



अणयेवाधिकारस्ते

# D E S H

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# D E S H

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**I N D I A**  
**E X P E C T S**  
**E V E R Y O N E**  
**T O D O H I S D U T Y**

*'The price of freedom will have to be paid  
in full measure, and no price is too great  
for the freedom of our people and  
of our Motherland.'*

**Shri Jawahar Lal Nehru :**  
'Call to the Nation'  
22nd October, 1962.

## *Editorial*

WE feel a little nostalgic for those high-spirited and boisterous youngsters who came to us fresh from school and who sometimes relieved the tedium of academic work by their innocent rowdyism. We know that qualifying classes have gone forever and instead of dwelling longer on pleasant and painful memories, we promptly turn our attention to the changed aspects of the situation. Large admission to the Degree Classes ensure the continuation of tradition—furtive looks in the corridor, suppressed laughter in the class-room and loud guffaws in the canteen. This is the poetry of noise, and a testimony to the manifold richness of college life which is as seriously rooted in what we termed “innocent rowdyism” as in serious study. We heartily welcome all those who joined our college this year.

To come to University is to belong to that privileged class of human beings who have helped civilization to endure in its gloomiest phases. For those of us who want to articulate their personalities magazines are a god-send. They help us in finding our voices : they also awaken us to the larger and deeper issues of life which are forever lying about us and which invite commitment at one stage or another of our life. We know we are becoming a little pedantic in saying all this but we shall say it nonetheless. We wish to impress upon our young readers the unforegoable necessity of keeping themselves informed about the larger cultural, political, social and literary questions of the day for which standard magazines whether they are published in this country or England or America are gold-mines of information, thought and opinion. We shall feel very happy if our readers took to the study of first-rate journals which are—at least, some of them, fortunately available in our library.

It is our earnest request that more and more of the talented writers among students of the college turn to 'Desh' and enrich it with their contributions. The quality of a magazine depends on those who write for it. There is no substitute for the brains of writers even in an age in which automata are performing certain mechanical functions very successfully. We know of cases where sheer apathy is responsible for 'Desh' not getting an article to print. We also know of those who have so many pious resolutions but whose thoughts never leave their brains, because the creative will—the will to write—is either completely lacking in them or it is not strong enough to compel them to put their pens to paper. Whatever the reason, the loss to us is great. We hope, however, that these remarks will awaken the dormant potentialities of many a sensitive and talented young person in this college and 'Desh' will benefit greatly by the stirring of new compulsions and by the change of old habits into new : apathy transmuted into inspiration.

We now welcome our readers to proceed further and choose 'delight' or 'instruction' for themselves. We have tried to provide both without being biased in favour of either.

We also take an opportunity to welcome new teachers to our college and hope they will enjoy staying with us. We will also like to turn the thoughts of prospective writers to the next issue of 'Desh'. In saying all this we are not implying our dissatisfaction with the present issue. Flip through its pages and see for yourselves. We are now going to be silent.

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# 'Dignity of Being'

By Shri R. K. Sud

IT may sound not a little too odd to look for Gurudev's ideal of the Universal Man in his plays. The best place for it, as we all know, is in his famous discourses entitled *The Religion of Man*. The statement of his faith is unequivocal but we must not forget that his faith is not the faith of a theologian or even that of a philosopher. It is that of a poet. "My religion," wrote Gurudev in the chapter entitled 'Vision', "is a poet's religion. All that I feel about it is from vision and not from knowledge. Frankly, I acknowledge that I cannot satisfactorily answer any questions about evil, or about what happens after death. Nevertheless, I am sure that there have come moments in my own experience when my soul has touched the infinite and has become intensely conscious of it through the illumination of joy ....." In *Gitanjali* (LXIX) he describes one such spiritual experience :—

"The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world, and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow.

I feel my limbs are glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment."

"Man" according to Gurudev "has the physical universe and his memory to draw upon for knowledge. But he has his other dwelling-place in the realm of inner realization, in the element of an immaterial value. This is the world where from the subterranean soil of his mind his consciousness often, like a seed, unexpectedly sends up sprouts into the heart of a luminous freedom, and the individual is made to realize his truth in the universal Man." This realm of inner realization is defined and located by Gurudev in *Gitanjali* (LXVII) :—

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well. O thou beautiful there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sound and odours.

There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty; silently to crown the earth.

And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

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(As illustrated in Rabindranath Tagore's *Three Plays : Mukta Dhara, Natir Puja and Chandalika* translated by Marjorie Sykes, Oxford Press.)

But there where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form or colour, and never, never a word."

If the vision described above gave Gurudev his faith in the Infinite another vision, equally celebrated, revealed to him the purpose of human existence. This revealed to him the mystery of mysteries : How to live. He put it in his song : 'The Awakening of the Waterfall' :-

"The waterfall, whose spirit lay dormant in its ice-bound isolation was touched by the sun and, bursting in a cataract of freedom, it found its finality in an unending sacrifice, in a continual union with the sea."

The words quoted above are highly significant : 'the spirit lay dormant in its ice-bound isolation'... 'touched by the sun'... 'in a continual union with the sea'... These words, if analysed, mean simply that each individual has a dormant potentiality to rise above his narrow and selfish self and merge himself with the infinite Man : the values which are everlasting in complete disregard of pain, strife, loss or death. The pity, however, is that each one of us cannot be 'touched by the sun', that is, to each one of us the call or the realization does not come. Nevertheless our fortunate brethren, who are blessed with the vision, are not a few. Their number is legion, both in actual life and in literature. I look upon Gurudev's leading characters in *The*

*Three Plays* as embodiments of the supreme realization : of the great ideal of renunciation — the ideal enunciated in the sacred text of the *Isopanishad* : *tena tyaktena bhunjitha*, 'enjoy him through sacrifice' — the sacrifice that comes of love; '*ma gridah*'..... 'covet not'. These characters are Prince Abhijit in the *Mukta-Dhara*, Srimati in the *Natir Puja* and Prakriti in the *Chandalika*.

Gurudev quotes the following lines from Wordsworth and they are most appropriate to the text and the life history of these three characters:-

"We live by admiration, hope and love,  
And ever as these are well and wisely fixed  
In dignity of being we ascend."

Elucidating the theme Gurudev writes : It is for dignity of Being that we aspire through the expansion of our consciousness in a great reality of Man to which we belong. We realize it through admiration and love, through hope that soars beyond the actual, beyond our span of life into the endless time wherein we live the life of all men. This is the infinite perspective of human personality where man finds his religion." He also writes : "The development of intelligence and physical power is equally necessary in animals and men for their purpose of living ; but what is unique in man is the development of his consciousness, which gradually deepens and widens the realization of his mortal being, the perfect, the eternal. It inspires those creations

of his that reveal the divinity in him—which is his humanity—in the varied manifestations of truth, goodness and beauty, in the freedom of activity which is for his ultimate expression.....Man has a feeling that he is truly represented in something which exceeds himself. He is aware that he is not imperfect, but incomplete. He knows that in himself some meaning has yet to be realized. We do not feel the wonder of it, because it seems so natural to us that barbarism in man is not absolute, that its limits are alike the limits of the horizon. The call is deep in his mind — the call of his own inner truth, which is beyond his direct knowledge and analytical logic." This is the faith of Gurudev and the characters referred to above live upto it and act accordingly.

Before we start on the upward journey we must be fully aware of the objective : the symbol or the image, or a living incarnation, In the case of Prince Abhijit it is the voice of freedom of the fettered water of the river, Mukta-Dhara, longing to proceed on its onward course through thirsty and arid deserts to the deep seas beyond. For Srimati, the royal dancer, it is the call of the *Sangha* to offer worship at the altar of the Buddha where the Lord himself had offered prayers. For Prakriti it is her love for Ananda to possess whom she must raise herself than degrade him to her animal-level. These characters, when the call comes, see the symbol loom in front of them and cannot but be attracted towards it. High or low, their glory is that once

they have visualized it they stake all that they have. In losing their lives, if it comes to that, they find dignity of living and being and through their sacrifice or renunciation they establish the dignity of the Universal Man. Our desires are the bane of our life and in renunciation lies our salvation. Gurudev re-iterates his faith in it in the *Gitanjali* (XIV):—

“Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak, uncertain desire.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thunder.”

## II

Prince Abhijit is a founding : the son of a vagrant mother, who has been adopted as the next to the throne by King Ranajit in accordance with the advice of his astrologers who predicted imperial destiny for him. As soon as he came to know that he was not a prince by birth but was left by his real mother on the banks of the Mukta-Dhara he heard in its sounds the voice of the mother. King Ranajit sent him to Shiv-tarai, a province under the King, to act as its Governor. In fact, this was done to keep the Prince away from the Mukta-Dhara. Prince Abhijit identified himself with the freedom-loving and self-respecting people of Shiv-tarai. For the welfare of the Shiv-tarains it was necessary that the waters of the Mukta-Dhara should

## Annual Prize-giving Day

Shri P. N. Kirpal,  
Secretary Education Government  
of India and Chairman,  
Board of Administration  
being conducted to the dais.



Shri P. N. Kirpal delivering  
the Presidential Address.



**Miss Manju Mathur**  
**B. A. Hons. (Maths)**  
Stood first in B.A. Hons (Maths)  
with 660/800 marks.  
Awarded the M. Bholanath Medal,  
the R. B. Brijmohanlal Saheb  
Memorial Medal and the  
Ravi Kanta Devi Medal,

**Prize Snapshot**  
by Damodar Murarka



flow untamed and unrestrained to its fields that lay below the dam by means of which the King sought to enforce political subjection through controlling their means of living. It was equally essential that the hill-passes, the avenues of trade, should be kept open and more roads should be opened to increase prosperity. So the Prince began to see new roads—the symbols of free trade and growing prosperity of the Shiv-tarains—and to hear the ever-haunting voice of the Mukta-Dhara which was artificially held back from flowing to the valley below and onward to the sea. He felt that his Mother was in chains of an oppressor and his people, whom he loved, were being denied their birth-right and God's free bounty. The palace became a prison for him : his breath was choked. He told Rajkumar Sanjaya : "Somewhere or other in the external world, God writes for us the secret mystery of each man's spirit. Mukta-Dhara is his word to me, bearing the secret of my inner being. When her feet were bound in the iron fetters, I was startled out of a dream. I realized the truth—the throne of Uttrakut is the dam which binds my spirit. I have taken the road in order to set it free." He loved life and the peace of Nature but more than these he loved freedom which sweetens life. He opened the Nandi Pass by which food could come freely as he could not bear 'a poverty that depends on charity'. King Ranajit tried all means to dissuade him from his resolve. He exerted force but that just re-enforced the Prince's resolution to set his Mother free. "I must pay my debt,

the debt of my birth. Mukta-Dhara was my nurse. I must set her free," he said to Maharaja Visvajit. He had heard the call; what mattered if the Shiv-tarains had not heard it yet. He must march alone and break the dam in the only weak point it has in its construction. But at what cost? At the cost of his life!

Pulse of thy pulses, heart, He  
comes.  
Throb the drum-beats, throb the  
drums.  
Deep in my being, fierce and fleet,  
Dance His footsteps, dance His  
feet.

Watches the night, in sleepness  
dread.  
From star to star, His terrors  
tread.  
Quiver, O heart, in the pain that  
rends.  
Fetters fall, and bondage ends.

Truly did King Ranajit remark : 'And in her freedom he has found his own.' The Prince laid down his earthly life but gained the life eternal. When one of the Shiv-tarains said : 'We came to seek our Yuvaraja. We shall never find him now'; Dhananjaya, the Vairagi, and the apostle of Non-violence and Satyagrah, remarked : 'Nay, you have found him. He is yours for ever now.' Prince Abhijit's sacrifice of his life for the love of his Mother and his people endeared him to Life Everlasting.

Srimati, the royal dancing-girl, in the play, *Natir-Puja*, is an adorer of the Buddha but little does she know

~~that~~ one day she will be called upon to offer worship at the sacred ~~altar~~—something that was hitherto the prerogative of the royal princesses—in King Bimbisara's palace garden. One fine early morning in spring Upali, a leading Buddhist Bhikshu, called for alms at the palace gates. All the princesses were asleep and Srimati responded to the call for alms. Being a low caste girl she was not privileged to give alms but Upali assured her that he had come that day to ask alms from her and so she need not awaken the princesses. 'What can I give, tell me?' said Srimati. 'Your best gift', replied Upali.

Srimati. What is my best gift?

I do not even know that.

Upali. No, but the grace of the Lord is upon you. He knows.

Srimati. O, Sir, then may He Himself take whatever I have.

Upali. Indeed He will take it, child. He will accept the flowers of your worship. Spring, the King of the seasons, touches the flowering woods—he himself awakens them to sacrifice. For you too the appointed day is at hand. I came to tell you so; you are indeed blessed.

Srimati. I'll await my hour.

Princess Ratnavali's pride was false :  
"There's no dearth of folk to take alms.  
It's the givers who are rare," said she

to Princess Vasavi. Princess Vasavi was right when she remarked : 'No, Ratna, to find one to take the offering' much merit must be earned. Today is lost to us.' This is the text of the Play and the *Nati* is the central figure. She is studied alongside the character of the Queen Mother, Lokesvari, who is lost between her adoration of the Buddha and her womanly longings for her husband, her son and her pride. She fails to realize that to have given away her husband and her son to the holy *Sangha* was not to have lost them but to 'still hold them in the world.' Being a materialist-minded woman she does not appreciate the words of the Bhikshuni : 'One can't measure truth by this world's values, Maharani. Light is golden, but can it be weighed with gold?' Srimati does not waver in her new awakened duty. To her singing is added a new tone, a new witchery of spirit : the delight of being one with the Lord Most Compassionate.

At dead of night, what whisper  
came?

I know not, I.

Was it in waking, was it in  
dream?

I know not, I.

I bend to common tasks of home,  
I wander down the open ways ;  
What secret word that bids me  
come  
Haunts all the traffic of the  
days?

I know not, I.

Fear or triumph or nameless pain?  
 A word that whispers 'Never  
 Again'.  
 Is it in my heart, or the heavens  
 on high?—

I know not, I.

Princess Nanda, moved by the song, told Princess Ratnavali that they went to see the Lord; but the Lord Himself had appeared to Srimati in her own heart. The latter felt it as an insult and demanded from Srimati if she would not contradict it. 'Why should I, Princess', said Srimati. 'If He deigns to set foot in such a heart as mine, is the glory mine, or His?' Being thus touched with the vision divine: she sings:

Have you come to my door, my  
 Lord.

To seek my inmost me?

Call your call today within.  
 For at your call

The hidden flowers come out on  
 the naked branches.  
 At your call

The new dawn comes with a  
 pitcher of light.

The dross is washed from within the human heart for the Lord to step in and reign supreme. The lust for pleasures of the earth is replaced by Joy Effulgent that beams forth from the Beatific vision. Maharani Lokesvari, on the other hand, is all 'for flesh and blood....the unbearable hunger, its intolerable pain—the struggle of our flesh and blood.' The

quest for the peace of the Lotus Feet of the Lord Most Compassionate is to her blinded eyes 'quest for nothingness — their *sunya*.' It is futile to tell her that 'the human child has left your lap and is enthroned as a god in your heart.' No, it is not true. A king's son abandons kingdom and all, at a moment's notice, to cultivate pity for the world... a mother's son gives up his mother to don the yellow garb to be a mother to the poor and the helpless..... a Kshatriya to refuse to wield the sword and pick up the beggar's bowl.... everything topsyturvy. There can be no reason in it and she must hit back with full force and restore things to order. Lokesvari is suffering from delusion: a false vision of earthy glory and greatness in contrast to Srimati's vision of Peace and Bliss.

The Princesses will not tolerate the insult that Srimati, a mere dancing girl, should offer worship at the royal altar in preference to them. Ratnavali manages to secure an order from the king, her brother, that Srimati must dance before the altar... forgetting that it may be a disgrace to the Buddha. Srimati has no option but to obey the command of the king. But she must not disobey the order of the holy *Sangh* either. To her only confidante, Malati, the innocent girl from the village whose lover and brother have turned monks, she says, 'I have got rid of my outward ties, but the more I do so the deeper they hide themselves within.' In response to Malati's request to sing to her a 'song of the road' Srimati sings:



No wonder that those, who see the play. *Natir Puja*, on the stage come away deeply impressed 'by a sense of the majesty of the human spirit which, properly awakened, invests the seemingly ignoble with the divinity of that which it contemplates.' The transmutation of the soul earthy into soul divine through self-surrender to the Lord Most Compassionate—that is the subject of the play.

The play, *Chandalike*, is a play of double awakening of the human soul. The first awakening pales into insignificance in comparison with the second. The first awakens Prakriti, the central figure in the play, to full consciousness of her rights as a woman and a human being, which had been trampled upon and denied to her and her compeers for generations past—the right of equality as a human being. The second awakens her to the realization that no doubt she has the right to give the best of herself to her benefactor, the Bhikshu Ananda, she must not degrade him from the high pedestal of self-denial and self-conquest where he himself sits because of his adoration of the Buddha. This realization she makes at the cost of gruelling experience of the torture to which the magic of her mother subjects Ananda and the ultimate horror of the sight of the passion-dragged and animal-appetite-aroused Ananda, the loathsome and revolting wretch in place of the serene and exalted face with whom she fell in love at the first sound of his words: 'Give me water.' She may have the right to give but Ananda need not accept her. She did not

know that she could have him without possessing him physically; she could have Ananda by surrendering her spirit to him; worship of those whom we adore is higher love than love physical. Suffering and sacrifice of what she thought was the best of herself—in her case her beautiful body—chastened Prakriti. A sadder and a wiser woman ... a woman in full dignity, not a Chandalika any longer, the victim of lustful oppressors, but the queen of herself, looking upwards to spiritual rights. I cannot persuade myself to agree with critics who remark that in Prakriti's renunciation lay no happiness in so far as she was denying herself fulfilment of her passions. I may be wrong but to me Prakriti in the end stands as great as any heroine in a Greek tragedy, in full majesty. A Prakriti in bed with passion-ridden beast of an Ananda would be a sight for the devil to laugh at. I for one cannot think of it, much less brook it.

Prakriti, a Chandal girl, was drawing water from the well on a hot day when Ananda, the chief disciple of the Buddha, who was passing that way, asked for water to drink. Being a Chandal girl, low of caste, she hesitated and told him so. He said, 'It wasn't true. 'If the black clouds of Sravana are dubbed Chandal, what of it? It doesn't change their nature, or destroy the virtue of their water. Don't humiliate yourself; self-humiliation is a sin, worse than self-murder.' These words of Ananda worked like an intoxicant on her mind. For the first time she had heard the words: 'As I am a human being, so also are



spell. As time passes and the moral and spiritual resistance of Ananda breaks he is dragged nearer and nearer the house where Prakriti has prepared a bed for him. She is besieged with terror, flings herself on the ground and says : 'This dust, the dust is your place! O wretched woman, who raised you to bloom for a moment in the light? Fallen in the end into this same dust, you must mingle for all time with this same dust, trampled underfoot by all who travel the road.' Day after day this cry of desire, this burden of her shame, mounts till she finds the fulfilment almost within reach. Her passion for Ananda is suddenly changed into pity—I am tempted to say, into graceful mercy and love,—and she shouts to her mother: 'Mother Mother, stop. Undo the spell, now — at once—undo it. What have you done? O wicked, wicked deed.—better have died. What a sight to see! Where is the light and radiance, the shining purity, the heavenly glow? How worn, how faded, has he come to my door! Bearing his spiritual defeat as a heavy burden, he comes with drooping head . . . Away with all this, away with it! Prakriti, if in truth you are no Chandalini, offer no insult to the heroic. Victory, victory to him.' The spell is withdrawn by the mother not a moment too soon and she dies. Ananda is saved and Prakriti is once again rehabilitated : this time in ever-abiding glory. The moment her passion for Ananda is transmuted into worship, she achieves the full dignity of her personality. To say that 'Prakriti, though chastened and made wise by suffering, has paid a heavy price; for wisdom is not happiness and re-

nunciation is not fulfilment' is, in my opinion, to misread the play. Prakriti is not a heroine after the manner of Lady Chatterley in the novel of D. H. Lawrence. In Tagore's play surrender is fulfilment ; worship is happiness. The concluding lines of Song No. XXVII of the *Gitanjali* have a close bearing upon the situation in this play. Gurudev wrote :—

'Light, oh where is the light ?  
Kindle it with the burning fire of  
desire.' It thunders and the wind  
rushes screaming through the void.  
The night is black as a black  
stone. Let not the hours pass  
by in the dark. *Kindle the lamp  
of love with thy life.*

The last line is another variation of the text : 'Enjoy him through sacrifice that comes of love.'

### III

The *Three Plays* of Rabindranath Tagore are great plays, even though they do not conform to the tenets of tragedy, and are very difficult to stage. When we read them they leave a lasting effect not only on our mind and heart but also on, what for a better and more precise term, we usually call the soul. If after seeing a great Greek or Shakespearean tragedy we feel purged of our excessive emotions of pity and fear and are stronger and braver to face life; after a study of these plays we feel not only stronger and braver but also nobler and prouder of ourselves. We discover ourselves ; purged of its dross the gold within us shines in its natural colour. The

beauty of these plays is that they reveal to us, as if it were in a vision on the screen of inner realization, what our ancient sages and rishis had realized through deep thinking and meditation. Gurudev restores to us the heritage of our great Past and places us on the threshold of a meaningful and purposeful life. Out of the void sounds the clarion call and out of the threatening chaos gleams the Light. We may not readily subscribe to the first half of the text of the *Ishopanishada* :

‘By the Lord enveloped must this  
all be—

whatever moving thing there is in  
the moving world.

but we find salvation and a panacea  
for most of our ills in the second half:

With this renounced, thou mayst  
enjoy.

Covet not the wealth of anyone  
at all.

These plays have a message to deliver; we may heed it or not. It is the same message which the Buddha strove to deliver and which Gandhiji lived by : तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथा मा गृधः which Gurudev has translated as ‘Enjoy Him through sacrifice—the sacrifice that comes of love, Covet not.’ When we have imbibed this truth of truths then alone we shall be ‘in action like a god, and in no false terms, the beauty of the world and the paragon of animals ..briefly, the quintessence of dust.’ So far as Gurudev is concerned the *Three Plays* are in the nature

of a tribute to the greatness of his country and her great thinkers and an acknowledgement of his personal indebtedness to them. His poetry is the direct result of the great Vision that he had—a vision very much like to the sudden revelation that his father, Maharishi Devendranath Tagore, had when the text of a wind-tossed stray leaf from the *Ishopanishada* was read out to him by Pandit Ishwar Chandra Vidyabagish.

It was accordingly that, he wrote in the *Gitanjali* (XXXVIII):—

‘That I want thee, only thee—let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me, day and night are false and empty to the core.’ ... ‘I am here to sing thee songs,’ ... ‘Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs. It was they who led me from door to door, and with them have I felt about me, searching and touching my world. It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever learnt; they showed me secret paths, they brought before my sight many a star on the horizon of my heart. They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain, and, at last, to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?’

Gurudev’s songs were inspired by his consciousness of the Infinite in the finite world and they were dedicated to the Infinite : who, in the words of our ancients, is *Satyam*, *Shivam*, *Sundram* ; that is to say, Truth, Goodness and Beauty. It is, indeed, a pity that in these songs and

poems most of us do not find anything more than soft and lilting melodies. The poet had this fear in his mind when he wrote : ' From the words of the poet men take what meanings please them; yet their last meaning point to Thee.' In order to feel the fulness of joy in reading Gurudev we must share with him his faith:

Isha vasyamidam sarb yat kinch  
jagatyam jagat

for otherwise the corollary, by way of a commandment, loses its meaning :

Ten tyakten bhunjitha ma gridha  
kasya dhanam.

In the words of Gurudev:

We gain when the full price for  
our right to live is paid.

Read in this light the *Three Plays* are a continuation of the theme of his songs and poems, bearing as they do on the truth of truths the adoption and practice of which is bound to make us worthy of God's full acceptance. It is for us to shape our destinies, if we

choose, in the mould of our cultural heritage. If we do that, then alone we appreciate the greatness of Gurudev's writings. It has all along been the privilege of Gurus to guide their disciples to the summit of Truth through shoals and pitfalls that beset the meandering paths. But it is a prerequisite that the disciples have faith not only in the worthiness of the objective to be reached but also in the trustworthiness of the Guru. We do not lack knowledge, resources and even the will; what we lamentably lack is reverence. Tennyson, how so ever we may decry him today, spoke like a prophet when he said :

Let knowledge grow from more to  
more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell:  
That mind and soul, according  
well,

May make one music as before,  
But vaster.....

We must revere Gurudev if we wish to enjoy reading him and benefit by what he says, He was a Poet-Seer blest.

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'There is no higher religion than human service. We are all on this earth with the same mission in life. The general welfare of mankind is the trust of white man and black, rich or poor, Christian or Jew, Mahommedan and Hindu.....living with all one's soul, with all one's goodness and righteousness.'

—Albert Einstein

# Students and Politics

*By Goutam Banerjee, B.Sc. II year.*

**T**HERE are people who would prescribe studying as the only pursuit of students. They are vociferous in their denunciation of students participating in political affairs. It is no doubt a pleasure to imagine a student as a devout devotee in the temple of learning worshipping none other than the Goddess of Learning. But this is neither practical nor is it as it should be.

What is education? Education is the process whereby the journey of the students from the educational institution to the society at large is made smooth and as such every educational institution is or at least should be, a society in miniature. The teachers are to impart to the students the best experiences, the ideals, and aspirations of the age. This education can not be divorced from society. Similarly politics is a social science, a science of the State; it cannot but be included within the students' curricula of studies. A total lack of knowledge of politics will leave one's education sadly incomplete. Particularly in democratic countries where politics is in the very air we breathe, and where the students of today are not only the citizens of tomorrow but also the future rulers of the country: the study of politics should be a must with every student.

But how far should a student dive

in politics? An academic knowledge of the subject is easily agreed to by all. In fact, politics is a subject of study in our schools and colleges,

But should a student participate in party politics? This is a vexed question. Many Indian leaders who openly urged students in the pre-independence days to fight the struggle for freedom, now want them to remain engaged only with their scholastic pursuits. With some leaders, again politics among students is the inevitable scapegoat for every manifestation of student unrest. Whatever may be the causes of the recent student disturbances at the Lucknow, and Allahabad Universities, there is no gainsaying the fact that many college unions are run on party lines and many students are victims of the baneful influence cast by political parties.

The immature age and the inexperience of students make them the most easily impressionable members of the society. So if a student becomes a member of a political party he is almost sure to be influenced by the personality and clever speeches of the party leaders. He will most probably become a blind standard-bearer of the party bosses. This will stunt his mental development and cramp his capacity for original and independent thinking. This is as bad as can be. To

lose one's capacity for independent thinking is perhaps the worst calamity that can befall a promising intellectual. But this is what very often happens. It is a common, though sad, sight to see. Classmates who might have been staunch friends, are seen indulging in obstreperous and even insolent outbursts of temper, in fanatical support of their respective party interests. Moreover, party membership is bound to impede the students' all-round educational progress.

Thus to be innocent of politics is as bad for a student as to be a member of a political party. The golden mean, for the students, therefore, is to make a thorough study of politics without being tethered to any particular political party. Let the students study the political structure of the country, the different ideologies and methods of work of the different political parties of the country, the diverse political ideals of the world and the great political issues and events of both home and abroad. At least in a democratic country, every political party has to publish its objectives and methods and has to try to win public support for the same. So it is not difficult for a student to acquaint himself with the major currents and cross-currents of the country at a safe distance from the fire of actual party-politics.

The political parties of the country should also regard the students as a sacred trust and mutually agree not to requisition their services for their narrow needs. The political leaders,

as the political educators of the masses as well as of the students, should maintain a high level of political decorum and honesty in their actions, speeches and writings. Uproarious scenes in legislative assemblies or strong invectives hurled against one another by politicians are no good lessons to the students of politics. If possible, they should invite students to attend their party meetings as neutral learners. They should drive it home to the students that the practical application of politics is but practical patriotism and humanitarianism. Students should attend public meetings organized by political parties of the country as well as the discussions in the legislative assemblies and parliament. Needless to add they should read various journals as supplements to their texts.

The college unions should be revitalized. Along with emphasis on athletics, cultural discussions and constructive social work the unions should organize lively debates wherein they should make thread-bare analysis of the current political issues of the country and the professors, who at least as professors, must be above party-politics, should help them see the light of truth in the light of the best interests of the country as a whole.

Let the students be earnest students of politics, but not politicians. They will have in their future life enough time and scope to choose the party after their heart.

## Political Science Association



Dr. A. Appadorai,  
Director, Indian School of International Studies,  
delivering his address on 'Democracy in India'.

## The College Union



Dr. S. N. Varma,  
Staff Adviser Delhi University Students' Union,  
inaugurating the College Union for 1962-63.

# Chemistry and the Community

*By Harmone S. Paul, B.Sc. 1 year.*

**T**HE central feature of scientific method is 'APPEAL TO EXPERIMENT'. 'TRY IT' is the guiding principle. The application of scientific method in business life, the correlation of facts, the way of thinking in terms of ascertained realities, the receptivity for new ideas and new results and the habits of facing difficulties in a straightforward manner, in realizing that mistakes have been made and their rectification before it is too late—all these are features which are well emphasized in a scientific training. In experimental science the sharpening of the powers of observation is of the first importance. Every thing which can be learnt from an experiment should be noticed and no detail should be lost sight of. In the preparation of a gas, for example, it is not sufficient merely to put the materials together and collect the gas; every change which occurs, alterations of colours, the rapidity with which the change takes place, any products which are not the one intended, all these are important and must be seen by the manipulator. A chemist has a genuine interest in the materials he chooses. It has been said that every one of the numerous white precipitates known to the chemist has some quality or qualities peculiar to itself which should be recognised by those who have once fully studied it, and the chemist Leibig was able to recognise substances by their appearances alone

with such certainty that he was not even misled by the results of analysis of impure specimens.

From time immemorial, chemistry has helped to improve and ameliorate the life of man in many ways e.g. manufacture of pottery and porcelain, tanning, the manufacture of soap, paper, perfumes etc.—all are obtained by chemical processes. Although enough has been done towards the development of chemistry, yet the study of chemistry should go on so that new discoveries may be made and new applications of old discoveries found.

The pursuit of science for the sake of advancing knowledge has absorbed the lives of many famous chemists. "The mechanical and chemical manufacturer has rarely discovered anything" said Davy in 1829. "He has merely applied what the philosopher has made known, he has merely worked upon the materials furnished to him." It is true that the transition from the laboratory experiments to the industrial plants or installation (by which alone the discoveries of science can be made for service to the community), involves the application of great skill and patience and often the expenditure of large sums of money; but without the preliminary efforts of scientific discoveries, these qualities would generally have nothing to work upon; and little or no progress would be

made. Big business usually arises from a little exhibition of genius in another place, and very often the scientific investigator, who has made possible great and lucrative industrial undertakings, has died in poverty.

In some cases the results of improper exploitation of scientific discoveries have been harmful e.g. the adulteration of goods, and the fraudulent replacement of more expensive materials by inferior imitations, etc. which the advance of chemistry has made possible, call for constant vigilance and control by skilled chemists. Most of the large industries should employ chemists to test the purity of the materials they buy and the products they sell and later these products in turn should be subjected to vigorous examinations by the purchasers, chemists or by analysts in the public services.

The application of chemistry in the detection of crime is well known to readers of fiction. Similarly the examination of documents for forgery calls for the use of chemical methods. Apart from its direct use in life, Chemistry has an important scientific educative value also. Very few students of this science become chemists, yet the study of the subject is essentially the study in scientific

method, which cannot fail to be reliable in other walks of life.

Chemistry forms part of that great collection of studies of nature which we call science.\* Its pursuit is associated with other sciences in many ways. The Chemist must know something of Physics, and the Botanist something of Chemistry. As time goes on, the boundaries that separated sciences from one another are becoming indistinct, and it is seen that the study of nature cannot be marked off into sharply defined categories. For example, a topic like electrolysis can be learnt both in Physics and Chemistry.

To sum up, Chemistry has served mankind in numerous ways and its advances have improved the lot of mankind immeasurably. But there is still a great deal that the Chemist can do by undertaking painstaking research and by devising techniques of ever new correlation between the academic aspects of the subject and the utilitarian aspects, of those commodities of daily use which are essential to support life. Chemistry could thus help to bring about the consumers' paradise in those products, at least with which it has indispensable dealings and to seek to perfect which the Chemist ever dedicates himself to new goals of achievement.

\*"To the natural philosopher, to whom the whole extent of nature belongs, all the individual branches of science constitute the links of an endless chain, from which not one can be detached without destroying the harmony of the whole."

—Friedrich Schoeder

# COSMIC RAYS

*By Shri V. N. Pasricha*

**T**HOUSANDS of particles pierce us every second. They come originally from outer space travelling at fantastic speeds. Nothing much is known about their origin. The phenomenon has been taking place since countless millions of years. These particles seem to be accelerated by huge electromagnetic fields existing in interstellar space. They are material particles travelling in incessant streams and are given the name of cosmic rays. A part of them come to us from the sun, a part from the bursting of supernova stars, and may be from other parts of our own galaxy. There is nothing unusual about the particles constituting cosmic-rays. Mostly they are the atomic nuclei of hydrogen and helium (protons and alpha particles). Nearly ten per cent of the particles consist of atomic nuclei of heavier elements like lithium, nitrogen and iron.

When these primary particles enter the earth's atmosphere many interesting phenomena take place. These particles interact with the nuclei of the elements of air and give rise to various new particles called secondary cosmic rays. Physicists all over the world have been studying these reactions with great interest. In the laboratories nuclei of various atoms are speeded up to cosmic velocities and made to interact with other nuclei. A large number of new par-

ticles have thus been discovered. These researches are likely to throw a lot of light on the origin and evolution of the universe and on the fundamental properties of matter of which the universe is composed. Huge accelerators have been designed to drive particles at velocities upto 35 thousand million electron-volts. In cosmic streams the particles met with may, however, possess energy hundreds of millions of times greater than that obtained in the laboratory accelerators.

The fastest of these particles, velocities comparable to that of light, are neither affected by the earth's magnetic field nor by the thickness of atmosphere. Penetrating the atmosphere as a bullet penetrates a sheet of paper they reach the depths of the earth. Comparatively slower particles collide with nuclei of gases making up the atmosphere. In this process they lose their energy which is transferred to the nuclei mentioned. These nuclei may explode giving tremendous velocities to their constituents (protons and neutrons) which may further collide with other nuclei causing their breakdown too. Such a process is called a cascade process. The new particles formed are like an avalanche, constantly increasing in number till they reach the earth's surface. The intensity of these secondary rays is such that one particle

per second passes through every square centimeter at sea-level.

Particles possessing relatively low energy (less than 80 thousand millions electron volts) are deviated from their straight-line flight due to earth's magnetism. They are thus trapped in the terrestrial magnetic field at a considerable distance above the earth's atmospheric layer and revolve round the earth in a spiral path. They are reflected like light waves from a mirror, at the polar areas where magnetic field is stronger and make millions of journeys back and forth from pole to pole. Two belts of fast moving particles were recently discovered to encircle the earth, one at a height of 600 to 5,000 kilometers from the earth's surface and the other at about 12,000 to 60,000 kilometers. They were called the inner and outer radiation belts. The outer belt consists mainly of electrons and the inner of protons. These belts are responsible for phenomena like Aurora Borealis and radio interference.

The knowledge of cosmic rays is very essential for space travel. We are shielded from primary cosmic rays by our atmosphere. What the fate of a space ship will be if exposed to these radiations for a long time is not known. Man has not yet crossed the above mentioned intense radiation belts. There is a great danger of radiation disease in the venture. It is, however, easier to go cut in space taking off from the poles where a gap exists in each radiation belt. Even in space, a rocket might come across a concentration of high energy-

charged particles though usually it appears that radiation level is below danger point in space.

On our earth we are, however, concerned more with the secondary cosmic ray particles and a large number of nuclear reactions involved. A brief description of a number of elementary particles follows

*Electron* is a stable and familiar particle. The mass of an electron will be taken as unity in describing the masses of other particles

*Xi-Meson* (both positive and negative) has a mass of 2585. It is an unstable particle with mean life of  $10^{-10}$  seconds. It decays into a Lambda meson and a pion.

*Lambda meson* has mass 2182 and mean life  $2.7 \times 10^{-10}$  seconds. It can decay into a proton and neutron.

*Sigma Meson* has mass 2330, life  $10^{-10}$  seconds and decays into a neutron and pion. It is both positive and negative

*Tau Meson* has mass 966.5 and mean life  $10^{-8}$  sec. It is both positive and negative and decays into two neutral pions and one charged pion.

*Theta Meson* has mass 965 and life  $10^{-10}$  seconds. It is neutral and can decay either into neutral pions or into one positive and one negative pion.

*Pi Meson or Pion* has mass 273.2 and is either positively or negatively charged. Its life is  $2.6 \times 10^{-8}$  sec. and

it decays into Mu meson and a neutrino. There is also a neutral pion of mass 206.7 and life  $10^{-16}$  sec. and it decays into two photons.

~~Mass of Mu Meson~~ has mass 206.7 and life  $2.2 \cdot 10^{-8}$  sec. It is both positively and negatively charged. It de-

cays into two neutrinos and one electron (or positron)

Neutrino is a stable particle with no mass.

Photon is the particle of light (also called gamma ray)

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## Don't Read Please

*By K. K. Jain, B. A. Econs. (Hons) 1st year*

~~Though you have read the title of this passage, yet you are reading it and doing just the opposite of what the title says. You will find nothing in this passage and will rather, repent afterwards. It is better not to go through it as it contains nothing which is worth reading. I am surprised that you have read all the passage without caring for what I am saying again and again. Rather you are not believing me and are thinking that it might contain something in the next few lines.~~

But I assure you that it contains nothing. Oh! you want to go on reading it. I request you to stop reading. In spite of my warnings you have read so far.

Rather you will not stop reading till it comes to an end. O.K. go on reading, I shall stop writing.

Now, my friends, tell me what you have read in this passage. You ignored a good piece of advice. Don't blame me. You can't.

# The People Next Door

*By Vijay Lakshmi Rajan, Pre-Medical II year*

BANG! CRASH!!

"An earthquake?"

"No!"

"A thunderclap?"

"Wrong again!"

"Then what on earth?"

Father calmly looked up from his newspaper.

"G'h! You mean that noise? Its nothing, just the people next door."

Having recovered from my initial shock, I went out to investigate, wondering how such a deafening crash could be fabricated by human hands.

A most unusual scene met my eyes. In the middle of the lawn, one of the drawing room curtains lay in a heap, while two laughing boys and a dog, barking its head off, emerged from its folds.

"What's the matter, is any one hurt?" I asked in concern.

"Oh dear, no!" one of them—the quintessence of mischief—hastened to explain, "we were playing a Red Indian war game, and over wigwam collapsed!"

"But, won't your mother get angry for spoiling her curtain?"

"Of course not," they cried in unison, "She likes us to enjoy ourselves."

I marvelled at their mother's complacency, who did not bat an eye-lid, even when her best curtain was being ruined by her boisterous children and I made up my mind to know more about her.

Consequently, two days later, under pretext of borrowing a book, I went to their house. As I gingerly knocked at the door, I was startled by a raucous voice behind me—

"Reach for the sky, lady!"

On turning round, I perceived two masked boys (whom I later recognised as the Red Indian braves I had met the other day), jabbing toy pistols in my back—that, I later learnt, was their ceremonial way of welcoming strangers.!

The family next door, is certainly unique—the father is a quiet, subdued man, who hardly ever looks up from his books and the mother, a jolly, lovable character, who untiringly tries out all sorts of new recipes, to the consternation of her long-suffering husband, and to the extreme satisfaction of the dog, who gets a regular supply of 'goodies' to eat—the results of a series of unsuccessful experiments.

The eldest son, a student at the university and a passionate lover of science, remains shut up for hours on end in his "laboratory", bravely carrying out a long line of experiments, which finally culminate in ear-splitting explosions.

The elder daughter, too, proves to be an interesting character—her greatest sorrow on earth is her snub nose, which even after any amount of pinching and pulling; refuses to be transformed into a long and slender Grecian one. (Once, she even tried to lengthen it by keeping a clothes-pin stuck on the end of her nose, but in vain!). However, she drowns her grief by drawing pages and pages of faces, with the loveliest of Roman noses.

Last, but by no means the least, come the two incorrigible boys, who, together with their dog, form the

troublesome Trio, and are never out of mischief. Their chief delight lies in frightening their sister to hysterics by displaying their never-ending collection of newts, tadpoles, lizards, mice and cockroaches. They have a very fertile imagination and deem themselves cowboys, Red Indians, bandits, gangsters, all rolled into one.

Nevertheless, in spite of all their idiosyncrasies, the family next door is extremely lovable and affectionate, and you would certainly enjoy their company, if you don't mind being woken up in the middle of the night by a terrific explosion, coming from the 'laboratory', or being startled out of your wits by a cracker mysteriously exploding behind your chair, just when you are peacefully enjoying a book in the garden; or the loss of your best begonias by the boys' uprooting them to see what they look like under the ground!

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## Gagarin To The Moon

*By Arun Madan, B.A. Eng. (Hons) II year*

Enough of thy pride, oh, my dearest moon  
I'll be thy master, later or soon.  
Silvery thy countenance, cool thy light,  
To conquer thee is a job of might.  
For ages thou hast been miles away,  
Science will bring thee within my sway.  
Fear not! for I shall conquer thee,  
Thou art a thing of heavenly beauty.  
Is thy conquest for good or ill?  
I know not, but I love thee still.  
My Rocket shall touch thy silvery edge  
And that, my mistress, is my pledge.

# Questions and Answers in General Knowledge

By Lalit Mohan Joshi, Pre-Med. 1st year

**What is an Atomic-Reactor. ?**

**I**T serves as a huge furnace where nuclear fission (breaking up into parts) takes place producing a huge amount of energy which is now being utilized for constructive purposes. The Govt. of India have got an Atomic Reactor from the Canadian Government at a cost of Rs. nine crores and it has been installed at TROM-BAY. Recently it has been put into reaction.

**Does electricity in the body affect a watch on the wrist?**

There is no proof that electricity in the body can affect the watch on the wrist. If you are one of those who are proud of your personal magnetism and say that you cannot wear watches because of the electricity in your body, you are likely to have your pet theory debunked. (The popularity of this idea irritated the Swiss watch-makers so much that they recently carried out an investigation into the possibility of personal magnetism affecting the functioning of a good watch. Their findings prove that although certain watch-parts do generate currents which move in a magnetic field "the magnetic field produced by human body is 2500 times weaker than that of the earth, which can influence the running of a

watch by a few tenths of a second a day at the most."

**Can a boy be born within a boy ?**

An eleven-ounce embryo, with arms and legs, hair and teeth, was removed from the body of a nine year old Japanese boy at the medical section of the Nagasaki University in Japan.

The male embryo was the identical twin of the boy himself. It is believed that the embryo must have entered the boy's body during his mother's pregnancy.

**Can a person shiver without cold ?**

A sudden onset of cold weather with rising barometer and rain-clouds produces the condition generally known as damp cold. We feel cold and do not like it at all, although it is not really cold. But windless cold weather with dry crisp air people generally find delightful, especially out of doors, although it is a trifle-cold indoors if there is no good heating.

**Can soybeans provide meals for the million ?**

Dr. Clifford Clinton has prepared one-cent meal for the millions from Soybeans. He has already provided more than 45,000,000, meals of mul-

## Tagore Birth Centenary Celebrations



Miss Purnima Chatterjee  
in a dance from Tagore's play :  
"Chitrangada"

Mrs. Shanti Kabir  
garlanding the portrait of  
Gurudev



## Staff Extension Lectures 1961-62



Shri Brij Krishna Chandiwala  
addressing the Staff on the  
Life and Methods of Gandhiji.

Prof. Dilip Kumar Sanyal garlanding the  
portrait of Gurudev in the Staff Room.



multi-purpose food in 102 countries. It consists of high protein and vitamin content. He has founded the Meal for Millions Foundation with headquarters in Los Angeles. Iraq is experimenting whether surplus dates and sesame seeds can be converted into cheap meals. Researchers are using fish in the Phillipines, sesame seeds in Mexico and coconut in the south-Pacific to investigate their value as multi-purpose food.

### **Can a watch spring revitalize a dying heart ?**

A watch spring, the size of a farthing, has saved an American mother of 5 children who was told eighteen months to live. Mrs. Mobel-Streeter had the spring inserted to act as a valve for her failing heart. The surgeons responsible, Dr. James H. Wibble, Dr. Lyle F. Jacobson, Dr. Prescott Jordon and Dr. Charles, G. Johnston, announced the result of their experiment at a Detroit press conference. The doctors had used such valves on dogs in experiments but never before on a human being. The spring had to be non-corrosive so that it would not stick, fine enough so that it would not obstruct flow of blood and elastic enough to carry out its work.

### **How fat a woman can grow ?**

The most burdened woman in the world must have been Mrs. Ruth Pontico of (TAMNA) Florida, who weighed 55 stones. As she was only 5'6" tall, every foot of her body weighed on the average ten stones.

### **Need a seven year old child shave daily ?**

There are cases on record of a quite incredible strength accompanying great height in early childhood. One such case was of Robert Duke, an Australian. At birth he was perfectly normal, but his rate of development was astonishing. At seven years of age he had to be shaved daily to keep in control his luxuriant growth of beard, and at eight he was lifting bags of cement with ease. His father was 6' tall and strong in proportion, but the boy was only twelve when he surpassed his father's strength.

### **Do bees know Trignometry ?**

The bees translate distances into a number of wagging movements. The ratio is obviously not a simple arithmetical one. It is difficult to measure the movement precisely. The frequency of the movement is too high for the human eye. The bee's command of trignometry is really amazing. Long paths with numerous wagging mean short distances and vice versa. Thus the bee's numerical system is in contrast to the human system in which large numbers mean larger distances and vice versa. The bee system, as discovered by VON FRISCH is perfectly amazing.

Henry Fabre became interested in Latin so that he might be able to study the epics of Virgil for the "exquisite details concerning the Bee, the Cicada, the Turtle-dove, the Crow, the Nanny-goat, and the Golden Broom."

**Is Botany more important than Mathematics ?**

Moquin-Tandon, a famous botanist, said, "Leave your mathematics, no one will take least interest in your formulae. Get to the beast, the plant, and if, as I believe, the fever burns in your veins, you will find men to listen to you."

**Why does a dog hang out its tongue when it is hot ?**

The tongue is covered with saliva. When the dog hangs out its tongue, the saliva evaporates. In so doing it requires heat which is supplied by the tongue. In this way the dog feels a cooling effect.

**What is the charm of Physics ?**

In the dark days of war Madame Curie heartened her pupils by telling them that "it is the charm of Physics that forlorn hopes are always coming off."

**How to drive a car in a thunderstorm ?**

Safety experts say that you are safe in a car if you keep moving slowly. Do not hurry, even if by doing so you may get to safety quickly. The current of air which is set up by a fast moving car has been known to attract electricity.

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"To imagine we can build a great new civilization on lying, stealing and murder, even if done for the State, as some would have us believe, is foolish thinking, and as impossible of lasting success as trying to build on bog or sand. The end will be ruin however fair it looks to start with. Truth and wisdom are the only lasting foundations on which to build, nationally or individually, with any hope of success, and let us add the love of freedom to cement the whole together, and we shall all be able to rejoice at the result."

Lionel Fielding : *The Natural Bent*

# THE LOVING SPIRIT

*By Sujata Varma B.A. (Hons.) Eng. II year,*

WITH her elbows on the railings Shari leaned out to have a better view of the night sky. Smoothing back a rebellious curl once again from her forehead she breathed in the cool fragrant air. There was no moon. Yet it was a wonderful night. The scattered stars were shining brilliantly against their blue background. How skilfully they weave patterns in the sky, Shari wondered. Could she recognize any of those constellations? Her mind flitted back to one of the incidents of the day.

Out in the college compound the girls were having a heart-to-heart talk among themselves. Each one was proudly disclosing about her own 'special ones'. Shari's curious eyes were looking from one face to another and she was caught unaware by one of them.

'Come on Shari, Out with it. We won't snatch him away from you'.

The creeping crimson in her cheeks and the quick confused flutter of her lashes sent the girls into a fit of laughter.

'Oh, our poor little Shari with her drooping head and down cast eyes!'

I bet; Shari would fall for my Granny's belief. She says if you can identify ten stars and you succeed in spotting them regularly for ten days

you would have the vision of your future husband in your dreams.

'Why don't you try it Shari?' Another suggested. The girls again broke into laughter and there was a chorus of approval.

Shari knew very well that her friends meant it merely as a joke. But now as she stood in her balcony gazing at the starlit sky an amusing idea crossed her mind. There was no harm if she took up the suggestion and tried it out? Her eyes lit up with a mischievous glint, Shari admitted that the old woman's notion was far from truth. It would be absurd for a modern girl to have fallen for such superstitions. But Shari had been strange all through her life. That very evening she had heard her mother revealing to one of her guests how silly her second daughter was. "Even as a child of four she had sat up one rainy night, shedding tears for the Jack tree which stood in the courtyard. She was afraid that the big old tree would catch a very bad cold!" Shari knew she had not much changed from the sensitive sentimental child.

The Southern Cross, The Great Bear, Orians' Belt—her eyes wandered from one to another. Going back to bed she sat hugging her knees and thought how absurd she was.

Every day with the break of dawn she checked herself and resolved to put an end to the silly business. But as night fell she was drawn out by some inner urge and, like an excited child, looked out for the stars.

Shari opened her eyes at the sounding of the conchshells in the nearby temple. For a moment she lay there staring blankly at the strange face before her. But illumination flooded her soon. In no time she realised that this was the last day of her ritual and she was lying there face to face with her hero. Was she dreaming? She gave herself a pinch, rubbed her eyes and looked again. No. .... She was wide awake and the smiling face was still there, a dark, handsome face with wavy hair, thick eyebrows and thin lips curving into a smile. Oh, those eyes were now looking mischievously into her own.

As she was running the tap in the bathroom she listened to the murmuring sounds outside. The scraps of the song which she was singing had reached Shobha—her sister. Shobha, who had never heard her elder sister singing aloud was making an exclamation of surprise to the maid. Well, what did Shobha know of the metamorphosis her sister had undergone? The strange face which had greeted her in the morning had changed her a lot. She was happy beyond words and she knew that behind all her joys there was that loving face. She had no doubt that the force which had inspired her to sing that morning would help her in tearing away the

mask of shyness under which she had hidden herself so long.

Shari, who never had a real friend in her life found it heavenly to come back in the evenings to a sympathetic understanding companion. His eyes spoke for him and she was content. Even when she sat late in the night to study he had not failed to be there before her. With that tender look he had tried to pour confidence and courage into her. Yet as she came out of the examination hall Shari burst into tears. Her parents were in no mood to console her and even Shobha refused to show any sympathy towards her.

'You are really a disgrace to us. Your elder sister had first rank and even Shobha comes first in her class. And you—I wonder if you would even get through'. Her mother accused her.

For hours together Shari wept with her head buried in her pillow. She was a disgrace to the family, a nuisance to every one and now she was going to fail. .... She would be a forlorn, forsaken figure in this wide world and nobody would care for her.

Oh! But how could she be so blind? How could she ever forget *him*? She cursed herself to have brought that injured look to his face. She might fail. The world might laugh at her. But she was sure, he would welcome her always. She knew, she was not very ambitious. All she wished to have was a sweet home and he would certainly give her that.

What more did she want? She could not help smiling through her tears.

Shari was a little surprised when her results came out. She had passed, but of course in third division. That evening she was in the garden when she heard her mother talking to her father. "She is such a difficult child. Always day-dreaming—so sensitive. It would be really better if she gets married".

'So you think we should pack her off,' father laughed. In that case I would ask them to come and see her tomorrow itself."

Shari felt that the earth would give way under her feet. Her heart was beating fast. With streaming eyes she ran to her room. What did they mean? Was she going to get married? But how could she banish that loving face from her mind? How could she break away from him? Oh! she knew she could not and she should not.

Next day she was called into her mother's room. Wrapping her up in a new sari she was telling her daughter how she should behave before the guests. She was to look very modest. 'I don't mind if you would look up for a moment to steal a glance of your future husband', her mother teased. 'But, mother, I don't wish to get married', she protested and her eyes were full of tears. Brushing away her refusals her mother put a loaded tray into her hands and she was gently pushed into the drawing room. Silence fell as she entered the room. With faltering foot-steps she reached the table and carefully set the

tray on it. 'This is my daughter', she heard her father as if in a dream. She hastily walked back with her eyes still downcast. She was sure she had made a fool of herself. They would take her to be a country mouse who could not bring herself to look up and greet them. Let them think what they chose. She did not want to impress them. Ignoring Shobha's enquiring look she strode past and shut herself up in her room.

Later Shari approached her mother. 'Please don't fix up any thing, mother! I simply don't want to get married'. She raised her imploring eyes towards her mother. Amidst the heaps of flowers mother was sitting with a half-done garland. Brushing away the delicate rose petals from her sari she got up and walked towards her daughter.

Touched by the pale, pained look of Shari, she suddenly put a loving arm around her. 'Tell me, child, do you have any one else in your mind?' The gentleness of the voice almost tore her heart. 'No..... no'—She stammered. How could she tell her mother that she had fallen in love with the vision of a handsome face and she could not break herself away from him? If she would admit this to her mother she would only be more worried about her daughter's state of mind and would get her married straightaway. Shari knew there was no point in arguing with her.

'Your father and I are your well-wishers. We are only aiming at your happiness.' Her mother was ending her long sermon.

Only a few days more were left for the wedding. Shari's elder sister had come with her family to give a hand in the preparations. She and father were making a final list of the guests. Mother was busy polishing some old jewellery. Shobha was hanging around Shari with a snap-shot of her would be brother-in-law. She was making a desperate attempt to draw Shari's attention. But Shari wouldn't look at the photograph. She was not yet prepared to come to terms with reality. Why should she shatter her dream? Why shouldn't she cling to that 'smiling face' as long as she could?

At last the fateful day dawned. Shari stood that morning, in the temple with folded hands before the image of God. She knew that this was the most significant day in her life and she ought to be cheerful. Her life was going to take a new turn and she was there to seek blessings from God lest she should stumble, lest she should falter in the long journey of life. But her thoughts did not fly—not even fleetingly—to the young man with whom she would enter into an eternal bond within two hours' time. Was she being disloyal to her future husband? If so, may God forgive her!

Though the young bride, clad in golden silk, loaded with jewellery; decked with flowers looked alluring, yet the look of gloominess could not be concealed.

'Leaving her parents and home for good! Naturally, she is sad'. As she was being led to the bridegroom she heard someone muttering. Shari

could have given a blow to that understanding guy. Couldn't he unfold his sympathetic tongue elsewhere?

The drums and the melodious 'Shehnai, welcomed her. The jasmine flowers, the burning incense, the sandal-wood paste, all perfumed the air.

As she was ordered she sat down beside the bridegroom with her head bowed. A garland was passed on to her and her hands went up with it. She raised her head slowly to his face—a fair face, a big moustache trying in vain to hide the protruding teeth and very straight hair! How very different from the dream!! Oh! But his eyes held the very glitter those loving eyes had. The tender love and admiration which endeared that face to her was so much like that of her idol. In that instant she knew that she was going to be happy.

Her fancy just painted a face. The features of the face formed only a background. Her sensitive heart had sought the loving spirit which lay behind that face. She was only in pursuit of love and that was there, a rested in the eyes of her bridegroom too. Now she was sure that everything was going to be all right for her (Sharada! Have you gone off your head? Brides are not supposed to stare like this. Put down your head at once." It was her aunt.

How long had she been staring? She blushed a bright scarlet in confusion and looked all the more lovely. She lowered her eyes quickly and there was a smile of joy hovering around her lips.

# Foot-wear—A Historical Review

*By Narendra Sharma B.A. History (Hons) 1st year.*

So much has been written on eyes, cheeks and lips that the humble feet have escaped the attention of the poets and writers. The very mention of footwear comes as a shock to the people of cultivated sensitivity. It seems strange and (to tell the truth, somewhat ridiculous too) that anyone should consider a paltry, mean, low and utilitarian thing like foot-wear to be a worthy subject for thought. Yet, once you start thinking about it, you discover with a start what a wealth of speculation foot-wear can provide. You go into its history and you find the entire story of civilization unfolding itself before your eyes. Consider the various materials of which the foot-wear can be, has been and is made, and you find the history of trade and commerce disclosed to you. Consider the shapes and forms of foot-wear and you find the personality of the wearer laid bare before you.

If you go back to the primitive age, you find that the people living at that time did not know anything about foot-wear. Those people used to go bare-footed. As time passed, the coming generations became more civilized and they started wearing some sort of shoes made from ropes. A little later, when the people came to know of leather, they started making their foot-wear from hides which were rough, hard and untanned. And

now the time has come when people have started making foot-wear from smooth, refined and compressed leather and giving exquisite shape and design to their shoes.

Nowadays all sorts of shoes are available. The patent leather shoes which have become very popular are shoes for the morning; loafer shoes are generally worn in the afternoon; canvas shoes are handy for the games in the evenings; dancing shoes for the ball-rooms and Rock-"n"-roll at night and so on. If you look at a man's foot-wear, you can tell the type of trousers and shirts he might be wearing. You can even imagine his appearance. Not only for men there is such a large variety of foot-wear but you can find an even larger variety for women. Not only do you see women walking with heelless sandals but you also find them wearing exceedingly high-healed sandals. So high and sharp are the heels sometimes that you wonder how the ladies can balance themselves on those stilt-heels. Although foot-wear came into prominence centuries ago, and is becoming popular day by day, making itself into a strict necessity, yet it has not found an important place in literature. Poets refer to the beauty of their mistresses but they have hardly given any place to the humble shoes although much can be written on the topic.

# The Poetry of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt\*

By Shri K. C. Kanda

(Born in August, 1840, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt lived a long and versatile life - 82 years. Besides being a poet, this Squire of Sussex was a diplomat, a traveller, an anti-Imperialist politician, an enthusiastic admirer of Oriental culture and tradition, and withal a frequenter of the fashionable world of London and Paris. The following article is intended to give an idea of the range and quality of his poetry.)

**W. S. BLUNT** (1840-1922) is an unjustly neglected English poet. Chroniclers of literature make but a sparing mention of his name, while his poems, except the few included in the various anthologies of verse, have gone completely out of print. Though he seems to have excited a good deal of interest among his contemporaries for non-literary reasons, his poetry was commonly ignored, or at least inadequately treated. And yet an acquaintance with his *Poetical Works* (published by Macmillan in 1914 in two volumes of over 450 pages each) will easily convince us that alike in quality, quantity and versatility of his verse, Blunt is a very considerable poet.

## Poet of Love

He has written nearly every type of poem : lyrical, narrative, reflective, pastoral and political ; and has also made some notable translations from Arabic and French poetry. But it is above all, as a poet of love and a writer of sonnets that Blunt achieves distinction. Literature of the late Victorian age, the period of Blunt's

literary activity, is not wanting in original, passionate or cunningly contrived love poetry, but love as it normally exists between two young lovers, and as it is ordinarily understood by an average human mind, is not often found in the representative poems of some of the major poets of this age. Swinburne, who is daringly unorthodox in his treatment of love, seems, in several of his poems and ballads, to be dallying with abstract and imaginative "raptures and roses of vice". Rossetti of *The House of Life* is a passionate lover but his passion, a mixture of sensual and spiritual elements, does not belong entirely to this earth. Coventry Patmore is another poet of love who can be both sensuous and sacred at times.

Blunt's love-poetry is always the poetry of real, physical love, possessed, lost and remembered, between two individuals who belong to this world of impermanent loyalties and imperfect virtues. There is no mention of posthumous passions in his poems, no promises of life-long fidelity and no deification of his mistresses. And yet there is indisputable evidence of

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\* With grateful acknowledgement to *The Thought*, Delhi. (1 Sept, 1962)

strong, sincere sentiment behind his utterance. This is because his loves are not the "daughters of dreams and stories", but actual experiences of a Victorian aristocrat, who, though not a vulgar Don Juan, seems to have had a series of attachments with a succession of young women. Withal Blunt possesses the rare gift of intellectual honesty and reports his experiences with an engaging sincerity and courage. His best love-poetry which is mainly found (though not wholly, for we cannot ignore the poems called "From the Arabic") in the two sonnet-sequences, *Esther and Proteus* can be described, like that of Byron, as the "vibrating response to the agitations of experience and passion."

### Inoffensive Frankness

The sonnet-sequence *Esther* is a record of Blunt's passionate liaison with 'Skittles' or Catherine Walters, "one of the most renowned courtesans of the late 19th century." Within the poetic framework of 58 sonnets are fitted the twin portraits of the lover and the beloved, "a fair-faced frightened boy with eyes of truth", pitted against a woman who is more than his match, for

Esther was a woman most complete.  
In all her ways of loving.

The story of their dramatic encounter at Lyons, their love at first sight, its speedy development, its climax and its close, is told in a manner which is at once simple, natural and convincing. Without becoming

intemperate Blunt discards the mask of conventional Victorian reserve and tells his story with a pleasing frankness.

Here is, for instance, a sonnet containing the picture of Esther undressed :

Suddenly then my strange companion cried,  
"Bring me the body". In a moment more  
She had thrown off her hat, her veil untied,  
And motioning all the women to the door,  
While I sat speechless by who would have gone,  
Undid her jacket and anon her dress,  
With the jet buttons of it one by one,  
And stood but clothed the more in loveliness,  
A sight sublime, a dream, a miracle,  
A little goddess from some luminous field  
Brought down unconscious on our earth to dwell,  
And in an age of innocence revealed,  
Naked but not ashamed. Nay, wherefore shame?  
And I, ah, who shall blame me, who shall blame?

Without descanting elaborately on the charms of Esther's body Blunt has depicted an idealized picture of female beauty, as it would appear to a sensitive, innocent youth. It is no doubt a sensuous description, but the poet is careful not to let it sound offensive. It is this trait of inoffensive frankness which distinguishes Blunt, on

the one hand, from the more modest elder Victorians like Tennyson, and on the other, from the deliberately naughty 'decadents'.

Blunt's handling of the sonnet-form in this sequence is indeed masterly—his moods change from philosophic reflection to ecstatic utterance, from self-pity to self-exaltation, from simple narration to clever description, but in each case his instrument is equal to his needs, and the sonnet retains its essential properties. Nearly every sonnet contains the expression of one single thought, mood or situation, develops steadily through the quatrains, and achieves impressiveness at its close. One example will suffice, in which, as Prof. Pinto has pointed out, Blunt achieves a "synthesis of thought and passion which is Elizabethan rather than Victorian":

When I hear laughter from a tavern  
door,  
When I see crowds agape and in  
the rain  
Watching on tiptoe and with sti-  
fled roar  
To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,  
When misers handle gold, when  
orators  
Touch strong men's hearts till they  
weep,  
When cities deck their streets for  
barren wars  
Which have laid waste their  
youth, and when I keep  
Calmly the count of my own life  
and see  
On what poor stuff my manhood's  
dreams were fed,

Till I too learned what dole of  
vanity  
Will serve a human soul for daily  
bread,  
—Then I remember that I once  
was young  
And lived with Esther the world's  
gods among.

Poetry of this sort compels admiration. With a masterly command of language and metre, the poet first builds a picture of sordid contemporary urban life, with its public-house mentality, its greed of gold and its lust of war. The piling up of detail continues till the end, when there is a pause, a change of tone, a complete 'volte-face' of mood, for the lover suddenly remembers:

I once was young  
And lived with Esther the world's  
gods among.

The sonnet has typically Shakespearean ring, though it is founded on Blunt's personal experience and observation.

#### "Sonnets of Proteus"

The *Love Sonnets of Proteus* provide us with a literary fare of greater variety. Although a bulk of these sonnets describe the ecstasy and anguish of the poet's juvenile romance, some of them contain his reflections on other aspects of human life: youth, age, death; while some others deal with such impersonal themes as Nature, travel and politics. Blunt's philosophy of love and life has found a deeply impressive expression in t

sonnet: "Exhorting Her to Patience" :

Why do we fret at the incons-  
tancy,  
Of our frail hearts, which cannot  
always love ?  
Time rushes onwards, and we mor-  
tals move  
Like waifs upon a river, neither  
free  
To halt or hurry. Sweet, if  
destiny  
Throws us together for an hour a  
day,  
In the back-water of this quiet  
bay,  
Let us rejoice....

Blunt is not an ideal, Platonic lover, but a realist who recognizes the essential impermanence of human attachments. His belief in Fate, his fear of death, and his emphasis on the pursuit of pleasure show him a follower of the Epicurean philosophy of Horace or Khayyam.

This sequence also contains several sonnets inspired by the poet's love of Nature, though it is generally the nature round Sussex which Blunt intimately knows and ardently describes. The sonnet on "St. Valentine's Day", for instance, fittingly deserves a place among the best sonnets in English language. Or take the "Chanclebury Ring" where the poet has given a very moving expression to his love for the ancestral fields. I shall cite its sestet which also adorns the grave of Blunt in Sussex :

Dear checker-work of woods, the  
Sussex Weald !  
If a name thrills me yet of things

of earth,  
That name is thine. How often  
I have fled  
To thy deep hedge-rows and em-  
braced each field,  
Each lag, each pasture,—fields  
which gave me birth  
And saw my youth, and which  
must hold me dead.

At this point Blunt joins hands with Kipling, his adversary in politics, but his rival in the love of that "fair ground-yea, Sussex by the sea". It is, however, in the poems called "Sussex Pastorals" that Blunt's love of the Sussex countryside and his pride as an English country gentleman find complete expression. These poems are marked with the same realism in regard to Nature that characterizes the poet's attitude to love, and are instinct with the same delight of existence that permeates through the rest of his poetry.

### Political Rebel

Blunt is also a political rebel in the Byronic tradition, and his political poems represent a violent reaction against the imperialistic jingoism of his time. These poems are inspired by the poet's love of justice and are full of noble indignation and prophetic confidence. The first of them, "The Wind and the Whirlwind", was occasioned by the British invasion and bombardment of Alexandria (1882). It contains some terrible stanzas of fierce denunciation :

The Empire thou didst build shall  
be divided.

Thou shalt be weighed in thine  
 own balances  
 Of usury to peoples and to princes,  
 And be found wanting by the  
 world and these...  
 They shall possess the lands by  
 thee forsaken  
 And not regret thee. On their  
 seas no more  
 Thy ships shall bear destruction  
 to the nations  
 Or thy guns thunder on a fenceless  
 shore.  
 Thou hadst no pity in thy day of  
 triumph,  
 These shall not pity thee. The  
 world shall move  
 On its high course and leave thee  
 to thy silence,  
 Scorned by the creatures that thou  
 couldst not love.

The pure poetical quality of this verse is not as high as that of his love-poetry; most of it is, of necessity rhetorical and, at times, too high-pitched and even unreasoned. But it succeeds in making a strong protest on behalf of the victims of English imperialism. The other political poems, "The Canon of Aughrim" and "A Coronation Ode" continue this tirade against imperialism, though each of them is inspired by a different occasion, and has a different manner of argument and invective.

Blunt's protest against what he calls "the abominations of the Victorian age", finds most powerful expression in "Satan Absolved", a poem that makes a memorable addition to the poetry of revolt. The poem was suggested by the "first of living think-

ers", Herbert Spencer, and is directed against the "hypocrisy and all acquiring greed" of the Anglo-Saxon humanity. 'The White Man's Burden' was a popular political catchword at the time of the composition of this poem, and Blunt has exploded this lie with characteristic bluntness :

Their poets who write big of the  
 'White Burden'. Trash !  
 The White Man's Burden, Lord  
 is the burden of his cash.

The poem suffered a severe maltreatment at the time of its publication (1899), and one of its then reviewers called it "blasphemous, vulgar and stupid". Yet it is none of these; for it sets out to arraign not the religion of Jesus, but the pretensions of his followers, not the virtue of patriotism but the lust of conquest; and its tone though fiercely outspoken, is not really irreverent towards God or religion. That it contains passages of fine poetry will be admitted, I think even by those who do not agree with the views of the poet. Here is a specimen. This is a description of animal life as it existed before the advent of Man, the destroyer :

There were forms painted, proud,  
 bright birds with plumes of  
 heaven  
 And songs more sweet than angels'  
 heard on the hills at even,  
 Frail flashing butterflies, free fishes  
 of such hue  
 As rainbows hardly have, sleek  
 serpents which renew  
 Their glittering coats like gems,  
 grave brindle-hided kine,

Large hearted elephants, the horse  
 how near divine,  
 The whale, the mastodon, the  
 mighty Behemoth,  
 Leviathan's self awake and glo-  
 rious in his wrath.

**"From the Arabic"**

Blunt's most singular contribution to English literature undoubtedly lies in his adaptations of Arabian poetry: "The Seven Golden Odes", "The Stealing of the Mare", and the poems entitled "From the Arabic". He is one of the few English poets who have stepped out of what may be broadly called the field of European and Western literature, to understand and interpret the poetry of the Oriental world. It is a task requiring real knowledge of Oriental culture, a fine artistic sensibility, and a truly imaginative vision. That Blunt was fully qualified to do this task can be seen by perusing these 'translations' which read like originals. Moreover, besides giving us an insight into the themes and thoughts of primitive Arab poetry, Blunt has tried to convey, through the unrhymed and assonantal metres of these poems, the metrical effect of the original, so that his contribution becomes equally interesting from the technical stand-point. I quote below the concluding lines of the "Ode of Imr-el Kais", containing a vividly imagined description of the scene of devastation left by a night of storm and rain. We may mark the dactylic endings of the verses, which give a peculiar rushing movement to the metre :

Cloud-wrecked lay the valley piled  
 with the load of it,  
 high as in sacks the Yemami heap-  
 eth his corn measures.  
 Seemed it then the song-birds,  
 wine-drunk at sun-rising,  
 loud through the valley shouted,  
 maddened with spiceries,  
 While the wild beast corpses group-  
 ed like great bulbs uptorn,  
 cumbered the hollow places,  
 drowned in the night-trouble.

Or read the following enchanting description of a desert girl, taken from the "Ode of Tarafa" :

Alas for the dark-lipped one, the  
 maid of the topazes,  
 hardly yet grown a woman, sweet  
 fruit-picking loiterer !  
 A girl, a fawn still fawnless,  
 which browses the thorn-  
 bushes,  
 close to the doe-herd feeding, aloof  
 in the long valleys.  
 I see her mouth slit smiling, her  
 teeth,—nay, a camomile  
 White on the white sand blooming  
 and moist with the night  
 showers,  
 The face of her how joyous, the  
 day's robe enfolding her,  
 clean as a thing fresh-fashioned,  
 untouched by sad time-fingers.

Alike in its diction and imagery, as also in the feeling of love and youth that inspires it, this is a passage of superb artistry, a passage where Blunt's work ceases to be a mere translation, and acquires the quality of inspired, original verse. It is a vision of beauty seen through the eyes

of youth; fresh and fugitive like the fawns and flowers of the desert against which it is presented.

The reflective poems of Blunt, "Body and Soul" Quatrains of Life" and Wisdom of Merlin", do not show him to be a profound thinker; nevertheless, he is a robust, passionate, intelligent man who, after making a few vain attempts to solve the riddle of body and soul, renounces, for all practical purposes, his kinship with heaven and establishes a closer relationship with the physical world, believing with Wordsworth that happiness can be found :

Not in Utopia, subterranean  
fields,  
Or some secreted island, Heaven  
knows where !  
But in the very world, which is  
the world  
Of all of us,...

Realistic strand is thus the most dominant strand in Blunt's poetry,

and it is this contact with reality, both in the emotional and physical fields, that gives a lasting interest to his poems and saves them from the fault of 'other-worldliness' which Dr. F. R. Leavis has found in the poetry of the Victorian Age. Another reason for the appeal of Blunt lies in his easy, unlaboured style, and in the precision and clarity of his expression. His poetry displays no miracles of phrase and diction, no unusual subtleties of thought and feeling, and no complexity of poetic technique. But this simplicity of content and form should not lead us to conclude with Cornelius Wengandt that Blunt "was rather of the mob of gentlemen who could write with ease, (and) no quite a poet": In an age when poetry was showing increased tendency towards conscious virtuosity, when art was seeking divorce from life, Blunt's attempt to bring poetry back to the loves and passions of mundane life, and to wed it to a simple, conversational vocabulary, is deserving of full credit.

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"Poetry, to a poet, is the most rewarding work in the world. A good poem is a contribution to reality. The world is never the same once a good poem has been added to it. A good poem helps to change the shape and significance of the universe, helps to extend everybody's knowledge of himself and the world around him... .."

Dylan Thomas : On Poetry  
(*Quite Early One Morning*)

# My First Trek In The Hills

*By Shri J. K. Jain*

AS the college closed for summer vacation, the call of the hills came floating through as usual. Delhi was nervous with the expectation of a steep rise in temperature, gusts of hot winds and duststorms. Once again I wanted to get away but this time with a different frame of mind. For years I had been thinking of trekking through the hills. In March, I happened to read an article about young globe-trotters. I felt somewhat aroused. If 'they' could go round the world, alone, with practically nothing on them, why could not I do something of the sort? Was I lacking in courage, in a spirit of adventure that is ever-hungry for new experiences? Had I become so soft that I could not dispense with the comforts of civilization (those charming superfluities)? Must I go on living a safe, protected, guarded life? A voice in me said 'no' in reply to all these questions. As the time passed, this voice grew in strength until it got crystallized into a firm resolve to set out for a trek and do it 'the hard way', living like the commonest of the common, without airs of respectability—like a mendicant.

On the 29th of May, I left Chandigarh for Simla with a mind full of hopes and full of fears, too. A rucksack containing a blanket, a bed-sheet, a few books and a few other things, weighing about 12 seers in all and a

pretty stick were all the things that I had. On reaching Simla I started feeling self-conscious. As I walked through the streets with that load on my back, I felt that all the eyes were set on me. I imagined a daemon of mockery in every eye; I wanted to run as fast as I could and vanish into an unseen corner. The spirit of bravado, that had kept me up, left me all of a sudden somewhat ashamed of myself, somewhat miserable. In the evening I waded through the stream of well-dressed people flowing leisurely on the Mall. There was no face that I could recognise and if a familiar face popped up, I didn't want to recognise it. I started feeling lonely, terribly lonely. I always feel lonely in the midst of a crowd. It appears as though I were being swallowed up by a formless, all-pervading anonymity.

The night came. I didn't want to stay at a hotel, as I was determined to spend as little as possible. The 'dharamshalas' were packed. Besides there one feels shut up in a musty hole. I decided to sleep in the open under a canopy, on a bench on the Ridge. It was quite fresh and cool. I spread my bed-sheet and arranged my books and clothes so as to serve as a pillow. On the neighbouring bench, there was a bearded fellow. A suspicious character, I said to myself. A faint shiver of fear was the inevitable sequel. It was the fear of a man

who had hardly anything to lose. I felt amused at my own self. I tried to strike up conversation with him. He responded like a ready talker that he was. I wanted to know about the rural folk of the Himachal Pradesh, whether they took to strangers or not. He prattled about their hostility to outsiders and I got frightened as well as disappointed. Still I must not give up hope, that voice in me said. I should find things for myself. This thought soothed me and I lay down on my make-shift bed. It was my first experience of lying on a hard surface. I couldn't sleep for sometime. The church-clock struck midnight. I sat up and looked around. There was no one to be seen. The only sound that could be heard was that of the footsteps of policemen. My eyes wandered through the maze of lights, that is so characteristic of Simla at night. The scene was set for a detective fiction. There should be a murder, I said. My imagination ran away with me. I saw a knife flashing in the dark. In a moment, it was drenched in blood, The second thrust was impending and I was about to cry for help, when I was brought to myself by the brusque, impudent voice of a constable saying, "what do you mean by sleeping here? What do you think this place is? An inn? And then followed the volley of usual questions; 'Who are you? Where do you come from? and so on. When he felt satisfied about my intentions, he went away. There was a faint breeze. I pulled my blanket around me tightly and fell asleep. In the small hours of morning, I was disturbed by another constable. I don't remember what I

mumbled to him. He must have been a nice sort, for he left me in peace.

I was woken up by birds that were twittering freshly, merrily. A few people could be seen around. The trees, too, were waking up. I went to a public-tap, washed my face, packed off my things and started off towards 'fresh woods, and pastures new.' I was feeling very light, There was music inside me. I hummed a verse of Firaq : 'As if the Morning-maid were humming Bhairavi!' The weight on my back took care of itself. That was a pleasant surprise. This flush of enthusiasm lasted me for about three miles. Then my ruck-sack started asserting itself. The shoulders ached. It looked as though I would have to give up. A conflict set in between my will to go on and the weight dragging me backwards. Another mile passed. I felt tired and sat down against a tree. There was no one around. The cedars stood upright, impregnable in their sombre majesty. I closed my eyes and felt the intense silence that was all-pervasive. A quiver of joy bubbled up from deep within. Every now and then the rattle of bus-engines and the sound of a passer-by would arise and sink into the great ocean of silence. The waves of ecstasy leapt up and fell. Lines from Wordsworth projected themselves on the conscious mind :

Our noisy years seem moments in the  
 being  
 of the eternal silence : Truths' that  
 wake,  
 To perish never .. .. .

I drank deep from the waters of silence and I felt calm. I got up and walked like a person who had yet to recover from an intense emotion. In this state of mind, I reached Charrabra. I had done six miles !

At this place there was a shop run by a Hoshiarpuri *baniya*—a short, squat fellow with infinitely repulsive manners. As he walked, he thumped the wooden floor with all his force and the whole structure would shake as if rocked by a tremor. One round of the shop was enough to exhaust him. He would breathe hard, blow his nose and settle down into his seat with a thud. Then finding that he had forgotten to bring sugar, he would get up and go through the entire painful ritual again. He was clumsy and awkward *par excellence* !

The whole place was littered with provisions and flies had unrestricted admission to it. The *pakorās* looked only a few days' stale. Just a look at the things and the proprietor was enough to drive one away. But I was feeling awfully hungry. And the compulsion of hunger has a knack of overcoming your hygienic scruples. I took a glass of tea and pushed off for the Wild Flowers Hall—the main attraction of Charrabra, a must on the tourist itinerary. The name is quite misleading. There is neither a hall nor are any wild flowers. It refers to a huge building which was previously a hotel but now houses the Agricultural Research Institute. The teachers have been given flats with spacious rooms, well-furnished with cupboards, carpets and sofas. The rents

are nominal. This is a nice place full of trees and flowers, open and vast, where one feels like staying for a couple of days. It was good to see rustic youths beginning their day with the national anthem.

I reached Kufri at about eleven, in a tattered state; hungry and fagged out. After lunch, I started thinking about the next step. So far I had only a hazy idea of how I would use my time. I was prepared to eat whatever I could get and sleep wherever I could. I had a great desire to meet the local people and know as much about them as I could. I wanted to stay with families. But how to go about it ? that was the problem. I picked on two persons Amar Chand and Inder Dev. Amar Chand was an employee at the Winter Sports Club. He was slim, tall and well-dressed, in his thirties; a proud Himachali, proud of his people. His cap, an essential detail of a respectable dress, rested smartly on his head. "We are a people", said he, "who work hard and who would never, never beg, come what might. That's why we are (comparatively) quite well-off." If I happened to say anything unflattering, pat came out a vigorous defence of their style of living. I could detect a certain self-conscious flair in his voice and I wanted to draw him out. To begin with, it was difficult. He was polite, not cordial, talking as if he had been tutored for it. To him I was one of a crowd of well-to-do people from cities who came only to enjoy themselves, and with whom the terms of contract could only be business-like; at best, an eccentric, who might

be humoured but not accepted as a friend. As we talked on, he came to believe in my sincere sympathy for them and I could see stiffness dissolving from his face and warmth creeping into his tone. He said that I would not encounter any difficulty. I could safely go through the countryside staying at villages.

