrity.

(To continue..)

Here are two songs penned by Majrooh. The first one is one of those rare film lyrics in which the lyricist's name appears in the song (ghazal). This is no surprise, as the above article says, this was written by Majrooh outside the realms of film, which was later used by Madan Mohan. Majrooh has always regretted that he couldn't spend more time on this Urdu literary work as much as he spent in writing film song lyrics.

Song: ham heN mata-e-koocha-o-baazaar ki tarah

Film: Dastak

Singer: Lata Mangeshkar

Music: Madan Mohan

Lyrics: Majrooh

Credits: Dinesh Prabhu

ham heN mata-e-koocha-o-baazaar ki tarah

uThi he har nigaah khareedaar ki tarah

voh to kaheeN heN aur magar dil ke aas paas

phirti he koyi shay nigaah-e-yaar ki tarah

MAJROOH likh rahe heN voh ahl-e-vafa ka naam

ham bhi khaDe hu'e heN gunehgaar ki tarah

--

After those heavy lyrics here is a light one from "Chalti Ka Naam GhaaDi". A song which has been immortalized by Kishore Kumar.

Song: haal kaisa hai janaab ka?

Film: Chalti Ka Naam GhaaDi

Actors: Kishore and Madhubala

Singers: Kishore and Asha Bhosle

Music: S.D.Burman

Lyrics: Majrooh

Asha: Haal kaisa hai janaab ka?

Kish: kya khayal hai aapka?

Asha: Tum to machal gaye ho ho ho

Kish: yunhi fisal gaye ha ha ha (yodell..)

Kish: Behaki,
Behaki,
chale hai pavan jo uDe hai tera aaNchal
Asha: chhoDo,
chhoDo,
dekho dekho gore gore kaale kaale baadal
Kish: kabhi kuch kahti hai, kabhi kuch kahti hai
zara nazar ko sambhaalna
Asha: haal kaisa hai janaab ka?
Kish: hai! kya khayal hai aapka?
Asha: hoi! tum to machal gaye ho ho ho
Kish: hmm mm, yunhi fisal gaye ha ha ha (yodell..)
Kish: Pagli!
Asha: Ah!
Kish: Pagli, kabhi tune sochcha raste mein gaye mil kyon?
Asha: Pagle!
Kish: uh?
Asha: Pagle!
Kish: eh!? :-(
Asha: tere batom batom mein dhaDakta hai dil kyon?
Kish: kabhi kuch kahti hai, kabhi kuch kahti hai
zara nazar ko sambhaalna
Asha: aa aa, haal kaisa hai janaab ka?
Kish: hai! kya khayal hai aapka?
Asha: tum to machal gaye ho ho ho
Kish: yunhi fisal gaye ha ha ha (yodell..)
Asha: kaho ji
kaho ji
roj tere sang yun dil bahalaayeN kya?
Kish: Aha! suno ji
suno ji,
samajh sako toh khud samajhjo kuch bataayeN kya?
kabhi kuch kahti hai, kabhi kuch kahti hai
zara nazar ko sambhaalna!
Asha: hai!, haal kaisa hai janaab ka?
Kish: kya khayal hai aapka?
Asha: tum to machal gaye ho ho ho
Kish: yunhi fisal gaye ha ha ha
Both: haal kaisa hai janaab ka?
kya khayal hai aapka?
tum to machal gaye ho ho ho
yunhi fisal gaye ha ha ha
Asha: haal kaisa hai janaab ka? Kish:(yodel)

kya khayal hai aapka?
tum to machal gaye ho ho ho
yunhi fisal gaye ha ha ha

.....
Here is part 2 of the article on Majrooh and some more of his songs.

--
bye
satish

He is much more than an Ordinary Poet!

by
Girija Rajendran
for The Hindu

(Contd.)

[Part II]

The Dada Saheb Phalke Award is for a lifetime of achievement in films. But, traditionally, the award has gone to a man who, even while being in show business, is something more than a film person. And it has all along been recognised that Majrooh retained his integrity as a poet even while working in a sphere in which he had no go but to stoop to conquer.

Majrooh always found it repugnant that a poet had to bring down his literary level for the business of living. "But take the history of poetry in India," he once told me, " Even in royal times you will find that the poet had always to bow in front of the royalty in court."

For all that, Majrooh in 1994 is something of a legend in the film world. His lyricising has always been informed by a facile simplicity for the song to climb instantly to the lips of the listener and find a niche in the heart. Like, for instance, in the case of "hum bekhudi mein tum ko pukaare chale gaye" from "Kala Paani". If there was a poetry-conscious composer like S.D.Burman to tune such a weighty lyric, he felt happy. With R.D.Burman he did many number of jubilee hits. From S.D.Burman to R.D.Burman, Roshan to Rajesh Roshan, from Chitragupta to Anand-Milind, Majrooh has kept pace with the changing tone and tenor of film music.

For him it never mattered if the song was to be written after the tune had been composed. In fact, Majrooh is considered a wizard in "to-tune". Yet the poetry part is rarely lost out, as one saw in the case of "ek din bik jaayegaa maati ke mol" as scored by R.D.Burman for RK's "Dharam Karam".

Majrooh's deeply philosophic reflections on life, combined with his easy dalliance with romance ("aankhon mein kya ji"), make him the composer's delight. Majrooh's appeal has lain in the fact that he never did need to wear his Urdu literary credentials as a badge. At no point could one say Majrooh lagged behind any song writer in films.

(To continue..)

One of the important points that is made in the above article is the fact that Majrooh could write lyrics to tune. In fact, it comes as a jolt, pleasant one though, to hear that one of Talat's masterpieces "jalte hain jiske liye" was written by Majrooh after the tune and the situation had been decided by Bimal Roy, the director of "Sujata". His ability to come up with something so poetic despite all the restrictions and constraints is so amazing.

In an interview he explained his secret as "I break words into its syllables and try to fit them to the notes of the tune. And also each word has its own unique sound which one has to recognize and use."

But obviously there is more than that to writing lyrics - there is a situation for the song, and then the sentences should be meaningful and coherent and should rhyme with one another - and Majrooh of course

had the gifted ability to be the master of all that, and he made a very complicated task of writing lyrics to tune look so simple.

Here is the song from "Sujata".

Song: jalte hain jiske liye teri aankhon ke diye

Film: Sujata

Actors: Sunil Dutt, Nutan

Singer: Talat Mehmood

Music: S.D. Burman

Lyrics: Majrooh

Jalte hain jiske liye teri aankhon ke diye

Dhoo.nDh laaya hoon wohi geet main tere liye

jalte hain jiske liye.....

jalte hain jiske liye teri aankhon ke diye

Dhoo.nDh laaya hoon wohi geet main tere liye

jalte hain jiske liye.....

Dard banke jo mere dil mein raha dhal na saka

jaadoo banke teri aankhon mein ruka, chal na saka

dard banke jo mere dil mein raha, dhal na saka

jaadoo banke teri aankhon mein ruka, chal na saka

aaj laaya hoon wohi geet main tere liye

jalte hain jiske liye.....

Dil mein rakh lena ise, haathon se yeh chhooTe na kahin
geet naazuk hai mera, sheeshe se bhi, TuTe na kahin
dil mein rakh lena ise, haathon se yeh chhooTe na kahin
geet naazuk hai mera, sheeshe se bhi, TuTe na kahin
gungunaaonga yahi geet main tere liye
jalte hain jiske liye.....
Jab talak na yeh tere ras ke bhare honthon se mile
yun hi aawaara phirega yeh teri zulfon ke tale
jab talak na yeh tere ras ke bhare honthon se mile
yun hi aawaara phirega yeh teri zulfon ke tale
gaaye jaaonga yahi geet main tere liye
jalte hain jiske liye teri aankhon ke diye
Dhoo.nDh laaya hoon wohi geet main tere liye
jalte hain jiske liye.....

Another song that the article mentions is this one from "Kaala Paani", Rafi's 'ham bekhudi mein'. Very few singers can make a rendition with so much feeling as Rafi does in this song. This song will definitely be on the all time favourites list of all Rafi fans.

Film: Kaala Paani

Actors: Dev, Madhubala

Singer: Rafi

Music: S.D.Burman

Lyrics: Majrooh

Hum bekhudi mein tum ko pukaare chale gaye
hum....

hum bekhudi mein tum ko pukare chale gaye
saagar mein zindagi ko utaare chale gaye
hum....

Dekha kiye tumhe hum banke deewana
dekha kiye tumhe hum banke deewana
utraa jo nasha to hamne yeh jaana
saare woh zindagi ke sahaare chale gaye
hum bekhudi mein tum ko pukare chale gaye
hum....

Tum to na kaho hum khud hi se khele
tum to na kaho hum khud hi se khele
Doobe nahin hum hi yoon nashe mein akele
sheeshe mein aapko bhi utaare chale gaye
hum bekhudi mein tum ko pukare chale gaye
saagar mein zindagi ko utaare chale gaye
hum....

Here is another song, penned by Majrooh, sung by Lata. Another one of Lata's songs which shows why she is the best. The way she juggles with all the words of this song is to be heard to be believed. Also, contrary to what people think, Sharmila does have some great dance numbers in "Talaash", including this one. "Aaj ki junli raat ma" and "palkon ke peeche se kya tumne kah Daala" are from this Movie. All by Majrooh ofcourse.

--

Song: khai hai re humne kasam
Film: Talash
Actors: Rajendra Kumar, Sharmila Tagore
Singer: Lata
Music: S.D. Burman
Lyrics: Majrooh

--

khaii hai re humne kasam sang rahne ki
aayega re uD ke meraa hans pardesi
khaii hai re humne kasam sang rahne ki
aayega re uD ke meraa hans pardesi
pahala milan mose nahin re sajan ka
rahega sadaa milna dharti gagan ka
ug se vo hain meraa
ug se vo hain meraa main ussi ki re
khaii hai re humne kasam sang rahne ki
aayega re uD ke meraa hans pardesi
aise to nahin usske rang mein Dali main
piya ang lag lag ke hui saanwali main
mere tan pe chaaun hain
mere tan pe chaaun hain ussi ki re
khaii hai re humne kasam sang rahne ki
aayega re uD ke meraa hans pardesi

--

Here is the third and final part of the article on Majrooh.
Also some more songs of his.

--

bye
satish

He is much more than an Ordinary Poet!

by
Girija Rajendran
for The Hindu

(Contd.)

[Part III]

Just when one was beginning to wonder whether Majrooh was doing true justice to himself writing something like "dil deke dekho dil deke dekho ji" for a debutante-composer Usha Khanna, he came up in the same breath, with something so compelling as "jalte hain jiske liye" for Talat under S.D.Burman.

While his contemporaries needed a composer who could comprehend their Urdu 'shairi' to be effective, Majrooh could gracefully descend to the required lucidity without losing anything by way of lyrical beauty or utility. Thus, under the late Roshan's baton, he could, in Lata's voice, come up with something tantalisingly featherweight like "Rahen na rahe hum" and something profound like "rehte the kabhi jin ke dil mein hum jaan se pyaaron ki tarah" in one and the same film - Asit Sen's "Mamta".

That Majrooh could write for Naushad, SDBurman, Roshan, Madan Mohan, O.P.Nayyar, Lakshmikant-Pyarelal, R.D.Burman and Anand-Milind is a measure of his versatility and longevity in a field of fickle fame like films. Majrooh's abiding identity as a successful poet derives from the fact that he needs no particular composer to deliver.

He moved from one composer to another as a job of work. In this sense, he has been a true professional. But one needs to be something more than a remarkable professional to win something so envied as the Dada Saheb Phalke Award.

Majrooh could have built a permanent link with Naushad after the phenomenal success of their songs of Mehboob Khan's "Andaaz" (1949). But that was not to be. When Naushad needed Majrooh back for Sridhar's "Saathi" (1968), he quietly came back to write such hits songs for that composer as "mere jeevan saathi" and "main to pyaarse". And gently moved again yet again.

It is a movie man's total persona that counts and Majrooh's persona is that of an achiever in any milieu.

[Done!]

Here are some representative songs of Majrooh with different music directors. Majrooh said in an interview that "every music director has different patterns and styles of working and it is never the same working with different music directors, you have to constantly adapt yourself to their style".

Here is one of his songs with Roshan.

--

Film: Mamta
Actors: Suchitra Sen, Ashok Kumar, Dharmendra
Singer: Lata
Music: Roshan
Lyrics: Majrooh

Rahe na rahe hum mehaka karenge
ban ke khali ban ke saba bhaageN vafaaa mein
Rahe na rahe hum
Mausam koi ho,
is chaman mein,
rang banke rahegin hum khiraama.
chaahat ki khusbhoo,
yun hi zulfon,
se uDe gi khizaayon ya bahaaren.
yunhi jhoomte
yunhi jhoomte aur khilte rahenge
ban ke khali ban ke saba bhaageN vafaa mein
Rahe na rahe hum mehaka karenge
ban ke khali ban ke saba bhaageN vafaa mein
Khoye hum aise,
kya hai milna
kya bichadna, nahin hai yaad humko
gooche mein dil ke
jab se aaye
sirf dil ki zameen hai yaad humko
issi sarzameen
issi sarzameen pe hum to rahenge
ban ke khali ban ke saba bhaageN vafaa mein
Rahe na rahe hum
Jab hum na honge,
tab hamari,
khaakh pe tum rukoge, chalte chalte
ashkon se bheegi ,
chandni mein,
ik sada si sunoge, chalte chalte
waheen pe kaheen
waheen pe kaheen hum tumse milenge
ban ke khali ban ke saba bhaageN vafaa mein
Rahe na rahe hum mehaka karenge
ban ke khali ban ke saba bhaageN vafaa mein
Rahe na rahe hum.

Here is a typical romantic duet from Dev Anand's "Nau Do Gyaarah".

Some of the finest duets in Hindi films have come the team of Majrooh, S.D.Burman and Dev Anand. This is a Rafi-Asha duet, "aaja panchchi akela hain," probably one of their best duets.

--

Song: aaja panchchi akela hai

Film: Nau Do Gyaarah

Actors: Dev Anand, Kalpana Kartik

Singer: Asha Bhonsle, Mohammad Rafi

Music: S.D.Burman

Lyrics: Majrooh

--

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Asha: Ooo so ja nindiya ki bela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Asha: Ooo so ja nindiya ki bela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Rafi: uD gayi neend yahaan mere nain se

Asha: bas karo yunhi paDe raho chain se

Rafi: uD gayi neend yahaan mere nain se

Asha: bas karo yunhi paDe raho chain se

Rafi: laage re Dar mohe laage re

Asha: Ooo yeh kya Darne kii bela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Asha: Ooo so ja nindiya ki bela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Rafi: Ooo kitni ghuti si hai yeh fiza

Asha: ah! kitni suhaani hai yeh hawaa

Rafi: Ooo kitni ghuti si hai yeh fiza

Asha: ah ha ha! kitni suhaani hai yeh hawaa

Rafi: mar gaye hum nikla dum mar gaye hum

vAsha: mausam kitna albela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Asha: Ooo so ja nindiya ki bela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Rafi: O bin tere kaisi andheri yeh raat haii

Asha: dil mera dhadkan meri tere saath hai

Rafi: O bin tere kaisi andheri yeh raat haii

Asha: dil mera dhadkan meri tere saath hai

Rafi: tanha hai phir bhi dil tanhan hai

Asha: laagaa sapnon ka mela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Asha: Ooo so ja nindiya ki bela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Asha: Ooo so ja nindiya ki bela hai

Rafi: Ooo aaja panchchi akela hai

Here is one song of Majrooh with Madan Mohan, from "Akeli mat jaiyo".

Here Majrooh matches Madan's style and doesn't make him miss Rajinder Krishan, who is the usual choice of Madan.

Some background of this song in the movie will help in understanding these lyrics. Rajendra Kumar has a double role in this film one rich and mean, and the other poor and Meena Kumari's lover. But somehow the two Rajendra Kumars are forced to exchange places and Meena Kumari ends with the rich RK, who acts very different and mean with her, and she has no clue as to what is happening, and then this song comes on..

--

Song: vo jo milte the kabhi humse deewanon ki tarah

Film: Akeli mat jaiyo

Actors: Meena Kumari, Rajendra Kumar

Singer: Lata

Music: Madan Mohan

Lyrics: Majrooh

--

woh jo milte the kabhi hamse deewaanon ki tarah
aaj yun milte hain jaise kabhi pehachaan na thi
woh jo milte the kabhi
dekhte bhi hain to yun meri nigaahon mein kabhi
ajnaabi jaise mila karte hain raahon mein kabhi
is kadar unki nazar hamse to anjaan na thi
woh jo milte the kabhi hamse deewaanon ki tarah
aaj yun milte hain jaise kabhi pehachaan na thi
woh jo milte the kabhi
ek din tha kabhi yun hi jo machal jaate the
khelte the meri zulfon se behl jaate the
woh pareshan the meri zulf zulf pareshaan na thi
woh jo milte the kabhi
woh mohobbat woh shararat mujhe yaad aataa hai
dil mein ik pyaar ka toofaan uTa jaati hain
thi magar aisi to uljan mein meri jaan na thi
woh jo milte the kabhi hamse deewaanon ki tarah
aaj yun milte hain jaise kabhi pehachaan na thi
woh jo milte the kabhi

The next one is with O.P.Nayyar, with all the typical ingredients of a O.P song, very different from the previous song.

--

Song: ye lo main haari piya

Film: Aar Par

Actors: Guru Dutt, Shakeela, Shyama

Singer: Geeta Dutt

Music: O.P.Nayyar

Lyrics: Majrooh

Ye lo main, Ye lo main

Ye lo main haari piyan

hui teri jeet re

kaahe ka jagda baalam

nayi nayi preet re

ye lo main..

Naye naye do nain mile hai

naye naye do nain mile hai

nayi mulakaat hai

milte he tum rooT gaye ji

ye bhi koi baat hai

Jao ji maaf kiya

tu hi mera meet re

kaahe ka jagda baalam

nayi nayi preet re.

ye lo main haari piya.

hui tihaari sangh chalo jee

hui tihaari sangh chalo jee

bayyan meri thamke

bandhi balam kismet ki dori

sangh teri naamke

ladte hi ladte mausam

jaye nahi beet re

kaahe ka jagda baalam

nayi nayi preet re.

ye lo main haari piya.

chale kidhar ko bolo baabu

sapnon ko looT ke

hai raam jee reh nahi paye

dil mera TooTke

Ye lo main haari piya!

Majrooh and Naushad made a great team in "Andaaz", with great songs like, Lata's 'uThaaye ja unke sitam,' and some of Mukesh's greats like 'jhoom jhoom ke naacho aaj' and 'hum aa kahin dil kho baite,' but as the above article says they never worked together for

almost two decades after "Andaaz".

