

THE TEXT OF HIS LETTER AS PUBLISHED IN 'BANDE MATRAM' (Urdu Daily) on
10th April, 1931 – for the first time

“Sardar Bhagat Singh in the eyes of his Martyr Comrade Sukh Dev”

“A highly emotional article written by Sukh Dev from the prison cell of the jail”.

“He” – Sardar Bhagat Singh and “I”

“(Neither) you are mine (nor) I am yours,
- we both are of country's”.

“Following Assembly bomb dropping, and Sardar Bhagat Singh and Mr. Dutt's arrest, within a week police raided Kashmir Building and arrested Mr. Sukh Dev along with his comrades. These gentlemen were shifted to Central Jail, after a few weeks where Mr. Sukh Dev wrote this highly emotional article, which we withheld (from publication) till date, on grounds of practical considerations. Today we present it to our readers for their perusal.” — Editor

The Text

That day's event (Assembly bomb incident – Editor) caused a cataclysm in my life. The whole world began appearing gloomy. The charms of worldly life deserted me and I began saying that no one who's mine survives, what is left behind now is work; there is no belonging or non-belonging in it. (When) I talked (with someone) my mind was roaming elsewhere; I laughed but my laughter was 'smileless'. I remained busy with work, but more like a robot and little like a human. It seemed that what was mine had been taken away from me. Now that is no longer mine. I knew that he had gone as per my wishes; it was no one else but me who had compelled him to go. On these very lines, I tried to convince myself. In fact I had myself seen him going with my own eyes; when he was leaving me, by then he was no longer mine. We both are of country's, of the world. That is why I had told him to go, and he left.

It is now that I realised that he was mine, I am his. I cannot reason with him, nor can I separate him from myself. But he has gone, at a great distance, so distant where I can not reach, nor can he come back.

This worry broke my heart, my mind got lost in search of him, his image began revolving before my eyes, day and night without end. My body became numb, and still. Sitting, standing, moving around all the while I remain absorbed in him. In everything, in every human being, at every place his image would be lingering in my mind sometimes I felt as if he was calling me, I would be stunned. Then, but he would not be found anywhere around. Whatever direction I looked, his handsome face, his dreamy eyes appeared to be whirling in my mind's eye like a mirage.

My Love

I felt it is craziness, may, it was an intoxication, madness, infatuation, yes that is what it was. Truly it was an infatuation deep down my heart, which I understood when I myself landed in police custody. One D.S.P. came to me a few days after my arrest. After a few moments of conversation he told me that he had come from Delhi. “From Delhi”. Hearing these words my heart began instantly sinking. From Delhi! From him! “When”? I asked. “Met him”? “How is he”? “In good health?”

My absolutely inert mind which a few moments back was lying motionless, was instantly overpowered by a flood of emotions and went wild. I started weeping loudly. “He is happy” “Very happy” muttering these words to myself over and over again; oblivious of my own fate, resting my

head on the iron gate I began childishly crying. His intoxicated eyes began lovingly gazing at me. My wailing stopped. I too started wildly staring at him.

After that, the D.S.P. did not tell anything about him to me, nor did I ask him lest it may turn into a public gossip. I began feeling embarrassed but this embarrassment was not the embarrassment of an accused, nor of a coward, but on account of exposure of my temperamental weakness before a stranger; a stranger whom I conceived as my enemy; before that very policeman I wept. What would he be thinking while talking about it. 'Being a man, being a revolutionary, crying in the presence of policemen' was unjustifiable. I ought to have exercised restraint over my feelings. I just blundered.

After that I stopped conversing with policemen. Most of the time I kept laying and remaining engrossed in him. His memory kept on perturbing me. His charming eyes kept on lingering in my mind. I would, involuntarily start weeping, and also I kept on asking myself, "What had, after all happened to me? I had never wept like that". "Was it because of (my own) arrest?" "May it not be that I am a coward!"