Inder Dev was a plumpish old man, with a well-fed pleasant face, rather careless about his dress. He was a political worthy of that small township, a member of the Judicial Organ of the Panchayat. He was a man of sufficient means, intelligent and well-informed, and talked with ease and occasionally with gaiety. He said that they were extremely happy with the Congress Party and it was only in the Himachal Pradesh that the opposition had been almost completely wiped out. The government was doing a lot for them, building roads, opening schools, giving them improved seeds and fertilisers and loans, electrifying the village and so on. The Panchayats were, however, a mixed blessing. It was unfortunate that the members got involved in petty quarrels and narrow partisanship, at the expense of the common good which was their good also. Kufri could have been much better if they had co-operated.

Then I made for the Chini Bungalow, the slopes down which are used in summer for evolving better breeds of potatoes and in winter for skiing. This Rest-house consists of a number of suites, quite decent to live in. It is a beautiful place in beautiful

surroundings, the only place worth visiting at Kufri. I sat down in a corner to read 'Your Turn to Curtsy and my Turn to Bow' by William Goldman. It made me feel very strange to see so many people around in a holiday mood and not to know any of them. For sometime I observed them with detachment and also with longing to join them in their boisterous fun. Then, as I felt sleepy, I got up, went over to the slope on the other side and had a refreshing nap under a pine on a bed of pine needles. When I woke up, it was twilight. It was absolutely still. Not a leaf stirred. Not a bird called. I could hear the beating of my own heart. I found it somewhat frightening; I was unable to cope with so much of silence. Then there was a mild breeze. Life came back to the leaves and I felt more at home,

As luck would have it, I happened to meet Sita Ram, a resident of Dumbair, about two miles from the Chini Bungalow. He was a tall and lean youngman with a gaunt face and a balding head, looking prematurely oldish in his worn-out coat and striped pyjamas. He was with his mule fetching water from more than a mile for constructions coming up at the Rest-house. He worked on a contract basis, getting ten rupees a day. With an effort I overcame my shyness and approached him with a smile. His mild face responded with cordiality. I engaged him in conversation. He was naturally eager to know who I was and what I was doing there at that hour. I told him that I was keenly interested in knowing the

people of that area and wondered if it would be possible for him to put me up for a night and as I said this, a flush of embarrassment spread over my face; I was afraid lest he should refuse. But he was kind enough not to discourage even a self-invited guest. He said that I was most welcome to share the little comforts they had and it was no inconvenience, whatsoever, putting me up. He took me on. As we talked more and more, he opened out, laughed hearty laughs. I felt quite pleased to find him so lively. On the way, we were joined by two others, Sita Ram's friends. We went down and down until we reached his home. At the door, I was asked to take off my shoes. These people never take shoes inside the house!

His house was pretty big, though low, made mostly of wood. It consisted of two storeys. On the ground floor, in a number of rooms, the cattle were put. The upper floor consisted of a long corridor, running from one end to the other, flanked by a row of rooms on the one side, and a series of windows on the other. It looked like a house-boat. The rooms were small, without any windows, full of almirahs cut out in the walls. This is the standard pattern. All the houses are of this design.

Sita Ram made me sit on a comfortable cot in his room. The walls were hung with pictures and photographs. There was also a battery-set which was not working at that time. Sita Ram wanted to sell it off. He fussed about getting a lantern for me. The lantern was brought but there

was very little of oil in it. A deal of bother was made about a match-box, too. These people do not need lanterns because they sit at night in the kitchen before fire. The match-boxes, too, are scarce, not because they cannot afford them but because they, apparently, do not need any. They light their cigarettes from a piece of live coal.

Finally the lantern was lit. Its flame flickered and after a few minutes it went out abruptly plunging the room in darkness. Then a small lamp was produced from somewhere and its feeble light filled the room. Sita Ram sat down on the wooden floor and took off his cap. He ran his fingers on the bald patch and we set to talking about various things. He had an eager look on his face that showed great receptivity. We discussed politics, social institutions, and religion. He said he found it difficult to believe in a life after death and his eyes burned with feverish energy.

Sita Ram owned a considerable amount of land, two dozen cattle and had a number of servants and two wives. He was quite wealthy; but he did not fight shy of manual labour. As a matter of fact, no one here does, however rich he may be. His dealings were simple and straight-forward. That very day a friend borrowed some money from him. He mortgaged a piece of land. The deed was signed and handed over by the borrower.

He did his utmost to make me feel absolutely at ease. I was given a com-

fortable cot to sleep in, the only one he had. The bedding was warm and soft and clean. It was rather embarrassing to sleep on the cot when all others slept on the floor. But these people always sleep on the floor. The one cot that they have is reserved for guests. They are highly hospitable. They seem to be believing with Khalil Gibran that houses would be graveyards but for guests. If any one wants to experience our traditional hospitality he should stay with these people. In an affluent house, there is a never-ending spate of guests, sometimes a number of them every day. Bedding is no problem. The home-made warm 'kharchas' (mattresses of goats' hair) and 'namdas' (softer than 'kharchas' made of sheep's wool) come quite handy and there is a large number of them with every family.

I was treated to the best food that they could serve at that time—'Karoī' (maize chappati), fried potatoes, pulse-curry, pickles (which is a rarity here) and sweet rice dish. At this time of the year, these people do not care for delicacies, as this is the time of harvest which means hard work. They work from morning till evening and eat only to satisfy their hunger. They feed themselves with 'sattoo'\* taken with 'lassi' and 'bhataroo' (made from fermented wheat-flour). Potatoes that are plentiful in winter, are scarce in this season. They depend for curries mainly on pulses, 'mash ki dal' in particular. The menu is monotonous:

bhataroos at breakfast, at lunch and at dinner. It may be varied with rice at night.

Milk is extremely scarce in spite of the large number of cattle so much so that even children do not get it and that is the reason that in the market it is sold at Re 1. 25np per seer. It is not good either—very thin. The yield of a cow is fantastically small, ranging from half a seer to three-fourths. Whatever milk there is, is used to prepare 'lassi' and butter and since the 'lassi' is made from unboiled milk, it has a peculiar taste. They will never waste their 'lassi'; it doesn't matter even if it is three days' stale and absolutely sour. Their tea is strong, *par excellence*, with little of milk in it. It looks somewhat brick-red and is served in a brass-tumbler. In the market, one tumbler of tea costs three annas. Then they are hard smokers, men as well as women. I was told that women smoked more than men, about three packets a day. The brands they use have, naturally got to be very cheap; 'Tiger', 'Red Lamp', 'Bus' and 'Star' are most popular. It is the 'Tiger' that is the cheapest (10 np per packet) and almost universally smoked. 'Hookah' is, of course, a must in every house. It is, to my mind, the best mode of smoking—the least harmful and the most social. It is my serious belief that conversation is aided by the gurgling sound of water in it. I commend it

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\* Prepared from wheat grains or from barley in higher regions, by means of several processes—boiling, fermenting, parching and grinding. It is a must for every hiker, as it serves as an excellent breakfast and, if mixed with sugar, it can be taken with milk or tea or butter-milk or water.

to the consideration of smokers in cities.

I got up early in the morning after a good sleep in my cosy bed. As I came out for a walk, I felt quite pleased with what I saw around me. Dumbair was a small village consisting of about fifteen houses which all looked alike. It lay on a slope in a valley. All the slopes were covered with fields of ripe golden wheat, dark green potatoes and light green peas. At almost regular intervals of distance, there were constellations of wooden houses looking like neat, smart bungalows. Just outside Sita Ram's house, a huge walnut tree sprawled comfortably. The whole scene was the composition of an artist who has an eye for harmony, for symmetry. All of a sudden the landscape vibrated with the distracted, agonised, persistent note of a 'papiah' who, according to a fable, cries for rain. It sounded as if the whole universe were shrieking for a happier order and it would not stop, as long as its breath lasted.

After my breakfast, I went back to Kufri to collect my things. All the men at the Club were wondering what had happened to me. My things were lying scattered on a chair in exactly the same confused order I had left them. Not even a pencil had been removed. It was impossible not to feel over-whelmed by the splendid honesty of that folk. It was quite surprising for a man from cities to learn that thefts were almost unknown there. One could leave one's things anywhere without any fear of any loss. Further more, journey

through that area was absolutely safe. Any amount of money or valuables could be carried without anybody's pouncing on you.

As I reached back, the watch-dog looked at me with suspicion as well as with fear. For a few moments it was unsure how to receive me. Then it scowled and started barking. The dogs here are exactly like their masters. They take quite some time to take to you. In the first instance, they are suspicious about your motives. For all one knows, you may be a C. I. D. man. But once they come to believe in you, there is no limit to their affection and kindness.

All the people, excepting the very old, had gone out to work. When it is time to work, no one stays at home. I was greeted by Surat Ram, Sitaram's uncle, an old man of about sixty, short and shrivelled, with a furrowed face. His eyes were dim, glazed and somewhat yellow. He looked shabby in his crumpled pyjamas and frayed shirt. His countenance was stolid and impersonal. He was playing with children and flies had an easy access to his body. It was curious to find flies on well-swept floors at that height. The cause of it was quite easy to discover—the cattle on the ground floor. When I handed to him the cigarettes, match-boxes and sweets that I had bought for them, he felt quite moved and said in a voice, otherwise toneless, breaking with feeling, 'Babu Ji, why did you have to waste your money over it? Please do stay here for a couple of days'. The children beamed with delight at the sight

of sweets and I could see in their eyes gratitude and willingness to be friendly with me.

I had my bath at the public water-tap which had been fixed up recently by the government. It had relieved the inhabitants of the great hardship which was their lot before it, as they had to go down considerable distance to the stream to fetch water. I became the focus of curious glances, those of young boys and women, as I washed myself and my clothes thoroughly with soap as though I were a fresh arrival from a zoo. These people do not undergo the ceremony of a daily bath. Clothes, too, are not washed daily. One set is made to last for several days.

At the tap, I observed a little detail which exhibited one of the most typical traits of our people as a whole—passivity in relation to environment. That tap ran for the whole day and superfluous water soaked the only foot-track through the village, turning it into a slushy strip. It was inconvenient and unclean for every one to walk on that path but nobody bothered to remedy the situation. Similarly, hordes of flies were a great nuisance. People had learnt to put up with them but no effort had been made to eradicate the evil. This lack of enterprise, of a passionate urge to adapt our environment to our need for comfort and cleanliness is one of the chief reasons of our backwardness. Ours is the policy of least resistance, of a passive endurance. The inward push that makes one unceasingly active to re-shape things and attitudes

is not a part of our psychological equipment.

In the course of three days, I got to know the other inmates. Mel Singh was the Secretary to a Co-operative Society. He was solemn and quite conscious of his superior status. He hobnobbed with the high-ups and was as sophisticated as he could be. His little daughters were exceedingly pretty, with blue cat-like eyes and chubby cheeks. They looked particularly cute when they had their 'dhatthos' on, a scarf wrapped on their head. He had a slim and attractive wife. Sita Ram's wife and children looked under-developed, somewhat sickly. His mother-in-law and another uncle had heavily wrinkled faces and sad sorrowful eyes as if time had taken every care to leave its mark behind. This uncle looked a patriarch with his long hair and flowing beard even his rags could not take away from his dignity. He was without wife and without children. He had married thrice but everytime luck had been against him. He talked in a tone as if he had nothing to look forward to. Dev Raj, Surat Ram's 'dharmbhai' (a retired constable) was the most interesting among them all. He was a retired constable who, though living on their charity, behaved as if he were the lord and nobody minded it. His manner was easy and jaunty. He was fond of acting and in some way or the other acted all the time. He could not be at peace with himself unless he had exhibited his feelings and while doing so, had exaggerated them. He would feel empty if left to himself. He must attract attention

by his effusiveness. He hurt his fingers slightly and kept complaining vigorously about it. And then he would make a gesture to show how bad it was. His sense of humour, though naive, was amusing enough for the rural folk. He was a good singer, with a good voice and knew a little about *ragas*. He was fond of Urdu poetry and singing *ghazals*. He was a good cook and prepared a variety of dishes; a passionate player of cards who would always flaunt his skill but who won rarely. He should have been quite healthy but he was ruined by excessive drinking and narcotics. He drank neat and that, too, by bottles. He was quite chatty and it was difficult to get the better of him in conversation, for like Goldsmith's Schoolmaster, 'even tho' vanquished, he could argue still.' His khaki shorts and turban lent him an air of dignity.

During my brief sojourn at Dumhair, I was shown through a couple of neighbouring villages by Surat Ram and Dev Raj. Surat Ram, though old, walked briskly up a steep mountain track; he could also run up and down it as lightly as a roe. I was amazed by his stamina. From his face, no one could have even the faintest suspicion of it. Then he sprang another pleasant surprise on me. Behind his impassive, habitual look, he concealed a wealth of experience and a lively mind. As he warmed up, he sparckled into jokes and laughed gaily. He had lived a picturesque life including wine and women. We visited a primary school. The schoolmaster was a pleasant, cordial local youngman. He

felt a little overawed in the presence of a college lecturer. He took me round his school, little boys and girls read for the first time in the history of that people. Before independence, no one had cared to provide for their education. The little Maharajas kept them subjugated. The attainment of freedom and democracy meant education for their children, besides other things. They were quite conscious of it and also quite grateful. The teacher made the children sing for me. Anyone at that time could perceive signs of a new life, a new consciousness stirring inside the innocent hearts.

When the time for departure came, every one at Sita Ram's insisted that I should stay for a few days more. It was only after I promised that I would visit them again that they let me go. I bade good bye to them with a heart warm with gratitude. I had been introduced to the interior of Himachal Pradesh and I felt confident of the triumphant success of my trek.

My next destination was Fagu. I walked along the winding cross-country track. On the way I saw bushes of wild roses—white, five-petaled and fragrant. I plucked a twig and its perfume added to the delight of a delightful journey. I made it a point to drink the cool water of every stream that I passed and also to greet every passer-by, partly from courtesy and partly from prudence, because if one wants to befriend people, that is the first essential step.

I passed through Kashta. I wanted

to talk to the little boys but they took fright of me and ran away. The grown-ups gazed at me with curiosity. It was a bit embarrassing, though. Every one who met me asked the usual question; 'Why are you here?' This is the first question a stranger is greeted with here. If he happens to say that he is on a pleasure-trip, he may also be asked; 'Why are you on a pleasure-trip?' At such a query, all the resources of language leave him in the lurch. These simple people cannot believe that one should be taking so much pains just for the sake of pleasure. They do not go out unless it be on business.

Kashta was inhabited exclusively by the 'Kolies' a scheduled caste. Caste-distinctions are observed here with distressing scrupulosity. These people fall into three main castes—Brahmins, Rajputs and Kolies. All of them are agriculturists and follow the same mode of life; still a Brahmin is a Brahmin, a Rajput is a Rajput and a Koli is a Koli. Villages are classified accordingly. Dumhair belonged to Rajputs. Generally in one valley, in all the villages, there is the predominance of one caste. Brahmins and Rajputs are higher castes whereas Kolies are a lower one. There is a free intermingling on a basis of equality between the first two. Kolies are treated as really inferior. The lowest caste is, however, that of Harijans who are in a small minority and all of whom are cobblers by profession. There are no sweepers or scavengers here. The Harijans stay outside the village at some distance. Even the Kolies do not mix with them

The Kolies receive scorn from their superiors and pass it on to their inferiors. Every one is particular about your caste. The question: 'which caste are you?' is flung everywhere right in your face. You may resent it but your cry would be a cry in the wilderness. If you happen to belong to a scheduled caste and admit it honestly, you will not be received as a guest at a Brahmin's or a Rajput's. If you go to a Koli and tell him that you are a high-born and accept water from his place, he will give you a puzzled, unbelieving stare. There is one consolation, however, No one cares to verify your caste; telling a lie about it doesn't mean anything. These are honest and truthful people and take you at your word. Their favourite statement is: 'I am not going to tell a lie.'

At Kashta I made the acquaintance of the village representative on the Panchayat. From him I learnt that there was one family in the village which was without a house and without a plot of land. In Himachal Pradesh, such families are extremely rare. The poverty that means starvation, begging and degradation does not exist here. Everyone works and gets enough to eat and enough to cloth himself with and a fairly good shelter to live in.

That representative was a grumbling type. He said that their village had been neglected because their community was not adequately represented on the Panchayat. They had been trying to get water for their village but with no success. It was only

fter a hand struggle with authorities  
at they had been able to get a school  
or their children.

Passing through another village  
alled 'Saryun'. I reached Fagu. Fagu  
s a more interesting place than Kufri.  
t is one of the potato business-cen-  
res. There for the first time I saw  
ell-dressed hill-belles, short and  
ealthy, looking exquisite in their  
right yellow 'dhathoos'. At the Dak  
ungalow, I met a family from Bom-  
ay, consisting of warm-hearted  
arents and two vivacious daughters.  
he father had been abroad. Being a  
od hiker himself, he was fond of  
ikers. The mother was an old Ste-  
hanian. That was another link bet-  
ween me and them. It was good fun  
pending a few delightful hours with  
hem and enjoying their hospitality.

From the Dak Bungalow, I had a  
ood view of the range of Tibetan  
ow peaks, far at the horizon. The  
ow glittered hard in the bright sun-  
ight. In the evening, the weather  
hanged. I could see "the locks of  
he approaching storm" in the sky.  
hen there was an icy wind, rushing  
bout madly, screaming in the hills  
ike a monster in his lair. It got ex-  
cessively cold. This sudden drop in  
emperature was too much for me.  
had a shivering fit and felt chilled  
o the bones. It affected even my  
oice. I started stammering. I felt  
s though I were trying to converse  
in a language which I didn't know,  
nly making unintelligible noises. A  
poonful of marmite in a hot cup of  
ater did, however, warm me up. [A

bottle of marmite is another must for  
a hiker.]

The cook at the Dak Bungalow  
was a slim old man, stiff and sullen.  
Like Amar Chand of Kufri, he too  
spoke briefly with outsiders in a cold  
distant tone, repelling every overture  
of friendship. It took me sometime  
to tackle him. He was nostalgic about  
the days of the British. The English  
official knew how to carry himself.  
He always behaved with great dignity  
and generosity. Moreover, he was  
considerate. He never put the at-  
tendants to undue strain. The Indian  
official was, on the contrary, overbear-  
ing, mean, petty, troublesome and  
grossly selfish. He was callous to the  
comfort and convenience of those  
waiting on him. The old man was  
bitterly critical of his compatriots,  
too. Men were idlers. Their whole  
economy, their very existence, depen-  
ded on the industry of women. Men  
were weak due to excessive indulgence  
in sex, addiction to drinks and drugs  
and cigarettes and inadequacy of food.  
Women were disloyal to their hus-  
bands. They sagged once they were  
forty. His sombre picture, I knew,  
was not quite faithful to facts but I  
let him go on with his harangue. By  
this time the old man had relented a  
great deal. He was quite courteous.  
He got me 'dal' from his place and  
fried it in pure ghee, also served me  
with a cup of tea and refused to ac-  
cept a single penny for it.

I spent the night in a small dilapi-  
dated room as the charges of a suite  
were quite high, about seven rupees a  
day. Its walls were covered with mud

that was cracking. Flakes of mud lay scattered, on the floor. In one corner, there was a 'chulha' (a fire-place) and the walls around it were smudged with soot. There was the hole of a window cut out in the back wall. The doors were old and decayed. The room was full of smoke. I tried desperately to push it out with my hanki. There were two loose cots, not compactly woven. My blanket was insufficient to keep cold out. I was feeling a little scared, too. Somebody might jump in through the window. A childish fear, of course. But there it was. To cap it all, there was the dull heavy sensation of fatigue—inward, mental fatigue. My mind had gone blank. No cheering thought or idea made even a fleeting appearance. As though I had drugged myself. I was too tired to sleep.

In the morning, I left for Theog. I didn't stop anywhere for rest. I was in no mood to flirt with the idea of trekking.

Theog is a township bigger than Fagu. It is the Tahsil headquarters. So the courts are situated here. The existence of lawyers is the inevitable corollary. Theog lies at two levels, and at two stages of civilization. On the upper level there is an old-fashioned bazaar where little shops are huddled together and the margin between the opposite rows is very narrow. The lower level is a little modernised. It is divided into detached bits, sort of different squares bearing different names. The upper level has a homely air about it whereas the lower looks aloof. Here in the evening, I had a strange experience—the experience of

feeling a stranger in the world with all the human beings and things around me looking unfamiliar. I felt that I could not penetrate to the depth, their essential reality. I stood alone in the market-place, not knowing any one. I roamed about alone. Life was a procession that passed by me; it was a play being enacted on the stage, I was an onlooker, not a participant. I felt detached, free. I was not bound to any one or any thing. I was also free of anguish. I did not have any companion. I would do the voyage of life alone, 'all, all alone.'

At Theog, I wanted to try out a new experiment. I selected a lawyer at random. I went to his place and introduced myself to him in a hurried fashion as if I were dashing off a prepared speech. I asked him if it would be possible for him to give me food. He could not quite take it in. His bald grey head, his little frame and his snug expression convinced me that I had misfired. I felt horribly ashamed and cursed myself for ever having decided to approach him for friendship. He started arguing it out with me, doling out advice quite liberally in his easy, comfortable manner. He had the look of a man who is completely conventional and regards out-of-the-way behaviour as something that must be eschewed. I had not expected that it would turn out like that. I swallowed the lump of pride in my throat. I felt angry. I swallowed my anger. I told him that I had not come to get involved in an argument. I knew that I would not accept any food from that bar—, even if he were

down on his knees. These dull, unimaginative, unemotional shopkeepers from Hoshiarpur ! I burnt with wrath against their whole tribe. I met another at Matyana, a rich businessman. After having talked to him about different things for more than an hour, when I asked him where I could get shelter for the night, he said, "where would you like to sleep? At the home of somebody or some other place?" I said, "I only want a corner to stretch my legs' 'I'm a stranger to this place and do not, obviously, know any one." He came out with a stupid suggestion : 'There is a sort of cave, two miles from here. Perhaps you could try that place. Many people sleep there.' "If I attend the variety entertainment programme here," I said, I shouldn't be able to start before 11 P. M. Shall I be able to find my way up there?" At this he looked blank and could not give any reply. There are lots and lots of such people in every place. Hard-headed, business-like, wise ! They are the enemies of art, of beauty, of meaning in life. To hell with them !

They say, 'There's a silver lining to every dark cloud.' I suppose there is. There certainly was to my unpleasant encounter with the honourable lawyer. As I was arguing with him, a youngman, of the same age, stature and build as I, got interested in it. He stood on the road and listened to a part of the silly dialogue. When he could stand it no longer he called me in a loud tone saying, "Come on, have a cup of tea with me." I turned in his direction. He was a flamboyant youth with a theatrical air. The

white cricket cap on his head, the water-bottle slung across his shoulders, the high-trousers, the clean-bones protruding from his boyish' face and the small eyes covered with dark goggles gave him a fantastic look, almost exotic. I thought there was a fellow-hiker. When he said he was not, I thought he was a practical joker. A good diversion, I said to myself. I went up to him, Even though I was quite close, he still addressed me in the same high pitched voice. He took me to his room. It was a shabby place with things lying about in a glorious abandon—the room of a bachelor who does not care for tidiness and order. His bedding was lying disorganised on his cot. A few books cluttered a table. In a corner there was a store covered with dust that showed it was not used. There was another cot on which dirty sheets and quilts were piled up. It looked a make shift establishment which could be wound up at a moment's notice. That room led into another, quite big, bare and full of dust. A mirror was hung on a wall. It looked out of place in that habitation, fit only for crows and sparrows.

Then we went to a hotel for breakfast. I discovered that Bal Singh (that was his name) was a decent gentleman, cordial, generous, hearty, and childlike. He gave me a breakfast consisting of buttered slices, eggs, milk, bananas and apricots. When I insisted on paying; he said that I should not be reckless with my money as I still had a long way to go and that I would need it later. He then took me up on a hill, right on the top. A

*baba* from Hardwar had fixed his hut there. His flag was fluttering proudly on its long pole and could be seen from great distances. He was roaming about, with just a loin-cloth on. He was tall and dark, with a well-developed chest, smooth and shapely shoulders and a full face. He looked an athlete. Long matted locks and a shaggy beard—those standard signs of 'baba-hood' were, of course, there. He was a cheerful, jovial fellow with a great capacity for laughter. He was quite shrewd, too. He knew how to treat a person according to his status. He was respectful towards me and kept calling me 'babu-ji' and called Bal "*bansuri-wala*" (flute-player). When Bal said that he had to show me round the town, Baba Ji got out of his hut and said that he would show me the whole of Theog right from there. We made a round of the hill and did get a bird's eye-view of the entire town. Then he plucked a flower and gave it to me saying that it had special virtues. The usual trick, I said to myself. He kept referring to his cottage as his palace that was coming up. After every second minute, he would laugh the gay laugh of a child. He looked affectionately at a picture of Lord Shiva, and Parvati laughing on a wall and said, "Lord Shiva, thou art very naughty." And then he hummed a few verses from a sensuous lyric. He confessed frankly that he was just a faqir. That was all there was to him. That is what he told his devotees, too. But the people were so good and affectionate. They didn't mind feeding him and looking after him. His devotees brought presents for him and he chid

them for being extravagant and distributed it all among them. He had no patience with a serious discussion, he only wanted to laugh and play. He said that he had felt restless in his boyhood and run away from home. A settled life was a nightmare for him. He never stayed at one place for more than a fortnight. Then he invited us to lunch. It was a good nice meal. When we suggested that we left after that, he asked us to wait as some '*bhakta*' might bring fruits.

This *baba* was quite superstitious. Maybe he only wanted to trade on the ignorance of the people. He said that when he had first pitched his flag on that hill, it was torn into two the same evening. That meant there were evil spirits around. He started fasting and didn't see any one. For nine days he was in great agony. The demons shrieked around him and troubled him. When finally, he drove them away, he fixed up his flag again and then it was quite all right. The people believed him. People here are simple and credulous. Their religion is naive, uncritical. They believe in gods and goddesses and all fairs, that take place and are held in honour of these deities. There's an absurd superstition going which says that milk is not acceptable to their gods and hence they too must not take it. Animal sacrifice is quite common. Generally a goat is slaughtered and its meat divided among the believers.

At the Baba's hut, there were two other 'spiritual' characters—a Swami Ji and Purohit. The Swami Ji was dressed in the usual saffron cloak. He

was an intelligent, conceited and malicious person. He had a smattering of English and got a great satisfaction out of flattering himself. His robe was unclean ; so was his face. His eyes were besmeared with rheum. Though he talked well about his prituality, yet the ring of a direct, immediate, personal experience of religion was missing. When this experience comes one gets quietened, ripe and mellow. He was too competitive for that. He was a solemn type and felt annoyed with the mirthfulness of our *baba*.

The *purohit* was a plump, listless fellow. His eyes had the heavy lethargy of a drug-addict. He wore a curious gear on his head, made of metal consisting of a piece of mirror serving as the head-piece, and two bells that hung from his ears. His job was to perform certain ceremonies and for that purpose he went from one village to another and he was adored by the people !

In the evening, as I was having my walk, I passed a group of young people. They were discussing something in their brand of broken English. It cost them a mighty painful effort to make their sentences. Young women were dressed in sarees like city women and the designs were rather vulgar. Young men were wearing suits and neckties which they could not manage. This coterie of that little town must be the ideal of still younger people. Wherever I see such a sight, I feel pained, angry and amused. It gives rise to anxious thoughts. Why should people cling to a language (even amongst themselves !) in which they cannot laugh and express nuances

of feeling ? Why should they abandon their own modes, when they succeed only in making a parody of foreign ones ? Our education seems to be utterly pointless ; our culture, whatever we say about its ancient glories, seems to have spent itself as a force that gives people self-respect and pride in their own ways. Otherwise, English-style education could not un-settle us so completely and make us feel ashamed of our own style. It is one thing to develop newer and more complex forms from older ones ; but it is quite another to throw them overboard and take to imported varieties like the ape who cut his cheeks with a razor, because he wanted to look like a human-being. The sort of education that we are giving to young people, particularly in small towns, is ill-suited to their needs. It is uprooting them from their native soil and condemning them to imitate the urban folk and live a life that is beyond their resources, material and psychological. We are only producing snobs who flaunt their superiority by those stereotyped signs—wearing western-style clothes, talking loosely about pictures and women, frequenting restaurants and above all, speaking in English. None of them wants to stay with his people. And in the cities, they are not accepted in sophisticated circles. These unfortunate boys and girls are reduced to living on the fringe. This situation deserves the serious attention of educationists and courageous action on the part of our policy-makers. We must save our children from the misery of a constant pressure to imitate. We must teach them to be themselves.

# TWO POEMS

By Shri J. K. Jain

## (i) B L I S S

My Being beats in a rhythm of gratitude,  
my love !  
For moments of deep hush—  
of the quiet gladness of a bud,  
as it opens unseen in expanse of colour;  
of the repose of the moon,  
in the fullness of its radiance;  
of the freshness of twilight,  
when night turns into day—  
when the soul is awake  
and its spring sun  
fills the whole being.  
Your image stands before my eye,  
serene, neither feverish, nor glittering.

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## (ii) INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY

(On Reading 'A Farewell to Arms')

I want to live.  
To love Catherine and see her turning into Death ?  
Death defies all questions.  
Is life any answer ?

A life-time of dissipation, of despair,  
Of shunning success that men go after,  
Of walking on the razor's edge,  
Curls up like smoke from an ash-tray  
and skims into nothingness.  
Or like a Tetanus-stricken child  
shudders and is stiff.  
Or like a carcass,  
rots on the road side,  
eaten bit by bit by vultures.  
Is that the end of consciousness ?  
Is there no sunrise after death ?  
If so, if not, what a nightmare !

# TEA AND GEOGRAPHY

*Rajat Batra*

THE Anti-Geography League was having an emergency session. There was gloom on the young Leaguers' face, a dull heaviness gripped their souls, their brows were knit in frowning concentration. The Mid-Term Break over, their thoughts turned to the End-of-Term Examination, and inevitably, to Geography. Not that we had anything against Geography, anything personal. Only we, the six of us in the A. G. L., could'nt hit it off with the subject. There may be, there assuredly are, people who find Geography fascinating; only, we have'nt come across them, I suppose it is with Geography even as it is with a celebrated classic. You find people raving about it, you think it is'nt all that it is supposed to be. Till you grow in years and experience and looking back wonder how you missed the beauty of it all. It is so with Geography. By the time you are old, you surely must have run into worse things, and you are glad enough to spend your last days, linked each to each with natural piety, between spells of raising geraniums and contemplating the adiabatic lapse rates. But to young students, Geography is a bore. I know that is putting it bluntly, but then you can't be mealy-mouthed when on the subject of your pet aversions. No doubt the instructors do their best. You have only to look at the cover of the printed notes they dish out to us—GEOGRAPHY NOTES written in a

semicircle with lines shooting out of the periphery, the whole thing resembling the disc of the rising sun and looking deceptively like an invitation to the fun-fair.

It was a business-like session convened to devise ways and means of (a) keeping awake, and (b) loading ourselves with enough geography to last the Exam. Item (b) presented little difficulty. It was unanimously resolved that Leaguers should in future pay attention to lessons in the class and that a small sub-committee should immediately go into the question of selecting five 'probables' for the Exam. Item (a) gave rise to an excited and furious discussion at the end of which it was decided that we should make tea at night to keep us awake. Someone suggested coffee as a more potent stimulant, but that was beyond our budget, and tea was agreed on.

The job of getting and assembling the tea things was left to X but to the question raised by Y, who goes by some sort of sure instinct to the root of a problem, as to who would get up first, there was no ready or easy answer. Think of it, on a satisfactory answer to that question depended the execution of the entire project. An alarm clock was the obvious solution, but all except one confessed that they were given to banging the clock when it rang, so violently that it had to be

taken for repairs. The lone exception happy soul, had never heard an alarm clock, his or his neighbours' go off during day or night! It looked as though we had reached what the newspapers call an impasse. For once we looked like the Big Powers—agreed on the ultimate objectives but helpless in devising means of achieving them. Then some one, I think it was the resourceful X, said something about drawing lots. The suggestion, a floating straw, was accepted with obvious relief.

Three o'clock the next morning, a grenade blows off (with due apologies to John Barrel, my trusty time-piece). It was a jolly good bang. This was followed by a second, a third .... Rubbing my eyes and looking round, I discovered to my horror six alarm clocks, the fourth one getting ready to go off even as I was surveying the room in an effort to keep abreast of developments. The whole league had left their alarm clocks in my room, not wanting to take risks. With an oath, I got up. I then shuffled into the next room and vigorously shook the occupant of the bed. Muttering inarticulate wrath, he bounded out of bed, picked up his tennis racket and bayonet-charged me. I planted a lusty kick on his shins. That made him sit up. The next chap I went to called me names, most of them strictly unprintable. After a few more mishaps of this kind, we assembled in my room. The utensils were brought out, the stove lighted and the water put on to boil. Then followed a heated discussion over the stages of making tea, which spotlighted two

distinct schools of thought coming to an open clash—one maintaining that we should put in the tea leaves in the water first and then boil and the other maintaining with equal conviction that we should put in all the ingredients at the same time and then boil. The discussion was interrupted by a loud swishing noise and we found that half the boiling water had already spilled over the table. Rescue operations were started (the things rescued were my Geography notes), and then we put some tea-leaves into the tin which served as a kettle, and one of us stirred the decoction. After some time milk and sugar were put in six glasses, although the floor, it seemed to me, got a larger share of these than our glasses. Finally the distribution of the decoction itself. Old X, the resourceful, coolly put out his hand to lift the tin and rebounded, squeaking, in the process, a fellow-Leaguer's little toe and flattening it. The owner of the little toe—it was puffing with a half-broken blister to starve with—let out an agonizing yell dropping the glass he was holding. X as cool as ever and a trifling wiser now armed himself with a towel and started pouring the stuff into our glasses. The first glass receiving a good lot of tea leaves, there was a general clamour for a strainer. The cover of an old exercise book was shaped into a funnel, and with Y holding it, I poured the tea. Unfortunately a large part of the scalding liquid fell on his hand and he retired to swell the list of the hurt. I then fished out the compasses from my geometry box, and the funnel was now held in shape. By this time my room was looking like

river valley project with one of the moist chambers giving way. However, the rest of the distribution went off without any further incident, and each Leaguer retired to his room with glass of tea.

I then sipped my tea and settled down to a spot of Geography. I began reading—'The study of Geogra-

phy.....attempts to establish...a relationship between..... man and his environment.....The study of Geography .... attempts to establish..... Geography.....between man and his environment .....The study of environment .....attempts to establish..... Geography between.....man and his relationship.....The Geography of man .....

## GANDHIJI AND TAGORE\*

Gandhiji was a lover of Truth, luminous as well as limitless, in every sphere of human thought and action; hence his whole life was one vast laboratory, where the never-ending epic of experiments was composed in the scientist's spirit of self-consecration.

Tagore was a worshipper of the wizard and vision of Beauty, at once earthly, eerie and empyrean, so that to him life was a lyric sung with the radiance of re-orientated reason to the deep of starry rhythm.

Gandhiji worked with the plough and on the spinning wheel in the service of starving and suffering humanity, for he believed that inviolably an empty stomach cannot be a holy or healthy habitation for the indwelling God.

Tagore played on the flute and in the colourful light of its divers strains taught the growing young to walk with the dignity of the divine and with fervent faith in self-fulfilment.

Gandhiji, filled with deep compassion for his fellow-men, exchanged his love for law for law of love.

Tagore, too, similarly spurred, forsook the carpet and the cushioned seat in his father's home for a hamlet by the wayside, so that from there he might hold aloft a light to guide the feet of the travellers in the dark to the heart of Life, in which is hidden the elixir and alchemy of Love.

The stars whispered into the ears of Gandhiji, "Come up to labour amongst us."

Tagore shouted to the stars, "Come down to play with us."

To Gandhiji the pearl-like tear of pain in the eyes of his brotherman was a challenge to his own complacency and comfort. To Tagore the bent back of the pedestrain was a challenge to the magic and moonlight of his music.

Thus, the life of each was a sacred confluence of Love, Labour and Light.

\*Reproduced from 'Gandhi and Tagore' by Gurdial Malik (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad)

# D. H. Lawrence and Modern English Fiction

*Dr. C. L. Nahal*

D. H. Lawrence is a novelist who is still tabooed in this country. Yet an assessment of modern English fiction cannot be made without not only taking cognizance of, but without properly and thoroughly understanding D. H. Lawrence. Many years back Dr. Leavis called Lawrence "the greatest creative writer in English of our time"—a statement which appeared to be an exaggeration then, but whose truth is slowly coming home. For Lawrence's work epitomizes all the pent up feelings of a whole generation, and whereas the fortunes of his contemporaries have varied with time, his meaning is becoming clearer with the passage of years and his place as an artist more assured. In the field of fiction in any case, there is no living English novelist who does not owe something to him.

The twentieth century English fiction has had two major influences, as a matter of fact. Along with D. H. Lawrence, I must also include the name of James Joyce. I leave out Henry James and Joseph Conrad, not that they were not great artists, but because they were not innovators as such. Their art flourished within the range of the known, the established media, James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence on the other hand brought something new to the tradition of English novel, and that's why I put them above Henry James and Joseph

Conrad. Both of them, Joyce and Lawrence, compelled a re-adjustment in the awareness of the reader. Joyce's contribution was in the matter of technique, in the stream-of-consciousness method of narrating a tale that he experimented with. Lawrence was not particularly concerned with technique; his method of story-telling was fairly conventional. His contribution was in the new subject that he successfully brought within the confines of the novel. No one earlier had thought these subjects either proper or important enough for a novelist to handle—subjects which dealt with the inarticulate feelings of an individual. Lawrence thus expanded the field of the novel and brought it nearer, closer, to the everyday level of life.

The most important characteristic of the modern fiction hero—of the hero of Kingsley Amis, of John Wain or of William Golding—is that he is a person who hits back, who is not docile and submissive, eating his heart out in self-pity. If I may take into account the field of drama, the modern hero is also a very angry man. Osborne's Jimmy Porter in *Lolita* and *Back in Anger* typifies this sort of rebel. I am not going into detail here into the cause of the hero's anger or why he hits back. I only wish to stress the point that D. H. Lawrence was the first English artist, indeed

the first European artist of his era, who created characters as angry rebels. Paul Morel in *Sons and Lovers*, Rupert Birkin in *Women in Love*, Lilly in *Aaron's Rod*, Don Ramon in *The Plumed Serpent* and the game-keeper Mellors in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* are all figures of dissent, violently at war with the conventional society around them. They are so much at war with conventional morality, that one finds them completely cut off from every one else in their spirit of dissent. They stand alone, in absolute isolation, in the type of isolation we credit existentialists like Sartre and Camus having created for their characters. Thus years before the first existentialist wrote the first existential novel, Lawrence was anticipating the movement. As John Middleton Murry, by no means a friendly critic of Lawrence, observed: He "was the living embodiment of yet another theory which is part of the intellectual climate of today: the philosophy of existentialism."

All this may come as a surprise to some of the readers for whom Lawrence is that notoriously bad man who wrote that notoriously bad book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. I remember the day when *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was first issued in England after the trial at the Old Bailey, where the book was declared as not obscene. There were long queues outside bookshops during lunch hour that day and then again immediately after office hours, at 5 in the evening. It was a field day for the television reporters and cameramen. They questioned a number of men and women

and asked them why they were so eager to buy the book. They all replied: because of the fuss that had been made about it. The book, however, did not shatter the moral instincts of any one, and a week passed, many weeks went by, and the explosion in society which was feared after the general sale of such a volume never came about.

I mention this at some length to bring out two things; first that Lawrence is condemned by a large number of people on hearsay, most of whom would change their opinion about him if they were to carefully read him; and, secondly, that many of the things for which Lawrence raised his voice have already by now come to pass in society, have been accepted by society. Thirty years back, when *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was written in 1928, there would have been a great hue and cry after its general sale. But during the intervening years the public mind in England has been, relatively speaking, moulded and transformed to accept sex as normal. Moulded and transformed by whom? By two persons, basically. By Marie Stopes in the practical field, and by D. H. Lawrence in the aesthetic field. No one these days is shocked in England when he reads John Braine's *Room at the Top*, for instance, or Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, his four novels dealing with the subject of love. *Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Mountolive* and *Clea*. Yet Lawrence Durrell and John Braine could not have been possible without D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence Durrell, who is one

of the major living English novelists, has himself acknowledged his debt to D. H. Lawrence. At times by writing epic novels like **The Rainbow** in praise of married love, at other times by shocking his readers with the unconventionality of books like **Lady Chatterley's Lover**, Lawrence channelled the course of literature in the whole of Western World in new directions (for his influence was not confined to England alone ; it extended to Europe and to America as well).

This then is the first new subject that Lawrence opened up for the novel : study of sexual feelings. In yet another direction, a totally different direction from this one, Lawrence was again a pioneer artist. And that is the literature representing the working class consciousness. I think **Sons and Lovers** is the first English novel which really takes the reader into the living sensibility of a working class family. Charles Dickens wrote a number of novels against social injustice and poverty, but he was an outsider to the circle he described ; a sympathetic outsider, but still not belonging to it. His Macawbers are too romantic to be read. The poor just do not sit idle waiting for providence to come their way and help them ; they do not speak in a flowery language ; they are not always cracking a joke at their own expense. Dickens sentimentalized the working class. In actual fact men belonging to this class are a hard working lot, rough and tempestuous ; their speech is often crude, certainly not refined, in reality only what passes as local

dialect ; they are proud and good at heart, but shy and reserved before strangers. For the first time, as I said, in **Sons and Lovers** we have a faithful picture of a working class family—of the type of life such a family leads, the grimy environment in which they live, their ugly-looking but clean homes, the way their houses are kept, the food they eat, the language they speak, a picture of their quarrels, their love life, their children, their religious life. This is the type of class which constitutes the backbone of English society, and it is ironical that till 1913, the year in which **Sons and Lovers** was published, this class was unrepresented properly in English fiction. Now "mass culture" is a fashionable subject of study and there are specialists like Richard Hoggart and Raymond Williams who have made it their business to analyse and classify the habits and mental reactions of this class. But it was D. H. Lawrence, who through **Sons and Lovers** and through a number of short stories, made England aware that such a class ever existed in its own right.

Only a few decades after his death, another novelist has risen in England, curiously enough from Lawrence's own city, the city of Nottingham, who in his novel **Saturday Night and Sunday Morning** has repeated the performance of Lawrence in portraying the working class life to near perfection. Alan Silittoe, the novelist referred to, again exists, like Lawrence Durrell in another direction, in so far as D. H. Lawrence existed be-

re and set the tone for this particular type of tradition,

But Lawrence's most remarkable contribution was neither in the field of sexual emancipation nor in the portrayal of the working class life. It was in his attitude to religion. One cannot escape superlatives while talking about Lawrence, but the fact is that he was the most religious artist twentieth century England has produced. He once wrote to Edward Garnett: "I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be written from the depth of my religious experience." All the same, or rather because of his religious quest, he was not satisfied with Christianity and at the age of 21 rejected it, saying that he could not accept the theory of one saviour of mankind. If there have to be saviours there must be many, coming from time to time, and each land and each people must have their own saviours. In novel after novel, in *The Rainbow*, in *Women in Love*, in *Aaron's Rod*, in *The Plumed Serpent* and finally in *The Man Who Died* he subjects Christianity to scathing criticism and replaces it with a more personal religion in which man is answerable to his own conscience for all his actions. In this particular branch of thought he comes very close to Hinduism, and no wonder Sri Aurobindo remarked about him: "Lawrence was a yogi who had missed his way and come into a European body to work out his difficulties."

For Lawrence dogmatic Christianity was the root cause of the stinkingness in which he found the society of

his day. For a religion based on Property perpetrated grounds for class oppression and class exploitation. And a religion with concepts like the Original Sin, could never allow its followers to enjoy uninhibited the physical side of their life.

In his short novel, *The Man Who Died*, which is one of the most beautifully written prose pieces I have ever read, Lawrence makes Christ come back to life. Christ never dies in his story, he is taken off the cross before he is dead and he recovers shortly afterwards. But on coming back to consciousness Lawrence's Christ suddenly sees how wrong he had been in inflicting his views on others. He realizes that life is beautiful from moment to moment and each man has to carve his destiny in his own way. He further realizes that in devoting himself exclusively to the life of the spirit, in denial of the life of the body, he had been denying the most fundamental part of life; for celibacy is unnatural in view of the principles on which life begins and is passed on. So he quietly renounces his role as a messiah, and goes out to look for a woman whom he may marry and with whom he may settle down.

It is an extremely audacious story, but very skilfully written. No wonder Lawrence did not have many friends for a long time in the Christian world. For even his best critics cannot accept his so categorical a denial of Christianity, and that is the main reason why they end up their evaluations of his work with qualifying clauses. "A Genius, But..." Richard

Oldinton remarked in the title of his biography of him. Even Dr. Leavis does not touch on **The Man Who Died**, in his long book on Lawrence and tactfully leaves it out of it. Middleton Murry and Graham Hough, who have discussed this particular story, of course say that Lawrence was wrong about Christ and Christianity. It is incoceivable for them that a man could reject Christianity and still be very religious.

Dogma free religion as the source of action of characters was thus the third subject that Lawrence introduced into the novel. He has so far had no literary descendents in this particular respect. And without an understanding of Lawrence's deeply moral nature, deeply puritanical nature, those who follow him in his approach to sex, and in his approach to the working class, miss a large part of Lawrence. That is why none of the living novelists in England, none

of those mentioned by me above—Lawrence Durrell, Henry Brai Kingsley Amis, John Wain, William Golding, or Alan Silittoe—come up to the heights of Lawrence. Their ang their talk of sexual love, their fig against class enslavement all sou somewhat hollow, since their art do not have the religious fervour at hea which Lawrence's art springs fro Following in his wake, they ha rejected dogmatic Christianity, b then they do not replace it with som thing equally religious.

But D. H. Lawrence is nevert less the artist who has guided t shape of modern Eglish novel. F counterpart James Joyce, with his zi zaw of a style put together by a clew mechanist, is pushed far into the bac ground. Novelties of technique a forgotten. But novelties of unexplo ed subjects ushered in by Lawren remain endlessly alive.

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“Rare is human birth,.....Rarer is birth as a male with perfect limbs and with full use of all the senses. Rarer still is attainment of knowledge and wisdom. Rarer than this is the tendency to give and serve ; and rarest of all is a life dedicated to spiritual enlightenment, for when one reaches the end of heaven will open to welcome that person .....the perfect of all human beings.”

—*Duke of Edinburgh*

## ABOUT OURSELVES

*News, news, news, my gossiping friends.*

*I have wonderful news to tell.*

The news-writer of THE DESH is the chronicler and the reporter of the family constituted by the staff and students of the College. Ours is a family which is closely knit by ties of mutual affection, understanding appreciation and interest. Anything that happens concerning the family, howsoever trivial on the face of it, is of interest to the members of the family. Marriages, deaths, departures and arrivals; laurels won and opportunities lost; additions and depletions; changes, substitutions and replacements——; in short, all that happens is news for the family because it just happens and concerns them and none other.

We are 960 strong this year. We could have been a few more had we the elbow-room, especially in the college library and the corridors. The Preparatory Class has been discontinued this year and the Pre-Medical I year will go next year. The rollicking and kicking 'multitude' have been replaced by the matured and more responsible numbers. Consequently there is less breakage of furniture. There are fewer head-on collisions near the entrances of lecture rooms and fewer escapades through the windows. The college Library and the Reading Room still remain over-crowded, if less noisy. The Hall meetings are very well attended—a heartening feature; a happy return to the earlier tradition. The canteen has a 'new look' but needs to be more

sanitary. Table-tennis and badminton are in full swing. More waiting players than playing ones! Major games are played . . . just preparatory to the university matches. No more than passing or flickering pastimes!

New faces . . . enough but not to spare. New teachers? Yes, quite a few . . . In short, the family has been rejuvenated, renovated, refurnished and refurbished——; technically speaking, geared for the year's work. New trials, new hopes and new rewards!

### The Staff

Shri C. P. Malik (Botany) and Shri Surinder Kumar (Chemistry) left for U. K. and U. S. A. respectively within 4 days of each other. The former has gone on a Commonwealth Scholarship for 2 years while the latter resigned his post in order to avail himself of a teaching cum research scholarship of the university of Chicago. This 'export' quota would have been off-set by the return of Shri S. M. Sehgal (Botany) & Shri R. K. Dewan (Chemistry) had they not chosen to extend their stay in the States.

In order to cope with the work in the various Honours & Science classes the following appointments were made :—

(1) Shri Harcharan Singh Kakar  
 (2) Shri Amalindu Roy. (Dept. of English)  
 (1) Shri R. B. Jain (2) Mrs. Noorjehan Bawa (Deptt. of Pol. Sc.)  
 (1) Shri M. L. Sanduja (2) Shri Surinder Kumar  
 (3) Shri S. K. Dheer (4) Shri Viney Kumar  
 (5) Shri Mehra (Department of Chem.)  
 (1) Shri V. Verma, (2) Miss Usha Sachdeva.  
 (3) Shri Pritam Singh (Deptt. of Botany) and  
 (1) Shri Mohan C. Balani Shri B. P. Sexena  
 (Dept. of Zoology) Shri M. P. Singh (Deptt. of Hindi),  
 Dr. K. L. Sharma and Shri S. P. Choudhry  
 (Deptt. of History), and Shri R. K. Sharma  
 (Deptt. of Economics.) We welcome them to the fold.

Dr. S. K. Goyal (Economics) left us to join the staff of the K. M. College. Shri G. C. Goel (Maths) has taken up appointment in the Evening Post-graduate College of the university. We wish them success in their new ventures.

We congratulate Shri O. P. Kohly on his marriage and Shri L. M. Sharma on the birth of a son.

### College Office

Shri R. C. Gupta, Senior Clerk, resigned his post. Shri J. K. Suri, Junior clerk, has been promoted in his place. Shri R. C. Mehtani, P. A. to the Principal, got married. Our congratulations to Shri Suri and Shri Mehtani.

### A brilliant Performance

Kumari Manju Mathur, B.A. Hons.

(Maths) stood first in the University (1962) with 660/800 marks. She has been awarded the M. Bhola Nat Medal, the R. B. Brijmohanlal Sahe Memorial Medal and the Ravi Kant Devi Prize. Our heartiest congratulations to her on her brilliant performance!

### Extension Lecture

Shri Cherian Thomas, Organizer Secretary of the Gandhi Smara Nidhi, Delhi, addressed the Staff and Students of the College on the importance of the Gandhi Jayanti and the cleanliness work. He advised the students to 'belong' to India in word, thought and deed and do their duty towards their less fortunate brethren who do not have the opportunity of coming to the Universities. Service and sacrifice; non-violent temper and approach; simple living and truthful behaviour; clean and healthy surroundings—these, according to Gandhiji, were as much essential for civilization as freedom and faith. India was a country of villages and the Gandhian precepts must reach the remotest village. This could be done by the educated section of the community. It was unfortunate that even the educated villagers left their villages to settle in towns. No real progress of the country will be possible unless the traffic was reversed or made two-way.

### The Punjabi Section of the Desh

We regret to announce that due to poor response of contributors to the Punjabi Section the present issue does not contain the Punjabi Section.

## Inter-class One-act Play Competition (1961-62)

A scene from 'Tauliya'  
staged by the Qualifying Class



A scene from  
'Mamta ki do Ankhen'  
staged by the B. A. classes,

## Inter-class One-act Play Competition 1961-62



A scene from 'Rehearsal'  
staged by the B.Sc. classes

Another scene from  
'Rehearsal'



## New Societies

We extend our felicitations to the following new Societies :—

- (i) The Mathematics Association.
- (ii) The SAC.
- (iii) The South Indian Literary Association,

## The College Union

Advisership of the College Union changed hands early this year. Shri V. N. Khanna, Head of the Deptt. of Political Science, was appointed Adviser on 17th August, 1962.

Elections were held on 25th August, 1962, for the College Union and for ten Supreme Councillors.

The following were elected office-bearers of the College Union and Class Representatives :

<i>President</i>	... Vinod Kanwar	B.A. III
<i>Vice-President</i>	... A.N. Dutt	B. Sc. II
<i>Secretary</i>	... R.N. Kaul	B. A. (Hons.) II
<i>Asstt. Secretary</i>	Mahender Berry	B.A. I

### Class Representatives

<b>B.A., B. Sc. (Pass &amp; Hons.) III yr</b>	Vijay S u d a n	B. A. III
<b>B. A. B. Sc. II yr.</b>	Jagjit Singh Nayar	B. A. II
<b>B. A., B. Sc. (Pass &amp; Hons) I yr.</b>	Janak Raj Kohli	B. A. (H) I
<b>Pre Med. I &amp; II yr</b>	Arun K u m a r Sharma P. M II.	

The following were elected members of the Supreme Council of the Delhi University Students' Union :

1. Chander Mohan Babber B.A. III
2. Indira Sharma B.A. Hons. I
3. Kailash Dewan B. A. III
4. Santosh Malik B. A. III
5. Kamlesh Khanna B. A. I
6. R. S. Bhutani B. Sc. III
7. Ashok Chopra B. A. Hons. I
8. Vijay Suri B. A. Hons. II
9. Ram Babu Sharma B. A. II
10. Yug Prakash Dar B. A. I

The Principal nominated the following members of the Union Committee for the year 1962-63.

1. Shri R. L. Kakar
2. Mrs. R. K. Parshad
3. Shri S. M. Jhangiani
4. Shri K. C. Kanda
5. Shri P. A. Shiromany
6. Narinder Singh B. Sc. III 'A'
7. Sneh Lata Marwah B. Sc. III 'B'
8. Sulakshna Kumari B. A. Hons. III yr.

In a meeting of the Advisers of various Associations and Societies it was decided that the Adviser of the College Union will act as *Coordinator* of activities of the various societies.

In its first meeting held on 4th September, 1962, the Union Committee requested the Principal to appoint a few students also to be members of the Canteen Committee. The Principal, therefore, nominated the following to be members of the Canteen Committee.

1. The President College Union (Vinod Kanwar)
2. Narinder Singh B. Sc. III Yr
3. Sneh Lata Marwah B. Sc. III Yr

The inaugural function of the College Union was held on 19th September, 1962. Dr. S. N. Varma, Head of the Deptt. of African Studies, University of Delhi and Staff Adviser, Delhi University Students' Union, addressed the College Union; Dr. Varma explained the role of a College Union and asked the students to work for national integration. Dr. Varma's address was followed by a short variety programme.

A debate in Hindi was held on 22nd September, 1962. The subject for the debate was :

"इस सदन के मत में विश्व की सभी समस्याओं की जननी नारी ही है।"

Mr. R. L. Kakar, Mr. R. L. Verma and Mr. O. P. Kohli acted as judges. The following students were adjudged first three best speakers :

1. Sudhir B. A. Hons II
2. Ravi Kumar B. A. III
3. Ajay B. Sc. III

The Second Inter-College Declamation Contest for the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy was held on 29th September, 1962. Twenty speakers from various colleges took part in the Declamation Contest. Our College was represented by K. V. S. Ramani, B. A. Hons. III Yr and Vijay K. Kumar of B. A. III. The following constituted the panel of judges :

1. Shri K. R. Pandey, All India Radio
2. Mrs. Bimla Luthra, Head of Deptt. of Pol. Science, Lady Shri Ram College, New Delhi
3. Shri N. C. Kanwar, Deptt. English, Hindu College, Delhi

The Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy was awarded to St. Septhia College. Shri A. N. Maira of Stephen's College was awarded first prize and Kumari Praveen N of the Lady Shri Ram College and Kumari Rita Rattana of the Indraprastha College were awarded bracketed second prize.

#### The U. N. S. A.

The United Nations Students' Association (UNSA) of Deshbandhu College was inaugurated by the Honorable Shri Dinesh Singh, Deputy Minister, of External Affairs on Friday, the 28th September 1962. The Honourable Minister was received with great joy and cheers by the Principal, Staff and Students of the College. A large number of students assembled to hear the Chief Guest. The function commenced with the President's address followed by a welcome and introductory speech by the Staff Adviser of UNSA.

Inaugurating the Association, Shri Dinesh Singh remarked that he believed in putting across certain constructive ideas that come to his mind rather than giving a sermon or a lecture to the students. He emphasized that in an age when "space has shrunk and time has lost its meaning"

When a man can breakfast in London and lunch in New York, no nation can live and live well in isolation, absolutely cut away from the rest of mankind, uninfluenced and unperturbed by the developments taking place in the outside world. If mankind is to live in peace and prosperity, among other things, the most difficult and delicate problem that had baffled great statesmen, political thinkers and economists, of settling disputes between nations must be solved first. Only two alternatives appeared to be practicable to him. A dispute can be solved either by violence or by peaceful negotiations. The former is a brutal, uncivilized and costly method which, if adopted, will inevitably shed the blood of mankind and cause endless sufferings unnecessarily. The latter that puts premium on democratic methods will not only serve the purpose amicably but also promises international peace. "Peace" he continued, "cannot be maintained by fear; peace cannot be maintained by violence. Peace can be maintained only by the liquidation of the armed forces of the world." That is why the problem of disarmament is being talked of so frequently in the the world forum and everywhere.

He went on to say that entire humanity looked forward to the U.N. to salvage humanity from the destruction of this atomic age, since its charter breathes peace, freedom and equality for all and exhorts its members to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights," and promote "justice," "better

standard of life" and "tolerance." Unlike its predecessor, the League of Nations, the U.N. is the only machinery of salvation. He referred to the map of Africa in 1945 and said that if tremendous change has taken place in these years, it is due largely to the efforts of the U. N.

After emphasizing the political and economic aspects of the world organization, he made a passing reference to the baffling Sino-Indian border dispute. If we say that India stands by the Charter of the U. N. wholeheartedly, he said, we must set an example to the world that we are trying to solve our problems peacefully. This great country known for ages for tolerance and mutual understanding finds herself to-day in a sorry state of affairs. We quarrel over petty things and minor matters at a time when the universal call of mankind is towards "peaceful coexistence."

After exhorting and briefing the audience of the noble ideals of the U. N. Charter, the Honourable Minister concluded his concise but effective and emphatic speech and wished success to the UNSA.

The Principal, in his usual characteristic way gave a finishing touch and the function came to a happy end with the National Anthem.

### The Political Science Association

This year the advisership of the Political Science Association was entrusted to Shri R. B. Jain. The elections to the various offices of the associa-

tion were held, and the following were unanimously elected to the offices shown against each.

Shri Pran Nath Kapoor	...	President.
Shri Harbans Singh	...	Vice-President.
Shri Shama Korpai		Secretary.
Shri Vinod Wahi		Jt. Secretary.
Shri Harish Munjal		Representative III year.

As no nominations were received for the representatives of the II year and I year classes, the Adviser of the Association nominated Miss Sneh Prabha Seth and Miss Urmil Talwar to represent the two classes respectively.

The inaugural function of the Political Science Association was held on 5th September, 62. Dr. A. Appadorai, eminent teacher of Political science and Director of the Indian School of International Studies, New Delhi, addressed the students on "Democracy in India". The distinguished speaker in his address, highlighted the conditions necessary for a successful democracy and was cautious in his observation that these existed fully in this country.

The function was very well attended.

### The Sanskrit Parishad

The Annual Elections of the office-bearers of the Sanskrit Parishad were held on 31 August, 62. The following were elected ;—

Adviser	Shri M.L. Chaud
President	... Champa B. (Hons) II year.
Vice-President	Shruti Kant B. II year,
Secretary	... Ravindra Shari B. A. II year
Asstt. Secretary	Sarkar Mohan B. I year.

### Class Representatives :—

B. A. (Pass & Hons) I yr.	... Virendra Pahu
B. A. (Pass & Hons.) II yr.	... Tej Kumar
B. A. (Pass & Hons.) III yr.	... Shashi Mathur

### The Philosophy Association

The following students have been elected the office-bearers of the Philosophy Association :

Adviser	... Mrs. M. Thoma
President	... Vijay K. Kum (B. A. Final)
Secretary	.. P. V. George B. (Final)

### Class Representatives :—

1. Latika (B.A. Ist yr.)
2. Maheshwer Prasad (B. A. yr.)
3. Supti Rai Chaudhary (B. A. Final)

### The Sahitya Parishad

This year, Sahitya Parishad, a branch of Hindi Parishad, was started for Hindi Honours and Elective Hindi

Students. The following were nominated office-bearers of the Sahitya Parishad :—

Sudhir Upadhyaye (B. A. Hons. Hindi II yr.)—President

Sarkar Mohan (B.A. I yr.)—Secretary.

Adviser : Shri O. P. Kohly

The Sahitya Parishad held an extension lecture for its members on 28th September, 1962. Dr. Devi Shankar Avasthi gave a talk on the following subject. “छाया वादीन्तर हिन्दी कविता”

### The English Literary Society

The Society was inaugurated for the year 1962-63 by Shri H. C. Kathpalia on the 20th Aug., 62. In the course of the inaugural address Mr. Kathpalia hoped that the society would have a long and vigorous life and also advised the members how to get the maximum benefit out of it. Dr. Sarup Singh, Principal Kirori Mal College, who was the Chief Guest, emphasised that all great literature answered the question : ‘How to live ?’

In the next meeting of the Society, the members recited their favourite poems. Shri Y. P. Dhawan, who was in the chair, said that it was essential to read a poem aloud if one wanted to have the full experience of it.

In the third meeting of the Society the members passed a condolence resolution on the death of the revered father of Dr. B. Rajan, Head of the

Deptt. of English, University of Delhi.

### The Science Association

The Science Association of Deshbandhu College was inaugurated for the year 1962-63 by Shri R. K. Sud, our Principal, on 29th Sept '62. The inauguration was followed by a variety programme, including a shadow play.

The following members constitute the Executive committee ;—

Adviser	... Miss Usha Sachdeva
President	... S. Kamlam (B. Sc. II)
Secretary	... G. Benerjee (B. Sc. II)
Asstt. Secretary	... Arun Kumar (P. M. II)

### Class Representatives

B. Sc. III	... T. R. Mullick
B. Sc. II	... R. C. Lall
B. Sc. I	... R. K. Dhawan.
P. M. II	... B. Gulati
P. M. I	... A. Ganjoo.

### The Mathematics Association

The following office-bearers have been elected :—

Adviser	... Dr. R. N. Kaul
President	... Jang Bahadur Sachdeva B.A. (Hons) III year.
Secretary	... Avinash Kumar Ghai B.A. (Hons) II year.

Asstt. Secretary Dharam Pal B. A. (Hons) II year.

Class Representatives :

Sudesh Sharma B.A. (Hons)II year.  
Mahesh Satija B. Sc. I year.

### The Music Club.

Adviser ... Shri V. Verma  
President ... Narindra Kapur.  
Secretary ... R. Aiyer.

The Music Club organized a variety programme on the 24th Sept. '62 in the college hall. There were in all twenty participants who delighted the crowded audience with their melodious songs and tunes. The items given by Narindra Kapur and Km. R. Aiyer were outstanding.

### The SAC Club

This club was formed this year to satisfy the cultural and social urge of a select number of students who met together to found an unofficial society whose objective would be to arrange informal concerts of western music and social get-together of an equally informal type. The club had its first meeting on the 25th of Sept. '62 under the advisership of Prof. Y. P. Dhawan. Prof. Y. P. Dhawan spoke a few words on the value of aesthetic appreciation of art in general, and upheld music as a form of artistic activity which cut through the academic and analytic barrier. Principal R. K. Sud inaugurated the function and gave a brief, but rightly instructive, speech on the value of music in

the training of sensitivity of young people.

An hour of delightful music was provided by a varied assortment of artistic talent collected from different sources.

A committee of six students has been formed to look after the affairs of the club. Their names are given below :

- (i) Vijay K. Kumar (B. A. III yr)
- (ii) Saroj Nagami (PM II)
- (iii) Shobha Arora (B. A. I yr)
- (iv) Suman Bagga (B. Sc. I yr)
- (v) Narinder Saxena (B.Sc. III yr)

### The N. C. C.

Two cadets of our college (Art Wing) stood first (Bracketed) in Miniature Firing in 11 Delhi Bt. Firing Competitions held on 23rd September, 1962. Both of them secured 34 marks out of 40 marks. They are

1. Jag Parvesh B. Sc. I year 'A' Roll No. 17.
2. Suresh Chander B. Sc. I year 'B' Roll No. 151.

### The Planning Forum

The following were elected the office-bearers of the year 1962-63.

Shri S. P. Kapoor ... Adviser  
Chander Mohan Kakar B.A. III Year—President  
Mohinder Pal Singh B.A. I Year—Vice-President  
Devender Suri B. A. III Year—Secretary

Vidya Sagar Dara B.A. I Year  
—Joint-Secretary

Suresh Gupta and Harmohan Laxmi of B.A. II year and Kanta Rani of B. A. I year were co-opted as members of the Executive Committee.

The Forum as usual, celebrated the National Plan Week in collaboration with the Planning Forums of other colleges. A very interesting and educative Play: "Dharamshala" was arranged in the college on 10th of September, through the courtesy of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, to celebrate the occasion.

### Inter-College Youth-Festival

Like the previous years, the college participated in the Inter-College Youth-Festival, held from the 25th to the 29th Sept. 62. Since the notice was short, we could not take part in any of the group-items. We entered only the Solo-items only. Krishna Chatterjee (B.A. III Yr.), Johar Bhattacharya (P.M. I Yr.), Rajeshwari B. A. II Yr.) and Vijay Laxmi Rajan (P. M. II Yr.) represented the college in competitions of Classical Music, Vocal and Instrumental, Light Music (Vocal) and Classical Dances (Bharat Natyam) respectively. Though we did not get any prize, we must congratulate our artists on the creditable performances that they gave. We are glad that we could provide our students with a fine opportunity for creative self-expression in the absence of which life would be a drab, meaningless affair.

### Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

In response to an appeal by the Mayor through the University of Delhi for collection of funds for Diwali Sweets to be sent to our brave Jawans on the border, the students of Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi collected a sum of Rs, 1066/05 on 20th October, 1962 from amongst themselves and from outside.

Girl students of the College have decided to knit and send sweaters, gloves and socks etc. for our brave soldiers who are defending country's border.

Boys have decided to donate blood.

Dated : 25-10-62

The following resolutions were unanimously passed in a meeting of the staff and students held on 25-10-62.

(a) "This meeting of the staff and students of Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi expresses its strong sense of protest and indignation at the unprovoked and unabashed aggression of the Chinese on our sacred soil and pledges its fullest and active support to the Govt. of India for whatever measures are taken to rid our country of the invaders."

(b) It is further resolved that the copies of this resolution may be sent to the Prime Minister, Press and the Editor, College Magazine.

**अनुक्रमिका**  
**हिन्दी-विभाग (१)**

१	सम्पादिका	...	
२	आलोचना का स्वरूप और महत्त्व	...	सुधीर चन्द्र
३	वैज्ञानिक युग में पुरानी लोकोक्तियाँ तथा मुहावरे	...	विजय सूदन
४	कवि और कविता	...	ओम प्रकाश गुप्त
५	कविता करना छोड़ दिया है	...	योगेश चन्द्र
६	नई चेतना	...	ललित मोहन जोशी
७	भारतीय संस्कृति की महत्ता	...	सुभाष भाटिया
८	तुलसी-प्रशस्ति	...	डा० रामदत्त भारद्वाज
९	प्यासी मोरी	..	युग प्रकाश दर
१०	अच्छी हिन्दी	...	विजय लक्ष्मी
११	जगु जपु राम राम जपु जेहि	...	मालती
१२	पूणिमा की ज्योत्स्ना	...	आदर्श शर्मा
१३	व्यक्ति और समाज	...	प्रमोद पन्त
१४	कविता	...	शाम कोरपाल
१५	क्या नाम दूँ	...	एम, एम, ए
१६	एक नया पैसा	...	कुसुम नांगिया

(हिन्दी विभाग (२) पृष्ठ २८ से आगे ।)



## ‘देश’

सम्पादिका :— श्रीमती राजकुमारी प्रसाद

छात्र सम्पादिका :— मालती

### सम्पादकीय

नामान्यतः उच्च प्रज्ञा युक्त समुदाय अपनी कला के कारण ही अपने अनुभव को अभिव्यक्त करने में सफल होता है। उसकी अभिव्यक्ति ही उसके विचारों का स्पष्टीकरण करती है। उसकी अभिव्यक्ति स्वयं सृजनकर्ता को तो आनन्द प्रदान करती ही है, प्रेक्षकों अथवा पाठक वर्ग को भी अनुभव से अवगत करती है। लेखक की कृति से पाठक का पूर्ण तादात्म्य होता है। अतः उसी कृतिकार की कृति अधिक सफल व श्रेष्ठस्तर की होगी जिसकी अभिव्यक्ति सहज व मौलिक होगी। अपनी प्रतिभा का प्रदर्शन कृतिकार नाना रूपों में करता है। अभिव्यञ्जना का रूप, गीत, गद्यगीत, कहानी, नाटक, व्यंग्य-चित्र, रेखा-चित्र सब कुछ हो सकता है। यद्यपि यह प्रतिभा जन्म प्रदत्त है तथापि प्रयत्न द्वारा इसका परिष्कार किया जाता है। यदि प्रत्येक कृतिकार की कृति को वाञ्छित महत्त्व नहीं दिया जाता तो इसके कई कारण बता सकते हैं। रचनाओं में नवीन मौलिक दृष्टिभावनाओं का अभाव होता है या भाषा के निर्माजित व सुष्ठु रूप का अभाव हो जाता है अथवा इसी प्रकार के अन्य दोष कृति के महत्त्व को कम कर देते हैं। अतएव प्रयत्न दोष निवारण का साधन होना चाहिए। रचनाओं को समुचित आदर न मिलने के कारण रचयिता को निराश व हतोत्साह

नहीं होना चाहिये वरन् नवोत्साह से उन्नति के पथ पर अग्रसर होना चाहिये। परिश्रम व प्रयत्न के द्वारा प्रत्येक असंभव वस्तु को सम्भव बनाया जाता है। अतएव उन्हें इस से प्रेरणा ग्रहण कर अपनी प्रतिभा का विकास करना चाहिये।

‘देश’ का प्रस्तुत अंक अपने लघु कलेवर में विविध रञ्जन सामग्री को लिए हुए आपके समक्ष है। इसकी सफलता व असफलता के निर्यायक आप ही हैं। अपने सहयोग द्वारा आप इसे और अधिक परिष्कृत एवं समृद्ध कर सकते हैं। प्रस्तुत अंक संपूर्ण विधाओं से युक्त होते हुए भी एकांकी नाटकों व प्रहसनों आदि से रिक्त है किन्तु मुझे पूर्ण आशा है कि अगले अंक में आप ही के प्रयत्न से यह अभाव भी हिन्दी के प्रिय पाठकों को न खटकेगा।

‘देश’ के पाठको,

‘कला और सौन्दर्य’ से लेकर ‘निःशस्त्रीकरण’ तक के लेख गत वर्ष ‘देश’ में किन्हीं अज्ञात कारणों से समाविष्ट न हो सके थे। इसके लिए अपने पाठकों और लेखकों से क्षमा चाहते हैं, परन्तु इस बार वे सब लेख और इस वर्ष के प्रथम अंक की प्राप्त सम्स्त उत्तम सामग्री आपके समक्ष है।

## \* आलोचना का स्वरूप और महत्त्व \*

सुधीर चन्द्र उपाध्याय, बी०ए० (ग्रानर्स) हिन्दी द्वितीय वर्ष

**मानव** प्रकृति की विविध प्रवृत्तियों में से दो प्रवृत्तियाँ प्रधान और प्रबलतर हैं— सौंदर्यप्रियता तथा आत्माभिव्यंजना। सुन्दर वस्तुओं की सुन्दरता में लीन हो, आनन्दातिरेक से विह्वल हो उठने वाला मानव, सुन्दर वस्तुओं की प्रशंसा करने लगता है तथा अपने मानसिक भावों को दूसरों पर-प्रकट करता है। इसके ठीक विपरीत, सौंदर्यहीन वस्तुएँ उसके मन में विपरीत भाव उत्पन्न करती हैं और वह उनकी निन्दा करने लगता है। यही उसकी इन वस्तुओं के प्रति आलोचना कहलाती है। सत् और असत् का विवेक व निश्चय करने के लिए जीवन की भाँति साहित्य में भी आलोचना का तुल्य महत्त्व है। विधि की चित्र-विचित्र पूर्ण सृष्टि को लेखक अपने भावों या अनुभावों के द्वारा परखता है तथा स्रष्टा या संर्जनकर्ता होने के नाते ब्रह्मा की भाँति एक नवीन सृष्टि का सृजन करता है। इसी कवि-सृष्टि का सांगोपांग निरीक्षण, आलोचना के माध्यम से आलोचक करता है।

आलोचना शब्द की व्युत्पत्ति संस्कृत के 'लोच्' धातु से हुई है जिसका अर्थ है देखना। इस धातु के आगे, "नन्दिग्रहिपचादिभयो ल्युगिन्यचः" सूत्र के आधार पर, 'ल्युट्' प्रत्यय होता है। इसके अनन्तर 'लशक्वतद्धिते' सूत्र से 'ल्युट्' में से आदि के 'व' का लोप हो जाता है तथा केवल 'यु' शेष रहता है जिसके स्थान पर 'युवोरनाकों' सूत्र से "अन्" आदेश होता है और इस आदेश के प्रभाव से धातु की उपधा (प्रथम स्वर) का गुण होकर

'लोच्' बनता है जो 'अन्' से 'लोचन' (अर्थात् देखने वाला-नेत्र) बनता है। इसी के पूर्व आड उपसृजिसका अर्थ होता है—आड मर्यादाभिविधि (अभिविधि या मर्यादा सूचक), आता जिसके 'ड' का लोप होकर अवारीष्ट 'आ' 'लोचन' से संयोग होता है। पुनः स्त्रीत्व विकल्प में 'टाप्' प्रत्यय होने से आलोचना शब्द निष्पन्न होता है।

आलोचना के ऐतिहासिक विकास पर भारत साहित्याचार्यों ने विस्तृत-रूपेण प्रकाश डाला है उस स्थैर्यत्व एवं प्रौढत्व के अभाव में — कि संस्कृत एवं हिन्दी साहित्य में पहले से ही चुका है — पाश्चात्य काव्य-मर्मज्ञों के पूर्णतयः प्रकाश में नहीं आ सके हैं। आलोचके ऐतिहासिक विकास पर दृष्टिपात करने से यह पता चलता है कि आज तक संस्कृत-आलोचकी अवस्थाओं एवं कालों के पार कर के आधुनिक रूप प्राप्त कर सकी है। निश्चित तिके अभाव में यह कहा जा सकता है कि प्रथम अवस्था या काल का उदय उस भूत-गर्भ-विलीन प्राचीनकाल में हुआ जिसमें सुन्दर साहित्य (काव्य) का सृजन पर्याप्त मात्रा में हो चुका था। इस काल में, क्योंकि, रचनाओं का सांगोपांग अध्ययन रचना के सिद्धांतों अर्थात् काव्य के रूप गुण आदि का प्रतिपादन किया गया, अतः इस काल में प्रारम्भिक अन्वेषण की संज्ञा दी जाती है दूसरी अवस्था में केवल परम्परागत पद्धतियों का परिपालन है इसी कारण यह कार्य या परम्पराका

में अभिहित है। तीसरे काल या आधुनिक में मंस्कृत आलोचना हिन्दी आलोचना के रूप में उच्चतम एवं बंगला साहित्य से प्रभावित हो नवकाल व्यतीत कर रही है।

प्रत्येक व्यक्ति में आलोचनात्मक दृष्टि तथा निवास करती है तथा प्रत्येक व्यक्ति वस्तुओं, शक्तियों आदि की, इसी शक्ति से प्रेरित होकर ही न किसी रूप में आलोचना किया ही करता। किन्तु अच्छा आलोचक होना सबके लिए समान। साधारण कार्य नहीं है। साधारणतयः आलोचक के गुणों के लिए आंग्ल भाषा के प्रसिद्ध 'एलैगमजेंडर पोप' का प्रसिद्ध मत उद्धृत जाता है, कि,

Perfect judge will read each work of writ.  
In the same spirit that is auther writ.