Here is a song from "Andaaz", in which Majrooh gave a lot of hints to Naushad - 'tu kahe agar, jeevan bhar, main geet sunaataa jaaun,' but Naushad wasn't listening.

--

Song: tu kahe agar

Film: Andaaz

Actor: Dilip Kumar

Singer: Mukesh

Music: Naushad

Lyrics: Majrooh

tu kahe agar, tu kahe agar
tu kahe agar jeevan bhar
main geet sunaataa jaaun
man been bajaataa jaaun
tu kahe agar
aur aag main apne dil ki har dil mein lagaataa jaaun
dukh dard miTaataa jaaun
tu kahe agar
oo.. main saaz hun tu sargam hain
main saaz hun tu sargam hain
deti jo sahaare mujhko, deti jo sahaare mujhko.
main raag hun tu beena hain
main raag hun tu beena hain
is dam tu pukaare mujhko
aawaaz mein teri har dam aawaaz milaata jaaun
aakaash pe chaataa jaaun
oo.. in bolon mein tuhi tu hai
main samjhoon duniyaa tu jaaane, ho jaane
ina mein hai kahaani meri
ina mein hain tere afasaane
ina mein hain tere afasaane
tu saaz u'Ta ulfat ka
main soomke gaataa jaaun
sapnon ko jagaataa jaaun
tu kahe agar

Until later!

--

bye

satish

RMIM Archive Article "95".

Majrooh Sultanpuri - Immortal Melodies - part 1

Posted by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Source: Illustrated Weekly of India

Author: Zaka Siddiqi

Hi all!

Here is the first part of the promised article on Majrooh.

This extract from the article on Majrooh gives more info on his life, his career and his achievements. The original piece, from which this article has been taken, had a lot about his non-film literary accomplishments, but I will save that for another day.

This will suffice for now I hope.

Also I mentioned earlier that there were many reasons for the split between Majrooh and Naushad, after the megahits of Shahjahan and Andaaz. One of the reasons was that there was an arrest warrant out on Majrooh's name! Read on for more info...

--

bye

satish

Majrooh Sultanpuri
'Immortal Melodies'

by

Zaka Siddiqi

Illustrated Weekly of India '91

The year was 1945. Important poets from all over India had assembled for a mushaira at Bombay's Saboo Siddik Institute ground.

The poets included Jigar Moradabadi who, as was his custom, had travelled with one of his protege -- this time it was with a young and unknown poet, unknown at least in Bombay. Saghar Nizami was conducting the proceedings. Nizami was not only a good poet but also very popular as a compere. But unexpected things happen even in the most organised functions. So, in spite of his efforts, Nizami was not able to enliven the insipid and dull mushaira and the audience jeered and booed irrespective of the stature of the poet reciting.

Organisers, including the illustrious Syed Shihabuddin Desnavi, watched helplessly. At that moment, Sizami invited the young Jigar protege to recite his ghazal and introduced him as Majrooh Sultanpuri. As the young poet walked up to the microphone, he appeared to be calm in spite of the almost hostile vibes radiating from the audience. With his black sherwani buttoned up to the throat, snow-white, full-width Lucknowi pajama, fair complexion, and handsome countenance, he had a definite presence and commanded attention. Without a preamble he started reciting the now famous ghazal:

"Shab-e-Intezaar kashmakash mein na poochh kaise sahar hui
kabhi ek charagh bujhaa diya, kabhi ek charagh jalaa diya"
(Oh, how suspenseful it was, In the night of waiting.
Hardly would I douse the light when I would again light
a lamp, until it was morning)

The sonorous kharaj, the cultured, modulated voice and, above all, the obvious beauty of craft and thought-content of the ghazal itself caught the audience unawares. As if a huge hand suddenly hushed up their booing and jeering. From that moment on it was Majrooh Sultanpuri's day. There among the audience was A.R. Kardar, the famous motion picture producer and director. He was so impressed that he invited the young poet to see him after the mushaira.

This was how Majrooh was signed for the unforgettable Kardar film, Shahjahan. Naushad set his lyrics to tune and K.L. Saigal sang them:

1. "gham diye mustaqil, kita nazuk hai dil,
yeh na jana, hai, hai yeh zaalim zamana"
2. "jab dil hi TooT gaya, jab dil hi TooT gaya
ham jeeke kya karenge, jab dil hi TooT gaya"
3. "kar leejiye chale kar meri jannat ke nazare"

Sultanpuri penned eight out of ten lyrics for "Shahjahan", and all of them became super hits. But before he could react to the large-scale, appeal created by these lines, he fell ill. The harsh Bombay climate made him leave the city and return to his hometown in the North.

It was now 1947. The film industry remained idle for six months in the aftermath of the partition. However, as some semblance of sanity and peace returned to the nation, the film industry also started taking stock of its affairs. Sultanpuri came back to Bombay and, on the recommendation of Naushad, was contacted by director Mehboob Khan for the

Dilip Kumar-Nargis-Raj Kapoor starrer, "Andaz". The great director, in his uninhibited Bambayya Urdu, told him: "Mere ko tere 'Shahjahan ' ke mafik geet maangta."

The lyrics of "Andaz" are now history. But, again, Sultanpuri failed to cash in on this hit film. - For, by this time his political activities as a communist and his literary pursuits as a member of the Progressive Writers Association (PWA) had convinced the Morarji Desai government that this was one writer to be taken care of. An arrest warrant was issued.

Sultanpuri went underground and remained so for about a year. But, eventually, he could not resist participating in a function protesting the arrest of Sajjad Zahir for his alleged involvement in the so called Rawalpindi conspiracy. Sultanpuri recited a few of his fiery ghazals and, while coming down from the dias, was apprehended by the police. He spent an year in jail in Byculla!

[part 2 to follow]

--

bye
satish

"Majrooh" means wounded/hurt/smitten. :(

--

RMIM Archive Article "96".

Majrooh Sultanpuri - Immortal Melodies - part 2

Posted by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Source: Illustrated Weekly of India

Author: Zaka Siddiqi

Hi!

This part 2 of the article. Especially look out for the paras on S.D.Burman and Majrooh's association - I am sure that will show what all those lyrics that Majrooh wrote, meant to SDB and all of us who crowned SDB the 'king of duets'.

--

bye
satish

Majrooh Sultanpuri

'Immortal Melodies'

by

Zaka Siddiqi

Illustrated Weekly of India

Sultanpuri went underground and remained so for about a year. But, eventually, he could not resist participating in a function protesting the arrest of Sajjad Zahir for his alleged involvement in the so called Rawalpindi conspiracy. Sultanpuri recited a few of his fiery ghazals and, while coming down from the dias, was apprehended by the police. He spent an year in jail in Byculla.

After his release from jail, Kamal Amrohi asked him to write for his "Daera". Then came Guru Dutt. And with him came O.P.Nayyar as music director, the rapport and understanding between the composer and lyricist were complete. It was in this period that Asha Bhosle gave her best sung songs to the film industry:

"Yeh hai reshmi zulfon ka andhera na ghabraiye"

"Jaiye aap kahan jaenge, yeh nazar laot ke phir aaegi"

- Lyrics in different films penned by Sultanpuri and set to tunes by Nayyar.

And again, it was during this period that Majrooh Sultanpuri contributed at least 20 new words or sets of words hitherto unheard of in the film-lyrics vocabulary. These were words typical of Urdu culture.

Sultanpuri's other innovation in film-lyrics has been what was known in film music circles as "romantic comedy duets". In one of those inevitable filmi parties, S.D.Burman was discussing with him the futility of investing precious time in composing tunes for duets which seemed to have lost the ear of cine-goers. Sultanpuri, by now had established his reputation as a person who did not mince words. He plainly told Burman that it was the fault of the lyricists rather than the music directors if duets were losing popularity. In his typical challenging way, he promised that he would write a duet for his (Sultanpuri's) next film and make it a success. Burman smiled and said, "Then why not write that duet for me?" This was how S D Burman and Sultanpuri teamed up and, together, gave us such beautiful lyrics as heard in "Paying Guest", "Nau do Gyarah", "Kala Paani", to mention a few. Remember those 'question-answer sessions', complete with rhyme and rhythm, between the hero and the heroine in

these films?

Asha: Unh! chhod do aanchal zamana kya kahega?

KK: In adaaon ka zamana bhi hain deewana,
deewanaa kya kahega?

and

KK: Ankhon mein kya ji?

Asha: Rupahla baadal.

KK: baadal main kya ji?

Asha: kisi ka aanchal.

KK: aanchal mein kya ji?

Asha: Ajab si halchall!

So many firsts to his credit and yet Sultanpuri has never been acknowledged for them.

Could you recall any birthday song before:

"Meri laadli bani hai taroon ki tu rani" from (Andaz)?

Any cabaret before:

"Matwali ankhon wale, O albele dil wale

dil tera ho rahega, gar tu ise apna le" (Chhote Nawab)?

Any original bidai geet before:

"Chal ri sajni ab kya soche,

Kajra na bah jae rotay rotay" (Bambai ka Babu)?

Majrooh Sultanpuri has been in this profession for 45 years.

One has lost count of the number of songs he has written; 2,000? or maybe more.

During this long period, he helped launch quite a few new music directors like Khayyam (can anyone forget that immortal Talat Mahmood number in "Footpath" 'Sham-e-gham ki qasam, Aaj ghamgeen hain hum!').

There were some others who shot to fame only when they were teamed up with Sultanpuri although they already had one or two films to their credit. S.Madan, Chitra Gupta, Laxmikant-Pyarelal, R.D.Burman, Usha Khanna grew to fame in this period.

So what is the reason that he was never celebrated as the numero uno of song writers? And, again, what is the reason that despite this, he commanded, and continues to command, the highest price for writing one lyric? Even these days when "ek do teen" and "oye oye" pass off as songs and smash all box-office records, the producers and music directors find Sultanpuri of compelling interest.

When you tell Sultanpuri that these questions have been the concern of his admirers, he just sits and smiles. He tries to sidestep the question by offering you a paan or some-

thing. Only when you insist on an answer, a little testiness, a little impatience, creeps in his voice. He recounts what he was advised to do; what his contemporaries, Shakeel Badayuni, Sahir Ludhianvi, Rajinder Krishan and Anand Bakshi did. Then why didn't he, too, cultivate film journalists and the supermarket press or engage public relations people? "I don't need all that bull", he answers. Except for Lata Mangeshkar, Naushad and a few others, you will not find him socialising with people from the film industry. His friends are books and books and more books, maybe also a few poets and writers.

--

bye
satish

Majrooh Sultanpuri - Immortal Melodies - part 3

Posted by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Source: Illustrated Weekly of India

Author: Zaka Siddiqi

Majrooh Sultanpuri
'Immortal Melodies'
by
Zaka Siddiqi
Illustrated Weekly of India

Few people know that, by training, Sultanpuri is a physician - a Hakeem, and had actually a flourishing practice in Unani Medicine. But this profession did not go too well with his real calling, poetry.

He came from a lower middle-class family of Sultanpur. With his first-hand experience of the feudal system prevalent in the remote eastern UP town where he was born, he did not require any brain washing to become a communist by the time he arrive in Bombay in 1945. He jointed the party at the same time he became a member of the Progressive Writers Association (PWA).

The manifesto of the PWA laid down certain guidelines for writers which, between the lines, required them to write on topics of immediate political relevance. Literature was reduced to slogans in a language which was direct, demagogic, and thearetical. The early writings of the progressive writers reflect these traits which stressed upon strategy and tactics rather than progressive thought. To some extent, the form of a poem could well be used as a vehicle of this propaganda, as is evident from innumerable assemblby-line collections of such poetry by Sultanpuri's contemporaries. So, could he bring himself around to spit fire and raise hailstorms to order?

The poser became a challenge to Sultanpuri. He was a ghazal writer and the ghazal, as we know, abhors any kind of compromise with a manifesto or a dogma, whether political or religious. Consequently, he was drawn in, and had to fight

out; a two-pronged war started on the right flank by ghazal-writers of the old school who had great doubts about the real intentions of the upstart poet and, on the left flank, by those from his own Progressive Writers Association who were totally against the form of the ghazal. To them, the ghazal was a symbol of decadent society.

This is where Sultanpuri proved his creative dynamism. His quest motif was the same as that of his senior contemporaries like Josh Malihabadi and Faiz. While Faiz is, by and large, attributed to have introduced in Urdu a new poetic diction and made it contain and express the progressive thought, it is actually Sultanpuri to whom the credit should go. But there has always been a restrain vis-a-vis Sultanpuri in the attitude of critics - even, or let us say plainly; especially, in the attitude of critics from his own tribe, the progressives. But his uncompromising integrity, both of personality and of craft, and courage to face the change stood him in good stead. Those who know him would testify to these rare qualities. As a result of World War II, and in the wake of India's freedom, the end of colonialism had begun and an insurgent generation of youth was emerging on the scene all over the Third World. Among other things, the young were searching for a new poetic instrument capable of expressing the conditions. Majrooh Sultanpuri was one such Indian poet. Even at that early stage of progressivism, he had recognised that the age-old, conventional symbol and imagery of his very senior contemporaries like Fani Badayni, Asghar Gondvi, and Jigar Moradabadi could hardly express the new poetic ethos.

What with his sonorous and melodious voice (he actually received, for some time, education and training in classical Hindustani music in the music college in Lucknow), he had very rapidly become one of the most popular poets of mushairas. Nevertheless with his characteristic self-confidence, he was busy developing his own, personal style, quietly experimenting with language.

By the time Faiz's first collection of poems and ghazals, *Dast-e-Saba*, was published in last 1952, Sultanpuri had already long staked his claim as a pioneer of the modern diction of the ghazal giving either fresh meanings of several hackneyed words, trite images, and stereotyped metaphors, and most importantly, making them immediately

recognisable as new symbols of poetry. Social criticism, rebellion against despotic rule of the colonialists found in his ghazals the full-fledged expression which, before his time, was taboo in poetry, let alone the ghazal.

To praise is not necessarily to be in agreement with whatever Sultanpuri wrote in those early years of his communism. Criticism of such work has become a commonplace.

We have yet to come across one critic, one poet, one scholar or even an ordinary student of Urdu poetry who would not bring up those three or four ghazals which Sultanpuri composed, probably under direct orders of the politburo.

What disturbs you most is that after almost 45 years of their 'composition' they are cited invariably to debunk even the best works (Sultanpuri included) produced during a period of 30 years when progression was in vogue.

Sultanpuri himself is amused when you ask him to explain this strange phenomenon. With a twinkle in his eyes, he would dare you to refute that, for better or for the worse, it is his poetry which is considered the ultimate in poetic realisation of progressive thought. His anthology titled, "Ghazal", was published in 1959 and contained 33 ghazals created in the period from 1944 to 1953. They are still among the best-known Urdu ghazals which had already earned the status of presenting a new idiom of progressive poetry.

RMIM Archive Article "169".

Majrooh Sultanpuri - Immortal Melodies - part 4

Posted by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Source: Illustrated Weekly of India

Author: Zaka Siddiqi

Majrooh Sultanpuri
'Immortal Melodies'
by
Zaka Siddiqi
Illustrated Weekly of India

His couplets have been known to come to the rescue of people from polarized groups as the CPI, Jamat-e-Islami, the VHP and BJP. During the hectic campaigning days of L.K.Advani's rath yatra, it was amusing to see a news-photo of the welcoming pandal erected along the route in a dusty town in UP. The big, bold banner had Sultanpuri's couplet written in Devnagri script:

'mayN akelaa hi chala a thaa jaanib-e-manzil, magar
log saath aate gaye, kaaravaaN banta gaya.'

(I started off all alone towards the destination. People took my lead. And lo, there was a caravan formation!)

One if reminded here of Ezra Pound where he termed T.S.Elliot's "The Wasteland": "a masterpiece; one of the most important 19 pages in English and one of the few things in contemporary literature to which one can ascribe permanent value". Wonder when, if ever, someone from our senior critics could be honest enough to give Majrooh due credit by acknowledging that at least these 30 ghazals are "some of the few things in contemporary Urdu literature to which one can ascribe permanent value".

Anyway, Urdu poetry shall never ignore Sultanpuri for some of his couplets he created much before he was 30.

'Sar par hawa-e-zulm chale sao jatan ke sath,
Apni kulah kaj hae usi baankpan ke sath'

(Let the winds of oppression with all force blow over my head,
My cap would remain tilted in the same rakish fashion!).

'Mujhe sahl ho gaen manzilen, woh hawa ke rukh bhi badal gae

tera haath, haath mein aa gaya, ke charagh raah main jal gae'
(Travelling became so easy for me, even the wind changed its line
You slipped your hand into mine and the whole path started to shine)
Dekh zindaan se parey rang-e-chaman, josh-e-bahar
raqs karna hae to phir paaon ki zanjeer na dekh
(Dance, for beyond the prison, the gardens are blowing, and spring is
glowing. Do not look at the fetters, you want to dance, is all that
matters.)

shab-e-zulm nargha-e-raahzan se pukarta hae koe mujhe
main faraaz-e-daar se dekh loon, kaheen kaaravan-e-sahar na ho
(Yonder from the marouder's ambush, In the darkness of oppression,
I hear someone calling me, Let me look from up my hanging post.
The caravan of dawn could that caller be?)

Now entering his septagenarian years, Sultanpuri has only one book that he published in 1959. Notwithstanding those poems and ghazals prophesying the coming of the communist or socialist revolution by next Sunday or at the most, by the end of the current month, the collection was very well received. The 33 ghazals contained therein were recited and quoted throughout the Indian subcontinent wherever Urdu culture has its roots. The subsequent editions of this collection added only 12 ghazals to bring the total number of his creations to 45.

Ten to 15 more should be added in the forthcoming edition. That would make the total 60. One wonders if the history of literature could have an instance of an artiste whose contribution would be considered as being the most important of modern poets.

RMIM Archive Article "93".

Sahir - Facts and Fiction

Different pieces on Sahir (compiled from diff articles)

An Article On Sahir's Life. (Guri)

The Sahir-Sudha-Story (Guri)

A Nazm by Sahir (Naveed and Ali Minai)

Source: RMIM, alt.language.urdu.poetry

Maintained by: subraman@cs.umn.edu (Satish)

An Article On Sahir's Life. (from the RJGK-22 posting)

Posted by: buxi@ix.netcom.com (Guri)

1921: Abdulhayi (later known by his takhallus SAHIR LUDHIAN-VI) is born to a Jagirdar family in Ludhiana, Punjab. He has several step-mothers, but he is the only child of his father who is one big *aiyaash*.

1934: He is in his early teens when his mother takes the bold step of getting away from that man, forfeiting all claims to the financial assets. Dad sues for child-custody and loses. There are threats that he will make sure Sahir does not live with his mother very long, even if that means taking the child's life. Mom finds friends who keep a close watch on Sahir and don't let him out of sight. Fear and financial deprivation surround the formative years of this young man who did okay in school.