Meeting My Mother

After a month of my arrest I was told that my mother was coming to me. I was overjoyed. "Mother, my mother!" these words echoed forth and back in my mind. Side by side many questions started arising in my mind: I began pondering, "What would have been the predicament of that innocent soul in the wake of my arrest? Remembering me, she must have been sobbing, crying these days. Oh! Alas, she never had a moment of respite. Had she not faced enough hazards earlier? My separation must have unhinged her. Have I ever uttered a word of solace to her! Nor did I care to mollify her aggrieved heart. She loves me madly. She tries her utmost to make me happy at any cost. But I always rebuffed her; rebuked her for being selfish though there is not even a trace of selfishness in her. Mother's love! Mother's infatuation! She is ever willing to go through any ordeal to fulfil my desires, for my comforts, for my safety. She never grumbled about my rebukes, my indifference and rude behaviour. Whenever I indulged in such kind of antics, she instantly undid the impact of my undesirable conduct with her tears. Oh! Alas! Why on earth did I stoop to so low in respect of such a large hearted, and so compassionate a Mother! Oh, Heavens! "How terrible would have been her mental agony in the wake of my arrest. How would she be passing her days!"

All this while mothers' image kept reappearing in my mind's eye. It appeared as if she were staring at me, with tear laden eyes and bent head. I felt a sharp pain in my heart and, I lied down on the floor facing the wall whilst resting the head on my elbow.

Mother came in the afternoon. Also with her came Tayaji and Sister. I was (then) standing with my body touching the door. Finding the mother so close to me I began bitterly weeping. Mother was taken aback, so were others. I too noticed their surprise.

But my wailing did not cease. Mother began caressing me, pacifying me. I kept on crying and uttering 'Ma' 'Ma'. Time and again attempts were made to quieten me, but of no avail. Sister tried to signal me to silence by her hands and began saying "Have you gone mad?" Mother said, "Look he is weeping, being so brave, still he weeps".

I became quiet. Sister started talking with me. Mother sat nearby. I did not detect a single drop of tear in her eye. Her face too was not the least sad. She began asking me, how I was. Then the mother said, "*Beta* why did you cry, by thinking about me? I am perfectly alright". "Look! Be strong. It is better to die than turning an approver. Do not let me down". I giggled after some time, they all left.

I could not sleep at night. I felt dizzy. Various kinds of thoughts continued storming my mind. I felt acutely repentant over day's happenings. I realized that a drastic change had occurred within myself. My pitiless heart had become so merciful. Societal outlook had been replaced by individual sentiments. Even if the flame inside me had not got extinguished, its heat had certainly got diminished. Instead, another burning sensation had replaced it, which always keep me glued to itself, which had

rendered my revolutionary self motionless like sea water. The revolutionary within me had withered away.

Again the same picture

Lost in such thoughts, again his picture appeared before me. I began feeling that he was cursing me, trying to shame me. Thinking so, I once again began weeping. Impulsively I cried, "I love you!" I knew he said, "This does not behove a revolutionary. Get rid of it. I did not expect it from you".

My brain became a battlefield of strife of ideas. Reason and sentiments remained at war, all the twenty four hours. I never loved any one. I used to say, "Love is another name of weakness". Today I find myself embroiled in it. It is continuously assaulting me, and I am meekly yielding to its might. I had pledged my life to the cause of revolution. I was proud of being a revolutionary. After all, how this abandonment of logic and reason can be in my interest. But even whilst realizing all this, (my) heart did not agree to give it up. It turned a deaf ear to one and all.

On 27th May, I was sent to jail. All the time I kept lying on the narrow platform (khaddi) in my prison cell. I (always) perceived that somebody is clinging to me, and I am clinging to him. Sometimes I would think of getting away from him, but this idea used to make me nervous. I would try to embrace him tightly, close to my heart. Sometimes I felt as if somebody is forcibly snatching him from me, and is trying to disentangle me from him. Then I would start weeping bitterly. While sobbing I would go to bed with a novel beneath my head. These novels were of Sharat Babu.

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Proceedings of our case started. Again we met. Because of whom, there had been disappointment actually appeared. Pangs of separation were substituted by warmth of the union. Instead of an image, a human figure began to be seen. Instead of an imaginary picture, the real one appeared in person. In place of "him" I got Bhagat Singh. That day it dawned upon me that "he" can never be mine.