इसके अतिरिक्त भी कई गुण हैं जो कि एक आलोचक में अपेक्षित होते हैं। काव्यात्मा में प्रवेश, पूर्ण काव्य का अध्ययन, कवि के ध्येय की परख, श्रेष्ठ आलोचना ही पूर्ण नहीं, नूतनता ही कला कमौटी नहीं, दलगत भावना का त्याग, अन्याय का निषेध, भाषा ही मानदराज नहीं, क्लृप्ता और संगीत, गुण-ग्राहकता तथा जलौकात्मिकता का अभाव आदि कुछ ऐसे गुण हैं जिनकी आलोचक से की जाती है।

यदि हम प्राच्य एवं पाश्चात्य आलोचना विधियों को ध्यान में रख कर विचार करें तो निष्कर्ष निकलता है कि दोनों और लगभग समान प्रणालियाँ ही अपनाई गई हैं। चाहे उनका नाम स्वयत्त हुआ हो या अनुकरणवश पर यह

सत्य है कि हमारे यहाँ आलोचना की प्रचलित प्रणालियाँ यूरोप में प्रचलित प्रणालियों से कम नहीं, यद्यपि उनका भण्डार अभी रिक्त सा ही है।

आजकल आलोचना के क्षेत्र में निम्नलिखित प्रणालियाँ अपनाई जाती हैं :—

१. शास्त्रीय आलोचना
२. व्याख्यात्मक आलोचना
३. तुलनात्मक आलोचना
४. ऐतिहासिक आलोचना
५. निर्णयात्मक आलोचना
६. मनोवैज्ञानिक आलोचना
७. अमतिवादी आलोचना
८. विश्लेषणात्मक आलोचना
९. रवात्मक आलोचना

आलोचना का समाज के लिए अत्याधिक महत्व है क्योंकि आलोचना का मूल उद्देश्य, यदि सूक्ष्म रूप में प्रकट किया जाए, वास्तव में सत्य, लोक-मांगल्य (जिसमें देश समाज का हित, ज्ञान-वृद्धि सत्पर्य प्रदर्शन एवं अध्ययन शिक्षणादि भी आ जाते हैं) और सौंदर्यानन्द की खोज करना है। इसके साथ ही जिन दोषों से किसी रचना में अरुचिकर एवं अनीप्सित कलुषितता आ जाती है उनसे रचयिता एवं पाठकों को सावधान कर आलोचना एक महत्वपूर्ण कार्य करती है। निन्दनीय रचनाओं को विगर्हित या तिरस्कृत करते हुए उन्हें साहित्य समाज से पृथक कर साहित्य एवं समाज दोनों के लिए आलोचना महत्वपूर्ण वस्तु का रूप धारण कर लेती है।

# वैज्ञानिक युग में पुरानी लोकोक्तियाँ तथा मुहावरे

विजय सुदन, बी० ए० अन्तिम वर्ष

**आज** का युग विज्ञान का युग है। समस्त मानव जीवन विज्ञान से सम्बन्धित हैं। इसके साथ साथ, प्रत्येक विज्ञान में, चाहे वह रसायन विज्ञान हो या भौतिक शास्त्र मनोविज्ञान हो या फिर कोरा विज्ञान, हर विषय में नये प्रयोग किये जा रहे हैं।

चलिए इन सब बातों को छोड़ कर अपने विषय पर आइये। अमरीका में प्रतिवर्ष मुहावरे या स्लैब बदल जाते हैं, पर भारत में तो बाबा आदम के जमाने के मुहावरे चले आ रहे हैं। अब तो इन्हें पुरातत्त्व विभाग में रख कर, नये मुहावरे बनाने चाहियें, आखिर “विज्ञान का युग” जो ठहरा! आप फेर में न पड़िए, अभी प्रत्यक्ष उदाहरण दे दूँगा। “हाथ कंगन को आरसी क्या” लीजिये अब आप ही बताइये क्या कोई अब भी आरसी पहनता है? हाथ पर तो अब घड़ी सोहती है। उंगली में अंगूठी, जिसमें जड़ा होता है नग। जिस वस्तु का प्रयोग ही नहीं होता, उसे मुहावरों में प्रयोग करने से क्या लाभ? पर आप तो पुरानी वस्तुओं को ही महत्त्व देने की कसम खा बैठे हैं।

“एक और एक ग्यारह” होते हैं। क्या यह गरिणत विशेषज्ञों की खोज है? भला वैज्ञानिक युग में कोई स्वीकार कर सकेगा? एक और एक दो अथवा जीरो (शून्य) हो सकते हैं, पर ग्यारह नहीं। इस लोकोक्ति को बनाने वाले यदि छः जमात पढ़े होते तो यह साधारण एलजबरे की इक्वेशन समझ आ जाती। जरा एक कदम आगे बढ़िये किमी भले

आदमी ने कह दिया “नौ दो ग्यारह होना” आप ही कहिये क्या छः और पांच, आठ और सात और चार आदि, आदि ग्यारह नहीं हैं बल्कि यह मुहावरा तो इस प्रकार होना चा “कुछ कुछ मिलाकर ग्यारह होना”।

क्या आपको उस कामशास्त्री की बुद्धि तरस नहीं आता जिसने कहा था “यह मुँह, की दाल” भई! अब तो साम्प्रदायिकता का समाप्त हो रहा है और द्विभाषी प्रांत बन रहे कोई अहिन्दी भाषा-भाषी समझेगा जैसे ‘चां मुंह’ कहा तो सुन्दरता, शीतलता आदि की व्य हुई है, उसी प्रकार मसूर की दाल की भी रस जैसी स्वादिष्ट और दिल को मश करने वस्तु होगी, अच्छा हो यदि आप “यह मुख रसगुल्ला” कह दें तो अधिक आकर्षक वैज्ञानिक दृष्टि से जायकेदार (Tasteful) जायेगा।

अखबार तो आप रोज पढ़ते हैं। रेडियो रोज सुनते हैं।—अब जरा गौर कीजिये। “देखी सब माने, कानों सुनी नहीं।” लीजिये ही न रेडियो का सर्वनाश? आप रेडियो कान सुनते हैं पर देखते नहीं। और फिर! सिनेमा आप आंखों से देखते हैं। किसी का पहाड़ प गिरना, प्रेमी के लिये प्रमिका का प्राण दे आदि आदि। वह केवल छायाचित्र के अति

(शेष पृष्ठ ७)

# कवि और कविता

श्रीम प्रकाश गुप्त, बी० ए० (ग्रानर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

सामाजिक प्राणी है। वह समाज का एक प्रमुख अंग है। उसका और समाज का एक दृढ़ सम्बन्ध है। एक के अभाव में दूसरे में न्यूनताओं का समावेश हो जाता है। राजिनों के जीवन में, सरसता को संचारित करने वाला, उनका पथ-प्रदर्शक, उच्च-कोटि का हृदयी—कवि न रह जायेगा, वे सामाजिक मर्म-जानशून्य और जड़ हो जाएँगे। कवि में भी सामाजिकों की सभी प्रकार की समस्याओं, बदन के सत्यों आदि से प्रभावित होने की क्षमता रह जायेगी तो वह बहुत कुछ साधारण मानव अंगण पर उतर आयेगा, जिसका कार्य है—ना. पीना और अंगड़ाइयां लेना। तथापि वह प्रकार के बंधन से सर्वदा उन्मुक्त है।

कविता क्या है? कवि भावुक प्रकृति का मानव प्राणी है। जब वह किसी पदार्थ, घटना या व्यक्ति-लक्ष्य के प्रति संवेदित अथवा प्रभावित हो उठता तो उसके अन्तः में उस पदार्थ आदि से संबंधित निरंक कल्पनायुक्त विचारों का आरोह-अवरोह प्रारम्भ हो जाता है। जिस प्रकार वायु-मंडल में बूँदें अपना भार वहन करने में असमर्थ होती हैं तो वे पृथ्वी का आँचल भिगोने के लिये नीचे की ओर गिरना प्रारम्भ कर देती हैं। ठीक इसी प्रकार कवि के हृदय में जब ये भाव अत्यन्त रूप धारण और श्वास के साथ प्रकट होने के लिये हठ करने लगते हैं तो इन्हें प्रकट करते ही जाता है। जिस रूप में वे इस संसार में नवजात

शिशु की भाँति प्रथम बार आँखें खोलते हैं, वह कविता का ही रूप होता है।

कवि और कविता का सम्बन्ध अटूट है। एक के बिना दूसरे की गति नहीं, उसका अस्तित्व नहीं। कविता कवि का प्राण है, वाणी की सफलता है। इसकी अनुपस्थिति में उसका जीवन शुष्क व स्पन्दनहीन हो जायेगा। कविता के रहते हुये जो जगत् उसे अत्यन्त सौन्दर्यशाली और भाँति-भाँति के आकर्षणों से युक्त प्रतीत होता है, वह उसके अभाव में त्याज्य, खारा, दुखों का मूल प्रतीत होने लगता है। वह क्रियाशील न रह कर प्रकृति का एक जड़ पदार्थमान रह जाता है।

यहां पर यह प्रश्न स्वाभाविक है कि किस उद्देश्य-प्राप्ति के लिये कवि इसे रचता है। कविता करते समय कवि के समक्ष दो उद्देश्य रहते हैं—'स्वान्तः सुखाय' और 'जन-हिताय'। कवि दोनों ही उद्देश्यों की प्राप्ति के लिये कविता रच सकता है। जब वह कविता की रचना 'स्वान्तः सुखाय' की दृष्टि से करता है तो वह 'जन-हिताय' भी हो सकती है और नहीं भी। गोस्वामी तुलसीदास जी ने अपने श्रेष्ठ काव्य 'रामचरितमानस' के सम्बन्ध में कहा है—'स्वान्तः सुखाय रघुनाथ गाथा'। परन्तु इससे जन-समुदाय को भी अत्यन्त उत्कृष्ट एवं परिष्कृत आनन्द की उपलब्धि होती है, जिसमें इसका हित निहित है।

कवि की वाणी बन्धनहीन है। विभिन्न समयों पर कवि के मुख से उसके उद्गार एक वरसाती

पहाड़ी नदी की धारा के स्वरूप प्रवाह गति से निरन्तर निकलने लगते हैं और वह अपनी लेखनी द्वारा उन्हें मूर्त रूप प्रदान करता जाता है।

कवि अपनी कविता में शब्दों को इस प्रकार संजोता है कि घटना अथवा व्यक्ति-विशेष अप्रत्यक्ष होते हुये भी प्रत्यक्ष सा प्रतीत होता है। शब्दों के माध्यम से ही वह अपने पात्रों को सजीवता प्रदान करने में समर्थ होता है।

शब्द विभिन्न प्रकार के होते हैं और विभिन्न भावों को प्रकट करने में समर्थ होते हैं। एक दृष्टि से शब्द दो प्रकार के होते हैं—कर्ण-प्रिय और कर्ण-कटु अथवा श्रुति-कटु। कवि कविता को अधिक ग्राह्य बनाने के लिये कर्ण-प्रिय शब्दों का ही अधिक प्रयोग करता है। इनके माध्यम से यदि कोई अग्रहणीय बात भी कही जाए तो भी वह ग्राह्य हो सकती है। जो प्रभाव कहने के विशेष ढंग से पड़ जाता है वैसे ही प्रभाव कर्ण-प्रिय शब्दों के प्रयोग से पड़ना सम्भव है।

सुन्दर वस्तु सबको सुन्दर लगती है और समान रूप से मन को आकर्षित करती है चाहे प्रेक्षक उस वस्तु से अधिक सुन्दर हो या अधिक कुरूप। प्रत्येक अपने को सुन्दरतम बनाने की चेष्टा करता है। इसी प्रकार कवि भी अपने अमूल्य धन—कविता को अधिक ग्राह्य और आकर्षक बनाने के लिए उसका श्रृंगार करता है। वह अपनी कविता-कामिनी को आकर्षक बनाने के लिए उसे अलंकार-आभरणों से सुसज्जित कर उसे ऐसा मनमोहक रूप प्रदान करता है कि देखते ही बनता है। पाठक अथवा श्रोता उसके रूप-सौंदर्य पर इतना मुग्ध हो जाता है कि अपनी मुग्धबुध खो बैठता है। उसका मन अपने स्वार्थी-धर्म-चंचलता का त्याग कर रस-मग्न हो जाता है। उसे इस लोक का ज्ञान नहीं रहता।

इसीलिए कहा जाता है कि कविता से अलंकार-आनन्द की प्राप्ति होती है। अलंकार भी एक तक ही ग्रहणीय हैं। सीमा का अतिक्रमण पर वे दुरूहता, अस्पष्टता आदि को जन्म और कविता अधिक आभरणों से लदी युवत समान हृदयग्राही नहीं रह जाती।

मौलिक भाव कविता को उत्कर्ष प्रदान में सहायक होते हैं। कविता में मौलिक-योजना हृदय पर अमिट प्रभाव छोड़ने में होती है। यही कारण है कि कबीर साहब वचनावली अलंकारों के अभाव में भी जन-जन मन में स्थान पा चुकी है। कबीर साहब ने स की समस्याओं को सामाजिकों की भाषा में ही जिससे वे अधिकाधिक प्रचार पा सकीं, सामाजिकों के हृदयों को आलोकित कर सकीं और उनमें भाव उत्पन्न कर सकीं जो वे स्वतः लिए थे।

कल्पना, कविता को मनोरंजक व रोचक व के साथ साथ उसमें चित्ताकर्षक चमत्कार समावेश कर देती है। कल्पना की उड़ान सीमा है। जहां आज २०वीं सदी के स्पूतनिक आदि पहुँचने में सफलता नहीं पा सके हैं वहाँ कवि आज से हजारों वर्ष पहले पहुँच चुकी है। चाँद धब्बों को देख कर उनके सम्बन्ध में यह कहना 'चाँद की माँ चरखा कात रही है' अथवा 'मृग है'—कल्पना का ही परिणाम है। इसकी भी सीमा है। बे-सिर-पैर की, दूषित कल्पनाएँ पाठकों अथवा श्रोताओं का निम्न-कोटि मनोरंजन ही कर सकती है, हृदय को प्रभाव करने की क्षमता उनमें नहीं। उदाहरणतया : हनुमान को एक साधारण मनुष्य की शक्ति प्रद की जाती और उससे पहाड़ उठवाने जैसा दृढ़ दिव्य-शक्ति अपेक्षित कार्य करवाया जाता तो कल्पना केवलमात्र अत्युक्ति ही होती। परन्तु उ

विम माहस और शक्ति का आरम्भ में ही ऐसा  
 न किया गया है कि ऐसी घटनाएँ भी हमें  
 नाभाविक लगने लगती हैं और हमें श्रद्धा से उसके  
 दृष्टान पर मुग्ध हो उसकी शौर्य-प्रशंसा में भग  
 न्नाते हैं। अतः स्पष्ट है कि उच्चकोटि की  
 रचना में असंभव को संभव बनाने की सामर्थ्य  
 णी है।

कवि की कविता का मूल्य कोई आंक सके,  
 संभव नहीं। कवि के लिये कविता का मूल्य-  
 र्धारण संभव नहीं। महाकवि जायसी ने एक  
 नान पर प्रकट किया है कि कविता का सृजन हम  
 न प्राण से करते हैं—

‘जोरी लाइ रक्त कै लेई, गढ़ि प्रीति नयनन्ह  
 न भेई।’ अतः इस प्रकार से जिस कविता का

सृजन हुआ है वह अमूल्य है। उच्च कोटि के कवि  
 इसका सृजन धन आदि के उद्देश्य से नहीं करते।  
 उनका केवल मात्र उद्देश्य होता है अपने विचारों  
 से दूसरों को अवगत कराना। जायसी ने अपनी  
 कविता-रचना का उद्देश्य यश प्राप्ति लिखा है—

‘जो यह पढ़ै कहानी, हम्ह सँवरै दुइ बोल।’

समाज में कवि का महत्त्वपूर्ण स्थान है। जो  
 काम तोपों और तलवारों से संभव नहीं, वह अपनी  
 वाणी-कविता के माध्यम से संभव कर सकता है।  
 कवि सामाजिकों की न्यूनताओं को प्रकट कर  
 उचित मार्ग प्रशस्त करता है। कविता के द्वारा वह  
 साधारण मानवों में दिव्य गुणों की योजना करता  
 है। वह स्वयं समदर्शी बन जाता है। समाज की  
 उन्नति व अवनति एक सीमा तक इन्हीं पर  
 अवलम्बित है।

## वैज्ञानिक युग में लोकोक्तियाँ तथा मुहावरे

( शेष पृष्ठ ४ का )

कुछ नहीं होता। अतः यह मुहावरा इस प्रकार  
 ना चाहिये। “सब कोई देखे सुने की माने”

क्या आप पर कभी “सौ घड़ा पानी” पड़ा है ?  
 हाँ तो दिल्ली में कम से कम गर्मियों में हाथ धोने  
 लिये पानी नहीं मिलता, और फिर सर्दियों में  
 आप सौ घड़ों की शीत सहन कर सकेंगे ? जाहिर है  
 आप पर इतना पानी पड़ना कठिन है। तो फिर  
 लोकोक्ति को कैसे इस्तेमाल किया जा सकता है ?  
 नाब एक गिलास पानी को कीमत दो नये पैसे है।  
 ब सौ घड़ों का हिसाब लगा लीजिये कितना  
 गा ? कौन मूर्ख होगा जो इतने पैसे खर्च करेगा ?  
 तः यह लोकोक्ति बदल कर इस प्रकार होनी  
 हिये—“कुछ पानी पड़ना” क्योंकि कुछ का

मतलब गर्मी में एक बूँद तथा सर्दी में एक गिलास  
 निकल आता है।

मुझे डर लग रहा है कि कहीं इन मुहावरों को  
 बनाने वाले यह लेख न पढ़ लें, अन्यथा आप जानते  
 है क्या होगा ? तू-तू मैं-मैं।

पर अब आप, अपनी पत्नी, सखी और मित्र,  
 पिता, बन्धु आदि २ से लड़ते समय, तू नहीं कहते  
 “आप” कहते हैं। अहम् सम्पन्न मनुष्य के लिये  
 ‘मैं’ शब्द छोटा है। इसलिये वैज्ञानिक युग को  
 देखते हुये यह “आप-आप, हम-हम” होना चाहिए।

जरा ठहरिए, हमारे साथ भी कहीं “आप-आप-  
 हम-हम” शुरू न हो जाय, अतः विदा दीजिये।

# कविता करना छोड़ दिया है

योगेशचन्द्र शर्मा, बी० ए० अंतिम वर्ष

जब किताब ले पढ़ने बैठूँ तभी भाव करवट लेते हैं  
चाहे सिर पर इस्तहान हो, पढ़ना दूभर कर देते हैं।  
सभी कापियों को अक्सर मैं, कविताओं से भर लेता हूँ,  
लोग पास हो जाते हैं, मैं सब फेल हो कर लेता हूँ।

कोरा घड़ा कल्पनाओं का, धीराहे पर फोड़ दिया है.....कविता.....  
कभी 'सूड़' लिखने का होता, भट बच्ची रोने लगती है,  
या बाजार से सौदा लाओ, फरमाइश होने लगती है।  
अथवा कालिज के जाने का, तब तक 'टाइम' ही जाता है,  
कलम तड़पती रहती है, कागज उदास हो जाता है।

सोचा करता हूँ मुफ्त में ही, मैंने इस दिल को तोड़ दिया है...कविता.....  
बतलाओ यह 'लता' कौन है, पूछा उस दिन घरवाली ने,  
कैसे मोह लिया तुमको, 'ऊषा' के अधरों की लाली ने।  
कोन कोकिला 'रजनी', 'सरिता', जिनके गुण गाया करते हो,  
भूठा नाम बता कविता का, मुझको बहकाया करते हो।  
जब देखो तब कलम हाथ में, जब देखो तब मुँह लटकाये,  
नहीं किसी से बातचीत तक, ऐसा शौक भाड़ में जाये।

कोई कान मरोड़ा करता, उसने हृदय मरोड़ दिया है.....कविता.....  
मेरी कविताओं के पन्ने, लाई उस दिन मुझे दिखाने,  
लिख-लिखकर फेंका करते हो, क्या सचमुच हो गये दिवाने ?  
इतनी देर करो 'ट्यूशन' तो, कितना पैसा मैं धर लेती,  
दसियों काम पड़े हैं घर में, सब बेफिक्री से कर लेती।  
और नहीं तो कम से कम, कागज-स्याही ही बच जायेंगे,  
बिजली का बिल भी कम होगा, सभी चैन से सो जायेंगे।

मान उसी की बात, जिन्दगी का रुख घरको मोड़ लिया है....कविता.....  
कभी पत्रिकाओं में छप कर, यदि मेरी कविता आती है,  
प्रसन्न होने की बजाय, वह बड़े क्रोध में भर जाती है।  
उल्लू हैं अखबारों वाले, पढ़ने वाले उन से बढ़कर,  
क्या रक्खा है कविताओं में, क्या मिल जाता इनको पढ़कर।  
लोग समझते हैं, घरवाली न इन्हें पढ़ने देती है,  
रंग तुम्हारे कौन जानता, बदनामी मेरी होती है।

कागज फाड़े, स्याही और कलम भी तोड़ दिया है.....

.....कविता करना छोड़ दिया है।

## ★ नई चेतना ★

ललित मोहन जोशी, प्री-मेडिकल प्रथम वर्ष

वृद्धा माँ की इकलौती बेटी सुनीता, किसी तरह पड़ोसियों के कपड़े सी कर या कहीं चौका करके अपनी जीवन रूपी नौका को खेती जा रही थी। उसे भरोसा था तो केवलमात्र ही वृद्धा माँ का.....। उसी के सहारे वह नई प्रेरणा से, नई तत्परता व नूतन स्फूर्ति से, किररी और एक प्रहर रूखा सूखा खाकर ना व अपनी वृद्धा माँ का पेट पाल रही थी।

परन्तु जब उसके पिता ही उसे निराधार छोड़ चले गए तो भला माँ उसका कब तक साथ दे ? वह तो नदी के किनारे की बेल थी, दो दिन बीमारी के पश्चात् वह भी उससे नाता तोड़ कर चली, अब उसके लिए कोई भी सहारा न था। कन्भव सागर में उसकी जीवन नौका को खेने पतवार ने मानो उसका साथ छोड़ दिया। सुनीता..... बेचारी..... बीच मंभधार में गई थी।

माँ के शोक में डूबी वह निराश्रय भाग्यहीना, पूर्णतः अपने को सम्भाल भी न पाई थी कि इन मालिक के तकाजे आरम्भ हो गए और एक उसे मकान छोड़ने पर होना पड़ा, आखिर भी कब तक ठहरता ? मानव हृदय जो था। बर्ष का किराया भी तो न चुकाया गया था। गति तो है संसार की—अन्त में हार थक कर पथ की भिखारिणी बनना पड़ा। समाज चुप है, वह हंस रहा था और सामाजिक कीड़े.....

उसे नहीं बल्कि उसके यौवन को लोलुप दृष्टि से देख रहे थे। क्या यही है नारी का सम्मान..... समाज में..... काश ! समाज को नारी का महत्त्व मालूम होता.....।

उधर सुनीता जिसके भी गृह के द्वार खटखटाती वहाँ से उसे जली कटी सुननी पड़ती। बहुत मिनत आरजू करने पर बाबू रामकिशोर ने उसे अपने घर में नौकरानी के रूप में रख लिया और तब उसे अपने दुर्भाग्य की कालिमा को धोने के लिए प्रकाश की किरण दिखाई दी। जब उसके पिता जिन्दा थे तो बाबू रामकिशोर को उन्होंने ही पुत्रवत् पड़ा लिखा कर नौकरी दिलवाई थी। यह रामकिशोर की दया समझिए या समाज का भय या धर्म भाई का नाता कि उन्होंने उसे बच्चे की आया का काम सौंपा, परन्तु वहाँ भी उसके भाग्य ने उसका साथ न दिया। एक दिन रामकिशोर की पत्नी से कुछ झड़प हो जाने के कारण उस नौकरी से हाथ धोना पड़ा। बाबू रामकिशोर यह भी नहीं चाहते थे। पता नहीं उनके मन में क्या था ?..... उस बेचारी के लिए.....।

अब उसके जीवन का एकमात्र उद्देश्य भीख मांग कर जीवन यापन करना था। प्रतिदिन की भाँति भीख मांगते २ एक दिन वह एक घर के दरवाजे पर जा खड़ी हुई। कुछ ही देर में उसके समक्ष एक वृद्धा बड़ी सजधज से आ खड़ी हुई। वृद्धावस्था में पहुँचने पर भी उसमें आकर्षण का

अभाव न था। उसके मुख की भुर्रियां उसके यौवन-काल की गाथा सुना रही थी। निश्चय ही वह अपने समय में बड़ी रूपवती रही होगी। सुनीता वह भी तो कम रूपवती न थी। वृद्धा तो मानो उसके रूप और लावण्य पर मुग्ध सी हो गई बोली—

बेटी तुम इस तरह द्वार २ हाथ क्यों पसारती हो? इतनी सौन्दर्यवती होने पर संसार में तुम्हारे लिए क्या कमी है? इतनी कड़ी यातनाएं भेलने से तो तुम मेरे घर रह जाओ, मैं तुम्हें ऐसा कार्य बताऊंगी जिससे बड़े २ सेठ साहूकार जिनके समक्ष आज तक न जाने तुमको कितनी बार लज्जित होना पड़ा.....तुम्हारे एक २ इशारे पर नाचने लगेंगे। एक ही दिन में तुम मालामाल हो जाओगी और जीवन की इन कठु यातनाओं के बदले मिलेगा तुम्हें.....सुखों से पूर्ण नया संसार!.....

सदा से दुःख में पली, जीवन से निराश, दर २ की ठोकें खाने वाली सुनीता आज एकाएक सुख-मय जीवन की कल्पना करके एकबारगी सिहर सी उठी। क्षण भर में उसका निराश चेहरा खिल उठा, हृदय दीप पुनः जगमगा उठा। सुखी जीवन..... सुखी जीवन.....की कल्पना में उसने सिर झुका कर हामी भर दी। बेचारी भोली सुनीता समाज की क्रूरता का शिकार बन गई। काश! मानव तेरी आंखें खुली होतीं। तू 'नारी' के महत्त्व को जानता—

अब वृद्धा के घर में पहले की तरह चहल-पहल आरम्भ हो गई। रूप का हाट एक बार फिर जगमगा उठा। नित्य ही नए २ रूप के लोभी भंवरो

से घर भरा रहने लगा। मेहमानों के आदर के वृद्धा सुनीता को नित्य नई २ अदाएँ सिखाती सुनीता, उसके एक २ इशारे में "उसकी अंगु पर नाचती..... सेठ साहूकारों तथा समाज सुवादी ठेकेदारों के बीच नाचना अब उसका था..... एकमात्र ध्येय, " उद्देश्य" व्यवसाय।

इस प्रकार जीवन व्यतीत करते करते का सुनीता को अपने जीवन से घृणा सी होती, २ हृदय में तरह २ के विचार आते, परन्तु वह २ को भुलावे में डालकर सोचती "अगर यह मान अपनाती तो आज यह सुख न भोगती। दर २ की ठोकें खानी पड़तीं" पग २ पर अपकी ज्वाला में जलना पड़ता " पर जैसे २ व्यतीत होते गए वैसे २ सुनीता को अपने को भुमें रखना कठिन हो गया। और.....

अन्त में एक दिन उसके विचारों का ज्वमुखी फूट ही पड़ा। उसका हृदय उसे धिक् लगा.....सोचने लगी..... यहां धन है ऐश्व किन्तु उसका भूल्य है मेरा शरीर..... मेरा सती इसमें सुख नहीं..... शांति नहीं, अपितु मैं २ और समाज के सुख की शांति की हत्याशिरसि और इसी प्रकार विचारों की उथल पुथल के २ एक दिन उसने अपना अन्तिम निर्णय कर लिया। और.....

वह एक दिन उस विलासमय नरक को छोड़ चल पड़ी..... दूर, बहुत दूर, जहां उसे आत्मा २ बेचनी होगी, शरीर नहीं बेचना होगा और बदले मिलेगी असीम शांति, सुख और सम्मान.....

# भारतीय संस्कृति की महत्ता

सुभाष भाटिया, बी० ए० आनर्स (इंगलिश) प्रथम वर्ष

**भा**रत अपनी उच्च कोटि की सभ्यता और संस्कृति के दृष्टिकोण से अद्वितीय है। वही भारत है, जिसने अज्ञान मार्ग में लुढ़कते विश्व को ज्ञान का मार्ग दिखाया सन्तप्त विश्व को शान्ति अमृत का स्वादन कराया, यही ही भारत है। जो आज भी संसार का पथ प्रदर्शन प्रकाशालय के रूप में कर रहा है।

इसी शस्य श्यामला, रत्न पलवित भारत माता एक रत्न अपने पारिवारिक जीवन को ठुकरा कर चल पड़ा संसार को भारत का अमर संदेश पाने पहुँच गया कुछ ही दिनों में नई दुनिया में हमको वर्तमान समय में अमेरिका कहते हैं।

इस पुन्य आत्मा का इस देश की धरती पर प्रथम रखने की ही देरी थी कि उस सुन्दर सुडौल अर्द्धनग्न शरीर, चौड़ा ललाट, कमल जैसी चिल्ली चमकीली आँखें, मदन मोहिनी मुखाकृति पूर्ण यौवन तथा अलमस्त चाल से प्रभावित से एक बार तो पत्थर हृदय भी लालायित हो उठा। जिस किसी ने भी उस सुरम्य मुखाकृति को देखने का औभास्य प्राप्त किया वह एक बार तो मुग्ध हो निष्प्राण सा रह गया। दार्शनिकों को अपनी आँखों पर विश्वास न हो रहा था। गलियों, बाजारों तथा गडकों को पार करते चले जा रहे थे। विधाता का इन्दमयी सृष्टि में फूलों के साथ कांटों का भी जन्म हुआ। अभी जा ही रहे थे कि कुछ लोग पागल कह कर पीछे दौड़े। परन्तु भारत माता का सपूत अपनी ही मस्ती में चला जा रहा था।

अन्त में एक जगह रुक गये जन प्रवाह को शान्त करने के लिए उनका रुकना ही था, कि लोगों ने चारों तरफ से घेर लिया, यातायात चंद घंटों के लिये बन्द कर दिया गया। भाषण के गुप्त शब्दों को सुनकर श्रोतागणों के कुसुम हृदय खिल उठे मानों मरुस्थल में हरे भरे खेत लहरा उठे। भाषण समाप्त होने पर श्रोतागण अपने हृदय पृष्ठों पर एक अलौकिक शक्ति की छाप लेकर चल पड़े अपने विश्राम स्थानों की तरफ। प्रातःकाल उसी उल्लास को लेकर समाचार पत्रों में प्रकाशित एक समाचार ने लोगों के हृदय में खलबली मचाई। एक सम्पादक स्वयं ही लिख उठा—

Oh! The living Christ has come in America. परन्तु उस समय कुछ अंधों को अंधेरे में बड़ी दूर की सूझी, वह उस महात्मा की चोर, उच्चका, बदमाश समझ कर चले अपनी सूखता का परिचय देने। उन्होंने एक षड्यन्त्र रचा केवल एक मात्र उसी भारतीय साधु की, नहीं भारतीय संस्कृति तथा सभ्यता की परीक्षा के लिये। उन मनचलों ने फुसला दिया एक युवती को, यदि वह अपने सौन्दर्य तथा लावण्य के बल पर उस साधु का पथ भ्रष्ट कर देगी तो उसको कई हजार डालर मिलेंगे। गर्वित्ता युवती कह उठी मेरा नाम रमणी ही क्या यदि मैं इस साधु को अपने चँगुल में न फँसा लूँ तो बस अपनी यौवनावस्था, लावण्य मुखाकृति, सुसज्जित वेशभूषा तथा मन में कुविचारों का एक उमड़ता हुआ समुद्र लेकर पहुँच गई उस साधु के निवास स्थान पर। दूर से ही उसको कुछ

चमकती हुई वस्तु दिखाई दी। पास पहुंचने पर पता चला कि वह उसी साधु का चेहरा था जो कि उस समय समाधि अवस्था में बैठा था। युवती ने उसको आकर्षित करने के लिये लाख यत्न किये परन्तु वह तो प्रभु के प्रेम की मदिरा पीकर बैठा था।

निश्चित समय पर समाधि से आँखें खोली तो सीधी युवती पर पड़ी जो कि लावण्य युक्त, रूप तथा मादकता लिए बैठी थी। तो क्या वह साधु उसके रूप पर मुग्ध हो गया, क्या अपने पथ से भ्रष्ट हो गया, नहीं। नहीं। नहीं। उस समय भारतीय सभ्यता इन शब्दों में बोल उठी—

O my divine Mother!  
What brings you here.

हे मेरी धर्म की माता यहां किस प्रकार आना हुआ ?

यही थी, हमारी भारत की सभ्यता संस्कृति। उस रूप भिखारिन युवती को मात संज्ञा देना। यही है हमारे भारत की आदर्श सभ्यता का प्रमाण।

Mother का शब्द कहना उस युवती जहर के स्थान पर गुड़ देकर मारने के समान फिर तो पत्थर दिल भी द्रवित हो कर गिर साधु के चरणों में, सिसकती आँहे भरती हुई गई इन मनचलों के पास और बिजली के सट्ट पड़ी इन विचारों में—

"You are but a child,  
O fool, the man has conque  
himself fie upon you ! woe unto yo

यह था मेरे प्रिय भारत का गौरव। क्या जानते हैं कि यह महात्मा कौन थे? मेरे स्वप्नों के साकार 'स्वामी रामतीर्थ'!

## ❀ तुलसी-प्रशस्ति ❀

डा० रामदत्त भारद्वाज

तुलसी जो कवि, सन्त हुआ था  
'राम चरित मानस'— कर्ता,  
सोरो में उद्भूत हुआ था  
कलि-कलुष-शोक का हर्ता ।१।

रत्नावलि ने प्रतिभा पाई,  
इस से तुलसी कान्त हुआ,  
प्रिया-प्रेम से चञ्चल-विचलित  
ईश-भक्ति से शान्त हुआ

मनोनीत पति को पा कर  
रत्ना को आह्लाद हुआ,  
कविता सी वनिता पा कर  
तुलसी भी कृत-कृत्य हुआ ।२।

सौम्य सती-सी रत्नावलि का,  
वह रम्य रहा जो भर्ता,  
अखिल विश्व में ख्यात हुआ है  
नर-नारी का उपकर्ता

## ❀ प्यासी मोरी ❀

युग प्रकाश, बी० ए० (प्रथम वर्ष)

न का शो देख कर निकला ही था कि ठंडी हवा के थपेड़े के साथ इस बात का कड़ुवा अस्वाद हुआ कि बारह बज चुके हैं और सामने की दुकान पर दुकान, मकान क्या समूचे जीवन का अन्तमौल्य मौन और अस्पष्ट रेखाओं में दब कर गया है। रेखाओं का अनुभव तो थोड़ी दूर तक हो रहा था परन्तु आगे सब कुछ रात की अन्तिमा में धुल गया था। न जाने मेरे मन में यह विचार क्यों आया कि जीवन इसी प्रकार अज्ञान होता होगा। अपने विचारों को सहारा देने के लिये मैंने अपने आप से कहा "चलचित्र जीवन का ही चित्र है।" और फिर जीवन के अर्थों को आंखों के सामने बुलाने लगा चित्र तो बने मगर उनके साथ अंधेरा और भी घना हो गया। और मेरे पाँव भारी हो गये। जीवन के जो चित्र मैं देख आया था वे मेरी आंखों के सामने अंधेरे में उभरने लगे। अभी अभी मैंने मानव को मानव पर अत्याचार करते देखा था, अभी मैंने मानव के कुरूप चित्र मेरे हृदय को घड़का चुके थे। अभी-अभी मैंने निर्दय मानव को दया पर भूटे अज्ञान देते देखा था। डरे हुये मन की अब आवाज भी लगा कि सड़क के किनारे बंद दरवाजों के पीछे मानव नहीं, मानव रूपी भूत छिप रहे हैं।

दूर बिजली के खम्बे की बत्ती प्रकाश का एक टुकड़ा मा टापू बना रही थी। चलचित्र भूटे हैं, जीवन कहां यह तो छाया होती है। पैसा कमाने के लिये ये लोग चेहरों पर चाहे जो रंग भरते हैं। अज्ञान में दया न हो तो जीवन कैसे चलेगा? दया

भी है और धर्म भी है। नये विचारों के साथ मेरे पैरों में नई फुर्ती आ गई और मैं प्रकाश के टापू की ओर बहुत फुर्ती से बढ़ने लगा।

अकस्मात् मुझे ऐसा लगा कि मेरा पैर सड़क पर कुछ ज्यादा जोर से बजा है, और उसकी गूँज तनिक लम्बी होकर डरावनी हो गई है। मानो जब मेरा पैर बजा उसी के साथ अंधेरे में अगले मोड़ पर दुःखी मानव कराहने लगा। यह सड़क की गूँज थी कि किसी का कराहना था? इस आश्चर्य में कि मेरे कानों पर भी प्रभाव पड़ा है, मेरे कदम सड़क के बीच रुक गये। रात के मौन उदर में अब मेरे पैर की गूँज भी न थी। अंधेरे के अगले मोड़ पर फिर वही आवाज आई, कराहने की आवाज, जिसमें भूत छाया नहीं साफ साफ मानव का दुःख था। मेरी टांगों की नसों में कुछ देर संघर्ष रहा दुःख अपने पास बुला रहा था, किन्तु भय रोक रहा था। परन्तु आवाज फिर आई और मेरी टांगें मशीन की भाँति आगे बढ़ीं।

"क्यों भाई कौन हो?" दियासलाई जलाते हुये मैंने पूछा। कम्बख्त दियासलाई ने प्रकाश का एक धोखा सा दिया। पहली नजर में मुझे ऐसा लगा कि पुरुष नहीं पशु गिरा पड़ा है। गिरे हुये की आवाज पुरुष ही की नहीं महापुरुष की आवाज थी। मैंने दूसरी सलाई जलाने का साहस किया और देखा कि गिरा हुआ पुरुष ताजे खून में लथपथ है। दियासलाई की भिन्नकती रोशनी में भी उसके चेहरे पर खून के पीछे की बनावट में

शक्ति और गर्व की रेखाएँ दिखाई दी। लम्बा चौड़ा कद, लम्बी लम्बी बांहें, घनी घनी भवें और आवाज में पीड़ा होते हुए भी निराशा नहीं, रोना नहीं, यहाँ भी मुझे ऐसा लगा चलचित्र का ही नायक गिरा पड़ा है, और इस नये उत्साह में मैंने सब कुछ करने का निश्चय किया।

समय की माँग थी कि पूछताछ न की जाए। पास ही कागज का एक पन्ना पड़ा था, मैंने उसे जलाया और उसके प्रकाश में देखा कि गिरे हुये के कन्धे पर घाव है, रक्त यहीं से बहा था। परन्तु शक्तिशाली नायक एक घाव से कैसे सड़क पर गिर पड़ा? सहारा पाकर उठते हुये उसने बड़ी गम्भीरता से कहा "निर्दयों ने सिर पर भी मारा... चकराता.....भागता..... इधर ही गिर गया।" बात स्पष्ट थी कि गिरोह का गिरोह उस पर टूट पड़ा होगा। वह धीरे २ मेरे सहारे मेरे घर तक आ गया। परन्तु उसकी दशा ऐसी थी कि उस समय उससे सारी कहानी सुनना उस पर नया अत्याचार करना था।

घर में रुई थी, स्पिट थी, मैंने उसके घाव धोये और प्रातः डाक्टर को बुलाने का निश्चय किया। आहिस्ता से मैं अपने कमरे में आया। बिस्तर पर लेटे २ नींद क्या आती, मन में विचारों भावनाओं की एक बाढ़ सी आ गई। कभी तो मैं यह कहूँ कि यह साधारण मनुष्य नहीं, विशेष व्यक्ति है। सड़क की धीमी रोशनी में जो नहीं दीखा मैंने अब देखा था। विजली के प्रकाश में वह लेटा था तो मेरा कमरा भर सा गया था। लगता था भेष बदल कर राजा आया है.....पुराने रणक्षेत्र में लड़कर आया है। चलचित्रों के नायक मेरे इस नायक के सामने कुछ भी न थे, मेरे सामने चलचित्र से अद्भुत घटना हो रही थी जिसमें मेरा एक विशेष भाग था। एक कहानी का तो अभी आरम्भ हुआ

था, जाने कौन सी नई मंजिलें आती थीं, अब कौन से नये मोड़ मुड़ने थे अब, जाने प्रातः ही दिन के उजाले में कौन से महानाटक का उठना था। रात के सन्नाटे में मेरी आंखों के एक संसार बदलने लगा। दिशाओं से शोर लगा और कहीं जलूस निकलने लगे, कहीं तः खिंचने लगीं, कहीं बाजे बजने लगे जब तक र्घ परिस्थिति बदल गई और मैं भी धीरे २ एक संसार की ओर सरकता गया जिस के नायक घनी २ भवें और लम्बे २ हाथ, उसका चौः सीना और ऐतिहासिक चेहरा सब के सब कट कर मेरे हो गये, और मैं आप इतना : हो गया कि आकाश को छूने लगा और जाने वि युगों और स्थानों पर छाने लगा।

सड़क पर मोटर का भोंपू इतना तेज बजा मैं अपने संसार में एक भटके से लौटा। देखा सूरज निकल आया है और मैंने घायल श्री को दूध भी न दिया है। मेरे दिल में लापरवाही की भावना पीड़ा बन कर फैली। घर में बचने न नीकर। कोई होता तो यह भूल न होती।

मन में कई २ बहानों को इकट्ठा करके नायक के कमरे की ओर चला। मेरी आहट ही उसने अपनी बड़ी २ आंखें खोलीं और मेरी : तनिक मुस्कराया। प्रभात के प्रकाश में नायक चेहरा गुलाब की तरह खिल उठा था। कुछ : मैं मौन खड़ा दर्शन करता रहा।

"आओ बेटा, सामने आओ।" उसकी आवाज गूँजी।

"कहिये कुछ नींद आ गई थी?" मैंने नरम से पूछा।

"नींद तो बड़े मजे की आई, लेकिन इस तः तुम्हारे साथ कौन रहते हैं?"

क्यों बहुत शोर हुआ था वहां, इस तरफ तो दरारें तक बन्द कर दी हैं। यहा मेरे ही यहाँ एक असिस्टेंट रहता है। मेरे जैसा असिस्टेंट परन्तु इनका हमारा एक बड़ा अंतर यह है कि उनके पूरे आठ बच्चे हैं और हमारे दो। और जबकल तो अपने दोनों कमरों में हम ही हम हैं। जो बच्चों को लेकर मैके गई है। परन्तु मैं आपसे पूछना चाहता था आप कहां से पधारे हैं और रात की घटना.....

वह मैं सब कुछ बताऊंगा, यह बताओ तुम्हारे तरफ कौन रहता है ?

उस तरफ तो कोई नये आये हैं, उनसे कोई न पहचान नहीं।

अच्छा ऊपर कौन रहता है ?

ऊपर तो कई लोग रहते हैं। छोटे छोटे सैट हैं। ई बंगाली है कोई सिधी है। हमारे इस शहर में जीवन ही ऐसा है।

अच्छा छोड़ो इनको, बेटा, तुम दूध कहां से लाते हो ? उनके पूछते ही दरवाजे पर मेरे दूध देने ने आवाज दी।

लीजिये दूधवाला भी यहीं आ गया, कहिए आपके लिये कितना लू ?

लो बेटा, दो ढाई सेर ले लो।

न जाने इसके घर में कितनी गाएँ और कितनी मैंने सोचा और ढाई सेर दूध ले लिया।

इधर आओ बेटा, देखो घर में कोई सब्जी है ?

दो तीन गोभी के फूल हैं, लेकिन मैं ताजी सब्जी ले आऊंगा, मगर पहले डाक्टर को तो ले

नहीं डाक्टर की आवश्यकता नहीं है, तो आओ गोभी के फूल ले आओ.....हाँ घी असली खाते हो न ?

जी हाँ, अमृत घी का एक डब्बा पड़ा हुआ है। आप जो चाहें मैं रसोई में बना कर ले आऊंगा।

नहीं बेटा, मिल कर यहीं बनायेंगे' तुम्हारी बातों में मिठास है, तुम्हारी सेवा में प्रेम है, देखो, परमात्मा ने चाहा तो आज हम तुम्हारी तकदीर बदल देंगे।

फिर मैंने एक बंधे उत्साह में रसोई की चीजें उसी कमरे में जमा कर दीं जहां हमारे दो पलंग लगे हुये थे। इसी कमरे के साथ हमारा बाथरूम भी था। मैंने इस बड़े आदमी को सहारा देकर हाथ मुंह धुलवाया, कुल्ला करवाया और पलंग पर फिर लिटाया।

उसके दर्शन से, उसकी आवाज से मैं इतना प्रभावित हो गया था कि अब मैं आप उसी की आज्ञा के अनुसार बाथरूम से नहा धोकर निकल आया। गर्म दूध के घूँट पीते हुये उसने कहा —

बेटा मेरी कहानी बड़ी अद्भुत है, सुन कर आश्चर्य भी होगा और खुशी भी। बहुत दिनों से मेरी इच्छा थी कि तुम्हारे जैसा बेटा मिले मेरी सम्पत्ति का मालिक.....खैर सुनो, यह कहानी इस तरह नहीं बताऊंगा, मेरा पुराना भेद है। अभी सुनाऊंगा लेकिन तुम गुसलखाने के दरवाजे से बाहर जाओ और सड़क की तरफ जो अपना बड़ा दरवाजा है उस पर ताला लगा आओ। लोग समझेंगे कि तुम बाहर चले गये हो और गुसलखाने से लौट कर तुम आ जाओ और फिर अपने मजे में बातें करेंगे।

कहानी का जादू था कि नये भविष्य की

कल्पना जो मुझे बाहर ले गई और मैं अपने दरवाजे पर ताला लगा के बाथरूम के दरवाजे से अन्दर आ गया।

लगा दिया ताला ?

जो हाँ यह है उसकी चाबी। और उसने वह चाबी भी अपने पास रख ली।

उसने अन्दर के ताला कुन्डे भी बन्द करवा दिये और कहा—

तुम्हें जो कुछ अपने लिये बनाना है बना लो, मैं और कुछ नहीं खाऊंगा। उसके इस वाक्य में जाने कौन सी सूचना थी कि मुझे अब हल्का हल्का डर सा लगने लगा और हल्का हल्का सा पश्चात्ताप कि मैंने बाहर से अपने दरवाजे पर ताला क्यों लगाया।

अरे आप भी तो खाओगे ही, खाली दूध से क्या होता है? यह कहता हुआ मैं यूँ ही एक खिड़की को खोलने लगा। उसने अकस्मात् अपने आप को एक भटका दिया और आँखों से बड़ा क्रोध दिखाकर मुझे रोका।

बन्द रखो वो खिड़की...और...चलो...बैठो उस पलंग पर चुपचाप।

खिड़की के कुन्डे से मैंने अपना हाथ नहीं हटाया था और आश्चर्य में उसके क्रोध को समझने की चेष्टा कर रहा था। उसने तकिये के नीचे से बड़े आराम के साथ एक पिस्तौल निकाला। मेरा हाथ कुन्डी पर से गिर गया।

आप कौन हैं ?

डाकू।

डाकू.....कू ?

बैठ जाओ, डरो मत, मैं तुम से कुछ लेने आया हूँ। तुमने मेरी सेवा की है, इसका फल जाऊँगा। लौट आऊँगा तो तुम्हें मालामाल दूँगा.....दिन भर चुपचाप यहीं पड़े रहो, रात चला जाऊँगा.....बाहर से ताला लगा हुआ लोग समझेंगे कि तुम घर में नहीं हो..... हाँ अघंटे में कच्चे कोयले की अंगीठी पर जो बनाना बना लो, खा लो, और सो जाओ... बाहर से क्या आवाज दे, दरवाजा खटखटाए, और तुमने जब दिया, वहीं एक गोली से ढेर कर दूँगा।

मैं अपने मन की दशा को क्या बताऊँ भीतर एक रंग आ गया एक गया, भावनाएँ उठती और काटती गईं। कभी कहूँ कि उसके सिर कुर्सी उछालूँ, उसका मुकाबला करूँ, शोर मचा मरना होगा तो मर जाऊँ...कभी कहूँ यह षडय करूँ...अफसोस कि इस कमरे में न कागज न कलम, होता भी तो तो कहां से फेंकता किस देता ? कभी कहूँ रोटी बनाने के बहाने मकान आग लगा दूँ। कभी कुछ कभी कुछ। और अपनी बड़ी २ आँखों से मुझे घूरता रहा।

कुछ नहीं कर पाओगे, अच्छा यही है कि मैं भर पड़े रहो और मेरी मित्रता का लाभ उठाओ

मेरे मस्तिष्क में एक बात तो यह आ गई इसे कम से कम इस धोखे में रखो कि मैं गरीब आदमी हूँ, डरपोक हूँ, कि अगर आप सम्पत्ति में से मुझे कुछ दे दे तो मैं बड़ा ऋणरतूँगा। सो मैंने वही किया, हाथ जोड़े प्रण किया, बड़े बड़े नामी डाकूओं की प्रशंसा अमीरों को लूटते हैं गरीबों को देते हैं, इत्यादि

उसे जब संतोष हुआ तो मैं अपना आटा गूँ लगा। हाथ आटे को गूँथ रहे थे और मन कारखाने में सँकड़ों योजनाएँ आ रही थीं, सब

बाहर : सैकड़ों चित्र बन रहे थे, बनते ही जाते थे। मेरे हृदय में इस बात का असीम आशा कि कमरे में कहीं कोई भिरी न थी, कोई आवाज न थी जिसके द्वारा मैं कोई संकेत कर सकूँ कि बाहर का अन्दर की बात देख सके। एक छोटी सी एक मोरी थी, मेरे पलंग के ऊपर की ओर, बिल्कुल दीवार के कोने में, एक मोरी जिसमें से कोई पालतू कीड़ा होता है वहाँ कुछ संदेश ले जाता। इस मोरी का हमने प्रयोग भी न किया था। अगर कभी कबाद या भी घोंते तो पड़ोसी चिल्लाने लगता कि आंगन में पानी आ गया। बाहर जगत की अगर कोई रास्ता खुला था तो यही एक रास्ता था।

मुथ-गुथ के आटे का कचूमर निकल गया, कोई बात न सूझी। आटा हो गया तो मैं गोभी काटने लगा। गहरे सोच के चक्कर में उंगली ही कटने लगी थी। उंगली कटने के बाद से मेरा हृदय धड़कने लगा। भगवान ने मुझे दिखाया है, मैंने सोचा। गोभी काट चुकोगे बाक़ मुझे देना। उसने आहिस्ता से कहा।

अच्छा जी अभी लो। तो फिर मैंने अपनी पत्नी पर अच्छा खासा धाव किया।

ओह हो तुम्हारी तो उंगली कट गई।

अभी ठीक करता हूँ, इसे यह कह कर मैं उठा तो मैंने उसी को दे दिया। रात की बची हुई लेकर उंगली का खून रोकने का बहाना ले लगा।

चलो छोड़ा मैं भी दूध पर ही गुजारा करूँगा

यह कह कर मैं अपने पलंग पर लेट गया।

अब कमरे में मौन छा गया और मैं अपनी योजना की सफलता के लिए प्रार्थना करता रहा। उंगली में से रक्त बराबर टपक रहा था, डाक़ के दिल में मोरी का संदेह भी न था। पर आधे मुँह लेट कर, हाथ को नीचे लटका दिया और उंगली को मोरी के साथ लगा दिया.....कितना रक्त बहेगा उंगली में से मैं सोचने लगा...जाने ये मोरी कब से सूखी प्यासी थी सूचना देने से पहले जाने कितना रक्त आप पियेगी। पलंग के पाये में से एक कील सी निकली हुई थी उसका प्रयोग करके मैंने अपने घाव को और गहरा किया...फिर रक्त की बूँदें टप टप कर गिरने लगीं और मैं बाहर आंगन में किसी प्रतिक्रिया को सुनने की प्रतीक्षा में बैठ गया।

बहुत देर तक कुछ न हुआ। और मैं प्रतीक्षा करता करता निराश होने लगा। मुझे ऐसा लगा कि मुझे नींद सी आ रही है और प्रयत्न करने पर भी मैं अपने भारी पलकों को नहीं खुला रख सकता। जाने जी मैं भी क्यों सुस्ती आ गई और जाने कितनी देर हाथ लटकाए मैं वहीं पड़ा रहा। फिर मुझे किसी बात का अनुभव न रहा और मैं जाग उठा तभी जब तक संसार जाग उठा था, अब मेरे दरवाजे पर लाठियां बज रही थी, जब नायक अपने पलंग से उठ चुका था, कमरे के बाहर गया था, बाहर दूसरे कमरे में जाने क्या कर रहा था। अब परले कमरे की एक खिड़की सी खुली बाहर का दरवाजा टूट गिरा, बाहर सीटियाँ बजीं, गोली चली और चारों दिशाओं से 'पकड़ लिया' 'पकड़ लिया' का शोर उठा और यह सुनकर भी मैं अपने पलंग से न उठ सका।

# अच्छी हिन्दी

त्रिजय लक्ष्मी, बी० ए० ग्रानर्स (द्वितीय वर्ष)

**भाषा** वह सुलभ साधन है जिसके द्वारा हम अपने मन के भावों को दूसरों पर प्रकट करते हैं, इसके अन्तर्गत वे सार्थक शब्द भी हैं जो हम बोलते हैं। हमारे मन में समय समय पर जो अनेक भावनायें, इच्छायें तथा विचार उत्पन्न होते हैं उन्हें हम भाषा के द्वारा ही दूसरों पर प्रकट करते हैं। भाषा बहुत बड़ी शक्ति है। सभी बड़ी शक्तियों के समान उसका सदुपयोग और दुरुपयोग दोनों हो सकते हैं और होते आए हैं। जो भाषा प्रत्येक प्रकार से चुस्त होने के अतिरिक्त सहज बोध गम्य और पाठकों के मन पर प्रभाव डालकर उन्हें अपनी ओर आकृष्ट कर सके वही रस-पूर्ण, ओजस्विनी और सजीव मानी जाती है। भाषा में एक विशेष गुण होता है जिसे 'जोर' कहते हैं, और यह 'जोर' शब्दों के ठीक चुनाव से ही आ सकता है। उर्दू का एक प्रसिद्ध शेर है—

जो पूछा यार से मैंने तुझे किससे मुहब्बत है।  
तो 'हँसकर' यों लगा कहने तुम्हीं पर दम निकलता है।।

'हँसकर' इस शेर की जान है यदि यह न हो तो इसमें कुछ दम ही न रह जाए। अतः इस तत्त्व का भी ध्यान रखना चाहिए।

जिस प्रकार प्रत्येक मनुष्य अथवा पदार्थ की कुछ विशिष्ट प्रकृति होती है, उसी प्रकार प्रत्येक भाषा की भी कुछ विशिष्ट प्रकृति होती है। हिन्दी भाषा के अतिरिक्त अन्य भाषाओं में हम जैसा बोलते हैं वैसा नहीं लिखते। अतः यह निश्चित है कि यदि हम अशुद्ध उच्चारण करेंगे तो उसे अशुद्ध

लिखेंगे भी। कुछ अवस्थाओं में सर्वनाम के व का ध्यान न रखने से भी वाक्य आमक हो जाते यही बात—“और कामों की भीड़ भी तो है। निपटाना है”—के सम्बन्ध में भी है। इसमें 'जिसे' का सम्बन्ध वस्तुतः 'कामों' से है, न कि भीड़ अतः 'जिसे' के स्थान पर 'जिन्हें' होना चाहिए प्रायः लोग ऐसी छोटी २ बातों पर ध्यान नहीं देते

आपस में मिलती-जुलती क्रियाएँ प्रायः से एक दूसरे की पर्यायवाची समझ ली जाती जैसे दौड़ना और भागना। वस्तुतः दोनों में अन्तर है। 'भागना' किसी प्रकार की आशंका भय के कारण अथवा किसी बात से अपना बच करने के लिए प्रयुक्त होता है, पर 'दौड़ना' में इससे कोई बात नहीं होती। इसके अतिरिक्त 'भागना' का एक और अर्थ है—'जी चुराना' या 'बचाना', जो 'दौड़ना' का नहीं है। हम यह कह सकते हैं कि 'वह काम करने से भागता' पर यह नहीं कह सकते—'वह काम करने दौड़ता है'। 'हड़पना' और 'निगलना' में अर्थ दृष्टि से बहुत अन्तर है। एक जगह पढ़ा था 'मानो पृथ्वी ऊँटों सहित उन्हें हड़प कर गा' इसमें 'हड़प कर गई' के स्थान पर 'निगल' होना चाहिए था।

कभी-कभी क्रियाओं का ठीक प्रयोग न के कारण अर्थ का अनर्थ हो जाता है। सम्मानित नेता एक बार किसी घातक रोग मुक्त हुए थे, तब उनके सम्बन्ध में समाचार-पत्र निकला था—'वे अभी मरने से बच गये हैं।' २

# जगु जपु राम राम जपु जेहि

मालती, बी०ए० (आनर्स) अंतिम वर्ष

**प्रा**तः स्मरणीय तुलसी की लेखनी से उद्भूत आदर्श पात्रों में भरत असंदिग्ध रूप से सर्वश्रेष्ठ हैं। अपने पात्रों के साथ लेखक की पूर्ण तादात्म्य की अनुभूति होती है। मानस के समस्त पात्रों से भिन्न उनकी भरत के साथ सार्वकालिक पूर्ण एकात्मकता है। वह साहित्य में ही नहीं वरन् जीवन के प्रत्येक क्षेत्र में लेखक की चिरसंगिनी है। भारत की प्रत्येक क्रिया में साहित्यकार का जीवन साकार हो उठा है। कवि ने अपने जिस जीवन-दर्शक का प्रतिपादन किया व जिस साधन प्रणाली-विशेष को अपनाया वह भरत चरित्र में निहित है।

तुलसी की समन्वयात्मक प्रवृत्ति का मूल आश्रय भी भरत है। भरत में कर्म, ज्ञान व भक्ति का अद्वितीय सम्मिश्रण है। व्यवहार जगत में प्रायः देखा जाता है कि किसी एक की स्वीकृति दूसरों की अस्वीकृति बन जाती है। कर्म की दुहाई देने वाला भक्ति को निष्क्रियता का उत्पादक मानता है तो भक्ति का आग्रही अपनी अनुभूति को कर्म-सिद्धान्त से विरत बना देना है और ज्ञानी तो भक्ति तथा कर्मण्यता दोनों को सत्य से दूर मानता है। फलितार्थ रूप में दोनों का वह परिणाम नहीं उत्पन्न होता जो सैद्धान्तिक रूप में अपेक्षित है। यथार्थतः तीनों का समन्वय ही एक दूसरे का पूरक है यथा:- कर्म सिद्धान्त की सक्रियता भक्ति की निष्क्रियता को नष्ट करने देगी व कर्म सिद्धान्त भक्ति के योग से 'अहं' वृत्ति का नाश कर पायेगा। ज्ञान कर्म व भक्ति के सहयोग से निष्क्रियता एवं 'अहं' का नाश कर सत्य

की उपलब्धि का माहान साधन बन जाता है। इस प्रकार की समन्वय साधन को जीवन में चरितार्थ करने वाले पात्र को उपलब्धि भारत के रूप में होती है।

भरत का व्यक्तित्व-दर्शन राम वन-गमन-पश्चात् ही होता है। इससे पूर्व का उन का चरित्र मूक समर्पण का अद्भुत दृष्टान्त है। भरत ने स्वयं को शू कर अपने अस्तित्व को अपने प्रभु की लीला का उपकरण मात्र बन डाला। भरत के अव्यक्त प्रेम को प्रकट करने के हेतु ही श्री राम ने महानटय की योजना वन-गमन के रूप में की। राम के वन-गमन के इस रहस्य का उद्घाटन तुलसी ने इन शब्दों में किया है :-

प्रेम अमिअ मंदरु बिरहु पयोधि गंभीर ।  
मधि प्रकटेउ सुर साधु हित कृपासिधु रघुवी २॥  
भरत-प्रेमपयोधि ऐसा नहीं जो साधारण मन्थन से मथित है। तब विरह मंदरु की सृष्टि की। निश्चित रूप से यदि वन गमन की घटना न घटित होती तो भरत प्रेम से विश्व अनभिज्ञ ही रहता। विरह मंदरु से भरत पयोधि मन्थन आरंभ हुआ अमृत प्रकट करने के हेतु !

इसके पश्चात् भरत का विलक्षण चरित्र द्रष्टव्य है। उनके समक्ष अयोध्या के विशाल राज्य का प्रलोभन था, अन्याय-पूर्वक नहीं सर्वसम्पत्ति से। परन्तु वे तो 'सम्पत्ति सब रघुपति के आही' के समर्थक हैं व उन्होंने 'प्रातःकाल चलिहऊ' प्रभु पाही' का निर्णय सुनाया। राम-दर्शन-हेतु पुरवासी

सबस्व त्याग कर चलने तत्पर हो गए परन्तु भरत ने नगर की समस्त वस्तुओं का जो कि राम को प्रिय थी सुरक्षा का प्रबन्ध किया जिससे अनेकों के हृदय में भरत के प्रेम पर शंका उठी। परन्तु समर्पण तो उसी वस्तु का किया जाता है जो अपनी हो। पर जब सब राम का है तो त्याग अथवा समर्पण कैसा ? यह भरत चरित्र की उल्लेखनीय विशेषता है। इन घटनाओं से भरत की आज्ञाकारिता, सर्व जनहितता तथा दृढ़ नेम का परिचय मिलता है।

राम-दर्शन उत्कण्ठा से आकुल यह विशाल समुदाय शृङ्ग वेरपुर के निकट पहुँचा तो राम-सखा निषाद का हृदय आशंका से भर गया। निषाद का यह चिन्तन उसके हृदय के उत्कृष्ट प्रेम की सूचना ही है, परन्तु भरत के उस दैन्य की कल्पना भी असम्भव है जिससे प्रेरित हो वे समस्त उपकरणों के साथ जा रहे थे। उन्हें तो एक ही आश्रय था कि संभवतः प्रजा व सेना की पीड़ा से वे राघवेन्द्र को अयोध्या ला सकें।

भरत में ब्रह्मचारी का—सा अविचल व्रत, गृहस्थी की—सी कर्तव्य-परायणता, वान-प्रस्थी का सा त्याग व सन्यासी का सर्व त्याग एक साथ द्रष्टव्य हैं। साधना व सिद्धि का ऐसा एकीकरण अन्य कहीं असम्भव है।

मन्थन से केवल प्रेमाभूत ही नहीं व्यक्त हुआ वरन् इस गंभीर पयोधि से भरत के गुण रूप अनन्त रत्नों का प्रादुर्भाव भी हुआ उनकी गणना में असम्भव महाकवि की गिरा मौन है। यत्र तत्र की चर्चा से स्पष्ट है कि भरत कर्म-योगी, धार्मिक, विवेकी व प्रेम मूर्ति हैं। उन्होंने कहा—

(१) जो न होत जग जनम भरत को,  
सकल धरम धुरि धरनि धरत को।

(२) भरत सरिस को राम स्नेही,  
जगु जपु राम राम जपु जेहि।

(३) भरत विवेक बराह बिसाला,  
अनायास उधरी तेहि काला।

इन में भरत के तीनों रूपों का चित्रण है। अतः यह उत्कण्ठा स्वाभाविक ही है कि उन्हें ज्ञानी, भक्त किम्वा धार्मिक माना जाय। यह भरत चरित्र से स्पष्ट है कि धर्म, प्रेम व ज्ञान में कोई भेद नहीं। तीनों की अंतिम परिणति एक ही है।

भरत के गुणानुराग से प्रभावित ही स्वयं श्री राम भी उनके विषय में कहते हैं कि, सूर्य नेजस्वी है किन्तु अंधकार से उसका विरोध है, भरत के यशःप्रकाश से किसी का विरोध नहीं है। आकाश विशाल है किन्तु उसकी भी एक सीमा है किन्तु भरत तो 'निरवधि निरूपम पुरुष' हैं, भरत के हृदयाकाश पर वासना के काले बादल नहीं हैं। धरित्री क्षमाशील है पर द्रोहियों को क्षमा नहीं कर पाती, भरत ने तो प्रभु-द्रोही मन्थरा को भी क्षमा कर दिया था।

यही नहीं नीरव निस्तब्ध निशा में जब सम्पूर्ण चित्रकूट का वातावरण सुप्त है तब केवल दो महापुरुष जाग रहे हैं। एक है वीर-व्रती लक्ष्मण जो राम की वर्तमान चिन्ता में निमग्न धनुर्धारण कर रक्षा-कार्य में संलग्न है व अन्य परमानुरागी भरत श्री राम के भविष्य चिन्तन में लीन हैं। दोनों ही प्रेमी 'तत्सुख-सुखित्व' के आदर्श का निर्वाह कर रहे हैं, परन्तु भरत की चिन्ताधारा तीव्र है उसमें जटिलता है—

'केहि विधि होय राम अभिषेकु,  
मोहि अवकलत उपाय न एकु।'

(शेष पृष्ठ २६ पर)

# पूर्णिमा की ज्योत्सना

आदर्श शर्मा, बी० ए० (ग्रानर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

आहा..... उमंग, उल्लास-हुलास गर्जन-तर्जन, सभी कुछ। क्यों न हो, हृदय की पवित्र एवं स्पष्टकीय भाँकी का प्रतिबिम्ब स्वरूप पूर्णिमा की रम्य रजनी अपने आसवी उन्माद को लेकर इस भूतल पर गन्धर्वों के गायन और अप्सराओं के नर्तन की भंकार भङ्कृत करने के लिये आई है। अभिसारिका के वेश में, आकाश-मण्डल के अधिपति सुधांशु को विचरते देख कर मचल उठी है, सुन्दरियों के हृदय में द्रवित हो उठी है निर्भर के प्रवाह में और विखर उठी है अपनी ही नीजि आभा में। निज उन्माद के प्रभाव का प्रसार कर रही है रजनी की साम्राज्ञी-ज्योत्सना। प्रथम ईषद-अरुण, तदन्तर राकापति की धवल ज्योत्सना से नभोमण्डल ज्योतिष हो गया है। उस अभिसारिका ने वासकसज्जा के रूप में तारिकावली को अपने परिधान में टाँक कर अपनी आभा को द्विगुणित कर लिया है। कन्दर्प देव भी निनिमेष नेत्रों से निहार रहे हैं इसके यौवन को पर आज तो श्रमा कर की क्षुधा की तुष्टि में संलग्न ये अभिसारिका उनसे निमिष मात्र के लिए पराडमुख होना नहीं चाहती। उसकी आभा का क्षेत्र विस्तीर्ण हो चुका है। क्षितिज के असीम छोर के समान। नक्षत्र-मण्डल आँख मिचौनी खेलती हुई ज्योत्सना के प्रेम की उत्पत्ति कर रही हैं और ऐसा आभास होता है कि चन्द्र और ज्योत्सना भ्रिमिट क्रीड़ा में इतने तल्लीन हों कि चार-दिशा बधुओं के साक्षात्कार का उन्हें ध्यान ही न रहा हो। उधर रजनी भी कुछ आश्चर्य विसूढ़, ताराओं की विस्फारित दृष्टि से इस अपूर्व क्रीड़ा का आस्वादन कर रही है चुपचाप, धीरे धीरे। इसी कारण तो

उसमें पूर्ण स्तब्धता की साम्राज्य है और मन्द सुवासित समीर ने तो इस प्रणय-क्रीड़ा में सोने में सुहागे का काम किया है। मन्मथ के प्रभाव से किस कटु हृदय का मन्यन नहीं हुआ। पत्तों का वंशी-रव विहाग-राग के रूप में साकार हो उठा है। धधाकर की पूर्ण यौवनावस्था और ज्योत्सना का प्रेम निकेत की ओर संकेत करने वाला वलय विभूषित कर किस अभागे को विमुग्ध न करेंगे वसुधा दुग्ध स्नात होकर चन्द्रमा के अभिनन्दनार्थ भिनिल परिधान पहने हुए है। ज्योत्सना की प्रणय लीला से ईर्ष्या करता हुआ जलधि भी अपनी तुंग तरंगी से चन्द्रमा को अपने आलिंगन-प में बद्ध करने के लिए लालायित है। श्वेत जलधे भी काव्य में छन्दों की भाँति उल्लस-कूद मचा रहे हैं उनके परिवर्तन-शील आकार में नायक-नायिकाओं के हृदय का कोमल पक्ष उद्दीप्त हो उठा है। द्रव दिल तुहिन करणों से लदे हैं, चान्दनी ने उन्हें भी स्फटिक मणी में परिणत कर दिया है। ज्योत्सना की चादर भीड़ कर सुप्तावस्था में नागरिकगण, विधाता की बिडम्बना का स्वप्निल आनन्द लूट रहे हैं। क्यों न हो चन्द्रमा की कान्ति स्वप्न में भी अपने प्रभाव साम्य में विचलित नहीं होती। आनन्द-विभोर युवक युवतियाँ निद्रा देवी को दण्डवत् प्रणाम कर चन्दा और चान्दनी को प्रणय-लीला का अनुकरण कर रहे हैं। बालक-वृन्द भी ताराओं की भाँति वाल सुलभ क्रीड़ा में निमग्न हैं। वस्तुतः इस ज्योत्सना का निर्माण उस अपूर्व शिल्पी की सम्पूर्ण कला की प्रतिच्छाया है जिसने क्या जड़ और क्या चेतन सभी को मुग्ध कर दिया है।

# व्यक्ति और समाज

प्रमोद पन्त, बी० ए० (अंतिम वर्ष)

प्रसिद्ध ग्रीक दार्शनिक अरस्तु की कहावत "मनुष्य स्वभाव से सामाजिक प्राणी है, अत्यन्त महत्त्वपूर्ण है। वास्तव में हर व्यक्ति पूरा समाज के ऊपर निर्भर है। समाज से पृथक व्यक्ति का विकास नहीं हो सकता। जन्म से लेकर मृत्यु तक मनुष्य की समस्त आवश्यकतायें समाज के अन्तर्गत ही पूर्ण होती हैं। हर व्यक्ति को जन्म से मृत्यु तक समाज पर निर्भर रहना पड़ता है। बच्चा पैदा होते ही माँ के सम्पर्क में आ जाता है, धीरे-धीरे बड़ा होता है तो पिता से उसका सम्पर्क बढ़ जाता है। जब वह आयु में बड़ा होता है तो उसे मित्रों के सम्पर्क में आना पड़ता है। इसी प्रकार समाज के अन्य छोटे-बड़े सदस्यों से उसे सम्बन्ध स्थापित करने पड़ते हैं।

हमारे सामने मुख्य प्रश्न यह है कि मनुष्य के लिये समाज में रहना क्यों अनिवार्य है? समाज में तो व्यक्ति को हर प्रकार के लड़ाई-झगड़े, कलह, द्वेष व चिन्ता आदि कठिनाइयों का सामना करना पड़ता है। क्या हम इन चिन्ताओं व आपत्तियों से दूर समाज को छोड़कर जंगल में किसी कोने में अपना जीवन व्यतीत नहीं कर सकते? क्या मनुष्य के लिए यह सम्भव नहीं कि वह सामाजिक जिम्मेदारियों, नाना प्रकार के दुखों, असफलताओं और बाधाओं से छुटकारा पाकर कहीं एकान्तवास कर सके?

इस प्रकार के महत्त्वपूर्ण प्रश्नों ने मनुष्य के विचारकों के मस्तिष्क में उथल-पुथल मचा दी।

बहुत से विचारक इस परिणाम पर पहुँचे कि एकान्त जीवन व्यतीत करना और मानव-समाज से सम्बन्ध न रखना मानव के लिए स्वर्गमय जीवन है। किन्तु मेरे अपने मतानुसार यह विचार युक्ति संगत प्रतीत नहीं होता क्योंकि इसमें मनुष्य की आवश्यकताओं और उसके स्वभाव पर विचार नहीं किया गया। मानव जीवन का निर्माण ही इस प्रकार हुआ कि मनुष्य बिना समाज की सहायता के न जीवित ही रह सकता है और न अपनी सांस्कृतिक व मानसिक उन्नति कर सकता है। जैसा कि हॉब्स (Hobbes) ने कहा है, "एकान्त जीवन गन्दा, जंगली व क्षणिक होता है।"

मनुष्य समाज के सहयोग के बिना जीवित नहीं रह सकता। इनका कार्य-कारण का सा सम्बन्ध है। इसके निम्न कारण हैं—

प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को जीवन व्यतीत करने के लिए तन ढकने के लिए कपड़े व रोटी की आवश्यकता होती है। भूख लगने पर मनुष्य को खान-सामग्री जुटानी पड़ती है। अनाज पैदा करने या कपड़ा तैयार करने के लिए उसे औजार व मशीनों की आवश्यकता पड़ेगी। औजारों व मशीनों के बनाने के लिए सहयोग की आवश्यकता है, बिना सहयोग के यह कार्य असम्भव है। इसके अतिरिक्त मनुष्य-जीवन में ऐसे अवसर बहुत आते हैं जब परिस्थितियाँ उसे विवश करा देती हैं कि वह समाज की शरण में जाय। बीमारी या बुढ़ापे की अवस्था को ही ले लीजिए। ऐसी अवस्था में मनुष्य अकेला कुछ भी नहीं कर सकता। यह अवस्था

मनुष्य को समाज की शरण में जाने के लिए विवश करा देती है।

मनुष्य जंगल में एकान्त जीवन व्यतीत करेगा तो उसे जंगली जानवर सतायेंगे। प्रकृति ने मनुष्य को तेज दाँत व पंजे तो प्रदान किये नहीं जिससे वह जंगली जानवरों के आक्रमण को निष्फल कर सके। जानवरों के आक्रमण से बचने के लिए तेज व नुकीले हथियारों की आवश्यकता है। ये हथियार भी उसे बिना सहयोग के प्राप्त नहीं हो सकते। अतः यह कहावत “सहयोग एक महान् शक्ति है और फूट कमजोरी” यहाँ युक्तिसंगत प्रती होती है।

सहयोग की सीमा यहाँ समाप्त नहीं हो जाती। इसके अतिरिक्त वर्षा, तूफान, बिजली व बर्फ के बचाव के लिए एक सुदृढ़ सकान का होना अनिवार्य है। व्यक्ति को यहाँ भी सहयोग की आवश्यकता है। सहयोग प्राप्त करने के लिए उसे समाज की शरण में जाना आवश्यक है।

समाज से पृथक व्यक्ति की स्थिति को हम “रोबिन न सन क्रूसो” की स्थिति से ज्ञात कर सकते हैं। रोबिन सन क्रूसो भटकते हुए एक निर्जन टापू में पहुँचता है, जहाँ बंजर भूमि व वृक्षों के अतिरिक्त कुछ भी नहीं था। सात वर्ष उसने उस निर्जन टापू में व्यतीत किये। उसके समीप हँसने के लिए, बोलने के लिए कोई भी नहीं था। एक दिन एक जंगली कुत्ता अचानक भटकता उसके समीप पहुँच गया, कुत्ते को अपने समीप पाकर उसके हर्ष की सीमा नहीं रही। वह कुत्ते के साथ ही हँसता,

खेलता व बोलता था।

संक्षेप में यह कहा जा सकता है कि सहयोग ही जीवन का एकमात्र स्रोत है।

मनुष्य समाज में इसलिए नहीं रहता कि उसका जीवन समाज के बिना सम्भव नहीं। वरन् वह इसलिए भी रहता है कि वह समाज में अपनी आवश्यकताओं व इच्छाओं को पूर्ण कर सके। आधुनिक मनोवैज्ञानिकों का दावा है कि मनुष्य में कुछ स्वाभाविक प्रवृत्तियाँ होती हैं—पैतृक प्रवृत्ति अनुकरण की प्रवृत्ति, घृणा, क्रोध, प्रेम की प्रवृत्ति, दूसरों के ऊपर अपने विचार प्रकट करने की प्रवृत्ति, हँसने-खेलने की प्रवृत्ति आदि।

मनुष्य की मूलभूत आवश्यकतायें एकान्तवास में पूर्ण नहीं हो सकती। यहाँ भी व्यक्ति को समाज का आश्रय ढूँढना पड़ता है। उदाहरणार्थ—पैतृक प्रवृत्ति की संतृप्ति के लिए एक पुरुष का स्त्री के साथ रहना आवश्यक है। आदेश देने के भाव तभी पूरे हो सकते हैं, जब एक मनुष्य दूसरे मनुष्य पर शासन करता हो। इसी प्रकार अन्य सभी प्रवृत्तियों को पूर्ण करने के लिए व्यक्ति को समाज की शरण में जाना पड़ता है।

अतः अन्त में हम यह कह सकते हैं कि मनुष्य को अपना जीवन बनाए रखने के लिए समाज की आवश्यकता पड़ती है। जीवन के संग्राम में उन्हीं प्राणियों को सफलता मिलती है जिनका किसी न किसी प्रकार का सामाजिक जीवन रहा हो।

# ❀ कविता ❀

शाम कोरपाल, बी० ए० (अन्तिम वर्ष)

जिस जगह अघूरे सदा अरमान हों,  
जिस जगह रौंदे जाते इन्सान हों,  
जिस जगह पूजे जाते पाषाण हों,  
क्यों न फिर अन्तिम चरण श्मशान हो ?

जिस चमन में शीतल वायु बह न पाए,  
जिस चमन में पंछी जा न पाए, गा न पाए,  
जिस चमन में सदा पतझड़ बसन्त न लहराए,  
जिस चमन में रातरानी रात को तीन मुस्काए,  
कैसे वह चमन सुगन्ध से सुरभित हो जाए ?  
वहाँ सुकोमल कलियाँ कैसे पुष्पित हो जाए ?

जिस जगह दो स्नेही मिल न पाए,  
कलेजे में वे चुभती यादें दबाए,  
छटपटाए और रो रो अश्रु बहाए,  
तिल तिल जले राख हो जाए,  
कैसे न जीवन दर्द गीत बन जाए ?  
प्रेम कसक क्यों न हृदय में शूल चुभाए ?

जिस जगह शशि भी करे दिल में अन्धेरा,  
रात लम्बी कष्टमय न दिखाई दे सवेरा,  
प्रेम जोत बेदर्दी से यह दुनियां बुझा दे,  
पिशाची मौत से लड़ना हो काम मेरा,  
स्मृति सुधा में कैसे डूबूँ, कैसे सजाऊँ साज,  
गीत खुशी के कैसे गाऊँ, कौन सुने आवाज ?

## क्या नाम दूँ

डॉ० एम० एम० ग्राहलूवालिया

एक आंसू  
जो केवल आंखों में ही नर्तन करता रहा  
एक फूल  
जिसकी पत्ती २ आत्मा का बोझ बन गई  
एक दर्द  
जो कभी भी गीत बनकर दिल के झरोखों से  
बाहर न निकाल सका  
एक दीपक  
जिसे मैं जला न सका  
एक याद  
जिसे मैं भुला न सका  
एक रात  
जिसे मैं बिता न सका  
एक प्रीत  
जिसे मैं निभा न सका  
मैं उसे क्या नाम दूँ  
मैं उसे क्या नाम दूँ

## जगु जपु राम राम जपु जेहि

(शेष पृष्ठ २१ का)

भरत की विचारधारा उनके दैन्य, जागरूकता एवं दूरदर्शिता का सजग उदाहरण है।

अवध पहुंच कर भरत तापस-जीवन व्यतीत करते हैं। राम जिन नियमों का पालन मर्यादा की दृष्टि से कर रहे हैं भरत उनकी अपेक्षा कठिन नियमों का पालन स्वेच्छा से कर रहे हैं।

प्रतीक्षा-वेला की समाप्ति पर समस्त अवध आनन्द मग्न है। राघव की दृष्टि भरत को खोज

रही है भरत भी अधीर है प्रभु से मिलने को परन्तु यहां भी प्रभु मर्यादा का ध्यान है। भरत से मिलने की राम की शोभा को निहार कर कवि कहता है—'जनु प्रेम अरु शृंगार तनु धरि'—शृंगार प्रेम बिना अपूर्व व नीरस है। परन्तु यहाँ शृंगार अलौकिक है व इसका वैशिष्ट्य भरत जैसे आदर्श प्रेमी द्वारा ही सिद्ध है। अतः भरत चरित्र सम्बन्ध कवि की यह उक्ति—'भरत सरिस को राम स्नेही, जगु जपु राम राम जत जेही' अत्युक्ति नहीं है।

## ● एक नया पैसा ●

कुसुम नांगिया, बी०एस०सी० (अंतिम वर्ष)

एक ओर अशोक स्तम्भ और दूसरी ओर रुपये का सौवां भाग एक नये पैसे की छाप लिये ताँबे के उस नन्हें से सुन्दर सिक्के से अब तो सभी परिचित हो गये हैं। इसी एक नये पैसे ने सामाजिक जीवन में एक नई हलचल उत्पन्न कर दी है। जहां देखो वहीं एक नये पैसे पर भगड़ा। कोई इसे बचाने की कोशिश कर रहा है तो कोई किसी भी प्रकार इसे ले लेने की। इतने सुन्दर नन्हे से पैसे की कोई भी अपने से दूर नहीं करना चाहता। सौन्दर्य की उपासना होनी ही चाहिये। दर्जी, घोबी, नाई, सब्जीवाला, फलवाला, दूधवाला, बाजार पोस्ट आफिस, बस या जहां कहीं भी फुटकर लेन देन हो रहा हो प्रायः इस नये पैसे के लिये तू-तू मैं-मैं सुन पड़ती है। इस नये पैसे से भिखारियों के व्यवसाय को बहुत धक्का पहुँचा है। बेचारे भिखारी जहां गला फाड़-फाड़ कर चिल्लाने के बाद एक पुराना पैसा पाते थे अब उन्हें उसका भी आधा यह अभाग एक नया पैसा मिलता है। भक्तों को अवश्य इससे लाभ पहुँचा है। एक नया पैसा ही भगवान के अर्पण करके वे अपने समस्त पापों से मुक्ति पा जाते हैं। सम्भवतः नये पैसे बनाने वाली इस सरकार पर भिखारियों की आहों का बुरा असर इन भक्तों के आशीर्वाद के कारण ही नहीं हो पाता।

“मैं कहता हूँ एक नया पैसा और दीजिये” कण्डक्टर भुँभला रहा था।

“ओ क्यूँ ?” गहरे हरे रंग की चमाचम क्रेप की कमीज पहने हुये अत्यधिक मोटी माता जी ने बात समझने की कोशिश की।

“देखो ना माता जी, दस और दो बारा और दो आने के बारा नये पैसे, ये चौबीस हुये ना ?