1939: He goes to college, is popular for his *extra-curricular* talents, falls in love with one of his admirers - the daughter of another rich man of Ludhiana's bourgeois society. Poverty and lack of the courage to fight another man-like-his-father bring this affair to it's inevitable sad end, made sadder by the fact that the girl's father pulls strings to get him expelled from college.

1943: Out of college, and by now having finished writing his first serious work *Talkhiyaan*, Sahir leaves Ludhiana and goes to Lahore to find a publisher who would take it. He does, after two years of getting shuttled here and there.

1945: *Talkhiyaan* gets published, and now starts a fairly good period for the Shayar Sahir. He is made the editor of Adab-e-Lateef, Shaahkaar, and later Savera - successful urdu magazines.

1949: Sahir leaves Lahore...basically because he has written stuff in *Savera* that the new Pakistan Govt. decides is too

inflammatory, and therefore there is a warrant out for his arrest! He comes to Delhi , leaves Delhi in another few months because, as he tells a friend, *Bombay needs me*! And thus starts a most memorable career for one of Bollywood's darling poets - a career that spans 31 years and gives Indian films over 200 Golden Greats - songs, ghazals, nazms that will be hummed to, identified with, and *fought over* :) by generations to come!

Sahir is considered a *romantic*: personal romance and the resultant disillusionment, followed by universal romance and the resultant frustration with *the way it is*. He does not mince words, does not sublimate emotions, expresses thoughts clearly and directly. He gets angry and sarcastic, and at the same time he dreams. It is the dreamer in Sahir that gives him his characteristic style: *narm-o-naazuk swar, shabdoN ki sundar taraash-kharaash aur neeNd mein doobaa huua vaataavarana*:

aao ke koyi khwaab buneN kal ke vaastE
varnaa ye raat aaj ke sangeen daur ki
Das legi jaan-o-dil ko aise ke jaan-o-dil
taa-umr phir na koyi haseeN khwaab bun sakE.
gau hum se bhaagtee rahi hai tez-gaam umr
khwaaboN ke aasrE pe katee hai tamaam umr
ye khwaab hi to apnee jawaanee ke paas tHe
ye khwaab hi to apne amal ki asaas tHe
aao ke koyi khwaab buneN, kal ke vaastE !

[

tez-gaam: fast
paas: lesson
asaas: foundation

]

The Sahir-Sudha-Story

Posted by: buxi@ix.netcom.com (Guri)

Hi guys!

I've been asked to tell what I know about the Sahir-Sudha scene...

The following is strictly-speaking trivial gossip, although the*sources* of this info are people who supposedly knew/worked with Sahir...So, please read the first line of this post before again, and now, let's dive right into the Sahir/Sudha saga...I'm reproducing an e.mail message I had sent someone about this a few days ago:

What I say comes from various bits and pieces of info gathered over several years from some reliable and some not-so-reliable sources...so, take it with a grain/pinch...)

Sahir comes from a slightly dysfunctional family...even for their times (details in my article later with RJGK 22)...Sudha comes from a okay with the dtr doing playback/performances 'becoz she was good at it'. Sahir, by the time he came into Sudha's life, had already gone through a multitude of emotional experiences...fell in love for the first time in college before he'd written a lot of his 'known' stuff...he had come to a deprived state from being the son of a Jagirdar...the girl's parents were rich...they persuaded the dtr. to get out of the affair...he insisted in a foolish manner (basically amounting to sadak-chhap romeo-giri)...the girl's father pulled some strings and got him expelled from college...he wrote *Talkhiyaan*: his best-known non-filmi thing...went to Lahore...got it published there (this is 1943-45)...did well as a shayar in Lahore for the next 5-6 years...then came to Delhi and the next year got lapped up by Bollywood...1949-50.

He was famous before he started in Bollywood...Sudha was starting to get work...he met her...fell in love...(the 'sources' are very casual about this: 'vo dil-fek aadmi tha ji')...but once again the girl's family...this one didn't like him becoz he was 'too vagrant'...even though he was rich now...so, what he got out of it was more Now comes the making of Didi ...remember that Sahir was never course, he'd never thought vengefully...so, when there was a situation where he could do something 'for' the love of his life, he jumped...N.Dutta fell sick, and Sahir suggested that Sudha could do the music herself...she was already the selected female singer (again, the fact that Sahir was always 'singing' praises of her talents was helpful)...so, there you have it...the perfect 'filmi' situation where celluloid/vinyl is mimicking real life...a la Gurudutt/Vaheeda or Raj Kapoor/Nargis or...

None of the ex-loves in particular were ever the singled out subject of Sahir's poetry, but the feelings/thoughts expressed were those *lived* by himself...that's what makes poets like him great...a lot of people go through experiences like this...but few can put them across as momentously!!

End of story!

guri

A Nazm by Sahir

Posted by: srazvi@hawk.depaul.edu (Syed Razvi)

I am posting this nazm by Sahir Ludhianvi which is titled as "Teri Aavaz". This nazm I don't think is as popular as his other nazams, but it is as beautiful as the other nazms. I have felt a strong influence of Faiz on Sahir in this particular piece. May be it is just my imagination, but I would like to hear from you guys. Anyway here it is .

Raat sunsaan thee, bojhal thee(n) faza kee sanse(n)
Rooh pe chhye huay thay bay naam ghmo(n) kay sye
Dil ko yeh zid thee keh too aye tassali denay
Meri yeh koshish thee key kambakhat ko neend aajye
Dair tak aankho(n) mei(n) chubhtee rahi taaro(n) kee chamak
Dair tak zehan sulagta raha tanhyee mei(n)
Apnay thukrye huay dost kee pursish kay liyay
Too na ayee is raat kee pehnyee mei(n)
Yun achanak teri aavaz kahi(n) say ayee
jaisay parbat ka jigar cheer kay jharna phootay
Ya zameeno(n) kee mohabbat mei(n) tarap kar naagah
Aasmano(n) say koe shokh sitaara tootay
Shehad sa ghul gaya talkhaba-e-tanhayee mei(n)
Rang sa phail गया dil kay siah khanay mein
Dair tak yoo(n) teri mastana sadae(n) goonjee(n)
Jis tarah phool chataknay lage(n) veeranay mei(n)
Too bohat door kisee anjuman-e-naaz mei(n) thee
Phir bhee mehsoos kiya main nay keh too ayee hai
Aur naghmo(n) mei(n) chupa kar meray khoay huay khvab,
Meri roothi huee neendo(n) ko mana lyee hai
Raat ki satah par ubhray teray chehray kay naqoosh
Wohi chup chap si aankhe(n), wohi sada si nazar
Wohi dhalka hua aanchal, wohi raftar ka kham
Wohi reh reh ke lachakta hua naazuk paikar
Too meray paas na thee, phir bhee sehar honay tak
Tera har sans meray jism ko choo kar guzra
Qatra qatra teray deedar ki shabnam tapkee
Lamha lamha teri khushboo say mo'attar guzra
Ab yehi hai tujhay manzoor to aay jaan-e-qarar
Mai(n) teri raah na dekhoo(n)ga siah raato(n) mei(n)
Dhoond lei(n)gi meri tarsi huee nazre(n) tujh ko
Naghma-oshair ki umdee huee barsato(n) mei(n)
Ab tera piyar satye ga to meri hasti

Teri masti bharee aavaz mei(n) dhal jye gee
Aur yeh rooh jo teray liyay baychain si hai
Geet ban kay teray honto(n) pay machall jye gee
Teray naghmaat teray husn ki thandak lay kar
Meray taptay huay maahol mei(n) aajyen gay
Chund ghanto(n) kay liyay ho kay hamesha kay liyay
Meri jaagi huee raato(n) ko sula jye(n) gay

Any comments, corrections, or suggestions will be appreciated.
Naveed

Here is a reply to the above posting from Ali Minai with some more details on Sahir's work and life.

Re: A Nazm by Sahir

Posted by: Ali Minai (aminai@holmes.ece.uc.edu)

--

Yes, the poem has a very Faizian quality to it, but then, the romantic poems of Faiz and Sahir have a very similar tone and diction anyway. It is hard to say who influenced whom, or if the mood was in the air. IMO, Sahir was one of our major modern poets and has been somewhat unfairly neglected in comparison with Faiz. His canvas was more limited, his work less voluminous, but I think he was more successful than Faiz in expressing progressive ideas as poetry. Faiz succeeds in such poems mostly when they follow from some personal experience (zindaaN ki aik shaam, zindaaN ki aik subh, subh-e aazaadi, chand rOz aur meri jaan, etc.). His overtly revolutionary poems (aa jaao, afriqa, and such), are notably uninspired. And, of course, he is at his best in ghazals that express his beautiful humanist ideals. He was, by nature, a humanist, and a Marxist only because that was the face of humanism in the developing/colonized world. Sahir, on the other hand, wrote numerous very successful revolutionary poems. Of course, such generalizations are always dangerous, and there are exceptions on both sides.

One thing that, ultimately, distinguishes Sahir and Faiz in their personal, romantic poetry is the great optimism which suffuses Faiz' work. To some extent, it reflects his success as a poet and his relatively happy personal life. In contrast, Sahir, with his unfulfilled (though not unrequited) love for Amrita Preetam, his desperate economic situation, and his low self-esteem, is very bitter. After all, he named his collection "tal-KHIyaaN".

The poem posted here is one of his rare sweet love poems --- which is why it is so reminiscent of Faiz. It reminds me espe-

cially of "mauzoo'e suKHan" in its imagery. However, it is a much smoother work. A very beautiful poem.

A couple of minor corrections:

> Raat sunsaan thee, bojhal thee(n) faza kee sanse(n)
> Rooh pe chhye huay thay bay naam ghmo(n) kay sye
^^^^

There is no "huay" here.

> Dil ko yeh zid thee keh too aye tassali denay
> Meri yeh koshish thee key kambakhat ko neend aajye
^^^

There is no "yeh" here.

> Apnay thukrye huay dost kee pursish kay liyay
> Too na ayee is raat kee pehnyee mei(n)
^^^^^^

That should read "too na aayee magar is raat ki pehnaaee mayN".

--

Ali Minai

RMIM Archive Article "97".

Sahir's Parodies on Iqbal's Taarana-e-Hind and Taarana-e-Milli

Posted & maintained by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Source: Posts of 1) bismil@news.delphi.com

(BISMIL@DELPHI.COM)

2) ssbst3+@pitt.edu (Sandeep S Bajwa).

--

iak1111@tamu.edu (Ikram Ahmed Khan) asked:

> I guess this is where I get to ask an old question that I had but never
> got around to asking. Did Iqbal write "Saare Jahaan se achchha" as

we

> know it? I know for a certain fact that he did write the similar
sounding

> "Cheen-o-arab hamara" but if I remember right it had a lot of hi-fi
Urdu

> so he May have modified it into the more Hindi-ised version which
we now

> know as "Saare Jahaan se achchha", but I have no idea whether he
did do

> this or not.Or whether this is a totally separate nazm/geet of his.

>

> Btw,Sahir , as you all know did a take-off on the "Cheen-o-arab" in
Phir

> Subah Hogi. He used to specialise in this or what?? He has also done
this

> routine on the TajMahal (i.e. take a well established metaphor and

> totally invert the meaning. The effect is quite powerful)

>

> Later,

> Ikram.

--

Hi!

Iqbal did write both "saare jahaan se achchha" (Tarana-I-Hind) and
"cheen o

arab" (Tarana-I-Milli). Here are two great posts, saved earlier from
RMIM,

one posted by bismil@news.delphi.com (BISMIL@DELPHI.COM)
and the second by:

ssbst3+@pitt.edu (Sandeep S Bajwa).

Hope these will help you find the answers to your questions.

--

bye
satish

Old Post 1.

Song: chin-o-arab hamaaraa

Posted by: bismil@news.delphi.com (BISMIL@DELPHI.COM)

I was just planning on posting this song myself. To the best of my knowledge, it is Sahir's, and it is a very very clever take-off of Iqbal's Tarana-e-milli. It most definitely does appear in Phir Subah Hogi.

Chin-o-arab hamaara
hindostaan hamaara
rehneko ghar nahin hai, saara jahaan hamaara

Just to show what a clever parody this is of Iqbal, the first verse of Taraanaa-e-milli goes as follows:

Chin-o-arab hamaara
hindostaan hamaara
muslim hai hum, vatan hai saara jahaan hamaara

(which was composed most probably in the late thirties when he was a figure in the Pakistan movement)

The real beauty of the first verse is that it turns around Iqbal's arguably communal and national hymn into a cry of of the oppressed and

anguished that is neither communal nor chauvinist nor nationalist, but internationalist.

The rest is somewhat as follows: (parts are also recognizable as being borrowed from Iqbal's hymn of INDIAN nationalism, "Taraana-e-Hind")

Film: Phir Subah Hogi

Lyrics: Sahir

Chin-o-arab hamaara
hindostaan hamaara
rehneko ghar nahin hai, saara jahaan hamaara
sone ko hum kalandar
aate hai bori bandar
har ik kuli yahaan ka
hai raazdaan hamaara
jitni bhi buildingen thi
sethon ne baatli hai
footpaath bambai ke, hai aashiyaan hamaara

koli (?) bhi chhin gayi hai
benchen bhi chhin gayi hai
sarkon pe ghoomta hai
ab kaarvaan hamaara
jeben hai apni khaali
mite tawar mein gaali
voh santari hamaara
voh paasbaan hamaara
taalim hai adhuri
milti nahin majoori
ma'lum kya kisi ko
dard-e-nihaan hamaara
patla hai haal apna
lekin lahu hai gaada
faulaad se banaa hai
har naujawaan hamaara
mil-jul ke is watan ko
aisa sajaenge hum
ghairat se mu sakegaa
...saara jahaan hamaara

Some of the references are easily identifiable, especially to Indians who know "saare jahaan se achha".

e.g. ae aab-e-rud-e-Ganga,
voh din yaad hai tujhko
utra tere kinaare jab kaarwaan hamaara?

To which the parody goes "sarkon pe ghoomta hai ab kaarwaan hamaara"

or the final line to "saare jahaan" which most people don't know, goes as follows:

"iqbal, koyi mehrum apna nahin jahaan mein,
ma'lum kya kisi ko, dard-e-nihaan hamaara"

Here, of course, it is:

"milti nahin majoori,
ma'lum kya kisi ko dard-e-nihaan hamaara"

or, from Taraana-e-Milli, the line goes:

ae gulistaan-e-andalus, voh din yaad hai tujh ko
tha teri daliyon mein jab aashiyaan hamaara?

contrast that with "footpaath bambai ke hai aashiyaan hamaara"

Overall, it seems that the song (I may be wrong about Sahir) takes a somewhat dim view of the lofty and grandiose nationalism of Iqbal by presenting some home-truths about real present day life to end with another line from a song from the same film:

- jab anbar dhool se naachengi

jab dharti naghme gaaiyegi
...voh subah kabhi to aaiyegi

Old Post 2.

'Iqbal' (Tarana-i-Hind) (Translated into english too)

Posted by: ssbst3+@pitt.edu (Sandeep S Bajwa)

Takhaloos : 'Iqbal'

Name :- Mohammad Iqbal

Born at:- Sialkote Died at :- Lahore 1938 A.D.

Tarana-I-Hind

Sare Jahan se achachha Hindustan hamara,
hum bulbulen hainiski yeh gulistan hamara!
Ghurbat men hon agar ham rehta hai dil watan men,
Samjho wahin hamen bhi dil ho jahan hamara!
Parbat woh sab se uncha hamsaya aasmaan ka,
woh santari hamara, woh pasban hamara!
Godi men khelti hain iski hazaron nadiyan,
Gulshan hai jinke dam se rashke jinan hamara
Aiy ab-e-rood-i-ganga ! woh din hain yaad tujhko,
utra tere kinare jab karavan hamara!
Mazhab nahin sikhata apas men bair rakhna
Hindi hain ham watan hai Hindustan hamara!
Yunan-o-misr-o-Roma sab mit gaye jahan se,
ab tak magar hai baqi nam-o-nishaan hamara!
Kuchh bat hai ki hasti mitthi nahin hamari,
sadiyon raha hai dushman daur-i-zaman hamara
Iqbal! koi mehram apna nahin jahan men
Ma'loom kya kisi ko dard-i-nihan hamara!
National Song of India
The best in the world
our India!
In its gardens of delight
we are the nightingales.
Although in far-off lands,
driven by our desire
we reach you in spirit.
The world's highest mountain
is our sentinel, our protector, heaven's confidante.
And prancing on your lap
a thousand rivers
make you a garden-country, outrivalling heaven.
o flowing waters of the river Ganges!

Do you recall the times
when our caravan pitched its tents
upon your banks?
religion does not teach
mutual discord.
strug on a single strand
we are one
we are Indians.
Rome, Greece, Egypt have become reduced to relics
of dead civilizations;
only India remains.
threatened for centuries
by world powers
our civilization still flourishes.
Iqbal! you have no kindred soul.
Who will understand the pain concealed within your heart?

bye
satisf

Sahir and Majrooh, the poets - Part 1

Posted by: tewary@boulder.nist.gov (Dr. Vinod Tewary)

Author: Dr. Vinod Tewary

Sahir and Majrooh-The Poets

by

Dr. Vinod Tewary

I have been following the discussion on Sahir and Majrooh on the net with great interest. Some very good articles have been posted on the RMIM. Most of the discussion so far is confined to their film-poetry. In this series of articles, I intend to discuss their non-film poetry. It is really the non-film poetry which, in addition to the poetic excellence, brings out the human being behind the poetry. In a film, a poet is not quite himself, because he has to write for a predetermined situation and reflect the character who will sing the song.

Both Majrooh and Sahir emerged in the 50's. That was the decade when a new India was also emerging. It is important, therefore, to visualize the contemporary historical, political, and social forces which strongly influenced their poetry. The decade of 50's represented a new chapter-not only in the Indian History, but that of the whole world. The bloodiest war in the history of mankind was over. A new destructive superweapon (the nuclear bomb) that symbolized the technology as a new force in world affairs, had come up. The epi-center of world power had shifted from Europe to the United States. With the birth of Red China, the communism had emerged as a major new force as well as philosophy. Perhaps the most important event, that was to dictate the flow of events for the next 40 years or so, was this new polarization between the American block and the Russian block.

Communism had brought a new route to socialism, that appealed to many intellectuals all over the world, such as Bertrand Russell and Jean Paul Sartre. It promised political power and support to the poor people. Of course, religious and social support to poor people was always available in terms of charity, or society's protection to the "less fortunate class of people", but communism promised more than that. It actually promised power, and respect to the ordinary people.

In India, things were even more transitive. Although our direct

involvement in the world war was limited to some Indian combat-troops, and a few air raids on Calcutta and Madras, psychologically, and economically, we were touched by the war. The most major event for all Indians of course was the birth of our very own democratic republic. A nation was born, but the baby had to be nurtured. First time in the history of India, the country was in the hands of the people, and not the kings. People were eager to do a good job of it. The Indian intelligentsia were aware of their role in the construction of the new nation, and were eager to respond to this new challenge.

In India there was an other very important force- that of Gandhism. The problem with the Gandhian thought was (and is) that it was so absolutely original and novel, that, like relativity and quantum mechanics, only people with an open mind could comprehend that. Young people with fresh minds, and scientists whose minds were already trained for adopting new ideas, had no difficulty in appreciating Gandhism, but others, whose minds were already set into conformal trends, found Gandhian thought to be naive, impractical, too idealistic, or a variety of such vague but unacceptable adjectives. This situation is equally true even now.

On the other hand Gandhi's personal charisma was such that there was no need to understand him. People followed him any way. His charisma actually increased with his death. After he was shot, during the last few moments of his life, first he blessed his killer, and then said "Hey Rama". In hinduism, ability to say "Rama" at the moment of death is a great achievement. Tulsi Daas, the great poet, has written, " Koti-Koti muni yatan karaahi; anta, Rama kahi paawat naahin" (meaning- millions of saints try, but can not utter 'Rama' at the time of death.) Gandhi did precisely that.

Gandhi's access to the people was so strong and direct that even the man on the street with no education, knew that some thing was happening, and the good days are coming. Actually Gandhi had already brought the coveted revolution, the great inquilab. It was a golden era that may have no parallel in history, in the sense that the masses were ready to be led, and the leadership was honest and ready to lead. Every body was prepared to do what is required, and was waiting to be told. The intelligentsia was ready to convey the message but the message had to be found. The leaders were eager to move but a direction had to be found. The direction as well as the message was already there. Much earlier Gandhi had written "Mere sapnon kaa bhaarat". That was the model to be.

What went wrong? Well, that is another story. Obviously, it has no simple answer, and certainly I am not qualified to answer that. However, in short, let me say that there was a small class of people who had been untouched by the flow of events and were totally oblivious to the ideological revolution in India. They had no convictions or commitments to the new India. Their number was small, but they had all the power. That was the bureaucracy-the Government's administrative machinery. The Indian bureaucracy was corrupt to the root. This was the legacy of the British, their good-bye gift to the free India. There was also a small mathematical mistake in the estimate of the population, that resulted into the total failure of the first 5-year plan. Anyway, Gandhi's "sapon kaa Bhaarat" never materialized.

RMIM Archive Article "153".

Sahir and Majrooh, the poets - Part 2

Posted by: tewary@boulder.nist.gov (Dr. Vinod Tewary)

Author: Dr. Vinod Tewary

Sahir and Majrooh-The Poets

by

Dr. Vinod Tewary

It did not take long for the intelligentsia to get disillusioned by the self-gratification practices of the bureaucracy. Very soon the middle and the lower order leadership were also infected with the corruption. Obviously it was much simpler for them to build their own houses rather than build the country. As a result, the intelligentsia, still committed to the reconstruction of the nation, looked for a stronger message. For some, the Russian model was the only hope for achieving the elusive "inquilaab". For some others, Gandhian socialism was still the right answer. Majrooh was in the former class, Sahir in the later.

Both Sahir and Majrooh were bitter at the broken dream. Both believed in the revolution. Both were impatient. Majrooh would rather get up and just snatch the power, leaving the reactionaries behind. Sahir would carry every body forward with him. Sahir would achieve it simply by the force of conviction, and by waiting long enough in spite of being impatient. I will quote their poems illustrating their thoughts. Before that, let me emphasize that Majrooh never showed any disrespect for Gandhi. He probably just thought that Gandhism will not work in the new situation.

Once a rather unfortunate incident took place. Referring to a contemporary right-wing leader, Majrooh wrote what may have the dubious distinction of being the meanest couplet in Urdu:

"Aman kaa jhandaa is dharti par, kisne kahaa lahraane na paaye,
yeh hai koi Hitler kaa chelaa, maroo saathi, jaane na paaye"

Majrooh later apologized for this sher. In any case, we should not judge him too harshly on this sher. It must have been said at the spur of the moment, when the tempers were running high. However, it does indicate how strongly Majrooh felt.

The important difference between Majrooh and Sahir's poetry was that Majrooh was offensive, but subtle and polite-- the characteristics of the Lucknow school of poets. Sahir, on the other

hand was direct, explicit, and hard hitting. Sahir's subject of poetry did not suit the ghazal-style that is basically a tender form of poetry. May be that is one reason why Sahir did not write many ghazals. Majrooh's skill and greatness was probably in his ability to incorporate the rough power and concepts of the left-ist revolution into the delicate fabric of ghazals without violating the fundamental tenderness of the ghazals. At one stage Majrooh does declare that he is not going to write through tears or sighs. He will say what he wants- openly and clearly:
"Ab khul ke kahoonga har gham-e-dil, Majrooh naheen woh waqt, ki jab ashkon mein sunaana tha mujhko, aahon mein ghazal-khwan honaa tha."

Majrooh regarded the private banks as a manifestation of ugly capitalism. This is how he visualizes the death of capitalism:

Zabeen par taaj-e-zar, pehloo mein zindan, bank chhaati par
uthega beqafan jab ye janaaza, ham bhee dekhenge."

(zabeen- forehead; taaje zar- the crown of wealth, zindaan- prison)
Now notice Majrooh's revolution expressed through all the tenderness of a ghazal:

"ab zameen gaayegi hal ke saaz par naghme
vaadion mein naachenge har taraf taraane se
manchale bunenge ab rango-boo ke pairaahan
ab sanwar ke niklega husn karkhaane se.

Ab zunoon pe woh sait aa parhi ki ai Majrooh
aaj zakhm-e-sar behtar hai dil pe chot khaane se"

(hal-plough, pairahan-clothes; karkhana- factory; zunoon-craze;
sait-moment, zakhm-e-sar- wound on the head; behtar- better)
Majrooh's call for breaking (torhein) the chain:

"Ghulaam rah chuke, torhein ye band-e-ruswaa
khud apne bazu--e-mehnat kaa ehatraam karein.."

(band-e-ruswaa- chain of humiliation, bazu-e-mehnat: arms of
hard work, ehatraam: respect)

Finally, Majrooh's model:

"Meri nigaah mein hai arz-e-Moscow, Majrooh
Woh sarzameen ki, sitaare jise salaam karein"

(arz-e-Moscow- The land of Moscow; Sarzameen- soil, land;
salaam-bow)

Notice the use of sitaare, referring to stellar bodies with a tangential reference to the American flag.

Before closing Majrooh, and moving over to Sahir, let me quote some of the non-political jems of Majrooh:

"Bahaane aur bhee hote jo zindagi ke liye.
ham ek baar teri arzoo bhee kho dete

Bacha liya mujhe toofan kee mauj ne varnaa
kinare waale safeena mera dube dete..."

"Woh tak rahe the, hamee hans ke pee gaye aansoo
woh sun rahe the, hamee kah sake na afsaana.."

"Aarzo hee rah gai Majrooh, kahte ham kabhee
ik ghazal aisee, jise tasveere janaana kahein..."
(tasveer-e-janaana- picture of the beloved)

"Tere siva bhee kaheen thee panaah, bhool gaye
nikal ke ham teri mehifil se raah bhool gaye..."

"Kis-kis ko hai tere taghافل kaa doon jawaab
aqsar to rah gayaan hoon, jhuka kar nazar ko main.
Allah re woh aalam-e-ruqsat ki der tak,
takta rahaa hoon yoon hi teri rah-ghuzar ko main."

(taghافل: to ignore; aalam-e-ruqsat: the situation (world) at
the time of leaving)

Sahir and Majrooh, the poets - Part 3

Posted by: tewary@boulder.nist.gov (Dr. Vinod Tewary)

Author: Dr. Vinod Tewary

Sahir and Majrooh-The Poets

by

Dr. Vinod Tewary

If you want to characterize Sahir in one word, it would be "talqhiyan" or bitterness. The title of his first book was, appropriately, "Talqhiyan". Sahir is bitter about the social injustice, about the capitalistic values, about the bourgeois society, about the war, bitter about love, treatment of the women, and about himself, and his feudal ancestors. He writes about himself:

"Main un azdaad kaa betaa hun, jinhone paiham
ajnaawe qaum ke saaye kee himayat kee hai.
Ghadar kee sait-e-naapaq se lekar ab tak
har karrhe waqt mein sarkaar kee qhidmat kee hai."

(azdaad: ancestors; paiham: always; sait-e- napaaq: evil moment)

Ability to make such bold, explicit, direct, and hard hitting statements, about himself as well as others, with intellectual honesty and total conviction, is what elevates a poet to the level of Sahir. In the preface of the "Talqhiyan", he wrote:

"Duniya ne tazurbaato-hawaadis kee shakal mein
jo kuchh mujhe diyaa hai, woh lautaa rahaa hoon main."

(tazurbaato-hawaadis: horrible experiences)

Some of Sahir's poems have been used in films as poems-not as songs. "Tang aa chuke hain kashmashe zindagi se ham" was recited by Rafi in Pyasaa. In the film "Kabhie-kabhie", Amitabh Bachchan, in his effective thick voice, recited

"Kabhie kabhie mere dil mein qhayal aata hai,
ki zindagee teri zulfon ke naram saaye mein ghuzarne paati
to shaadab ho bhee saktee thee..."

A very good poem reflecting Sahir's leftist views, and his faith in technology, is recited by Balraj Sahni in "Sone kee chidiyaa":

"Aaj kee raat bahut garam hawaa chaltee hai,
aaj footpath par neend naheen aayegi..."

Pyasaa also had one of his famous poems "Sanakhwane tasdeek-e-mashriq kahaan hain" in which this line was changed to "Jinhe

naaz hai Hind par woh kahaan hain". A very good song, but a considerable poetic sacrifice for the purpose of simplification.

Another famous poem "Tajmahal" has been musicalized and sung by Rafi in the film Ghazal. Since the song, understandably, does not contain the complete poem, it naturally fails to be as effective as the original poem. Incidentally, Sahir had not seen Tajmahal before he wrote that poem. (He probably never saw Tajmahal). "It would be too depressing to see a royal exploitation of a very human feeling," he said in a press interview.

If you have not read these poems, get those movies tonight. You will enjoy some beautiful verse. Pyasaa also contains some lines from "parchhaiyan" recited by a nurse:

"Jawaan raat ke seene pe doodhiya aanchal
machal raha hai kisee khwaab-e-marmaree kee taraah...."

Indeed "parchhaiyan" - a powerful, anti-war expression, is one of Sahir's most beautiful creations. It may be counted as one of the treasures of Urdu poetry. It is a long poem that you must read if you enjoy progressive poetry. Here are a few lines (not included in Pyasaa):

Lead line: "Tasavvuraat ke parchaiyan ubhartee hain"

"Sooraj ke laho mein lithree hui, woh shaam hai ab tak yaad mujhe,
chaahat ke sunahre qhwaabon ka, anjaam hai ab tak yaad mujhe....
us shaam mujhe maloom hua, jab baap kee kheti chhin chhin jaaye
mamta ke sunahre qhwaabon kee anmol nishaani biktee hai
us shaam mujhe maloom hua, jab bhaayee jang mein kaam aaye
sarmaaye ke qahwaa-khanon me bahnnon kee jawaani biktee hai..."

Feel the power of these lines:

"bahut dinon se hai yeh mashghala siyaasat kaa
ki jab jawaan hon bachche to qatl ho jaayen
bahut dinon se hai yeh qhabt hukm-raanon ka
ki door-door ke mulkon me qahat bo aayen"

(mashghala- hobby; siyaasat-governments; qhabt-craze; qahat: destruction)

Notice the use of the word Hukm-raanon (those who issue orders) instead of "king". The use of this word, conveying Sahir's dislike for monarchy, is simply brilliant. This line, refers to the warrior adventurer kings who attack far-away lands. In particular it refers to Alexander, the so-called Great. It may be the first in Indian literature which puts Alexander at his place. The European historians glorified all Europeans, including Alexander. The effect of this cultural onslaught and brain washing has been such, that even many Indians regard Alexander as a hero. Sahir would not have it. Some body who travels all the way from Greece

Prof Surjit Singh

to India just to satisfy his ego, killing thousands of human beings, is plainly a villain according to Sahir. In a recent poem entitled "Sipah-salaar", Javed Akhtar has expressed a similar disapproval of Alexander.

RMIM Archive Article "155".

Sahir and Majrooh, the poets - Part 4

Posted by: tewary@boulder.nist.gov (Dr. Vinod Tewary)

Author: Dr. Vinod Tewary

Sahir and Majrooh-The Poets

by

Dr. Vinod Tewary

Coming back to "parchaiyaan", see how Sahir would deal with the war mongers. He would not kill the killer. He would simply mobilize the people, and ask the killers to stop, a clearly Gandhian approach to attain the "sapnon kaa Bharat":

"Chalo ki aaj sabhee paayamaal roohon se
kahen ki apne har-ek zakhm ko zabaan kar lein.
Hamaara raaz hamaara naheen, sabhee kaa hai,
chalo ki saare zamaane ko raazdan kar lein.

(paayamaal- those who have been trounced; zabaan kar lein: make them vocal"

chalo ki chal ke siyaasi mukaamiron se kahein
ki hamko jango-jadal ke chalan se nafrat hai"

(Meaning: come, let us tell the politicians that we hate the system of wars"

"utho ki aaj har-ek jango-joo se yeh kah dein
ki hamko kaam kee khaatir kalon kee haajat hai
hamein kisee kee zameen chheenanae ka shauk naheen
hamein to apnee zamee par halon kee haajat hai."

(jango-joo:war mongers; kalon: machines; halon: ploughs; haajat-need)

My final quote from "parchhaiyaan"

"yeh sarzameen hai, Gautam kee aur Nanak kee,
is arz-e-paak pe vahshee na chal sakenge kabhie
hamaara khoon amaanat hai nasl-e-nau ke liye
hamaare khoon pe lashkar na pal sakenge kabhie..."

(vahshee: beasts; nasl-e-nau: new generation; lashkar: army).

Another beautiful poem which conveys Sahir's bitterness and anger at the wrong social values, and his faith in the inevitability of the revolution is

"Aap be-wazah pareshaan see kyon hain madam
log kahte hain to phir theek hee kahte honge,
Mere ahbaab ne tahzeeb na seekhee hogee

mere mahol mein insaan na rahte honge...."

At the moment I will resist the temptation of quoting the whole poem. If you can get Sahir's book, read the real thing. However, I will quote one more stanza :

"Neik madam, bahut jald woh daur aayega
jab hamein zeest ke adwaar parakhne honge
apnee zillat kee qasam, aapkee azmat kee qasam
hamko tayeem ke maiyar parakhne honge."

(zeest ke adwaar: values of life; tayeem ke maiyaar: standards of social protocol)

Now some non-political poems. Here is one (I am not sure whether it has come in films):

"Chaand maddham hai, aasman chup hai, neend kee god mein jahaan
chup hai

door vaadee pe doodhiya baadal, jhuk ke parvat ko pyaar karte hain
dil mein naakaam hasratein lekar, ham tera intezaar karte hain"

RMIM Archive Article "156".

Sahir and Majrooh, the poets - Part 5

Posted by: tewary@boulder.nist.gov (Dr. Vinod Tewary)

Author: Dr. Vinod Tewary

Sahir and Majrooh-The Poets

by

Dr. Vinod Tewary

The lost love is beautifully portrayed in Sahir's Matay-e-ghair (property of some one else), presumably addressed to his own lost love, who was married to some one else. Sahir's referring to a woman as a property is a bitter remark against the social practice of treating women as an object of possession. It does not show his own attitude. Two stanza of this poem have been used in the song by Talat and Asha in Sone kee Chidia, (Pyar par bas to naheen hai mera lekin phir bhee..), but the context and imagery is totally different in the song. I will quote here three stanza not used in that song:

"Too kisee aur ke daaman kee kalee hai lekin
Meri raatein teri qhushboo se basee rahatee hain.
Too kaheen bhee ho, tere phool se aariz kee qasam,
teri palkein meree aankhon pe jhukee rahatee hain....."
(Aariz: cheeks)

"Tere haathon kee kararat, teri sanson kee mahak
tairtee rahtee hain ahsaas kee pahanayee mein
Dhoondhatee rahtee hain, taqhyeel kee baahain tujhko
sard raaton kee sulagatee hui tanhayee mein.
(hararat: warmth; pahanayee: expanse; taqhyeel: thoughts)

"Meree darmaanda jawaanee ki tamannaon ke
muzmahind khwaab kee tabeer bataa de mujhko.
Tere daaman mein gulistaan bhee hain, aur kaante bhee
meraa haasil, meree taqdeer bataa de mujhko....."
(darmaanda: sick/weak; muzmahind khwaab: faint dream; gulistaan:
flowers (garden))

We dont' know whether Sahir got "gulistaan" or "kaante" from his love, but certainly he got all the gulistaan from his fans. Another poem on a similar theme is "Teree aawaaz". Here is one stanza:

"Too mere pass na thee, phir bhee sahar hone tak
teraa har saans meree jism ko chhoo kar guzraa

Qatraa qatraa tere deedar kee shabnam tapkee
lamhaa lamhaa teree qhusboo se muattar guzraa....."

(deedar: sight; muattar: fragrant)

Most Urdu poets use the ghazal style, but Sahir wrote very few ghazals. In his ghazals, he never followed the practice of including his name in the "maqtaa", since he believed that the poetry should be above the poet's ego. Here is an example (it is actually a rubayee-loosely matlaa and a sher of ghazal)

"Junoon nawaaz nazaraon kee yaad aatee hai
ghurez-paisha bahaaron kee yaad aatee hai,
Shab-e-firaq kee tanhaayian sataatee hain
to kaise-kaise nigaron kee yaad aatee hai...."

(Junoon nawaaz:maddening; ghurez-paisha:elusive; Shab-e-firaq: night of separation)

Sahir was very fond of Hindi poetry, that strongly influenced his style. The structure of his poems was mostly based upon the Hindi geet and the chhand formation. The style of his famous "Aao ki koi khwaab buncin" is typically Hindi. His depiction of women ranges from Prasad's "Naaree tum kewal shraddha ho.." to Mathilee Sharan Gupta's "Ablaa jeevan hai tumharee yehi kahaani, aanchal mein hai doodh, aur aankhon mein paanee". He was also influenced by a classic Hindi poet-Malik Mohammad Jaayasee. It seems Jaayasee was quite ugly. Once the king made fun of his looks, to which Jaayasee replied "Mohika hansesi ki kohrahi?". (Meaning: did you laugh at me or the one who made me?). This thought showed up in Sahir's "Apmaan rachaita kaa hoga, rachnaa ko agar thukraoge." (in the film Chitralkha).