और चवन्नी में पच्चीस होते हैं। एक नया पैसा और दो।” काले हो रहे हाथ पर चमकीले पैसे फँलाते हुये कण्डक्टर ने समझाया।

“देख ना पुत्र, इक ये दुवानी, ते ये बारां नवे पैसे, दो दुवानियां मिल के इक चुवानी होई कि नई ?” बुढ़िया ने शोख रंग की नायलोन की चुन्नी संभालते हुये अपनी बात की पुष्टि की।

दोनों अपनी २ बात पर हठ थे। बुढ़िया अपने फूले हुये मुँह और नाक को और अधिक फुला २ कर अपनी बातों से सारी बस की सहानुभूति अपनी ओर कर लेने की चेष्टा कर रही थी और कण्डक्टर भी एक नये पैसे का नुकसान नहीं उठाना चाहता था। बस में बैठी किसी लड़की को स्कूल के लिये देर हो रही थी तो किसी कालेज के विद्यार्थी की क्लास मिस होने का भय था। कोई साहब आफिसर की डांट से डर रहे थे तो किसी को अस्पताल के लिये देर हो रही थी और किसी को सिनेमा शुरू हो जाने का डर था, और नन्हा सा नया पैसा अपने इस प्रताप पर मुस्करा रहा था धीरे-धीरे.....।

बस में बैठे लोगों को एक ओर देर होने की घबराहट थी तो दूसरी ओर उन्हें इस भगड़े में मजा भी आ रहा था। इधर उधर के कोनों से बस चलाने के लिये आवाजें आने लगीं। खैर किसी भांति बस तो चलनी आरम्भ हुई किन्तु भगड़ा अब भी समाप्त नहीं हुआ। अब कण्डक्टर अन्य यात्रियों को टिकट देकर उतारता और चढ़ाता था और बस के चलते ही माता जी वाला मोर्चा आ संभालता था। इस एक नये पैसे की खींच तान में बहुत से चुपचाप बिना टिकट खिसक जाने वालों को अच्छा मौका मिल गया था।

पहले तो माता जी इसी बात की पुष्टि करती रही कि ये पूरे चार आने हैं। पर अब उन्होंने दूसरा रुख पकड़ा और अकड़ कर बोलीं—

“मैं तां इन्ने ई पैसे दिआंगी, तैनुं लेने होन तां लै नई तां अपना कम्म कर। किन्तु कण्डक्टर भी पीछे हटने वाला न था। माता जी की इस अकड़ का उस पर कोई प्रभाव न हुआ बोला “या तो पूरे पैसे दो या नीचे उतर जाओ।”

माता जी को भी अपने पैसे के पूरे चार आने में अखण्ड विश्वास था। रोब जमाती हुई बोलीं— “किसी तो वी पुच्छ लै ए पूरे चार आने हैं।” और अपनी बात को सही सिद्ध करने की गरज से माता जी ने अपने आस-पास ही बैठे दूसरे पुत्रों की ओर इंगित किया। किन्तु सत्य से कौन मुख मोड़ सकता था सभी ने चवन्नी में एक नये पैसे की कमी को बिना किसी हिचक के स्वीकार किया। माता जी के बाल धूप में सफेद नहीं हुये थे। वे भला एक पैसा क्यों देने लगीं। प्रत्येक संभव युक्तियों से उस एक नये पैसे को बचाने की कोशिश कर रही थी। माता जी के चेहरे पर अंकित रेखाओं में अब क्रोध कर स्थान दीनता ने ले लिया। मुंह बनाते हुये उन्होंने यह जताने की कोशिश की कि इससे अधिक पैसे उनके पास हैं ही नहीं। गिरगिट की भांति माता जी के बदलते रंग को देख कर प्रायः सारी बस आश्चर्य चकित हो गई। पर कण्डक्टर भी कच्ची गोलियां न खेला था। उसे तो प्रतिदिन सुबह से शाम तक ऐसी ही अनेक माताजियों से पाला पड़ता रहता था। बोला—

“सीधी तरह से पैसे देते हो या ले जाऊं थाने?” थाने का नाम सुनते ही माता जी घबराई। दीनता भरे स्वर में जो कुछ उन्होंने कहा उनका आशय यह था कि इस बूढ़ी आत्मा को तंग करके उसे क्या मिलेगा आदि और साथ ही जीवन की नश्वरता और नदी नाव संयोग का उदाहरण देकर उन्होंने एक लम्बा सा उपदेश दे डाला। किन्तु कण्डक्टर फिर भी उस से मस न हुआ। माता जी के रेशमी

चमकते सूट, मखमली तिल्लेदार जूती और कानों में लटकते हुये बड़े २ भूमकों को देख कर सभी को उनकी इस एक नये पैसे की कञ्जूसी पर हंसी आ रही थी। थाने का नाम सुन कर ऐसी औरतें बहुत घबराती हैं। माता जी के मुंह पर अजीब घबराहट का अविपत्य हो गया था। यद्यपि मुझे इस तमाशे में बड़ा मजा आ रहा था किन्तु अब बेचारी माता जी की बुद्धि और कञ्जूसी पर तरस आने लगा था। अपने पर्स में से एक नया पैसा निकाल कर मैंने कण्डक्टर की ओर बढ़ाया और माता जी को टिकट देने के लिये कहा। किन्तु इससे माताजी की शान का रंग फीका हो रहा था। यह उनके बड़पन्न पर बहुत बड़ा छीटा था। मेरे हाथ पकड़ती हुई बोली, ना पुत्तर तू रहनदे, मैनु बईमानी पसन्द नहीं।

बईमानी शब्द से उनका मतलब कण्डक्टर की बईमानी से था। माता जी के सामने उनकी इज्जत का प्रश्न था। ज्ञान दिखाने के लिये कमीज की जेब में से एक अघ-मैला सफेद रुमाल निकाल कर काफी मेहनत से उसकी गाँठ खोल कर मुड़े हुये नोट निकाल कर सीधे करने लगी। उसमें एक दस और एक पांच रुपये का ही नोट निकाला। बस में बैठे प्रत्येक व्यक्ति के मुंह पर मुस्कराहट थी। बड़े ऐहसान और उदारता भरी दृष्टि से कण्डक्टर की ओर देखते हुये उन्होंने पांच का नोट आगे बढ़ा दिया। कण्डक्टर ने मुस्करा कर चार आने का टिकट देकर शेष पैसे लौटाते हुये आवाज लगाई “मा.....ल.....रो.....ड।”

अब माता जी का स्वर सप्तम पर पहुँचा, ‘हाय रब्बा दरियागंज पिच्छे रह गया।

उन्हें दरियागंज उतरना था किन्तु एक नया पैसा उन्हें आगे ले आया था। बेचारी को वहीं उतरना पड़ा। वहाँ से दूसरी बस ले ली होगी और फिर चार आने का टिकट लेकर अपने लक्ष्य स्थान पर पहुंची होगी। मेरे हाथ का एक नया पैसा अब भी मुस्करा रहा था।

ऐसा है एक नये पैसे का प्रताप।

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## कला और सौन्दर्य

पुरुषोत्तम लाल विज बी० ए० आनर्स अन्तिम वर्ष

अभिव्यक्ति की कुशल शक्ति ही कला है। कला एक अखण्ड अभिव्यक्ति है जो मानव के चेतन हृदय में सदैव हृदयस्थ भावों को व्यक्त करने की उत्सुकता पैदा करती है। यह भावना नितान्त आवश्यक है। मनुष्य स्वभावतः अपने हर्ष, शोक, सुख, दुःख, विषाद आदि भावों को व्यक्त करने से सान्त्वना प्राप्त करता है। उसके अचेतन मन पर इन भावों के चित्र सदैव अंकित रहते हैं और वह उन्हें मूर्त रूप देने का जब प्रयत्न करता है, वही रूप किसी स्थिति में आकर कला का रूप धारण कर लेता है। भाव दुःखात्मक और सुखात्मक दोनों प्रकार के होते हैं तथा उनका अनुभव भी उसी प्रकार हर्ष और शोक के रूप में होता है।

कला की उत्पत्ति जीवन के मृदुल अंश से होती है। जीवन की सजीवता और स्निग्धता जब फूटकर बह निकलना चाहती है तो कला का उदय होता है। कला वास्तव में दो हृदयों को एकरस बनाने का माध्यम है। भावों के जागने पर यदि किसी ने चित्र बना डाला तो चित्रकला का निर्माण होने लगा। यदि कोई नाचने लगा अथवा गाने लगा तो नृत्य और संगीतकला की उत्पत्ति हो गई। भावों को कविता का रूप दे दिया तो काव्य-कला बन गई। कलाकार का भाव जितना निर्दोष सात्विक होगा उतनी ही सात्विकता और उच्चता उसकी कला में आ सकेगी।

'कला की मूल प्रेरणा क्या है?' इस प्रश्न के उत्तर में हम कह सकते हैं कि हमें अपने परमप्रिय

की छवि देखने की उत्सुकता आजीवन बनी रहती है। हम अपने हृदय के समस्त आनन्द, सौन्दर्य एवं माधुर्य की विभूतियों को समेट कर उस निराकार की भव्य प्रतिमा का निर्माण करते हैं और उस मूर्ति को हृदय-मन्दिर में स्थापित करते हैं। कला की मूल प्रेरणा यही है।

सब में आनन्द बिखेर कर, सभी वस्तुओं को अपनी शोभा से पूर्ण कर, सम्पूर्ण जगत् को रूप-श्री से भर कर, कौन है जो हृदय के भीतर छिपकर मन्द-मन्द मुस्करा रहा है? समस्त शोभाओं में, सम्पूर्ण सौन्दर्य में अपने को बिखेर कर भी यह कैसे छिपकर 'भीतर' जा बैठा है? सूर्य, चन्द्र, नक्षत्र, नदी, निर्भर, समुद्र, वृक्ष, लता, बेल-बूटे, मानव, मानवी, जन्तु, मृत्यु, सुख, दुःख, संयोग, वियोग सभी कुछ क्या सुन्दर ताल के साथ किसके इशारे पर नाच रहे हैं? ... इस मायामय की मायामयी लीला ही समस्त कलाओं के मूल में काम कर रही है।

इस अति सुन्दर, रहस्यमय के आनन्द-भोग के लिए ही सृष्टि की रचना हुई है। इसी आनन्द के हिलोरी से संसार नाच रहा है। मिलन और विरह दोनों में ही प्रिय का प्रेम, प्रिय का आनन्द उमड़ रहा है। मिलन की ज्वाला ही कला का प्राण है।

हृदय का यह स्वभाविक गुण है कि वह 'सुन्दर' की उपासना करता है, और इस साधन में वह स्वयं अपनी उपासना की भाँति सुन्दर बन जाता है! इस साधना के पथ में आगे बढ़कर अपने

उपास्यदेव की मधुर' छवि का विश्व के चर-अचर पदार्थों में अवलोकन कर आनन्द-विभोर हो जाया करता है ! आनन्द के अतिरेक में वह गा उठता है, नाचने लगता है और उस आराध्यदेव की रूप-रेखा को व्यक्त करने के लिए तूलिका में रंग भरकर चित्रपट पर कुछ टेढ़ी-मेढ़ी पंक्तियाँ खींचने लगता है। इसी मिलन की अनुभूति और इस अनुभूति से उद्भूत आनन्द की अतिरेकावस्था में हमारे हृदय से कला की कलित धारा फूट पड़ती है, जिसका अवलोकन कर विश्व की तृपित आँखें तृप्त होती हैं। सौन्दर्य, आनन्द और माधुर्य के ये बाह्य प्रतीक वस्तुतः उस आन्तरिक आनन्दसिन्धु के एक उल्लाम की लहर हैं, भीतर की छलकन हैं।

वास्तव में, यह विश्व एक अविच्छिन्न संगीत है, एक निर्दोष कविता है। लीलामय की नृत्य-लीला है, एक सुन्दर सुमधुर आनन्द प्रवाह है, जिसके रस में हमारे प्राण सराबोर हुआ करते हैं। ऊपरी समस्त विषमताओं की तह में एक अविराम समता है। ये विषमताएँ तो केवल बर्फ की चट्टानें हैं, जिनके अन्तराल में अविराम गति से आनन्द का अमृत प्रवाह अनादिकाल से प्रवाहित होता चला आ रहा है। हमारा यह जीवन 'क्षणभङ्गुर' होते हुए भी, एक विराट् 'स्वप्न' होते हुए भी, अनन्त है, अमर है, शाश्वत है। जीवन एक है, जन्म कई बार होता है। जीवन की इस अमर धारा को मृत्यु और भी उद्वेलित कर देती है। मृत्यु का द्वार लांघ-कर भी हमारे जीवन का स्रोत बन्द नहीं होता। इसी अमर अनन्त जीवन का स्पर्श समस्त कलाओं में मिलता है : इस 'वैविध्य' में 'एक्य' के अखण्ड सूत्र को निकाल लेना ही कला की आत्मा है; और जो कलाकार नश्वर काया के भीतर अखण्ड, एकरस, चिरशाश्वत, चिर नवीन आत्मा की एकता पर अपनी कला का निर्माण करता है वही अमर

है और उसी की कला 'कला' है। जहाँ एक ओर शेफ्टसबरी (Shafts Bury) ने सौन्दर्य की परिभाषा देते हुए ईश्वर तथा सौन्दर्य का अभेद सम्बन्ध माना है—(Beauty and God are one and the something) वहाँ आत्मदर्शी कवि ब्राउनिंग ने कहा है—

Oh World as God has made it ! all is beauty. And Knowing this is love, and love is duty.

यह समस्त सृष्टि प्रभु की रची हुई है, इस लिए यहाँ सर्वत्र आनन्द ही आनन्द, सौन्दर्य ही सौन्दर्य है। यह आनन्द ही सचमुच प्रेम है और यह प्रेम ही मानव-जीवन का परम कर्तव्य है। चाहे जिस रूप में हो, अनादिकाल से ही हमारे भीतर कला की उपासना चली आई है। जीवन का मूल रस सौन्दर्य ही है और सौन्दर्य मृदु है, मधुर है, सुकुमार है और सौन्दर्य ही से कला की कलित धारा बहती है, इसी हेतु जीवन और कला का अविभेद्य सम्बन्ध है।

x x x

इस सम्पादकीय लेख के साथ ही दो शब्द और। मैं सर्वप्रथम 'देश' के प्रिय पाठकों के प्रति नववर्ष की शुभ कामनाएँ प्रकट करता हूँ। जिस समय प्रस्तुत अङ्क पाठकों के समक्ष आयेगा, छात्रवर्ग शायद परीक्षा की तैयारी में व्यस्त होगा। वस्तुतः परीक्षाएँ भी अपना विशेष महत्त्व रखती हैं। यदि परीक्षाएँ न होतीं तो विद्यार्थी का जीवन वर्तमान स्थिति से भिन्न-स्थिति का होता। अतः हमारा कर्तव्य है कि हम साहम और धैर्यपूर्वक इनका सामना करें।

यह परम हर्ष का विषय है कि 'देश' की लोक-प्रियता दिन-प्रतिदिन बढ़ती जा रही है। पाठकों

की संख्या की वृद्धि के साथ ही साथ अपनी असूत्य भाव-रश्मियों से 'देश' के पृष्ठों को उद्भासित करनेवाले कलाकारों की संख्या भी निरन्तर वृद्धि प्राप्त कर रही है।

मुझे पूर्ण आशा है कि 'देश' के प्रथम अङ्क की भाँति प्रस्तुत अंक भी पाठकों को सच्चि के अनुकूल सिद्ध होगा। 'देश' के प्रथमांक की अनुक्रमिका-

सम्बन्धी चन्द्र गलतियों के लिए मैं क्षमा-प्रार्थी हूँ। आशा है कि पाठकगण इन गलतियों को मेरी 'असावधानी' समझते हुए मुझे क्षमा कर देंगे।

'देश' के इस वर्ष के प्रथमांक और द्वितीयांक में अपनी असूत्य रचनाएँ प्रेषित करने वाले सभी कलाकारों का मैं अपने थोड़े शब्दों में धन्यवाद करता हूँ।

जिसे प्रेम का अनुभव नहीं, वह सहानुभूति नहीं कर सकता।

— डा० नगेन्द्र

## अब मुझे न याद करना

अजय,

बी० एम० सी० द्वितीय वर्ष

अब मुझे न याद करना।  
दूर कहीं मैं जा बसूंगा ॥  
अब होगा मिलन कभी क्या।  
कुछ न मैं बता सकूंगा ॥

गर पाती लाया चन्द्र तो भी,  
उत्तर मैं न दे सकूंगा।  
अब मेरी न राह देखना।  
अब मुझे न याद करना ॥

वे मधुर क्षण जो बिताये,  
नहीं कभी मैं भुला सकूंगा।

बिन तुम्हारी तान के अब,  
नहीं कभी मैं गा सकूंगा।  
अब न तुम रात जागना।  
अब मुझे न याद करना ॥  
स्वप्न संजोए थे जो तुमने,  
अब न पूर्ण कर सकूंगा।  
शुभ कामना ही ले लो,  
और कुछ न दे सकूंगा।  
अब न तुम काजल फैलाना।  
अब मुझे न याद करना।  
दूर कहीं मैं जा बसूंगा ॥

## “अतृप्त आत्मा”

जगमोहन बी० ए० आनर्स अन्तिम वर्ष

जीवन कारवाँ के गुजरने पर धूल के चक्रावात में खोए मनुष्य की सद्वृत्ति अपनी असत्वृत्तियों का अवलोकन कर दुःख के अगाध सिन्धु में डूबने लगती है। जीवन के कार्य-कलाप साकार हो उसके नेत्रों के सम्मुख नाचने लगते हैं और वह शक्ति सा विश्वास और अविश्वास के घेरे में बँधा मौन निशीथ में खोया अटपटी बाणी में मनोगत भावों का निकास कर उठता है। ठीक यही स्थिति थी मुगल सम्राट औरंगजेब की, जब वह चुपचाप शय्या पर पड़े विगत जीवन को भुलाने का प्रयास करता हुआ अदृश्य लोक को जाने के लिए छटपटा रहा था, तभी कक्ष में गूँज उठा अट्टहास—

‘हा..... हा..... हा’.....

‘कौन..... शक्ति हो शय्या पर लेटे हुए औरंगजेब ने पूछा।

‘आकिल खाँ’..... बुदबुदाती आवाज आई।

‘तुम’..... भयभीत हो औरंगजेब ने कहा।

‘क्यों?..... विश्वास नहीं होता’..... अट्टहास करती हुई आवाज बोली।

‘भूठ’..... चीख उठा औरंगजेब..... तुम्हें तो मैंने जहन्नूम में भेज दिया था’..... और उनके मांथे पर पसीने की बूँदें छलक आईं।

‘यही तो तुम भूलते हा बादशाह सलामत.....’  
रुकती हुई आवाज ने कहा..... ‘मेरे जिस्म को

मिटाकर भी तुम मेरी आत्मा को न मिटा सके,..... हा..... हा..... हा.....’, फिर वही विद्रूप हँसी गूँज उठी।

औरंगजेब की आँखों में अंधेरा छा गया। आवाज गले में ही रुध गई। तभी फिर आवाज आई—

‘डर गए।’

‘नहीं’..... चीखते हुए औरंगजेब ने कहा.....  
‘औरंगजेब किसी से नहीं डरता।’

‘कोई बात नहीं। मैं तुम्हें नुकसान पहुँचाने नहीं आया, क्योंकि मैं जानता हूँ तुम अब चन्द घण्टों के महमान हो। किन्तु..... रुकती हुई आवाज ने कहा..... ‘तुम इन्सानियत के नाम पर लगा हुआ कलंक हो। मेरी आत्मा की अतृप्ति के कारण, तुम ही हो’..... चीख उठी आवाज।

‘भूठ..... मैं कुछ सुनना नहीं चाहता..... चले जाओ’..... पसीने से तर होते हुए औरंगजेब ने कहा।

‘नहीं,..... तुम्हें सुनना ही होगा’..... आवाज ने कहा..... ‘जेबुन्निसां की याद मुझे चैन नहीं लेने देती। उसकी देबसी, उसके बहते हुए आंसू, उसके दिल से उठती हुई उससे, आज भी मेरी रूह को काँटे बन छेद रही हैं।..... और जानते हो यह तूफान किसने खड़ा किया? बिना रुके आवाज कहती गई.....

‘तुमने..... तुमने..... तुमने’.....

‘मैंने!..... बुझते हुए औरंगजेब ने पूछा।

'हां, तुमने।' .....कहती गई आवाज.....  
'सलतनत के गरूर ने तुम्हारी अक्ल पर परदा डाल दिया। दो मिलती हुई आवाजों को रोकने का साहस किया। प्यार में पनपते हुए पौदों को मसला। काश! तुम बादशाह न होकर जेबुन्निसाँ के अब्बाजान होते। उसकी एक आह भी तुम्हारे दिल में घुस कर तूफान पैदा कर देती, तब तुम जानते प्यार क्या होता है'.....

काँपती हुई आवाज ने कहा।

'बस बन्द करो अपनी आवाज'..... शून्य में आँखें गड़ाते हुए औरंगजेब बोला।

'नहीं! अब यह आवाज बन्द होने की नहीं। अतृप्त से घृष्टी हुई आवाज जेबुन्निसाँ की याद में चिल्ला-चिल्ला कर कहेगी... तुमने हमारा खून कर दिया। हमारी आत्माओं को अतृप्त रख छोड़ा। तुम गुनाहगार हो.....तुम गुनाहगार हो'.....और आवाज भारी होती गई।

'चले जाओ'.....काँपते हुए औरंगजेब ने कहा, और भय के मारे उसकी आँखें पथराने लगीं। तभी जेबुन्निसाँ चीख मुनते ही शय्या के पास आगई। बादशाह की अजीब हालत देख कर आँखों से आँसू बहाते हुए उसने कहा.....

'अब्बाजान'  
.....

'मेरे अच्छे अब्बाजान'..... मिसकते हुए उसने कहा।

'कौन?.....जेबुन्निसाँ'.....सम्हलते हुए बादशाह ने कहा।

'जी बादशाह सलामत'.....उसने कहा।

'बादशाह सलामत नहीं'..... अब्बाजान कहो मेरी बच्ची।'..... और औरंगजेब की कठोर आँखों से आँसुओं की धारा फूट पड़ी।

'अब्बाजान तुम रोते हो। धीरज रखो मेरे अच्छे अब्बाजान, खुदा की रहमत से आप जल्द ही अच्छे हो जायेंगे।'.....बहते हुए आँसुओं को पोछते हुए कहा उसने।

'अच्छा!'

निर्जीव हँसी बिखेरते हुए कहा उसने.....

'अब नहीं जेबुन्निसाँ'.....अब मैं जीना नहीं चाहता।'

'कैसी बातें करते हैं अब्बाजान'..... बादशाह के सँह पर उँगली रखते हुए उसने कहा।

'नहीं जेबुन्निसाँ नहीं! अब प्राण इस शरीर से उड़ने के लिए छटपटा रहे हैं.....'दुःखी होते हुए बादशाह बोले.....'किन्तु मुझे माफ करना मेरी बच्ची। सलतनत और गरूर ने मुझे तेरे दिल की आवाज नहीं सुनने दी। तेरे हँसने-खेलने के दिन मिट कर मैंने तुझे दुःख की आग में झुलसाया।'

'अब्बाजान तुम्हें क्या हो गया? मैं बिल्कुल ठीक हूँ। मुझे तुमसे कोई शिकायत नहीं'..... रुआँसा हो जेबुन्निसाँ ने कहा।

'नहीं मेरी बच्ची! मैंने तुम्हें खिलने से पहले ही सुखा दिया! मैं अविश्वास के घेरे में ही बन्धा रहा। आज मैं छटपटा रहा हूँ। जिन्दगी का एक-एक क्षण मुझे झुलसा रहा है।.....मेरी ही भड़काई आग मुझे जला रही है'.....और उसका गला भारी होता गया.....'मैंने तेरे सुखद ख्वाबों की दुनियाँ उजाड़ दी।.....मुझे माफ मत करना,.....मुझे आग में जलने देना,.....ताकि तिल-तिल जल कर अपनी करनी का फल भोग सकूँ,.....मैं.....गु.....ना.....ह.....गार.....हूँ.....और उसकी निर्जीव देह लुडक पड़ी।

'अब्बाजान'.....चीखती हुई पछाड़ खा कर गिर पड़ी जेबुन्निसाँ औरंगजेब की निर्जीव देह पर।

# कवीन्द्र रवीन्द्र के प्रति

कल्याण जैन, बी० एस० सी० ग्रॉनर्स अन्तिम वर्ष

हे रवीन्द्र, सौन्दर्य शिल्पि औ कवित्व सुहागे,  
नन मस्तक है विश्व समस्त तुम्हारे आगे ॥

तुमने भारत कीर्ति-ध्वजा जग में फहराई,  
और प्रेम के पौधों से धरती लहराई ॥

मानव को मानवता का फिर पाठ पढ़ाया,  
गिरी हुई मानवता को फिर तुंग चढ़ाया ॥

तुम्हारे हृदय से भारत का दुःख यूँ फूटा था,  
मानव हृदय स्वयं उसी दुःख से टूटा था ॥

अन्धकार में प्रेम-प्रकाश फैलाया ऐसे,  
रवि बांटता है प्रकाश दिवस भर जैसे ॥

कविताओं में सरस भाव ऐसे भरते हैं,  
मनो इन्द्र खड़े अमृत वर्षा करते हैं ॥

जितने विश्व कवि, रवि बनकर हैं चमके,  
उनमें इन्द्र समान, रवीन्द्र तुम्ही ही दमके ॥

धन्य हिन्द की भूमि जिमने तुमको पाया,  
बन कर देव गया है जो मानव सा आया ॥

जय जय अमर, सुगन्धिक, सरस, कला के पुष्पक,  
विश्व समस्त तुम्हारे आगे है नन-मस्तक ॥

# इंटरव्यू

(महेश चन्द्र शर्मा, बी० एम० सी० अन्तिम वर्ष)

कई महीनों तक बेकारों के तीर्थ-स्थान 'एम्प्लायमेंट एक्सचेंज' के चक्कर काटने पर जब मुझे किसी सरकारी नौकरी के लिए इंटरव्यू आया तो मेरी खुशी का पारावार न रहा। जब मैंने अपने मित्रों को इस शुभ समाचार की सूचना दी तो कितने ही मित्र मुझसे अधिक प्रसन्न हुए। कई चुप रहे और कुछ एक ने तो नौकरी को ही निकम्मा बतलाया। खैर, कई मित्रों ने मुझे इंटरव्यू से निबटने के लिये बड़ी बड़ी पोथियां लाकर दीं जिनका वजन देखकर ही कई बार मन में आया कि इंटरव्यू को अस्वीकार कर दूँ : कई मित्रों ने अपने अनेक अनुभव सुनाए।

इंटरव्यू से एक दिन पहले एक मित्र मेरे पास आये और आते ही बोले की यार जरा सज-धज के अच्छे २ कपड़े पहन कर जाना कि बस इंटरव्यू लेने वाले देखते ही रीझ जायें और भट नौकरी का परवाना भेंट कर दें। इन्होंने अपनी बात सुनाते हुए कहा कि जब उन्होंने कभी इंटरव्यू दिया था तो ऐसे ऐसे कपड़े पहन कर गये थे कि इंटरव्यू लेने वाले ने देखते ही उन्हें सलैक्ट कर लिया था। उन्होंने ने आगे कहा देखो भूलकर भी कोई ऐसा काम न करना, जिससे लेने के देने पड़ जाए। जाते २ वे मित्र अपनी बातों को फिर दुहरा गये। मैंने ऐसी अमूल्य सलाह पर उनका धन्यवाद किया और ईश्वर से प्रार्थना की कि सब लोगों को ऐसे ही शुभचिन्तक मित्र मिलने चाहियें।

उस मित्र के जाने के लगभग आधे घण्टे बाद एक और मित्र पधारे। मेरी 'जनरल नॉलेज' का

टैस्ट लेने लगे। जब मैं उनके किसी भी प्रश्न का उत्तर देने लगता तो वे उस प्रश्न को छोड़कर कोई दूसरा प्रश्न पूछ लेते फिर तीसरा, पर जबाब किसी का भी पूरा न सुनते। अन्त में बोले कि भई, तुमने तो कोई तैयारी ही नहीं की। जब मैं इंटरव्यू देने गया था तो मेरी 'जनरल नॉलेज' ऐसी विस्तृत थी कि बस कुछ मत पूछो। जब वे जाने लगे तो बोले कि देखो भई, यदि तुम इंटरव्यू में सफल होना चाहते हो तो जैसे सादे कपड़े मैंने पहने हैं, वैसे ही सादे कपड़े तुम भी पहन कर जाना क्योंकि सादे कपड़े आदमी का सादापन प्रकट करते हैं और सादे मनुष्य ही सदा सफल होते हैं। मैंने उनकी इस दलील को सुनकर निश्चय कर लिया कि ठीक ही तो है, सादे कपड़े पहिनने से ही तो हम अफसर के मन पर अमिट छाप छोड़ सकेंगे।

सुबह दस बजे इंटरव्यू था। इंटरव्यू के लिये विज्ञान भवन जाना था। रात को जल्दी ही चारपाई पर लेट गया पर नींद ही नहीं आई। शायद नींद का भी कहीं इंटरव्यू था। काफी देर तक सुबह के कार्यक्रम के बारे में सोचता रहा। सोचा कि अफसर के सामने जब जायेंगे तो सिर झुका कर हाथ जोड़ कर नमस्ते करेंगे। फिर सोचा, नहीं नहीं इस तरह तो दासता की प्रवृत्ति प्रकट होगी। तो फिर सोचा कि जाते ही गुडमॉर्निंग करेंगे पर इससे तो अंग्रेजी की दास्ता प्रकट होती है। फिर सोचा कि मिलिटरी ढंग से सल्यूट मारेंगे पर उस तरह तो अफसर समझेगा कि मुझमें अकड़ है। तो फिर क्या करेंगे? वैसे तो मैं सोचता सोचता जाग रहा था। पर सुबह

जब नींद खली तो घड़ी में आठ बजे थे। जल्दी २ अभी जाने को तैयार ही हुआ था कि एक और मित्र महोदय आ टपके और फटे से बांस के स्वर में बोलते हुये कहा यार कपड़े चाहे जैसे भी पहनो पर अपना मुंह अवश्य ठीक रखो। मैंने भट्ट अपने मुंह पर हाथ फेरा कि शायद कोई दाग लगा रह गया हो। इस पर तो मित्र महोदय लोटपोट ही हो गये। उन्होंने कहा कि इंटरव्यू के समय अपने बोलने का ढंग ठीक रखना। उन्होंने समझाते हुये कहा कि जाते ही तुम्हें कमरे के अन्दर बेघड़क घुस जाना चाहिये फिर नजर दौड़ा कर देख लेना चाहिये कि कोई चीज तो फर्श पर नहीं गिरी हुई। यदि कोई चीज नजर आ जाये तो उसे उठा कर ठीक जगह रख देना।

मुझे देर हो रही थी इसलिये वह महोदय 'विश यू गुडलक' की बन्दूक से एक गोली हम पर चलाते हुये विदा हो गये।

अब हम अपने इंटरव्यू विधाता की ओर चल दिये। गन्तव्य स्थान पर घड़ी देखी तो अभी पूरे तीस मिनट और पचास सेकेंड शेष थे। शान कम होने का खतरा था इसलिये चपरासियों की बेंच पर नहीं बंठे और धूम फिर कर ही समय व्यतीत किया।

पूरे दस बजे हम साहब के कमरे में पहुँचे। अपनी किस्मत ही खराब थी कि फर्श पर कोई भी चीज गिरी हुई नहीं थी। खैर कुर्सों पर बंठ गये और सामने की ओर देखा। तीन आकृतियाँ सम्मुख बैठी हुई मुझे घूर रहीं थीं। एक आकृति बड़ी पतली थी। दूसरी आकृति उससे ड्योढ़ी थी और जो तीसरी आकृति थी वह इन दोनों से दुगुनी थी। ये तीनों आकृतियाँ क्रम से बैठी हुई थीं। बीच वाली आकृति तो ऐसी थी जैसे विधाता ने उसे

जल्दी में बनाया हो और गलती में आदमी की आंखों की जगह बकरे की आंखें लगा दी हों और वह भी उल्टी। ऐसा लगता था कि वे बातें किमी और से कर रही थीं और देख कहीं और ही रही थीं।

सबसे पहले पतली आकृति ने मुझसे मेरा नाम पूछा जो कि मैंने बता दिया। फिर सबसे मोटी आकृति ने मेरे परीक्षा में प्राप्त अंकों के बारे में पूछा और वे भी मैंने बता दिये। उन आकृतियों को देख देख कर ही मेरा पसीना छूट रहा था। इतने में जैसे किसी ने वहां बम फेंका हो, मोटी आकृति फिर बोली "गाजर ज्यादा खाते हो या मूली।" अभी मैं घबराया सा प्रश्न पर विचार ही कर रहा था कि पतली आकृति बोली "अच्छा यह बताइये कि यदि फरवरी में अट्टाइस की अपेक्षा तीस दिन होते तो फिर क्या होता।" ऐसे प्रश्न सुन कर मैं अपना साहस खोने लगा। इतनी जनरल नॉलेज की किताबे पढ़ी परन्तु ऐसे प्रश्न तो मैंने कहीं नहीं पढ़े। मैं बीच वाली आकृति की ओर देखने लगा तो वह आकृति कागज पर कुछ लिखती हुई बोली "अच्छा तो तुम किसी भी प्रश्न का उत्तर नहीं दे सकते? खैर एक और प्रश्न का उत्तर दो।" मैंने बीच में ही उन्हें टोक कर बुझे-बुझे स्वर में पूछा "क्षमा कीजिये आप मुझे कह रहे हैं या अपने साथी को।" यह सुन कर वह आकृति गरजती हुई बोली "नान्संस! गेट आउट। लर्न मैनर्स" यह सुनकर मैं तीर की तरह बाहर निकल आया।

इंटरव्यू में असफल रहा, यह कहने की आवश्यकता नहीं समझता पर अब जब कभी इंटरव्यू होती है तो मैं पहले ही इंटरव्यू लेने वालों के स्वभाव की जानकारी कर लेता हूँ।

## चार मुक्तक

प्रभात कुमार सूद, बी० एस० सी० द्वितीय वर्ष

(१)

जीवन मौत के साँचे में ही ढलते देखा,  
रात को दिन के पहलू में मचलते देखा।  
घृणा को प्यार की भोली में पलते देखा,  
और 'जवानी को बुढ़ापे में बदलते देखा।

(२)

जब भाग्य की रेखा ही पलट जाती,  
अपनों की भी दृष्टि है बदल जाती,  
ए मानव ! अपने पर भरोसा रख,  
पुरुषार्थ से किस्मत ही बदल जाती।

(३)

प्रियतम से किया प्यार तो शरमाना कैसा,  
इस पथ में चुभें शूल तो चिल्लाना कैसा।  
सुख दुःख भी हैं जीवन में पलते रहते,  
विपदा ने लिया घेर तो घबराना कैसा।

(४)

आयु बढ़ती ही रही, यौवन ढलता ही रहा;  
युग युग से संसार बदलता ही रहा,  
लेकिन प्यार की दुनिया न मिटी अब तक,  
शमा जलती ही रही परवाना जलता ही रहा।

( १० )

# कल्पना के पंखों पर

प्रेमलता खाण्डपुर वी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष

अरे मनुष्य ! तुम डर क्यों गए मुझे देख कर ! मैं कोई भूत नहीं ! मैं कल्पना के संसार की रानी हूँ। मेरा काम तुम जानते ही हो। तुम्हें संसार के स्वप्नों की सैर करवा... बस यही मेरा काम है।

हाँ, यह भी स्मरण रखना कि मेरे संसार के द्वार सदा खले रहते हैं और मैं प्रत्येक मनुष्य को इसमें भ्रमण करने का अवसर देती हूँ। यह संसार भी तुम्हारे संसार की तरह माया से भरपूर है। मेरे संसार में आप को ऐसी वस्तु मिल सकती है, जो इस संसार में न मिली हो।

मेरी बातों से नहीं डरना। मेरे पंख भी होते हैं। जिसकी सहायता से मैं तुम्हें जहाँ भी चाहूँ ले जा सकती हूँ। अपने संसार में भ्रमण कराने से पहले मैं तुम्हें इस विषय में कुछ बातें बतलाना चाहती हूँ। ज़रा सुनिए... मुझे तुम्हारे साथ हर प्रकार की सहानुभूति है। मैं तुम्हें हर प्रकार के कार्य में सहायता करने के लिए तैयार हूँ।

याद रखना कि मैं भूठ बोलने वाली नहीं हूँ। मैं केवल अपने प्रेमियों की सहायक हूँ। मैं ही तुम्हारे लिए एक साधन हूँ। जो कि तुम्हें सारे ब्रह्मांड की सैर करा सकती हूँ। मैं ही तुम्हें अपना आश्रय दे कर तुम्हें सारा दुःख मुला देने का अवसर देती हूँ। और अपने सांसारिक ऐश्वर्यों और सुखों के पुष्पों से तुम्हारी अर्चना करती हूँ। मेरे ही आश्रय से तुम सारे दुःखों को भूल कर फिर से भविष्य में सुख की आशा रखते हो। कौन जाने

भविष्य में तुम्हें कितना दुःख हो ? उस समय तुम्हें धीरज बन्धाने के लिए मैं तुम्हारे पास हूंगी।

हाँ ! मैं यह सारा काम अकेली नहीं करती हूँ। मेरे दो मंत्री 'अमर' और 'मगर' नाम से पुकारे हैं। यदि ये मंत्री भी न होते तो कल्पना भी न होती, यदि कल्पना भी न होती तो संसार में आशा भी न होती। संसार तो आशा पर ही निर्भर है। यदि किसी मनुष्य को अपने भविष्य के दुर्भाग्य के विषय में कुछ पता चले तो क्या वह संसार की रीति निभाएगा ? कभी नहीं ! वह तो केवल दुःखी हो कर डूबता रहेगा यदि तुम्हें मेरी इन बातों का विश्वास नहीं तो मेरे संसार के एक यात्री के मुख से कुछ सुन लो। 'मैं कल्पना के संसार का यात्री हूँ।'

मुझे यह मालूम नहीं कि मुझे इस संसार में कौन ले आया इतना तो पता है कि कुछ सोचते सोचते मैं यहाँ आई। मन में कई विचार-तरंगे उठने लगीं। एक की समाप्ति पर दूसरी। एकदम अपने भविष्य की ओर ताकती हूँ। मेरा भविष्य ? मेरा भविष्य तो भगवान के हाथों में है। परन्तु भगवान क्या करेगा ? एक मनुष्य का भविष्य अपने ही हाथों में है। मैं अपना भविष्य सरलता से बता सकती हूँ। आज से यदि मैं परिश्रम करूँ तो एक अच्छी लड़की बन सकती हूँ। मैं आदर का स्थान प्राप्त कर सकती हूँ। यदि अपने परिश्रम से प्रथम आऊँ तो कितनी मौभाग्य की बात है। परन्तु यदि ऐसा न हो तो मेरा भविष्य कैसे चमकेगा ?

लो ! इस में डरने की क्या बात है ? क्या मजाल कि मैं अपने यत्न पर हड़ रहूँ तो मेरी इच्छा पूर्ण न हो। यदि मैं आज तक ऐसा न कर सकी तो इतने में धैर्य छोड़ने की बात नहीं। हाँ, तो मैं अपना प्रयोजन सिद्ध करके ही छोड़ूंगी। हाँ, याद आया यदि एक ढंग से अपना भविष्य न बना सकी तो इसको बनाने के लिए कई उपाय भी हैं।

यदि मैं एक लेखिका बन जाऊँ तो अच्छी-अच्छी कहानियाँ और निबन्ध लिख कर अपना नाम कमा सकती हूँ। मगर मैं ऐसी धुन कहाँ से लाऊँ ? खैर यदि ऐसा न हो सका तो एक कवयित्री भी बन सकती हूँ। कवयित्री बनना तो सरल है। एकान्त वातावरण में एकाग्र चित्त से बैठकर मनोमोहक प्राकृतिक दृश्यों का गुण-गान करूँ। किन्तु ऐसा कैसे हो सकेगा जबकि मैं एकान्त में बैठना पसन्द नहीं करती। अच्छा, यदि मैं ऐसा भी न कर सकी तो अपना नाम चमकाने के लिए दूसरा रास्ता भी है। वह है फिल्मी अभिनेता बनने का। हाँ, ऐसा हो सकता है कि मैंने पहले नाटकों में भाग लिया है। क्या मजा है इन अभिनेताओं के जीवन में। आदमी मालामाल हो जाता है। परन्तु इस रास्ते में फिर भी एक कांटा रहता है। वह यह कि मुझे घरवाले वहाँ जाने नहीं देंगे ! मैं उनकी इच्छा के प्रतिबल

कुछ भी नहीं कर सकती हूँ। अब बनती एक गवैया लेकिन मैं उतनी सुरीली तान कहाँ से लाऊँ ?

अपने मित्रों में आदर का पात्र बनना तो सरल है। उनको खिलाओ, पिलाओ और अपने घर आने का निमन्त्रण दो। यह मेरा विचार ठीक था पर उनको कहाँ लाऊँ मकान तो इतना बड़ा नहीं यदि बड़ा होता तो दूसरी बात थी। मकान ! यह भी कोई बड़ी बात है ? यदि कोई लाटरी भर दूँ या कोई पहेली हल करूँ तो सम्भव है कि तीस, चालीस हजार रुपए आएँ। परन्तु यहाँ भी निराशा की एक झलक दिखाई देती है। क्योंकि इस प्रकार मैं अपने भविष्य को आजमा चुकी हूँ।

अच्छा, मैं इतनी क्यों सहम गई। जाने दीजिए इन सब बातों को अब के तीन साल बाद बी० ए० परीक्षा देने वाली हूँ। फिर एम० ए० या एल०एल० बी० कर पाऊँगी और या तो एक वकील या प्रोफेसर बन जाऊँगी। बहुत सारा रुपया कमा सकूँगी फिर एक मकान बनाऊँगी और मकान के बाद एक अस्पताल अपने नाम पर खोलूँगी। निधनों की महायता करूँगी, साधु-सन्तों की सेवा करूँगी। परन्तु यह मैं कौन से स्वप्न देख रही हूँ ? मैं यह क्या सोच रही हूँ कालेज का सारा काम वैसे का वैसे आगे पड़ा है।

जीवन को सुखी बनाना ही भक्ति और मुक्ति है, यदि तुम हंस नहीं सकते, रो नहीं सकते, तो तुम इंसान नहीं हो।

—प्रेमचन्द

❀ हृदय में कुछ उद्गार नहीं ❀

महेस्वर प्रसाद बी०ए० प्रथम वर्ष

चुपचाप हैं, मेरे अरमान सिसकते  
मन बीणा में भंकार नहीं ।  
कैसे सुनाऊँ अपनी मर्मव्यथा  
हृदय में कुछ उद्गार नहीं ॥  
मानस पटल पर चित्र उभरते  
फिर, बन-बन कर मिट जाते ।  
हृदय चीत्कार कर उठता  
'अब इन बातों में सार नहीं ।'  
कैसे सुनाऊँ अपनी मर्मव्यथा  
हृदय में कुछ उद्गार नहीं ॥  
दूटी अतीत की स्वप्नों की लड़ियाँ,  
बिखर गईं मेरे गीतों की कड़ियाँ ।  
यह निष्ठुर जग न समझ पाता,  
पिरोता क्यों हूँ मैं आँसू की लड़ियाँ ।  
ये उर सीपी में ढले अश्रु,  
लेकिन मोती अभिराम नहीं ?  
कैसे सुनाऊँ अपनी मर्मव्यथा  
हृदय में कुछ उद्गार नहीं ॥  
चिन्ता निराशा और अमर्ष से भरी  
शेष हैं कुछ दाहक स्मृतियाँ आज !  
उठे हृदय व्योम में मेष धनधोर  
बरस पड़े पानी-पानी हो आज !!  
ऐ मधुर स्वप्न की स्फुट बीणे !  
अलापों अपना राग और कही !  
सुनने को 'अपनी' करण कथा,  
यहाँ किसी को अवकाश नहीं !!

# मूड ही तो है !

अजय, बी० एस० सी० द्वितीय वर्ष

'देश' के प्रत्येक अंक में सम्पादकीय पृष्ठ पर सम्पादक महोदय कुछ ऐसे कहते हुए मिलते हैं कि लेखकगण रचनाएं नहीं भेजते, रचनाओं को कमी होती है, रचनाएँ अच्छे स्तर की नहीं होती आदि २। सच मानिए यदि मैं सम्पादकीय आसन ग्रहण किए होता तो कदापि यह न लिखता क्योंकि रचनाएं कम संख्या में पहुँचने का कारण है कि रचनाएं लिखी नहीं जाती और रचनाएं न लिखे जाने का कारण न आप हैं और न हम, इसका कारण तो कुछ और ही है और वह है मूड। जी हाँ मूड। बात यह है कि मूड बनता ही नहीं तो लिखा कहाँ से जाय। सच मानिए मूड ही नहीं बनता वरन् अब तक 'देश' तो क्या .....

खैर छोड़िए अपने मुँह मियां मिट्टू बनना न मुझे पसन्द है और न शायद आपको ही होगा। हाँ, तो मैं बात कर रहा था मूड की। न जाने अंग्ल भाषा का यह शब्द कब से हमारी शब्दावली में आ घुसा है और इतना पॉपुलर हो गया है कि बड़े, छोटे, जवान सभी की ज़बान पर चाय, काफी की तरह चढ़ गया है। जिसे देखिए वही मूड को राम नाम की अमोघ शक्ति की तरह प्रयोग करता मिलेगा। विशेषतया आधुनिक बहानों में एक बहुत सुन्दर बहाना होता है मूड का। दूसरों की क्या कहें, अपनी ही कहता हूँ।

शीतकाल की बात है। परीक्षा के दिनों में तो मजबूरी ही कहिए अन्यथा सभी को ज्ञात है कि मैं कितना पढ़ाऊँ हूँ। परन्तु साहब इस बार हम इन

दिनों में भी न पढ़ने की योजना बना रहे थे कि अचानक एक दिन डैडी ने पूछ ही लिया—क्यों बेटा क्या पढ़ाई-वढ़ाई छोड़ दी है। यह सुनते ही हम पर चढ़ों पानी फिर गया किन्तु फिर भी आत्म-रक्षा हेतु कह ही दिया—क्या करूँ जो मूड ही नहीं बना। इसको कह कर तो जो भाषण सुनने को मिला उससे तो यही अनुमान लगाया कि काश मूड शब्द ही न होता। भाषण के वे अंश जो अभी तक कुछ २ याद हैं, इस प्रकार थे—यह मूड क्या बला है? हम तो कभी मूड के सहारे न बैठे। न जाने लाट साहब का मूड कब बनेगा। खूब, न नौ मन तेल होगा, न राधा नाचेगी।

यह तो थी परीक्षा के पहले की बात। परीक्षा के दिनों में पढ़ने के मूड को बनाए रखने के लिए हमने जिस रामवाण औषधि का सेवन किया वह थी चाय, परन्तु मम्मी को चाय के अग्ररिक्त आर्डर देने पर वह जितनी परेशान हुई होगी उसका अनुमान तब लगा जब उनकी अनुपस्थिति में एक दिन यह सब जंजाल स्वयं ही करना पड़ा।

अजी, साहब मूड बस क्या बताऊँ दंग आ चुका हूँ इससे। मूड ही के कारण मास की अग्रिम तिथियों में भी उधार लेकर न जाने कितनी पिक्चर देख चुका हूँ। न जाने कितनी बार दिसम्बर की ठिठुरनी शीत में आइसक्रीम का रसास्वादन कर चुका हूँ। बाजार की चाट-पकौड़ी मूड में ही खाकर खाट भी पकड़ चुका हूँ और हाँ इस मूड ही के कारण न जाने कालेज से कितनी व्यर्थ की छुट्टियाँ

ले चुका हूँ। मैं तो अपने ट्यूटर साहब का आभारी हूँ जो सदैव ऐसे मूड में होते हैं कि मेरी उन भूठी ऐप्लिकेशनस को स्वीकार कर लेते हैं।

परन्तु साहब विधि का कुछ ऐसा नियम है कि जितनी ही किसी वस्तु की हानियां होती हैं उतने ही लाभ। कहने का तात्पर्य यह कि जहां मूड की इतनी हानियां हैं वहीं इसके लाभ भी कम नहीं हैं। दिसम्बर में जब आये दिन लोगों का प्रदर्शनी घूमने का आग्रह होता तो थक कर या यूँ कहिए कि उनसे बचने के लिए कह दिया करते कि आज तो मूड नहीं है। एक दिवस जब हमारे पड़ोसी की लड़की हमसे गणित का प्रश्न पूछने आई तो उच्च गणित का विद्यार्थी होते हुए भी न हल कर सकने के कारण कह दिया—क्षमा करना आज तो मूड नहीं है, फिर आना। यह तो खुदा का लाख शुक्र है कि वह अभी तक तो आई नहीं है। लैक्चरार साहब जब उत्तर-पुस्तिका देते हैं तो अपने अंक

देखकर तो मुख से यही निकल जाता है कि शायद उस समय उनका मूड ठीक नहीं होगा जब हमारी पुस्तिका जांच रहे होंगे। अरे हां, उन्हें भी तो जिस दिन क्लास नहीं लेनी होती कह देते हैं आज पढ़ाने का मूड नहीं है, गाने सुनेंगे।

अरे साहब कहां तक गिनाऊँ इस मूड की खूबियां और नुक्सान। हर ओर हर क्षेत्र में हमारे कार्य की सफलता अथवा असफलता का श्रेय इस मूड ही को तो है।

अच्छा, इससे पहले कि मेरा मूड ऑफ हो में अपने उस मूड को धन्यवाद देता हूँ जिसने मुझे आज इन चन्द शब्दों को व्यक्त करने में सहयोग दिया तथा साथ ही साथ अपने सम्पादक जी के मूड का आभारी हूँ जिन्होंने कि इस लेख को 'देश' के लिए स्वीकार किया। आदरणीय सम्पादक महोदय, रचना किस स्तर की है? यह तो मूड पर निर्भर है क्योंकि जैसा मूड वैसी रचना।

१. "पागल रे ! वह मिलता है कब  
उसको तो देते ही हैं सब  
आँसू के कन कन से गिन कर  
यह विश्व लिए है ऋण उधार,  
तू क्यों उठता है पुकार ?—  
मुझको न मिला रे कभी प्यार ।"

—प्रसाद

२. मानव के अन्तर में, जो कुछ उत्तमतर है,  
उसके अभिव्यंजन का जीवन यह अवसर है।

—बच्चन

(सम्पादक)

## ❀ आ ! अब तो मेरा ध्यान लेले ! ❀

वेद 'कान्त' बी०ए० आनर्स अन्तिम वर्ष

है आँसुओं का बन्ध टूटा, जब से तेरा संग छूटा ।  
इन मोतियों के दुलकने से पहले, इन आँसुओं का अर्ध्य लेले ।  
आज तेरे दर्शन के प्यासे, ये नेत्र बन गये हैं हठीले ।  
आ ! तू मेरे नेत्र कलश से, अपनी शीती गगरी भरले ।

आ ! अब तो मेरा ध्यान ले ले ॥

एक फूल पाने के लिये, मैं हर चमन ठुकराता रहा ।  
तुझ को हंसाने के लिये, मैं अपने आँसू छिपाता रहा ।  
तुझ को बनाने के लिये, मैं अपने को मिटाता रहा ।  
तेरी भोली भरने के लिये, मैं अपनी दुनियां लुटाता रहा ।  
फूल तो न पा सका हूँ, पर शूल लेकर जा रहा हूँ ।  
फूल तू न दे सकी, पर, आ तू मेरे फूल चुनले ।

आ ! अब तो मेरा ध्यान लेले ॥

क्यों दीप जलने से पहले, यह दीप बुझता जा रहा है ।  
सब कुछ लुटा के भी तेरा, खाली हाथों जा रहा है ।  
जिन हाथों से दामन था थामा, वह हाथ आज तरसा रहा है ।  
आज वही क्यों दामन तेरा, मेरा कफन बनने जा रहा है ।  
मैं तो चाहे रो रहा हूँ, पर आज तू जी भर के हंसले ।  
क्यों तड़पते प्राण मेरे, आज तेरा नाम लेले ।

आ ! अब तो मेरा ध्यान लेले ॥



## “ एक प्रेरणा ”

योगेश चन्द्र शर्मा, बी० ए० द्वितीय

पावस की काली रात । दिन का उजाला स्वयं अपनी गति से सरकता हुआ अंधकार में घुल मिल गया । अंधकार चारों ओर अंधकार । कितना विकट होता है यह अंधकार — — सब कुछ अपने अंचल में समेट, उसे अपना रंग दे, अपने रंग में रंग लेता है । ग्राम-ग्राम नगर-नगर और सब जड़-चेतन, उस रात की गोद में अंधकार का अंचल ओढ़ सो गए । बादल भी सघन हो अंधकार को घनीभूत करने लगे ।

कभी कभी उस अंधकार को सजग करने के लिए इधर-उधर भागते हुए स्यार बोल पड़ते और कभी कभी आंची पहाड़ी और रेत के उठे टीलों के बीच वाले शमशान के सूखे पेड़ों पर से उल्लू बोल उठते । पातहीन सूखे और निर्जीव पेड़ निशाचर के से जान पड़ते मानो किसी को खाने आते हो । समस्त संसार अंधकार से हार मान चुका था और उस की गोद में सुप्त था । लेकिन शमशान अब भी जाग रहा था, मृतक शरीर भी जल जल अंधकार से लड़ रहा था । कभी उस का उजाला दूर तक फैल जाता और कभी सब कुछ अपने में समेट लेता ।

पास में बैठी हुई स्तुतिवत एक स्त्री, दो बच्चों को गोद का सहारा दे, सब कुछ डबडवाती हुई आंखों देख रही थी—देख रही थी अपने सिंदूर की ज्वाला अपने मुहाग का नाश, अपने आत्म की विदा और उस का रुदन शमशान की धूल पर, फटे और पुराने ऊनी चादरे को ओढ़े हुए वह तीनों एक पंक्ति में बैठे

थे । ठंड की अधिकता से दोनों बालक कांपते हुए चादरों को अपनी अपनी ओर खींच रहे थे । उस चादरे में समा न सकने के कारण वह चिता की ज्वाला से झिलमिल रही थी । उस का भाग्य आज उस से रुठ चुका था । अब उसका तन झिल मिलाने के लिये नहीं, शृंगार के लिए नहीं, त्याग और तपस्या के लिए रह गया था । चादर उतार दोनों बालकों को उस में लपेट वह जलती चिता का अनुकरण कर, कुछ हट कर बैठ विस्मय और जिज्ञासा भरी दृष्टि से कुछ खोजने लगी । सफेद धोती में लिपटा हुआ शरीर कांप रहा था । नाक पर की लाली लगातार पौछे हुए अंसुओं की सूचना दे रही थी । रोते रोते पलकों की कोरे भी कुछ सूज आई, आंखे भी कुछ लाल हो गई जो उस सुडौल गोरे मुख की मर्मस्पर्शों कथा को और भी गहन बनाकर प्रकट कर रही थी ।

जब मनुष्य प्रायः दुःखी होता है और अपने को असमर्थ जान लेता है तो विगत स्मृतियां तीव्र हो जाया करती हैं । एक एक कर के स्मृतियां उस के हृदय-पट पर आयी और एक एक आंसू ले गम्भीर हो वातावरण पर छा जाती । वे स्मृतियां उस के लिये कितनी मूलवान् थी । एक एक स्मृति एक लम्बी कहानी थी । जीवन में आपत्तियों से लड़ते रहना एक दर्द भरो कहानी बन देखने वाले, सुनने वाले और पढ़ने वाले के हृदय पर अपनी एक छाप छोड़ जाती है । और जीवन से लड़ कर सफल होने

बालों की कहानी आनन्दमय बन दूसरों को प्रगति के लिए बढ़ावा देती है।

रात्रि के उस भयावह अंधकार में बोलते हुए उल्लूओं और इधर-उधर भागते हुए स्यारों से डर कर दोनों बालक माँ से ऐसे चिपट गए मानों तीव्र हवा से फड़फड़ाये हुए दो पत्ते डाली से लिपट गए हों। बालकों के इस नादान स्पर्श को पाकर वह सिहर उठी। उस का हृदय बोझिल-सा होने लगा। बोझिल आँखों को कुछ ऊपर उठा कर उसने नन्हें बालकों की और भविष्य की कल्पना में लीन हो गई—बस इन बालकों का पालन-पोषण अब कैसे करेगी। साम ने उस के पति के विना होते ही दो नन्हें बच्चों के साथ उसे भी घर से निकाल दिया। उस का और उस के बालकों का भविष्यकाल काला सा हो, उस के सामने से निकल गया। अपने भविष्य को अंधकार से भी अधिक काला जान उस के स्तब्ध नेत्रों से अभ्रुधारा बह चली। हृदय अपनी गम्भीरता खो बैठा। वह चिंतित हो सोचते लगी—क्यों न इस चिंता में कूद सती बन जाऊँ? सांसारिक बंधनों से छूट दुःख और चिंता की बेड़ी तोड़ डालूँ। पर...ये दोनों नन्हें कलियाँ...नहीं...।

उल्लूओं की डरावनी बोलो और गीदड़ों की बेतुकी भाग दौड़ से डर कर बालक पुकार उठे...। पुकार उस के अन्तरतम तक जा चुकी। भाव और एक बार फिर भंकार कर उठे। उस ने दोनों बालकों को दोनों बगलों में छिपा लिया और रोते रोते चीख उठी—मैं जीते जी तुम्हारे ऊपर आंच नहीं आने दूँगी। मैं क्यों मातृत्व को भूल कायरता वश अपने कर्तव्य से हट, जीवित होते हुए भी मृत्यु

को चाहने लगी। स्त्री अपने बालक को हृदय से लगाकर जितनी निश्चित होती है, उतनी किसी और अवस्था में नहीं। वह अपना नारीत्व, पत्नीत्व और सब कुछ सनुष्य को दे देती है। पर मातृत्व नहीं।

लेकिन क्या करे संसार उसे और उस के बच्चों को खाने को देगा क्या वह उसे मातृत्व की रक्षा करने देगा? शायद कभी नहीं क्योंकि यह जगत स्वार्थी है इसे दूसरों के दुःख से क्या उस का गला भर आया। क्या वह भिखारिन बन द्वार द्वार फिरती रहेगी, कभी नहीं...।

बुझने से पूर्व चिंता की ज्वाला कुछ बढ़ गई—वह मृतक क अंतिम संदेश देना चाहती हो और इधर परिस्थितियों से चूर चूर हृदय कुछ संभलने लगा। सहसा चिंता शांत हो गई। चारों ओर धुआँ फैल गया। उल्लूओं का रुदन बढ़ गया, गीदड़ों की भाग दौड़ तेज हो गई हवा के तेज भोको से पातहीन वृक्ष की टहनियाँ हिलने लगी और इधर-उधर आकाश में मेघों की गर्जना होने लगी। व तावरण अपनी गम्भीरता और श्मशान अपना सन्नाटा खो बैठा। इन सब के पीछे उस ने सुना अपने प्रिय का संदेश—कर्म ही प्रधान है।.....। वह कांप उठी। उस का वह पीड़ित और कपित शरीर सहसा खड़ा हो गया। डबडबाते हुए भारी नेत्रों से उस ने चारों ओर फैले गून्ध की ओर निहारा और वह अपने को संभाल न सकी। पल भर में एक बालक को गोद में उठा और दूसरे की अंगुली पकड़ वह उस घोर अंधकार में विलीन हो गई।

# पंचवटी के लक्ष्मणा

रवीन्द्र शर्मा बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष

जब तक मनुष्य संसार में सुखालिगन' मधुरा-लाप शान्ति के लिये लालायित रहता है। तभी तक उसे जीवन में पग-पग पर एक उच्छ्वसलता का स्वप्न, असन्तोष की एक झलक एवं नैराश्यमयी संध्या का दर्शन होता रहता है। जब वह इन के प्रति गम्भीरता धारण कर लेता है। तभी वह स्वावलम्बी जीवन विश्व में निर्भय होकर विचरता है। फिर उस के जीवन में लज्जा एवं आत्मग्लानि के लिये स्थान नहीं रहता। वास्तव में त्याग द्वारा जीवन में एक ऐसी अपूर्व गरिमा का समावेश हो जाता है, जिस से जीवन के वसन्ती कुंजों में विहरना तुच्छ एवं हेय प्रतीत होता है। त्यागमूर्ति लक्ष्मणा अयोध्या के राजप्रसादों को ठुकरा कर, पंचवटी के निर्जन कानन में जिस असीम सुख का अनुभव करते हैं। वह अन्यत्र कहाँ? पंचवटी के अनन्य प्रहरी लक्ष्मणा प्रकृति देवी की गोद में बैठे हुए प्राकृतिक नादों में एक अश्रुतपूर्व नाद का अनुभव कर रहे हैं।

अधरात्री का समय है। चन्द्र रश्मियाँ अपना प्रकाश छिटका रही हैं। नियति-नटी स्वयं निद्रा देवी के सुकुमार पलनों में शयन कर रही है। प्रहरी लक्ष्मणा अपने ही ध्यान में मस्त हैं। वन वन ही अयोध्या के राजप्रसादों से अधिक रमणीक एवं मनोहरी प्रतीत होता। वहाँ पर न तो चितापूर्ण अन्नर्वाद्य द्वन्द्व के भोंके अ. रहे हैं और न ईर्ष्या द्वेष की अखण्ड ताण्डव ही हो रहा है।

रात्रि के समय जब कि समस्त संसार निद्रा देवी की

गोद में अंगड़ाइयाँ ले रहा है, लक्ष्मणा के हृदय में केवल वे ही भाव जागृत होते हैं जो कि उन के कठोर कर्तव्य को और अधिक साहस एवं दृढ़ता के साथ पूर्ण करने की प्रेरणा देते हैं। जब कभी उय स्नब्धनिशा में नियति नटी की ओर दृष्टिपात करते हैं तो उन्हें यही ज्ञात होता है कि नियतिनटी निरंतर अपने कार्यकलाप में संलग्न रहकर उन्हें मानो यह शिक्षा प्रदान करती है कि अहनिश कर्तव्यपथ पर डटे रहना ही इस जीवन का परम लक्ष्य है देखिये अर्धनिशा की सुनसान बेला है और लक्ष्मणा जी पराङ्कुटीर का पहरा देते हुए विचार कर रहे हैं :-

बन्द नहीं अब भी चलते हैं

नियतिनटी के कार्यकलाप ॥

पर कितने एकान्त भाव से

कितने शान्त और चुप चाप ॥

वन के प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य में विभोर लक्ष्मणा अपने जीवन की सहचरी वियोगिनी बाला उर्मिला का स्मरण करते हैं। हृदय में वेदना के भार का एक अपार समुद्र लहराने लगता है। और यह स्वभाविक ही था वे उस विरह-विधुरा चिरविस्मृता उर्मिला के लिये करुणा की एक स्वाँस लेते हुए उस के प्रति असीम वेदना प्रकट करते हैं :-

बेचारी उर्मिला हमारे लिये व्यर्थ ही रोती होगी। क्या जाने वह हम सब वन में होमों इतने सुखभीगी ॥

यही तो उन के हृदय में एक कसक है। वह स्वयं तो बन में आनन्दानुभव करते हैं और दूसरी उन की प्राणप्रिया भार्यानिष्फल यौवन के दो आँसू ढुलका कर अयोध्या के शून्य महलों में मुरझाई कुमुदिनी की भाँति एक हाहाकार पूर्ण जीवन का दृश्य देख रही है। लक्ष्मण के लिये इस दशा की कल्पना ही भयानक थी। दाम्पत्य सुख की विगत स्मृतियों में मग्न लक्ष्मण कुछ क्षण के लिये एक दूसरी ही कल्पना भूमि पर विचरण करने लगते हैं। परन्तु नेत्र खोलने पर एक दूसरा ही दृश्य दीख पड़ता है। कवि के मार्मिक शब्दों में कल्पना कीजिये :—

चकाचौंध सी लगी देख कर प्रखर ज्योति की  
वह ज्वाला,  
निस्संकोच खड़ी थी सम्मुख, एक हास्यवदनी  
वाला

यौवन की प्रखर किरणों से चकाचौंध करती हुई, अतृप्त भूली भट की मृगी की भाँति एवं मुख मण्डल पर कृत्तिम हास्य रेखा खींचे हुए वह निर्भीक बाला निर्जीव रजनी में प्रियाहीन लक्ष्मण के सम्मुख उपस्थित हुई। यह मानो उस के प्रस्फुटित यौवन का प्रथम प्रहर ही था। आज उसी का उपहार लेकर वह पगली शूर्पणखा लक्ष्मण के पास आई। परन्तु लोकमर्यादा के पुजारी, तपस्विनी उर्मिला के आराध्य प्राण लक्ष्मण, एक अपरिचित युवती से किस प्रकार सम्भाषण करते? सर्वथा असम्भव था। सौन्दर्य की साक्षात् प्रतिमा बन कर आने पर भी शूर्पणखा लक्ष्मण को सत्पथ से भ्रष्ट न कर सकी और एकान्त एवं भ्रवाँछनीय समय में समीप आई उस कामान्ध रमणी के काम प्रस्ताव को हृदय पूर्वक ठुकरा कर लक्ष्मण जी ने यह सिद्ध कर दिया कि उन का चरित्र और उन की मर्यादा अथाह सागर के समान गहरी थी। वे यह भी नहीं

चाहते कि पुरुषों की अवहेलना स्त्रियों द्वारा नीरस रूप में की जाये। वे गम्भीरता का आवाहन करते हुए बोले :—

सुन्दरी मैं सचमुच विरिमत हूँ तुम को सहसा  
देख यहाँ।  
ढलती रात अकेली अबला निकल पड़ी तुम  
कौन कहाँ ॥

इतने पर भी शूर्पणखा ने अपनी कामुकता का परिचय देना बन्द नहीं किया और प्रेम की दुहाई देकर लक्ष्मण जी को अपने पाप-पाश में बांधने का दुस्साहस करते हुए अत्यन्त निलंज्जता पूर्वक लक्ष्मण से बोली :—

रात बीतने पर' अब तो मीठे बोल बोल दो तुम।  
प्रेमातिथि है खड़ा द्वार पर हृदय कपाट खोलदो तुम

शूर्पणखा अपने को प्रेमातिथि कहकर निजत्व बोध कराती है। वह प्रेम के समक्ष योग, वैराग्य, पूजा, जप, तप सयम-नियम की खिल्ली उड़ा कर अपनी महत्ता का दिग्दर्शन कराना चाहती है परन्तु वह चरित्रावतार लक्ष्मण के लिये कुज मूल्य नहीं रखता। वे गम्भीरतापूर्वक शूर्पणखा के प्रेम की व्याख्या करते हुए बोले :—

हा नारी किस भ्रम में है तू।

x x x

विष से भरी वासना है यह, सुधापूर्ण यह  
पूर्ति नहीं।

शूर्पणखा इतनी भोली भाली बन गई थी कि उसने अभी लक्ष्मण के कौने कौने का पर्यत्न नहीं किया था। उस को टटोला न था। इसीलिये तो निज को प्रेमिका तथा लक्ष्मण को प्रेमी कहती थी परन्तु इतने पर भी उस का चंचल मन सन्तुलित न रह सका। राम के आ जाने पर तो एक विचित्र घटना घटती है वह अब राम को अपना पति

बनाने के लिये अन्धी होकर दौड़ती है। तथा राम को सर्वगुण सम्पन्न समझ कर उस के सम्मुख जयमाला पहनाने का प्रस्ताव रखते हुए बोली :—  
पहनो कान्त तुम्हीं यह मेरी जय माला सी वरमाला बने अभी प्रासाद तुम्हारी यह एकान्त पराशाला ॥

उद्दाम वासनाओं की तृप्ति के लिये यह प्राणी जीवन की ऊंची नीची गलियों में, भयावह कंटीली भाड़ियों में, मरु प्रदेश में यात्रा करता है। एक छाला रूपा आशा उस का साथ देती है, और वही आशा जीवन में कितने निन्दित गहित कर्म की ओर प्रेरित करती है। शूर्पणखा आज यौवन बेचने आयी है, चाहे राम ले लें अथवा लक्ष्मण। 'कामातुराणां भयं न लज्जा' की लोकोक्ति अक्षरशः सत्य है। जब राम के द्वारा शूर्पणखा ठुकरा दी जाती है और वह पुनः लक्ष्मण जी की ओर अपना प्रेम-पाश प्रसारित करने की चेष्टा करती है। उस समय लक्ष्मण अपने अधरों पर तर्जनी रखकर शूर्पणखा को अपने सम्मुख पुनः प्रेम प्रस्ताव से रोकते हुए कहते हैं :—

“बोले वे बस मौन कि मेरे  
लिये हो चुकी मान्या तुम ॥  
यों अनुरक्त हुई आर्य पर  
जब अन्यान्य वदान्या तुम ॥”

शूर्पणखा इस प्रकार के उत्तरों से अधीर एवं क्रुद्ध हो जाती है। वह अपने कृत्रिम रूप लावण्य को छिपाकर भयंकर रूप प्रकट करती है परन्तु लक्ष्मण उस कुटिल नारी की उच्छ्वसलता सहन करने में असमर्थ हो एक फटकार सुनाते हैं :—

मायाविनि उस रमा रूप का था क्या  
बस परिमाण यही ?  
इसी भाँति लोगों को छलना है क्या तेरा  
काम यही” ?

अबला तू अबला ही है, हरा सकेगी तू न हमें।

लक्ष्मण जी को भली भाँति विदित हो गया कि यह दुष्टा नारी आर्य-परम्परा को नहीं समझ सकती इसे लोक धर्म का ध्यान नहीं। यह मुझे नहीं तो अन्य किसी को पथभ्रष्ट करेगी। इस के अतिरिक्त वे नारी जीवन की पाशविकता नहीं देख सकते। वे आर्यजगत में इस बात का का शंख फूकना चाहते हैं कि यदि नारियाँ पथभ्रष्ट होकर स्वामिचारिणी होने जा रही हैं तो ऐसी नारी समाज को पुरुष तिलांजलि दे दें। वे तो 'मातृवत् पर दारेषु' वाली बंधी मर्यादा को ही देदीप्यमान करने आये थे। उन का रो-रोम यह घोषित करता था कि यदि पुरुष व्यभिचारिणी है तो नारियाँ उन्हें ठुकरा दें, और यदि नारियाँ व्यभिचारिणी हैं तो पुरुष उन्हें दंड दें ?

लक्ष्मण जी भारतीयता का ध्यान करते ही शूर्पणखा के नाक-कान विहीन कर नारी जीवन को एक अमूल्य शिक्षा देते हैं। शूर्पणखा के नाक कान विहीन कर तुरन्त ही उन का स्वावलम्बन एवं पुरुषार्थ द्विगुणित उत्साह के साथ जाग्रत हो उठता है और भाभी देवर दोनों निल कर नदी की ओर प्रस्थान कर देते हैं क्योंकि उन्हें उन पौधों को सींचना था जिन्हें सीताजी ने स्वयं लगाया था। स्वावलम्बन की इसी झलक का चित्रण करते हुए राष्ट्रकवि मैथिलेशन दिनी के मुख से कहलवाते हैं :—

चलो नदी की घड़े उठालो,  
करो और पुरुषार्थ क्षमा।  
मै मछलियाँ चुगाने को कुछ  
ले चलती हैं थाम सना ॥

उसी समय भगवान राम पुलकित होकर उन्हीं के लगाये पौधों के फूल उन के ऊपर वर्षा कर जैसे उन्हें महान से महानतम बना देते हैं।

## पूर्णिमा की ज्योत्सना

आदर्श शर्मा, बी० ए० (आनर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

आहा.....उमंग, उल्लास-हुलास गर्जन-तर्जन, सभी कुछ। क्यों न हो, हृदय की पवित्र एवं स्पष्टकीय भाँकी का प्रतिबिम्ब स्वरूप पूर्णिमा की रम्य रजनी अपने आसवी उन्माद को लेकर इस भूतल पर गन्धवों के गायन और अप्सराओं के नर्तन की भंकार भंक्रुत करने के लिये आई है। अभिसारिका के वेश में, आकाश-मण्डल के अधिपति सुधांशु को विचरते देख कर मचल उठी है, सुन्दरियों के हृदय में द्रवित हो उठी है निर्भर के प्रवाह में और विखर उठी है अपनी ही नीजि आभा में। निज उन्माद के प्रभाव का प्रसार कर रही है रजनी की साम्राज्य-ज्योत्सना। प्रथम ईषद-अरुण, तदन्तर राकापति की धवल ज्योत्सना से नभोमण्डल ज्योतित हो गया है। उस अभिसारिका ने वासकसज्जा के रूप में तारिकावली को अपने परिधान में टांक कर अपनी आभा को द्विगुणित कर लिया है। कन्दर्प देव भी निर्निमेष नेत्रों से निहार रहे हैं इसके यौवन को पर आज तो क्षमा कर की क्षुधा की तुष्टि में संलग्न ये अभिसारिका उनसे निमिष मात्र के लिए पराङ्मुख होना नहीं चाहती। उसकी आभा का क्षेत्र विस्तीर्ण हो चुका है। क्षितिज के असीम छोर के समान। नक्षत्र-मण्डल आंख मिचौनी खेलती हुई ज्योत्सना के प्रेम की उत्पत्ति कर रही हैं और ऐसा आभास होता है कि चन्द्र और ज्योत्सना भ्रिमिट क्रीड़ा में इतने तल्लीन हों कि चार-दिशा बहुओं के साक्षात्कार का उन्हें ध्यान ही न रहा हो। उधर रजनी भी कुछ आश्चर्य विमूढ़, ताराओं की विस्फारित दृष्टि से इस अपूर्व क्रीड़ा का आस्वादन कर रही है चुपचाप, धीरे धीरे। इसी कारण तो

उसमें पूर्ण स्तब्धता की साम्राज्य है और मन्द सुवासित समीर ने तो इस प्रणय-क्रीड़ा में सोने में सुहागे का काम किया है। मन्मथ के प्रभाव से किस कटु हृदय का मन्यन नहीं हुआ। पत्तों का बंशी-रव विहाग-राग के रूप में साकार हो उठा है। क्षुधाकर की पूर्ण यौवनावस्था और ज्योत्सना का प्रेम निकेत की ओर संकेत करने वाला वलय विभूषित कर किस अभागे को विमुग्ध न करेंगे वसुधा दुग्ध स्नात होकर चन्द्रमा के अभिनन्दनार्थ भिनिल परिधान पहने हुए है। ज्योत्सना की प्रणय लीला से ईर्ष्या करता हुआ जलधि भी अपनी तुंग तरंगी से चन्द्रमा को अपने आलिंगन-पद बढ़ करने के लिए लालायित है। श्वेत जलधे भी काव्य में छन्दों की भाँति उछल-कूद मचा रहे हैं उनके परिवर्तन-शील आकार में नायक-नायिकाओं के हृदय का कोमल पक्ष उद्दीप्त हो उठा है। द्रव दिल तुहिन करणों से लदे हैं, चान्दनी ने। उन्हें भी स्फटिक मणी में परिणत कर दिया है। ज्योत्सना की चादर भीड़ कर सुप्तावस्था में नागरिकगण, विधाता की बिडम्बना का स्वप्निल आनन्द लूट रहे हैं। क्यों न हो चन्द्रमा की कान्ति स्वप्न में भी अपने प्रभाव साम्य में विचलित नहीं होती। आनन्द-विभोर युवक युवतियाँ निद्रा देवी को दण्डवत् प्रणाम कर चन्दा और चान्दनी की प्रणय-लीला का अनुकरण कर रहे हैं। बालक-वृन्द भी ताराओं की भाँति बाल सुलभ क्रीड़ा में निमग्न हैं। वस्तुतः इस ज्योत्सना का निर्माण उस अपूर्व शिल्पी की सम्पूर्ण कला की प्रतिच्छाया है जिसने क्या जड़ और क्या चेतन सभी को मुग्ध कर दिया है।

**न**व रस सम्राट् तुलसी हमारे काव्याकाश के सूर्य हैं। अपनी बहुमुखी प्रतिभा द्वारा इन्होंने हिंदी साहित्य का कोना कोना आलोकित कर दिया है। अपनी प्रबुद्ध लेखनी द्वारा हिंदी के अमर निधि प्रदान की। भाषा, शैली, रस, अलंकार तथा छंद सभी दृष्टियों से इनका साहित्य में सर्वोच्च स्थान है। श्री ग्रियर्सन का कथन “सबसे बड़े नायक तुलसी दास थे” वास्तव में सर्वथा सत्य है।

कोई भी ऐसा रस नहीं जिसका इनके काव्य में परिपाक न हुआ हो तथा कोई भी ऐसा भाव नहीं जिसकी व्यंजना न हुई हो। इसी विशेषता के कारण इन्हें “नव रस सम्राट्” को उपाधि से विभूषित किया गया।

रस परिपाक में इन्हें आशातीत सफलता मिली है। कोई भी रस इनकी लेखनी से अछूता न रह सका। इसका ज्ञान हमें मात्र “मानस” के अवलोकन से ही हो जाता है। यह ग्रन्थ नव रसों की कसौटी पर खरा उतर तुलसी को नव रस सम्राट् मानने को बाध्य कर देता है। कई स्थलों पर रस सौंदर्य अनिर्वचनीय है। संभवतः हिंदी साहित्य में अब तक भी ऐसी महान आत्मा नहीं हुई जिसने इनके समान सजीव तथा सफल रस परिपाक किया हो तथा समस्त रसों पर अपनी आस्था प्रकट की हो।

शृंगार, शांत, एवं करुण रस में तो इन्हें विशेष सफलता मिली है। तथा विभिन्न स्थलों पर इन्हें सौंदर्य की चरम सीमा पर पहुँचा दिया है। उनके अध्ययन में हम भी एक रस होकर राम व सीता से अपरोक्ष सम्बन्ध स्थापित कर तुलसी की गिरा का आस्वादन करते हैं।

इनके रस निरूपण की एक झलक यहाँ प्रस्तुत की गई है जिसका सौंदर्य देखते ही बनता है।

## नव रस सम्राट् ‘तुलसी’

आशा मेहरोत्रा बी०ए० तृतीय वर्ष

### शृंगार रस :-

तुलसी ने शृंगार के दोनों पक्षों, संयोग व वियोग का वर्णन किया है। परंतु संयोग पक्ष में विशेष सफलता मिली है। इस दिशा में उन्होंने ‘प्रसन्न राघव’ से प्रेरणा प्राप्त की है। इस रस का बाल काण्ड में अत्यंत सुन्दर चित्र उपस्थित किया है। जैसे :-

“देखि सीय शोभा सुख पावा,  
हृदय सराहन वचनु न आवा।  
जनु विरंचि सब निज निपुनाई,  
विरचि विश्व कहँ प्रगट दिखाई ॥  
सुन्दरता कहँ सुन्दर करई,  
छवि गृह दीप सिखा जनु परई।  
सब उपमा कवि रहे जुगरी,  
केहि पटतरो विदेह कुमारी।”

### रौद्र रस :-

अपने अपमान, बड़ों की निन्दा व शत्रु की चेष्टा आदि से रौद्र रस उत्पन्न होता है। तुलसी के वीर रस पूर्ण स्थलों में वीर के साथ ही रौद्र रस भी स्वाभाविक रूप से आ गया है। लक्ष्मण परशुराम संवाद में वास्तव में इन्होंने अत्यन्त सजीव चित्र हमारे नेत्रों के समक्ष उपस्थित किया है। जैसे :-

“कौसिक मुनहु मन्द यहु बालकु,  
कुटिल काल बस निज कुल घातक।

भानु बंस राकेस कलंक,  
निपट निरंकुस अंबुध असंक ।  
काल कवलु होइहि छन माहीं,  
कहुऊं पुकारि खोरि मोहि नाही ।  
तुम्ह हटकहु जौं चहहु उबारा,  
कहि प्रतापु बलु रोषु हमारा ॥”

### वीभत्स रस :-

तुलसी ने अपने 'मानस' में युद्ध वर्णन के प्रसंग में वीर और भयानक के संचारी रूप में वीभत्स रस का प्रयोग किया है। जिससे स्वतः ही घृणा का भाव पैदा हो जाता है। जैसे :—

वीर परहिं जनु तीर तर,  
मज्जा बहु वह फेन ।  
कादर देखि डरहिं तहैं,  
मुभटन्ह के मन चेन ।  
मज्जीह भूत पिचास बैताला,  
प्रथम महा भोटिंग कराला ।  
काक कंक लै भुजा उड़ाही,  
एक ते छीनि एक लै खाहीं ॥”

### वीर रस :-

वीर रस का तो अत्यन्त ही सफल व सजीव चित्रण किया है। इनकी 'मानस' की कथा पर विचार करने से ज्ञात होता है कि यह मूल रूप से वीर रस का ही ग्रंथ है। जिसके कारण यह हिंदी साहित्य की चोटी पर पहुँच गए हैं। जैसे :—

“मुनहु भानुकुल पँकज भानू,  
कहुउँ सुभाउ न कछु अभिमानू ।  
जो तुम्हारि अनुसासन पावौं,  
कंदुक इव ब्रह्मांड उड़ाहीं ॥  
काचे घट जिमि डारो फोरी,  
सकउँ भेउ मूलक जिमि तोरी ॥

वास्तव में इस स्थल पर वीर रस का सुन्दर परिपाक है। जिसके अध्ययन से वीरों की भुजायें फड़कने लगती हैं।

### भयानक रस :-

इस रस का तो इन्होंने ऐसा स्वाभाविक चित्रण किया है कि स्वतः ही मन भावी भय की आशंका से भर जाता है। जिस समय भरत जी राम वन गमन व दशरथ मरण के पश्चात् अपनी ननिहाल से लौटते हैं उस समय तुलसी दास जी ने अत्यन्त भयंकर चित्र उपस्थित किया है। वास्तव में भरत जी के मन में भी भय उत्पन्न हो जाता है। जैसे :—

“असगुन होहि नगर पेढारा,  
रटत कुभाँति कुखेत करारा ।  
खर सियार बोलहि प्रति कूला,  
मुनि मुनि होहि भरत मन सूला ।  
जो हत सर सरिता वन बागा,  
नगर विशेष भयंकर लागा ॥

यहाँ पर अयोध्या नगरी की भयंकरता का वर्णन है।

### करुण रस :-

करुण रस में भी विशेष सफलता प्राप्त की इस रस के अनेक प्रसंगों का 'मानस' में उल्लेख किया है। इन स्थलों पर हमारा हृदय शोक से भर जाता है तथा हम करुण रस में लीन हो जाते हैं। तथा अन्त में स्वतः ही हमारे मुख से फूट पड़ता है कि वास्तव में तुलसी नव रस सम्राट् ही हैं।

“विलपन राउ विकल बहु भाँति,  
भई जुग सरिस सिराति न राति ।  
तापस अंध साथ सुधि आई,

कोशल्यादि सब कथा सुनाई ॥  
भयउ विकल वरनत इतिहासा,  
राम रहित धिज जीवन आसा ।  
सो तनु राखि कख में काहा,  
जेहि न प्रेम पनु मोर निवाहा ॥  
हा ! रघु नन्दन प्राण पिरीते,  
तुम विन जियन बहुत दिन बीते ।  
हा जानकी लखन हा रघुवर,  
हा पितु हित चित चकित जलधर ॥

निःसदेह इसमें दशरथ के साथ ही हमारा  
हृदय भी चीत्कार कर उठता है ।

### अद्भुत रस :-

तुलसी दास ने राम में देवत्व का आरोप करते  
समय इस रस का सुन्दर परिपाक किया है ।  
अद्भुत रस के लिए आश्चर्यजनक घटनाओं का  
वर्णन किया जाता है । तुलसी ने भी अत्यन्त  
आश्चर्य जनक दृश्य प्रस्तुत किया है कि कोशल्या  
जी अत्यन्त अम में पड़ जाती हैं ।

“एक बार जननी अन्हवाये,  
करि शृंगार पलना पौढ़ाये ।  
निज कुल इष्ट देव भगवाना,  
पूजा हेतु कीन्ह अस्नाना ॥  
करि पूजा नैवेद्य चढ़ावा,  
आपु गई जहँ पाक बनावा ।  
बहुरि भाँति तहँवा चलि आई,  
भोजन करन देख सुत जाई ॥  
मैं जननी सिसु पहिँ भयभीता,  
देखा बाल तहां पुनि सूता ।  
बहुरि आई देखा सुत सोई,  
हृदय कम्त मन धीर न होई ॥  
इहां उहां दोऊ बालक देखा,  
मति अम मोर कि आन विशेषा ।”  
यह अत्यन्त अद्भुत दृश्य है ।

### हास्य रस :-

हास्य रस का अत्यन्त हृदयस्पर्शी चित्रण किया  
है । ‘मानस’ में इसके कई स्थल उपलब्ध हैं यथा  
नारद मुनि का वर्णन, लक्ष्मण जी का परशुराम  
के लिए व्यंग्य आदि ।

इन स्थलों पर नीरस प्रकृति का व्यक्ति भी  
हंसे विना नहीं रह सकता । निम्न पंक्तियों में  
लक्ष्मण का व्यंग्य वास्तव में अपने में आप ही पूर्ण  
है । साथ ही परशुराम की क्रोधाग्नि में घृत का  
कार्य करता हैं ।

“विहँसि लखनु बोले मृदु बानी,  
अहो मुनीस महा भट मानी ।  
पुनि पुनि मोह देखाव कुठार,  
चहत उड़ावन फूँक पहार ॥”

### शान्त रस :-

शांत रस के तो यह सिद्धहस्त कवि हैं ही ।  
समस्त काव्य शांत रस प्रधान है । अधिकांश  
रचनायें शान्त रस की समस्त विशेषताओं से  
विभूषित हैं ।

“सहित विदेह विलोकिहि रानी,  
सिसु सम प्रीति न जात बखानी ।  
जोगिन्ह परम तत्त्व मय मासा,  
सान्त सुद्ध सम सहज प्रकासा ।”

### वात्सल्य रस :-

आधुनिक कवियों ने इस रस को भी कल्पना  
की है । यद्यपि संस्कृत आचार्यों ने इसे रस न मान  
कर केवल भाव ही माना है उस पर भी तुलसी ने  
इस रस को भी अछूता न छोड़ा ।

## आशा

महेश्वर प्रसाद, बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष

आशे! जीवने कलिका की मधुर प्रभे ! थरथराते हुये निश्वासों, दमित इच्छाओं, अतृप्त अभिलाषाओं की प्राण, तुम मेरे गीतों की शस्य श्यामला, द्रुम सुसज्जिता धरणी हो ! शस्य हीन, चिर मलिन हृदयोद्गमन की तुम निसर्ग सिद्ध सुषमा हो ।

निराशा के अथाह समुद्र की भावना तरणि ! व्यथा के तिमिर वन की देदीप्यमान प्रकाश रेखा, धधकती ज्वालाओं को शान्त करने वाली सरस वृष्टि, सुखाभिलाषाओं की सूत्र धारिणी, प्रकाश की हँसी सदृश मुखरित सच्चाई, जीवन की मृदु मुस्कान, आनन्द की प्रतिध्वनि, इच्छाओं की मृदुल छाया, एक बार अपनी ज्योति से मेरे हृदय को ज्योतिर्मय कर दो ।

अरी विश्व की आधारशिले ! जगती की संचालक शक्ति ! उत्साह की जननी ! तुम्हीं पर अवलम्बित भावनाओं, भावी सुख की इच्छाओं, तुम्हारे अभाव में तड़पते प्राणों पर दया करो ।

जीवन रात्रि की स्निग्ध चाँदनी ! अनुराग महीसह की कलिके ! मधुर मुस्कान और हास्य की स्मित रेखे ! मेरे जीवन के सूने प्रांगण में अपनी अभिराम हँसी बिखेर दो ।

नेत्रों की प्रसन्नता ! आनन्ददायक मधुर्विणी ! चिन्ता-प्यास से मेरे अघर ग्लान हो रहे हैं; तुम मधुरस की अविरल धारा बहा दो ! मेरे जलते अघरों—चिर तृषित अघरों को तुम्हारा मृदु चुम्बन चाहिये ।

ओ, विश्व पतझड़ की बसन्त-यौवन-श्री ! अपनी यौवन-श्री के मधुर विलास से मेरी हृदय-वसुन्धरा की लावण्य लक्ष्मी का उत्फुल्ल कर डालो ।

आओ आशे ! तुम्हारे अभाव में, पूनम की मदहोश रात में भी मेरा दम घुटा जाता है । ओह ! तुम्हारे आगमन से हृदय-कुसुम खिल उठता है; अंग शिथिल होने लगते हैं; हृदय फड़कने लगता है और मदमाती पलकें बोभिल हो उठते हैं ।

ओ संसृति के कूल-किनारों की सिंचन हार, एक बार मेरे हृदय में सुषमा सागर सी लहराती आओ ! जीवन डाल पर मलय विखराती हुई आओ ।

पावसी सांभ पर इन्द्र धनुष सी, प्राची से उदित होते हुये बाल रवि सी, तुम मेरे जीवनाकाश में अपनी किरणों विकीर्ण कर दो ।



# निःशस्त्रीकरण

लेखक : क ख ग

आज संसार के प्रांगण में जितने नग्न व हतिय रूप में नृत्य हो रहे हैं उस का इतिहास के पन्ने—पन्ने को छानकर भी हमें कोई उदारण सुलभ नहीं होता। आज सभी राष्ट्रों के बीच युद्ध की स्थिति मुंह फँलाए हुए है। प्रत्येक समाज में विग्रह व व्यक्तियों में कलह का वातावरण आच्छादित है। इस का बीज रूप सत्ता के लिए मनुष्य की प्रबल व उत्कृष्ट लालसा है। आधुनिक युग की सभ्यता ने सत्ता को ही चरम मूल स्वीकार कर लिया है इसी सत्ता को प्राप्ति हेतु मनुष्य मानव मानव का गला घोटने को तैयार रहता है। इसकी प्राप्ति हेतु मनुष्य अपनी सम्पूर्ण शक्ति का दुरुपयोग करना अनिवार्य समझता है। वर्तमान समाज व्यवस्था, अर्थव्यवस्था, शिक्षा और राजनीतिक सभी विग्रहमूलक हैं। इसका हमारे सम्मुख ज्वलंत प्रमाण है कि हमने मानव एकता और समान हितों को स्वीकार ही नहीं किया। मानव जीवन एक संघर्षमय जीवन है। उसका संघर्ष सदैव जीवन में आने वाली कठिनाइयों व आपत्तियों से रहता है। वह उन से पग—पग व क्षण में टक्कर लेता है। और विकास व उन्नति के सोपान पर गर्वोन्त हो सब के हितों को अपने स्मृतिपटल में अंकित कर उत्साह से आगे बढ़ता रहता है। जिस में वह अपने विवेक व सदगुणों का विकास करना चाहता है। अतः हम यह भी कह सकते हैं कि मानव जीवन प्रयास और परिश्रम का जीवन है। किन्तु आज समाज इसका भिन्न अर्थ समझकर उसका दुरुपयोग करता है। आज समाज की यह धारणा विषाक्त रूप धारणा कर चुकी है।

वह सोचता है कि मनुष्य का संघर्ष उस के समाज से ही होता है। और इसी धारणा के फलस्वरूप एक समाज दूसरे समाज का प्रतिद्वन्द्वी बन गया है। वह मानव के साथ संघर्ष में ही अपना हित समझता। हित संघर्ष की यह दीवार दो राष्ट्रों के बीच दो, राजनीतिक दलों के बीच, एक ही दल के दो सत्ताकांक्षी अग्रगामियों के बीच यहाँ तक एक ही ही अंक में पाले गए दो सगे भाइयों के बीच विशाल रूप में खड़ी हो गई है। यही समाज के विशृंखलता का स्रोत है।

वर्तमान युग में पशु प्रवृत्ति के लण्डव नृत्य का प्रदर्शन नग्न रूप में हो रहा है। योग्यतम की परिभाषा का अब भिन्न रूप हो गया है। आज वही व्यक्ति, समुदाय व समाज योग्यतम है जो दूसरे व्यक्ति, समुदाय व समाज का शोषण कर सके जो उन्हें गिरा सके और उन की लाशों पर अपना विलास का भवन खड़ा करे तथा उन शोषित और करुण कण्ठों के चीत्कारों से अपना मनोरंजन करे। आज मानव को न मानवता पर भरोसा है और न वह उस की प्रतिष्ठा करता है। प्रेम, दया, सहयोग व सहनशीलता आज सम्पूर्ण जग में दुष्प्राप्य हो गई हैं। इन सदगुणों को अब दुर्गुणों से अलंकृत किया जाता है। स्वार्थ सिद्धि और दूसरों के लिए सहयोग का स्वांग रच कर लूट का अचूक धावा बोलते हैं। किन्तु उन्हें इतने पर भी शांति नहीं मिलती वे लूट के माल के परस्पर बंटवारे में म्यानों से तलवारे निकालने लगते हैं। परिणाम स्वरूप अशांति के वे भयानक बादल कुछ समयोपरान्त

होने वाले अनिष्ट की सूचना देते हैं।

मानव यह भूल चुका है कि वह एक विचार-प्रधान और विवेकशील प्राणी है। आज वह केवल अपने बाह्य चर्म को देखता है और फिर निरंतर उसी की बनावट एवं सजावट में लीन रहता है। किन्तु उसे अपनी आंतरिक अर्थात् आत्मा की सजावट का कोई ध्यान नहीं। उस की मानसिक और बौद्धिक शक्तियाँ उस का सम्पर्क छोड़ रही हैं। आज उस में जितना धैर्य व साहस अंश रूप में नहीं है कि वह अपने विचारों के प्रचार व प्रसार द्वारा समाज का समर्थन पा सके। किन्तु जग का सब से बड़ा दुर्भाग्य यह है कि यह सत्ताकांक्षा का दानव सर्वव्यापी हो गया है।

आज विश्व के समस्त राष्ट्र दो महान राष्ट्रों रूस और अमेरिका की कठपुतलियां बने हुए हैं। वे अपना स्वावलम्बन ख चुके हैं। कोई भी प्रयास नहीं करता, सभी आकस्मिक भोजन प्राप्त कर गहरी नींद सोजाना चाहते हैं। पूंजीपति मजदूरों का गला घोट कर भी सन्तुष्ट नहीं होता है

वह उन के रक्त का पिपासु बना हुआ है। उसे उन गरीबों के क्षीण व रुग्ण, विलखते व चीखते हुए बच्चों पर लेश मात्र भी दया का संचार नहीं होता अपितु वह उन को अपने मनोरंजन व विलास की सामग्री समझ बैठता है। इस प्रकार वह भोले भाले मजदूरों व बेवसों पर अपना आधिपत्य स्थापित करना चाहता है। जिन्हें एक समय भर पेट भोजन और शरीर को ठुकने के लिए फटा पुराना भी नसीब नहीं होता।

राष्ट्र की उन्नति हो तो कैसे? कर्तव्य विमूढ़ एवं अपनत्व की भावना मानव को दानव बना रही है। सत्ताकांक्ष की प्रबल इच्छा से मनुष्य उन्नति की ओर अग्रसर न होकर पतनोन्मुख हो रहा है। आज कभी हमारे समाज में महात्मा गांधी व नेहरू जैसे जनकल्याणकारी महान् विभूतियों की, जो समाज का पथप्रदर्शक कर, सोये हुये समाज में नव जीवन का संचार करें, सत्ताकांक्षा के दानवता को मानवता के क्षेत्र से समाप्त करें तथा उसे परहिताकांक्षा के भाव से विभूषित कर राष्ट्र को समृद्ध एवं सम्पन्न बनायें।

# संस्कृत-विभागः

अध्यक्षः  
मनोहरो विद्यालंकारः

सम्पादकः  
भैवरसिंहः

## अनुक्रमणिका

सम्पादकीयम्	...	भैवरसिंहः
संस्कृतपरिषदो कार्यविवरणम्	...	कुमारी चम्पा
समस्यापूर्तयः प्रह्लिकाश्च	...	....
यत्र नार्यस्तु पूज्यन्ते रमन्ते तत्र देवताः	...	पुरुषोत्तमः

## सम्पादकीयम्

विषयपाठकाः !

'देशपत्रिकायाः' अस्य वर्षस्य प्रथमोऽङ्को विद्यते भवतां समक्षम् । अतः सर्वतः पूर्वं सर्वेषां ज्ञानान्तुकानां छात्राणां स्वागतं कुर्मो ज्यम् ।

अस्य वर्षस्य संस्कृतपरिषदो वार्षिकाधिवेशनं भारतीयविद्यासंस्थानस्य निर्देशकानां डा० धर्मेश्वर-नाथशास्त्रिणा हाभागानां साभापत्ये ससमारोहं समजनि । तत्र विविधकार्यक्रमे छात्राः सोत्साहं भागं गृहीतवन्तः । कुमारी वीणा शशिप्रभा च संस्कृतश्लोकानां सस्वरं गायनं अकरोत् । पुरुषोत्तमः संस्कृतसाहित्यस्य महत्त्वं आवश्यकतां च स्पष्टी-कृत्वा संस्कृतभाषायां भाषणं कृतवान् । अतः परं सभापतिमहाभागाः विजेतृछात्रेभ्यः पुरस्कारान् चिनरन्तः इदमेव प्रतिपादितवन्तः यद् भारतीयानां अकृत्वं संस्कृतेनैव संभवम् । श्रीशास्त्रिमहाभागेन स्पष्टीकृतं यत् संस्कृतमृते जगति न कापि अन्या भाषा या युगयुगान्तरे समाना एकरूपा च स्यात् । जेक्सपीयरनाटककारस्य समये आङ्ग्लभाषा रूपा आसीत् तदधुना न दृश्यते । यदि शेक्सपीयरः

स्वनाटकानामेव अभिनयं द्रष्टुं रङ्गशालां गच्छेत् तर्हि सोऽपि स्वनाटकान् अवगन्तुं न शक्यति । एतादृक् च परिवर्तनं अभूत् आङ्ग्लभाषायां चतुश्शताब्द्यामेव । परं संस्कृतभाषा तु आसृष्टेः अद्यावधि समाना एकरूपा च वर्तते । द्विसहस्रवर्ष-पूर्वं यस्यां भाषायां वाल्मीकिः स्वरामायणं प्रणिनाय सैव भाषा अद्यापि प्रयुज्यते । कालिदासेन च या भाषा प्रयुक्ता सैव भाषा अधुनापि व्यवह्रियते । संस्कृतस्य पूर्णं व्याकरणमेव अस्याः एकरूपतायाः कारणम् । श्रीशास्त्रिमहोदयाः प्रतिपादितवन्तः यदधुना विज्ञानस्य युगम् । अतः संस्कृतभाषायाः कठिनतां व्याकरणस्य च दुरुहतां दूरीकर्तुं अस्याः व्याकरणं वैज्ञानिकं रचनीयं अस्माभिः येन अष्टा-ध्यायी विनापि अल्पीयसा कालेन संस्कृतं शिक्षेयुः जनाः । अनेनैव प्रकारेण संस्कृतभाषा सर्वत्र प्रचलिता सर्वप्रिया च भवितुमर्हति । संस्कृतभाषायां यच्च सरसं सारवहं शिक्षाप्रदं सरलं च भवेत् तदस्माभिः प्रस्तोतव्यम् । संस्कृतस्य अर्चागानेन न किञ्चित् भविष्यति । अस्य प्रचाराय प्रसाराय च अस्माभिः सर्वैः सुहृदः प्रयासः कर्तव्यः, इयमेव च सरस्वतीदेव्याः वास्तविकी अर्चना भविष्यति ।

## ❀ संस्कृतपरिषदो वार्षिकं कार्यविवरणम् ❀

संस्कृतपरिषदो मन्त्रिणी कुमारी चम्पा बी० ए० (आनर्स) द्वितीयो वर्षः

परमादरणीयाः श्रीमन्तः सभापतिमहाभागाः !  
सभ्याः समागताः ! प्रेयांसो छात्राश्च !

अद्य संस्कृतपरिषदो वार्षिकं अधिवेशनं वर्तते । इयं परिषद् अस्मिन् देशबन्धुमहाविद्यालये पञ्च-वर्षपूर्वं स्थापिता अभूत् । ततः प्रभृत्येव इयं परिषद् छात्रेषु प्राचीनभारतीयसभ्यतां संस्कृतिं साहित्यं च प्रति प्रीतिं जनयितुं यतते । अस्याः प्रयत्नोऽस्ति यदत्र संस्कृतकार्याणि समधिकां समुन्नतिं प्राप्नुयुः, संस्कृतभाषायाश्च समधिकः प्रचारः प्रसारश्च भवेत् । समये समये संस्कृतपरिषदो गोष्ठ्यः अधिवेशनानि च भवन्ति येषु छात्राः निबन्धकथादिरूपैः नानाविधाः स्वरचनाः वाचयन्ति संस्कृतभाषायां च भाषणं कुर्वन्ति ।

संस्कृतपरिषदः इदं वैशिष्ट्यं यत् परिषदः समस्तमेव कार्यजातं छात्राभिः छात्रैः वा सम्पाद्यते । स एव परिषदः प्रधानं भवति । स एव परिषदः सर्वासु सभासु साभापत्यं करोति । संस्कृतपरिषदः इयं अपरा विशेषता यत् अस्याः समस्ताः एव पुरोगमाः संस्कृतभाषायामेव भवन्ति ।

अस्मिन् वर्षे संस्कृतपरिषदोऽनेकानि अधिवेश-नानि संजातानि । सर्वेषां अधिवेशनानां उल्लेखो न संभवो न चापि आवश्यकः । अतो यानि विशेषाणि अधिवेशनानि संजातानि तेषां एव उल्लेखः संक्षेपेण दीयते मया ।

कार्यजातेषु सर्वप्रथमं समुल्लेखं अर्हति विगत-वर्षीयं वार्षिकाधिवेशनम् । इदं खलु सर्वथा

परमादरणीयानां श्रीमतां नरेन्द्रनाथचौधरी-महाभागानां साभापत्ये समजनि । तस्मिन् विविध-कार्यक्रमे छात्राः सोत्साहं भागं गृहीतवन्तः । शिवपार्वत्योः अभिनयः अपि छात्राद्वयेन प्रस्तुतः यस्य सर्वेरेव दर्शकैः भूयसी प्रशंसा कृता । अतः परं समस्तं कार्यक्रमं प्रशंसद्भिः संस्कृतसाहित्यस्य च महत्त्वं प्रतिपादयद्भिः सभापतिमहाभागैः महाकवेः भारवेः जीवनस्य एकं मनोहरं वृत्तं संश्राव्य समुपस्थितानां सर्वेषां अतिशयं मनोरंजनं कृतम् । ततः परं सितम्बरमासस्य नवतिथौ देहली-विश्वविद्यालये संस्कृतविभागस्य अध्यक्षारणां तत्रभवतां श्रीमतां नरेन्द्रनाथमहाभागानामेव साभापत्ये संस्कृतपरिषदोऽस्य वर्षस्य प्रथमा सभा समभूत् । तत्रभवान् श्रीमान् रसिकबिहारीजोशी महोदयः च तत्र मुख्योऽतिथिः आसीत् । अस्यां सभायां अनेके छात्राः संस्कृतभाषायाः महत्त्वं प्रतिपादितवन्तः । अन्ते च श्रीमन्तः चौधरीमहाभागा अस्मन्महाविद्यालयस्य संस्कृतपरिषदः कार्यकलापान् प्रशंसन्तः हितोपदेशपञ्चतन्त्रादीनि सरलानि सरसानि च पुस्तकानि पठितुं छात्रान् प्रैरयन् । ततः परं नवम्बरमासे कविकुलगुरोः कालिदासस्य जयन्तीमहोत्सवः समजनि । अनेके छात्राः प्राध्यापकाश्च कविकुलगुरोः कालिदासस्य काव्यकलां जीवनवृत्तं च अवलम्ब्य तस्मै स्वस्वश्रद्धांजलिं समर्पितवन्तः । तदनन्तरं जनवरीमासे एका संस्कृतनिबन्धप्रतियोगिता अभूत् यस्यां पुरुषोत्तमः “यत्र नार्यस्तु पूज्यन्ते रमन्ते तत्र देवताः” इति विषये प्रथमं पुरस्कारं अलभत् । कुमारी मालती च “कवीन्द्रो रवीन्द्रः” इति विषये द्वितीयं पुरस्कारं

### ”پرېتم آن ملو.....“

جو آکار وڌڻ لڳو ۽ آدم قد چيڏو لي ويو. سالوري رنگ وارو کان، پيمه پهريل، چين لي مرلي جهلي کزو هو. آهستي آهستي مرليءَ جو مڙر آواز چوڌاري ڦهلائڻ لڳو. لڪن مٿالي ميران پنهنجي ڏن پر لي مس هئي. ”پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو.“ مرليءَ جو آواز ڏهري ڏهري نڪو ٿيڻ لڳو، شايد مرلي، گزڙر کوبال جي دل جي پوانائن کي ٻڌائڻ لاءِ اولي ٿي ڏئي پر ميران پنهنجي پگڙيءَ جي مڙر غظان رهي. ميران جي من جو مڙر سندس ساهه جو سينگار، سندس سامهون پينو هو پر هو ۽ اکيون پوري کيس آزدي رهي هئي. هوڏانهن مرليءَ جو آواز جهڪو ٿيڻ لڳو ۽ هيڏانهن ميران جي مستي ٿيڻ لڳي! ڪرشن ڪنهيءَ جو آکار سڻڻ لڳو ۽ ميران اکيون کولي ٿي کولي لهن کان اڳ مورتيءَ ۾ سمجهي ويو ۽ مورتي ساڳي اڳي جهڙي ٿي پيئي. مورتي پنهنجي اصلوڪي صورت ۾ پراچمان هئي پر مرليءَ جو آواز اڃا کولجڻي رهيو هو. ميران جو گزڙر ميران جي ڪار ٻڌي آيو پر ميران پرېتم جي ياد ۾ پاڻ کوهي ڇڏيو.

ويو کان پوءِ پوءِ ئي ويو. مورتي ائين آيو ٿيو ته مرليڙر مراري مون وقت آيو هو پر مان ڏاڍا لند پر ئي غظان رهيس ۽ انهيءَ ڪري رڪي رڪي منهنجي دل پڪاري اٿندي آهي.“ پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو، ديا جي پڪاري پرېتم آن ملو...”

صديءَ جو ٺڳي هير لڳي رهي هئي. لند مان اکيون کوليون ٿي هير جو پڇن جو سريلو آواز ڪن پير، ”پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو، دڪيا جي پڪاري پرېتم آن ملو...“ اڇڪ وڃڻ ۾ اچي ساڳي لڪ وري وري اچاري رهيو هو. ”پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو.“ منهنجي دل جي ستل نار چڙي پيئي ۽ دل ڳائڻ لڳي، ”پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو.“ راجيءَ طرح پڇن عام پيا ٻڌڻ، خوشيءَ جا ترانا ۽ عمر جا سانا به ٻڌڻ ۽ ڳائڻ پيا پر ڪڏهن ڪڏهن ڪو اهڙو راڳ يا پڇن ٻڌيو آهي ته ائين محسوس ڪيو آهي ته ڇڻ ڪو دل رويي ستار کي چڙي ويو آهي. ستار هونءَ نه بي جان هوندي آهي پر ڪلاڪار جي آڱر کيس جهندي مس آهي ته منجهس چان پوڄي ويندي آهي ۽ ”رون رون“ جو آواز چوڌاري کولجڻي ويندو آهي. منهنجي دل جي کان به هن پڇن جي لڪ چڙي ڇڏي ۽ دل پڪاري لڳي، ”پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو، دڪيا جي پڪاري پرېتم آن ملو...“ مان سڌ ٻڌ پلائي وينس منهنجون اکيون پوئجڻ لڳيون ۽ سهن جي سسار ۾ کوهي ويس...  
 ميران پاڻي هٿ ۾ ٽپورو جهلي، گزڙر جي مورتيءَ اڳيان سڪ سان ڳائي رهي آهي، ”پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو، دڪيا جي پڪاري پرېتم آن ملو، پرېتم آن ملو...“ لسندي لسندي مورتيءَ ۾ سمايل گزڙر



هلي ويئي .  
 ان نڙن ڏينهن اندر رام ۽ شيلڙا جي  
 مائٽي ۽ جي پڪ ٿي ويئي . رام نه ڪڙڙن  
 ۾ ٿي ٿي مائٽيو . اکين ۾ خوشي ۽ جا آسون  
 ٿري آيس ۽ چيائين ، ” نارائڻ ، تنهنجو هيءُ  
 احسان زندگي ۾ ڀر ڪوٺ وساريندس .“  
 شاديءَ ڏينهن رام جي گهر ويس . ڏنر  
 نه گهر ۾ سنار چاليو پيو هو . ڪابه خوشي  
 جي لهر لڳندي نظر نه ٿي آئي . شاديءَ  
 وارا شادمانا ڪوٺ ٿي ڏٺا . مون رام مان کان  
 ان جو سبب پڇيو . هن جي دل ڪا پريل  
 هئي ، باق جهلي نه سگهي ۽ اچي رونڱ ۾  
 چٽڪي . ليٽن مان لير ٿارا ڪري وهڻ  
 لڳس ۽ چيائين ، ” ڪاش ! رام جي شادي  
 سينا سان ٿي ها !! مون اڄ سينا وڃائي  
 آهي !! شل پڳوان سينا کي سڪي رکي !!“

سڳڻو ڪرڻ لاءِ تيار آهي . هن کي  
 ڏينهن رام تنهنجي ئي نام آهي ، ليٽن  
 لند حرام اٿس ، ڇا تون هن جو سهارو نه  
 اٿين؟ مهج جي معاملي ۾ جي توکس  
 نه ڪاڏي نه تنهنجي جيب چٽي . دليا ۾  
 رڳو پئسي يا عهدي جي ضرورت ڪانه  
 ٿي پوي پر ان کان وڌيڪ گهرجي ڏلين  
 جو پيار ، پيسو ۽ عهدو نه پوءِ به ملي سگهي  
 ٿو ، توکي رام جو سام ڏيڻ ڪوئي . وري  
 ٻي پاسي اهو به نه سوچ ، نه سوچ به نه  
 ڪي اوڻايون هونديون . تنهنجي عمر به نه  
 ڪافي وڏي آهي ، رنگ به نه صاف  
 ڪانه آهن ، توکي هيءُ وجه هٿان وڃائڻ  
 به ڪوئي . ” هي ٻڌي شيلڙا ڪجهه دير  
 هالڻ رهي . پوءِ جواب ڏنائين نه ” مون کي  
 ڪوبه اعتراض ڪونهي ” انهن چئي هـرـءـ



## زندگي جي هڪ گهڙي به نه وڃاء

آهن . مطلب نه ان ويٺو سڄي بدن جون  
 رڳون ۽ هڪ هڪ وار جنهن جنهن خدمت  
 جي بجاءِ اٿڻ لاءِ مقرر ٿيل آهي ، انکي  
 برابر ڀورو ڪري رهيا آهن . پوءِ اي  
 غافل انسان ! تون وڏو بي نصيب سمجهيو  
 ويندين ، جو اڏي وڏي ڪوشش ٺاهيو  
 به ڇا زندگيءَ جي گهڙي توکي نصيب آئي ،  
 سا تون انهن ئي گنواي ڇڏين !

لبض کي ڏسان ٿو نه اها هڪ دم به  
 نه ٿي جهلجي . دل کي ڇاڇيان ٿو نه انکي  
 هميشه حرڪت ڪندو ڏسان ٿو . ٿڌڙ آهن  
 جي ٿوري دير لاءِ آرام نه ٿا ڪن . پيٽ  
 آهي جو ۲۴ ڪلاڪ ئي پنهنجي ڪم ۾  
 مشغول آهي . جڪر سڄو ڏينهن ۽ سڄي رات  
 پنهنجو مقرر ڪيل فرض بجاءِ اٿي ٿو .  
 ننڊيون ننڊيون پڪيون ٿري ۽ پوءِ به  
 پنهنجي پنهنجي رڪيل ڪم کان غافل نه

لهي پوندي . بس ، مونکي منهنجي محبوبا  
ملاء نه . ان اهو احسان زندگي پر نه  
وساريس . رام جي اکين ۾ آسون  
ٿري آيا ؟ هو چلندي هليو ويو .

هو هليو نه ويو پر مان سوچيندوئي  
رهجي ويس . شيل ڪي عمر ۾ رام کان به وڏي  
هتي ! رنگ پٺ ساڻورو هئس . چهر ۾  
ڪا چمڪ ڪانهيس ؟ لڪوئي وري روش  
وندي هئس . پوءِ رام جو پيار شيل سان  
ڪيئن ٿيو؟ پوءِ نه رام مونکي ڪهڙائي پيو  
ٻڌايو هو نه شيل ٻڌڻ چوڪري آهي .  
نهن ٽيڻن ائين به چيائين ته ڪوڪري  
سان ڪنات پليس ۾ گهمندو ٿو مانس . پوءِ  
اڄ وري ڪيئن ٿو ان سان دل جو سولو  
ڪري؟ جنهنڪي ڪجهه وقت اڳ ٽڪار  
جي نظر سان ٿيندو هو ؟ هن ئي اڙام  
لڳائيندو هو ، ڇا اڄ انجوني زندگي پر  
لاءِ هڪ پڪڙڻ ٿو چاهي؟ هيءُ مهيس  
جو ڪوڙو عجب ڪيل چئبو؟ جنهن کي  
ڪلهه ڪلڪ لڳايو هئائين ، اڄ انهي کي ئي  
سپني سان لڳائڻ ٿو چاهي؟ هي خيال  
ورور ڪري منهنجي مغز ۾ ايندا رهيا .  
پتي ٽيڻن بازار مان ٻاڃي وئي جيئن  
گهر ٿي آيس ته ٽان سان نه شيل منهنجي گهر  
ويني هي . ڳالهين ڪندي رام جي اڙي  
۾ پڇيومانس . شرمائيندي چيائين ، ” نارائڻ ،  
توکان نه اسانجي ڳالهه لڪل ڪانهي ؟  
توڪي اها به خبر آهي ته مون هيتري  
وقت تائين شادي ڇو نه ڪئي آهي؟ مون  
مشڪندي چيو ته ، ” شيل ، تون نه مهيس  
کي لائي سان ئي ٿورين . رام منهنجي لاءِ

هڪ ڪٿو ٿي پيس . سچ پچ نه هن اهو  
فيصلو ڪري ڇڏيو هو نه شادي انهيءَ  
سان ڪندي جنهنجو همدو ۽ پگهار ، هن  
جي عهدي ۽ پگهار کان وڌيڪ هوندا .  
( اڙيءَ ڪري هنجي عمر به ڇڙهي آئي  
هي . ) تنهنڪري هن پيار جي موت نه  
ٿي پر منهنجي پٽي نه ڇا ڪري .

هڪ ٽيڻن گهر ويٺو هوس ته رام مون  
وقت لنگهي آيو . سندس چهر ۾ مان ماڻوسي  
پتي پکي . مون کائس خبر ڇا پڇي مگر  
ٿي نه دل غم سان پوئل هئس . سبب  
پڇيومانس ته ٿيڻو منهن ڪري چوڻ لڳو  
” نارائڻ ، توکان منهنجي ڪا به ڳالهه لڪل  
ڪانهي . توکي اهو ٻڌي عجب نه لڳندوئي  
ته مان شيل کي پيار ٿو ڪيان . دادا کي  
شيل جي مائٽن سان منهنجي مائٽي هلائڻ  
لاءِ ڇهو هوم پر هن ڪالهه ٻڌايو ته شيل  
جي پٽي صاف جواب ڏنو آهي ڇو نه هو  
استنت کان گهٽ ڪنهن ماڻهوءَ سان شادي  
نه ڪندي ، پر مان کيس ڪيئن سمجهيان  
ته ڪلارڪ ٿيس ته ڇا ٿيو؟ مون چيترو  
پيار استنت به ڪونه ٿيندس . او... هو...  
هاڻي دنيا ۾ جيئي ڇا ڪبو؟ جنهن کي  
پنهجو سمجهندو هوس تنهن به لڪرائي  
ڇڏيو . منهنجي مهيس ته مٽي ۾ ملي ويئي .  
پوءِ ڇا ڇا قصا قائم نه رهيا . آلفس جا  
آلاب الوب ٿي ويا . پوءِ ڇا پيچ پورا  
پورا ٿي ويا ! مگر دوست ، تون جي پلائي  
ڪرڻ نه رٿل دليون وري پرڇي سگهن  
ٿيون . شيل منهنجي پٽان ئي رهندي آهي .  
تون جي شيل کي مڃائين ته منهنجي زندگي

### ” اڳي ڪي لعنت

هو، جيترو ماڻي ٿيڻ سبب بي عزتيءَ جو، هنن رام کي گهڙوئي سمجهايو ته شاديءَ کان پوءِ سينا کي دهليءَ ۾ لوڪري ڪرائي سگهجي ٿي، مگر رام بزرگ کڏي ڀينوءَ ۽ ڪنهنجي به ڪو بهڙاڻين. لاچار ٿي ماڻن مڱڻو ٿوڙي ڇڏيو.

هاڻي رام مايوس گذارڻ لڳو ۽ گهر ۾ دل ٿي نه لڳندي هئس. هو سويلي سنهري آفيس روالو ٿي ويندو هو. بس سندس ٿي سندس ملاقات اڪثر شيلا سان ٿيندي هئي، جا به ساڳئي ڪارڻي ۾ رهندي هئي ۽ لوڪري ڪندي هئي. روزاني ملاقات، ام جي دل ۾ شيلا لاءِ محبت پيدا ڪئي. هو هن ئي اڪن چڪن ٿي پيو ۽ شيلا جي هر ادا هنکي پالڻ لڳي. هو شيلا سان ٿيڻ ملائڻ جي بيحد ڪوشش ڪرڻ لڳو پر هو ڪيس بي رخيءَ سان ٽسندي هئي. رام کان رهيو نه ٿيو. هڪ ڏينهن وجهه وٺي شيلا کي ڪيڪارائين، هن به موت ۾ مسڪرايو. بهي جون نظرون ملي چار ٿيون ۽ وري جهڪي ويون. هاڻ بهي جي نيشن مان ٿينهن بڪڙ لڳو. اهڙيءَ طرح بهي چند منٽن لاءِ محبت جا به منا ٻول ٻوليندي وڃي آفيس ۾ پهچندا هئا.

شيلا، رام کي دل ۾ ڳجهه ڏيئي نه وٺي مگر پنهنجي زندگيءَ جي اصولن کان

رام جو مڱڻو سينا سان ٿيل هو جا ڪنهن آفيس ۾ ڪلارڪ هئي. سينا جا ماڻگ امڙيءَ ۾ رهندا هئا. مڱڻو وقت رام هڪ شرط وڌو هو، ته شاديءَ کان اڳ، سينا جي بدلي دهليءَ ڪرائي وڃي. رام جي پيءُ دولترام کي، سينا جي پيءُ وشنواس وٽان شاديءَ جي باري ۾ ڪو به خط ڪونه آيو، جنهن تي دولترام هڪ چئي وشنواس کي لکي جنهن ۾ ذڪر ڪيائين ته رام جي شاديءَ جي تاريخ مقرر ڪئي وڃي، ڇو ڇو سندس نياڻيءَ جي شادي پنج جلد ٿيڻ واري هئي. وشنواس جواب ۾ دولترام کي لکيو ته سندس اڳيئي بيماريءَ جي خرچن سبب ٻول ڪيل پنج هزار ڏيئي هو ڏيئي ڪونه سگهندو، تنهنڪري ٽي هزار ٻول ڪرڻ جي ڪرڻا ڪري ۽ پوءِ سينا جي بدلي ٿيڻ جي اميد گهٽ هئي، تنهنڪري به نه سينا کي استعفا ڏيئي ٻولندي يا نه رام پنهنجي بدلي بهڙيءَ ڪرائي. چئي ٿو هي سڀ عجب ۾ پاهي ويا. رام، سينا جي بدليءَ نه ٿيڻ سبب ساڻس شادي ڪرڻ کان انڪار ڪيو، ڇو جو هن کي لوڪريءَ واري چوڪري گهر ٿي هئي، مگر سندس ماڻگ سمجهي پيا. هننکي به هزار گهٽ ملڻ جو ايترو ارمان ڪونه

ڪري منجهن سواها ڪنڊيون ويون .  
جهوڙي ۾ رکيل ڪجهه چوڙا ۽ گهميل  
ڪليون به وجهنديون رهيون، جنهنڪري  
باهه جٽاءُ ڪري ويئي .

ايتري ۾ پريان گاڏي جي 'ف' جو  
آواز ٻڌڻ ۾ آيو، هو اندر ئي اندر ۾  
پگوان کي آڙاڻا ڪرڻ لڳيون ته ڊرائيور  
کي مس ٿي چئن هو باهه ٿسي پريان ئي  
گاڏي بهاري، پگوان سندن ٻڏي . ڊرائيور  
جڏهن ريل جي پٽي تي باهه جو پيمت  
پرندو ٿيو ته هن به بيهڪ ڪئي ٿي .  
گاڏي چيچات ڪري بيهي رهي . ڊرائيور  
۽ گارڊ هيٺ لهي چاچ ڪرڻ لڳا ته اها  
ڪنهنجي شراب هئي جو هن ريل جي  
پٽي تي باهه ٻاري هئي .

لچمي ۽ ليلان جي اٿي بيٺل هيون تن  
کين ٻڌايو ته ٿورو ئي پريان بل لڳي پيئي  
اهي جنهنڪري هنن اتر نگر ناس ڪري،  
ڊرائيور کي خبردار ڪرڻ لاءِ ريل جي  
پٽي تي باهه ٻاري هئي، چئن سوين املهه  
حيالين لاس ٿيڻ کان بچي وڃن . گارڊ ۽  
ڊرائيور ٻنهي ماءُ ٿي جي همس ۽  
مراڻي کي ساراهيو ۽ سندن شڪراڻا بچاءُ  
آندا ۽ گاڏي پٽي موٽائي واپس آڻين  
ستين تي آيا .

جلد ئي اها خبر وڃ وانگر پکڙهي ويئي .  
سزڪار، ماءُ ٿي جي قدرشناسي ڪري  
کين سونا پلا انعام ڏنا ۽ کين رهڻ لاءِ  
جڳهه ۽ ماهيانو لوازمو ٻڌي ڏنو .

لچمي سڀاڻي هئي . سوچيندي سوچيندي  
ليٺ هنکي هڪ اٽڪل سجهي آئي . هن  
ٿي ۽ کي چيو ته ” جهوڙي مان ڪليون  
۽ ڪوٺا کڻ ڪري کڻي اچ ته ريل جي  
پٽي تي رکي باهه ٿيون . ڊرائيور جڏهن  
ريل جي پٽي تي باهه ٿيسندو ته پريان ئي  
گاڏي کي بيهڪ ٿيسندو ۽ اهڙي طرح  
سوين ماڻهن جي جان بچي ويندي، “ ليلان  
به پنهنجي پر ۾ گهٽ سڀاڻي ڪانه هئي .  
تنهن وراڻيو ته ” امان، هن مينهن ۾ ڪائين  
۽ چوڙن سان باهه ڪيئن ٻاري سگهجي؟  
هڪ ته ڪليون اڳ ئي آڻيون هونديون، ٻيو  
ماچيس به گهميل هوندو ۽ جيڪڏهن کڻي  
ڪوشش ڪري باهه ٻارجي به سهن ته هن  
مينهن ۾ باهه نه پڪڙي وسائي ويندي . “

ليلان جي اها ڳالهه ٻڌي لچمي جو  
منهن ئي لهي ويو . هو پريشان ٿي ويئي .  
سڙن جي زندگي ۽ موت جو سوال هو .  
نرم ٿي هنجي دماغ ۾ ڪوڙا وانگر هڪ  
ڳالهه سجهي آئي . هن ليلان کي جهوڙي  
۾ پيل واڻ جي کٽ آڻڻ لاءِ چيو، کٽ نه  
آڻي ڪانه هئي . ليلان امانڪ اندران کٽ  
کڻي آئي . کٽ کي ريل جي پٽي تي رکي،  
جڳين ٿيڻ لڳي ٻاري، کڻي باهه ٿانوس .  
واڻ کي جلد ئي باهه وڪوڙي ويئي ۽  
کٽ ٽڙڪات ڪري چٽا لڳي . چوڌاري  
پوکاش ٿيڻ لڳي ويو . پوءِ نه ماءُ ٿي  
باهه کي پرندو رکڻ لاءِ ڪوشش ڪرڻ  
لڳيون . پنهنجا سڀ ڪپڙا آهستي آهستي



دل ۾ آمدگ ٿو اچي .  
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 زندگي ۾ ڀر ڳوٺ ۾ رهان  
 معصوم ٻارن ،  
 ناز مگر حياءَ ڀرين لارين ،  
 ۽ ٻولن ڀالن ڳوٺاڻن سان  
 رلي ملي وڃان .  
 شهر جي  
 چل ڪپٽ بي ايماني ۽ کان دؤر  
 ڳوٺ جي  
 ڀولي وانلورڻ ۾  
 گم ٿي وڃان !

جهڪر ٻولندو ٿو وڃي !  
 سڀ گڏجي  
 عجيب سما ٿا بدن !  
 ڳوٺ جي شام  
 هڪ ڊاڪش نظارو -  
 ٻريان مٽي ۽ جا  
 وڏل ٻيا آڏامن ،  
 هاري لاري ٻه  
 ڪلهي ٿي هر رکي  
 وائس ٻيا مڙن ؛  
 کائين جي گلي ۾ ٻڌل  
 گهٽين جو آواز  
 ۽ ڏارن جي بسري ۽ جي ٿان ٻڌي



### گماري مهول سينائي

### همت ۽ قرباني

سا ٿئي پئي آهي .  
 هنن آپ ڏانهن بهاريو . آپ ڪارن  
 ڪڪرن سان ڀريو پيو هو . پٺاڪ ڪڇڪوڙ  
 ٿي رهڻ هڻي چڙهن رکي وڪي کين  
 ڊيڄاري ٿي چڙيو . وقت جو پورو سما  
 به ٿي پيو نه گهڻا لڳا هئا ، پر پنهي ماءُ  
 ڏي ۽ اهو چانو نه صبح جي پهرين ٿرين  
 جي اچڻ جو وقت آيو هو . هو ڳٽي ۾  
 پئجي ويون نه ٿرين جو ڪهڙو حشر ٿيندو .  
 اولده ۾ ڏون وڃي لهر ۾ ٻولندي ۽  
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لڳي پنهجي سڪلڏي ڏي ۽ ليلان  
 سان گڏ هڪ جهوڙي ۾ رهندي هئي .  
 جهوڙي ريل جي پٽي جي ڀر ۾ هئي .  
 چؤمائي جي هڪ رات ميهون ڏاڍو زور  
 سان پئي پيو . ماءُ ڏي ڏاڍي گهري  
 لند ۾ سمهون پيون هيون جو اوجتو  
 پٺاڪ آراز ٿيو . پئي چرڪ ٻري آئين .  
 اولده ۾ پر پتي هڪ ڪالهه آيسن نه به  
 جهوڙي ۾ کان نڪري ٻاهر ٿيون . چوڌاري  
 اهڙي نه اولده لڳي پئي هئي جو هت  
 نه ڏسي سگهجي . ڏاڍي مشڪل سان چا  
 ڏسن ته ٻريان جيڪا لڏي آهي سا ٿار  
 پئي وهي ۽ مٿس جيڪا پل ٻڌل هئي

تعام پوئر ڪري مڃندا آهن. اهي ۽ ٻين ڪيترن قسمن جا پوم آهن جن جا خاص طور هندوستاني شڪار آهن. پومن لاءِ ڪيترائي سبب ٿي سگهن ٿا. دل ۾ ڪنهن ڳالهه جو دٻ ۽ ڪجهه قدر پوم لاءِ جوابدار ٿيندو آهي. تنهن کان سواءِ هندوستاني پنٿي پيل، پراڻي خيال وارا ۽ پورڙا آهن. هندوستان ۾ اڪيان ۽ ٻي علمي ۽ ٻه ڪين هتي ٿي آهي. هڪ ماڻهو ٿرم جي پابنديءَ کي گهٽ ۽ پوم کي زياده مڃين. اها حالت ملڪ جي واڌاري جي

لشائي نه آهي. ملڪ واڌارو ڪري ان لاءِ اهو ضروري آهي ته ماڻهن جي دلين مان اهي پوم دور ٿي وڃن. ليڪن صدين کان جن ۾ ماڻهو وشواس رکندا آيا آهن سي يڪدم نه غائب ڪونه ٿيندا. جڏهن ٻي علمي ۽ ٻي ٿڙي ڪڍيون، جڏهن ملڪ ۾ سائنس جي سکيا ڄسو واڌارو ٿيندو ۽ جڏهن ماڻهو هر هڪ ڳالهه کي اندوڻوڻي ۽ وانگر مڃڻ بدران سوچي ويچارڻي ۽ سوچ ۽ فيصلو ڪندا ٿڏهن اهي پوم خود بخود ماڻهن جي دلين منجهان نڪري ويندا.



رهوش چوڻڻاڻي

شور کان دور.....

ڪومل پيرن ۾ ٻڌل	شهر جي زندگيءَ ۾
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سڪون ٿي ٿئي.	ڳوٺ ۾
ڳوٺ جي صبح هڪ رنگيني	شهر وارو ڳوٺ ٺاهي
دور دور ٿاڻين ٿلهيل ڪرسي	موٽرن جي ٿون ٿون
شفق مان نڪرندڙ سج	سڪوٽرن جي ٿٽ ٿٽ
پنگهت ٿي ويندڙ	۽ ٽڪرين جو شور ٿاهي
گوجرين جي قطار	اٿي ٻڌڻ ۾ اچي ٿي.
سندن راڳ جو آواز	ڳائين جي رٿ
آهستي آهستي	ٻا روي

ڪري نه چئبو ته ڪجهه آفت اچڻ واري آهي. سنڌ ۾ چولدا هوا ته جي ڪانه ڪان ڪان ڪري نه سمجهيو ته ڪو خط وغيره ايندو. هندستان ۾ 3 جي انگ ۽ وليم ۾ 13 جي انگ کي نياڻو سمجهيو ويندو آهي. جي گهر ۾ ڪنهنڪي 3 روڻيون ڏيڻيون هونديون آهن ته سٺيون سڏيون 3 نه ڏيندا مگر به سڄيون ۽ ٽين ۽ روڻي جا به اڌ ڪري ڏيندا آهن. چيرو (اُوو) پکي نياهي ۽ سٽيائسيءَ جي نياهي سمجهيو ويندو آهي. جيڪڏهن ڪنهن گهر ۾ چيرو هوندو ته چولدا ته جلد ئي اهو گهر تباھ ٿي ويندو. گهوڙي جي هٽڪار ۽ چيرن جا آواز به نياڻا سمجهيا ويندا آهن.

جنس پوڻن ۾ وشواس به ماڻهن ۾ ڏاڍو گهڻو آهي. جيڪڏهن ڪنهن عورت کي هٿسيرا جي بيماري هجي ته چولدا سمجهين ستن (جن پوت) جو واسو آهي. اهڙين حالتن کي منهن ڏيڻ لاءِ جنائي به هوندا آهن جي ان پوت کي ڪڍڻ لاءِ ڏاڍي بدلي تڪليف ڏين. ڪيترين حالتن ۾ ته کيس ماري ماري ساڻو ڪري ڇڏين. جنس پوڻن جون ڪهاڻيون انگلنڊ جي ڳوٺن ۾ به ٻڌيون آهن. انگريز ڳوٺاڻو ڪارڻ بلين، گهوڙي جي نيل وغيره کي سٺو سوڻ سمجهندو آهي ۽ ڪتي جي اولاد، لوڻ جي هارجا، 13 جي انگ ۽ ڏاڪڻ جي هيٺان لنگهڻ کي هراب سوڻ سمجهندو آهي. دٻ جي لوري تي الڊيمي تي پنهنجي چائيءَ تي هڪ سان ڪراس (X) جي نياهي ڪندا. هندوگانءَ لسيءَ ۽ گنگا جل کي

سٺو سوڻ آهي. پاهر ويندي وقت ويندڙ جي پٺيان جي ڪنهن ڇڪ ڏئي يا کيس سڏ ڪيو ته چولدا ته اهو ڪر ٿيندو ئي ڪونه. جيڪڏهن مرد جي ساڄي انگ ۽ عورت جي کاٻي انگ، ٽڙڪي نه پايءَ جي نياهي آهي. جيڪڏهن پير جي لوريءَ ۾ خارش آئي يا پوت جو هڪ ڀائر ٻئي ڀائر جي مٿان چڙهيل هجي ته چولدا ته ان ماڻهوءَ کي اوچتو ساڙي ٿي وڃڻو پوندو. گهر جي اکيان جي بهاري پيئي هجي ته اها سٺي پايءَ جي نياهي آهي مگر جي شام جو بهاري پانچي ته چولدا ته لڪشمي پاڻ سان گهلي ويندي. سري رام چندر جي لاءِ چيرو ويندو آهي ته بنواس ۾ جنس پنهنجي جهوڙيءَ ڏانهن واپس اچي. هيو هو ته کاٻي پاسي نانگ ڏانهن ۽ ساڄي پاسي هڪ کڙو. نيس پير ڪاٺي ويو ته سیتا مالا تي ڪا آفت آئي آهي. رستي ويندي جي سامهون ڪا ارڻي ايندي نظر اچي ته پايءَ جي نياهي آهي مگر جي ويندي نظر اچي ته هراب سوڻ آهي. جنهن هنڌ ڪنهن ماڻهوءَ جي چرچا هلندي هجي اتي ان وقت ان ماڻهوءَ جي پھچي وڃڻ ئي چيو ويندو آهي ته سندس حياتي وڌي آهي. ڪتي جي بي سبب اولاد (Howling) کي به هراب سوڻ سمجهيو ويندو آهي ۽ ائين چولدا آهن ته ڪنهن نه ڪنهن جو موت آڻيندو. ڪاٺو جي نالي چون ته سياتو پکي آهي ۽ کيس آڻينده جي خبر پوندي آهي. جيڪڏهن ڪل ٿاريءَ تي ويهي ڪان کان

### پڙم ۽ سنسا

توسان ڳالهائون اوترو تون پورڪن جي ٿولن جو مذاق اڏائيندين.

انهيءَ ۾ شڪ ناهي ته گذريل چند سالن ۾ وڳيان جو ڪافي واڌارو ٿي چڪو آهي جو انسان هينئر چند ۽ ٻين گرهن تي رهڻ جا خواب لهي رهيو آهي ۽ اڻڪه ۽ هٿڙو جنهن کان ڪئين دنيا وڌيڪ ڀرپورست نه به ايجاد ڪيا ويا آهن پر تنهن هوندي به انسان پڙم ۽ سنسن جي قيد کان آجوتو نه سگهيو آهي. منهنجي ڏاڏي جهڙيون عورتون ۽ مرد جي انهن ڳالهين ۾ وشواس رکندڙ آهن. هندوستان ۾ ته ڇا پر دنيا جي هر هڪ ملڪ ۾ ڳالهائي کان ٻاهر لهندا آهن. آڏجڳاڏ کان وٺي انسان انهن پڙمن (Superstitions) جو شڪار ٿيندو يعني آيو آهي. جنهن پوئن ۽ ڏانڀن جون ڪهاڻيون نه سڀڪنهن ٻڌيون هونديون. پنهنجي پيلن دٻين جا ماڻهو نه هيڪاري پڙمن ۾ وڌيڪ قائل آهن. هندوستان ۾ به ڪهڙن ئي قسمن جي پڙمن کي ماڻهو مڃين ٿا. جيڪڏهن ڪو شپ ڪاري لاءِ ٻاهر ويندي وقت ڪاري ٻلي يا خالي ٻالهي واري آدميءَ جي منهن پٽجي وڃي ته چولدا ته خراب سوخ آهي پر جي ڪنهن ٻالهيهاڻيءَ سان يا ان ماڻهوءَ سان جو ٻالهي جو پيريل دلون ڪٽي ايندو هجي، ملاقات ٿي وڃيس ته چاهو ته

لوپهر مهيني جي هڪ بچي منجهند جو منهنجي ڏاڏي رڙ ڪري چيو ته ”ٻالهي اچي ته مولڪي ٻڌانجان. منهنجي هڪ جي ٿري ۾ ڏاڏي خارش آهي سو اڄ شالنگ مان لعل وٺان پسا ضرور ايندا (شالنگ ۾ منهنجا ننڍا ڇاڇا رهندا آهن).“

ٻالهي انهيءَ ڏينهن آيو ۽ انڪاپوءَ به ايندو رهيو مگر شالنگ مان پسا ڪونه آيا. ان ڳالهه کي اٽڪل هفتو کن گذري ويو. وري هڪ دفعي شاه جو منهنجي پيءُ ڪتون وٺي چڪيون ته منهنجي ڏاڏيءَ چيس ته ”شام جو واڌو نه چڪو ته ڏيتر نه چمنئي.“

منهنجو پيءُ کيس جواب نه ڏيئي ڪتون چڪڻ لڳو رهيو. منهنجي ڏاڏيءَ چيس ته تون پورڪن جي ٿولن کان سعيو ڪري اٿو تو هلمن تڏهين ته ڏيترن جو ڌڻو وٺو هي ويو اٿينئي. تڏهين منهنجي پيءُ کان رهيو نه ٿيو. وراڻي ڏانهن ته ”پورڪن جي چوڻ موجب تڪي به نه ٿي ري ۾ خارش ٿيڻ ڪري ٿيلهيون ٺاڻي جون ملهيون هيون. اهي ڪيڏانهن وينون. ڏسجي ته هڪ به ڪانه ٿي. ڳوٺ (سنڌ ۾) ڪهڙيون ڪتون چڪيون هئڻ جو اٿي ڏيتر چاهي؟“

منهنجي ڏاڏيءَ وراڻيو ته ”تون اصل کان اهڙو آهين. توڙي مڃتا جو انڪ به آهي ئي ڪونه. توسان ڳالهائڻ به اڃا به آهي. جيترو

پنهجي ٻوليءَ ۽ سنسڪرتيءَ کي زنده رکڻ لاءِ اساهت ڪيو. حاضرين سندس انهيءَ رائي جي نه جيسين سنڌي پنهنجي ٻوليءَ ۽ سنسڪرتيءَ جي سنڀال ڪندا ايندا، تيسين دنيا جي ڪا به طاقت کين مٿاڻي نه سگهندي، تڙين سان لائيد ڪئي.

پڇاڙيءَ ۾ سڀا جي صلاحڪار پروفيسر سندس جهانگياڻيءَ، مکيه مهمان ڊاڪٽر لکائيءَ، پرنسپال سوڊ ۽ ٻين مهرز مهمانن جا شڪريه ادا ڪيا، جن پنهنجي حاضريءَ سان جلسي جو شان دور بالا ڪيو هو. جلسو چانهه پاڻيءَ سان سمايت ٿيو.

جلسي کي ڪامياب بڻائڻ ۾ پروفيسر سنسڪرتيءَ، ڪماري پنهيا داواڻيءَ، ٽيڪر چاڙها، لکونڀراڻيءَ، گوپي ڪيماڻيءَ، ٺاڪر ٻاڻيا، هري ڪير ٺاڻيءَ، واسدو ڪرسهاڻيءَ، سردار جورگا سنگهه، جهگديش هوٽوڻيءَ، ناري درياڻيءَ، نلسي هرچاڻيءَ، آشا رامنگهاڻيءَ، شائتي خرابنداڻيءَ، پريهه ٻهياڻيءَ، شياما ٺاڻيءَ، ايشور ٺاڻيءَ، شائتا ٻٽاڻيءَ ۽ ٻين ميمبرن پورن سهڪار ڏنو جنهن لاءِ هنن داد لهڻو.

ذاڪر ياديا

ديال هورجاڻي



### ڪهاري لولا دلشاهي

## ڇا ڪيان مان؟

- ڪوئي ٻڌائي ڪهنڪي پيار ڪيان مان،
- ڪهنڪي پنهنجي دل جو رازدار ڪيان مان.
- ديا ۾ حسن آهي پڪڙيل چوڌاري،
- هر نازين آهي لپائيندڙ ادا واري،
- منجهيل آهيان ڪهنڪي دلدار ڪيان مان،
- ڪوئي ٻڌائي ڪهنڪي پيار ڪيان مان.
- هر ڪو چوي ٿو وفادار مان آهيان،
- ٻلا ڪهنڪي ڪهنڪي مان آزمايان،
- سچائيءَ تي ڪهنجي اعتبار ڪيان مان،
- ڪوئي ٻڌائي ڪهنڪي پيار ڪيان مان.
- وفا جي ڪندڙ دارا (دعوت) آهن يورفا،
- وفا جي بدلي ملي ٿي جها،
- لڳاپان دل ۽ ڪهنڪي پيار ڪيان مان،
- ڪوئي ٻڌائي ڪهنڪي پيار ڪيان مان.
- پنهجي وفا جي نه جهان کي ضرورت،
- پنهجي نئل دل جي نه ڪهنڪي الله،
- دل ڏئي 'ڪلهي' جو جي (۴) پيار ڪيان مان،
- ڪوئي ٻڌائي ڪهنڪي پيار ڪيان مان.

ڪماري درويدي هڪ هڪ ميمبر سان ملي ۽ کين بمبئيءَ اچڻ جي دعوت ڏنائين. سندس رٿي ملڪي سپاه ميمبرن تي گهرو اثر ڪيو.

جنوري ۱۹۶۲ ۾ مضمونن جي چٽاڀيٽي رکي وئي جنهن ۾ پهريون عالم ناڪر پالڻا ۽ ٻيو عالم ڪماري سندري خالصا حاصل ڪيو. اسانجون کين مهارڪون هجن.

سپا جو ساليانو جلسو ۱۲ فيبروري ۱۹۶۲ تي ٿي گذريو. وقت جو سڀاڻي ڊاڪٽر جي. ايف. لڪاڻي، هند سرڪار جي وگيالاڪ ڪوجنا واپاڪ، جو ڊپٽي سيڪريٽري هو. سپا جي پوڏان ڪماري پشما داواڻي ۽ پنهنجي مختصر تقرير ۾ مکيه مهمان جو سوانح ڪندي ٻڌايو ته ڪيئن نه هو صاحب پنهنجون سرڪاري مشغوليون ڇڏي به سپا جي جلسي ۾ ٻڌايو آهي. سنڌي ٻولي ۽ ساهت ۾ ڇاهه وٺي رهيو آهي ۽ سندس ليک وقت بوقت سنڌي اخبارن ۾ ڇپجندا رهندا آهن.

جلسي جي شروعات ڪماري ميران راجاڻيءَ جي ڪڪ نرتيه سان ٿي جنهن ۾ هن ڪڪيءَ چڱو جوهر ڏيکاريو. ڪماري آشا بچلاڻيءَ گوروڙن محبوباڻيءَ جو گيت ”لهر ٻانوري، چند لڪ چري“ سريلي آواز ۾ ڳالو جنهن حاضرين کي بالور و بڻائي ڇڏيو. انڪالسواء جيون گرسهائيءَ جو لکيل لنڊو ٽائڪ ’ليلام‘ پيش ڪيو ويو جنهن ۾ رميش چوڻاڻيءَ (موهن)، اشوڪ وانسگهائيءَ (ميشي ڦنڦنل)، شيام راجاڻيءَ (جهتمل) ۽ رامچند مسد (وانومل) ڀاڳ ورتو. سندن اوچ ڪوئيءَ جي اداڪاريءَ حاضرين کي ”ڀائي، ڪمال آه“ چوڻ لاءِ مجبور ڪيو. پراميندگ دلال مورجاڻيءَ ڪئي. ڪميشن پانچنڌاڻيءَ پريو ’وفا‘ جو گيت ”ڪوئي مارن جو، ڪوئي سانگين جو ڏس ڏسي ڏسي“ اهڙي نه مڏر آواز سان ڳالو جو هال ”ونس مور“ جي آوازن سان گولجي آيو. سندري خالصا ۽ مايا آسواڻيءَ جي نرتيه-گلي ”ميهجي لال ڪنوار“ ۽ چڱي رونق لڳائي. طبلي جي ٿال، ٻايل جي جهنگار ۽ هٿ جي اشارن نرتيه کي چار چند لڳائي ڇڏيا. رميش چوڻاڻيءَ ٽائڪ سان گڏ گالي ۾ به ڀارت ورتو. حاجيءَ واري آلاب ۾ ڳال سندن راجڪ ”آءُ جي ڄاڻان، ٿال نه ليدان، چوڻي سبيج وڇاڻان“ ڪهڙن جون دلون گهائي ڇڏيون پر پڇاڙيءَ ۾ سنڌي لادِي ”ڏک جي رانس، لادِي مندليون گه-رايون“ مٿن مرهم جو ڪم ڪيو. ميران راجاڻيءَ ٽالھ وڇاڻڻ سان ڪمال ڪري ڏيکاريو. کيس ٽارڻن جي ٿال تي آشا بچلاڻيءَ، آشا وانسگهائيءَ، پگڙي پهاڻيءَ، شيوي پهاڻيءَ، سندري خالصا ۽ مايا آسواڻيءَ وٺايو. لادِي جي اسم هر سنڌين کي ڏاڍو متاثر ڪيو. سنگيت شري گنگو داداڻيءَ ڏنو.

ڊاڪٽر لڪاڻيءَ جلسي جي ڪاميابيءَ تي خوشي ظاهر ڪئي ۽ سنڌي جوانن کي سڀيڪ سرگرمين ۾ ڇاهه وٺڻ سان گڏوگڏ صحبتي زبان ڏيڻ جي به صلاح ڏني ۽ پرنسپال سؤڊ پنهنجي تقرير ۾ سنڌي سپا جي سرگرمين جي ساراهه ڪئي ۽

# ديش

( سنڌي وياڳو )

سهيادڪو:  
ڏاڪر پاڻو  
ديال دؤرجاڻي

سهيادڪو:  
پروفيسر سنڌداس جهانگياڻي

[ اڪو : ۲ ]

اپريل ۱۹۶۲ع

[ سال : ۷ ]

## پنهنجي پڇاڙي

هيءَ سال ( ۱۹۶۱-۱۹۶۲ ) سنڌي ساهتيه سڀا جي تاريخ ۾ خاص اهميت ٿو رکي. گذريل ڏهن سالن ۾ هيءَ پهريون دفعو آهي جو سنڌي ساهتيه سڀا جو پرڏان هڪ ڪڪيءَ - ڪماري پنهيا داواڻيءَ کي چونڊيو ويو. گهڻن کي شڪ هو ته سندس اها ڪاريءَ ۾ سنڌي ساهتيه سڀا زوالهت کي رسندي ۽ شروعات ۾ آثار به پرايو اهڙا هئا جو سنڌي سڀا جا هونءَ شروع کان وٺي چست رهندي هئي، ايتري قدر جو ڪاليج جي ٻين سڀائن کي مٿس رشڪ اٿندو هو، سا هينئر سم ڏسڻ ۾ اچڻ لڳي. انهيءَ ۾ اڪيلي سر هن ڪڪيءَ جو ڏوهه نه هو پر اها حقيقت هئي ته سڀئي عهديدار ئي. ايس سيءَ جي پڇاڙيءَ واري سال ۾ هئا جنهنڪري سندن من ايندڙ امتحان کي ناڪندي منجهي ٿي ويا. پر وري به کين شاهاڻي هجي جو پڇاڙيءَ ۾ چڱو پڻا ملهائون. ڪڏهن ڪڏهن شاندار جلسا به ٿي ڪرايائون جن مان هڪ ۲ ڊسمبر ۱۹۶۱ تي ٿي گذريو جو ڪماري درويهي گداڻيءَ، 'جاڳڙي' جي سهيادڪا جي شان ۾ رکيو ويو. ڪماري پنهيا داواڻيءَ سڀا پاران ڪماري درويهيءَ جي کليل دل سان آجيان ڪئي. ڪن ميمبرن کائس بهڻيءَ جي شاگردن جي رهڻيءَ ڪرڻيءَ، تعليم، نالن، سنڌي اخبارن وغيره بابت سوال پڇيا جن جا جواب هن سندن دل وٽان ڏنا.

## The English Literary Society



**Shri Harish Chandra**  
delivering the inaugural address.

**Dr. Sarup Singh,**  
Principal,  
Kirori Mal College,  
addressing the  
members.



# The Sindhi Society Annual Day



Dance cum Music  
by  
Sundri and Maya Aswani

Dr. G. F. Lakhani,  
Deputy Secretary, Ministry of C A & S R,  
addressing the members



Dance  
by  
Mira Rajani

از۔ آوریٹ ہیل۔ بی۔ ایس۔ سی۔ بیکنڈ ڈائر

# آج

## اور

# کل

اب تو مطلع صاف ہے لیکن  
جلد ہی بادل گھر آئیں گے  
رات کو جو تارے چمکیں گے  
صبح وہ سارے مٹ جائیں گے

رات جو کلیاں مسکاتی ہیں  
صبح وہی نوجی جائیں گی  
پھولوں کے گجروں میں سچ کر  
سڑکوں پر نیچی جائیں گی

حسن کچھ جس پر ناز ہے تم کو  
پل بھر میں مڑھیا جائے گا  
آج سہی رات کا اُجسالا  
کل تو اندھیرا چھا جائے گا

از۔ ڈاکٹر ایم۔ ایم۔ ایلوایہ

# تیری یاد

لمحہ لمحہ یہ درد کی دھڑکن  
ہم یہ سمجھے جیات ہوتی ہے  
سحر سحر کی ثبات میں اپنی  
تیری زلفوں کی رات ہوتی ہے

قطرہ قطرہ کہ آنکھ کا آنسو  
اپنے دل کا سرور ہوتا ہے  
گہری گہری سی رات میں اپنی  
تیرے کاہل کا نور ہوتا ہے

رفقہ رفقہ یہ دید کی گردش  
حسن چائال کو تمام لیتی ہے  
غم کی کلیوں پر یاد کی شبینم  
تیری الفت کا نام لیتی ہے

مخبریں میری قابلیت، میری جوانی، میری اہمگیں میری  
فائدہ دہی، میری روحانی طبیعت، میری شیرینی سخن  
اور ان سب سے بڑھ کر (مجھے اس پر بجا ناز ہے) شاعر  
حسن تبسم۔

ابن ہاشم۔ ہم تمہارے اشعار سنیں گے۔ پڑھو بیٹی۔  
سلور مومن۔ آبا جان! اس کے اشعار اس وقت تک نہیں سنیں گے۔  
جب تک کہ وہ.....

گلپش، سلیمان، علاؤ دین۔ (ایک زبان) ان کو خود نہیں  
پڑھتا۔

سلور مومن۔ میں ہی کہنا چاہتی تھی۔ آبا جان!؛  
سلیمان۔ (ابن ہاشم سے) اجازت دو کہ بلاخ اپنے اشعار  
پڑھے۔

ابن ہاشم۔ بلاخ شروع کر۔

بلاخ شکر یہ! اجازت ہو تو ترتم سے پڑھوں۔

ابن ہاشم۔ بصد شوق!

بلاخ۔ (کاغذ اٹھاتا ہے۔ ترتم سے اشعار پڑھتا ہے)

میرے دل کی بزم کی شمع سلور مومن ہے

حسن کی ملک ہے تو عقل کی افلاطون ہے

چاتا، سورج اور تار کے کیوں نہ ہوں نگہ پہ قند

حسن کا فرمان ہے یہ عشق کا قانون ہے !!

سلور مومن۔ (قرآن سے لھائی ہوئی میں) لا جواب اشعار ہیں آبا جان!

سلیمان۔ واقعی لا جواب اشعار ہیں۔ نیا خیال چیدہ الفاظ،

مختصر بیان۔ علاؤ دین! اس کو کہتے ہیں شاعری!!

علاؤ دین۔ تم کہتے ہو تو مان لیتا ہوں۔

ابن ہاشم۔ بلاخ! ہم تم سے بہت خوش ہیں۔ سلور مومن کا

ہاتھ اپنے ہاتھ میں لو۔ خدا جوادی سلامت رکھے۔ تم

اشعار کہو اور وہ سنے۔ دونوں خوشی دہنسی کے چھوٹے

میں چھولو۔ غریبی کو نبھول جاؤ۔ میری ساری دولت

تمہاری ہے۔

بلاخ۔ شکر یہ! شکر یہ! شکر یہ! دوستو! مجھے آپ سے

معافی مانگتا ہے۔ محبت میں سب کچھ روا ہے۔ پتے باز

بھی، چوڑی اور عیاری بھی! دوستو! ایک بار پھر

معافی مانگتا ہوں۔ وعدہ دیتا ہوں آئندہ ایسے نہیں

کردں گا۔

بخاری ہال۔ بلاخ! تمہیں سلور مومن مبارک ہو۔ تصویر اور جاگیر

دونوں مبارک ہو۔ بر موقعہ شعر یاد آیا ہے۔

”بولیں جائے آنکھوں میں اُسے تصویر کہتے ہیں

بول جائے مقدر سے اُسے جاگیر کہتے ہیں“

بلاخ۔ شعر مبارک۔ شکر یہ! تمہاری شلوی کے موقع پر پہلا

کہہ دوں گا۔ آؤ، اپنا اپنا ہاتھ دو۔ میرے ساتھ بلند

آواز میں گاؤ۔

”بس گئی ہے دل کے آئینے میں آج سلور مومن

بل گیا ہے خوشی کا دقینہ آج سلور مومن

کہو سب بل کے بارو آج

گلپش، بخاری ہال، سلیمان { ایک زبان ہو کر }

علاؤ دین وغیرہ

{ LONG LIVE }  
{ SILVER MOON }

(پہرہ گرتا ہے)

Poetasters of Isfahan  
by  
Clifford Base

ترجمہ انگریزی ڈرامہ :-

کرتا ہوں کہ میرے اشعار پڑھے جائیں تاکہ میری قابلیت کا اندازہ ہو سکے۔

سلورمون - (کاغذ اٹھاتی ہے) تہرہ درویش برجان درویش! پڑھتی ہوں!

”حسن بیچوگی ایمان بیچوگی سلورمون!

تھوک کا بیوپاری ہوں چاہتا نہیں پرچن

آبا جان! بد تیزی کی حد ہو گئی۔ میں اور برداشت نہیں کر سکتی۔

گلیش - (تن بدن میں آگ لگ جاتی ہے، غصے کے مارے بول نہیں سکتا) ہلاج! اُو کہیں کا۔ بکالو میرے تین روپے۔ فوراً نکالو۔۔۔ (آستین چڑھانے لگتا ہے)

سلیمان - (گلیش کو پیچھے کھینچتا ہے۔ جدوجہد کے بعد کامیاب ہو جاتا ہے، سانس لیتا ہے) ٹھہرو گلیش۔ زریب کی بات بد میں کریں گے۔ محبت کی بازی کا فیصلہ ہو لیفے دو!

سلورمون - (رونے لگ جاتی ہے) آبا جان! ان سب نے میرا مذاق اڑایا ہے۔

ہلاج - نہیں! نہیں! مجرم میں ہوں۔ قصور داؤ میں نہیں۔ ابن ہاشم - تم! بیان کرو، تم اس قصور کے مرتکب کیوں ہو گے۔ ہلاج - ٹھہریے۔ صاحب۔ ابھی ایک نغمہ باقی ہے۔ اس کے اشعار بھی پڑھے جائیں۔ سب واضح ہو جائے گا۔

ابن ہاشم - لکھنے والا کون ہے؟

ہلاج - خادم!!

ابن ہاشم - پڑھنے سے کچھ حاصل! تم بہت غریب ہو تمہارے پاس نذرانہ کے لئے دس روپے کہاں ہوں گے۔

ہلاج - کیوں نہیں! دیکھئے گن لیجئے۔ (گننے لگتا ہے) ایک، دو، تین، چار، پانچ، چھ، سات، آٹھ، نو۔ اور

سرکار والاٹے شان یہ رہا۔ دس۔ (دس روپے اٹھا لیتا ہے اور سلورمون کے ہاتھوں میں ڈال دیتا ہے)

یہ حقیر تحفہ میں لحد شوق نذرانہ کے طور پر پیش کرتا ہوں۔ اس وقتے نذرانہ سے کہیں قیمتی ہے میری خوش

علماؤ الدین۔ بنہ حاضر ہے۔ اجازت ہو تو میں کچھ کہنا چاہتا ہوں۔ میرے اشعار کو پورے دھیان سے پڑھا جائے۔ ایک دم سارے۔ ٹکڑے ٹکڑے نہیں۔ ماحول زلٹنے پائے۔

گلیش - واہ! واہ! کیا کہنے تمہاری تمہید کے! سلورمون - (پڑھتی ہے) س

”گندھی ہوں خوش و خرم ہوں سلورمون

بیچ بتانا تمہیں پسند ہوں سلورمون

کیا کہوں کیا کروں بتا دو سلورمون

کھاؤں گاؤں سناؤں۔۔۔۔۔۔

گلیش، بخری، ہال - (ایک آواز) ”یا سو جاؤں سلورمون“ واہ واہ! قلم توڑ دی صاحب!

سلورمون - (ابن ہاشم سے مخاطب ہوتی ہے) آبا جان! میری توجہ کانی ہو چکی۔ اجازت ہو تو گھر چلیں۔

ابن ہاشم - نہیں بیٹی۔ ابھی دو کاغذ اور ہیں پڑھو!