Sahir did not believe in religious rituals, but, contrary to what some people say, he did have a strong humanistic faith in God, as the Creator. I am sure of that because I heard it from a very authentic source--Sahir himself. That was the most inspiring small mushaira that I ever attended. It was there that I heard "par-chhaiyan" and "Tajmahal".

Sahir faced his greatest tragedy of life when his mother died in 1978. He never really recovered from this shock. Being very aloof, shy, alienated from the commercialized society, his mother was his only link with the world.

Before closing, let me quote this from Sahir:

"Tere nagmaat tere husn kee thandak lekar, mere tapte huye mahol
mein aa

jaayenge,

Chand ghariyon ke liye hon ya hamesha ke liye, meree jagee huyee
raaton ko

sulaa jaayenge..."

Sahir got his "hameshaa kee neend" in 1980. That ended one of the most glorious chapters of the Urdu poetry. There have been many great poets, but Sahir was much more. He belonged to the class of leaders - Ghalib, Jigar, Firaq, and Faiz. He was an "event" in the history of Urdu poetry. He inspired a whole generation of Indians, and gave a new direction to the Urdu poetry. He was a rare mixture of poetic excellence, and social awareness. He was supreme in non-film poetry, but, even in films he maintained a certain minimum. He rarely stooped to trivial--not even in Johny Walker type songs.

Sahir died at a young age of 59, while he still had several productive years left. Now, how to conclude this rather long article about some one who symbolized excellence? Considering his modesty, quoting Sahir himself may be unfair to him. I will, therefore, quote a well known couplet from another poet:

"Barrhe shauk se sun rahaa thaa zamaana.

Tumhee so gaye dastaan kahte-kahte...."

RMIM Archive Article "94".

Gulzar - disillusioned director

Posted by: buxi@ix.netcom.com (Guri)

Source: THE HINDUSTAN TIMES, FEB.4, 1995

Author: Pankaj Tuli

Gulzar
DISILLUSIONED DIRECTOR

Pankaj Tuli

wonders whether an artistic genius like Gulzar has the
right to stop making films

(Note: The poems and comments inserted by Guri are shown within
"{}").

The voice is feeble but different. The muffled undertones want to be heard above the din of raunchy, hysterical sounds - the noise of stardom, clinched formulas, hackneyed story-lines and stale surprises. In short, the popular hindi film with an occasional dash of some hummable number. But the voice goes on and on till its owner is scared too that he can't hear it any more. The voice could belong to any of them - Shyam Benegal, Sagar Sarhadi, Mrinal Sen, Chetan Anand or Gulzar... Especially Gulzar today is a disillusioned man. The professional in him has made him go on rather reluctantly with his projects like a TV serial Kir-daar or an occasional film on men like Pandit Bhimsen Joshi and Ustad Amjad Ali Khan- But the poet in him has turned him a bit inwards, a sort of a despondent, unassuming philosopher, who thinks himself irrelevant in a milieu crowded with the so-called exponents of popular taste. And popular taste is not always good cinema, the great director feels. And so he spends most of his time away from it, writing poetry instead of script-lines, composing lullabies and other kidstuff rather than creating charismatic numbers like Dil Dhoondta Hai... "I love writing poems because this is a fruitful digression from something that is disturbingly always around me...the things that should be valued are crumbling everywhere."

{reminds me of this poem he wrote 20 years ago:

Jee meiN aataa hai ke ik kaan meiN suraakh karooN
kheeNchkar doosree jaanib se nikaalooN usko

saaree ki saaree nichoDooN ye rageN saaf karooN
bhar dooN resham ki jalaayee huyi bhukkee inmeiN
kehkahaatee huyi is bheeD meiN shaamil hokar
maiN bhi ik baar haNsooN,khoob haNsooN,khoob haNsooN!
}

So Gulzar finds a happy refuge in the world of poetry - poetry that uplifts the visionary in him from the humdrum, ennued existence of a free-thinker, who thinks himself no more wanted. No longer wanted to create one of those ever-green experiences on screen like Mausam or Angoor. No longer wanted to make even a serial like Mirza Ghalib, a deeply studied tribute to a poet Gulzar idolises. Gulzar had once penned a poem, which at one point describes a day in the poet's life -

Aisa berang-sa, bemaani as benaam sa din .

Has the philosophy of a day extended to the vast stretch of professional reality too? If it has, Gulzar has no earthly reason to believe in it. He may feel despondent, disillusioned but his millions of fans would ask him to explain. Fans who are restless since there's no Gulzar film coming. Restless because they love Gulzar-the poet, the director and the man.

And what a perfect gentleman he is! Recently, Gulzar was in Delhi to attend a seminar on the contribution of Urdu to the Indian cinema. There were others like director Yash Chopra, writer Javed Siddiqui and poet Sagar Sarhadi. All through the seminar, one observed Gulzar loved to play the role of an intelligent listener rather than an impassioned speaker. He sat attentively, wrapped in an off-white shawl and looking from far away one could see a week's worth of grizzly white stubble on his sunken cheeks, the face looked rather frail, but those deep eyes still spoke of a hope not yet lost.

{
Aao phir nazm kaheN
phir kisee dard ko sehlaake sujaa leN aaNkheN
phir kisee dukhtee huyi rag se chhuaa leN nashtar
ya kisee bhooli huyi raah pe muDkar ik baar
naam lekar kisee hamnaam ko aawaaz hi deN
Aao phir nazm kaheN
}

I started (in the film-world) as an assistant to Bimal Roy, and shared his deep appreciation of nature. My father knew

Faarsi and greatly inspired me towards poetry. I have always tried to express my feelings with simple images. Subtle complexities and tensions of a restless soul, when put in simple poetic images, are an answer to themselves.

{
AaD. se hoke ghane peDoN ke peechhe se kabhi
aur kabhi shehar ki deewaar se lagte-chhupte
haath meiN chaaNd ki chamkeeli a'Thannee lekar
ghar se bhaagee hai kisi mele meiN jaane ke liye
aah! ye chhoTi -si maasoom-si bechaari ye raat
jee meiN aataa hai ke bas haath pakaDkar isko
subah ke mele meiN le jaaon, khilone le dooN!
}

Such simple imagery as one finds in Mere ghar aanaa zindagi, Din khali khali bartan hai, Dil Dhoondtaa hai...comes only to a born poet. And Gulzar believes in the soul which is at once man's strength and weakness.

And it is not only words and images they suggest that Gulzar has immortalised in his poetry. When one talks to him, one can't help admiring the women he shaped as a director. And shaped to perfection. Deepti Naval owes a debt of gratitude to this mentor for what she is today for her role in Angoor. Gulzar brought forth a different Meena Kumari through his visual poetry in Mere Apne and made Sharmila Tagore do one of her lifetime roles in Mausam. Jaya Bhaduri (Parichay, Koshish), Hema Malini (Khushboo", Kinara, Meera, Lekin), Rekha (Ijaazat). Suchitra Sen (Aandhi), Dimpie Kapadia (Lekin), Anuradha Patel (Ijaazat) or Shabana Azmi (Namkeen) are all Gulzar's memorable creations. Not that Gulzar created the artistes, he created those performances. Gulzar brought out the best in them. This is what he does, he helps artistes find themselves, as it were, for the first time.

And so, does an artistic genius like him have a right to feel he matters no more? In fact, when one film in 20 now a days is turning out to be a mad, frenzied prodct of a commercially sick mind, the relevance of Gulzar becomes all the more pronounced. It is unfortunate that one doesn't have much to look forward to of Gulzar's works today. A teleserial on short stories, titled KIrdaar may be telecast soon. Om Puri plays the major character in all the 13 stories and the beauty of the serial is the revival of good old Nadira. She plays the role of an aging film actress in the serial. But is this enough? Occasionally, one hears a

Gulzar-written couplet for kids in Jungle Book or Potli Baba Ki. Puppet films and animation films are Gulzar's major pastime. He writes them, adapts them from world classics and sometimes lends his voice to a character that particularly fascinates him. And he doesn't regret not being part of the 'rat-race' to the 'box-office'. He doesn't need to- he is right there in the front. He can still disprove the suggested defeatist philosophy of a tired man in his own couplet:

Raat ne phir runn jeet liya

Aaj ka din phir haar gaya

.....Nay, nothing has been lost yet!

--

guri

Sahir's stuff: Socialistic or Sufiyaa ?

Posted by: buxi@ix.netcom.com (Guri)

Author: Guri Bagga

The guy who wrote:

zindagHi sirf mohabbat nahiN kuchh aur bhi hai
zulf-o-rukhsaar ki jannat nahiN kuchh aur bhi hai
bhookh aur pyaas ki maari huyi is duniyaa meiN
ishq hi ek haqeeqat nahiN kuchh aur bhi hai
found it quite natural, at one time, to get immersed in a 'revolution'
of his own design...a war against injustice of 'all' kinds as he
perceived it, be it the injustice done to him by people like his
father/his beloved's father, or that perpetrated by other perceived
oppressors against the man on the street. Sometime in the early
sixties, Sahir's pen seemed to become his sword in this war, and he
wrote:

ham amn chaahte haiN magar zulm ke khilaaF
gar jang laazmee hai to phir jang hi sahi
zaalim ko jo na rokay vo shaamil hai zulm meiN
qaatil ko jo na Tokay vo qaatil ke saath hai
ham sar-ba-kaf u'TThay haiN ke haq fatehyaab ho
keh do usay jo lashkar-e-baatil ke saath hai
is Dhang par hai zor to ye Dhang hi sahi
[sar-ba-kafhatHeli par sar lekar
haqtruth
fatehyaabvictorious
lashkar-e-baatiljhoo'Th ki senaa]

Very quickly, of course, these 'socially-conscious' pieces brought the
poet himself a label of 'the socialist'...all kinds of movements of a
similar nature readily owned Sahir as their spokesman, and Sahir wrote
more:

zulm phir zulm hai, baDtaa hai to mi'T jaataa hai
khoon phir khoon hai, Tapkegaa to jam jaayegaa
zulm ki baat hi kyaa, zulm ki auqaat hi kyaa
zulm bas zulm hai, aagaaz se anjaam talak
khoon phir khoon hai, sau shaql badal saktaa hai
aesee shaqlen ke mi'Taao to mi'Taaye na bane
aese sholay ke bujhaao to bujhaaye na bane
aese naaray ke dabaao to dabaaye na bane!
kuchh din tak chaltaa rahaa ye pravaah 'zulm' ke khilaaF 'jang' ke

jazbaat ka...Pdt. Nehru died...1965 ki Indo-Pak conflict apnay saath
jang ki us bhayaanak shaql ko lekar saamne aayi jisme apnay roobaroo
apnay khoon ko bemaqsad behtay dekh kar Sahir ko apni hi likhi huyi
usi

ghazal ki akhri do laayineN jaise yaad aa gayiN
tum agar aaNkh churaa to ye haq hai tumko
maine tumse hi nahiN, sabse mohabbat ki hai
^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

baat to vohi mohabbat se shuroo huyi tHi, jang-0-khooN meiN kaise
aTak

kar reh saktee tHi?

He wrote:

khooN apnaa ho ya paraayaa ho
nasl-e-aadam ka khooN hai aakhir
jang mashriq meiN ho ke magHrib meiN
amn-e-aalam ka khooN hai aakhir
jang to khud hi ek mas_alaa hai
jang kyaa mas_aloN ka hal degee
aag aur khooN aaj bakhshagee
bhookh aur ehtiyaaaj kal degee
[mas_alasamasyaa
ehtiyaaajneeds]
isliye ae shareef insaano
jang Taltee rahe to behtar hai
aap aur ham sabhi ke aaNgan meiN
shammaa jaltee rahe to behtar hai
bartaree ke suboot kee khaatir
khooN bahaanaa hi kyaa zarooree hai?
ghar ki taareeqiyaan miTane ko
ghar jalaanaa hi kyaa zarooree hai?
[bartareebaDappan]

Sufi-poets usually equate ISHQ with IBAADAT, and many a time
therefore,

oppose organised religion and organised conflict (war) of all kinds.
They also talk about love with the beloved being the same as love with
God as well as with all of His creation. They consider this kind of
love to be, sometimes, a difficult, yet the only way to 'get there'.

Previous sufi-poets who have left a huge treasure of kalaam (usually
sung, not recited...a lot of it in the form of Qawwalis / KaafiyaaN /
Dohay / Rang) etc. They express a close affinity to all the popular
love-ballads: Heer-Ranjha, Laila-Majnu, Sassi-Punnu, Dhola-Maaru,
Shirin-Farhaad, even Radha-Krishna and Seeta-Ram.

Sahir was never very far from this preoccupation with ishq...he had

written earlier in 'TalkhiyaaN':

mere sarkash taraane sun ke duniyaa ye samajhtee hai
ke shaayad mere dil ko ishq ke nagHmoN se nafrat hai
[sarkashrevolutionary]

magHar ae kaash dekheN vo merree pursoz raatoN ko
main jab taaroN pe nazreN gaaDkar aaNsoo bahaataa hooN
maiN shaayar hooN mujhe fitrat ke nazzaaroN se ulfat hai
meraa dil dushman-e-nagHmaa-saraayi ho nahiN saktaa
[fitratnature]

nagHmaa-saraayigeet gaanaa]

mujhe insaaniiyat ka dard bhi bakhshaa hai qudrat ne
meraa maqsad faqat sholaa-nawaayi ho nahiN saktaa
[faqatsirf]

sholaa-nawaayiaag barsaanaa]

The late-sixties saw a number of sufiyaanaa stuff from Sahir in the movies.

When he talked about the fundamentals of sufism in...

Barsaat Ki Raat / Roshan:

ishq aazaad hai, hindu na musalmaan hai ishq

aap hi dharm hai, aur aap hi imaan hai ishq

Allah aur Rasool ka farmaan ishq hai

yaani Hadees ishq hai, Quraan ishq hai

Gautam ka aur Maseeh ka armaan ishq hai

Ye qaaynaat jism hai, aur jaan ishq hai

ishq Sarmad, Ishq hi Mansoor hai

ishq Moosaa, Ishq Koh-e-toor hai

khaq ko but, aur but ko devtaa kartaa ishq

intehaa ye hai ke banday ko Khudaa kartaa hai ishq!

And, BTW, the following couplet in this qawwali is 'inspired' by the famous Sufi Amir Khusrau :)

Sahir:

bahut kaThin hai dagar panghaT ki

(ab) kyaa bhar laaoon maiN jamunaa se maTakee

maiN jo chali jal jamunaa bharaN ko

(dekho ri sakhi ri)

maiN jo chali jal jamunaa bharaN ko

Nand ko chhoro mohe rok-ke chhaaRo

(to) kyaa bhar laoon maiN jamunaa se maTakee

(ab) laaj raakho mere ghooNghaT-paT kee

Khusrau:

bahut kaThin hai dagar panghaT ki

kaise maiN bhar laaoon madhwaa se maTakee

paniyaa bharaN ko maiN jo gayi tHee

dauR jhapaT moree maTakee paTakee
Khusrau nizaam ke bal-bal jaayiae
laaj raakho mere ghooNghaT paT kee
Back to Sahir...he talked about the khokhlaapan of organised religion
and man-made divisions of this planet in ...

Dhool Ka Phool / N. Dutta:

achhaa hai abhi tak teraa kuchh naam nahiN hai
tujhko kisi mazhab se koyi kaam nahiN hai
jis ilm ne insaan ko taqseem kiyaa hai
us ilm ka tujh pe koyi ilzaam nahiN hai !
maaliq ne har insaan ko insaan banaayaa
hamne usay hindu ya musalmaan banaayaa
qudrat ne to bakhshee tHee hameN ek hi dhartee
hamne kahiN Bharat kahiN Iran banaayaa
nafrat jo sikhaaye vo dharam teraa nahiN hai
insaan ko roNday vo qadam teraa nahiN hai
Quraan na ho jisme vo mandir nahiN teraa
Geeta na ho jisme vo haram teraa nahiN hai
And he put ishq-o-mohabbat above takht-o-taaj in...

Tal Mahal / Roshan:

aap daulat ke taraazoo meiN diloN ko toleN
ham mohabbat se mahabbat ka silaa dete haiN
takht kyaa cheez hai aur laal-o-jawaahar kyaa hai
ishq waale to khudaayi bhi luTaa dete haiN
And he questioned the sin-virtue concept pushed by organised religion
in...

Chitralkha / Roshan:

ye paap hai kyaa, ye punya hai kyaa ?
rectoN par dharm ki mohreN haiN
har yug meiN badalte dharmoN ko
kaise aadarsh banaaoge ?

And when he came back to the love with khudaayi, this time he
compared

God with baabul in...

Dil Hi To Hai / Roshan:

bhool gayi sab bachan bidaa ke
kho gayi maiN sasuraal meiN aake
koree chunariyaa aatmaa moree
mael hai maayaa jaal
vo duniyaa more baabul ka ghar
ye duniyaa sasuraal
jaa ke babul se nazareN milaaooN kaise, ghar jaaON kaise
laagaa chunaree meiN daag chhupaaooN kaise

He wrote plenty of love-songs, plenty of zamaanaa-khilaaf songs, plenty of insaan-ki-insaan-se-mohabbat songs...most of this stuff had couplets that relate to the concept of sufism (which may comment on 'pre-occupation' with material things, and may disagree with putting 'daulat' ahead of 'dil' but does not have an 'unconditional' problem with the use/enjoyment of material things as such) a lot more than to the narrower concept of anti-capitalism...understandably I guess, because when he found himself in the midst of success and 'capital' the guy did not abstain from an extravagant personal life-style himself !
He supported it thus:

ye bhog bhi ek tapasyaa hai
tum tyaag ke maare kyaa jaano
ham janm bitaa kar jaayenge
tum janm gaNvaa kar jaaoge !
guri

RMIM Archive Article "366".

Remembering Shailendra

Posted by: Chandrashekhar shekhar@emirates.net.ae

Author: Amla Mazumdar

Some years ago a tribute to Shailendra was written by his daughter Amla Mazumdar, who lives and works as an airline executive in Dubai. On the occasion of the poet's 31st death anniversary, the article is reproduced here with permission from Amla, who has also added a favourites list for RMIM (from what she remembers Shailendra telling her as being among his best lyrics).

Remembering Shailendra

by

Amla Mazumdar

Sunsets are beautiful, as long as it is not your own sun that you see sinking slowly over the horizon. December 14 1966 saw one such sunset,

for my Baba left us that day, never to return. Today I still wonder at my inability to get over it.