سلورمون - (گلیش کو دیکھتی ہے۔ سہم جاتی ہے) آبا جان - مجھے اس سے بچانا! کانپتے ہاتھوں سے کاغذ اٹھاتی

اور پڑھتی ہے) اس پر نام لکھا ہے۔ ”گلیش“ (گلیش داریھی چھپاتا ہوا آگے آتا ہے۔ ابن ہاشم

فوراً پیچان لیتا ہے)

ابن ہاشم - (گلیش سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے) گلیش معاذم ہوتا ہے کہ سلورمون تمہاری جوگی۔ تمہارے اشعار ان کے

اشعار سے مزور اچھے ہوں گے۔ پڑھنے کی ضرورت نہیں ہم ویسے ہی فیصلہ شنادیتے ہیں آؤ بیٹی! تمہ پڑھاؤ۔

(چند لمحے بعد) میں یہ کیا! تم ڈر کیوں گئی؟

سلورمون - آبا جان! یہ تو ایک آنکھ سے بھینکا ہے۔ مجھے ڈر لگتا ہے۔

گلیش - (ذد سے ٹپٹا جاتا ہے۔ سمجھ جاتا ہے) عجب بات ہے۔ بناوی میں آنکھ ”دا نکھ“ کا ذکر نہ تھا۔ (اکڑ کر

بولتا ہے) کیا میری سب محنت رائیگاں چلی جائے گی۔ زرقند خرچ کیا ہے۔ سلورمون میری ہوگی میں تقاضا

آئینہ عورتوں کے پاس ہوتا ہے مردوں کے پاس نہیں  
..... ہٹ مھاؤ! راستہ چھوڑو۔ سلور مون کی سوانی  
آتی ہے۔

(ابن ہاشم خراماں خراماں داخل ہوتا ہے۔)

ساتھ سلور مون ہے)

ابن ہاشم۔ صاحبان! آپ نے میری منادی سن لی ہوگی، ابھی  
اچنبہ ہوا ہو گا کہ میں اپنی دختر نیک اختر سلور مون کو  
چند اشعار کے عوض دینا چاہتا ہوں۔ میرا عقیدہ  
ہے کہ اگر کسی انسان کو نظم کہنے کا شوق نہیں تو وہ زندگی  
کی خوشیوں سے محروم ہے۔ اور اگر اسے اس پافوس  
نہیں ہوتا تو وہ بالکل جیواں ہے۔ جو انسان خواہجوتی  
سے محبت رکھتا ہے وہ اگر غلطی بھی کرے گا تو کینہ نہیں  
بنے گا۔

آئیے صاحبان! آگے بڑھیے۔ اپنا اپنا کلام سلور مون  
کو پیش کیجئے۔

ہلاج۔ (سلور مون کو کاغذ پیش کرتا ہے) اسے چودھویں کے  
چاند۔ یہ قبول ہو۔ بیشک خاکسار کے ہاتھوں لکھے  
ہوئے ہیں۔ پڑھنے کا شرف عطا ہو۔

سلور مون۔ (مسکرا دیتی ہے) تم ہلاج ہو! صاحب قلم!!  
خوش نویسیوں کے سرتاج!!

ہلاج۔ سرتاج! زبان مبارک!!

سلور مون۔ (ایک کاغذ اٹھاتی ہے) اس کاغذ کے اوپر  
بخری دل کا نام لکھا ہوا ہے۔

بخری دل۔ (آگے بڑھتا ہے) خادم حاضر ہے۔ کلام ملاحظہ  
ہو۔ شہرزاد میں چکے ہیں۔ مگر۔۔۔

ابن ہاشم۔ خاموش ہو جاؤ بخری دل۔ ہم خود دیکھ لیں گے۔  
(سلور مون سے) پڑھو بیٹی۔

سلور مون۔ (بخری دل کے اشعار پڑھتی ہے)

”جلوہ میرا تم دیکھو اسے سلور مون

نیکوٹ پہنتا ہوں نہ پستون

بناتا ہوں ڈبل روٹی کیسہ اور کون

اجبی یا بھری کھا کر دیکھو سلور مون

بخری دل۔ یہ کیا؟ یہ اشعار میرے نہیں ہیں۔

ابن ہاشم۔ خاموش رہو۔ پڑھو بیٹی!

سلور مون۔ (ہنس پڑھتی ہے) ابابون اشعار سے صاف

ظاہر ہے کہ حضرت نانباتی تو اچھے ہیں مگر شاعر نہیں۔

بخری دل۔ مگر۔۔۔ میں قسم کھاتا ہوں۔ میں نے ان  
میں سے ایک نفل بھی نہیں کہا۔ غلم غلم۔۔۔

دو ہائی ہے دو ہائی۔

علاؤ دین۔ گلپیش۔ ہم دونوں گواہ ہیں، تم نے یہ اشعار کہے  
اور ہلاج سے لکھوائے۔

بخری دل (تھر تھرائی آواز میں) مذاق کی حد ہوتی ہے۔ تم  
حد سے بڑھے جا رہے ہو۔ میں حلفیہ کہتا ہوں میں نے  
یہ اشعار نہیں کہے۔

علاؤ دین۔ گلپیش۔ (دولوں) نہیں! تم نے کہے ہیں۔

بخری دل۔ میرے خدا! کیا میں پوش میں نہیں ہوں!  
میں پاگل ہو جاؤں گا!! دھوکہ فریب آہ! سلور مون!!

ابن ہاشم۔ بیٹی۔ بخری دل پاگل ہے۔ دوسرا کاغذ اٹھاؤ۔

سلور مون۔ (کاغذ اٹھاتی ہے) اس پر نام لکھا ہے۔ سلیمان

سلیمان۔ (آگے بڑھتا ہے) خاکسار کو ہی سلیمان کے نام  
سے پکارتے ہیں۔

سلور مون۔ (کاغذ پڑھتی ہے) سہ

”اُسترا لے دھار ہے میرا اسے سلور مون

انق بے باہل اگر تو ہے اسے سلور مون“

سلیمان۔ (طیش میں آجاتا ہے) ہلاج کے نیچے۔ اگلی دفعہ

میں اپنے اُسترے سے تمہاری گردن کاٹ دوں گا۔

کہاں ہو تم۔ مار مار کر جھاگ کمال دوں تمہاری!!

کبخت۔ بے حیا۔۔۔

ہلاج۔ (معافی کا خواستہ گار) سلیمان! سُنو تو سہی!

سلیمان۔ مذاق کی بھی حد ہوتی ہے۔

ابن ہاشم۔ بیٹی آگے پڑھو! یہ دو توفیل ہوئے۔

سلور مون۔ (کاغذ اٹھاتی ہے) اس کاغذ پر نام لکھا ہے

”علاؤ دین“

ہلاج - خوشی سے ٹیٹو نہیں سانا ( آخر کاروش ہو ہی گئے۔  
گلیش - دلت کیا؟ میں نہیں سمجھا!  
ہلاج - اور کیا! خدا کی برکات تمہارے سر پر!  
درمان کے ماہر جانا ہے۔ جھانکتا ہے۔ آسمان کو دکھاتا  
ہے۔ واپس آجاتا ہے)

وہ دیکھو: آسمان سے ڈھلتے سورج کا گولال وصل گیا۔  
ہلکی ہلکی چاندنی نے اپنا رنگ جمالیسا۔ کاش کہ انسان  
کی دنیا ایسے ہی پر لطف بنی رہے۔ ہمارے دلوں میں  
جوانی کے دلوں ہوں۔ محبت کی دھن لاپی جائے۔ بس  
پھر کیا ہے، ہماری زندگی ایک نظم بن جائے۔ ایک  
مسلل نظم... پیاری۔ دلکش، دل پذیر۔ اتنی  
سہانی کہ شاعر کی قلم تعریف کے قصیدے قلمبند کرتی  
نہ تھکے۔

گلیش - تمہارے بیان سے تو معلوم ہوتا ہے کہ تم سورمون کو  
خود حاصل کرنا چاہتے ہو۔

ہلاج - ہاں، مجھے سنہرے پسینے دیکھنے کی عادت ہے۔ زندگی کو  
ہم اپنے خیالات کے سائے میں ڈھالتے ہیں۔ زندگی جوانی  
سے ہے اور جوانی عشق و محبت سے بھر پور انگلیوں  
میں ہے۔ مگر سنو۔

دگھٹیوں کی ٹن ٹن کی آواز نزدیک آتی  
سنائی پڑتی ہے)

دونوں کانوں سے سنو۔ سورمون کی سواری آرہی ہے۔  
یہ آواز اس کی ڈاگی کی گھٹیوں کی ہے۔

(بجری ہل، علاؤ دین، سلیمان داخل ہوتے ہیں)

اور یہ دیکھو جو ہم عاشقاں!! آئیے آئیے حضرات تشریف  
لائیے۔

بجری ہل - اگھرا یا متو! ہلاج! ہم نے سواری کو سجد کے سامنے  
دیکھا۔

سلیمان - گل! ادا م سے شکستہ تر۔

علاؤ دین - برائی ہلاج! گھر میں کوئی آئینہ ہے۔

ہلاج - آئینہ!! مجھے افسوس ہے میرے پاس آئینہ نہیں ہے۔

سودا کبھی نہیں کرتے۔

گلیش - میرا مال مضم کرنا چاہتے ہو۔

ہلاج - نہیں۔ سنو، جو عطر بنا سکتا ہے، وہ چمکتے اشعار بھی  
بنالیتا ہے۔ مجھے ڈر ہے کہ تمہارے شعر علاؤ دین کے  
اشعار کے مقابلے میں بہت ہلکے ہیں۔

گلیش - یہ بات ہے تو میرے روپے فوراً واپس کر دو۔ جلدی  
کر دو، جلدی۔ روپے بھی جائیں اور سورمون بھی ہاتھ  
نہ آئے۔ میں ایسا سودا نہیں کرتا۔ سراسر گھائے کا۔ میں

باز آیا محبت سے

ہلاج - گلیش، تم واقعی باہو ہو۔ کم عقل اور کم فہم۔ تمہارے  
دماغ میں دولت کا ٹھوسا بھرا ہوا ہے۔ اس میں سوچنے  
کی گنجائش نہیں۔ سنو نہیں کہ منزل کے نزدیک پہنچ کر پورا  
زور نکادنا چاہیے۔ دیکھو مجھے ایک روپیہ اور دیدو۔

تمہارا کام بنا دوں گا۔ سورمون یقیناً تمہاری ہوگی۔

گلیش - وعدہ کرتے ہو کہ علاؤ دین کی نظم کو بھی اسی طرح گھاٹ  
دو گئے جس طرح ان دونوں کی نظموں کو — تم گھاٹو۔

ہلاج - تمہاری ادھبھی ڈاگھی کی قسم! (کاغذ اٹھا کر ان  
کے اشعار دکھاتا ہے) پڑھ لو۔ ٹھیک ہے نا!!

گلیش - (پڑھتا ہے) محض ایک دو الفاظ کی تبدیلی!

ہلاج - بے صبر سے کیوں ٹوٹے جلاتے ہو۔ آگے آگے دیکھنا  
ہو نا۔ کیا۔ سورمون کے آنے تک ان اشعار کا ٹیپ

ہی بدل دوں گا۔ نہ کروں تو ہلاج نام نہیں۔

گلیش - رقم بہت زیادہ مانگتے ہو۔

ہلاج - (لا پرواہی کے انداز میں) جیسے تمہاری مرضی! تم  
کو دام پیارے ہیں، مگر ذرا سوچو کہ سورمون کے

سابقہ چیزیں کیا کچھ بے گنا۔ خیر تم سودا چھوڑتے ہو  
تو میری بلا سے۔ سنو۔ مجھے ڈور گھنٹوں کی آواز سنائی

دیتی ہے۔ کوئی آرا ہے۔ (چند لمحوں کے لئے خاموش  
ہو جاتا ہے) سورمون تمہاری نہیں ہو سکتی۔

گلیش - (مرضی کے خلاف) یہ تو ایک روپیہ!! سورمون

میری ہوگی..... میری..... میری

ہلاج - دیکھتا ہوں (علاؤ دین کی نظم والا کاغذ اٹھاتا ہے۔  
 تقوڑی دیکر کاغذ کو اٹ پلاٹ کرتا رہتا ہے) چو جائے گا۔  
 ایک رو پیہ لگے گا۔  
 بخری ہال - منظور ہے۔ شادی کے وقت مزید انعام ملے گا۔ رو پیہ  
 دیتا ہے۔ ہلاج بجا کر دیکھ لیتا ہے)  
 (بخری ہال دے پاؤں باہر چلا جاتا ہے - سلیمان  
 داخل ہوتا ہے)  
 سلیمان - (دبی آواز میں) ہلاج !!  
 ہلاج - کون کیا کیا ہے ؟ و سلیمان تم !!  
 سلیمان - ہاں میں ہوں۔ ہلاج میں ناکامیاب رہوں گا اگر تم  
 مدد نہیں کرو گے۔ سنو۔  
 ہلاج - میں بن سنے ہی سمجھ گیا۔  
 سلیمان - میں بوڑھے ابن ہاشم کو اچھی طرح جانتا ہوں۔ وہ ہمارے  
 کی قدر کرنا نہیں جانتا۔ رو پیہ کا پیسے۔ سلور مون کو  
 گلپیش کے حوالے کر دے گا۔ ہلاج ! (منت کے لہجوں میں)  
 ہلاج !! تمہاری مہربانی ہوگی۔ اگر تم میری جیب ہلکی کرنے  
 میں پیری مدد کرو۔  
 (اسکو ایک رو پیہ دیتا ہے۔ ہلاج بجا کر دکھلایا ہے)  
 میری نظم میں کوئی تبدیلی نہ کرنا مگر اس کی نظم۔۔۔  
 (ہاتف کے اشارہ سے سمجھاتا ہے)  
 ہلاج - (بات کاٹ کر) بھئی میں سمجھ گیا ہوں۔ اطمینان رکھو۔  
 سلیمان - (بات پوری کرتا ہے) مگر اس کی نظم کا مستیاناں کر  
 دو۔  
 (ہنستا ہنستا باہر چلا جاتا ہے۔ چند لمحوں بعد گلپیش  
 داخل ہوتا ہے عین اسی وقت علاؤ دین آجاتا ہے)  
 علاؤ دین - ہلاج !  
 گلپیش - ہلاج !  
 علاؤ دین - کون ؟  
 گلپیش - ہیں ! تم یہاں !! کھاگو مجھے ہلاج سے بہت ضروری  
 کام ہے۔  
 علاؤ دین - تم بھاگو ! مجھے ہلاج سے بہت ضروری کام ہے۔

گلپیش - براہ مہربانی تقوڑی دہر کے بعد آجانا۔  
 علاؤ دین - نوازش ہوگی، اگر تم ٹھہر کر آ جاؤ۔  
 گلپیش - مجھے افسوس ہے کہ تمہاری درخواست منظور نہیں کر سکتا۔  
 علاؤ دین - مجھے بھی افسوس ہے کہ تمہاری درخواست منظور نہیں کر سکتا۔  
 ہلاج - (آگے بڑھتا ہے) دوستو ! رٹنے جبکہ ٹپنے سے کیا حاصل۔  
 میری بات سنو۔ مجھے ایک مذاق سٹو تھا ہے۔ تم دونوں  
 سلور مون کو حاصل کرنا چاہتے ہو۔ اگر تم مجھے رو پیہ دو تو  
 میں تمہارے حریفوں کے اشعار میں تبدیلی کر دوں گا۔ بالکل  
 بے معنی بنا دوں گا۔ ایسا کرنا میرے باتیں ہاتھ کا کرتب ہے۔  
 مجھے دُور رو پیہ دے دو۔ کم نہیں لوں گا۔  
 علاؤ دین - (سوچنے کے بعد) چچا نٹو باغبان کی کتہہ داڑھی کی قسم۔  
 ہلاج ! تم بہت ہوشیار ہو۔ مجھے منظور ہے۔ ولیک سپیہ  
 (دیکھتا ہے)  
 گلپیش - (چھجک کے بعد) میرا دل تو گو وہی نہیں دیتا مگر یہ لو۔  
 (ایک رو پیہ دے دیتا ہے)  
 علاؤ دین - (باہر جاتا ہوا) گلپیش، تمہاری شکل آنکھوں کے  
 سامنے آتی ہے تو بے اختیار ہنسی بھل جاتی ہے۔  
 (چلا جاتا ہے)۔  
 گلپیش - (آہستہ آہستہ باہر جانے لگتا ہے) سلور مون بھیک  
 میرے ہاتھ سے بھل جائے، مگر سلیمان کے بچے کو نہیں  
 لاپس کے چتے چتے دوں گا۔  
 ہلاج - بڑی تیزی کے ساتھ رو پیہ گھنٹے شروع کر دیتا ہے۔  
 ایک - دو - تین - چار - پانچ - چھ - سات - آٹھ اور  
 یہ نو۔۔۔۔۔ داری نسبت !! اگر ایک رو پیہ اور مل جائے  
 تو کام بن جائے۔ سلور مون میری ہو جائے۔ (تقصیر سے  
 ہی ناچنے لگتا ہے)  
 (دروازے کی جانب تیزی سے بھاگ کر  
 جاتا ہے۔ گلپیش کو آواز دیتا ہے)  
 گلپیش ! گلپیش ! واپس آؤ۔ میری بات سنو !!  
 (گلپیش کمرے میں داخل ہوتا ہے)  
 گلپیش ! میں جانتا ہوں کہ تم کتے بیوی پاری ہو، گھانے کا

ہے۔ شاعر بے پیر اور شاعر بے لکام۔ ” بہت شور  
” سنتے تھے“

(سب چلے جاتے ہیں۔ ہلاج اکیلا رہ جاتا ہے)  
ہلاج۔ (اپنے آپ سے باتیں کرتا ہے) عجب گھن چکر دوں سے  
پلا پڑا۔ ایک سے ایک بڑھ کر بے وقوف شاعری سے  
کوسوں دور، عشق اور محبت کے نام اہل... (چند لمحوں کے  
لئے خاموش ہو جاتا ہے۔ کمرے میں آگے پیچھے ٹہکتا ہے)  
چراغ جلا دینا چاہیے۔ اندھیرا ہو گیا (پھر خاموش  
ہو جاتا ہے) نہیں اس فضا میں چراغ جلا نا مانتا  
ہوگا۔ لکھا ہے (شعر پڑھتا ہے)  
” شب وصال ہے روشن چراغ گل کر دو  
خوشی کی رات میں کیا کام چلنے والوں کا“

ہلاج! اٹھ! اتنی سی شروع کر۔ سلور مومن کی ساری  
آنے والی ہے۔ شاعروں کا ہتھان تیرے مکان پر ہی  
ہوگا۔ ایسی سلور مومن ان گھن چکر دوں کے قابو نہ چڑھے۔  
علاؤ دین تو بالکل گن جا ہے۔ گائیڈن کو دام پیار سے  
ہیں۔ بخری ہال سین مار مار کر سلور مومن کا کچھ بچا ل  
وے گا۔ کیونکہ وہ میری نہیں ہو سکتی۔ میری دعا ہے کہ  
وہ سیلیان کی ہو جائے خوش رہے، آباد رہے، لکھنؤ  
رہے یا فرخ آباد رہے۔ (پہلے ٹک جاتا ہے)  
(بخری ہال آہستہ آہستہ کمرے میں داخل ہوتا ہے)

بخری ہال۔ ہلاج!

ہلاج۔ (چونک کر) کون! کیا ہے!! بخری ہال!! پھر آگے!!  
کیا چاہیے۔

بخری ہال۔ آہستہ بات کرو کوئی دوسرا تو یہاں نہیں ہے؟  
ہلاج۔ نہیں میرے سوا دوسرا کوئی نہیں۔ یقین نہ آئے تو  
چراغ جلا دوں۔

بخری ہال۔ ہلاج! بات یہ ہے کہ میں سلور مومن کو حاصل کرنا  
چاہتا ہوں میں تمہیں کرتا ہوں کہ میرے شمارتے آتے نہیں ہیں۔  
چلنے کے علاؤ دین کے ہیں۔ تم زبان دان ہو۔ اس کے  
اشعار میں ذرا تبدیلی کر دینا بے معنی بنا دینا۔

گلکیش۔ (کھداتا ہے) سہ

”جس وقت دیکھا چاند نے تم کو اسے سلور مومن  
ہینا چلا اٹھی“ میرا چاند تو ہے سلور مومن  
”میری دولت؟ تمہارا حسن ہو گا اسے سلور مومن  
تمہاری محبت ہو گی میری دولت اسے سلور مومن“  
علاؤ دین۔ (قطع کلامی معانہ گلکیش!!) ذرا دوسری سطر میں درست  
کر دو۔۔۔۔۔ ”تو چلا اٹھا ہے میرا چاند سلور مومن“  
— اتنی آنکھیں رات کو کھینچتی ہیں۔ مینا کی نہیں۔

گلکیش۔ (غصے سے) ارے پاچی... تمہاری کھوپڑی سلور  
ٹون کے ٹونوں کی ٹاپ ٹاپ کے لئے بیتاب دیکھائی دیتی  
ہے نہیں۔ ٹھہر۔۔۔ (دھنپائی ہو جاتی ہے)  
ہلاج۔ گلکیش۔ جاتے دو، کشتی کسی اور وقت کر لینا۔  
علاؤ دین۔ خیر، وہ تو مذاق تھا۔ اصل بات یہ ہے کہ گلکیش کے شعر  
میں سے دولت کی بو آتی ہے۔

ہلاج۔ علاؤ دین! تم کو خوش کرنا بہت مشکل ہے۔ حق کبھی شعار  
میں سے بھی بڑا کرتی ہے۔ اشعار مٹوئی کا جگر کا آچار ہیں  
جو بو آئے۔

علاؤ دین۔ میں جانتا ہوں، تم میرا مطلب سمجھتے ہو شعر میں  
الفاظ بھی ہوں اور معنی بھی (شاعرانہ انداز میں)  
”کانٹے سے بھی خراب ہے جس گل میں بو نہ ہو“  
ہلاج۔ چلو۔ آخری باری تمہاری ہے۔ تم اپنے اشعار کا مواد۔

بخری ہال گلکیش، سیلیان۔ (ایک زبان) ضرور! ضرور!  
علاؤ دین۔ تبرکیم غم ہے... تمہارا نکمہ ارہے تو منائے  
دنیا ہوں۔ مگر یہ سمجھ لیتا ابھی میرا کلام اُدھورا ہے۔  
صاف کرنے والا ہے۔ استخوان سخن ایک ایک شعر پر پورا  
ہفتہ لگا دیتے ہیں۔ مجھے تو چند منٹ ہی ملے ہیں حرم  
افزائی کے لئے مشکور ہوں۔ (کلام صاف کرتا ہے) اشعار  
ملاحظہ ہوں۔ (لکھواتا ہے)

”اسے میری دل پسند سلور مومن پا تو ہے پری زاد سلور مومن  
کیا کہوں کیا کہوں میں سلور مومن پا تم آ جاؤ تو اچھا سلور مومن  
گلکیش (نفسز آتا ہے) کھو... کھو... کھو... کھو... آداب عرض

کہتا دلکش ہے یہ شعر... استادانہ طرز بیان... کاش یہ شعر میرا ہوتا!  
 علاؤ دین - کیا کہتے ہلاج تمہاری داد کے "دلکش"۔ استاد  
 طرز بیان۔ میرا تو خیال ہے کہ شعر بہت بڑھا ہے۔  
 سلیمان - (ہماگ کر علاؤ دین کو کان سے پکڑ لیتا اور کان زور سے  
 کہتا ہے) کیا کہتے ہو؟ میرے اشعار جتنے ہیں۔ گدھا  
 کیا جانے زعفران کا بھاد اور تیلی کیا بیچا نے شعر کا تاؤ۔  
 علاؤ دین - (زور سے کراہتا ہے) چھوڑو مجھے... تم تو میرا کان نکال  
 دو گے۔

سلیمان - نہیں، گدھے کے کان بن جائیں گے۔ (ہنستا ہے)  
 ہلاج - (دوسرا کاغذ اٹھاتا ہے) بجزی ہال دوسری باری تمہاری  
 ہے۔ لکھوانا شروع کرو۔

بجزی ہال - (اشعر لکھواتا ہے)

جلوہ جو میں نے دیکھا تمہارا لے سلور مون  
 اس دن سے چھوڑ رکھی ہے پہنٹی پتلون  
 ہلاج - (لکھتا جاتا ہے اور بولتا جاتا ہے)  
 جلوہ جو میں نے دیکھا تمہارا لے سلور مون  
 اس دن سے چھوڑ رکھی ہے پہنٹی پتلون  
 دوست بہت اچھے، بہت اچھے۔

علاؤ دین - دوست بجزی ہال - میری بات مانو تو دو سطر ہی زیادہ  
 لگا دو۔ (پڑھتا ہے)

فرشتوں سے مانگوں گا تم کو لے سلور مون  
 دیر ہوگی تو کسوں گا ڈھیل پتلون

لے سلور مون..... (بجزی ہال بن کو پکڑ لیتا ہے)  
 ہلاج - بجزی ہال - چھوڑ دو علاؤ دین کو..... گلپش!! تیسری  
 باری تمہاری ہے۔ آگے بڑھو اور لکھوانا شروع کرو۔  
 گلپش - تمی قلم سے لکھنا۔ آہستہ آہستہ!! بنا کر اور سجا کر۔

علاؤ دین - ہلاج - ادھر بی ڈاڑھی کی طرح سجا دینا۔

گلپش - (ایک چپٹ لگا دیتا ہے زور سے) یہ لاد کر وکھو اس۔  
 ہلاج - چھوڑ دو اسے گلپش۔ وقت تماشہ نہ کرو... چیل لکھوانا  
 شروع کرو۔

ہلاج جباری کرو میرے اشعار جلدی لکھو۔ (رفکتے  
 کی کوشش کرتا ہوا) ہائے... اتنی دیر! میرے شعر  
 بچکے جا رہے ہیں۔ (شاعرانہ انداز میں شعر پڑھتا ہے)  
 "جلوہ جو میں نے دیکھا تمہارا لے سلور مون  
 اس دن سے چھوڑ رکھی ہے پہنٹی پتلون"  
 سلیمان - (بجزی ہال کو بولنے سے روک دیتا ہے) خود لکھوانا  
 شروع کر دیتے۔ "گلاب بے کانٹے ہے میری سلور مون"  
 گلاب بے کانٹے۔

ہلاج - ایک ایک کھواؤ میں دونوں ہاتھوں سے نہیں لکھ سکتا۔  
 گلپش - (بھانگتا آتا ہے) اپنے اشعار بولنا جاتا ہے۔  
 "جو وقت دیکھا چاند نے تم کو اسے سلور مون  
 کہنے لگا کہ آج سے ہے چاند سلور مون"  
 علاؤ دین - (ان دونوں کو پیچھے ہٹاتا ہے اور خود آگے بڑھتا  
 ہے) ہلاج!! ان ہجروں کی بات مت مٹو۔ میرے  
 اشعار لکھو، شروع کرو۔ حرفن کیا ہے۔

"اسے میری دل پسند سلور مون۔ رت آگنی ہینہ ہے جون  
 نینا تیرے تھے گاتی ہے سلور مون ستا ہے مجھے شش کا جون"  
 سلیمان درپا داؤد کرتا ہوا، اپنے اشعار بولتا ہے)

"گلاب بے کانٹے ہے میری سلور مون۔"

بجزی ہال - (دراوا نہ کرتا ہوا اپنے اشعار بولتا ہے۔

"جلوہ جو میں نے دیکھا تمہارا لے سلور مون۔"

سلیمان - "گلاب بے کانٹے ہے میری سلور مون۔"

ہلاج - (دیکھا کہ ملامت مہنس دیتا ہے) پیچھے پیچھے ہو جاؤ۔ مجھے  
 سانس تو آنے دو!! باری باری لکھو آؤ۔ ایک وقت  
 ایک بولے۔ سنا۔ سلیمان - پہلی باری تمہاری ہے۔

کیونکہ تم نے پہلے لکھوانا شروع کیا تھا۔

سلیمان - (شعر لکھواتا ہے)

گلاب بے کانٹے ہے میری سلور مون

اتق بے بادل ہے میری سلور مون

ہلاج - (لکھتا ہے اور بولتا جاتا ہے)

گلاب بے کانٹے ہے میری سلور مون۔ اتق بے بادل ہے میری سلور مون

علاؤ دین - (گلشن کا منہ ہاتھ سے بند کر دیتا ہے) واہ! تمہارے کانوں میں بھی بیل کی بھینک پڑ گئی۔ میں نہ سمجھتا تھا کہ آنجناب گرجے۔ صبح طرح کان پھیلانے کیوں بیٹھے ہوئے تھے۔ چچا فتوہ باغبان کی بکتہ دارھی کی قسم یہ دنیا چور آنکھوں کی دنیا ہے۔

سلیمان - (سیٹھی آواز میں) "بیل"..... کتنا پیارا لفظ ہے۔  
"بیل" منہ بھر جانا ہے چاشنی سے۔  
علاؤ دین - بیل لفظ مجھے پہلے شو جھانکا۔  
نخیری ہال - تم غلط دعویٰ کرتے ہو۔ بیل لفظ میرا ہے میرے دماغ میں پہلے آیا۔

گلکیش - تم دونوں تھوٹ بکتے ہو بیل لفظ میرا ہے۔  
ہلاج - دوستو! تم فنون کے جھگڑے میں تہمتی وقت ضائع کر رہے ہو۔ یاد رکھو۔ بے شک چاند ایک ہے۔ مگر ہر باغ میں چاند کو دیکھ کر بیل نمونہ سمجھی کرتا ہے۔ نمونہ اپنا اپنا ہے۔ چاند ایک ہے۔

سلیمان - عقل کی بات کی ہے ہلاج تم نے کہا مجھے بتر میں نہیں۔ اگر تم سب بیل کا لفظ استعمال کرو۔ یہ لفظ میرا نہیں۔

علاؤ دین - مگر میں ہرگز ہرگز اجازت نہیں دے سکتا۔ لفظ میرا ہے۔ تم نہیں مانتے کہ نقل سے اصل کی قدر جاتی رہتی ہے۔

سلیمان - ہلاج! تم اس جھگڑے سے باہر ہو، تم فیصلہ کرو۔  
نخیری ہال - منظور ہے۔  
گلکیش - مجھے بھی منظور ہے۔

علاؤ دین - میں بھی منظور کر لیتا ہوں۔

ہلاج - سنیے حضرات! (دج کے لہجے میں فیصلہ دیتا ہے) آپ اپنی نظموں کو جتنا بیٹھا جانا چاہیں، بتائیں۔ دستکلی، گلاب حامن جلیبی، امرتی، قلاتند (سب چٹھارے بھرنے رہتے ہیں) اس میں بھریں۔ پرندوں کا دل کھو ڈکھو کریں۔ طوطا، مینا، کوا، تیترا، چڑیا، بیٹر۔ مگر خدا کے واسطے بیل کا ذکر نہ کریں۔

علاؤ دین - تمہارا فیصلہ ہے کہ ہم سب بیل کا ذکر نہ کریں۔ ظلم ہے میرے اوپر۔ (پریشانی کے لہجے میں) اب کیا ہو سکتا ہے۔ سر دج کا فیصلہ ماننا ہی ہوگا۔  
سلیمان - ہم بھی مان لیتے ہیں۔ بیل کا لفظ شعاریں سے نکالنا ہوگا۔ اشعار کو نئے ڈھنگ سے ترتیب دینا ہوگی۔

(سب اپنے اپنے کونے میں بیٹھ جاتے ہیں اور ٹہک بندی میں مصروف ہو جاتے ہیں)

ہلاج - (جیب سے روپے نکالتا ہے اور گنتا ہے) ایک.... دو.... تین.... چار.... اور پانچ.... یعنی میری بد قسمتی! "دن کا آدھا".... (دوبی زبان میں اپنے آپ سے بات کرتا ہے) کیا طریقہ اختیار کروں کہ ان عقل کے اندھوں سے پانچ روپے مزید وصول کر سکوں۔ (مذاہرین کو مخاطب کر کے کہتا ہے) اے میری روح رواں - کاش کہ تم اس وقت یہاں موجود ہو۔ میرے اشعار بہت اچھے ہیں۔ مگر میرے پاس دن روپے نہیں ہیں۔ تم ہی بتاؤ، کیا کروں، چوری کرنے کا بھی وقت نہیں۔ غیر کوئی بات نہیں۔ جو قسمت میں لکھا ہوگا ہو جائے گا۔ اگر سلورمون کے حسن سے محروم رہا تو کائنات کی خوبصورتی سے دل بہلا لیا کروں گا۔ حسن ادب اور یاروں دوستوں کے تقصیر میرے دل بہلانے کا سامان بن جائیں گے۔

سلیمان - (توب چھوٹنے کی آواز سے) ختم۔ ختم.... ہلاج! جلدی کرو! نکالو کاغذ اور قلمدان۔ قلم بناؤ۔ جلدی کرو۔ میرے عیاذات کا سیلاب بڑھتا آ رہا ہے۔ میرا دماغ پھٹا جا رہا ہے۔ میرا دل انجن کی طرح دھک دھک کر رہا ہے، جلدی کرو، تاکہ مجھے تسکین ہو۔

ہلاج On!! Steady!! Ready!! Go!!  
سلیمان - (شاعرانہ انداز میں شعر کہتا ہے)  
"گلاب بے کانتے ہے میری سلورمون  
آنق بغیر بادل ہے میری سلورمون"  
نخیری ہال (بھانگا ہوا آواز سے) بہت اچھے۔ بہت اچھے!!

تو نامکن ہے

ہلاج - خاکسار حاتم ہے۔ آپ لوگوں کی خدمت کے لئے ہی تو  
عمر بھر خوش نویسی کی پریکٹس کرتا رہوں۔ میری اجرت  
معمولی ہے۔ فقط ایک روپیہ۔

(روپیہ جیب سے نکالنا ہے اور اچھا لکراوان

پیدا کرتا ہے)

گلکیش - چار سطریں لکھیے کی اجرت ایک روپیہ! ٹوٹ ہے لوٹ!  
میں آٹھ آنے دوں گا۔ منہ مانگے تو موت بھی نہیں ملتی۔

ہلاج - میں خوش نویسی کرتا ہوں، گلکیش صاحب!! مچھلی کے پونڈے  
نہیں بیچتا۔ اچھے اشعار، خوش خط لکھے جانے چاہئیں۔  
گلکیش - (چمکے میں آجاتا ہے۔ زبان سے پٹخارہ لیتا ہے) اچھا!  
یہ لو ایک روپیہ!!

ہلاج - (روپیہ بجا کر دیکھتا ہے) ایک روپیہ میں سلور مون سستا  
سودا ہے۔ گلکیش!! (آٹھ لکھا کر ہنس دیتا ہے) ایک  
..... دو..... تین..... اور چار.....

علاؤ دین - ہلاخ! ذرا خاموشی سے کام لو..... بیٹیا سلور مون  
کے لئے کوئی روح افروز قافیہ مل جائے۔ "لون" "نگھون"  
..... "ہون"..... "جون"..... جون ٹھیک رہے گا میرا  
مل جائے کافی ہے۔ شعر میں معنی ہوں یا نہ ہوں۔ آواز  
ہونی چاہیے۔ (شاعرانہ انداز میں شعر پڑھتا ہے)

"اے میری سلور مون

ہمیں آنے کو ہے جون

اور یہ محبت کا جنون

اے میری سلور مون"

گلکیش - (کونے سے آواز نکالتا ہے) مگر تم لوگوں نے یوں رٹو  
کرتی ہو تو باہر چلے جاؤ۔

علاؤ دین - (اگے بڑھتا ہے) میرا شعر کیسے تجھے لگا۔ سنو!!  
(شاعرانہ انداز سے پڑھتا ہے)

"اے میری دل پسند سلور مون

رت آگئی ہمیں ہے جون!

بیل تیرے نفعے کافی ہے سلور مون

ستنا تا کیوں ہے مجھے عشق کا جنون"

بجری ہال - بہت خوب! ٹرپ! اٹھے گی میری لیلجا جب تیرے  
اشعار پڑھے گی۔ (شاعرانہ انداز سے شعر پڑھتا ہے)

"جلوہ جو نہیں نے دیکھا تمہارا لئے سلور مون

اس دن سے چھوڑ رکھی ہے ہنسنی پتلون

بیل قصبہ ہ خواں ہے تیری لے سلور مون"

علاؤ دین - (جھنجھلا کر بولتا ہے) کیا کہا!! "بیل قصبہ خواں  
ہے"..... یہ خیالی تو میرا ہے۔ تم اسے استعمال نہیں کر  
سکتے۔ زبان فوج لوں گا۔ اگر بیل کا لفظ دوبارہ منہ سے  
نکالا۔

گلکیش - (اپنی شاعری میں مست) ٹھیک مل رہی ہے یہاں تک  
تو (شاعرانہ انداز میں شعر پڑھتا ہے)

"جس وقت دیکھا چاند نے تم کو لے سلور مون

بیل چلا اٹھا" میرا چاند ہے سلور مون!!

بیل چلا اٹھا.....

علاؤ دین - چور! چمکے!! تم کو میرے بند اور خیالات چرلنے  
شرم نہیں آتی؟ گیدڑ کی طرح مارا ہوا شکار کھاتے  
ہو۔ جس کو سنو (منہ ٹھلا کر بولتا ہے) بیل، بیل، بیل، بیل  
..... چاند..... چاند..... کی رٹ لگا رہا ہے۔

ہلاج - معاف کرنا گلکیش!! شاعر اور عاشق مزاج شاعر کتنے  
اور بولوں کی طرح رٹنے لگے۔ اس دکھ بھری دنیا کو شاعر  
ہی تو اپنے کلام سے تر و تازہ رکھتے ہیں۔

سلیمان - (سنی ان سنی کر کے) ہلاخ..... گلکیش..... بجری ہال...  
..... علاؤ دین..... سنو۔ ایک رباعی عرض ہے۔ ہلاج! یہ

رہی تمہاری اجرت!! (روپیہ بجا کر دیتا ہے)

علاؤ دین - ٹھہرو، ٹھہرو، ٹھہرو۔ پہلے جھگڑے کا فیصلہ ہو  
جائے کہ بیل کا لفظ کون استعمال کر سکتا ہے۔

سلیمان - تم فیصلہ باہر جا کر کرو۔ ہلاج جلدی کرو۔ میری  
نظم فوراً نکھو دو۔ ناکھو (شاعرانہ انداز میں پڑھتا ہے)

ہاگلاب بے کانٹے ہے میری سلور مون

افق بغیر بادل ہے میری سلور مون

بیل

دوں گا۔ اب تم چلے جاؤ۔ مجھے ..... نہیں..... ہمیں بہت  
 ضروری کام ہے۔

ہلاج - گلہبش! تم ادھر آ جاؤ، بیٹھو۔ میری بات سُنو۔ جو پار  
 کر دو گے؟

گلہبش - (چوکتا ہو جاتا ہے) کیوں نہیں!! پُتیا! کس لئے ہوئے  
 تھے! کیا سوچا ہے؟ جلدی کہو۔

ہلاج - جو یہ صاحبان کہہ رہے ہیں۔ یعنی نظم کہو۔

گلہبش - نظم کہوں! میں نظم کہوں!! کیوں! وہ کس لئے؟

ہلاج - صرت چار سطریں۔ کیا تم نے ابن ہاشم کی منادی نہیں سنی؟  
 گلہبش - ہاں، سنی ہے۔ وہ کہتا ہے کہ چند اشعار کے عرض وہ  
 اپنی بیٹی سلورمون بیاد دے گا۔

ہلاج - تو قسمت آزمائی کرو!

گلہبش - شکریہ! میں باز آیا محبت سے! آج کل کی رطابیاں فضوں  
 خروج ہیں اور فیشن پرست۔ مجھ غریب میں توفیق نہیں کہ  
 حُسن اور عشق کی ضروریات کو پورا کر سکوں۔

ہلاج - (مکاری سے پھسلانے کی غرض سے) سُنو، رو پے کو

رو پیہ کھینچتا ہے سلورمون کے والد کے پاس بیٹھیں

کو ٹھیکیاں ہیں۔ باپ رے باپ۔ نہ ایک نہ دو۔ بیٹیاں

ایک دم بیٹیاں!!

گلہبش - (چہرے پر رونق آجاتی ہے۔ آواز میں کنت آجاتی ہے)

قسم کھاتے ہو! دو بارہ کہو!!

ہلاج - کم از کم دس تو ہزار ہیں۔ ممکن ہے اس سے زیادہ ہو۔

گلہبش - (جوش میں آ جاتا ہے) بے وقوف! تم نے یہ بات

پہلے کیوں نہیں بتائی۔ ادنائی کے نیچے!! ہمارے ڈاڑھی

فرا سے پیشتر بناؤ۔ ہم سلورمون سے شادی کریں گے۔

ہلاج کہتا ہے۔ اس کے باپ کے پاس بیٹیاں کوٹھیاں ہیں!

ہلاج - ڈاڑھی سے شعر کہو گے یا زبان سے۔ (مشکل سے

ہنسی روکتا ہے) وقت نفوٹا ہے، یاد ڈاڑھی ہی سکتی

ہے یا سلورمون مل سکتی ہے۔ نظم ایک گھنٹے سے پیشتر

تیار ہو جاتی چاہیے اور لکھی بھی جانی چاہیے۔

گلہبش (ڈاڑھی کڑی ہے) لکھی جانی چاہیے۔ لکھنے والی بات

ہلاج!! کی سلیمان تمہارے مکان میں چھپا ہوا ہے؟

سلیمان - (کاہنتی آواز میں) ہلاج! بات یہ ہے کہ جب ڈھنڈورہ

پٹ رہا تھا تو میں نے گلہبش کی آدھی ڈاڑھی بتائی تھی۔ ویسے

ہی چھپو ڈر کر ہوا گ آیا۔

گلہبش داخل ہوتا ہے، آدھی ڈاڑھی بتائی ہوئی ہے۔

گھٹے سے لال پلا جو رہا ہے

ہلاج - گلہبش!! غیر مقدم کرتا ہوں (آدھی ڈاڑھی بتائی ہوئی دیکھ کر

پہننے لگ چڑتا ہے)

گلہبش - ہنستے کیوں ہو؟

ہلاج (شاعرانہ انداز میں) مدت ہوئی تھی گدھے کو مہمان کٹے  
 ہوئے۔

گلہبش - (سلیمان کو دیکھ لیتا ہے اور آپ سے باہر ہو جاتا ہے۔ بارہ

کوڑتا ہے) کبوتار۔ سلیمان کے نیچے۔ ہماری تو ہیں!!

بازاریں سے اگل گئے کی طرح بھاگا۔ ڈاڑھی آدھی بتی

ہے اور آدھی یوں ہی پکھری ہوئی ہے۔ اگر میرے ہتھے

چڑھ گیا تو نانی یاد آجائے گی۔

ہلاج - نانی تو کل ہی مری ہے۔ دادی کیپے، دادی گلہبش سے۔

گلہبش - مہارولے کی مجبوری تھی ورنہ..... (مارنے کو دوڑتا

ہے۔ سلیمان ہلاج کے پیچھے چھینے کی کوشش کرتا ہے۔ جلا

رہتا ہے۔ "بچاؤ۔ بچاؤ")

ہلاج - گلہبش، سلیمان کو معاف کر دو، حرس کھاؤ..... عشق کی

مجبوریاں..... وہ شعر کہنا چاہتا ہے۔

گلہبش - یہ نانی اور شعر! ہماری مرضی بھی اس سے اچھے شعر

کہہ لیتی ہے۔ سلیمان کے نیچے!!

علاؤ دین - (گھٹے میں) زبان کو دکھام دو، بکل جاؤ یہاں سے!!

شاعرانہ انداز سے) "سلورمون....."

نچری ہال - (مانقا پیتا ہے) بد بخت کہیں کے..... ہٹے ہیں

لفظ مہول گیا۔ "مون....." "پتلون....." "شون....."

"نون....." "بیون....." ہٹے..... آہ سلورمون!!

سلیمان (گلہبش سے بہت بھرے لہجہ میں) گلہبش وعدہ کرتا

ہوں، تمہاری ڈاڑھی کی قسم۔ بقا یاد ڈاڑھی پکھری بتی

علاؤ دین دیوار کے ساتھ لگ کر بیٹھ جاتا ہے  
 جیسے کہ گاؤں تکبیر کا سہارا لئے ہوئے ہو  
 علاؤ دین - شکریہ - دیکھو ہلاج! اگر اور گاؤں آجائیں تو ان کو  
 میرے پاس آسنو بیٹا۔ تم تجویز جانتے ہو کہ میرا دماغ  
 بہت لطیف ہے۔ دیکھی زبان اور بد شکل انسان دونوں  
 سے خوف کھاتا ہوں (بحری ڈال کی طرف اشارہ کرتا ہے)  
 وہ شاعری اور عشق!! دونوں کا جاتی دشمن ہے۔

ہلاج - آہ! میری جان!!  
 علاؤ دین - خاموش ہو جاؤ، سلور مون کا قصہ جہانے دو۔  
 (باہر دروازے پر گھنٹی کی آواز آتی ہے)  
 ہلاج - آج گاؤں کا تانا ٹاٹا جائے گا (آواز دیتا ہے) کون  
 ہے؟ اسے بولتے کیوں نہیں؟

(سلیمان دیوانہ وار داخل ہوتا ہے۔ ہاتھ میں تین  
 گھمراہ ہے)  
 سلیمان - (گھمرائی ہوئی آواز میں) ہلاج! ہلاج!! تم نے شتا۔  
 سلور مون کی شادی کا ہشتہارہ..... اس کے بوڑھے باپ  
 کی دولت..... کاش میرے ہاتھ لگ جائے!!  
 ہلاج - گستاخی سمات! ذرا اس دُور دھاری تلوار کو نیچا کر لو۔ اگر  
 میری آنکھیں بھل گئیں تو سلور مون کا دیدار دیکھ لوں گا۔  
 سلیمان - سلور مون کا دیدار! یہ منہ اور مسو کی وال۔ البتہ  
 (بہت تیزی سے) تم اس کی جوتی کی نوک کا جی بھر کر دیدار  
 کر سکو گے۔ سلور مون میری ہوگی۔ میری..... میری.....  
 میری.....

(خوشی سے دلچسپ لگتا ہے) خوشی سے میرے پاؤں  
 زمین پر نہیں لگتے۔ جسم کھاتا ہوں، اگر کامیاب ہوا تو عمر بھر  
 حجامت نہیں بناؤں گا۔ پیشہ ہی چھوڑ دوں گا۔  
 ہلاج - (تسخر اڑاتا ہے) سلور مون کے نوک دار جو تے صاف  
 کیا کرنا۔

(باہر گلی میں سے آواز آتی ہے، یہ آواز گلپوش کی ہے)  
 آواز (گلپوش) (غصے سے بھری ہوئی) بد معاش کہیں کا.....  
 اونٹوں کے بچے۔ باہر نکل..... بد معاش..... ہلاج!!

عقل سے کام لو۔ دو روپے تو سلور مون کے ہاتھوں کی  
 ہندی کی بھی قیمت نہیں..... چلے گھر سے عشق کرنے۔  
 جیب خالی اور دماغ..... سنو۔ سلور مون دو روپے  
 بیٹا ہنگی نہیں۔

علاؤ دین - اس وقت ایک روپیہ ڈوں گا۔ کامیابی ہوئی تو  
 منہ مانگا انعام ڈوں گا۔

ہلاج - منظور ہے۔ لاؤ جلدی کرو۔ روپیہ بھالو (ہاتھ پھیلاتا  
 ہے۔ روپے گبتا ہے) ایک دو تین.....  
 بحری ڈال - بیڑی فرق!! تخیل کھنڈا بڑا جبار ہے۔ شاعر  
 انداز میں شعر پڑھتا ہے)  
 "جلوہ دکھا کے....."

جلوہ دکھا کے..... سلور مون"  
 نہیں! نہیں! ایسے اچھا رہے گا۔ (شاعرانہ انداز  
 سے پڑھتا ہے)

"جلوہ جو میں نے دیکھا تمہارا اے سلور مون  
 اس دن سے جو بوڑھی ہے بہن تیلین"  
 علاؤ دین - (اپنے دھیان میں لگن ہے) ہلاج! یہ بتاؤ نظم کیسی  
 ہو۔ مزاجی ہو..... جذباتی ہو..... پڑکھاؤ ہو۔  
 ہلاج - (اپنی دھن میں مست) تین روپے تو لگے بن۔  
 علاؤ دین - (بے بسی کے لیے ہیں) ہلاج! جلوہ کیسے لکھن ہو  
 سکتا ہے کہ اس پانچواں بند کی موجودگی میں تین نظم  
 کہہ سکوں۔

ہلاج - تم آرام سے بیٹھنا پسند کرو گے؟  
 علاؤ دین - کوئی نرم گرم جگہ ہے..... (دراڑک کر) گاؤں تکبیر  
 ہے تمہارے پاس؟  
 ہلاج - افسوس ہے میرے پاس گاؤں تکبیر نہیں۔

علاؤ دین - آدمی ہو یا میراثی۔ گاؤں تکبیر بھی نہیں۔ میں شعر کیسے  
 کہہ سکوں گا۔ البتہ قصہ میں اگر سلور مون آجائے تو ممکن ہو  
 سکتا ہے..... ہاتھ گاؤں تکبیر!! آہ سلور مون! ملو جو!!  
 ہلاج - تم دیوار کے ساتھ لگ کر بیٹھ جاؤ۔ کروڑا ٹیڑھی کرو۔  
 قصہ جہانے۔ اشتراکی جوڑی لگ جائے گی۔

تہارے دوست کی طبیعت قدرے ناساز دکھائی دیتی ہے۔

ہلاج - نہیں تو! یہ بخری دل ہے۔ بخری دل نانبائی! تم نے اکثر اُسے دیکھا ہوگا۔

علاؤ دین - (ناک چڑھا کر) گدھے کو عطر سے کیا واسطہ! ہلاج کے کان کے اندر اچھا تو بتاؤ کہ اس کو تکلیف کیا ہے۔ وہ چڑیا گھر کے شیر کی طرح چتر کیوں کاٹ رہا ہے۔

ہلاج - وہ اس وقت تخیل کے گھوڑے پر سوار ہے۔ یعنی شعر کہہ رہا ہے۔ سلورمون کی تعریف میں۔ (دل پر ہاتھ رکھتا ہے) علاؤ دین - چہ خوب! ذات کا نانبائی اور کہنے چلا شعر! وہ بھی سلورمون کی تعریف میں..... آہ سلورمون!!

بخری دل! دو چرکتا ہو جاتا ہے) بد تمیز کہیں کا! اودہ... اودہ..... تم ہو علاؤ دین..... ابھی تک کیا کس کی قیمت ادا نہیں کی۔ (شاعرانہ انداز میں پڑھتا ہے) "جلوہ دکھا کے....."

علاؤ دین - ہاں شعر حسین نہاری ڈیل روٹی، ویسے تہارے شعر.....! سے بکنے دو ہلاج - تم میری بات سنو۔ تم نے ابن ہشام کا اعلان سنا ہوگا۔ (دل تھام کر) آہ! سلورمون ہلاج - تو آپ بھی.....

علاؤ دین - (غز سے) جی۔ ہم بھی تو پہلو ہیں دل رکھتے ہیں۔ یقین نہ آئے تو صحر کن ملا حجاز ہو۔ زندہ دل بھرکتے اور ماٹوں سے بھرا دل..... ہلاج! ابن ہشام پڑھو نہیں سکتا۔ اس کو فرسے کہ سلورمون پڑھ سکتی ہے۔ (غز سے کے ساتھ) سلورمون میری نظم پڑھے گی۔

ہلاج - بے شک! بشرطیکہ تم بکھو سکو۔ علاؤ دین - یہی تو مشکل ہے۔ اچھا بتاؤ، تم میری نظم لکھنے کی اجازت کیا لو گے۔

ہلاج - فقط دو روپے۔ نقد۔ چہرے شاہی۔ (جیب سے روپے نکال کر دکھاتا ہے)

علاؤ دین - دو روپے بہت ہیں۔

ہلاج - (حیرانگی ظاہر کرتا ہے) دو روپے بہت زیادہ ہیں!!

کی تصویر کھینچ جائے گی۔ دنیا دیکھے گی تو کہے گی کہ کھینچنے والے نے سلورمون کو دیکھا ضرور ہے۔

بخری دل - (جیب کے اندر سے ایک روپیہ نکال کر دیتا ہے) یہ رہی تمہاری اجرت پیشگی۔ (کرے میں ہلکے لگ جاتا ہے) نظم کا سفین سوچنا چاہیے۔ وقت تھوڑا ہے۔ عیش زیادہ ہے۔ (ہلاج کی طرف آتا ہے) ہلاج، اس کے علاوہ کوئی تیسری شرط بھی ہے؟

ہلاج - ہاں! ہے!! دل روپے نذرانہ کے طور پر ادا کرنے جو گے! بخری دل - (غصے میں آجاتا ہے) کیسہ! لالچی پڑھا۔ عیش سلورمون سے اور نذرانہ آنحضرت وصول کریں گے۔ (ٹھنڈا ہوا جاتا ہے) ادا کریں گے!! (شاعرانہ انداز میں)

"جو کچھ نہ کیا ہم نے کیا عشق کی خاطر"

(عیش میں آجاتا ہے) ہٹ جاؤ..... نہیں شعر کہوں۔ (شاعرانہ انداز میں آگے پیچھے چکر کھاتا ہے اور جھومتا رہتا ہے)

"تو چاند میں چکورا..... تو پھیل میں رنگا بھنورا لے سلورمون"

(باہر دوڑے پر زور سے گھنٹی بجتی ہے بخری دل

اپنا شعر گنگنا رہتا ہے۔ ہلاج اندر سے

آہا دیتا ہے)

ہلاج - کون ہے باہر؟

علاؤ دین - میں ہوں۔ علاؤ دین گندھی!!

ہلاج - اندر آ جاؤ!!

(علاؤ دین اندر آتا ہے۔ بخری دل اپنے خیالات میں غرق ہے اُس کو دیکھتا نہیں۔ ہلاج خیر مقدم کے لئے آگے بڑھتا ہے) آج میرے ستاروں میں یکجہت جیش آگئی ہے۔ تمہارے عطر نے میرے گھر کو معطر کر دیا ہے، مگر مجھے تمہارے الفاظ عطر سے بھی زیادہ پیارے ہیں۔ بولو کیا حکم ہے۔

علاؤ دین - میرے الفاظ میں عطر سے بھی زیادہ خوشبو ہے۔ تم ٹھیک کہتے ہو۔ جو میں کہتا ہوں اس کو قلمبند کر دو۔

(بخری دل کی جانب دیکھتا ہے)

بلا ج - (تقل کرتا ہے اور آواز سے آواز بلاتا ہے) آہ! سلورمون!!  
بخری ہال - یہ بھی سننے میں آیا ہے کہ سلورمون اس مرد شافی دی  
کرے گی جو اس کے حسن کی تعریف میں نظم پیش کرے گا۔  
بلا ج - اتنی ہی بات ہوتی تو کوئی ٹکونہ تھا۔ ایک شرط اور بھی تو ہے۔  
بخری ہال - وہ کیا؟

بلا ج - نظم آج شام ہونے سے پیشتر تیار ہو جانی چاہیے اور...  
بخری ہال - (بات کاٹتا ہوا) ایک نظم... پورا دیوان تیار ہو  
جانے گا حسن... عشق... شاعری... ٹولین روٹیاں  
بناتے بناتے دیوان کا دیوان لکھ دیتا ہوں۔ نہیں یاد  
ہوگا۔ جب میں نے نواب صاحب مرحوم کی کافی بیس کا تعریف  
میں نظم کہی تھی۔

بلا ج - ہاں! یاد ہے۔ مگر اور ایک شرط ہے۔  
بخری ہال - مگر... مگر... کیا کرتے ہو۔ دوسری شرط کیا ہے؟  
بلا ج - شرط یہ ہے کہ قافیے میں لفظ "سلورمون" اس طرح چڑھا  
پڑا ہو جیسے انگوٹھی میں گینگے۔

بخری ہال - یعنی جس طرح سپیٹری میں کشمش کے دانے...  
بلا ج ہنسنے لگ جاتا ہے۔ بخری ہال جھمکتا ہے۔  
اور اس کو روکتا ہے)

(حوش بھرے انداز میں) وہ دیکھو یہ بلا ج!! میری نظم  
عرش سے اتر رہی ہے۔

بلا ج - نظم خوشخط لکھی ہوئی چاہیے۔ تاکہ سلورمون کی  
خدمت میں پیش کی جا سکے۔ یہ دیکھو، میری کتابت!!  
اتنی خوشخط لکھی جانی چاہیے۔

بخری ہال - بلا ج! تم جانتے ہو کہ میں لکھ نہیں سکتا۔ دوسرا  
آہ بھرتا ہے آہ! سلورمون!!

ہائے!! میری نظم!! (شاعر انداز میں)  
"حسرت ان نظموں پر ہے جو بن لکھے ہی وہ گیش

بلا ج - (خوش ہوتا ہے کہ کام بن گیا) بخری ہال!! خادم حاضر  
ہے۔ میں لکھ دوں گا۔

بخری ہال - تمہاری اجرت کیا ہے؟  
بلا ج - (بلند آواز سے) ایک روپیہ!! میری خوشخطی میں سلورمون

سلورمون!! عاشق اللہ!! کیا تمہارا نام ہے۔ کتنا پیارا!!  
یعنی سفید چاند۔ یا دوسرے الفاظ میں چاندنی چاندیا  
دھلا ہوا چاند!! (چند لمحوں کے لیے خاموش ہو جاتا ہے  
ایک لمبی سرد آہ بھرتا ہے) میں پیدا کئی شاعر ہوں چاند  
سے عشق میں نے مال کے ڈودھ کے ساتھ پیا تھا مگر...  
(خاموش ہو جاتا ہے۔ سرد آہ بھرتا ہے) اب سلورمون  
کے عشق نے پریشان کر رکھا ہے۔

(شاعر انداز میں) تمہارے نام نے دیوان بنا رکھا ہے  
پھر بھی نہ چین آئے تو کیا کہے کوئی"  
(کمرے میں ٹہلنا شروع کر دیتا ہے۔ ایک دم ہاتھ پر ہاتھ  
ماڑتا ہے، بس ٹھیک ہے نظم کا معنوں تو میں نے سوچ  
لیا ہے، مگر نہ رونا کہہ دئی رو پے کہاں سے لاکھ (جیب  
کو اندر سے باہر نکالتا ہے) میرے پاس تو صرف ایک روپیہ  
ہے۔ ایک کے دس کیسے ہوں۔ کاش کوئی سونے کے اندھے  
دینے والی مرغی مل جائے۔ (ماہوس ہو جاتا ہے۔ آواز قدر  
ٹھہری ہو جاتی ہے) برت دنوں سے سارہ بار بھی ڈھیلا پڑ گیا  
ہے کجھن کوئی خط لکھوانے آتا ہی نہیں۔

(باہر دوڑا سے پرگھنٹی بجتی ہے۔ بلا ج چونک  
جاتا ہے۔ بخری ہال تیزی سے داخل ہوتا ہے۔)

بلا ج - (خیر مقدم کیلئے آگے بڑھتا ہے) بخری ہال! درست معافی  
چاہتا ہوں۔ تمہارے آگے کی خبر مجھے پہلے مل جاتی تو اس  
قرض پر گلاب چوبلی کے پھول بچھا دیتا۔ خیر ٹاٹ کو ہی تالیں  
بجھو۔ تشریف رکھو (اس کے چہرہ کو نور سے دیکھتا ہے  
جبرانی سے)۔

(شاعر انداز میں) "ہی!! یہ صورت کیوں بنی تم کی"  
کیا بات ہے۔ آج بھٹی جلدی بند کر دی کیا؟

بخری ہال - اسے عاقل لکھتو۔ اسے صاحبِ ظلم!! میں پریشان  
کیوں ہوں؟ کیا تم نے نہیں سنا کہ ابن ہاشم نے اپنی  
دختر نیک اختر پر ہی زاد سلورمون کی شادی کا اعلان  
کر دیا ہے۔ (دل پر ہاتھ رکھتا ہے اور سرد آہ بھرتا ہے)  
آہ! سلورمون!!

# لکھنؤ کی نویلی دُہن (مراجم رامہ)

## ادا کار

بلاج .. .. .	خط نویس
بخاری ہال .. .. .	مائی
علاؤ دین .. .. .	گندھی
سلیمان .. .. .	حجام
علیش .. .. .	سوداگر
ابن ہاشم .. .. .	امیر
سلورٹون .. .. .	ابن ہاشم کی بیٹی



## سین

لکھنؤ .. .. .	بلاج کا گھر
ایک دن .. .. .	شام ہونے سے ذرا پہلے



لکھنؤ کا شہر اور آپ جیسے حضرات!! (ہاتھ پر ہاتھ زور سے مارتا ہے) خوب گڑ سے گی جو بن بیٹھیں گے..... آؤ!! خوشیاں منائیں و منہ دیشورنا، نہیں تو پردہ بگرا ڈول گا یہاں رونے و صونے کا کیا کام۔ ہاں!! یہ بات دوسری ہے کہ خاکسار اس وقت ایک عجیب الجھن میں گرفتار ہے۔ (شاعرانہ انداز میں) ”شکارِ محبت ہوں و کجما نہیں گران کو“ (دل پر ہاتھ رکھتا ہے) آہ! میری غیر ماہر مجھ پر!! سلورٹون!! (چند لمحوں کے لئے خاموش ہو جاتا ہے)

شام ہونے کو ہے۔ بلاج خط نویس اپنا کام ختم کر چکا ہے مگر آج دن بھر کچھ نہیں ملا۔ بہت مایوس ہے۔ اپنا چھوٹا ڈسک اٹھادوچی اٹھا کر دیکھتا ہے، قلمدان صاف کرنا ہے، اگلے دن کے لئے قلم بنا تا ہے۔ یہ کام کر لینے کے بعد ٹاٹ کٹے کیے فرش سے اٹھاتا ہے اور ان کو باہر لے جا کر زور سے جھاڑتا (پھٹکتا) ہے۔ اور ایک ایک کر کے دوبارہ کچھانا جاتا ہے۔ حاضرین سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے۔

بلاج۔ (شاعرانہ انداز میں) خوش آمدید۔ مہربانی کر آپ لاٹے تشریف، خوش تو ہے جناب کا مزاج شریف۔ واللہ!!

ہستی جیسے کہتے ہیں، ایک سادہ حقیقی حقیقی  
 رنگین بنگالوں سے رنگین بنا ڈالی! (جگمراہ آبادی)

نگران:۔ شری دی۔ این سپر ریچہ۔ زیبا

# دیش

دیش بندھو کالج کالج کالج - نئی دلی کا علمی اور ادبی خزینہ

## فہرست مضامین

۱۳) آج اور کل (غزل) ادیش ہیں۔۔۔۔۔ ۱۶ صفحہ	۱۴) حروف شکایت .. .. . ۱ صفحہ
۱۵) تیری یاد (غزل) ڈاکٹر الیم ایم ایچ و الیہ ۱۶	۱۶) کھنڈ کی نویلی ڈہن (مزا جیڈ ڈرامہ) ۲

**حروف شکایت :-** ہمیں انیس ہے کہ دیش کا اردو سیکشن اب بھی پہلے کی طرح سٹوڈنٹ ایڈیٹر کی مدد کے بغیر ہی  
 نکالنا پڑ رہا ہے۔ چرچہ کوشش کی لگ کر کوئی بھی طالب علم فرض ادارت کو سنبھالنے کے لئے میدان  
 میں نہیں اُترا۔ صرف یہی نہیں۔ اس شمارے کے لئے مضمون نگار طلباء کا تعاون بھی ہمیں نصیب نہیں ہو سکا۔ ان کو صحت شکن حالات ہیں  
 ان صفحات کا زندہ رہنا ہی ایک غنیمت ہے۔ ہم ان ادب نواز شاف مبران کے بیحد مشکور ہیں، جن کی کرم فرمائی اس جریدے کی جان  
 ہے۔ زمانے کی ستم نظریں دیکھ کر اس دلی میں جہاں تیر و مرزا جیسے سخن دروں نے غزل سرائی کی سداور جو ہمیشہ سے اردو زبان و  
 ادب کا سرچشمہ رہی ہے۔ اب اردو دیکھنے پر ٹھٹھے واؤں کا قحط سا نظر آنے لگا ہے۔ ہمارے کالج میں گنتی کے چند طلباء دیوں گے۔ جو  
 اس زبان سے واقفیت رکھتے ہوں۔ شاید اس پر تصور ان کا نہیں حالات کا ہے۔ میرے تخیل حال پر مت جا۔ حادثات ہیں زمانے کے  
 مگر یہ حادثہ ہماری ادبی اور کلچرل زندگی کے لئے ایک جانکاہ حادثہ ہے۔ صرف وہ لوگ ہی جو اردو زبان کی خوبیوں سے آگاہ ہیں۔ اور  
 شراب شعر و شاعری کے نشے کے عادی ہیں، بتا سکتے ہیں کہ اردو نہ سمجھنے والے کو کسی نعمت سے محروم ہیں۔ ہم اردو شناس  
 طلباء سے استدعا کرتے ہیں کہ وہ اپنی زبانیں زیادہ سے زیادہ بہارت حاصل کرنے کی کوشش کریں اور اپنے دوستوں کو بھی یہ زبان سیکھنے اور  
 پڑھنے کی ترغیب دیں۔ کالج کی لائبریری کے اردو سیکشن میں آپ کو ہر قسم کی کتابیں مل سکتی ہیں۔ حسب ذوق اول۔ افسانہ، ڈراما، شعر و شاعری  
 کی کتابیں پڑھیے اور اپنی علمی زندگی کی تکمیل کیجئے۔ دیش کے یہ صفحات آپ کی ذہنی اور ادبی تربیت کیلئے قائم کئے گئے ہیں۔ آپ کا فرض  
 ہے کہ آپ اپنے احساسات اور تجربات کو ہماری مضمون نگاروں کی شکل میں لکھ کر ہمارے پاس بھیجیں تاکہ ان صفحات کی نشکلی کیجئے۔ بنا آپ کے  
 تعاون کے ان اوقات کا زندہ رہنا مستحکم اور جاساں گا۔ ہمیں امید ہے کہ ہماری اخبار رائیٹنگاں نہیں جائے گی۔ سے  
 دلی کو امید کرم ہی سے نسل سے بہت  
 جانے کیا چیز تیری چشم عنایت ہوگی

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# हिन्दी विभाग

अध्यापक सम्पादक :  
राजकुमारी प्रसाद

छात्र सम्पादक :  
मालती

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Government at Tarapur, Maharashtra, will be  $3\frac{1}{2}$  np per kilo-watt-hour.

Recently America has built a 85,000 ton nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. Named "Enterprise". This biggest, fastest and most powerful warship is powered by 8 nuclear reactors and can circle around the globe 20 times on one fuel loading. Besides this an American satellite Transit 4-A has been fixed with an atomic device for generating electricity. The device is a small (about the size and shape of a grape fruit) radioisotope-fuelled generator and uses radiation from a tiny piece of plutonium-238 as fuel. Due to natural spontaneous decay, plutonium generates heat and this heat is converted directly into electricity by an assembly of thermoelectric elements. Since Pu-238 has a "half life" of about 90 years (that is it loses half its strength in that period) the generator can supply power to the satellite for many many years. Incidentally, news has just come from U.S.A. about a 500-kw, world's smallest (15-ton), nuclear power plant which can be air-lifted to any place and can thus supply electricity to remote areas of the world.

You may believe it or not, the radioisotopes which can cause untold damage to the human system, are now being increasingly used for curing a large number of maladies. (Artificially, radioisotopes can be produced by placing suitable elements close to the

core of a reactor. (In India, Canada-India Reactor at Trombay is among the world's largest producers of radioisotopes). The use of these isotopes in medical therapy, agriculture or industry is based upon the fact that they can be distinguished and traced easily because of their radioactivity. They emit radioactive "sparks" which can be detected with the help of delicate instruments. As they move through a plant or the human body, for instance, their progress can be traced. Similarly, they can be traced in chemical, industrial or biological processes. This tracing of isotopes is called "Tracer Technique" and is being put to following uses by medical experts :--

- (i) Radio iodine, radio calcium and radio iron can be used as aids to diagnosis, because blood disorders respond to them. If alterations are detected in their normal movement through the body, it indicates the presence of some abnormal stress that is illness or malady. By matching certain radioisotopes to particular diseases, the malady can be identified.
- (ii) Radio iodine is now being used for the diagnosis and treatment of thyroid disorders. When it is administered\* it is assimilated in the system and is absorbed by the thyroid gland. Radioiodine produces irradiation

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\* Safdarjang Hospital in Delhi is one of the hospitals in India where this technique for treating thyroid disorders is being used.

tion in the gland and thereby reduces the activity of thyroid cells or overactive thyroid glands. Detection of radioactive "sparks" and subsequent blood, and urine tests reveal whether the thyroid is functioning normally or not. Besides, this radioiodine is used for treating some heart ailments such as angina pectoris.

(iii) Leukaemia can be treated with radiophosphorus.

(iv) Radium which was discovered by Mme Curie was employed for treating skin diseases, especially tuberculosis of the skin. Besides, it was (in the form of Radium bromide) used for treating cancer. However, these days, other radioisotopes, such as radiogold, radiocobalt (cobalt-60) and radiophosphorus have partially replaced radium in the fight against cancer. For example, at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences, Delhi, Cobalt-therapy is being used. Radiocobalt is enclosed in a heavy lead shield with a small opening allowing a narrow beam of rays to be directed to the affected part of the patient's body. This device is known as "Cobalt bomb unit" or "Cobalt Gun". Radiation from radiocobalt penetrates deep into the body and burns away the cancerous or other malignant growth. (In cases of malignancy the affected tissues are normally more active than the

normal cells in the body and, fortunately, the radiation always attacks the more active cells). Radiocobalt is also used in tackling certain types of anaemias.

(v) Besides helping us to detect and examine diseases of heart, kidney bones and liver "atomic medicines" are also useful for locating and treating tumours even in the brain. This is known as Curie-therapy.

In the field of agriculture too nuclear energy plays a great part. Recently in Texas, USA, an atomic plant has been used for converting sea water into water fit for drinking purposes. Besides quenching the thirst of thirsty mouths, this salt-free water can also be utilized for irrigational purposes.

To study the effects of radiation on plant life, an "atomic garden" or a "Gamma garden" has been set up at Pusa in New Delhi. A similar garden is being set up at Trombay. Pellets of radioactive cobalt-60 of 200 curies strength which emanate Gamma rays are put in a tube, which is attached to the lid of a thick-walled lead cylinder fixed on a vertical shaft. The gamma rays are absorbed by plants and in this way "mutations" or fundamental hereditary changes are induced in plants. For instance, early flowering has been successfully induced in wheat plants in one generation by subjecting to radiation (conventional methods take many years to attain the same result). Similarly, the touch of green

on top of tomatoes can be eliminated by induced mutations. Likewise the appearance of fruits and flowers may be improved by subjecting them to continuous radiation in controlled doses.\* The radiation method also prevents potatoes from sprouting while in storage.

In Russia, radiation methods are being used to kill silk worms in their cocoons. (In India, we do it by dipping the cocoons in hot water). It has been confirmed that silk worms exposed to radiation give a better quality of silk and the yield is also higher. Similarly, lac insects can be made to give a high quality of lac.

After seeing the "marvels" of radioisotopes in the field of medicine and agriculture, I now bring to you another novel and fascinating use to which these radioisotopes (also sometimes called radiotracers) are being put in India. Natural accumulation of silt in channels is a common phenomenon. For safe navigation silt is removed by carrying out dredging operations and the dredged silt is dumped on either side of the channel. It has been experienced that howsoever away the silt is dumped, it is washed back into

the channel during the rainy season. The radioactive isotopes help us in determining whether a particular site is suitable for dumping dredged silt or not and whether the silt dumped at this site gets washed back towards the channel. The technique is like this. A material resembling the silt in all its hydraulic and other properties is mixed with 18 curies (higher doses can cause hazards) of a radioactive isotope Scandium-56 and this mixture is dumped. The movement of the silt is followed for two, three months by special electronic instruments. This particular experiment is being tried at Cochin Harbour.

And before I conclude, here is a welcome news for "drinkers." In Britain, scientists claim to have produced a new whisky—an atomic Scotch. This newly-made beverage which "matures" instantaneously consists of whisky and isotopes.

The above article clearly proves that Radiation, paradox of good and evil, is the hope and despair of this era and if used for peaceful purposes, it can provide us with all the worldly comforts.

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\* Gamma rays from cobalt-60 (of 200 curies strength) can kill a man in a few minutes and that is why the apparatus is worked by remote control.

# The Aryan Contribution to Chemistry

Gopal Krishan Kohli, B.Sc. II year

IN the field of truth seeking, nothing can be more vulgar than the ignorant assertion that the world owes its progress of knowledge to any particular race. The world is one and constant streams of thoughts from many lands have throughout the ages enriched the common heritage of mankind. It is in this way that the mighty human fabric is bound together to ensure the continuity of civilization. Thus science, is with chemistry as its organ, neither of west nor of East but universal. Yet India, by her inherited gifts handed down from generation to generation, is fitted to make valuable contributions towards research in chemistry.

The relation between property and substratum has been marvellously evolved by the "Kapil school of Sankhyas". In this five primary elements are described, correlated to five senses and five perceptions. They are Earth, Water, Fire, Ether and Air, the constituents of the Universe. According to Kapil the atoms have smell constituting our body, aqueous atoms have taste constituting our blood, igneous atoms have colour constituting our digestion, the celestial atoms have attraction and repulsion constituting our desires and aerial atoms have touch constituting our life. Kanada, the author of the "Vaisesika system of Indian Philosophy", who lived 800 years before Buddha gave an

idea of Atomic Theory of Matter. Of course it was just a speculation but a very wise one. He again assumed that atoms can combine with each other. Binary (द्वि अणुका) ternary (त्रिअणुका), quaternary (चतुष्य अणुका) atomic compounds formation were well known to him.

This atomic theory was later on developed by Buddhists and the Jains. They called atom as Pudgal and compounds as Skandhas and gave proper conceptions of atoms.

"Ayurveda" comprises the preparations and uses of medicines which were not only prepared from plants but also from metals. *Swarn bhasma*, *Loha bhasma* etc. (prepared from the metals (by burning them) are well-known examples.

There is a good amount of matter about Rasa and Rasayan in Ayurveda as defined. One comes across the terms Rasa and Rasayan. 'Rasa' is that agency which, when used even in small lot, can be very useful in bringing about health soon irrespective of the season.

Indians knew the metals and their metallurgy and uses. Metals like Gold, Silver, Zinc, Copper, Tin, Lead, Mercury were well known from the times. They thought that impure metals like mercury are harmful when

used in "Rasayan". The main impurities were Lead and Tin, so the metal when used in the impure form could cause eight diseases. Therefore they purified it by the method of Cupellation.

The most outstanding figure in the history of Hindu Chemistry is "Nagarjund" who systematized the scientific process and laid it down in a practical shape. He prepared oxides and sulphides of metals by direct combination of elements and introduced them in his medicines. He discovered the process of distillation, condensation, and sublimation.

It is well known that the Aryans were in search of a universal medicine which they called (अमृत) which is mythologically said to be used by Ashwini Kumars for Daksha. They also conceived the existence of a unifying agent which was named as "Philosopher's Stone" by them.

The experience of Aryans regarding metallurgical operations, that is preparation of metals, refinement, and proper alloying to serve various purposes was unique and many of them have been handed down to the modern age, though foreign in view.

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## SOLVE A QUESTION

Two cyclists, 20 miles apart, start towards each other at a speed of 10 miles per hour. A fly which can fly at a speed of 15 miles per hour is sitting on the handle of one of the cycles. When this cycle starts, it flies towards the second cycle, reaches it, then turns back, proceeds towards the first one, reaches it and turns towards the second one, and so on. How much distance the fly has travelled when the two cyclists meet?

One can go on adding the successive distances travelled by the fly and it will make an infinite series e.g.  $x = x_1 + x_2 + x_3 + \dots = 12 + 2.4 + 0.48 + \dots$  by calculation. The answer is 15 miles.

This could have been calculated straightforward like this. The cyclists will meet after one hour in the middle of the path. In one hour naturally the fly must have done 15 miles to and fro.

John Von Neumann of Hungary, one of the top most mathematician (died 1957), was asked this question at a cocktail party by the host. He thought for a moment and answered correctly. The host was disappointed a little at the quickness of the answer, remarking that great mathematicians usually solve such questions by the series method rather than the easy way. John looked surprised and replied, "But I have solved it by the series method!"

# Newton's Apples | Compiled by the Editor

WE are not sure if Newton discovered his law of gravitation by watching an apple fall in his garden, but a neighbour of Newton got interested in the 'type' of the apple which brought Newton such renown.

Sir Isaac, walking deep in thought  
Was by a farmer-neighbour caught  
And wrenched from gravitation's laws  
Persuaded by the man to pause  
And chat a while. Along the breeze  
Pale apple-blossoms from the trees  
Of Newton's orchard-owning friend  
Blew down the road from end to end.

To Newton said the neighbour : "Stay !  
I'd like a word with you to-day.  
The talk is going round the town  
That you have acquired some renown  
From watching apples as they fall.  
Pray tell me more, sir—tell me all".

"Why yes," said Newton ; "yes, of course.  
Well, don't you see, the self same force—  
Which is decreasing as the square  
of  $r$ , the distance up to there—  
That acts upon our faithful moon  
Acts on the apple. Later or soon...'

"Please !" said the neighbour, " let it go !  
That isn't what I want to know.  
The only thing that interests me  
About the blooming apple tree  
And all its apples one by one,  
That ripen in the gentle sun  
Along this quiet country road  
Is *How much do you charge per load ?*"

# MEDICAL QUIZ

*Parbhat Kumar Sud, B. Sc. (Final)*

- (1) Two of these great writers were also medical doctors. who was not ?  
(a) Rabelais ; (b) John Keats ; (c) Lord Byron.
- (2) In England a surgeon is usually called by the title :  
(a) Doctor ; (b) Mister (c) Sir.
- (3) Which food contains the most calories per ounce :  
(a) Ice. cream ; (b) butter ; (c) Jam.
- (4) Which food does the body convert into ready energy most quickly :  
(a) meat (b) leafy vegetables (c) sugar.
- (5) Sun-burn is caused by the sun's  
(a) Infra-red rays ; (b) Ultra-violet rays (c) Visible rays.
- (6) Atomic radiation is most harmful to :  
(a) the blood building apparatus ; (b) the heart ; (c) the brain.
- (7) Out of these muscles which can work the longest without tiring the muscles used in ;  
(a) walking (b) swimming (c) chewing.
- (8) With each beat the heart pumps out approximately :  
(a) Two table spoonfuls of blood (b) half cup of blood (c) a pint of blood.
- (9) In electrocution the victim dies of :  
(a) brain shock (b) heart injury (c) burning.
- (10) A human body is composed of approximately :  
(a) 30%  $H_2O$  (b) 50%  $H_2O$  (c) 70%  $H_2O$ .
- (11) In proportion to size. the possessor of the largest brain is :  
(a) a woman (b) a man (c) a new-born child.
- (12) A person can least tolerate deprivation of :  
(a) Solid food ; (b) water ; (c) vitamins.
- (13) Vaccination for small-pox was introduced by :  
(a) Edward Jenner ; (b) Louis Pasteur ; (c) Joseph Lister.
- (14) A person normally breathes :  
(a) 16 times/minute ; (b) 32 times/minute ; (c) 48 times/minute.
- (15) The first successful brain operation was performed :  
(a) 10,000 years ago ; (b) 300 years ago ; (c) 50 years ago.

## Medical Quiz Answers

- (1) Lord Byron (2) Mister (3) But- (9) Heart injury (10) 70% water (11)  
ter (4) Sugar (5) Ultra-violet rays A new-born child (12) Water (13)  
(6) The blood building apparatus Edward Jenner (14) 16 times/minute  
(7) Chewing (8) Half a cup of blood (15) 10,000 years ago.

## NOT SO STRANGE

*Compiled by the Editor*

1. A star called 3 Centauri A, nearly 3,500 trillion miles from the earth is five times bigger than the earth's sun. It is nearly 20 million year old and its surface temperature is 27,000 degrees, nearly three times that of the sun. The atmosphere of the star lacks a star's regular amount of oxygen and Helium, but it contains 10,000 times the normal amount of the rare element Gallium, 100 times more phosphorous, five times more Nitrogen and four times more Iron. It also has Helium 3, a rare isotope, and krypton, a product of atomic fission. This star unlike other hot stars stands still.

2. Only five years back it was discovered by Van Allen that the earth was girdled by two distinct bands of intense radiation. However, some findings by Explorer XII, 1½ year back, have revealed that the earth is surrounded by only one large pulsating band of radiation called magnetosphere which extends upto 40,000 miles from the earth. There is also a corona of Helium gas from 600 to 1,500 miles. The magnetosphere consists of layers of positive protons and negative electrons of different energies trapped in

the earth's magnetic field. These particles play an important role in transferring solar energy to the earth. The magnetosphere has a sharp outer limit. Much below it lie the ionosphere including mesosphere, the air-glow and zone band.

3. Once a clergyman asked Edison whether his church should invest in lightning conductor. Edison replied humorously, "By all means, Provident is apt to be absent-minded."

### 4. When Newton Spoke.

For his scientific works Isaac Newton was given the title of Lord, and he sat bored during his 26 years on the benches of the House of Lords. Only once did he ask permission to speak, much to the astonishment of the House.

"Gentlemen", he solemnly asked of the Lords, "if you have no objection, I should like to have the window closed. There is a draught, and I am afraid of catching cold,"

Then with great dignity, he resumed his seat.

# SCIENCE NEWS

*Parbhat Kumar Sood, B.Sc. (Final)*

## **New Substitute for Blood :**

**T**WO Japanese surgeons reported to-day that water containing a chemical, obtained from the algae in giant brown raw weed, could be used as a substitute for blood in emergency transfusion.

Dr. Maranohu Tonado and Dr. Kyoshi Inouchi, writing in the Journal of the International College of Surgeons, said the solution proved superior to ordinary salt water or sugared in preventing shock during operation or after severe burns as it did not cause break down in the blood stream. They also reported that they had used the chemical successfully in many abdominal operations.

## **Tunnel Under The Sea :**

A start on the construction of the £ 120 million tunnel under the sea bed between the U.K. and France may be made next year and possibly within the next 6 months.

The tunnel will have a twin rail track on which cars and freight will be carried. It will be 30 miles in length and British, French and American economists have assessed it will fetch an annual revenue of approximately £ 9,000,000. It is estimated that nearly 6,000,000, people would use it yearly.

## **Our Body :**

The body of an average-sized adult contains enough fat to make 7 cakes of soap, enough phosphorous to make 2,000 match heads, enough carbon to make 8500 pencils, enough iron to make 1 nail and enough water to fill a 12-gallon barrel.

## **Animal Actors :**

In Oxfordshire, England, a training school for animals destined to appear in films and on TV has four-legged and feathered pupils.

The squirrels, horses, birds, cats, dogs, badgers, goats and sheep receive training as actors. While there is no entrance examination, candidates must prove that they can get along with fellow pupils and respond to teaching.

## **Artificial Voice :**

Before long, a man who loses his voice as a result of a surgical operation an injury to the larynx or an inflammatory disease will be fitted with an "artificial voice." A prototype has been made at the "Eloktroapparat" Factory in Chimkent, Kazakhstan.

This apparatus will take over the job of the lost vocal chords and in combination with the normally func-

tioning articulatory organs (tongue, lips) enable the user to speak distinctly and audibly. It can also reproduce the original timbre of the voice.

#### **Oceans and seas :**

The oceans and seas of the world contain 14,000 million tons of salt-sufficient to cover all the dry land of earth to a height of 450 ft.

#### **Learn while sleeping :**

Can new knowledge be taught to the sleeping? Just a short while ago this would have seemed fantastic. However, recent scientific research has confirmed such a possibility. Experiments have been carried out aimed at teaching people foreign languages in their sleep. It was found that the subject was mastered quickly and without detriment to the health of the persons.

#### **Adhesive that glues houses and bridges :**

An adhesive with a synthetic resin base has been developed with such cohesive power that even houses or bridges can be glued together with it.

There have been synthetic-resin adhesives on the market for a long time but they require relatively high temperatures for hardening. The new polyster resins, however, harden at low temperatures, even at freezing-point.

They have two other useful characteristics. Firstly, their cohesive strength is such that concrete blocks

will break before separating at the glued seams.

Secondly, the adhesives are so flexible they can withstand considerable jolts and strains. In addition they resist corrosion, in particular corroding gases,

For years used for metal, resins could be successfully applied to concrete. Only recently in bridge-building, for instance, hollow frames to concrete each some  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards long have been glued together to form 30-yard-long supports for bridges. This method of construction is not only cheaper than steel construction by one-third but also makes a coat of rust-proof paint superfluous.

Even the German Federal Railways are seriously considering the introduction of this adhesive for the laying of tracks,

#### **Amazing Ratios.**

\*The amount of sound received by a listener placed 50 ft. away from the sound's source is only one-fifty millionth of the total sound emitted.

\*It has been estimated that if all the space between earth's atoms were eliminated, our world would shrink to a sphere one-half mile in diameter.

\*It has been estimated that the sun will enable life to exist on the earth for another two billion years. Since the 1st being who can truly be considered a man lived 500,000 years ago, the current age of the human race is equivalent to that of a nine year old child.

# ORIGIN OF LIFE

*Shri V. N. Pasricha*

**M**AN seems to have evolved from a unicellular creature, but the cell itself must be the end product of a long line of evolution of which no trace has been left. It is estimated that nearly three billion years ago the crust of the earth cooled down. There were still deserts of lava, scoria and granite. Earthquakes were common. Fissures in the earth gave rise to gey-sers and the atmosphere was saturated with black clouds. It must have then rained for years and oceans must have been formed. Later the atmosphere of the earth contained ammonia and methane, and traces of carbon dioxide and water vapours.

By and by the earth's original ocean was loaded with chemical treasure. Many volcanoes erupted in the sea, carbon and salts in the rocks were washed into the sea, and the atmospheric gases were also soluble in water. The upper atmosphere did not then contain Ozone as it does now and the ultra-violet rays of the sun fell with full intensity on water. There was more of radioactivity then on the earth, and under the effect of these powerful rays a chemical evolution must have occurred in the ocean leading to formation of Hydrocarbons, the chemical compounds basic for life. In 1952, Mills, an American chemist, passed an electric discharge for a week through a mixture of water, ammonia, methane and hydrogen, trying to

duplicate primordial conditions. Some of the simpler amino acids were obtained by him successfully.

The initial hydrocarbons must have evolved into more complex compounds in the pre-life ocean, the process taking place in millions of years. Protein and nucleotides must have been formed and then the nucleic acids which we know to day are nothing but equivalent of free living gene or tiny virus. (A virus represents something between living or non-living). When exactly such a tint of life appeared cannot be known. The formation and stability of the first nucleic acid in this way is a matter of rare chance, but this could be possible in the duration of millions of years. Many a newly-formed compound must have during evolution been destroyed many times and reformed again, a sort of pre-living natural selection taking place all the time. The initial clump of organic water suspended in water formed a colloid or jelly which when shaken in the sea must have broken into tiny sticky droplets existing independently and inducing water molecules to cling to them. The water skin must have focussed the ultra-violet rays into the organic molecules. The energy of the sun thus fermented creativeness in the droplets which behaved like initial protoplasm. Elements thus struggled toward life, the sea becoming the cradle of life. Once,

so to say, spontaneous generation did take place. The newly created "living molecules" must have found stability in another millions of years till replication must have started. These must have multiplied at the expense of organic compounds built up all around in the sea due to the energy of the sun. The original "living molecules" or viruses were not parasitic (as they are now). Many of them must have perished due to scarcity of their food supply, a natural selection taking place again. New strains of these viruses must have been produced due to some imperfect replications due to perhaps external conditions. Later molecules were built up

round these viruses and primitive cells were formed. Some cells developed chlorophyll and started manufacturing starch and proteins. These were the first plant cells. Photosynthesis must have started then and it must have changed the composition of the atmosphere; hydrogen of the atmosphere going into water, nitrogen staying in air along with oxygen. Once oxygen remained stable in the atmosphere life process must have been revolutionized. All these changes, however, must have proceeded at an extremely slow rate. Details of all these life processes, however, cannot become clear but this is how it must have happened !



## FASTER THAN GRAVITY

**H**ERE'S a paradox of Physics that even your scientifically-minded friends may not be able to explain. Ordinarily, no object can fall faster than the normal acceleration of Gravity. Yet here's something that evidently does.

Place a coin near one end of a ruler or a flat stick and hold the ruler near both ends, so that it is parallel with the table and several inches above it. Now release the end of the ruler holding the coin and let the end drop freely. Even if your eye is not quick enough to see it, a distinct click tells you that the ruler reaches the table before the coin !

The reason ? Simply that the end

of the ruler actually does fall faster than the coin ! When supported at one end, a falling stick acts as a compound pendulum, whose centre of percussion (a point  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd of the way from the free end) falls with the acceleration due to gravity. Parts nearer the free end fall faster ; parts towards the supported end, more slowly. You can prove this by moving the coin to different parts of the ruler and dropping it as before. When the coin is nearer the free end than the centre of percussion, you hear a click as it hits the ruler. (Don't confuse with clicks due to bouncing.) When at this centre, there is no click. When nearer the supported end the coin wants to go faster than the ruler but can't.

*Yogeshwar Dayal Mathur*

# A FEW INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS

*Subhash Nangia, Old Student*

**S**CIENCE is perhaps unique as a subject in the curriculum of schools all over the world. But its uniqueness results from the materials and experiments necessary for its effective teaching. Science is so close to the life of every boy and girl that there is no need to confine its study to the reading of textbooks or listening to lectures. Good science teaching must be based on observation and experiment. Most of the science experiments are so easy that they do not require special facilities I am giving below a few experiments which I hope you would feel interesting only when you perform them yourself.

## **Expt.No.1.A WEATHER PICTURE**

A piece of white blotting paper is immersed in a solution containing 2 parts cobalt chloride to 1 part common salt. While wet, the paper will remain pink, but when dried in the sun or near a bunsen burner it turns blue.

This is the basis of weather pictures sold in the shops. A picture containing sky or water can be cut from a book and inset of this prepared on a blotting paper made to replace the sky. The picture should then be mounted on a card and hung near a window where it will quickly respond to changes in the hygrometric state of atmosphere.

DESH

## **Expt.No.2.A SIPHON FOUNTAIN**

Fit a glass jar (or a flask from a used electric bulb) with a—2 hole rubber. Through one hole put a jet tube which will extend about half way to the top of the flask and let about 2 cm. extend beyond the stopper. Through the other hole push a short length of glass tube so that it is just touching the bottom of the stopper. Let about 2 cm. of tube extend outside the stopper. Connect a 20 cm. length of rubber tube to the jet tube and 1 metre length to the other glass tube. Place some water in the flask, insert the stopper and then invert the siphon. Put the short rubber tube in a container of water on the table and let the longer tube go to a pail on the floor. The fountain can be seen better if the water in the jar on the table is coloured.

## **Expt. 3. A PHONOGRAPH**

The following material is required:

1. Two circular pieces of wood .. about 2.5 cm. thick and 30 cm. in diameter.
2. A base board .....80x40x 2 cm.
3. A sheet of flannel..... 30 cm. in diameter as base.
4. A piece of mica sheet..... 10x10 cm.

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5. A tube of Duco Cement.
6. Phonograph needles.
7. An adaptor for the needle and a metal flange.

To start with, mount the two circular pieces of wood on base board with the drive wheel and turn table connected by a suitable length of heavy cotton cord. The flannel or felt pad is glued to the turn table as the base for the record. The reproducer and horn may be made using a paper milk container.

Cement a rubber band neatly around the edge of metal flange upon which the cap normally rests. Cut out a disc of mica sheet so as to fit

the milk container opening. Drill a small hole at the centre and after bending an oversize pin sharply near the head insert it into the hole and then through another hole in the metal flange. Cement the diaphragm in place with Duco Cement. For the adaptor cut a length of 6 m.m of small brass rod, drill a small hole all the way through it and solder it to the cut-off end of it; secure a little set screw and drill a hole in the side a bit smaller than the threaded part of screw, and then force the screw in by turning it strongly so that it is well secured. For the horn remove the bottom of a wax paper ice cream cup and fix it in the hole of the metal flange. Attach the whole unit to the carrier arm with adhesive tape and the rest will be up to you.



“The man of science pursues knowledge because to him the pursuit of knowledge and the discovery of new truth are the breath of his nostrils. ... He devotes himself to research for precisely the same reason that the poet devotes himself to the arduous business of writing poetry, the explorer to the dangers and hardship of unknown lands, the mystic to the time-consuming rigours of the devotional life, or the mother to the never-ending service of the child. He is reasonably content with a salary which a civil servant or business man of the same calibre would laugh at, he is often prepared to work in the laboratory all day and spend his evenings in the labours of reading or writing.....Why? Because the discovery of new knowledge is what above all else interests him, what alone gives value to his work.”

Sir Julian Huxley

# ORGANIC EVOLUTION

*Gautam Banerjee, B.Sc. II year*

THE idea of evolution involves the changing of animal and plant organisms throughout the ages, so that new types arise. Briefly, we assume that at one time there were no living organisms on our planet, as conditions of temperature and moisture were unsuitable for life. As it cooled down, we believe that conditions became suitable for little specks of matter to take on the properties characteristic of life such as movement, respiration, irritability, excretion, old age and reproduction. In this way, small living organisms first appeared, and we have reason to believe that they were originally plants, rather than animals, since plants are able to build up their bodies from relatively simple substance. Once life had thus started, the organisms gradually became a little more complex. Some lost their chlorophyll (or whatever similar pigment they must presumably have contained), perhaps developed the power to move about in the water in which they lived, and so began the animal kingdom. So far the organisms are presumed to have been of the non-cellular type. Then possibly cells (basic units of life) started to remain associated in groups, and perhaps even became apparently different from each other. In this way the ancestors of such organisms as Hydra may have arisen. By a continuation of this process we can imagine that we ob-

tained our present variety of immense living organisms. In other words, if evolution has occurred, animal and plant form has changed. We shall briefly attempt to prove this by reliable evidence. They are...

## 1. Fossils

When an animal or plant dies its body undergoes putrefaction and there is no record left of its existence. Occasionally an organism dying in or near water may be covered with fine sand deposited by the stream in which it is lying. If this happens, bacteria will be kept away from the carcasses and decay will proceed only very slowly. Nothing but the skeleton may be almost completely preserved. As more sand is deposited above, that beneath is subjected to pressure and will eventually become so hard as to be a rock, within which the skeleton remains may lie imprisoned. This constitutes a fossil, which once formed will remain intact. Many of these fossils have been discovered and from their study two important facts are considered. The deeper we go into the sedimentary rocks of the earth's crust, the simpler is the type of animal whose fossilized remains are found. Thus towards the top, fossils of mammals are common, while lower down we find no remains of mammals or birds. Lower still we fail to discover any backboned animals

and the fossils there consist of the skeletons of insects or animals such as starfish. This is because of the fact that at the time of the latter's formation mammals did not exist. In many cases the fossils we find are quite different from the corresponding representatives of the same groups as we know them to-day. A very good example of this occurs in the case of the horse. Remains of what must have represented the horse in bygone ages show that the animal was smaller and had more than the one toe to each limb, as it now possesses. This difference can be explained only on the assumption that animal form has changed.

## 2. Comparative Anatomy

If several moderately similar animals, for instance, be compared in respect of their anatomy, an important principle becomes apparent. As an example, let us consider the skeletons of a frog, a bird, a horse and a man. They are all evidently built on precisely the same common plan, but yet there are marked dissimilarities. In the case of fore-limbs, for instance, there are notable differences. Thus in the bird, the skeleton is arranged as a support for the feathers constituting the wing, in the horse there is only one finger on which the animal walks, whilst in man there is the peculiar ability to rotate the limb, and to use fingers for grasping. The most reasonable explanation for this is that the limbs have all been formed from a common ancestral limb. In many groups of animals the last remnants of organs

which do not serve any useful purpose are so commonly met with that their existence can be satisfactorily explained on the ground that they represent structures which were once functional in the ancestors of the present-day organisms. Such organs are described as vestigial. For example, the nictitating membrane in the inner corner of each eye of man which represents a third eye-lid in lower forms, the appendix in man and the coccyx in man, the latter being the last remnants of a tail.

## 3. Life-History

In order to illustrate the evidence in support of evolution gained by a study of development of present-day organisms let us consider the animals with backbones. During the early stages, the development of the fertilized egg is similar for all members of the five classes... the fishes, amphibians, reptiles, Mammals, and Birds. The mammal, for instance, passes through the stages which tend to resemble embryo of fish, amphibia and reptile before being finally determined as a mammal. This is exactly what we believe to have occurred during evolution. That is, Amphibia have descended from fish and similarly reptiles from Amphibia, whilst mammals and birds have arisen independently from reptiles. A mammal never more than resembles an embryo fish.....it never appears like an adult fish. This is known as recapitulation and is exceptionally obvious in the frog, where the larval tadpole resembles very closely a properly formed fish.

#### 4. Intermediate forms

There are a few surviving animals which occupy positions intermediate between recognised groups. The Duck-billed Platypus may be taken as an example. It is a native of Australia and shows a curious mixture of mammalian and reptilian characters in that it has hair and suckles its young; and it lays large, heavily yolked eggs. It has a single opening instead of separate anus and urinogenital apertures. The existence of such an animal is accounted for on the assumption that mammals have arisen from reptiles.

The first point to understand in the mechanism of evolution is that it is concerned only with those characters which can be passed from parent to offspring during breeding. The basis of evolution is afforded by the theory of mutations postulated by Hugo De Vries. Mutations are actual physical or chemical changes in the genes (heredity material in the nucleus of the cell, hereditary unit) resulting in the production of characteristics different from the original ones. And since these are changes in the genes they can be handed from parent to offspring.

In the whole of nature there is continually going on what Charles Darwin so well describes in his famous book, 'Origin of Species,' a struggle for existence. Animals feed upon each other and upon plants, plants depend upon sunlight for

photosynthesis and thus they must struggle for a place under the blue sky. This means that a process of natural selection is at work, for the weak cannot compete with the strong and thus there is a survival of the fittest. Now, the rabbit has undergone mutation in having acquired a high sense of hearing and is thus in an advantageous position since its chances of survival have improved. But suppose that mutation had worked the other way resulting in deafness, the chances of survival would have been very low and soon the deaf rabbits would have become extinct. Thus evolution is either a progressive or retrogressive change. Many species of plants and animals thus might have been wiped out altogether from the surface of the earth.

To sum up, organic evolution is an established fact. Even Aristotle believed in a "ladder of life." It was Darwin who showed with conviction that constancy of species need not be valid. Mutations are very common in all species of plants and animals. They provide raw material for evolution. Mutations in the reproductive cells only cause a change in the species. Most of the mutations, however, are unfavourable for the species and the new forms thus produced may not survive. This shows that change in species is not that rapid, and a level of constancy is after all maintained. How exactly evolution has taken place is becoming more and more clear with the study of the hereditary material of the nucleus of the cell.

# HYDROGEN BOMB

*Ajai, B. Sc. III year 'A'*

**H**ARDLY there would be anybody who has not heard of the great devastating Hydrogen Bomb. The excitement over this bomb reached its climax in 1954 when the Japanese trawler, Lucky Dragon, returned from its fishing grounds 1000 miles from Bikini. The fishermen were dangerously ill from burns caused by radio active dust and the fish they had caught were still radio-active. A panic seized all Japan. And the world knew that from now on it would have to live under the clouds of the new bomb. This was the bomb which came as a surprise to the world, the HYDROGEN BOMB.

The Hydrogen bomb is not a fission device but works by fusion, a process which is always taking place in the sun. The nuclear process taking place in the sun is not the same as in the bomb. In the sun, atoms are not split but fused: light atoms become heavier ones with a simultaneous loss of mass, which is converted into energy, into heat. Hydrogen atoms fuse, by the heat, to form helium atoms, which are nearly four times heavier; when four protons (hydrogen nuclei) melt together into one helium nucleus atomic weight 4, some mass is turned into energy, a minute fraction of which warms the earth.

The H-bomb reaction has been achieved not with ordinary hydro-

gen but with its isotopes: Deuterium and Tritium which have neutrons as well as protons in their nuclei and can release more energy. The isotopes have been preferred because they occur in very small proportions in natural hydrogen but the oceans are an inexhaustible source of them and their extraction from water is not too difficult. The fuel cost of thermo nuclear fusion is, therefore, also negligible. It is estimated that a bucketful of water containing one fifth of a gram of deuterium would be sufficient to keep an average house warm for a whole year.

Deuterium has one extra neutron, tritium has two; as the fusion takes place the protons are detached from their electrons, the neutrons break loose and when they fly off into space they provide extra energy. Fusion reaction is produced by making deuterons collide. They form helium nuclei; part of the mass turns into energy in this process and one neutron escapes in each collision.

This fusion process requires too much of heat because normally nuclei repel each other, protons being positively charged. To overcome their repellent force we have to bang them together at great speed. We know that the greater the heat contents of matter the more violent the speed of its particles. Hydrogen has the smal-

lest electrical charge and therefore its nuclei can be banged together more easily than those of other elements, and this is what the heat achieves.

Then one of the greatest problems was the finding of a suitable fuse-detonator-device for producing the necessary high temperatures without which the "meeting" of the atoms cannot start. At that time there was only one man-made device to produce some 1000 millions degree F, and that was the atom bomb. Therefore an ordinary atom bomb was used as a fuse. Although that tremendous heat lasted for hardly more than one tenth of a millionth of a second, it was sufficient to start the breaking up of the tritium nuclei with a devastating release of energy in the form of heat and blast followed by clouds of radio-active dust and ashes.

The use of an atom bomb as a detonator was ruled out because of its great destructive power and also because the isotopes must be kept hot for longer periods. One of the Russian thermonuclear bombs which was exploded in April 1957 consisted of three parts: a primary detonator with a core of plutonium or U-235, a secondary detonator setting off the fusion process and an outer sheath of U-238, which was the characteristic of what is termed a dirty bomb. A special machine was, therefore, necessary to reach much higher temperatures. That machine was built in Harwell and its name was ZETA which stands for Zero Energy Thermonuclear Assembly.

Dr. Peter Thonemann, a young Australian, was responsible for the design of ZETA. It started up in August 1957. ZETA is an aluminium vessel which is filled with deuterium gas at low pressure (low pressure prevents the machine from blowing up at high temperature.) When a large electric current is passed through the gas it sets up an electric discharge which heats the gas to a high temperature. Thus the process of fusion takes place. The electric current, by increasing the attraction of the gas particles towards each other, tends to contract the deuterium and draw it away from the walls into a constricted channel. The gas resists that 'pinch effect' and some kind of compromise between the opposing forces is reached, but it does stay away from the walls and occupies a narrow channel inside the torus. While the machine is switched on there would be no steady, brilliantly luminous ring of hot gas into the torus. As soon as the current is increased the gas "begins to lash about like an angry snake", as Sir George Thomson put it. The secret of ZETA's success is that this lashing has been reduced to a minimum and the 'snake' has been kept from vapourizing the walls up to very high temperatures.

The first attempt of the explosion of H-bomb was made by Russia in 1953. America made two attempts in 1954. Her second bomb—Lulu—developed an energy of 3 megatons of T. N. T. explosive and its 'mushrooms' measured 120 miles in width at a height of 25 miles which it

reached within ten minutes after detonation.

Although the H-bomb and A-bomb stockpiles of America, Russia and Britain may be more than sufficient

to destroy organic life on the earth, Science can probably provide us with something even more effective; the Cobalt Bomb. But let us hope that now it would help mankind to survive rather than to destroy it.



## Why I never bowl out a Waitress

(By Harry Golden, well known journalist and humorist of America)

I have a rule against registering complaints in a restaurant: because I know that there are at least four billion stars (suns) in the Milky Way—which is only one galaxy. Many of these suns are thousands of times larger than our own, in perpetual motion, and some of them may be having planetary systems like our sun. Our own sun and its planets, including the earth, are on the edge of the oval shaped disc, the Milky Way. Why do not these billions of revolving and rotating suns in our galaxy collide? This is because the space is unbelievably vast, and huge distances separate these suns. If we reduced the suns in correct mathematical proportions with relation to the distances between them, each sun would be a speck of dust three to four thousand miles away from its nearest

neighbour. And, mind you, this is only the Milky Way—our own small corner in the universe—our own galaxy. How many galaxies are there? Billions. Billions of galaxies spaced at about one million light years apart (one light year is about 6,000,000,000,000 miles). Within the range of our biggest telescopes there are at least one hundred million separate galaxies such as our own Milky way, and that is not all, by any means. The further you go out in space with the telescope, the thicker the galaxies become and there are billions of billions as yet uncovered to the scientist's camera and the astrophysicist's calculations.

When you think of all this, it is silly to worry whether the waitress brought you fried beans instead of ham and sausage.

# Nucleic Acid : the Elixir of Life

*Shri V. N. Pasricha*

LIFE is an interesting but complicated phenomenon. Scientists in this century have been trying hard to solve the riddle and mystery of life. Where can one draw a line between the living and the non-living entities? In what way does the lowermost form of life (from which higher forms of life have been evolved) differ from non-living matter? This is a crucial question. Life is mostly a chemical process. Chemistry of various reactions in a living being is well known to the scientists. In 1869, a young Swiss bio-chemist Miescher discovered a chemical substance while analysing the cell. Later scientists found the chemical structure of this complex material which was the heart of the heart of the cell. Work in genetics and heredity went on, biologists seeking all the time for a base of life. It was in 1950 that the long-sought base was found. The discovery of the inevitable base of life, which we call Nucleic acid, came as a complete surprise, for it is the same substance discovered earlier by Miescher. In a test tube this substance behaves like a non-living compound and thus does not replicate (duplicate the property of reproduction of a living substance) but there is no doubt that within living cells this is the key stuff of life.

A nucleic acid molecule is a tiny

coil of matter, in structure a spiral stair-case. In it lies the master plan for all that we are and the thread of continuity from the beginning of life. In this infinitely small bit of substance are encompassed all the likenesses and differences of the living world, and the uniqueness of more than 2 billion people of our planet and of the earth's myriads of animals, plants, and micro-organisms.

A nucleic acid molecule can be broken into smaller units called nucleotides. Each nucleotide can be broken down further into three parts; a phosphorous containing portion, a sugar and a nitrogen containing compound of rather unusual type. One comes across two types of sugars in nucleotides, either one called 'ribose' or another one similar to ribose but with one oxygen atom missing, this being called 'deoxyribose'. Both these sugars differ from glucose in that they have one carbon atom less. Depending on what sugar a nucleotide contains, the nucleic acids are divided into two species, the Ribonucleic acid (RNA), and Deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). Both nucleic acids are constituents of all cells, plant and animal, although upto 1926 RNA was considered to occur only in plant cells, and DNA in animal cells only. There is experimental evidence that in higher organisms DNA plays a comparatively superior role. In animal

cells DNA is present in the nucleus whereas RNA occurs chiefly in the cytoplasm (outside the nucleus.)

The nitrogen containing compounds of the nucleotides vary in structure. The atoms of the molecules of these compounds are arranged in distinctive rings, single or double. The double ring compounds are called purines. The two purine compounds present in nucleic acids are adenine and guanine. The single ring compounds are pyrimidines. Molecules of DNA contain two different pyrimidines; cytosine and thymine. Molecules of RNA do not contain thymine; instead they have a very similar pyrimidine called uracil. In the individual nucleotides, the nitrogenous compound is connected to the sugar which is connected to the phosphate. The phosphate group of each nucleotide is connected also to the sugar of the neighbouring nucleotide and this internucleotide link holds the nucleic acid together. In its natural state within the cell a nucleic acid molecule may be made up of a thousand or more nucleotide units strung together. DNA thus is said to be a high polymer or highly polymerized.

Readers should recall at this stage laws of heredity given by Mendel according to which genes, located in the chromosomes of the nucleus of a cell, were the carriers of heredity. According to this theory (particle theory) genes occurred in pairs, a pair or a number of pairs being responsible for various traits in an individual. These genes did not mix

up, and maintained their identity and individuality in reproduction through generations. Chromosomes are thread-like structures in nucleus of the cell, comprising what we call nucleoprotein. It has been established now that genes are nothing but certain segments of DNA chain, which can replicate. Nucleoprotein of a cell thus consists of a simple protein associated with nucleic acid. In the nucleus, amino acids are hooked together to form this protein.

An altogether different and independent line of investigation of the fundamental life process has astonishingly brought to light some facts which bear nearly cent percent correlation with the hereditary mechanism of genes. It is the study of virus. A virus is a tiny organism, much smaller than bacterium, invisible in microscope, passable through fine filters. Many diseases are caused by various viruses. The virus baffled the scientists for a long time. In 1935 an American biochemist, W.M. Stanley, separated tobacco mosaic virus and crystallized it. It was found that virus is also nucleoprotein in nature. Stanley received the Nobel prize in chemistry in 1946 for his work on virus. Later many viruses were discovered, isolated and crystallized, and it was found that some contained RNA, some DNA and some both.

Viruses behave as if they are incomplete cells for they cannot grow and reproduce independently but can do so only within some living cell. They represent a border line between the living and the non-living.

As crystals outside a cell they are non-living chemical molecules. Bigger viruses are complex structures but the tiny ones are nucleoproteins only. We can call virus a collection of "wild-genes". A normal cell works under the supervision of its own genes but when a virus enters a cell its "genes" or the hereditary matter takes over the machinery of the cell. The virus multiplies in the cell, makes it useless and then invades other cells; thus causing a disease in an individual, the disease being nothing but interference with the normal function of the cell.

Later researches revealed that it is the nucleic acid portion of the nucleoprotein that carries the genetic information. A decisive evidence in the same direction came from virus study. In 1955 H.F Conrat separated tobacco mosaic virus into its protein and nucleic acid portions. He recombined the two portions to get back the virus. Later studies revealed that the infective property of the virus resided only in the nucleic acid portion. Nucleic acid from a virus when injected into a cell could multiply in it. Earlier in 1944 O. T. Avery had shown that pure DNA when injected into certain bacteria could produce a new strain of them. The DNA can thus produce mutation by its ability to supervise the formation of certain enzyme.

In the case of bacteriophage, a comparatively large virus, it was found that the protein forms a hollow shell on the outside and the nucleic acid is coiled inside it. When a

bacteriophage molecule encounters a bacterial cell the protein sticks to the cell whereas the nucleic acid enters the cell, invades and conquers it acting as a foreign gene, and takes over the duties of the cell's own genes. The invading nucleic acid now supervises the chemical machinery of the cell. Under the forced rule of the invader the cell machinery turns out replicas of the virus nucleic acid and not of the nucleic acid of the bacterium itself, very unlike a normal cell. The cell is even made to produce bacteriophage protein. The sucked-dry bacterial cell is thus finished up but thousands of new complete bacteriophage molecules appear, each with its deadly nucleic acid coiled within the protein shell.

The situation with respect to protein and nucleic acid of a virus is similar to that of a car and the driver. The driver is alive but can move slowly, hence he takes up the help of the non-living car to move fast. The car itself cannot do the work, the man has to fulfil the purpose of the trip. The protein, like a car, takes the nucleic acid in the cell's interior.

The similarity between gene and virus and the dominant role of the nucleic acid in them shows that so far as we know the nucleic acid (DNA and RNA) is the irreducible essential of life. All else, including all protein, is the machinery it works with. It is the master material of the chromosomes and of life. The two tiny spirals of matter (DNA and RNA) determine the form and struc-

ture of all life, its functioning, its colour, its variety and its continuity.

The nucleotides occur in any order in nucleic acids just as amino acids occur in any order in proteins and for this reason no two nucleic acids may be alike. It is the order of the "four steps" in the spiral of DNA which dictates the biological make-up of each of the billions of men, animals, plants and microorganisms on this earth. This particular order may be called the 'code' of DNA which the scientists have not been able to decipher fully.

Experimental results show that both DNA and RNA are involved in protein synthesis in the cell. Though RNA is essential for actual formation of enzymes needed for protein synthesis in the cytoplasm, DNA is the determining factor as to which enzymes are to be formed. DNA thus is the master pattern, and RNA the mould (or the negative of a film) from which unlimited copies might be produced. RNA of specific design is made in the nucleus under the direction of DNA. This RNA acts as if carrying information from nucleus to the surrounding precincts of the cell where it produced protein. The exact way in which DNA impresses its unique pattern on RNA is still unknown.

Mutation by an external device means imperfect replication of nucleic acid. Specific enzymes are involved in the replication process, and these have been isolated from various bacteria. Ochoa supplied such an

enzyme with a particular nucleotide (base) as raw material and obtained synthetic RNA. Kornberg did the same for DNA. Both scientists shared the Nobel prize in medicine and physiology in 1959 for this work.

The only variable in DNA, the four nucleotide bases in its spiral structure, produce twenty universal amino acids that in turn form the hundred thousand and more proteins and the limitless difference of the living world. Each amino acid is made up of three nucleotides or three of the steps in the DNA and RNA chains. Assuming a particular right order, Crick, Orgel and Griffith, the theoretical chemists, showed mathematically that in case of RNA, twenty permutations were possible taking 3 steps out of 4 at a time, that is, maximum of twenty triplets are possible. A proposal for synthesis of protein was suggested which was very surprisingly found to be true, and was verified experimentally. According to this scheme there are two kinds of RNA in the cytoplasm; the plentiful template material, and a free small chemical fraction of the soluble part of the cytoplasm. The latter is called "adapter molecule" or "transfer RNA" made up of short sub-strings of the nucleotides. For each amino acid there is a separate 'transfer RNA'. A particular transfer RNA moves through the cell and picks up its own amino acid. It then tows or drags the amino acid to the long RNA string, the master template or mould which is a single chain. The towing RNA with its "cargo" attaches itself to a matching triplet



WILHELM KONRAD ROENTGEN



ENRICO FERMI



MARIE CURIE



ALEXANDER FLEMING



NIELS BOHR



ARISTOTLE



LEONARDO DA VINCI



NICOLAUS COPERNICUS



GALILEO



WILLIAM HARVEY

in the long chain. This amino acid joins with other amino acids above and below in a specific order to form a protein, the new protein duplicating the line-up of RNA, and of the DNA from which the RNA came. Once assembled, the new protein breaks away from RNA template or assembly line and twists into a helix. The transfer RNA is also detached and is ready to repeat the same process again. The number and kind of its amino acids and the order in which they are strung together distinguishes one protein molecule from another.

The assemblage described above was miraculously brought about outside a cell, that is in a test tube by Harvard scientists. It was a bold imitation of Nature, a big step to enact the fundamental life phenomenon, the synthesis of protein.

Dr. Watson (who gave helix model of DNA) Dr. Crick and Dr. Wilkins have shared Nobel prize in medicine for the year 1962. (They were award-

ed the prize on October 18) for their discoveries concerning basic structure of nucleic acid (three dimensional molecule.) All over the world work is going on in the direction of further deciphering of the biological code in all varieties of nucleic acids.

Man now understands a lot about fundamentals of life, the making of chromosomes, shaping of enzymes, proteins etc. by DNA. Science can look forward to dealing effectively and knowledgeably with the failures and the breakdowns in the elaborate life process (like cancer, mental illness, aging.) Man may be able to manipulate processes to overcome various "inborn errors in heredity". The future evolution thus might become the result of man's own determination rather than of blind interaction of heredity and environment, for man might be able to alter the organization of DNA after understanding it thoroughly. He may contrive to become more intelligent and sturdier. This outlook can prove to be ineffably dangerous and ineffably promising.

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## OBITER DICTA

1. 'The neutrality of science to the uses made of it renders it silly to talk about its bankruptcy, or to worship it as the usherer in of a new age.'
2. 'Man, a child in understanding of himself, has placed in his hands physical tools of incalculable power. He plays with them like a child.....The instrumentality becomes a master and works fatally.....not because it has a will but because man has not.'

—John Dewey

# OUR DEBT TO SCIENCE

*By Shri Radha Krishna Sud*

THE impact of science on individuals and society today is undeniable. It does not require a Lord Bertrand Russell to prove that : it is obvious. The average or the lay man understands by science what may, for want of a better term, be called the spectacular and the miraculous side of it : the too many wonderful achievements it has to its credit and also to its discredit, if you choose to call them so. The means of transport, communication, construction, manufacture and production viz, the railway, motor car, ships and planes; the telegraph, telephone and wireless; the tractor, the crane, the furnace and the mixer etc.....these are familiar to residents of the remotest regions. The horrible creations of science are equally well-known: the gun, atomic bombs and missiles of various types are becoming increasingly more of a menace than something to be proud of. The achievements in the realm of space flights are simply astounding. What we read in fiction and mythology of the ancient Hindus and the Greeks : the frequent visits of men to Chandralok, for instance, are within the pale of possibility. This and much more about science the common man knows. What he does not know is the real contribution of science to our knowledge apart from our safety, ease and comfort.

The dictionary meaning of the

word science is pursuit of knowledge or of principles regulating pursuit of knowledge in reference to moral, political, natural knowledge etc. Its function is to open the windows of our minds, and thereby remove the cobwebs of credulity, superstition, unwarranted traditions, ignorance and self-conceit. If to know ourselves is the highest knowledge, science has enabled man to know himself physically and the place he occupies in the natural world. It launched us on an never-ending adventure: the more we know, the more we wish to know. In the words of Ulysses in Tennyson's poem, we have a

.. .. spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge, like a sinking  
star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of  
human thought.

Knowledge, like virtue, is its own reward. More than that, knowledge is power. It is power because understanding of nature's laws helps us to harness her forces——eternal and elemental——for use of man. 'Every discovery is a tool itself or a means of supplying tools.'

To benefit by science you must acquire the 'scientific outlook' on life and things and learn the 'scientific method' of investigation of 'truth.' What is 'scientific outlook?' This you understand quickly by defining

the outlook which is not 'scientific.' To take things for granted without questioning the truth of them on mere hearsay, or out of reverence for ancient scriptures, or tradition inherited from father to son, or out of fear of powers superhuman . . . this is 'unscientific temper and outlook.' Scepticism or honest doubt till you have proved the truth about a thing or a phenomenon by personal observation, verification from data available on the subject and experimentation under varying conditions is absolutely indispensable in scientific studies. Truth in science is always tentative and never final: it is likely to be proved to be wrong or not quite correct. That is the distinguishing feature of scientific truth as compared with 'gospel truth! This brings to our mind the famous debate in which Thomas Henry Huxley, the able disciple of Darwin, replied in unforgettable words to the gibe of his opponent, a clergyman, that he was blessed because he was the son of the heavenly Father whereas Huxley was proud that he was a decendent of the anthropoid. Huxley retorted. I am proud of my father because: "I know him whereas my learned opponent does not know what his father is like. Who would be proud of a father whom he does not know and recognize." This was not heresy but the statement of fact from a scientist's point of view. Faith is far far different from 'truth'. In the words of A. D. Ritchie in his essay: *Science as a Creative Power*, "Only by abandoning all claim to infallibility can science become a sure guide to truth.' A scientist is an agnostic; neither a

theist, nor an atheist. To attribute the outbreak of diseases or volcanic eruptions and earthquakes or floods or devastating fires and wars to heavenly forces is the sign of a superstitious mind. Such was the attitude of the Greek sailors in Tennyson's; *The Lotos-Eaters*:

(Gods) lie beside their nectar, and  
the bolts are hurl'd  
Far below them in the valleys, and  
the clouds are lightly curl'd  
Round their golden houses, girdled  
with the gleaming world;  
Where they smile in secret, looking  
over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine; plague and  
earthquake, roaring deeps and  
fiery sands;  
Clanging fights, and flaming towns,  
and sinking ships and praying  
hands.

Good poetry but the thought it contains is unscientific! Myths and miracles have no place in science. Readers of H. G. Wells' short stories, like *Star* and *Mr. Fotheringay's Miracle*, may find delectation in the age-old make-beliefs but little conviction in the hypothesis that the laws of nature are not eternal. The physical universe obeys a rigorous discipline which should be the envy of man in the most dictatorial regime; . . . it is a discipline self-imposed and self-ordained.

Much of our ignorance about the universe may be the result of lack of knowledge. Not an insubstantial part of it, however, is due to our self-conceit and sense of self-impor-



proceed most impartially and cautiously from step to step, taking note even of things which he is immediately not interested in. "Almost any fool can find a thing he is looking for, if it happens to be there; it takes a clever man to find something he is not looking for." Many times great discoveries have been made by sheer accident or chance and if the eye of the scientist is observant the least variation from the expected result leads to an epoch-making discovery: for example, of penicillin. Haste makes more than waste in science : it hinders discovery.

Scientific pursuit of knowledge lays the foundation of discipline : a devotion to research for the love of it. The discovery of truth is ample reward for the scientist. Money and fame, power and prestige are at best subsidiary to the main incentive. The results of their research are placed at the disposal of humanity at large, without any reservations of caste, creed or colour. Goethe rightly remarked: "science and art belong to the whole world, and before them vanish the barriers of nationality." Not too often the new techniques and new material and new tools are utilized in purposes which strictly speaking are not constructive. Science places more and more resources and power in our hands but it leaves it to us to use them as we will. In the words of Sir Julian Huxley: "Whether the discoveries of science will in the ultimate event be beneficial, as those of us trust who believe in progress, or whether they are leading the human race to destruction, as many

sincere and many far-sighted men assert—that will be decided by the use to which the human race decides to put it." "If man kind were stripped of the fruits of science, it would not mean merely no aeroplanes, no submarines, no high explosives; it would mean no clothes, no tools, no cultivation of the land, no domestic animals, no houses, no art or music, no books; in fact life reduced to the animal level—'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.' Of course science is not the only thing that separates man from the animals, but it is a part of what separates him. It is his strongest bulwark against slipping back, because the process of acquiring scientific knowledge is cumulative and some of its benefits are cumulative too. Therefore on the whole the risk of misuse must be taken. There is no certain cure for the evil consequences of knowledge, but more knowledge must be part of the cure. Having eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, we cannot return to the Garden of Eden and we should not like it if we could." Nothing could be more emphatic than this advocacy of science by A. D. Ritchie. The problem is moral and not scientific. It is to be hoped that with the increase in scientific knowledge there will be corresponding increase in the humanistic knowledge as well and the future of man will thereby be assured. Of all the people the scientists will be the most happy to see peace and plenty, health and wealth, ease, comfort and good relationship amongst the nations flourish. In the

*(Contd. on page 38)*

# Pegasus and Science

## (a) The Scientist Par Excellence!

“He many a creature did anatomize,  
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;  
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,  
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,  
That oft with gory crimson was distained:  
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat  
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drained,  
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,  
And read a lecture o’r the entrails of a gnat.

M. Akenside (*The Virtuoso*)

## (b) Steel: the goddess of the 20th Century

Hail, adamantine Steel ! magnetic Lord !  
King of the prow, the ploughshare, and the sword !  
True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides  
His steady helm amid the struggling tides ;  
Braves with broad sail the immeasurable sea,  
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee.—  
By thee the ploughshare rends the matted plain,  
Inhumes in level rows the living grain ;  
Intrusive forests quit the cultured ground ;  
And Ceres\* laughs, with golden fillets crowned.—  
O’er restless realms, when scowling discord flings  
Her snakes, and loud the din of battle rings ;  
Expiring strength, and vanquished courage feel  
Thy arm resistless, adamantine Steel !

E. Darwin (*The Botanic Garden*)

\*Ceres is the Roman goddess of the grainfields.

# THE MOON

*By Parbhat Kumar Sood*

The moon our nearest neighbour in space, is about a quarter million miles away. This is not much as distances between heavenly bodies go. No doubt the moon will be the first station visited when people become space travellers.

The moon looks large because it is near the earth. Actually it is much smaller than the stars, which are much farther away. Its weight is only  $\frac{1}{83}$  that of the earth, its volume  $\frac{1}{50}$  and its gravitational pull  $\frac{1}{5}$  of the earth's.

The moon circles the earth at an average speed of 2,300 miles an hour. The beautiful light that comes from the moon is not its own. The moon shines by reflecting some of the light it receives from the sun.

Through field glasses or a telescope we see that the moon's surface has mountains, plains, and large hollows with ridges around them. These hollows are called craters. The plains,

which form the dark patches, were once thought to be bodies of water, and they were given poetic names, like the Sea of Serenity and the Bay of Rainbows. These names are still used, although we now believe there is little or no water on the moon.

The moon's gravity is only about one-fifth as strong as that of the earth's. It is too weak to hold down much atmosphere. Since there is little or no air, probably no life exists on the moon.

Rockets exploring the moon will need a speed of about 7 miles per second, or 25,000 miles-per-hour, to carry it past the point where the earth's gravitational pull could drag it back. Once that point is reached, no fuel will be needed. The rocket will coast at full speed through space, where there will be no friction with atmosphere to slow it down. Because of the weaker pull of the moon, a rocket on its return trip will need a speed of 1.5 miles per second to escape.

# INDIAN SCIENTISTS

*By Gautam Banerjee*

INDIA has produced a number of great scientists who have contributed a lot to the cause of science and have earned world-wide recognition. Following is a review of the lives and achievements of some of our scientists, not of the remote past but of recent times. They are the pride of our nation and have struggled for years together to win for India a recognised place among the federation of nations.

**S. Ramanujan (1887-1920).** He was a genius, a master mathematician who left a great impression on the scientists of the West. He was born in a poor family. In school he was a brilliant student with exceptionally sharp memory, particularly for formulae. After matriculation he engaged himself in his independent mathematical studies. He published "Some properties of Bernoulli's Numbers" in the Journal of the Indian Mathematical Society in 1911. For his livelihood he took a clerical job. He was introduced to Prof. G. H. Hardy, the great mathematician of Cambridge, whom he sent his 120 theorems, some on Divergent Series. Hardy called him to England, was impressed by the quality of his work, and called him a mathematician of the highest class. He however, lacked systematic instruction in the subject and was ignorant of the work of his contemporaries. His English was very poor. He was

elected to the Royal Society and to a Trinity Fellowship. His life was, however, short. He returned to India due to bad health and died of tuberculosis at the age of 33.

He had his own way of solving mathematical problems, had great insight of his subject and possessed great power of calculation

**Sir J. C. Bose (1858-1936)** Born in Dacca of a respectful family, he showed great aptitude towards invention from childhood. After matriculation and graduation he was sent to England where he showed great promise and earned a number of scholarships. On his return to India he became professor of Physics in the Presidency College, Calcutta. He continued his researches on electric waves (wireless transmission.) Though first to discover these waves he could not claim the priority. He switched over to studies of plants and animals, made master discoveries in plant physiology, reaction of plants to electric and other stimuli, growth and feelings of plants etc. This work earned him great fame abroad.

**Sir P.C. Ray:** He was born in 1861 in a small village of Bengal. Completing his matriculation from Calcutta, he proceeded to England for higher studies where he got his B.Sc., and held the Hope Prize in Chemistry. He

returned to India after six years and continued research in chemistry working as professor in Presidency College. He founded the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works in Calcutta. He became a Fellow of the London Chemical Society. He wrote many articles, and his book "History of Hindu Chemistry" is well known. He discovered mercurous nitrite, and preparation of ammonium nitrite. He founded the Indian Chemical Society in 1924. He was honoured by the government who bestowed on him the title of C. I. E. and the Knighthood.

**Meghnad Saha (1863-1956)** He was born in a Dacca village and came to Calcutta after initial studies where he came in contact with J. C. Bose and P. C. Ray. He was a brilliant student and obtained his B.Sc., M.Sc. and doctorate in Physics from the Calcutta University. He has made notable contribution in astrophysics. He went abroad for higher studies. He became Director of Bose Research Institute. He founded the Indian Physical Institute and the National Academy of Science. He was attached with the Allahabad University later.

**Sir C. V. Raman :** He was born in 1888 of a humble family of Trichinopoly. He had a bright career as a student. He passed his M Sc, from the Madras University, standing first in order of merit. He received a number of scholarships and became well known for publishing a few articles in a London magazine. He got a gazetted post in the finance department of the government and got

married. Meanwhile he associated himself with the laboratories of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science and later got professorship of the College of Science at Calcutta.

Raman's greatest contribution to Physics is the discovery of an important effect in optics which has been named "Raman Effect." This has earned him and India world wide recognition and he received the Noble Prize in Physics in 1930. He has also worked on crystals (diamonds), nature of light and mechanism of vision, X-rays, spectrography, electrical conductivity of metals etc. He has devised many apparatus, particularly a sensitive one for measuring magnetic properties of vapours and gases.

He presided over the 16th Session of the Indian Science Congress. In 1929 he received the honour of Knighthood. Earlier he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. He toured various countries abroad, delivered lectures and came in contact with famous scientists.

He is presently associated with the Indian Institute of Science at Bangalore.

Dr. Krishnan, an associate of his in the discovery of the famous Raman Effect and Raman spectra, was Director of the National Physical Laboratories, New Delhi. He died in 1961.

**Prof. S.N. Bose** Born in 1894, Bose has brought great honour to our Country

by the discovery of a particular type of statistics of fundamental particles which is universally known as Bose-Einstein statistics in Quantum Physics. He sent his work to Einstein and both of them published it. He was made F.R.S in 1958. He was Chairman of the National Institute of Science 1948-1950. He remained Professor of Physics in the Calcutta University and the Vice-Chancellor of Vishwa Bharati. He is a modest scientist and has refused many honours and degrees.

**Dr. H. J. Bhabha** Born in 1909, he was educated at Bombay and Cambridge. He became Professor of Theoretical Physics at Bombay in 1945, and F.R.S, earlier in 1941. He is Chairman, Atomic Energy Commission. He has made original researches on Cosmic rays and Quantum Theory. With Heitler, he introduced the Cascade Theory in Cosmic ray Physics. The

construction of an atomic reactor at Trombay is mainly due to his efforts and enthusiasm. In his personal life he is interested in music, painting and stage decor.

**Dr.S. S. Bhatnagar** : Born in 1894, he passed his M.Sc. from the Punjab University, obtained doctorate in Chemistry from London, and was associated with the Benares University and the Punjab University as Professor. He has worked on photochemistry, atomic spectra and electromagnetic theory. He has made notable contributions in the field of Industrial Chemistry. In 1936 he received the title of O. B. E. from the Indian Government. In 1940 he was made the Director of the Board of Industrial & Scientific Research. He became Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, and of Physics Institute, England. At the time of his death he was Chairman, University Grants Commission.

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## OUR DEBT TO SCIENCE

*(Contd. from Page 33)*

true sense of the word there will be the much prophesied millenium : a thousand years of peace and prosperity. Knowledge dedicated to the service of humanity and to it alone will make this earthly kingdom a true paradise. It is no vain hope, though yet distant.

When all is said for and against science, scientific pursuit of know-

ledge is great fun:

“Beyond the bright searchlights  
of science,  
Out of sight of the windows of  
sense,  
Old riddles still bid us defiance,  
Old questions of Why and of  
Whence.”

*(W.C.D. Whetham)*

# ROMANCE IN SCIENCE

*Om Parkash Nangia, B.Sc. I year*

SCIENTISTS are human beings and they marry as well. A scientist marrying the daughter of his teacher and guide is not very uncommon. Louis Pasteur fell in love with the daughter of his boss and married her. Reviewing the life histories of scientists we come across a singular and unique instance when two top-ranking scientists of the world married each other and enhanced the cause of science. They were Professor Pierre Curie (1859-1906) and Maria Sklodowska Curie (1867-1934.) This marriage proved to be a boon to the scientific world for both scientists worked in harmony with added zeal and fervour.

Madame Curie was born in Poland in a poor family. She had a number of brothers and sisters. Life was hard but she had brains and courage to face it. At the age of 24 she came to Paris to study Physics and Mathematics. She met Pierre Curie, a professor at the Paris School of Physics and Chemistry. Both took fancy to each other and were married in 1895. They worked together under the guidance of Becquerel, the mineralogist. All three of them received the Noble Prize in Physics in 1903 for the discovery of radioactive elements, Radium and Polonium. Both husband and wife were poor but they worked

hard to probe into the mysteries of radioactive substances. They were the first to isolate Polonium from pitchblende after four years of hard and sustained work. In 1903 they visited London and were awarded the Davy Gold Medal, one of the greatest honours science can bestow. Pierre Curie also worked in crystallography. He discovered the phenomenon of Piezoelectricity, and also discovered "Curie's Law" in magnetism. He died in a serious car accident.

After the death of her husband in 1906, Madame Curie carried on research on radioactive substances. She succeeded in isolating Radium in 1910 for which she was awarded the Noble Prize (in Chemistry) a second time. She was first to grasp the mechanism of radioactivity and named the spontaneous disintegration of atom as radioactivity. This gave birth to atomic Physics, for atom was previously considered to be indivisible. She became director of the research department of the Radium Institute of Paris University. She was invited to U. S. A. to accept gift of one gram of Radium from grateful women of America. She wrote a book, "traite de radioactivite." The world soon realized the importance of Radium in medical treatments, particularly of Cancer.

# JOSEPH LISTER (1827-1912)

**J**OSEPH Lister, the master surgeon of the 19th century, was born in England in a Quaker family. His father was a wine merchant and was very much interested in Physics and Mathematics. After his initial studies in London Lister went to Scotland where he became House Surgeon at the Edinburgh Hospital. In 1861 he became Professor of Surgery in Glasgow. In 1877 he became a professor at King's College, London.

In those days and earlier, many deaths took place due to wound infection whose cause was unknown. The best surgical operations were spoiled by subsequent infective processes. People were afraid of hospital. Hospital gangrene, one of the most dreaded forms of wound infection, was common. An operation was something that had to be regarded as a last resort. A surgeon went from one patient to another with the same unwashed hands and instruments, thus unknowingly passing infection. A surgeon's apron was a real sight, soaked with blood and stiff with dried puss, smelling awfully. The surgeon never changed it. The more the blood and puss on it, the more the pride the surgeon took in wearing it, even in the street.

Lister realized that sepsis was the principal obstacle to any great advance in surgery. He observed that

simple fractures, in which skin remained intact, healed without complication, whereas compound ones with skin laceration usually suppurred. Obviously, open wounds were in contact with the air. Lister's attention was called to the work of Pasteur on fermentation and putrefaction, both due to tiny microbes in the air. Lister concluded that germs in the air suppurred an open wound. The germs could be killed by heating but wounds could not be boiled; hence he tried carbolic acid on wounds. This chemical substance destroyed the germs without harming the body tissues. He sprayed the instruments, beds, linen, and even the air of the operation room with carbolic acid and stressed upon cleanliness in wards. The surgeons were advised to wash their hands with carbolic acid. Lister prepared a special "occlusive dressing" for wounds which soon became fashionable all over the world. The wounds healed soon. The results obtained by Lister were amazing. They supported the germ theory of disease which was still in controversial stages. Hospital gangrene disappeared and death rate due to infection fell considerably in hospitals. The Franco-German war gave an opportunity for the widespread application of this new method called "Listerism." Antiseptics secured general approval and paved a way for much free use of operative surgery.



JOHANN GREGOR MENDEL



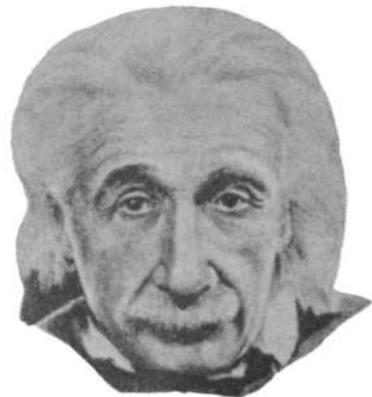
JAMES CLERK MAXWELL



LOUIS PASTEUR



CHARLES DARWIN



ALBERT EINSTEIN



MICHAEL FARADAY



ANTOINE LAURENT LAVOISIER



SIR ISAAC NEWTON



ANTON VAN LEEUWENHOEK



JOHN DALTON

Many honours were bestowed upon Lister. He was made President of the Royal Society of London, was awarded a new Merit of Order by King Edward VII, and was the first physician to sit in the House of Lords. On his death Lord Lister was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The idea of aseptic surgery, now universally popular, was a natural

consequence of antiseptic method. An antiseptic can damage the wound tissues. Now the instruments, masks, drugs, gowns, gloves etc. are sterilized by dry heat or boiling. The air of the room is sterilized by ultraviolet rays. Both Lister and Pasteur have served ailing humanity more than one can realize. The responsible microbes are killed and diseases conquered.

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'The degradation of science from its high function in ameliorating the lot of man is one of the most painful aspects of this work !'

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'The doctrine of evolution.. interprets the vanishing of species and of sporadically variant individuals, as being due to maladjustment. This explanation has its measure of truth: it is one of the great generalizations of science. But enthusiasts have so strained its interpretation as to make it explain nothing, by reason of the fact that it explains everything. We hardly know the definite character of the struggle which occasioned the disappearance. The phrase is like the liturgical refrain of a litany, chanted over the fossils of vanished species.'

*Alfred North Whitehead*

# *Man And Economic Plants*

*Adarsh Bahl B.Sc. III year*

Nothing in the world is so much rooted in veneration of mankind than the plant life. "All flesh is grass" has rightly been quoted to show that animal life from womb to tomb solely depends upon products of plant activity. Since early ages importance of plants has been known to lie in three primary needs of human beings that they cater to i.e. food, shelter and clothing. Plant life surviving by photosynthetic activity supplies food materials and other products, like essential oils, drugs, fibres, timber, medicines, resin, tannin, rubber etc. These complex plant products, so manipulated, provide necessary material for various industrial operations. No wonder without photosynthetic activity of plants, the world would have been a dreary place uninhabited by any form of animal life. The world would have been altogether different from what it is today, devoid of oxygen and entire soil-profile unprotected by vegetation, thereby exhibiting that plant life is not only sustained by soil but it also sustains the soil.

Since the dawn of civilization, man has been using plants but most of the plants utilized were wild. Man, later on started cultivation of the plants to satisfy the demands of ever increasing population.

"Necessity is the mother of inven-

tion". Man learned first to recognize specific plants and animals valuable and worthy of attention, encouraging the cultivation of the best and discarding the unwanted one's. This led to domestication of plant life. Truly man displayed noteworthy wisdom in the selection and propagation of only the most economic plants, which later on gave way to the development of the separate science of 'Agriculture'. With the advancement of knowledge regarding this man realized the value of more and more economic plants. One cannot overlook the monumental contribution of Decondelle and Vavilov. Decondelle was the first to deal mainly with the ancestral forms, region of domestication and plants of historical value.

Vavilov, a Russian botanist, collected data world over and gave new ideas about cultivated plants, their origin and distribution, and indicated with great exactness the centres of the origin of cultivated plants. Recently, a lot of work has been done on domestication of plants, study of their chronological history, names and uses of plants in relation to mankind.

Before the start of any work in Europe regarding this aspect, the Indians knew the use of many cultivated and wild plants for food etc. The Indians have contributed

quite a number of valuable plants to the rest of the world. A few important ones are *sugar-cane*, *rice*, *mango*, *cocoanut*, *banana* etc.

India, being an agricultural and orthodox country, exhibits very strong bonds of relationship of plants, so much so that in every aspect of life we see the mention of definite species of plants like *ocimum*, *Ficus religiosa*, *Saraca indica*, *Aegle marmelos*, *kathamba* etc considered to be sacred. Thousands of species are valued for their medicinal properties and other products to the extent that we find the mention of the herbs possessing properties for renovating the physique of human beings. A mention may also be made of plants possessing qualities of reviving the dead. In short, the impact of plant life is reflected in every walk of our existence.

Fibre plants play an important role in our daily life. They provide us fabrics for fibre industry, stuffing material. The most important fibre plants are *cotton*, *flex*, *hemp*, *ramie* and *jute* obtained from *Gossypium*: *Linum usitatissimum*, *cannabis satvia*, *Boehmeria nivea* and *corchorus* species. Less important fibers are *abaca*, *sisal* etc.

Cereals provide staple food for mankind comprising of grains, pseudo cereals and millets. These provide us food and forage. Cereals are the chief source of carbohydrate and starch, which constitute the main bulk of our

daily diet.

Fruits and vegetables provide vitamins, proteins and sugar; for instance, potato, apple, grape etc. Important beverage plants are used as appetisers and as such they help in increasing digestion.

Forests, a product and evident expression of the existence of plant life, have a lot of impact on the primary needs of humanity. Forest-wood falls all the way in the daily needs of humanity by way of timber wood, industrial wood, lumber wood etc.

Plants provide us with medicines which make us survive under unfavourable conditions. Important medicines are *belladonna*, *streptomycin*, *penicillin*, *ergot* etc. In short, every medicine finds origin in plants.

Plants serve human beings in quite a number of secondary roles. These absorb radiations from radioactive elements and convert  $Sr_{90}$  to  $Sr_{91}$  which is less poisonous. They absorb carbon dioxide from the atmosphere which would otherwise cause death of millions. They fix nitrogen of the air and make it available to human beings and other animals. Plants are responsible for rains and help in improving the weather of a region. In every sphere of life plants play direct or indirect role on the earth. In fact, no evolution of life could have been possible without the initial plant life which is also responsible for the very survival of our species.

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION\*

DURING the last century, and part of the one before, it was widely held that there was an irreconcilable conflict between knowledge and belief, that is between science and religion. Accordingly belief should be replaced increasingly by knowledge; belief that did not rest on knowledge was superstition, and as such had to be opposed. .....It is true that convictions can best be supported with experience and clear thinking. The weak point of this conception of the rationalist, however, is that those convictions which are necessary and determinant for our conduct and judgments cannot be found solely along this solid scientific way.

For the scientific method can teach us nothing else beyond how facts are related to, and conditioned by, each other. The aspiration toward such objective knowledge belongs to the highest of which man is capable. Notwithstanding the achievements of man in this sphere it is clear that knowledge of what is does not open the door directly to what should be. One can have the clearest knowledge of what is, and yet not be able to deduct from that what should be the goal of our human aspirations. Objective knowledge provides us with powerful instruments for the achievements of certain ends, but the ultimate goal itself and the longing to

reach it must come from another source. And it is hardly necessary to argue for the view that our existence and our activity acquire meaning only by the setting up of such a goal and of corresponding values. The knowledge of truth as such is wonderful, but it is so little capable of acting as a guide that it cannot prove even the justification and the value of the aspiration toward that very knowledge of truth. Here we face, therefore, the limits of the purely rational conception of our existence.....

Intelligence makes clear to us the interrelation of means and ends. But mere thinking cannot give us a sense of the ultimate and fundamental ends and valuations, and to set them fast in the emotional life of the individual, seems to me precisely the most important function which religion has to perform in the social life of man. And if one asks whence derives the authority of such fundamental ends, since they cannot be stated and justified merely by reason, one can only answer: they exist in a healthy society as powerful traditions, which act upon the conduct and aspirations and judgment of the individuals; they are there, that is, as something living, without its being necessary to find justification for their existence. They come into being not through demonstration but through revelation, through the medium

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\* Condensed from two lectures: 'Science and Religion' reproduced in *Ideas and Opinions* by Albert Einstein edited by Carl Seeling, translated by Sonja Bargman. (Alvin Redman Ltd, London)

of powerful personalities. One must not attempt to justify them, but rather to sense their nature simply and clearly.

The highest principles for our aspirations and judgments are given to us in the Jewish-Christian religious tradition. It is a very high goal..... If one were to take that goal out of its religious form and look merely at its purely human side, one might state it perhaps thus: free and responsible development of the individual, so that he may place his powers freely and gladly in the service of all mankind.

## II

Science is the century-old endeavour to bring together by means of systematic thought the perceptible phenomena of this world into as thorough-going an association as possible. To put it boldly, it is the attempt at the posterior reconstruction of existence by the process of conceptualization.

Instead of asking what religion is I should prefer to ask what characterizes the aspirations of a person who gives me the impression of being religious: a person who is religiously enlightened appears to me to be one who has, to the best of his ability, liberated himself from the fetters of his selfish desires and is preoccupied with thoughts, feelings, and aspirations to which he clings because of their superpersonal value. It seems to me that what is important is the force of this superpersonal content

and the depth of the conviction concerning its overwhelming meaningfulness, regardless of whether any attempt is made to unite this content with a divine Being, for otherwise it would not be possible to count Buddha and Spinoza as religious personalities. Accordingly, a religious person is devout in the sense that he has no doubt of the significance and loftiness of those superpersonal objects and goals which neither require nor are capable of rational foundation. They exist with the same necessity and matter-of-factness as he himself. In this sense religion is the age-old endeavour of mankind to become clearly and completely conscious of these values and goals and constantly to strengthen and extend their effect. If one conceives of religion and science according to these definitions then a conflict between them appears impossible. For science can only ascertain what *is*, but not what *should be*, and outside of its domain value judgments of all kinds remain necessary. Religion, on the other hand, deals with evaluations of human thought and action: it cannot justifiably speak of facts and relationships between facts. According to this interpretation the well-known conflicts between religion and science in the past must be ascribed to a misapprehension.

Even though the realms of religion and science in themselves are clearly marked off from each other, nevertheless there exist between the two strong reciprocal relationships and dependencies. Though religion may be that which determines the

goal, it has, nevertheless, learned from science, in the broadest sense, what means will contribute to the attainment of the goals it has set up. But science can only be created by those who are thoroughly imbued with the aspiration toward truth and understanding. This source of feeling, however, springs from the sphere of religion. To this there also belongs

the faith in the possibility that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational, that is, comprehensible to reason. I cannot conceive of a genuine scientist without that profound faith. The situation may be expressed by an image: science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.

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## DO YOU KNOW ?

William Harvey, the discoverer of circulation of blood, was born on All Fool's day in 1578.

Henry Cavendish, the discoverer of Hydrogen gas, was an eccentric. He would climb a lamp-post if he saw an acquaintance on the road.

Sir Isaac Newton and Robert Hooke were never on good terms.

Bruno, a scientist in the early

sixteenth century, was burnt alive because he believed that the earth moved round the sun.

Lavoisier, the great chemist of the eighteenth century, was guillotined (beheaded) by the French Revolutionaries,

Robert Boyle did not pursue medicine as he could not stand a dissection. Later he became a chemist.

# PHOTOSYNTHESIS

*Shri Vikramaditya Verma, M. Sc.*

Photosynthesis is the most important physiological phenomenon in plants. The exact mechanism of the food manufacturing process of the plants, however, has been quite a mystery till recently.

Some of the older theories regarding the photosynthetic mechanism are given below only for a reference, since they are completely outdated

## **Baeyer's Formaldehyde Hypothesis:—**

It was Baeyer in 1870 who first suggested the formaldehyde hypothesis with regard to the formation of intermediate products in photosynthesis. According to him sunlight causes the splitting of carbon dioxide ( $\text{CO}_2$ ) into Carbon monoxide (CO) and Oxygen (O). The oxygen thus formed escapes out and the carbon monoxide is now reduced to formaldehyde by the hydrogen which is liberated from the decomposition of water. The formaldehyde is then condensed into sugar.

## **Willstatter and Stoll's Peroxide Theory.**

Willstatter and Stoll (1918) on the results of their experimentation consider that the carbonic acid forms an additive compound with chlorophyll. The compound is rearranged

due to a photo-chemical reaction and a peroxide structure with a higher energy content is formed. The peroxide then decomposes under the action of an enzyme into formaldehyde and chlorophyll is regenerated. The formaldehyde now polymerizes into hexose.

## **Liebig's Organic Acid Hypothesis.**

It was suggested by Liebig in 1842 that organic acids might be the intermediate products in photosynthesis. His hypothesis was based on the fact that organic acids, e. g. Oxalic, tartaric, malic are found in various plant tissues, notably in succulents and green fruits. The organic acids, however, have been found to be due to respiration.

## **The Mechanism of Photosynthesis.**

The mechanism of photosynthesis, as given by modern research-workers, is very scientific and has given entirely a new concept of photosynthesis, known as the "Light" phase and the "Dark" Phase. The  $Q_{10}$  of a photochemical reaction is approximately one. It has been found that the  $Q_{10}$  of the photosynthesis is one, when all the factors are in abundant supply except light, which is of low intensity, showing thereby that there is at least one reaction in photosynthesis which is a "Light" reaction.

Similarly the Q10 of a purely chemical reaction is either 2 or 3. It has been found that the Q10 of photosynthesis is equal to 2 when light intensity and carbon dioxide concentration are relatively high. This clearly proves that at least one of the reactions involved in photosynthesis is of a purely chemical type. Since this fact first was pointed out by Blackman, this reaction is often called the Blackman Reaction. It is also frequently referred to as the 'Dark Reaction', since it does not require light, and therefore may take place in light or in the dark. It now seems certain that there is not just one, but several "Dark" reactions involved in photosynthesis.

There are several other evidences which clearly indicate that both photo-chemical and chemical reactions are involved in photosynthesis.

#### The "Light" Phase.

In 1941, Ruben and Kamen, using the isotope of oxygen ( $O^{18}$ ) in the water ( $H_2O$ ) supplied to the photosynthesising plants, found that oxygen liberated in photosynthesis was released from water. This extremely fundamental discovery has been confirmed by Dole and Jenks (1944). A necessary corollary of this finding is that more water molecules (at least twelve per molecule of hexose formed) must participate in the over-all photosynthesis reaction than are shown in the conventional summary equation.

The oxidation of water is a photo-catalyzed reaction and is generally

called as *Photolysis of Water or the Hill Reaction*.

The main purpose of the 'Light' reaction is to generate two things.

(i) a reducing agent—Hydrogen, and (ii) an energy rich compound—ATP, both of which are required in the "Dark" phase of photosynthesis.

#### Hydrogen Transfer Mechanism :

As mentioned above, the Hydrogen derived from the photolysis of water has to be transferred to the  $CO_2$ -fixation reactions. There is a controversy about the nature of the hydrogen acceptor in photosynthesis. According to some the chlorophyll molecule itself may be the primary acceptor hydrogen atom. In that case chlorophyll is first reduced and then oxidised (regenerated) after transferring the hydrogen to the 'dark' phase. The chlorophyll, therefore, will also act as a photocatalyst.

According to certain strong evidence "TPN" or "DPN" act as the ultimate hydrogen donor for the reduction of  $CO_2$ -fixation product. It is also probable that chlorophyll is the primary acceptor and TPN or DPN is the ultimate acceptor of hydrogen atom.

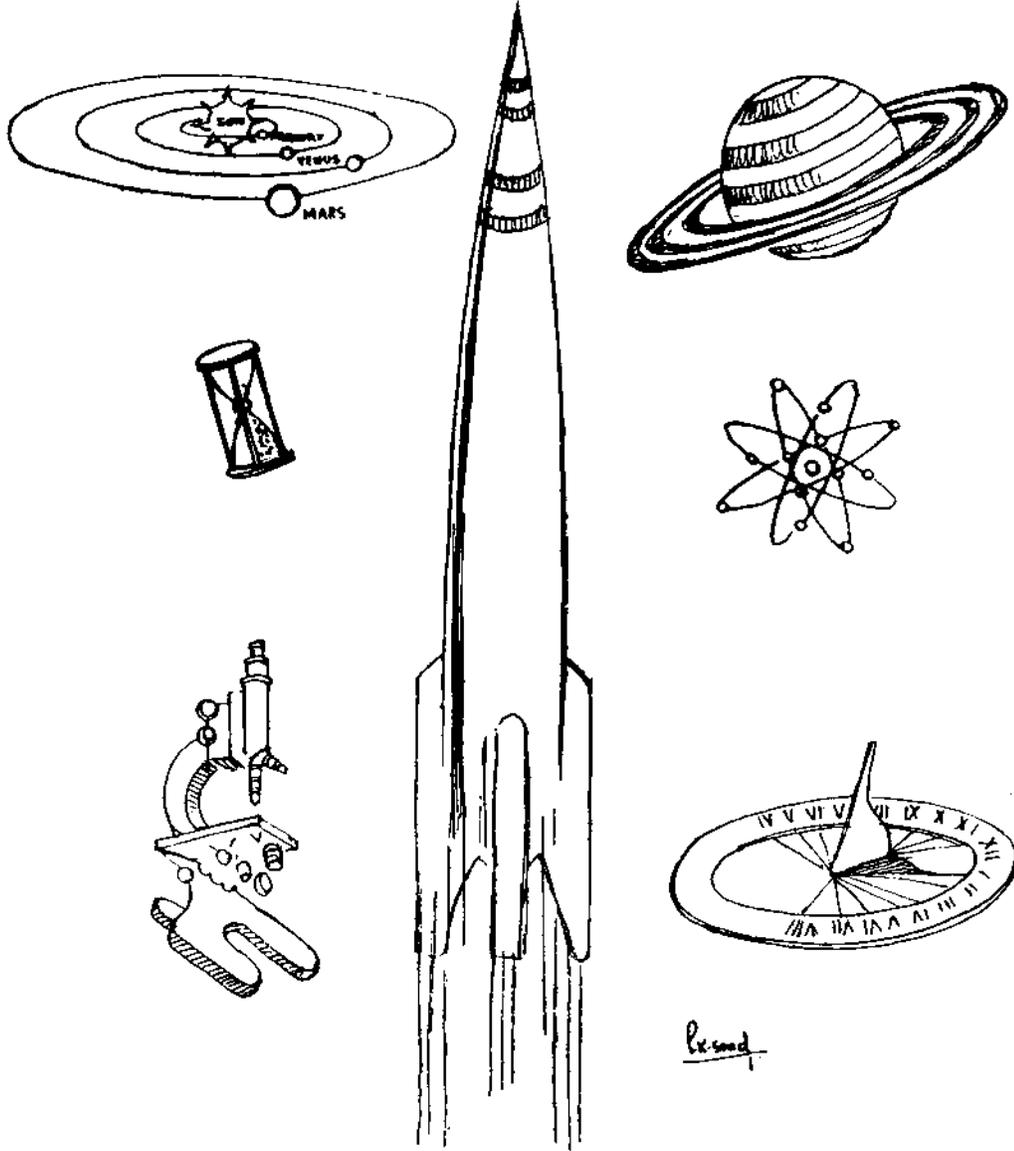
#### The 'Dark' Phase :

Recent investigations with the help of isotopic carbon ( $C^{14}$ ) and chromatographic technique by Calvin and Benson of the University of California and Gaffron, Fager and



कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते

# DESH SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT



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Knowledge may not be as a courtesan, for pleasure and vanity  
only, or as a bond-woman, to acquire and gain to her master's use ;  
but as a spouse, for generation, fruit, and comfort.' —*Bacon*

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# Editorial

**I**MPORTANCE of science in the twentieth century can hardly be under-estimated. Science is our very existence in this age, a symbol of civilization. Hardly a century and a half back one knew so little about electricity. To day electricity is as much a part of our life as air or water. Achievements in fields like electronics aviation, medicine, agriculture and industry are simply astounding. Progress in engineering and technological fields is nothing short of miracles. Behold man sending manned satellites in cosmos! Harnessing of energy in the core of atom is yet another wonder of this age. Curiosity of human mind, careful study of environment and systematic accumulation of knowledge has not only produced startling results but has also given man immense power and confidence. Every day scientists are working incessantly probing into the mysteries of universe, and the mysteries of atom. Search for truth goes on and secrets of nature are unravelled by and by. Nothing is taken for granted—all ideas and theories are tested and retested by experiments with unbiased mind. New theories take the place of older ones in the light of new facts discovered. This is the scientific method by which science is progressing by leaps and bounds.

The contribution and achievements in various fields of science for the last two thousand years or more do not measure up to those of this

century alone. Early man was more concerned with bare survival of existence. In the Middle Ages absence of political and economical stability, lack of means of communication and interchange of thought and intolerance of religion toward scientific thought were perhaps the main reasons for a lull in scientific progress. One must not, however, forget that achievements of one generation of scientists, howsoever meagre, are great incentive to scientists of next generations, and lead to further achievements. One can build up fast provided some foundation, howsoever slow but solid, has been laid. Progress will then take place in geometric series. "If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants," said Newton. Scientists of subsequent generations were able to see more standing on the shoulders of stalwarts like Newton. With a correct scientific method progress takes place like a chain reaction.

Scientists are often blamed for initiating the energy of the nucleus of atom. It is true that nuclear warfare is a potential danger to the very existence of human race, but should the scientists stop creating and inventing? This will be the death of evolution of human thought. As long as there is life there will be problems. It is for the statesmen of the world to see that nuclear energy is not used for destructive purposes. The planet earth can be turned into a paradise by peaceful uses of nuclear energy.

Science and religion have always been in conflict but one fails to understand how science interferes with a wider concept of religion. Both are in fact essential but independent entities. Science has broadened man's outlook, has lifted the veil of ignorance from human mind and has conquered fear to a great extent. Explaining many natural phenomena and causes of various diseases science has done away with many an erroneous concept in religion and otherwise. Epidemics and floods are no longer considered happening due to fury of gods. Religion to-day is more free of superstition than any time before.

Science in fact is a systematic way of doing things and this definition has found a great appeal with the general masses. One speaks of scientific way of thinking, doing business, or playing football and hockey. A subject of study which has been systematical is nowadays called a science; as for

example, library science, political science, home science, economical sciences and even yogic science. Mahatma Gandhi named one of his famous books "My experiments with Truth." This implies that truth should also be sought in a scientific way. Nothing should be taken for granted unless experimented and tested with an unbiased mind.

It is not possible to have a real insight of the scientific method unless one studies history of science. A student of science can learn nothing of science by simply cramming scientific topics from examination point of view. One should try to develop a keen scientific mind and one way of doing this is by reading life-histories of great scientists. Lives of great scientists are not only true stories of success and failure but also remind us of the ardent and unselfish pursuit of truth, a quality which distinguishes men of science from ordinary human beings.

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## HOT OR COLD

*Yogeshwar Dayal Mathur*

**S**ENSATION we think we feel is often governed by what we see. For instance, sensation of heat or cold which are intense enough to cause mild pain may be so similar that we say, "Ouch! that is hot" or "Wow! that is cold!" merely because the appearance of the object that caused the sensation gives us the impression that it should be either hot or cold.

Without the help of our eyes, we can easily be fooled. There is a stunt to prove it. While in a group of smokers, secretly procure a piece of ice, one end of which has been chipped to about the diameter of a lead pencil. Dry the tip carefully and touch it quickly to the back of one of your friends. If you ask what all the excitement's about, he'll swear that you burned him with the lighted tip of a cigarette.