Baba was born Shankardas Kesrilal Shailendra in Rawalpindi on August 30 1923, the eldest of four sons of my grandmother Parvati Devi. My grandfather Sri Kesrilal originally hailed from Bihar, and already had a son and daughter from a previous marriage. Some time during Baba's childhood the family moved to Mathura.

Calamity struck when he was still quite young, when he learnt that his mother was dying. He often recalled the moments when he walked barefoot in the scorching sun, his body sunburnt and his feet blistered, praying for her survival. The day she died, however, he felt deeply disillusioned and let down, causing him to turn atheist for practically the rest of his life.

While training in Agra for employment in the Indian Railways, Baba met and fell in love with the woman who was to become his wife (and my mother). His affections were returned, but while wooing her he was generally disapproved of by all her family except my nanaji, her father. Nanaji took a strong liking to him and sanctioned their wedding on the same day that my mother's elder sister was due to be married. After the wedding Baba made my mother return expensive sarees and jewellery that she had brought from her father's, saying he would provide for her in his own way, once he was able to stand on his own feet.

His first full-fledged job with the railways brought him to Bombay in 1947, when India's struggle for freedom from British rule was at its peak. Technical aspects of his job did not suit his artistic nature, and he would much rather spend time writing poetry than toil in the workshop. His colleagues often advised him against absconding from work to write 'senseless ramblings', but to no avail.

He actively joined the freedom struggle and during one public meeting his fiery poem "Jalta hai Punjab", when read out aloud, caught the attention of a film-maker in the crowd - Raj Kapoor. He wanted to buy the poem and also wanted Baba to write for his new production. Baba refused to sell the poem, but with the birth of his first child, a son (my eldest brother Shailey) came responsibility, and things changed. Baba approached Raj Kapoor and agreed to write for "Barsaat" if the offer was still open. It was, and the rest is history. Success brought wealth, and with wealth came a retinue of servants and the influence of Western culture. Yet he never allowed us to boss the servants around - he once rebuked me for allowing a servant to carry my books home from school.

Baba's best known work is with Shankar-Jaikishan, but he was also a favourite with the other musical giants of those days, like Salil Chaudhury (Madhumati), S.N. Tripathi (Sangeet Samrat Tansen), S.D. Burman (Guide and Bandhini, among so many others), Pt. Ravi Shankar (Anuradha). He won the Filmfare Award for Best Lyricist in 1958 (Ye mera deewanapan hai, from "Yahudi"), in 1959 (Sab kuch seekha hamne, from "Anari") and in 1968 (Main gaun tum so jao, from "Brahmachari").

Baba was a true poet for whom simply being alive was poetry, and life itself a poem. He derived much inspiration for his more serious work from long walks on Juhu beach early in the morning, but was equally adept at writing the most profound lyrics for ordinary film situations. Those lyrics were vibrantly alive, in the sense they went far beyond the context of the film situation for which they were intended, and lived on long after the film itself had passed from memory. For me there is a Shailendra song for any emotion, any situation, from birth to death, such was his versatility. Millions of listeners feel this way about his work.

At the back of his serious work was the deep-rooted dejection he felt at his mother's death. Lyrics like

Lau aayi sada meri takrake sitaron se
Ujdi hui duniya ki sunsaan kinaron se
("Madhumati")

Ilahi tu sun le hamari dua
Hamen sirf ek aasra hai tera

Teri rehmay raah roshan kare
Salamat rahe saaya maa baap ka
("Chhote Nawab")

and

Maata o maata jo tu aaj hoti
Mujhen yun bilakta agar dekhti
Tera dil toot jata
("Ab Dilli Door Nahin")

hardly sound like they were written for mere film situations, with Baba not actually reliving the agony of his mother's death.

Yet he was a true professional, and behind his success as a writer was his ability to write for a film situation irrespective of his personal views. For example, in spite of his misgivings about religion he wrote the rapturously beautiful Bhay bhanjana vandana ("Basant Bahar"). And there are the witty, fun-loving ones like Laal chadi ("Janwar"), Sooku sooku ("Jungle"), Nakhrewali ("New Delhi"), Sambhal ke karna, jo bhi karna, and Matwali naar ("Ek Phool Char Kaante").

Whenever I'm down in the dumps I take heart from these words he wrote for a song during the freedom struggle:

Tu zinda hai, tu zindagi ki jeet pe yakeen kar
Agar kahin hai swarg to utar la zameen par
Ye gam ke aur char din situm ke aur char din
Ye din bhi jaenge guzar, guzar gaye hazaar din

Yet the spectre of death always haunted him. He was obsessed by death. There was no fear involved, but a kind of helplessness drew him towards it. He saw death even in the most romantic moments, as in this verse from the song Holi aayee pyari pyari ("Pooja"):

Ek baras mein ek din holi jag do din ka mela
Tan ka pinjra chhod ke ek din panchi jaae akela
Do ghadi muskaaye phir jeevan hi phulwari.

And then there's my favourite:

Ke mar ke bhi kisi ko yaad aaenge
Kisi ke aansuon mein muskuraenge
Kahega phool har kali se baar baar
Jeena isi ka naam hai
("Anari")

The story of how his producing "Teesri Kasam" led to various problems and his untimely end is well known, but what bothered him was not the film's failure at the box-office, but that his investment in friends

he trusted and loved went wrong. After a particularly bad bout of despondency my mother could take it no more, and on December 13 1966 he was to be admitted to the Northcote Nursing Home. On the way he and my mother stopped at the famous cottage at the RK Studios to call

on Raj Kapoor, and Baba promised Raj that he would complete the lyrics for Jeena yahan once the December 14 tamasha (Raj's birthday celebration) was over. That was one promise he never kept, for he died on Raj's birthday.

Baba loved the seashore. He wrote, "I am the early morning light. I cast no shadows, I leave no shadow behind. The sun is my father..."
The world has his poetry, but I would much rather have him.

Shailendra's favourites, as told to Amla at various times:

Mat ro maata | (Bandini)

Ab ke baras bhejo | (Bandini)

Koi lautade mere beete hue din (Door Gagan Ki Chhaon Mein)

Sajanwa bairi ho gai hamar | (Teesri Kasam)

Sajan re jhoot mat bolo |

Jin raaton ki bhor nahin hai (Door Gagan Ki Chhaon Mein)

Aaj phir jeene ki tamanna hai (Guide)

Aawara hun (Aawara)

Mera joota hai japani (Shri 420)

Sub kuch seekha hamne (Anari)

Dharti kahe pukar ke (Do Bigha Zameen)

Do send your comments, if any, to me at shekhar@emirates.net.ae I'll pass them on to Amla (I don't have her e-mail contact handy)

Regards

Shekhar

RMIM Archive Article "231".

Gulzar- a sense of music

Author: Gowri Ramnarayan

Source: The Hindu

This article belongs to online "The Hindu" newspaper.

Please check the "The Hindu" html pages, at:

<http://www.webpage.com/hindu/daily>

Gulzar: A sense of music
Gowri Ramnarayan
The Hindu

Gulzar's claim to fame does not rest only on his contribution to the Hindi film industry but also on his poetry and children's books. GOWRI RAMNARAYAN speaks to Gulzar on his love for music

and on his latest film "Maachis."

Let's cup up a vein or let's just stand on forgotten cross roads and call out someone's name; come let's make a poem.

His warm hearted, middle of the road films ("Mere Apne" "Parichay" "Koshish," "Aandhi," "Ijaazat," "Lekin") may have given him a national reputation. But readers of Hindi and Urdu recognise Gulzar as a poet, and author of the children's books he wrote every year to mark his daughter's birthday.

Born in Dina (now in Pakistan), into a conservative family of businessmen, Gulzar was forced to hide his interest in the arts from disapproval and hostility. The family associated music with courtesans and poetry with nincompoops.

At 60 Gulzar may describe himself as an "antique piece." But there is nothing passe about his latest film "Matches" depicting the turmoil of Punjab in 1984, where "dampness" makes it impossible to spark the hearts of the people. He autographs "Silences," his book of poems, "with music and love." For Gulzar there is no difference between the two.

"In India music is all around us in our daily lives. For me it started in childhood with mother's morning prayers, chants from the temple and gurdwara across the road. Our saints were poets and singers, Nanak was a great poet who wrote the guruvani specifying the raags for every verse. Our pandits intersperse their religious discourses with songs. The azaan from the mosque

has a haunting magnetism, the notes are from Bhairavi. Our languages are musical _ Sanskrit can hypnotise you. I remember also the folk songs of the women labourers coming out after their shifts in the Birla Mills near sabzi mandi in Delhi where I lived. The images I carry with me are strongly aural.

I also listened to Hindustani music being practised in neighbours' homes. The stringed instruments attracted me and when I went to college I attended the concerts of Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan.

By that time I had frightened my traditional family with my interest in music. There was no question of being permitted to learn the sitar as I desperately wanted to do. But they couldn't stop me from writing poetry _ pen and paper could be used in secret.

I have come to realise that if you are born with a certain sensitivity, you find an outlet for it. It takes a while before you learn the skills to use your medium. I found in poetry a good way of expressing myself. That sense of music, my feeling for sound and rhythm guide my choice of words, metres, phrases, even images and colours. I do go to exhibitions of paintings but it is music which shades the finer thoughts. It is close to the inner being and gives you spiritual peace, develops concentration. My regular companions on long trips are cassettes of classical music - Hindustani and Western.

The abstractions of music pulsate with passion. As a poet and lyricist I want to bring that into my words.

I know that rhythm is vital to film making. The songs are just interludes _ the equivalent of the pandit breaking off from story telling with an ``arthaat" (which means) to insert a song. Slowly I tune my film, lay down the surface and ambience, settle my characters on location before beginning the narration. I improvise within the scales, avoiding the wrong notes.

More obviously, I try to use classical music in my films and in this I was lucky to have had excellent rapport with my music directors, especially Pancham (R. D. Burman). With Salil Chowdhury it was a great chance to learn about classical and folk music from many parts of the world. He could show you how the boatman's song was similar, whether on the Volga or the Brahmaputra. I made films on Bhimsen Joshi and Amjad Ali Khan, not to tell others about them, but for me to learn how a musician initiates himself into the melody. What a memorable experience it was to work with Ravi Shanker in ``Meera"! With all that tradition behind him, he is a modern man.

Since ``Lekin" has no narrative and was set in the past in Rajasthan, I could go into original and authentic sources of classical music which added another dimension to the film. From Hridaynath Mangeshkar who scored for it, I learnt about the old traditional ``bandishes" of which he has a treasured collection from his father's time.

You want to know if I ever did learn music...? When I was shooting for ``Parichay" with Sanjeev Kumar I noticed that he was holding the sitar wrong, only to be dismissed by the expert on location that ``Film men chalta hai", (its okay in a film).

That annoyed me so I started learning the sitar, and continued for eight years. I find that film making and writing are easier if I can tap the musicality within me.

Gulzar's first song -the story

Posted by: buxi@ix.netcom.com (Guri)

Author: Guri Bagga

The following is Gulzar relating the story of how his first film-song came about...he is a young man of 26 working with stalwarts like Bimal Roy and Sachin Dev Burman during the making of the movie 'Bandini' in 1962.....

moraa goraa ang layi le
mohe syaam rang dayi de
chhup jaooNgi raat hi meiN
mohe pee ka sang dayi de
is geet ka janm vahaaN se shuroo huaa jab Bimal-da aur Sachin-da ne mujhe bulaayaa situation samjhaane ke liye. Sachin-da ne shuroo kiya: 'Kalyani (Nutan) jo man hi man Vikas (Ashok Kr.) ko chaahne lagee hai, ek raat choolhaa-chauNkaa same'Tkar gungunaatee huyi baahar nikal aayi'

'aisaa karaykTar ghar se baahar jaakar nahiN gaa saktaa ', Bimal-da ne vahiN rok diyaa.

'baahar nahiN jaayegi to baap ke saamne kaise gaayegi' Sachin-da ne poochhaa.

'baap se hameshaa vaishnav-kavita sunaa kartee hai, sunaa kyoN nahiN saktee?' Bimal-da ne daleel dee.

'ye kavita-paaTh nahiN hai daadaa, gaanaa hai!' (SD)

'to kavita likho, vo kavita gaayegi' (BR)

'gaanaa ghar meiN ghuT jaayegaa' (SD)

'to aaNgan meiN le aao, lekin baahar nahiN jaayegi' (BR)

'baahar nahiN jaayegaa to ham gaana nahiN banaayegaa!' Sachin-da ne chetaavnee de dee.

to kuchh is tarah se pehlaa session tHaa. maine pooree kahaanee sunee Debu se (Debu aur Saran dono Bimal-da ke assistants tHe.)

baad meiN Bimal-da ne dubaaraa bulaayaa aur samjhaayaa: 'raat ka waqt hai, baahar jaane ko Dartee hai chaaNdanee raat meiN koyi dekh na le...aaNgan se aage nahiN jaa paatee'

phir Sachin-da ka bulaavaa aayaa...gayaa to bole: 'chaaNdanee raat meiN Dartee hai koyi dekh na le. aaNgan se baahar bhi aa gayi, lekin muD.-muD. ke aaNgan kee taraf dekhte hai'

ab mujhay kuchh-kuchh samajh meiN aane lagee Kalyani ki duvidhaa Bimal-da aur Sachin-da ke beech meiN!

Sachin-da ne agle din bulaakar mujhe dhun sunaayi:
la-laa la-la-la la-la-la la-la-laa
Pancham (RD) ne thoD.aa saa change kiyaa:
da-daa daa~daa daa~daa da-da-daa
geet ki pehlee soorat samajh meiN aane lagee: kuchh la-laa aur kuchh
daa~daa!
maiN sur-taal se behraa bhauNchakka-sa dono ko dekhtaa rhaa, sochaa
keh
dooN
ta-ta-t-ta-ta-ta-t...nahiN aataa!
Sachin-da kuchh der harmonium par dhun bajaate rahe...aahistaa-
aahistaa
maine gungunaane ki koshish kee...TooTe-TooTe se shabd aane lage:
do-chaar...do chaar...duyi-chaar pag pe aNganaa
bairee kaNga-naa chhanak na
galat-salat sataroN ke kuchh bol ban gaye:
bairee kanga-naa chhanak na
duyi-chaar pag pe aNganaa
mohe kosoN door laage...
Sachin-da ne apnee sur-waali aawaaz meiN gaa ke parkhaa, bole: 'haaN
dhun ki beher yahee rahegee'
chala aayaa. gungunaataa rahaa. Kalyani ke baare meiN sochtaa rahaa.
Ek khayaal aayaa...chaaNd se minnat karegee:
maiN piyaa ko dekh aaoN
jaraa mooNh phiraayi le chaNdaa
chaaNd baar-baar badlee ha'Taakar jhaaNk rahaa hai, muskuraa rahaa
hai,
jaise keh rahaa ho: kahaaN jaa rahee ho? kaise jaaogee? maiN roshanee
kar dooNgaa, sab dekh leNge. chiD.ke Kalyani ne gaali de dee:
tohe raahu laage bairee
muskaaye jee jalaayi ke
gusse meiN Kalyani vahiN baiTh gayi...sochaa waapas lauT jaaooN,
lekin
moh baaNh se pakaD. kar kheenCh rahaa hai, aur laaj paaNv pakaD.e
rok
rahee hai...kuchh samajh meiN nahiN aataa kyaa kare. apne aap se
poochhne lagtee hai:
kahaaN le chala hai manavaa
mohe baaNwaree banaayi ke
gumsum Kalyani baiThee hai, sochtee hai: 'kaash aaj roshne na hotee,
itnee chaaNdanee na hotee...ya maiN hi itnee goree na hotee ki
chaaNdanee meiN chhalak-chhalak jaatee hooN...saaNwali hotee to
kaise

DhaNkee-chhupee apne piyaa ke paas pahuNch jaatee'
lauT aayi bechaari Kalyani, waapas ghar lauT aayi, yahee
gaate-gungunaate:

moraa goraa ang layi le
mohe syaam rang dayi de
chhup jaaooNgi raat hi meiN
mohe pee ka sang dayi de
ho~ O~O~

moraa goraa ang layi le
mohe syaam rang dayi de
chhup jaaooNgi raat hi meiN
mohe pee ka sang dayi de

[If you've noticed, the first time this sthaayi is sung by the
Kalyani-Lata, Sachin-da has composed an almost gungunaane waalaa
style

with the rhythm starting and then pausing, and then starting and then
pausing again...succinctly bringing out the duvidhaa mentioned above by
Gulzar. And what a tremendously innovative placement of the sam of
this

rhythm in the meter...it seems play opposite by coming right between
the words 'goraa' and 'ang', and following that placement throughout
the song!]

[The interlude here reminds me of the kind of stuff one heard later in
'Guide', quite playful]

ik laaj roke paiyaaN
ik moh kheenNche bayiaaN~~~~~
ik laaj roke paiyaaN
ik moh kheenNche bayiaaN
jaaooN kidhar na jaanoo
hamkaa koyi bataayi de
ho~ O~O~

<The way Lata brings this in
softly, mmmmaaaah!!!

moraa goraa ang layi le
mohe syaam rang dayi de
chhup jaaooNgi raat hi meiN
mohe pee ka sang dayi de

This interlude is the piece de resistance for this song..he creates
the rain-filled clouds with percussion and crescendo strings, then
suddenly brings this 'chupke se' waala phrase consisting of 2-2-2-2-1
pattern notes on the surmandal, a very soft tabla playing eight cycles
of 3-3, and even softer jaltarag playing notes 'in chord' with the
surmandal and 'in rhythm' with the tabla, (i.e. 3s instead of the 2s of
the surmandal)...finally ending with a sweep on the surmandal...just

amazing! A 'hats-off' cheez!
badaree ha'Taa ke chaNdaa
chupke se jhaaNke chanDaa~~~~~
badaree ha'Taa ke chaNdaa
chupke se jhaaNke chanDaa
tohe raahu laage bairee
muskaaye jee jalaaye ke
ho~ O~O~ <There she goes again,
stealing my heart!
moraa goraa ang layi le
mohe syaam rang dayi de
chhup jaaooNgi raat hi meiN
mohe pee ka sang dayi de
[A reprise of the first interlude]
kuchh kho diyaa hai paayi ke
kuchh pa liyaa gaNwaayi ke~~~~~
kuchh kho diyaa hai paayi ke
kuchh pa liyaa gaNwaayi ke
kahaaN le chalaai hai manavaa
mohe baaNwaree banaayi ke
ho~ O~O~ <okay okay, I'll shut up :))
moraa goraa ang layi le
mohe syaam rang dayi de
chhup jaaooNgi raat hi meiN
mohe pee ka sang dayi de

guri

Lyricist Javed Akhtar

Posted by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Author: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Javed Akhtar

~~~~~

"1942 A Love Story"'s songs are equally famous for its lyrics as they are for their music. Lyrics such as, "ek laDki ko dekha toh aisaa lagaa.." and "dil ne kaha chupke se" brought with them a freshness that was widely lacking in the film industry. And the lyricist who penned them all was Javed Akhtar.

Javed was never serious about being a lyricist professionally. He already was a successful screenplay, story, and dialogue writer for Hindi films. The writer team of Salim Khan and Javed Akhtar was very popular in the 70s (Salim-Javed in "Sholay", "Deewar" etc).

His career as a lyricist started as late as 1981. Yash Chopra approached Javed and asked him to write lyrics for his upcoming film. Javed knew that Yash's favourite lyricist was Sahir, so Javed asked "Why me, when you have Sahir". Yash Chopra said to him that Sahir was ill and his health condition did not allow him to work.

Also, Yashji knew that Javed used to recite some of his poetry to his friends at private parties/mushairaa, as Yash Chopra also used to be one of them. Javed said 'Kahan Sahir kahan main', but Yash insisted on having Javed write the lyrics. Javed, wondering 'yeh kahaan phas gaya main?', wrote the lyrics:

"Yeh kahaan aa gaye ham, yun hi saath saath chalte"

That was the first song of his for the movie "Silsila". And with Amitabh's verse recital in between the song, added to it (dare I say) the required Sahir-flavour seen in the "Kabhi-Kabhi" songs. Yash Chopra also left his other favourite, Khaiyaam and went for the MDs Shiv-Hari for this movie.

Javed wasn't a prolific song writer for films. He used to work with R.D.Burman and Laxmikant-Pyarelal on and off. He did, among others, the songs of "Saagar" ("chehra hain ya chaand khila hain") and ofcourse, "1942 A Love Story" with R.D.Burman.

R.D.B and LP have been the ones to make use of Javed the most, even though Anand Bakshi has been their favourite in general. Javed did give some of his contemporaries some 'real' :) competi-

tion with his "hawa hawaii"s (LP; "Mr.India") and "ek do teen"s (LP; "Tezaab").

Talking of "Tezaab", it was mentioned (by Sami, who else? :) long time back in a 'Prose or Poetry' thread, that the first line of another song by Javed from 'Tezaab' was just a line of prose and lacked any sense of poetry:

"kah do ke tum ho meri, varna!"

[varna "or else!"]

But see what adding a single blank to the above line does to the meaning of it:

"kah do ke tum ho meri var na!"

[var alliance/bride etc]

I guess, what you want is what you see. Or is it giving too much credit to Javed? But someone who wrote the lyrics:

"tumko dekhaa toh yeh khayaal aaya,  
zindagi dhoop tum ghanaa saayaa."

the nice Jagjit Singh number from "Saath Saath", does deserve some, doesn't he?

--

bye

satish

Finally, here are two great songs, which were/are famous partly due to their lyrics by Javed.

-----  
Song: tumko dekhaa to ye Khayaal aayaa

Credits: C. S. Sudarshana Bhat

Film: Saath Saath

Singer: Jagjit Singh

Lyrics: Javed Akhtar

Music: Kuldeep Singh

tumko dekhaa to ye Khayaal aayaa  
zindagi dhoop tum ghanaa saayaa  
tumko dekhaa to ye Khayaal aayaa  
aaj phir dilne ek tamannaa kee  
aaj phir dilko hamne samjhaayaa  
zindagi dhoop tum ghanaa saayaa..  
tum chale jaaoge to sochenge  
hamane kyaa khoyaa, hamane kyaa paayaa  
zindagi dhoop tum ghanaa saayaa..  
ham jise gungunaa nahin sakte  
vaqt ne aisaa geet kyon gaayaa  
zindagi dhoop tum ghanaa saayaa..

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Song: rim jhim rim jhim rum jhum rum jhum

Credits: C. S. Sudarshana Bhat (Porky) (cesaa129@utacnvx.uta.edu)

Film: 1942: A Love Story

Singer: Kumar Sanu, Kavita Krishnamurthy

Lyrics: Javed Akhtar

Music: R.D.Burman

KS: Rim jhim rim jhim rum jhum rum jhum  
bheegi bheegi rut mein tum ham ham tum  
chalte hain chalte hain

Kavita: bajtaa hai jaltarang per ke chhat pe jab  
motiyon jaisa jal barse

KS: boondon ki ye jhaDi laayi hai vo ghaDi  
jisake liye ham taase,  
ho ho ho rim jhim rim jhim..

KS: baadal ki chaadaren oDhe hain vaadiyaan  
saari dishaayen soyi hain

Kavita: sapnon ke gaaon mein bheegi si chhaanv mein  
do aatmaayen khoyi hain..  
Rim jhim..

Kavita: aayi hain dekhne jheelon ke aayine  
baalon ko khole ghaTaaen

KS: raahain dhuaaN dhuaaN jaayenge ham kahaan,  
aao yahin rah jaen!  
Rim jhim..

--

bye  
satish

RMIM Archive Article "253".

## Javed Akhtar - poet's diary

Source: G Magazine (<http://www.chitralkha.com>)

Author: Javed Akhtar

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INTERVIEW -Behind The Scenes

Javed Akhtar

Pages From A Poet's Diary

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4th October 1964. I embark at Bombay Central Station. Now it is in this court that the judgement of my life will be made. Within 6 days of coming to Bombay, I have to leave my father's house. My pocket jingles with 27 paise. I am happy, that in life if I find even 28 paise in my pocket, it will be my gain and the world's loss!

Its been almost two years in Bombay but I have neither a roof above me nor the certainty of the next meal. Ofcourse I have written the dialogues of a small film for which I got Rs.100 a month. Sometimes I work as an assistant, or then the odd job here & there is offered to me. At times, even that does not happen. I have gone to a producer's office at Dadar to take the payment for a comedy scene written by me for his film. The scene will be credited to the famous writer who is writing the film. The office is closed. I have to go back to Bandra which is quite a distance away. With the money in my pocket, I can either afford a bus ride or something to eat. If I choose the latter, then I will have to walk my way home. I fill my pocket with channa and start walking towards my destination. As I pass the gates of `Kohinoor Mills' I ponder, that many changes may occur but these gates shall remain just there. One day I will drive past these very gates in my own car. I have got the work of writing dialogues for a film. After writing a few scenes, I go to the director's house. He is eating breakfast which includes pine-apple. He reads the scenes, then throws papers on my face. Dismissing my services from his film, he asserts, that I will never ever make it as a writer. As I walk on a lonely street with the scorching sun above me, I wipe the stray tear that falls from the corner of my eye and resolve. One day I will prove to this same director that I... Suddenly, I don't know why, a thought comes to my mind, Does this director eat pine-apple for breakfast every day?

It must be around 2 o'clock in the night. It seems as if in the

guise of the Bombay rain, the seas are falling from the skies. I am sitting on the steps of a portico in Khar Station, under the dim rays of a bulb. Nearly, three men are sleeping on the ground totally oblivious of the stormy rain. In a far corner, a wet dog is moving around restlessly. It seems as if the rain is never going to stop. For quite a distance, huge drops of rain pour over empty dark roads. The lights of quiet and formidable looking buildings, have been shut for sometime. People are sleeping in their respective houses. Somewhere in this very city, is my father's house. Bombay is such a large city and I am so small... almost insignificant. However courageous a man may be, sometimes he feels scared... very scared.

Since one year now I am staying at Kamaal Studio(now known as Natraj Studio). I sleep anywhere in the compound. Sometimes in a verandah, sometimes under a tree, sometimes on a bench, or then in a corridor. Many homeless and unemployed people like me, stay here in this manner. Amongst them is Jagdish with whom I become good friends. Every day he devises new strategies of obtaining food. He knows who can offer us a drink. Where and why? Jagdish has turned his struggle into some sort of an art.

I have got to know a vendor who sells second-hand books at Andheri station. So there is no dearth of books. All night long, wherever I find a little light shining on the compound, I sit and read. Friends joke that if I read so much in dim lights, I will lose my eye-sight... These days I am getting to sleep in one of the rooms in the studio. In this room, there are huge cup-boards on all four sides in which dozens of costumes of Pakeezah are stored. Meena Kumari has separated from Kamaal Saahab, therefore shooting of the film has been stalled for some time. One day I open a drawer of one of the cupboards. It is filled with old fashioned shoes and chappals to be used in the film.

Amidst them, are three 'Filmfare' awards won by Meena Kumari. Dusting and cleaning them, I keep the trophies aside. This is the first time I have touched a film award. Every night, I shut the door of the room from inside and taking the trophy in my hand I stand in front of the mirror and fantasize about the day when I will win a trophy, face a hall filled with applauding people. How will I smile then? How will I shake hands? Before I can come to some conclusion, a notice is put up on the studio board. It says that people working in the studio are not permitted to stay within the premises. Jagdish comes up with yet another of his brain waves, that until other arrangements are made, we could stay in the Mahakali Caves(Mahak-ali is a part of Andheri, and

today boasts of wealthy inhabitants and Kamalistan studio. In those days, there was just one street, amidst a jungle and small hills in which there were old caves made by renounced godmen living on alms and which infact are still there. Sadhus who were addicted to drugs could be found hanging out there.) The mosquitoes in the Mahakali Caves are so huge that is not necessary that they bite you. They just have to touch you and you wake up. One night and I realize that it is impossible to sleep here without drugs. Somehow, I manage to pass three days. A friend from Bandra invites me to spend a few days with him. I am all set to go to Bandra. Jagdish informs me that within a day or two, he too will go away somewhere. (That was my last meeting with Jagdish. In the coming years, life took me to great heights but even after 11 years, Jagdish remained just there... In those caves, reeling under the effect of drugs and alcohol, which finally caused his death. The sadhus staying there and the slum dwellers in the surrounding areas collected alms and performed his last rites - End of the story. His friends including me got to know of his death much later. I often wonder as to what was so special about me, and so wrong in Jagdish. It could very well have been Jagdish who was called by his friend to Bandra and me who had stayed behind in those caves. Sometimes everything seems to be one big coincidence. What is it that we all are so egoistic about?

The friend with whom I have come to share the room in Bandra, is a professional gambler. He and two of his other colleagues know how to place their cards while gambling. They impart that knowledge to me too. For a few days, one manages to survive with them on the strength of the cards, but then those people leave Bombay and once again I am back to square one - Now who will pay the room rent, next month? A successful and famous writer calls me with the offer that if I write dialogues for him (for which he gets the credit) then he would pay me Rs.600 per month. I analyse... At the moment these 600 Rupees have the value of 600 crores for me, so I must take up the offer. Then I wonder that if I take up the job now I will never have the courage to leave it. I will do the same thing all my life. Then I think of the rent of the next month that has to be paid, and then experience the 'I'll see -what -happens' feeling. After three days of putting great thought into the matter, I refuse the offer. Days, weeks, months, years pass. It is almost 5 years since I came to Bombay. Meals are unpredictable like the moon which is prey to circumstances created by the clouds. The moon can be seen at times and at other times is hidden away. These 5 years were heavy on me, but not

enough to make my head bow down. I am not pessimistic. I am certain, absolutely certain, that something will happen, something will definitely happen. I am not born to die a withered death -And finally in November 1969 get what film industry people call, the right 'break'.

Success works as magically as Alladin's lamp. Suddenly the world seems beautiful & people benoivalent. Within one -one and a half years, I have got a lot and there is so much more in the offing. With a touch, mud is turning into gold and I envision my first house, my first car. Wishes are on their way to being fulfilled, but a certain loneliness in life is still rampant. On the sets of Seeta aur Geeta I meet Honey Irani. She is open-hearted and blunt and at the same time a very cheerful girl. Within 4 months of meeting each other, we get married. I invited many of my father's friends for my wedding, but not my father. (There are certain wounds which even the magic of Alladin's lamp cannot heal -This can be done by the passage of time alone) Within two years, we are blessed with one daughter, Zoya and our son, Farhaan.

The next six years are swarmed by twelve successive super-hit films, awards, photographs, money, parties, global travel, bright days and twinkling nights - Life is a technicoloured dream. But like every dream is prone to, this dream also ends. For the first time a film is a flop. (Films following that were unsuccessful as well as successful but that unadulterated happiness that success brings and the smiles which that happiness brings, are lost forever).

On 18th August 1976, my father expires. (Nine days prior to his death, he had presented me with his last book on which he had autographed and written, "You shall remember me when I am no more". He had written correctly). Until now, I recognized myself as a rebel and am angry now, but now... who am I? I look at myself and question "Is this all what I wanted out of life?" Not many people know this, but all the things that until yesterday used to generate happiness within me, have started seeming fake and pretencious. Today my heart is set on those things, which in worldly terms, hold no meaning. My relationship with poetry has from the onset been deep-rooted and interesting. Since my adolescence, I have realized that if I so desired, I could write poetry but never attempted to until now. This is a form of my anger and rebellion too. In 1979, I recite a poem I make my peace with my legacy and with my father. During the course of this period I meet Shabana. Kaifi Azmi's daughter, Shabana is turning towards her roots too. Thousands of questions keep cropping up in her

mind which she had earlier never questioned. It is hardly surprising then, that we are drawn towards each other. Slowly, within me a lot of changes are taking place. My partnership within the realm of the film industry sees its end. My close ones are disturbed by the metamorphoses taking place within me. In 1983, Honey and I separate. (My marriage to Honey may have broken, but even a divorce could not hamper our friendship. And if despite the separation of their parents, there is no trace of bitterness within the children then the credit goes to Honey. Today Honey is a successful film writer and a good friend of mine. It is very few people for whom I hold as much respect in my heart as I do for Honey).

I had taken a major step, but for years after leaving my home, my life became like the one "who lives the whole life in a Hotel, but dies in a hospital". I used to drink a lot even earlier, but soon I started drinking a little too much. This is one phase of my life which I'm certainly not proud of. In those few years, if others have tolerated me, then it is their benova-lance. It would have been quite possible for me to have drunk myself to deterioration, but one fine morning somebody's words touched me to the extent. Since that day, I have not touched a drop of alcohol. Neither will I do so even in the future. Today, after so many years, when I reflect upon my life, I feel that like a river gushing down in the form of waterfalls over the mountains, clashing against boulders, finding its way through rocky paths, exploding upwards, fluttering making innumerable hovering bees, moving steadfastly and recognising its very own shores, the river of my life has finally found its bearings and thus experienced peace and depth. My children Zoya and Farhaan are now grown-up and are on the threshold of taking their first step into the adult world. In their shining eyes I see sweet futuristic dreams of the coming tomorrow. My younger brother Salmaan is a successful psychoanalyst based in America. A talented poet, he has also written many books. He has a loving wife and is the proud father of two endearing children. He was not faced with any less hardships in life, but with sheer consistent labour and dedication he reached his goal and his journey to progress is still very much on. I am happy. And so is Shabana, who is not only my wife but my beloved too. Who is not only an owner of a beautiful heart, but a precious mind too. She is a woman who belongs to the same world that I believe in. Had this phrase, not been written years ago by Mazaaz for someone special, it would have undoubtedly been written by me for Shabana.

Life has been kind to me in every way. But one particular day in my childhood is vividly etched onto my mind - 18th January 1953. City: Lucknow - My maternal grandfather's house. My sobbing aunt catches hold of my hand and that of my six and a half year old brother Salmaan and takes us to large room where many women are seated on the ground. Covered with a white cloth, her face revealed; lies the body of my mother. Seated near her, my grandmother is weeping defeatedly. Two women are consoling her. My aunt takes the two of us near the body and asks us to see our mother for the last time. Only yesterday I have turned 8 years old. I understand. I know what death is all about. I look at my mother carefully so that I can sink her face into my memory. My aunt is saying, "Promise her that you will become something in life, that you will do something in life." I am unable to say anything. I just keep staring at my mother and then some women corner her face with the white cloth...

Its not that I have achieved nothing in life, but then a thought encroaches on my mind. That I have still not done even a quarter of what I am capable of doing. And the discomfoting feeling that ensues as a result of this, somehow never seems to go...

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RMIM Archive Article "273".

## Lyricist Neeraj

Posted by: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

Author: Satish Subramanian (subraman@cs.umn.edu)

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Neeraj  
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"Ghairon ke sheron ko, O sunnewaale!  
ho is taraf bhi karam!"

- Neeraj in Gambler.

[ ghair: stranger/foreigner

sheron: couplets/ghazals/peoms

karam: kindness/favor/bounty/clemency

]

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Neeraj  
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Lyricist Neeraj started off his career in Hindi films in 1964. His first movie was "Cha Cha Cha" with music by Iqbal Qureshi. And the first song was:- "subah na aayi, shaam na aayi". His second movie was probably Shankar-Jaikishan's "Baadal aur Bijle". But he wasn't popular until he teamed up with S.D.Burman.

S.D.Burman was making a movie for Dev, when Neeraj was first introduced to him. S.D.B was skeptical, but decided to give him a chance. He explained to him the situation of the song and asked him to write a lyric that had the words "rang-rangila" or something similar in it. Also the song had to have reference to "sharaab" in some way, but not explicitly. SDB was very strict about these two conditions. Neeraj was almost put on the spot; he thought for sometime and came up with the line:

"rangila re! tere rang mein, yun rangaa hai, mera man!"

S.D.B was impressed. But still the "sharaab" connotation was still missing. So Neeraj came up with the second line:

"chalia re! na bujhegi, kisi jal se ye jalan!"

Unless explained it is difficult to get that the word "jal" can also mean (rather, was supposed to mean) sharaab. Thus started the Neeraj-S.D.Burman association. The movie was ofcourse "Prem Pujari", which also had the brilliant song:
"Phoolon ke rang se, dil ki kalam se, tujh ko likhi roz paati,
kaise batayun, kis kis tarah se, pal pal mujhe tu satati,

tere hi sapne, lekar ke soya, tere hi yaadon me jaaga
tere khayaalon me uljha raha yoon, jaise ki maala me dhaaga,
Haan! baadal, bijli, chandan, paani jaisa apna pyaar,
lena hoga, janam hamein, kayee kayee baar.

Haan, itna madhir, itna madhur tera mera pyaar,
lena hoga, janam hamein, kayee kayee baar!"

While the above lyrics with the theme of "sending a letter to one's beloved" was sung by Kishore, Neeraj had one ready for Rafi also on the same theme in the movie "Kanyadaan" (Shanker-Jaikishan) :

"Likhke jo khat tujhe, woh teri yaad me,
hazaaron rang ke, nazaare ban gaye,
saveraa jab hua, to phool ban gaye,
jo raat aaye to, sitaare ban gaye
likhke jo khat tujhe, woh teri yaad me!"

Neeraj had most of his memorable hits with S.D.Burman:-

1. Sharmilee

kaise kahein hum pyar ne hum ko kya kya khel dikhaye (KK)
khilate hain gul yahaaN, khilake bikharane ko (Rafi and Lata)
o meri o meri sharmilee (KK)

2. Prem Pujari

phoolon ke rang se dil ki kalam se (KK)
rangila re tere raang mein yoon ranga hai mere man (Lata)

3. Gambler

dil aaj shayar hai gam aaj nagama hai (KK)
mera man tera pyasaa (Rafi)

4. Tere Mere Sapne

maine kasam li tune kasam li (KK, Lata)
jeevan ki bagiya mehakegi (KK, Lata)

Each one a gem!

To end, here is a song by Neeraj posted earlier on RMIM by PVR, which has some interesting comments at the end.

--

bye
satish

Old post:

Posted by: PVR (pvr@rice.edu)
Film: Sharmilee
Actors: Shashi Kapoor, Raakhee
Singer: Kishore
Music: S.D.Burman

Lyrics: Neeraj

o meri o meri o meri sharmilee
aao na tarsaao na
o meri o meri o meri sharmilee
tera kaajal lekar raat bani raat bani
teri mehendi lekar din ugaa din ugaa
teri boli sunkar sur jage sur jage
teri khushboo lekar phool khilaa phool khilaa
jaan-e-man tu hai kahaan
o meri....
teri raahon se guzrein jab se ham jab se ham
mujhe meri dagar tak yaad nahin yaad nahin
tujhe dekha jab se dilrubaa dilrubaa
mujhe mera ghar tak yaad nahin yaad nahin
jaan-e-man tu hai kahaan
o meri....
o neeraj naynaa aa zaraa aa zaraa
teri laaj ka ghoonghat khol doon khol doon
tere aanchal par koi geet likhoon geet likhoon
tere honthon mein amrit ghol doon ghol doon
jaan-e-man tu hai kahaan
o meri....

Note that the lyricist's name ("Neeraj") comes in the lyrics! This tradition started by old poets like Kabir, Tulasidas etc was used in a few songs by our film lyricists as well!

Also, this song belongs to an exclusive set of songs which have a kind of pronoun inconsistency: look at the second stanza. In the first line 'ham' is used and later 'mujhe' and 'mera' are used!

PVR

Hasrat Jaipuri: All for love

conversation with Hasrat

Source: India Express (<http://www.expressindia.com>)

Author: Nelson Pereira

Hasrat Jaipuri
All for love
Nelson Pereira

Hasrat Jaipuri...love is still there in his poems
MUMBAI, October 31: Hasrat Jaipuri's once legendary feel for romance is still very much there. Only the spark to ignite the faltering passions is missing. Naturally so, since he is 80 and into self-imposed retirement now. Love, it is said, evolves the poet in a man and so unlike his contemporaries like Shailendra, Shakeel Badayuni or Raja Mehdi Ali Khan, it is love that has been his inspiration all these years.

So understandably, one hums his love song from Raj Kapoor's *Sangam*, *Yeh mera prem patra padkar, ke tum naraz na hona...* while making way to his simple middle-class Khar West flat.

One glance at his trophy-filled drawing room justifies the pride of place yesteryears lyricist Hasrat Jaipuri aka Iqbal Hussain has occupied in the film industry all these years. For a man who has penned more than 2,500 songs for Hindi films, Hasrat is immensely humble to the core and makes no bones about admitting the fact that he came to Mumbai to earn his livelihood and not to become a lyricist.

This, despite the fact that the man hails from a poetic gharana of Jaipur, the Pink City of India. "Although, shairi was in my blood, I could never think of making it my livelihood; commercialising an art would never do for us," recalls this man of Urdu letters. But I used to take part in kavi sammelans and cater to my literary needs, he adds. Besides, at that time I was deeply in love with a girl called Lajo who lived in my neighbourhood, which also increased my craving to find solace in poetry."

He continues, "In those days there was no school for youngsters of our clan. Everything about Urdu shairi was taught to us by our elders. Besides being khandani people, it would not look right for us to look for work in the city."

Subsequently, fed up with all the khandani nakhras young Hasrat,

felt the need to do something worthwhile with his life and so bag and baggage landed in Bombay in 1940. In those days, Bombay was the only place which offered people all sorts of jobs. And for me, it was a virtual Mecca, since I was quite illiterate except for Urdu shairi.

In the beginning itself he got a job as a bus conductor for Rs 11 per month and spent his nights at Khar railway station. Later, he bought himself a small tenement at Electric House, Opera House. This continued with young Hasrat participating in kavi sammelans and mushairas. At that time Raj Kapoor, a doyen of the Kapoor clan, was looking for a lyricist and he happened to read some verses of Hasrat in a newspaper. Impressed with his penchant for romance, Raj who worked with Prithvi theatre then, called for him. "For several days, I wouldn't go and Raj would keep calling me," recalls the veteran lyricist. Ultimately, I did go one day and he hired me for his first film Barsaat. The song that I wrote was Jiya bekrar hai, chaye bahar hai, which was sung by Latabai. My second song, mein zindagi mein hardam rota hi raha.. was rendered by Mohammed Rafi. Both were instant hits and it made me a name to reckon with in film circles," the veteran song-writer recalls fondly.

At that time, Raj wanted to form a team for his own company R K Films. After Hasrat, he hired Shailendra and Shankar Jaikishen as the R K team for his forthcoming productions. Working in tandem with such talented people, some great songs were produced under the R K banner for films like Jis desh mein ganga behti hai, Teesri Kasam and Sangam.

"What a golden period it was, recalls Hasrat wistfully. The making of a song was quite back-breaking. The lyricist, music director, the director and the hero or heroine on whom it would be picturised, would all be present and they would all give their suggestions. The thing is, I want to highlight the deep sense of involvement that people in those days used to have. And the results are there for everyone to see. Old songs have still not lost their glory," adds the lyricist without mincing words.

Every lyricist of that genre, be it Hasrat, Shakeel, Shailendra or Raja Mehdi Ali Khan had their distinct styles. No one could overshadow anybody or write inferior stuff. Like for instance, Hasrat loved writing title songs, ie songs based on film titles. Writing a title song in those days was a difficult task, one had to keep the entire theme of the film in mind. And it's a record of sorts for Hasrat to have penned nine title songs in a row. Some of them like Dewana mujko log kahen (Dewana), Dil ek mandir

(Dil Ek Mandir), Raat aur din diya jale (Raat aur din), Tere ghar ke samne (Tere Ghar Ke Samne) and An evening in Paris (An Evening in Paris).

Some of his other works which form part of any collector's item are Baharon phool barsao (Suraj), Teri pyari pyari surat (Sasural), Gam uthane ke liye (Mere Huzoor) and Sau saal pehle (Jab Pyar Kisi Se hota Hai). And his Dil ke jharoke mein (Brahmachari) is unforgettable.

Coming back to the high standards of the golden period of Hindi cinema, Hasrat is deeply critical of the way the new music directors are dictating terms to writers these days. "These so called music directors have musical banks with ready-made tunes. And use arrangers to create songs, who have no sense of notation," laments Hasrat.

"In such a scenario, people like Naushad, Ravi, Manna Dey, Talat Mehmood and myself are being ignored because we refuse to indulge in cheap work. That is out of the question", says the veteran vehemently.

"I still get offers but I decline film work straightaway. My non-filmi songs though have been used by Peenaz Masani, Nirmal Udhas, Ghulam Ali for his (Tere Shehr Mein), Ahmed Hussain Mohammed Hussain (Rehbar).

RMIM Archive Article "353".

Maqdoom Muhiuddin

Posted by: Surajit A. Bose (bose.2@nd.edu)

Source: [Deccan Chronicle] June 22, 1997

Author:

Here is an article on Maqdoom Muhiuddin, poet and lyricist. The poems

of his which have been used in films include "jaanevaale sipaahii se puuchho," beautifully rendered by Manna De and Sabita Chaudhuri for

Salil in USNE KAHA THA; "phir chhiDii raat baat phuulo.n kii" by Lata

and Talat Aziz for Khayyam in BAZAAR; and, if I remember correctly,

"aap ki yaad aatii rahii raat bhar" by Chhaya Ganguli for Jaidev in GAMAN.

[Deccan Chronicle] June 22, 1997

Maqdoom's pen was his sword

Hayath leke chalo, kayanath leke chalo Chalo to sare zamane ko saath leke chalo

On February 3, 1908, in a small village in Medak district, Abu Sayeed Mohammed Maqdoom Muhiuddin Qadri was born. The fields, the waters and

the beauty of the countryside found a rhythmic resonance in Maqdoom's

heart. The Telangana woman who is baanki (attractive) and happy in her hut inspired him to write poems.

Most of the poems of his early romantic period are set in the countryside, notably Toor (Mount of Vision), Telangan (Telugu woman),

Jawani (Youth), Yaad Hai (I still remember) and many others from the collection Surq Savera (The Red Dawn).

Telangana continued to haunt his work in various guises and lent to it many of its typical characters and physical imagery.

Raat bhar deeda-e-nam taak me lehrate rahe Saans ki tarha se aap aate rahe jate rahe

All night your image flickered in my tearful eyes All night, you came and went, like my breath.

Maqdoom in his compilation of poetry Bisat-i-Raqs (The Dance Floor)

says that the poet in his creative journey changes himself as he

absorbs the world around him. He travelled a long way from Surq Savera (The Red Dawn) to Bisat-e-Raqs (The Dance Floor), from romantic to

realistic and revolutionary poetry. The images, symbols and metaphors changed from the countryside to an essentially urban repertoire: Toor (The Mount of Vision) to Sipahi (Soldier), Pichle Paher Ke Chand Se (Late Night Moon) to Sannata (Desolation).

He was not alone on his way to revolution. He took the masses with him, the Kayanath (Universe) with him, the Zamana (The Age) with him.

His poetry was not his voice alone, it was the era, the revolutionary period of Hyderabad when the peasant revolt was at its height in Telangana.

Woh ek shaqs tha zamana tha ke deevana bana

He was the man, the world was crazy about.

This is the essential truth of his life. All college students, the school-going boys and girls used to admire Maqdoom ^W the darling of

Hyderabadis. Wherever he went, whomever he talked to, he would infect

them with his joyous nature. He was a teacher at City College, who was a genius and yet simple and modest. In the classroom, the students would not allow him to teach and instead insisted on his reciting his own poetry. As a Communist leader, he had the masses behind him; as a

poet, in a mushaira he had the audience spellbound, who would constantly ask for encores: 'Mukkarrar irshad'.

Maqdoom's pen was his sword but he never fought for himself, and always for others. No house of his own, no property, he lived in the hearts of the people of Telangana.

The beauty of life lies in sharing it with others. He shared the sorrows, the poverty, the problems of his people and used his words and images to express them.

His earlier poetry was conventional in metre and rhyme. Later he changed his style and expressed himself in free verse.

The poet lives in time and space. But moves beyond it to become eternal. With the social change, comes the change in thinking, feeling and emotions. The poet cannot be isolated from society and more so a poet like Maqdoom who served Telangana till his last breath.

A man of brownish complexion, not very tall but very lively, he suddenly died of heart attack on August 25, 1969, when he was in Delhi, away from his people.

All Hyderabadis heard of his death on the radio (no TV then). As he

was brought back, the streets of Hyderabad overflowed with the Telangana public. No political leader, no poet in Hyderabad must have received such affection and adoration from the masses.

Maqdoom rebelled against the Nizam, against landlords, against the Razakars. Here was a poet for the people, of the people. Maqdoom was

the most renowned Hyderabad poet of his time who spent thirty years of his creative life exploring his own vision of man and society through his poems.

His allegories Baaghi and Saagar Ke Kinare were as melodious as his love poems. Chara Gar and Aaj Ki Raat Na Ja, in which one can see the chemistry of love and passion and the heartbeat of lovers is much louder and obvious.

This doesn't mean that there was no dard (pathos) in his work. One cannot conceive of poetry without dard. His poems Sannata (desolation), Martin Luther King, Ehsaas ki Raat (The Night of Feeling), Chup na Raho and his ghazals convey the profound understanding the poet had of the suffering humanity. He carefully made note of the social reality which became the starting point of his quest, his quest for justice and equality.

The tragedy of a farmer's existence or a soldier's sacrifice caused him great anguish. Many poems in the three collections Surq Savera, Gule Tar (Dew-drenched Rose) and Bisat-e-Raqs convey the image of

a poet drunk with the agony and suffering of living. A feeling of revolt rises from his heart as he tries to get rid of this sannata (desolution).

The darkness of night is a recurring image in his poetry. In Raat ke Bara Baje (Midnight) he wanders in the dark of the night and tries to find his way.

But the poet is optimistic, since he knows that he has found truth by dissolving himself totally in reality. For him Waqt was Bedard Masiha (Time, the cruel Messiah):

Qabr se utth ke nikal aaye mulaqat ki shaam

Death comes out of the grave to make it a beautiful evening.

He knew that mundane life offers him nothing and that Ek hum ke aarzo

ka sahara bane rahe, he alone was the hope and yearning of the people.

He knew that it is the destiny of the common man which caused him to

wander, wishing for nothing, abandoning all quest.

He was always longing for a happy life, but in fact this facet is only one of the many sides of the complex prism that made up

Maqdoom's

personality.

And one wonders why poets like Shiv K Kumar (barring a few poems),

Agha Shahid Ali or Hoshang Merchant never thought of translating Maqdoom into English.

RMIM Archive Article "258".

Lyricist Pradeep

Source: India Express (<http://www.expressindia.com>)

Author: Vidyottama Sharma

Forgotten bard turns 83, sings a sad tune
Vidyottama Sharma

MUMBAI, February 5: The man whose words once brought tears to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's eyes and who had the entire nation swaying to his rhythm, today finds himself completely out of tune with the times.

Poet Pradeep, who penned Aye Mere Watan Ke Logon, turns 83 tomorrow, quietly. He lives off the money his daughter brings in because he can't bring himself to write verses that would fit "the tunes given to me."

However, talk about the past and his eyes light up. "I had to write this song (Ai mere watan ke logon)," he reminisces. "It was the time when the Chinese had defeated us and the country's morale was down. But, when on the Republic Day Lata Mangeshkar sang the song, Pradeep had for long kept under wraps, he was not there to receive the praises showered on him. Of course, the prime minister did meet him in Mumbai later in March and was surprised to know that the song his daughter, Indu (Indira Gandhi) used to sing while leading her 'battalion' as a child - Chal Chal Re Naujawan - was also penned by him.

Poet Pradeep (Ramchandra Narayanji Dwivedi) has many more patriotic songs to his credit - . Aao Bachchon Tumhein Dikhaein Jhanki Hindustan Ki..., Hum Laaye Hain Toofan Se Kashti Nikaal Ke., De Dee Hamein Azaadi Bina...' and many more.

Awarded the title Rashtra Kavi last year, he sometimes does feel sad that the government never thought of honouring him with any Padmashree or Padmabhushan.

He says in a nostalgic tone, "There are only three people left of Bombay Talkies I joined on coming to Mumbai. Ashok Kumar who is asthmatic, Anil Biswas who weeps over the changing scenario in the industry. And I who weeps like Anil. It is like my song Pinjare Ke Panchheee, Tera Dard Na Jaane Koye..."

ReVerse - Rehman Verse

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"ReVerse" - Rehman Verse
Lyrical Merit of A R Rahman songs

This post is meant to defend, as the title aptly underscores, the 'lyrical merit' of 'poetry' accompanying ARRehman's music. Secondly, it is meant as a response to Ikram (A. Khan) bhai's "nudge" that I rhetoricize upon the claimed (by me) meaningfulness of Re-'Verse' (Re(hman)Verse).

ReVerse is not necessarily 'backward' verse; the music, of course, is definitely 'forward'.

Take for example, the song 'tanha tanha...', whose picturization may have given many the idea that the song was designed to keep the audience's attention on Urmila and therefore had little or no lyrical content. There is no question that the makers of the film were 'exploiting' Urmila's physique in this song. Yet, the lyrical content of the song is not nil.

It is my claim that the following poem is meaningful; I hope all of you will agree:

Dard-e-tanhae Kisi ghamkhwaar se baantle
Sauda-e-dil zamaane ki tijarat-e-azeem hai

The above lyrics express the same ideas that the following lyrics are trying to say. My point is that the "down-to-earth" quality of Re-Verse should not detract from its meaning.

Tanha tanha yahaN pe jeena, ye koi baat hai
Koi saathi nahiN tera yahaN to, ye koi baat hai
Kisi ko pyaar dede, kisi ka pyaar le le
Is saare zamaane meiN, yehi pyaari baat hai

As another example, consider the following lines, which I claim, and I hope you will agree, are traditionally meaningful:

ZameeN ne ki aasmaaN se,
LehreN ne ki Saahil se Guftguu-e-hub jis tarah
Karde aelaan-e-haal-e-dil,

Chaandni ne chaand se kiya izhar-e-ishq jis tarah

The following ReVerse express the same idea, albeit in a superficially unintellectual way. My point again is that one must attempt to appreciate the gilded nature of ReVerse.

I.e. the outside is not a good representation of the inside.

ZameeN AasmaaN se woh kuch keh rahi hai
LehreN bhi saahil se kuch keh rahe hai
Chaandni bhi chaand se kuch keh rahi hai
Kisi na kisi se koi kuch to keh raha hai
Tu dil ki baat kehde, kehne meiN kya hai

Finally, consider the following unmetrical couplets, which is, IMHO, poetic and meaningful and compare its meaningful content to the content of ReVerse.

VeeraN gulshan-e-chashm ko gulzar banade
Dasht-e-Jigar meiN shehr-e-ulfat banade
Dard-e-raah-e-zindagi sehna saza hai
Intekhaab-e-hamsafar hi ilaaj-e-marz hai

The same concept is expressed in the following ReVerse. I shall reiterate that it is the theme and not the juxtaposition of words that is important (and ReVerse is deficient in the latter category, I will admit)!!

Kisi ka to sapna ho aankhoN meiN tere
Koi dilbar to ho baahoN meiN tere
Koi to bane hamsafar raahoN meiN tere
Ye zindagi to waise ek saza hai
Saath kisi ka ho to aur hi maza hai

Well, I hope I have some ReVerse converts!!

Irfan....who claims that ReVerse is meaningful but, perhaps, not exteriorly 'pretty'.

ABOUT THE COMPILER

Professor Surjit Singh, a diehard movie fanatic, period. He is a retired Theoretical Physicist. He has been watching Hindi movies since 1952, has been collecting Hindi songs, movies and magazines since 1969, and has been writing about these things since 1996. He has had a website since 1999,

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