# "Alpha, Beta and Gamma" (Rays)

*Shri Vinay Kumar, Lecturer in Chemistry*

Actually speaking, Alpha, Beta & Gamma are the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, but today these are used to denote the rays (also called radiation) which are given out when the atoms of certain elements with an unstable nucleus (e.g. Uranium, Thorium, Radium and Polonium etc)\* disintegrate. This phenomenon is called Radioactivity (first of all noticed by Becquerel in 1895-96) and the unstable atom is called a radioactive atom or more popularly, a radio isotope. Now it is well-known that the radiation is the energy, which is released from internal changes in molecules and atoms which occur in nature or are artificially induced by man. Artificial disintegration of stable atoms was first of all carried out by Rutherford in 1919. He along with Irene and Joliot Curie discovered that if a light element was bombarded by alpha particles (Helium-ions), another particle called 'proton' (hydrogen atom with a positive charge) was thrown out by the nucleus of the element. As a result of this, the nucleus itself was left in an unstable disturbed state, which on settling down to stable condition sent out radioactive rays. These days, however, any atom can be "broken" by bombardment with high speed protons, neutrons and deuterons.

The study of radioactivity has

given the clue to the vast stores of energy in the nucleus of the atom. Now it is in our hands either to use this energy as a means of mass destruction by making Atomic Bombs (when uranium-235 is bombarded with neutrons, it is split up into Ba-137 and Kr-84 process known as "Nuclear Fission". The total mass of Barium and Krypton is 221. The balance mass is in the form of neutrons, most of which are converted into energy according to the Einstein formula  $E=Mc^2$  —  $m$  is the mass converted into energy  $E$  &  $C$  is the velocity of light. Thus this is the tremendous amount of energy which in the form of an Atom Bomb causes untold damage and misery to humanity) or can be utilized for peaceful purposes. In my opinion, the following five statements will convince the readers that it is unwise (or even if I say, sheer madness) to employ this energy in making nuclear weapons ; ..

1. Strontium-89, Strontium-90 and Iodine-131 are the three radioactive isotopes released into the atmosphere by nuclear explosions. Out of these three, the first two cause bone cancer and leukaemia (the cancer of the blood) and the third one causes thyroid cancer. Besides, these radioisotopes, which are readily

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\* Uptil 1900, these were the only four radio active elements known to man.

absorbed by milk, are responsible for the following diseases : Congenital malformations, blindness, deafness, feeble-mindedness, hemophilia and many mental diseases.

2. Besides causing the above mentioned diseases, the radioactive fall out (dust) will affect many unborn children who according to many scientists will be born with all sorts of monstrous deformities. Pauling, a U.S. scientist, has put the number of such children in the next 50 years at 50 crores.
3. The amount spent on making one Atom bomb is sufficient for the cultivation of 50,000 Sq. miles of land for ever.
4. According to Arnold Toynbee, with the money at present being utilized for developing atomic weapons, the per capita income of every individual in the world can be raised by ten percent.
5. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were virtually wiped out (in August 1945) by bombs that released the equivalent of 20,000 tons of TNT and today we have bombs which are measured in millions rather than in thousands of tons of energy\* and which can wipe out any city on the earth. According to Lord Bertrand Russell, 1000 bombs are

sufficient for complete extinction of humanity from the face of the earth and it is of interest to know that USA and Russia have 12,000 such bombs.

I fear after reading the above lines, the readers would have developed an 'anti-radiation feeling' in their minds and would have begun to imagine it as a dreaded hazard. But I may assure them that this is not so because whether a thing is good or bad depends upon the use to which it is put, And Atomic Energy, if harnessed into useful channels may contribute so much to the welfare of mankind that it may change this earth into a paradise. Below I give some of its important and recent uses : ..

The first and the most important use to which this energy can be put is for producing power (electricity), which in turn could be put to innumerable uses. The production of nuclear power is based on the use of natural or enriched uranium as a fuel and heavy water\*\* to transfer heat from the atomic reactor (popularly known as an atomic furnace), The heated heavy water will turn ordinary water into steam which will drive turbines connected to electric generators. It has been estimated that cost of power from 380,000 kw-capacity nuclear power station being set up (at a cost of 48½ crores) by the Indian

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\* On 30th October, 1961, A 50—megaton bomb (1 Megaton=1 Million tons of TNT) was exploded by USSR and from August 1945 to Sept. 1962, USA & Russia have exploded devices with a total yield of about 390 megatons.

\*\* Discovered in 1932 by American Scientist Harold Urey. It is used as a moderator in reactors to slow down the speed of neutrons in the splitting of U-235. Recently its production has started in India.

Rosenberg of the University of Chicago have greatly helped in tracing the pathway of carbon through the photosynthetic mechanism.

The whole controversy about the nature of the intermediate product of Photosynthesis has been set aside. Experiments in which algae were permitted to photosynthesize for short periods in the presence of isotopic  $C^{14}O_2$  established beyond doubt that the 3-carbon *phosphoglyceric acid* is the first stable product of photosynthesis. Within two seconds, almost 90% of radio active  $C^{14}$  could be traced in the three-carbon acid. This was found by Calvin and Benson (1949) in algae and by Aronoff and Vernon (1950) in Soybean leaves. After slightly longer but still very short periods of photosynthesis, radio-active carbon is also present in other compounds. The radio-active carbon also appears in Sucrose molecules after relatively short periods of Photosynthesis.

A pentose-phosphate ester-ribulose diphosphate has been established

definitely as the primary acceptor of  $CO_2$  in photosynthetic 'dark' reaction. The evidence in support of this is due to the fact that RDP accumulates in the leaves if  $CO_2$  supply is reduced. It has also been found that the acceptor of  $CO_2$  (RDP) is continuously regenerated in a cyclic fashion.

A modified version of the photosynthetic cycle (dark phase) was given by Bassham, Calvin and Benson (1954).

The Ribulose Diphosphate has an active  $C_2$  fragment which acts as the  $CO_2$  acceptor and Phosphoglyceric acid is produced. The phosphoglyceric acid is converted in Diphosphoglyceric acid which is reduced into 6 molecules of a triose phosphate of glycerine (Phosphoglyceric aldehyde). Only one molecule of triose phosphate is used in the synthesis of hexose. The rest of the molecules of the triose sugar is utilized in the regeneration of the  $CO_2$  acceptor, the Ribulose Diphosphate.

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'The pilgrim fathers of the scientific imagination as it exists today are the great tragedians of ancient Athens, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides. Their vision of fate, remorseless and indifferent, urging a tragic incident to its inevitable issue, is the vision possessed by science. Fate in Greek Tragedy becomes the order of nature in modern thought.'

# HISTORY OF LIFE

*(In chronological order from 17th century onward)*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1660 John Ray begins to classify plant species  | 1827 Karl von Baer discovers mammalian ova, and notochord in mammalian embryo             |
| 1665 Robert Hook discovers cells in cork slices   | 1828 Wohler synthesizes urea and establishes modern science of organic chemistry          |
| 1668 Francesco Redi proves maggots do not arise by spontaneous generation                                       | 1839 Schwann and Schleiden establish "cell theory"  |
| 1675 Leeuwenhock discovers protozoa and bacteria and shows that yeast is a microorganism                        | 1840 Hugo von Mohl suggests name "protoplasm" for cell contents                           |
| 1677 Johann Ham discovers spermatozoa   | 1842 Kollicker suggests spermatozoon is a single cell                                     |
| 1737 Linnaeus establishes modern Science of taxonomy  | 1845 Karl von Siebold suggests protozoa are single cells                                  |
| 1767 Lazzaro Spallanzani proves microorganisms will not arise in broth that has been boiled and sealed from air | 1850 Coloured stains first used on cells  |
| 1781 Felice Fontana discovers cell nuclei   | 1857 Louis Pasteur proves fermentation is due to living yeast cells                       |
| 1791 William Smith establishes modern science of paleontology   | 1858 Alfred Wallace works out theory of evolution by natural selection                    |
| 1798 Thomas Malthus expounds his theories of over population  | 1859 Darwin publishes Origin of Species   |
| 1809 Lamarck advances theory of evolution through inheritance of acquired characteristics                       | 1860 Pasteur finally disproves theory of spontaneous generation                           |
|   | 1861 Rudolf Virchow summarises cell theory; all cells come from previously existing cells |

- 1862 Pasteur advances germ theory of disease
- 1866 Gregor Mendel publishes his theories of genetics
- 1869 Friedrich Miescher discovers nucleic acids
- 1876 Willy Kuhne suggests name "enzyme" for organic catalysts outside yeast cells
- 1879 Hermann Fol first observes an ovum in the process of fertilization by a single spermatozoon
- 1879 Walther Flemming discovers Chromatin by staining techniques and later describes course of mitosis
- 1884 Karl von Nageli proposes Theory of orthogenesis
- 1886 Hugo de Vries works theory of mutations
- 1888 Strassburger describes sex cells having half the number of chromosomes contained in other cells of plants
- 1889 Martinus Beijerinck uses the name virus to express infectious agent of tobacco-mosaic disease
- 1897 Buchner shows yeast enzymes work even though yeast cells are killed
- 1900 Hugo de Vries rediscovers Mendel and his theories
- 1902 Sutton suggests chromosomes control inheritance of physical characteristics
- 1906 Thomas Morgan begins use of *Drosophila* in genetic experiments
- 1911 Casimir Funk suggests the name "Vitamine" for organic substances necessary to life in trace amounts
- 1911 Phoebus Levene discovers ribose in one type of nucleic acid and deoxyribose in another
- 1915 Felix D'Herelle discovers bacteriophage
- 1917 First chromosome maps of *Drosophila* worked out
- 1918 Fischer works out method by which aminoacids join together to form proteins
- 1924 Karl Freudenberg shows living tissues to contain only L-aminoacids
- 1926 James Sumner crystallizes enzyme (urease) for the first time
- 1927 Hermann Muller increases mutation rate in *Drosophila* by radiation
- 1935 Wendell Stanley crystallizes tobacco mosaic virus for the first time
- 1939 Nucleic acids shown to be large molecules

- |  |  |
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| <p>1941 Geoge Beadle begins works with <i>Neurospora</i>, establishing chemical genetics</p> <p>1944 A. J. P. Martin describes technique of paper chromatography</p> <p>1949 Linus Pauling discovers abnormal hemoglobins and studies their inheritance</p> <p>1949 Erwin Chargaff shows presence of various nucleotides in nucleic acids in unequal proportions. Adenine and thymine concentrations are however equal, so also those of guanine and cytosin</p> <p>1952 S. L. Miller produces aminoacids from simple compounds under primordial conditions</p> <p>1953 F. H. C. Crick and J. D. Watson advance double-strand theory of nucleic acid replication</p> <p>1954 Nucleic acid established as sole investive agent in virus</p> | <p>1955 H. Fraenkel-Conrat separates virus into protein and nucleic acid, then reconstitutes virus</p> <p>1955 S. Ochoa isolates enzyme involved in R. N. A, replication</p> <p>1956 A Kornberg isolates enzyme involved in D. N. A. replication</p> <p>1957 Number of chromosomes established as forty-six per cell</p> <p>1958 R. S. Schweet produces hemoglobin via the appropriate nucleic acid in a test tube</p> <p>1958 V. G. Allfrey and A. E. Mirskey substitute synthetic polymer for nucleic acid and produce protein</p> <p>1959 William M. Sinton produces strong spectroscopic evidence in favour of the existence of plant life on Mars</p> <p>1960 O. Struve plans radio telescope survey to detect life in other stellar systems.</p> |
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3. The sphere of values lies outside science, except in so far as science consists in the pursuit of power must not obtrude upon the sphere of values, and scientific technique, if it is to enrich human life, must not outweigh the ends which it should serve.'

*Lord Bertrand Russell*

Pure science—the understanding of natural processes, and the discovery of how the universe is constructed—seems to me the most godlike thing that men do. When I am tempted (as I often am) to wish the human race wiped out by some passing comet, I think of scientific knowledge and of art; these two things seem to make our existence not wholly futile. But the uses of science, even at the best, are on a lower plane. A philosophy which values them more than science itself is gross and cannot in the long run be otherwise than destructive of science.'

*Bertrand Russell*

**DESH—Science Supplement**

*Edited by Shri V. N. Pasricha*

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**Deshbandhu College**  
Kalkaji, New Delhi-19.

# D E S H

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**Dr. C.D. Deshmukh**  
delivering his presidential  
address →



**Members of the Political  
Science Association with  
the Winners of the  
Kathalia-Jain Trophy ↓**



**Editorial :**

# LIFE AND LITERATURE

*Sujata Varma*

Students are often reminded that they are the citizens of tomorrow and that they should gird up their loins so that they could safeguard the country's future. Technical training is pronounced to be indispensable for the prosperity of the country. But what is all this political preparedness worth if man is not essentially good, wise and cultured.

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers". Where do we get wisdom? Certainly from literature. "Literature", says Hudson, "is the vital record of what men have seen in life, what they have experienced of it, what they have thought and felt about those aspects of it which have the most immediate and enduring interest for all of us".

In this age of Science and materialism, the innate goodness of man does not seem to have any genuine value. People condemn literature as liable to make us unfit to face the grim realities of our own condition and they also label it as 'escapism'. The false, sentimental and silly works, no doubt, deserve this condemnation. But real literature, though it could as well be called 'escapism', in the sense that it takes us beyond the narrow bonds of our lives, is certain to equip us to live life more fully and humanly, since it is the record of other people's

experience and since we could live other lives through literature it widens our wisdom.

Literature yields aesthetic satisfaction. It opens our eyes to the beauties and values of nature and human life. 'The rainbow comes and goes and lovely is the Rose'. But all these wonders might possibly have passed unnoticed by most of us had there not been a Wordsworth who cries out that 'his heart leaps up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky' and who confesses that 'the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears'. Shakespeare in his sonnets and plays repeatedly dwells on the theme of mutability of the earthly pleasures. In this world of uncertainty, the fleeting moments which are continually slipping through our fingers are to be squeezed to the last drop. Life, though we are not aware of it, is a boon in itself, and its meaning is joy. Thus literature unveils those things which were already there before our eyes, but which escaped us owing to lack of attention on our part. Thus it enriches our sensitivity. The development of sensitivity leads us to a deeper comprehension of life and its problems.

Scientific discoveries in which our age exceed, have traced chimpanzees

as the immediate predecessors of mankind. It is only certain mental and physical developments which distinguish us from them. A day may come when man may develop further than what he is today. These are well known biological facts. But these facts often lead us to disillusionment. It is good to be told sometimes that there is a divine spark too in man and that he has a soul which is imperishable and indestructible. Literature tells us this and the most wonderful thing is that it lets us believe in it.

Literature scarcely gives us any practical information. Nor does it instruct us how to behave in a way that a teacher of Ethics may approve of whole-heartedly. But it endows us with a vision from which we can draw our own conclusions about behavior-patterns and about what is worth striving for in life. In doing so it gives us something of far greater value than any scientific handbook will ever give us. It lifts us into an elevated and sublime state of mind.

"The greatest secret of morals", says Shelley, "is going out of our own nature and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action or person not our own. A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively. He must put himself in the place of another, and of many others, the pains, the pleasures of his species must become his own. The greatest instrument of moral good is imagination", And literature exists to express and develop that imaginative world which is our life, the kingdom which is within us.

Thus literature makes us good, humane, tolerant and sensitive people. Students should take genuine interest in literature because it will make them better men and women and it is the young men and women of today who are the custodians of tomorrow's culture and civilization. It will teach them finer ways of loving and living. The crux of the problem lies in imbibing essential beauty or wisdom.

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## A BOOK

"There is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toll ;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul."

*(Emily Dickinson)*

# The Poems which have influenced me the Most\*

*Yug Prakash Dar, B.A. (Hons) I year*

The first poem that impressed me was the poem which has impressed me the most. The impression came to me in a strange way, a very extraordinary way.

I was pretty young, too young for understanding deep poetry<sup>6</sup> But I was old enough to be told that Wordsworth was a great poet. This information had come to me with reference to some poem—I do not remember which—in my text book. Perhaps I knew how to paraphrase that poem. But I had not realized why Wordsworth was great.

May be I was not very good as a student, and they called me odd. I had fallen in my eyes too. And I did believe that there was something wrong with me since I wasted a good deal of time on useless things.

An ordinary rose in our lawn held me and I did not know why I took interest in it stealthily. Sitting before a blooming one, I would watch it and waste precious time. And Lord! if there was a rainbow in the sky I would conceal myself in a corner of our hedge and enjoy the sight more lustily than a much smaller child would do. I felt very guilty, indeed, every time I was caught. So was about the times when I would sit

on the terrace and watch the course of the moon and almost talk to it. Then came the big day, the day of the first great impression, the day of a great mental change in me. I chanced to open a collection of Wordsworth's poems in which it was prominently stated that the poems had been arranged by the poet himself. It was again strange of one to find out as to which of the poems was regarded by the poet himself as his best. This information too was clear on the first page. The poet had regarded the last poem in the collection as his very best. They said that this poem was written by him "at the height of his genius". I knew I would not understand it. But I opened the last pages mechanically. The title was a long one: "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood".

Frightened by the title I was about to close the book when suddenly my eyes caught the second stanza :

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose,  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens  
are bare,  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair,  
The Sunshine is a glorious birth ;...

---

\* Awarded 1st prize in Essay Competition by the English Literary Society.....

I read it again and again and at first disbelieved that this was great poetry. I turned back to the first page and got it reconfirmed. Then as I started reading it afresh a strange process in my mind overpowered me and now I read the lines through a veil of water in my eyes and over the loud beats of my heart and knew for the first time that I had not wasted my time in communion with the rose, the rainbow or the moon and that there had been decidedly nothing wrong with me.

This poem only revealed the truth which was of my own perception. It spoke for me—for my abstract feelings. Yet how differently was it expressed, how simply and how greatly. Yes, the rose was 'lovely,' after all, the moon did "look" "round," the sunshine was "glorious". I read it again and again. Reading it I heard my own voice and I knew this was the great voice of the great poet, Wordsworth. Did I discover him? or did I discover myself in his poetry? Something did happen; something did happen, something great to me and to my mind. Every syllable of the poem found place in my inner-most chambers. It stayed there and is there for all time.

A little later in my life it was again Wordsworth who touched me permanently. This time it was his moving poem : "Lucy Gray".

A few months older, no doubt, I remained mentally a child to the extent that I shed tears and cried for poor Lucy Gray. Since then I have failed to understand why the storm should sometime come "before its time". The impression of the poem is so deep in me that all the knowledge of science cannot wash off anger from my mind against the elements. Even now when I recollect the poem, I start wandering "up and down", and many a hill do I climb with Lucy Gray and follow her footsteps into a dreary night, guided by a pale lantern. I shout and shout mentally till I reach the final plank in the bridge. In my mental agony I say to myself :

"In heaven we all shall meet." And only then I am able to get disentangled from my day-dream.

I have read poems and poems, and many of them good and great. But none of those is so deep-seated in my mind as these two simple ones.

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"Most joyful let the Poet be ;  
It is through him that all men see."  
(*W. E. Canning*)

# The Press—and India's Struggle for Freedom, 1858 to 1909

By Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia, M. A., Ph. D.

FOR decades, in the first half of the nineteenth century, the vernacular press preserved the mask of its inception, being given almost exclusively to theological controversies. The Christian missionaries were encountered by the Brahma Samaj. From the fifties onwards, the political and national problems attracted its columns. The reasons were obvious and diverse.

The policies of Lord Dalhousie, the storm of 1857, the spread of Western education, the agrarian disputes, the recurring famines, the Council Acts of 1861 and 1892, the costly imperial wars and the controversies during the Viceroyalties of Lytton and Ripon—all spurred journalistic activity. The failure of British justice in India, the contemptuous attacks of Anglo-Indian papers, thousands of assault cases in which Indians frequently suffered at the hands of Europeans, the plague operations, the role of the Congress, and the persecution of Tilak in 1897, further stimulated the growth of the National Press in India. The unpopular measures of Lord Curzon, the proved ineffectiveness of Congress methods, the Swadeshi and Boycott movements, and the repressive methods of the Government—helped the emergence of the revolutionary papers. Among the external factors may be mentioned especially the rise of Japan

and the Home Rule Movement in Ireland.

Therefore, during the period under review (1858 to 1909), some of the most powerful organs of public opinion came out, Ishwara Chandra Vidyasagar founded the 'Shome Prakash' in 1858, the 'Times of India' was founded in Bombay in 1861, the 'Pioneer' in Allahabad in 1865, the 'Madras Mail' and the 'Amrita Bazar Patrika' in 1868 in Madras and Bengal respectively, the 'Statesman' in Calcutta in 1875, the 'Civil and Military Gazette' in Lahore in 1876, the 'Tribune' in Lahore in 1881, the 'Hindu' in Madras in 1878, and the 'Bengali' in Calcutta in 1879.

During the last twenty years of the 19th century and the first decade of the next, powerful revolutionary papers like the 'Kesari', the 'Yugantar', and the 'Bande Mataram' were added to the list. In 1902, there were more than 700 newspapers, 575 periodicals and 2192 registered printing presses in the whole of India.

## Tone of the Press

About the tone of the press, the Government translator admitted as early as 1867: "The Hindu papers fearlessly record their opinions based upon the broad principles of universal equality. And the authorities are

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often subjects of unceremonious comment, sometimes severe. The Moham-medan papers rarely venture any opinion”.

The tone of the national press from 1858 to 1909 may be judged from the way it took notice of the economic, administrative, political and other policies of the alien Government.

The press was acutely conscious of the grave economic exploitation that attended British rule in India, and it was forthright in its criticism. Condemning the excise policy of the Government of India in 1863, a Bengali paper alleged; “in many places Ab-karee Amlahas introduce prostitutes to promote the sale of liquor”. Another paper said: “the Government of India is pursuing a most dangerous and damaging policy: for a few rupees gained now...it will have debauched, degraded and demoralised the mass of the people of India”. When the Road-cess was imposed in Bengal, Amrita Bazar Patrika wrote: “It is a shameful imposition”. When in 1888, the salt tax was increased by the Government of Lord Dufferin, a Bengal paper, Praja Bandhu, wrote; “cursed was the hour when His Excellency set foot on Indian soil. His crooked policy has impoverished India.” Another paper ‘Bangavasi’ advised the people in 1892 to forego the use of all foreign salts.

The Indian press was highly critical of the imperial wars on ethical and economic grounds. About the 2nd Afghan War, a Bengali paper wrote on 12-1-1880: “Heaven only knows where the consequences of the dis-

honest actions of the Hebrew Premier (Disraeli) will ultimately lead us. Has the English nation lost its vitality that it cannot bring about the overthrow of its bad ministry”? The 3rd Burmese war had meant a military expenditure of more than 8 crores of rupees (1885-6 to 1895-6), about which a newspaper, Sanjivni, wrote on 17-3-1888:—

“When we think, that our money assuming the form of bullets, is falling upon the breasts of heroic Burmese patriots, is serving to fill with lamentation thousands of Burmese homes, and is helping to deprive a people of their God-given independence, we cannot help losing all patience.”

About the Tibetan War of Lord Curzon, “Amrit Bazar Patrika” wrote on 12-5-1904; “Every Englishman should be ashamed of the Tibetan Mission.”

The costliness and inefficiency of administration also came in for severe criticism. Bangabasi commented in July 1886;—“If in England the salaries...had been fixed at such high sums, the people would have rebelléd”. To the contention of Sir John Strachey that an English boy (for I.C.S.) inherited qualities from his forefathers which a Bengali aspirant for I.C.S. never inherited, a Bengali paper shot back the reply (Bangavasi, 28-12-1894):

“When your tattooed ancestors lived in mountain caves or underground holes, ate raw flesh and

jumped about like monkeys from tree to tree in search of fruits, our forefathers ruled Kingdoms. This is no empty boast, but historic truth."

The national press severely criticised the police and public works departments of the Government of India. About police oppression Koh-i-Nur of Lahore, 16-4-1892, enquired: "Why Government should appoint wolves to look after the welfare of sheep?" About P.W.D. Som Prakash wrote in 1869: "This is a nursery of thieves."

Another thing which greatly exercised every one in the last decades of the 19th century was the problem of assault cases in which it pleased the Europeans to kill the Indians, and it pleased the European judges to let off the culprits on silly pretexts. Nearly 500 cases occurred every year in each of the provinces. At Wazirabad three English soldiers killed a Sadhu. "Amrita Bazar Patrika" wrote a bitter satire :

"The Sadhu looked so much like a pig that the tommies were tempted to shoot him. Oh! dear! dear! and now a hue and cry would be raised in the native newspapers. But after all no harm is done in this ; it is the ultimate object of a Sadhu to seek Nirvan and three sons of Mars by shooting him dead simply helped him to reach his goal at once."

The national press was greatly conscious of the drain of India's wealth to England. A paper 'Samay' wrote

on 3-1:1896 : "Like locusts they come in swarms and drain the country of its riches, which they spend not in India but in their own country", Another paper compared them with Muslim rulers : "The Muslims did not suck the peoples' blood like India's present rulers, India's wealth never crossed its frontiers. During the Mohamman-dan's five hundred years. we had one Aurangzeb. But under the civilised and enlightened British rule, a new Aurangzeb is starting up into life every day to make the land so coveted by the gods, unfit even for men's habitation."

The Yugantar compared, in 1906 ;

"If the Mussalmans were oppressive, their oppressions were open, so that people could resent them on the spot. But the oppressions of the English are covert, and the fact that such oppressions are not felt immediately, destroys the power of the poor-oppressed to resent or retaliate,"

The powerful voice of the Indian press was heard everywhere during the famous Ilbert Bill controversy (1883). One newspaper, "Prabhati", 18-5-1883, warned; "If Mr. Ilbert's Bill is not passed.....we shall treat Europeans like enemies", "Bharat Mihir", 30-6-1883, reminded; "If the Government of India fails in this trial, it will drive a sharp knife into its own bosom". Another paper said; "Indians will have to strike terror into hearts of the English."

Before passing on to the more revolutionary type of journalism, a reference

and appreciation is due to the foreign journalists and correspondents who toured the famine-stricken land in the nineteenth century and expressed themselves with great emotion and sympathy. Reuter's Special (famine) correspondent, Mr. Merewether, said about dying humanity at Bilaspur in 1898: "In the case of these poor wretches death had lost its sting". Special correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," Mr. Vaughan Nash wrote :

"It is impossible to see the peasantry of a country reduced to such a pass, to see wives and mothers and children toiling for a morsel of bread under a flaming sun, without a sinking of the heart. The stupor and silence (on these faces) is horrible, and you wish that the unspoken horror of these sapping mouths could be given some sort of a voice."

### Revolutionary Tone

When the twentieth century opened, the press had already begun to declare for complete freedom. It began to express and preach extremist views. In Bombay Presidency, papers like "Kesari", "Kal", "Arunodaya", "Kaiser-i-Hind" began to express themselves strongly. "Kal" wanted people to achieve India's object by "deeds wrought by hands". It suggested a confederacy of Asiatic nations under the leadership of Japan. In Bengal, Yugantar (1906-8) called upon "fifty millions of men" to sacrifice themselves "in an attempt at deliverance". It wrote "the Bengalee will henceforward begin to take a life for a life

given!" and that "we will bathe in the enemy's blood, and with it dye Hindustan". It called upon the educated to organise the cultivators into "looting parties" to "loot rice in famines". It exclaimed: "Look there, there the guerilla bands are swarming the country; there.....they are plundering the arsenals.....there the vacant throne of the demon is being washed away by the waves of the Bay of Bengal".

Akin to Yugantar, there was the Bande Mataram, edited by Aurobindo Ghosh. It declared: "The time is coming, the call will soon go forth" for the "hero, the martyr, the man of iron will.....the great fighter, the born leader in action.....the priest of Kali who can tear his heart out of his body and offer as a bleeding sacrifice on the Mother's altar". Third paper, "Sandhya", declared: "If you want life and independence, then the Feringhis' lights will have to be extinguished one by one and you will have to descend into the dark cave of barbarism". About the victory of Japan, it wrote: "The spell is broken, the magic web is torn, the opportunity has arrived to wash off the mire of English luxuriousness".

At the arrest of Lala Lajpat Rai in 1907, the "Jan Ratan" of Ambala wrote: "The swan has been carried away from the garden of India". "Sandhya" of Bengal said "Lalaji.....You are the first offering at the Mother's Yajna". Yugantar declared (12-5-1907): "Let those who want to die for the mother's sake make their preparations without talk".

## Persecutions

Besides the stringent measures passed by the Government from time to time, a large number of prosecutions were launched. In one single year, 1908, in the Bombay Presidency, three successive editors of "Vihari", two editors of "Hind Swarajya," the Editor, Joint Editor and Printer of "Vishva-vritta", two editors of "Swarajya" and the editors of "Kal", "Urdu-i-Mualla" and "Arunodhya" were sentenced to rigorous imprisonments ranging from two to seven years. Lokamanya Tilak, in the same year, was deported for six years. In the Punjab and Bengal the story was not different. Zai-ul-Huq, the editor of "Peshwa" of Lahore, was sentenced to five years' transportation for his article 'Akhri Awaz Suno (Hark—the last Call). In Bengal "Yugantar" alone offered six of its editors for the prison-walls, during its brief career.

## Conclusion

But the National Press of India was never disheartened. Thrown repeatedly into the consuming ovens of persecution and impediments, it deve-

loped a vitality and maturity which come only after being immersed in the flame of suffering. It succeeded in helping the educated people to assimilate progressive ideas and pass these on to the common people. Through it, the doctrines of the great masters of political thought were made palatable even for the unlettered masses. It also helped provincial and intra-provincial contacts at cultural and political levels. It produced a world outlook by drawing upon international movements in its columns. For example, its references to the Russo-Japanese war proved extremely significant.

For achieving all this, and in giving the clarion call of struggle against tyranny, the press had to bear the heaviest of crosses. Even then, it bore the scars of the battle of India's freedom with the all-defying faith and solace of a missionary to whom every pain and suffering is endearing to the utmost. The example it set on the sacrificial pyre of nationalism and patriotism was never lost on those who heard its call and watched its crusade against the evil of foreign rule.

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"Our land is the dearer for our sacrifices. The blood of our martyrs sanctifies and enriches it. Their spirit passes into thousands of hearts. How costly is the progress of the race. It is only by the giving of life that we can have life."

(Rev. E. J. Young)

# PLAYING TRUANT

*By Vijayshree Thapa, Pre. Medical II year*

**P**LAYING truant! —What a havoc it creates in the teacher's mind! Would not he just love to catch hold of those girls and boys who do so, lay them over their knees and start spanking them like in those good old days, when he himself was a student?

Playing truant is hardly a new thing for the students of today. It is a common practice to cut classes these days, the cause of which may be that unfinished piece of homework or that d—test or the report that has to be handed over to the teacher counter-signed by the parents. Who knows playing truant may even benefit one of a super Bardot movie running some where at reduced rates?

When I first entered college and when my friends asked me if there was anything very exciting in college that was not present in school, you can bet my answer was: 'Playing truant, of course.' This is the first thing I hear students say to others about their experiences in college.

Playing truant is not very much in vogue in school but who knows what will happen to-morrow.

Playing truant is one of the distinguished traits of a 'pucca' college boy or girl. Just say to a classmate: 'You are a sissy or still a babe of the

kindergarten,' you will be sure to hear that person retort, "Surely then you have missed seeing me jump out of the window".

Yes, playing truant has its gloomier side, too. Remember the physics you are unable to follow on the third day, or the change from the transverse section of frog to the digestive system of an earthworm that strikes as a mystery to many of you; a.. a.. a I mean, us.

Have not you many times regretted those classes you missed, when the teacher armed with a whole stock of questions starts attacking you and makes you look a real double ass in front of the whole class.

Various ways have been invented to play truant from the class. The best, a student prefers, is the one of proxy.

When you tell your next best friend (because the best friend is giving you company) to say 'Yes, Sir', for you, you escape the fine and the headache of attendance falling short. The next best method is to 'Yes, Sir', yourself and jump out of the window or escape through the back-door. I'll call this next best because if the teacher seems to notice you, then flop go all the plans for the terrific coffee session in the canteen! Then

comes the excuse of a pretended headache or a piece of important work and all that sort of stuff you know !

I would like to conclude by saying that playing truant is not a bad thing

on the whole as long as I am a student, but if I ever become a teacher I think I will change my views. I would by doing this just follow one of those wise proverbs that says : "While in Rome do as the Romans do."

---

## What should I write ?

*By Ghanshyam Khohar, B.A. (Hons.) English, II year*

WRITING is a game that everybody cannot play. Every gamester has a goal in his mind, which he has to reach. Just in the same way a writer, too, fixes an aim before writing anything and then he tries to achieve it. Whether he succeeds in his effort or not, is another story. The aim fixed by the writer is the 'topic' on which he writes. He tries his best to express his feelings and thoughts about his topic. When he makes his topic clear in his article, people say that he has achieved his aim. Very few persons are gifted with this art,

To find out a topic for oneself, and to write on it, too, is not an easy job. It is as difficult as to select a good wife. One finds oneself lost in a number of suitable topics like a man who is surrounded by many beautiful girls and finds himself unable to select one for himself.

I, too, found myself in the same critical position when I was asked to write an article for the magazine. I

was granted only three days for this purpose. I was asked to write the article in such a way that I found no way to deny the task thrust upon me. Not only I was asked to write the article in three days but also that the article's length was to be at least eight or nine pages. To write an article eight to nine pages long within three days is not a child's play. After all I was to give some matter also in the article. Merely filling in pages means nothing. I must confess that I committed a mistake by accepting to write the article in so short a period. But now, when the mistake had been committed, some remedy to be done was a 'must'. The only remedy was to write the article. The only problem before me, for the present, was to find a suitable topic for the article, because it is very difficult to start an article without a topic.

Imagine a man sitting in a boat on an ocean. He cannot reach the shore, until he determines to proceed in a particular direction. Surely enough

he will perish and the wide-spread ocean will be his grave. Similarly to find a topic for an article is like finding out the direction in which the boat should move or in other words the article should be developed. Alike the man in the boat, the writer in want of a topic will not be able to produce his article. His art will fade away and he will not be able to write any more. So I glanced at all Monthlies and Weeklies in the college library and searched out the minds of all my friends, too, in order to find out a suitable topic, but I could not find one.

I did not lose heart and kept on fighting my way out to come across a topic on which I could write. A friend of mine suggested to me that I should write on the topic of girls. He said that we could write as much as we liked on this topic, but when I sat down to write I found no matter to write about. I scratched my mind many times but nothing came out of it. Now I could not keep on my patience. Two days had gone by and I had not been able even to find out a topic. Once I thought that the privilege of finding my name in print is not in my fate, but still some hope was there. I was not totally disappointed.

All the time, whether I was taking my meals or attending my classes, listening to the radio or going to bed, only one care pinched my head and that was : "I have to write an article, but on what topic. What should I write ?" Suddenly, when I was thinking so, an idea, like lightning,

flashed across my mind that I should write on "what should I write ?". I was overjoyed by this idea. "Yes, I shall now write on what should I write ?", I heaved a sigh of relief. I was now certain that I would be able to write the article and see my name in print.

As for as the problem of topic was concerned, it was solved, but another and bigger one arose this time. The man in the boat had got the direction but was not finding the oars. I had got the topic but I was not in a mood to write at that time. One may write when one is not in a mood to write but one is not aware of what one is writing in such a condition. So I thought of writing it in the evening. It was better in one way that I thought of writing it down, because on returning home from the college I got a sad news. Shelley has written in his poem: 'To A Skylark', that 'our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought'. In somewhat similar way I think that 'our best words are those that come out in the saddest moments.

Keeping the above fact in my mind I started writing the article and to my joy I found my article complete within half an-hour. The task, which had not been done during the last two-days, was done within half-an-hour. Now the article is before you. It is in your hands now to appreciate it or to discard it as a useless thing. What? Where is the article? O! What else have you been reading so far if not an article.

# Campaign Against Corrosion

*By Harmon S. Paul, B.Sc. 1 year*

ANYONE living in sight of a sea port, or a big steel bridge must have noted that ships and steel dock side equipment, and the bridge, always seem to be in the process of being painted. The world-famous Forth Bridge, for instance, takes three years to paint and then the men start all over again—using 54 tons of paint in each three-year operation. There is more in this activity than a praiseworthy desire to have every thing spick and span. Those busy painters are warriors in the endless campaign against rust. Just how constant and costly is the war against corrosion, may be appreciated from the fact that as far back as 1922 when much less steel was in use in the world, it was estimated, by Sir Robert Hadfield, an eminent member of the Royal Society, that 29 million tons were being destroyed each year by rusting. And in the year, 22 million tons were virtually half the world's annual output of steel.

Since then much thought and much money has been devoted to reducing, if not overcoming, the menace of rust; but even today the world's losses from corrosion are put at £600 million a year. Even in combating the rusting of British ships, and harbour installations alone, nearly £30 million are being spent, according to Dr. T. A. Benfield, a scientist concerned with the problem.

Regardless of any revolutionary discoveries the future may have in store, authorities agree that the economic waste resulting from rust can be greatly reduced by a more general and intelligent application of the known methods of rust prevention. These methods come under four headings: Design, Steel composition, Treatment of the Corrosive medium, and protective Coatings.

It is true that faulty design frequently increases the probability of rusting, and certainly aggravates its results; for instance, the presence of crevices in which water and dust can collect, is a bad feature in steel structure. It induces local rusting and, in time, expansion resulting from the rust may shatter bolts and rivets.

From the angle of corrosion resistance, steels may be placed in three categories. First is those ordinary steels with no resistance to rusting; second, slow-rusting steels; and third, stainless steels. The last named under proper conditions are virtually incorrodible. But stainless steels are expensive for ordinary purposes and cannot provide the complete answer to the rust problem.

For general structural purposes it is defined a practical proposition, to employ slow rusting steels which contain a small amount of alloying

materials, such as Chromium. The main application of these steels is of course outdoor structures, and particularly those where the re-application of protective coatings will prove difficult. Fundamental research made into the rust problem has shown that while it is worldwide, the degree and speed of rusting varies. For example, steel outdoor rusts hundred times faster in Sheffield in England than it does at Khartoum in Sudan. The reason is that iron and un-treated steel rust quicker where the atmosphere is polluted and where it is damp with a relative humidity exceeding 70%. The main corrosive compounds polluting the atmosphere are the sulphur acids, produced when coal or oil fuels are burnt.

In the campaign against corrosion, what is known as "Cathodic Protection" has proved its worth. It preserves steel exposed to water or oil. The principle behind it was discovered, more than a century ago, by Sir Humphry Davy, a British scientist, who was also responsible for the invention of the "Miner's Safety Lamp" which bears his name. Cathodic Protection means setting up a corrosion cell deliberately so that the steel itself becomes a non-corroded pole. This is achieved by connecting the steel to some corrodible material immersed, or buried near it. Normally magnesium is employed, since the coupling of steel and magnesium generates its own current and the steel itself is protected at the expense of the magnesium.

This technique has been of value

in the protection of the bottom of ships, marine installations such as lock gates, wharves, steel piling, jetties, and buried pipe lines. Taken all around, Cathodic protection is effective and economical as a second line of defence instead of a good outer protective coating of bitumen or glass fibre.

But the main, and most widely used, protective coating for steel is still paint. And the best painting practice varies with the type of product and conditions of service. Even so, the following principles are of general validity ; (i) Putting the steel in a pickling fluid or grist blasting it to provide a roughened surface on which paint will last four or five times longer. (ii) employing a type of priming paint containing pigments known to inhibit the formation of rust, and (iii) covering the steel with three or four coats of paint.

In recent years, there has been a remarkable development in the use of metal and plastic coatings of heavy structural steels. For example, the British Central Electricity authority, which supports its long cross-country power lines on steel lattice pylons, galvanises these pylons, while it is a practice to spray zinc coatings on steel bridges and other important structures.

There is, of course, the perennial problem of safeguarding steel from rusting during storage and transport. This was an acute problem in world

*(Contd. on page 16)*

# India and the Emergency

*By Vijay Marwah, B.Sc., II year*

The naked armed aggression of China on a peace-loving country has awakened the conscience of mankind. For the first time in the history of India, the Himalaya is on fire. We, the torch-bearers of peace and peaceful co-existence; the followers of Buddha in the land of Ashoka, have been made to indulge in the bloody fighting for self-defence. The treacherous Chinese aggression has given a terrific twist to the whole of India which has changed beyond recognition its whole structure. Never before in the Indian History do we come across such a marvellous example of unity, as it is today. So at the present moment when the emergency has been cleared in our country, when the treasure of our hard-won freedom is in danger, when the chunks of our own territory are in the clutches of the Chinese dragon and when our NEFA and LADHAK Borders are soaked with the precious blood of our Jawans, what is our duty? What should we do to fight the aggressor? That is the widely-asked question of our time.

Every man and woman, whether young or old, has to contribute his or her best to the country in one form or the other and has to share the burden facing the nation. The young men and women with the oversaturated energies can help the nation in the best way. Every citizen has to

make himself physically fit and strong. Time should not be far off when we should see around us healthy, happy, tall and handsome faces ready to serve and die, if need be, for the defence of our country. Let us make our muscles of iron and nerves of steel. But we do not want only muscles of iron but brains too! Let us become physically, mentally and spiritually strong. Let us not indulge in wasteful activities. This is the only time when we can bring out the best we have in ourselves. Let us show to our Government how we can continue with our studies and meet the challenge, confronting the nation, side by side, If we neglect our education then after all this is over we shall be having not educated people but illiterates who would make our country weak.

Every boy and girl should join the N.C.C. and various other units. We must learn how to handle a rifle and other basic equipment used in the Army. The girl-cadets can join the Signal Section of N.C.C. and can have at least, a few weeks of nursing-training course.

What ever may be the reason behind the Chinese aggression, it should be well-known that we must develop our capacities fully and learn to stand on our own feet. How long will we depend on foreign aid? Let us devote our maximum energies to

the national effort. Let us develop our industries, our plans and projects and our technical studies. Let us take a decisive step forward with a concretely aimed goal of not only preserving our freedom but also to carry on successfully our Five Year Plans. In fact, we must march ahead to bring about a basic social standard of life in our country. If we maintain a socialistic pattern of society and each and every one of us realizes his duty towards the nation and does a bit of good to it everyday, there is no reason why the Chinese should not be driven out of our sacred motherland.

The history of our world bears testimony to the fact that even the strongest powers, much stronger than

India, have suffered defeats in the beginning in surprise attacks. From the frequent deception of Chinese behaviour it is crystal clear that "there would not be an easy solution of the problem and war with China may last for years together", said Mr. Nehru. Whatever may be the reason of Chinese aggression and their dramatic unilateral ceasefire announcement, which is no more than a camouflage, let us not forget the magnitude of wisdom condensed in the immortal saying of Shri Vivekananda, "Arise, awake and stop not till the goal is reached", which can be interpreted in the following manner, considering the Chinese aggression: "Arise, awake and stop not till the Chinese are thrown out".

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## CAMPAIGN AGAINST CORROSION

*(Contd. from page 14)*

war the second when vital equipment had to be sent to and stored in the tropics under highly corrosive conditions. In dealing with this problem, what are known as "vapour phase inhibitors" have proved their worth. These are volatile organic compounds which when enclosed with the steel to be protected, condense invisibly on its surface and so shield it from the 'demon' rust.

These "vapour phase inhibitors" continue to be a blessing in tropical

and sub-tropical countries such as Burma, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Pakistan and all Asian, African and Latin American countries of comparable climatic conditions.

"Corrosion is industrial public Enemy Number One, the world over, equally in damp temperature regions as in Tropical areas. But the fight against rust goes on and the world scientific research never slackens its efforts to lesson the depredations of the costly delinquent".

# Slipping to a Picture for Adults only

By Shanta Butani, B.A. (Hons) II year

IT was a Saturday afternoon when my friend told me that she had booked five tickets for 'Fanny'. I came home to change and have my lunch. When I was just leaving, I told my mother that I was going to see 'Fanny'. She said.....your exams are approaching, not even a month is left.....and you are going to see a picture...'. I had to make my mother agree!..but Mumma, my friend has booked the tickets already 'I went away.....My mother probably became furious.....

We somehow got the bus and the main thing we discussed was who really looked like an adult and who did not. No one suspected me but discussed among themselves whether they would be allowed or not. Myself and one or two others did not have our identity cards but we thought we would rush in with others.

We reached Rivoli theatre. The house was full. We stood in a corner for sometime. When we saw others going in, we also made a line and went in. Three of my friends rushed in and when it was my turn the gate keeper caught me because another friend behind me began to giggle. He asked where is your identity card?" I replied in a faltering tone 'I.....I have left it at home'. 'Then I am 'sorry I can't let you in'. 'But.....if you are letting my friend in, you let me in too. We all study in the same class.....'.

'I believe that all of you must be studying together.....but I can't disobey the law.....you go and talk to the Manager.....'

We all had to suffer because that girl had giggled. We came out and enquired where the Manager was. At last we found him and requested him to let us in. I promised him that I would give him my address and every thing if he wanted to make an enquiry. He gave a blunt reply and said 'I'm sorry, you see the picture another time' ..... 'But I have booked the tickets already.'..... 'Then I am sorry, you book the tickets next time and bring your identity card along with you'.

I turned half in tears and decided to go back all the way from Rivoli to Kalkaji.

But suddenly to our surprise the gate keeper told me: '.....If the enquiry is made, will you be responsible for it'. 'Yes', I replied and he pushed all of us in.

I sat in the middle, all the time looking back fearing that at any time the Manager would come in and catch me.

I, however, saw the picture and after we had come out of the theatre and walked a long distance. I felt that the ghost of the Manager was still following me.

# Indiscipline among Students

*By Goutam Banerjee, B. Sc. II year*

**S**TUDENT—unrest is noticeable in many parts of the world in recent times. But particularly in India, student indiscipline has attained unimaginable proportions. The recent happenings in the Lucknow, Allahabad, Banares and Aligarh Universities and the violent student disturbances in some of the Examination centres in Calcutta, Delhi, and U.P. go to show that discipline, at least with a large number of students, is perfectly a thing of the past. No wonder that student indiscipline is causing a serious headache to the leaders and educationists of our country.

The causes of student indiscipline are thought to be a legion. Some would regard politics to be the root cause of student indiscipline. And politics is doubtless a factor. In pre-independence days, the leaders exhorted the students to join the struggle for freedom and the students freely indulged in politics. However much the leaders may now urge the students to keep themselves aloof from practical politics, the tradition of student politics is difficult to transcend. Some of the political leaders do not hesitate to play the students as pawns in their political games. The college Unions are very often run on party lines. Again, teacher politicians are rising in numbers.

As a remedial measure some

suggest the total abolition of college Unions and firmness on the part of the authorities in dealing with student rowdyism. Perhaps others like Prof. Humayun Kabir are right when they say the college Unions should be revitalised in such a way that the students find no time and inclination to indulge in disturbing politics. It is, again, highly desirable for political parties to come to an agreement to the effect that they will not requisition the students for party ends but will rather look upon the students as a sacred trust.

The socio-economic background of the country is also a potent factor in causing indiscipline among the students.

The Health Minister does not hesitate to declare in the Parliament that there is hardly any food-stuff in the country that is not adulterated. No doubt it is a sad commentary on the morals of the people as also on the efficiency of the administration. While black marketeering and profiteering flourish unchecked, corruption and nepotism in the official circle run rampant. That the citadels of learning are not immune from immorality is shown by the recent revelations of the Aligarh University affairs. Decency and decorum are thrown to the winds even by leaders. Uproarious scenes in Assemblies and other

meetings are common sights. Hooliganism is sometimes made to pay political dividends. A man of the stature of Dr. Lohia did not hesitate to call upon the students to hoot out professors found guilty of speaking English. There has been a decay of idealism in all quarters. Old values are losing their force while new ones are taking their place. Like rudderless ships the minds of many are drifting towards debasing and dehumanising channels. All these cannot but have a very baneful effect on the minds of the rising generation.

To build up the morals of the pupils on a firm basis, a recent committee has suggested the imparting of moral and religious education to the pupils. This is all very good. But unless the moral tone of the people in general is bettered, the students will naturally inhale the immoral air of these environments to the detriment of their moral health.

The economic picture, too, is no stimulant to the growth of discipline among the students. An enquiry headed by the late Dr. J. C. Ghosh revealed that most of the students lived in houses where concentration on studies is almost an absurdity. Ill-nourished, ill-fed and with no sure prospect of employment before them, the frustrated youths of the country sometimes show their disgust of society through anti-social modes of conduct.

To remedy this the socialistic goal of the state should not remain a myth. According to the Education

Act of 1244, free lunch, free clothing and free tuition have been provided for the students in England. Similar steps should also be taken in our country. Above all, a fixed course of study should ensure a fixed employment.

The multifarious attractions of the day—the cinema, the so-called cultural functions, the various games and the mushroom clubs, all distract the students from their path of study. Sometimes a student's allegiance to his club is greater than that to his alma mater.

To obviate all this, the educational institutions should be more interesting to the students—more interesting than their home and club. Dr. Prafulla Ghosh clinched the whole educational issue sometime back in the West Bengal Assembly by saying that the teachers did not teach and the students did not learn. Though rather too sweeping a remark it contains a large amount of truth. Much of indiscipline among students arises from the fact that the lessons are not understood or made easily understandable to the students. The classes are sometimes too big for good teaching. The teachers are lowly paid and disgruntled and held in little respect. Some of them have greater interest in their private coaching classes than in the educational institution they serve. Smaller size of classes, better pay of teachers and scientific methods of teaching, which cannot fail to arrest the interest and attention of the students, are the remedy. The setting of questions in public Examinations

beyond the syllabus or beyond the limit of knowledge actually imparted to the students should be made out of question. Sports, athletics, cultural functions, instructive cinema shows, educative tours etc. should be arranged for by the educational institutions to make them more lovable to the students than anything else. The courses of studies should be diversified to meet the various aptitudes of the students. The multipurpose schools are a step in the right direction. Education aims at the harmonious development of the being and educational institutions should cater to the various needs of the students.

Discipline is after all adherence to a fixed code of conduct. This discipline should not be imposed from without. This has got to be developed spontaneously from within. Again as Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose once said, 'Discipline rests on three qualities—truthfulness, fearlessness and a sense of self-respect. The teachers should inculcate these qualities by their own examples. A student is what his teacher makes him. Sincere and ebullient teachers with high idealism can still make the prevailing nightmarish indiscipline among the students a thing of the past.

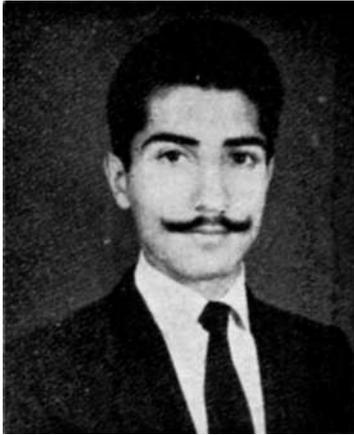
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## INDIA WANTS

*Parbhat Kumar Sood. B.Sc. Final*

Men who mould serve the Indian Nation,  
Men who would not hanker after fashion,  
Men who are made up not of straw and sand,  
Men who would sacrifice their all for their land,  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,  
Men who possess brains and will,  
Men whom rank or coin cannot buy,  
Men who have honour and ambitions high.  
India wants women  
Who would be sacrificing, happy and gay,  
And without hesitation would frankly say,  
We are great men's mothers and wives,  
We are ready to do and dare,  
We are ready to man your walls with our lives,  
And string your bows with our hair.

## THE N. C. C.



Surrinder Sawhney  
(Selected as a G.D. Pilot in I.A.F.)

Tilak Raj Malik, Vijay Marwaha, →  
SubhashChanderGulati, Satish Kumar Mahajan  
(Selected for the O.T.C.)



Davinder Kumar Suri  
(Selected for the Emergency Commission)



Cdt Sgt Tara Chandra  
(Selected as a G.D. Pilot in I.A.F.)

# Poetry In Man's Life

*Arun Madan, B.A, (Hons) English II year*

WITH the advancement of civilization man's life has become mechanical and therefore insipid. He is not master of his time. Much of it is spent in eking out a precarious livelihood. Even otherwise life has become highly competitive. All energy is spent in trying to increase a mythical standard of living of which nobody has any conception. For the generality it is a dull life—a drab life.

But there are certain individuals gifted with creative faculties. Men endowed with these gifts not only enjoy themselves but also bring joy to those who are without it. Hence mankind is eternally indebted to these 'Bards of Passion and of Mirth'. For, the poet sees, where the sun does not,

The poet, being a man of moods and also a weaver of words, creates exquisite fabrics of variegated emotions. At one moment he is highly depressed, at another like the poet, Wordsworth, he is in mystic communion with nature; at yet at another moment, he is in ecstatic bliss. Anyone who is fortunate enough to follow the different roads the poet takes, is allowed the privilege of entering into domains ordinarily inaccessible to the common people. In man's life when adolescence is over, when the individual steps on the threshold of sprouting youth, he is naturally attracted by the opposite sex. His instinct is

at play and his very being is in tune with the instinct.

"The fountains with river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single,  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle.  
Why not I with thine ?"

(Shelley)

The unrest of the youth ends with the beginning of the companionship of his beloved.

The nature of man is not of satiety. When one's desire is fulfilled, the very fulfilment of that desire becomes a germinating ground for another. He has conquered a woman. He now wants to keep himself and also his partner-in-life—if the family has grown—his children, in comparative luxury. He has now to court the Dame Pelf. This ambition seizes his being and now he is prepared to go to the distant corners of the earth. He believes in only one philosophy viz.

"Death closes all ; but something  
ere the end  
Some work of noble note, may  
yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove  
with gods.

... ..

Laboriously and with infinite patience he has seen that his wife is satisfied with everything that money can command: all his children are well-fed, well-educated, and well-provided for. Then what next?

He has everything now. At least it looks so. Yet unaccountably he has a continuing and a gnawing dissatisfaction. He wails: "My heart knows no respite." He seeks to find an explanation for his dissatisfaction. He thinks hard. He now realizes that he has been continuously striving, continuously achieving, with no end in view. Now he is convinced that this running after material objects does not give him a permanent pleasure. The more he strives, the more the destination appears to recede. In such moments, he pathetically implores:

"Day after day; O Lord of my life  
Shall I stand before thee face to face?"

The seeker in him is now born.

And he has many moods. He is chafing at his own imperfection:—

"My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals; and thy strong mercy has been wrought in my life through and through."

He is now face to face with God who is playful. He teases him.

"Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life."

For long hours thus he implores Him, thus he converses with Him.

He is serene, silent and blissful.  
Life's voyage ends in this harbour.

This is how the Bards of Passion and of Mirth through various phases of life bring us through poetry to life's cherished goal.

## From behind the window

*By Harkirat Singh, B A. (Hon) English II year*

Here I stand behind the window,  
There you sit beneath the tree.  
My eyes enjoy your sunny beauty,  
But you, from my cares, are totally free.  
How oft have I seen you this way,  
Without letting the world know of this.  
How oft have I, you cannot know,  
Desired your tender hand to kiss.  
Since I came to know what love is,  
I have felt I love you, Love!

Ever has lived your love in my heart,  
I dared not show it though; my dove!  
When you talked to me smilingly,  
I thought you were fond of me.  
But when, for days, I saw you not,  
My heart said, "No, it cannot be."  
My desires seem to remain desires,  
The fruit of love is always sour.  
Be it difficult, but I am firm,  
I will think of you no more.

stand the love marriage system which is no guarantee for a successful marriage in India. We cannot, therefore, recommend to many love marriages in India. For saying it I run the risk of losing my head but, nevertheless, I shall say it. A part of the truth is on my side. I hope I have not given the unwarrantable impression of being a failed lover because such an impression on the part of the reader will knock away the bottom of my thesis. Now, let us look at the results of love-marriages in our country. In India, 10 p.c. of such marriages have proved unsuccessful. Divorce, bitterness and family quarrels are the fruits of love marriages. In love-marriages, men and women have to face other difficulties too. In a majority of such cases, parents of boys and girls do not allow their sons and daughters to go in for love marriages and they have to arrange their marriages secretly. This can lead to funny situations in some cases. We don't undertake to supply illustration vis-a-vis our basic conservative position. The reader can do that for himself. We also find the number of suicides and murders increasing due to frustration in love.

We must not forget at the same time that the dowry system must be

abolished. If Raja Ram Mohun Rai was able to remove the worst social evil of 'Sati Pratha', why cannot we remove this social age-old custom if our young men and women stand boldly against this enemy. We can adopt certain measures to do away with the dowry system. It is our first and foremost duty to form associations and boycott all these who take or give dowry. We should also support those young men and women who have made a beginning in this direction. It becomes also somewhat necessary to educate girls to be simple in their habits and also to decrease their demands for cosmetics. In return, men should have the motto: "Be content with what thou hast". We can also cut expenditure by not hiring bands, illuminating buildings and giving lavish parties. I would also suggest that our national leaders, religious heads and teachers along with their students should seize every opportunity of creating a powerful opinion in the public against this evil. In the present emergency when all efforts are being made to attain all round improvement and also when people are prepared to sacrifice their wealth, let all of us undertake to get rid of this our next enemy. On love marriage, well,..... my remarks should not be taken as final. I am still thinking.

# Do Flowers Fade ?

(Adapted from a Tamil Story by "Tayakanthan")

By V. L. Rajan, Pre. Medical I year

Periaswamy Pillai could not open his mouth without his fingers immediately starting to twirl his ginger whisks gone ashen grey by age and smoke puffing out incessantly from his cheroot. And one could easily vager that the subject would invariably centre round the great feats achieved by his comrades in the two World Wars.

A little scar on top of his right eyebrow was like a monument erected in honour of his dauntless achievements in the first World War. On his wrist was an old-model watch which had been given him by his friend who had accidentally been the cause of Pillai's loss of his two incisors. A pen-knife hung from his key chain, with the help of which he had hacked an enemy. As these priceless souvenirs, and everything else about him had the unmistakable stamp of war, what else could he talk about ?

Periaswamy was in the prime of youth when he was attached to an infantry unit in Mesopotamia, and was in his late forties when the 2nd World War broke out. It was natural, therefore, that even while enjoying peace and quietude after 1947, his mind often travelled far back to his soldier's life. His passion for military training was so great, that often he had stated that if he were a legislator,

he would have brought in an enactment that "Every boy of our country should serve in the army for at least 5 to 10 years after reaching the age of 20, and any refusal should be a punishable offence"

Fearing lest his passion for service with the army, should urge him to have his one and only son, the apple of his eye, join the Defence Services, his wife tried every means to persuade him to change his firm conviction. But all her efforts were in vain, and her tears only glided off him as water down a duck's back. Her pleas only brought forth an indulgent chuckle from him, and a sneer at her possessive instinct. "How can a mere woman ever understand a soldier's heart ?" he laughed, "In the old days when I served under the British, any Tommy was more honoured than a native Major. How I longed to serve in an independent country, even if I were only a mere sepoy ! And if, today, my son could avail himself of such a privilege, it would be sacrilegious to let go the opportunity. Death can come any where, as certainly on the bed as on the battlefield. It is only by joining the army, that a man's loftiest ideals of patriotism are aroused—his responsibility, courage ; selflessness and discipline". Thus it happened that Shekar, the beloved son of Pillai, joined the army at the age of 18.

Next year, when Shekar came on home leave, his mother was overjoyed to see her son in the pink of health. But Periswamy was more interested in probing the secrets of his heart to see if there was any mental awareness and agility of mind, than in admiring his stalwart physique and erect mien. The military discipline imbibed in so short a period was so strong, that even when he was at home on leave, he never strayed from his strict daily routine almost as though he was obeying the sound of the bugle so many hundreds of miles away.

The leisure hours hung heavily on him and soon he started devoting his time to gardening. His ceaseless endeavour soon transformed the barren land around Pillai's house into a lovely garden, and from every corner roses, jasmines and lilies lifted their tender heads as if in obeisance to the sun, and offered gratitude with dewy tears to Shekar who had brought them out of darkness into light.

Years rolled by, like autumn leaves blown away by the wind. In the long summer days, when his son was far away, Pillai would stand in the garden enjoying the beauty of Shekar's handiwork. His heart would fill with delight at the sight of the blooming blossoms, but soon he would sigh with sorrow and pain on seeing the numerous faded petals on the ground.

When Shekar next came on home leave, he had a surprise waiting for him, as his mother had chosen a beautiful girl to be his bride. Gouri was no stranger to the house, for she

had long ago fallen in love with the flowers in Shekar's garden, and had passed many a long evening discussing horticultural problems with the mother. It was only natural, therefore, that when she became its mistress, she should sit out in the garden with Shekar planning their future when he would get a family station. These pleasant days soon rolled off, for, on the expiry of his leave Shekar had to report to his unit, with many tears. Gouri bade him goodbye, and with many promises, Shekar assured her to take her back with him when next he came on leave, after six months.

Every spare minute of the six months, Gouri spent in the garden which had flourished under Shekar's loving care, and every single blossom was the fruit of his toil and labour. It was almost as if she could hear his voice in the whisperings of the wind as it whistled through the bushes, and could trace his smile in every flower. Shekar's arrival was eagerly awaited, and then came the letter that Periaswamy had been expecting.

".....You must have read about the border dispute and the consequent national emergency. As a true son of India, it is my duty to defend my beloved country against the aggressors. My return home now has to be deferred for some time .."

All Gouri's dreams were shattered. How ardently had she longed for his arrival and how she had counted every minute of his absence! But now.....she was too frightened even to think of what might happen to him.

Pillai, was very much excited from the time he heard about the exchange of fire in the border areas. How he wished he could enlist himself again! But all he could do was to read every line of the newspaper and talk of his exploits in the previous wars. Mrs. Pillai was quite annoyed by his nonchalant attitude to war and the likely fate of Shekar. His answer was a smile and a retort, "Don't be silly! The only music that a soldier knows is the clarion call to arms. Nothing else sounds more euphonious to his ears. But how can you understand these martial ideals and heroic feats; you who come from a generation of timid 'safety-firsts!'."

Those were the days of trials and tribulations, when every knock on the door would be mistaken for the postman's arrival with some fateful news, when every second seemed to stride into an hour, and Gouri, with a heaving heart and burgeoning life within her, would find solace in the company of flowers. 'How sweet and careless, but alas, how short and evanescent is the life of a flower! There seems to be tragedy lurking in the corner of life, a canker slowly eating away the beauty of the world, for the same blossom which fills the air with fragrance and gives delight to all will be dying tomorrow; she would be lamenting. Her mind flew back to the evening when Shekar was telling her about his exploits in Kashmir and of his valiant comrades who defended the hard-won freedom of their land with their lives. Her heart choked with grief and sorrow for so many young girls whose loved

ones had been dragged away from them, never to be seen again. Soon her smile vanished from her face and a look of sadness crept into her eyes at the thought of so many innocent lives sacrificed on the altar of war. Shekar, sensing Gouri's innocent distress, plucked a rose and said, "How beautiful was this flower when looked at on the bush! It is then a crime to pluck it? Does it mean that if it was not plucked out, it will not fade? Isn't that flower more honoured when plucked and placed at the feet of our Lord for Puja than when left to die unheeded on the bush? Should not man too fade one day, and how much more honoured is he if in the discharge of some noble and lofty ideal as patriotism, he has to sacrifice his life, at the altar of our motherland, than the one who dies quickly on his bed? He has lived and died in vain. Flowers fade, Gouri, only to give life to a new flower, and so do men only to bring forth a new life".

"Why, oh why, am I thinking of all this?" Gouri asked herself when, outside her room, Mrs. Pillai shrieked out her heart in a shrill voice :

"Oh! tell me, please, open your mouth, for Heaven's sake, what is written in that letter? Gouri....."

With her heart in her mouth, Gouri opened the door and looked out, frozen at the sight of Pillai, his eyes closed and lips quivering, and out of the corners of his eyes, two big tears rolled out. With unsteady steps he walked over to Shekar's photograph framed in the hall, and, standing at

attention, gave it a military salute saying, "Sir, thou art a true hero!"

Gouri, who had come to pluck flowers, had lost the one and only flower of her life.

But, was it true? To her mind came Shekar's words, "Flowers fade, Gouri, only to give birth to new blossoms", even as the life throbbing within her reminded her of her dear Shekar.

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## **"Ode" to the Notice Board**

*Uma Shankar, B A. I year*

My dear Notice Board,

Hullo! I suppose you'll be surprised to hear from me. You might also wonder why any one should bother to address you. Well, just keep on listening and you'll know the answer.

I had better introduce you to others first. You are made of deodar and your black coat of paint has nearly faded away. But you needn't worry about your colour as we do not practice apartheid in Deshbandhu College. Anyway, we ourselves are dark though we pretend not to be. You stand (or rather hang!) in the passage opposite the fee-clerk's window. Nobody seems to care a damn about you in spite of your being the most important and popular thing around the college.

There is always an eager crowd

about you during the college hours. Every student, even those who loiter about in the corridors, seemingly very busy, find time to pause before you.

All of them who stop before you, do so for one purpose—to get the latest information. A virtual storehouse of information, you hoard each and every kind of notice. A message from the Principal, stern reminders of fines from the office, sports and games announcements, news of the college activities, holiday notices (I am sure everybody likes them), and then of course, asking the students to pay contributions to "National Defence Fund"! You certainly cater a lot to satisfy everybody's appetite!

But what do you get in return? Nothing. Not even a coating of black paint, not a drop of sympathy or a kind word—only neglect?

# THE WAN ANGEL\*

*By Sujata Varma, B.A. (Hons) English II year*

Kamala checked a smile as she saw her mother-in-law walking in with an unusual haste, unheedful of the wet clothes clinging to her body. From a distance itself, she could see the red mark of the 'Sindhoor' over a yellow background of sandalwood paste which covered almost the whole forehead of the old lady. It meant that she had taken pains to please the God as well as the Goddess today. Oh!, then it was sure, she must have collected heaps and heaps of news also, for the temple is the most convenient meeting place to the gossiping women of the neighbourhood.

'Who is the latest heroine of your scandal club? Kamala greeted her mother-in-law with a forced curiosity in her voice.

'Very much interested in the scandals?' If there was a sting in the voice it completely escaped Kamala.

Pouring out a hot cup of coffee, she nodded her head innocently.

'This time it's about you. Do you hear? It's about you!'

Well, Kamala didn't know that her mother-in-law could crack jokes too. She was about to laugh it off. But something in the other woman's eyes held her back.

'The long long walk you take in evenings, now I know why they always lead you to the beach only.

'I don't understand.....', Kamala faltered. 'You don't understand! But I let you have a very good understanding of him—Rajan'.

Oh! That was it. But why the hell the women had chosen Rajan of all the people? It is true Rajan and she had a very good understanding of each other.

Kamala had kept herself aloof from all her colleagues in the office who worked like machines merely to earn their monthly wages. Rajan really brought with himself light and splendour to that dull drab world of hers. He was the only person with whom she could speak with the confidence of being comprehended. They could discuss literature, painting, music, everything under the sky. It was only natural they soon became great friends. But to have even a shadow of suspicion that there existed something more between them! Oh, it was really the most amusing joke that could ever be invented. Well, only a few days ago she had told him how he had filled the place of her younger brother whom she had lost in her early girlhood. How often had she checked the boisterous rashness of his youth with the worldly experience she had

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\* Awarded the 1st prize in Short-story Writing Contest of the English Literary Society.

gathered from the lonely years of her widowhood ?

Her mother-in law had, no doubt, misunderstood her. She was about to defend herself. But then the old lady dragged in the name of her dear departed son.

'How proud I have been of my dumb-hearted, serene daughter-in-law! And now ..and now ... Won't you give my poor boy rest even in his grave' ?

Kamala could stand no more of it. With her hands pressed to her heart—as if she could silence its hammering—she ran back to her room.

Would her husband be stirring in his grave ? Was n't this the very thought that had haunted her all these weeks ? Oh ! Of course it had nothing to do with any one, least of all with Rajan. She had to blame herself for everything.

She could not help recalling the day when she had made the fateful discovery of her own true self. That day Rajan was talking to her about the girl whom he was going to marry. Suddenly surprisingly, for Rajan never tried to probe into her personal life, he turned to her and asked, 'Tell me about your husband. Of course, excuse me, if I am knocking against a locked door ?'

What did she have to say about her husband ? Well he married her when she was sixteen. After one week of their wedding he was called back

to the army and then he never came back. That was all. Afterwards .....Oh ! Afterwards her life had been quite eventful. Refusing all the proposals of marriage by her parents she resolved to stay with her mother-in-law and look after her. She continued her studies, got a degree, found a job and started earning her living. All these seventeen years of her widowhood she had led the life of a hermit. She had abandoned all her jewellery and had worn nothing but white. Early in the morning she would go and have a dip in the river. With the wetclothes on, she would gather flowers and would garland the portrait of her husband. She had even observed fasts on every Sunday and had prayed for the departed soul. Suddenly to her confusion she realized that she had nothing to talk about but herself. It was she who came first always. Her dead husband watching from Heaven seemed only a secondary figure. When the retrospection refused to reveal anything but herself performing the ritual rhythmically, it was really a shock to her. And this unpleasant self-discovery had led her to a state of self-repulsion.

She felt a pang of shame as she remembered how often she had experienced a secret pleasure as she heard others speaking about 'the young widow' as a self-composed devoted dedicated young woman ? But how selfish was her devotion ! How incomplete was her dedication ! Was n't her mother-in-law right after all ? Had n't she made him restless in his grave ?

Could she remember any feature of his face? She wondered. His figure caught within the silver frame of the portrait was certainly familiar to her before which she burnt incense every morning. But could she remember how those brows knitted together while he was pensive, how those eyes lit up while he smiled? Did she recall his voice in his joy, in his excitement? How could she, when she herself had been the dominating queen of her thoughts?

She remembered the talks of Sita and Savitri as she had heard them from her grand-mother. How excited granny used to be as she reached the stage when Sita entered the pyre! After all she had proved to be a true disciple of her grand-mother. She gave a mirthless laugh. Was n't she trying to be a modern Sita; a modern Sita, a modern Goddess of love and chastity? But the halo around the Goddess had vanished. The staid figure was now scoffing at herself.....

The road suddenly came to life. The children returning from the school filled the air with their innocent laughter. It must be 4 O' clock. But Kamala had no mind to get up. She would have to change her dress, she thought absent-mindedly. The milk maid came in with her usual greetings. Yet she did not stir.

Suddenly through the window she saw a long shadow crossing the courtyard. Then in the next room she heard Rajan's voice. She waited silently, prayerfully. If only her

mother-in-law would keep quiet, She knew, even a hint to that false story would be an arrow to his heart. No..... but her mother-in-law was bent on ruining every thing for her. Her mounting voice ringing with sarcasm reached Kamala. She put her trembling fingers to her ears. There was a loud bang of a door closing and then she saw Rajan walking out as quietly as he came in. Rajan had gone and she knew she had lost him for good, the one and only friend she even had.

Automatically she got up and took the earthen lamp. Darkness was gathering in. She filled the lamp with oil. Twisting a thread carefully into a wick she slowly walked out to the cemented slab under which the urn containing the sacred remains of her husband was preserved. The sky was overcast. The threatening clouds darkened the landscape. Yet they refused to pour themselves down. Was her life any better? Could any one relieve her tension? Could she lie down anywhere and weep away her worries, True, she had lost her self-respect. The wings of the angel were broken. But she should not let the world see it. She had to push herself on somehow. The road might be lonely, long and weary. But it was the self-sought path and she had to go till the end. With a sigh she placed the lamp on the slab.

A gush of wind came in and the flame flickered for a moment. She stood watching silently. No .....still it did not go out completely.

# A S Y O U S A Y

*Gurpal Singh, B.A. 1 year*

'Mama ! Mama !'.....She was a good baby and she never cried ; but the night was muggy and she had wetted herself. She lay in the crib and waited, then called softly again.

"Mama !"

No one came.

She lay on the mattress with her tiny hands opening and closing. The room was empty and the street lamp threw a pattern of light on the ceiling. Her solemn eyes turned up, then got tired, As her face fell sideways, she looked through the slats towards the kitchen door.

A bed with a patch work design caught her gaze. On occasions the bed meant to her a musky blend of smells and her mother's warmth, The child put her finger in her mouth. "Mama ?".....

She got up and clung to the rail and craned her head, All was quiet. When her mother was there, she would answer to the call. Then there would be quick, tapping footsteps, an opening door, and a quiet soothing voice.

"Mama ?" She said angrily.

It was taking too long. She needed to be dried and changed and put back

to sleep with a firm rubbing hand on her back. She was suddenly unhappy.

"I want Mama !". She screamed and rattled the crib with fury. "I want Mama !"

The sound of the child's wailings was carried clearly through the open windows and the dark night. In the room above, Shiela a stout middle-aged woman thrashed about as the baby's yelling kept on. She covered her head with a pillow but it was no use. She ached with arthritis and the effort brought her upto swearing.

The child's yelling had disturbed all the near neighbours and all called for quiet. The main outcry came from those who needed sleep.

The clamour did not help and towards midnight Shiela could stand it no longer. She got out of bed, put on her nightrobe and walked towards the door of Shanker's apartment.

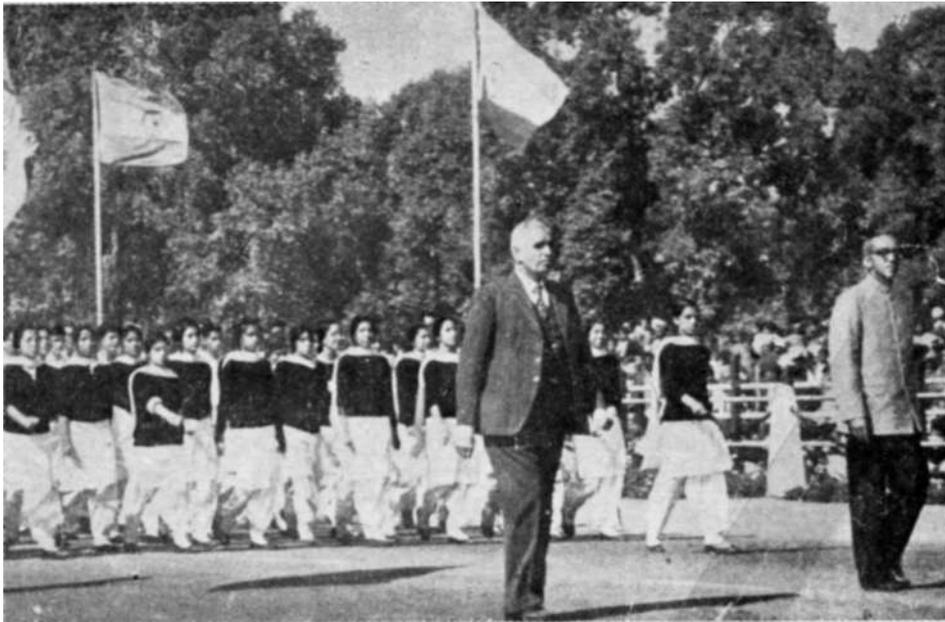
"What kind are you in there ? she shouted. "Give the baby some milk, or something ! What's the matter ? Don't you care ?"

The baby heard the shouting and suddenly became quiet. There was no other response. There was, apparently no one about. Shiela paused irresolute; rubbing her shoulder then

## The Republic Day Parade

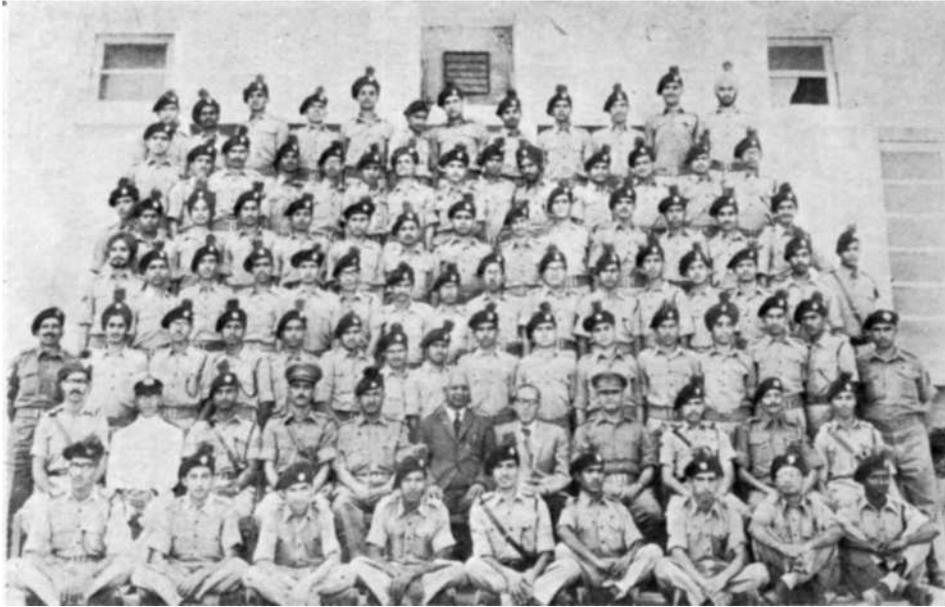


Boys and Girls marching



Women-Students marching

## THE N.C.C.



Shri P. N. Kirpal, Chairman Board of Administration,  
with the N.C.C. Cadets on the inauguration of the College Firing Range.

## The Republic Day Parade



The Women-Students' Contingent

went into the street and after a moment came back with a policeman.

Three women busy in conversation looked up. One said, "Ah, the police,"

What's it about?" Hari—the policemen asked,

A young woman in braids pointed, "In there."

Hari knocked.

Sure, he knocked. A worn older woman said with sarcasm. "We thought of that one too."

Inside the child was hushed for a moment to hear the strange, unfamiliar voices from outside.

Hari knocked again; then went around to get the second key to the apartment. In a moment the door was open.

Hari saw a neat little kitchen and he passed through it into the bedroom. There was the baby standing in her crib holding the side.

"Mama?"

The smell of her wetness was strong. Hari tried to soothe her but of no avail. The baby cried more. He touched her forehead, turned and spoke sharply. "That kid's got temperature."

"Sure! A neglected baby!" Shiela folded her arms, her face pale pointed

with satisfaction. "I could have told you. These people!"

The policeman-Hari turned towards the neighbours who were crowded together and asked if anyone would take in the kid. But all refused.

Therefore the only course of action was to take the baby with him to the Home of Mercy. He picked up the baby and wrapped around her a thick blanket and walked out to the police car.

Her wailing dropped to a whimper under the firm grip of a man's hand. There was the rocking motion of the car, then short lifting jolts which meant stairs. The brightness indicated a big room.

A woman's kind face, framed in a white scarf, bent over and there was a clean smell of soap. Then suddenly the baby was asleep.....

While the baby slept, the street grew deserted and quiet. A small couple, hardly more than a boy and a girl, turned in from the main street which still held traffic. They walked along, swinging hands with a dreamy expression. They laughed with an occasional gentle word to each other, thinking back over their evening's pleasure.

The girl wore a flowered cotton frock. Her face was heart-shaped and delicate and her hair was tied in a bun. The boy, or he might have been a man, was no taller or heavier. His smiling face was thin and regular and beardless. He wore a sports jacket.

They entered the building and opened the door to their apartment. The man went to the kitchen for a glass of water and the wife went in to see if the baby was sleeping soundly. She looked at the crib and began to shake. "My baby!" She gasped. "My baby!"

Shanker asked from the kitchen, "What about the baby."

Usha screamed.

"My baby! She's not here!"

He ran from the kitchen with a cry of "Oh, my God!"

Usha stood shaking, ashen and sallow, too terrified for speech.

"Don't be scared, dear!" He spoke bravely but he trembled.

She gave him a dreadful look. "You wouldn't come home when I asked!"

He had no answer.-

Frantic, he rushed out and began knocking at doors on the floor. The annoyed neighbours either knew nothing or pretended not to know. At last an elderly man, a widower, suggested he look up Shiela.

Shiela Sodi came to the door rubbing her shoulders. "What do you want?" she asked stolidly.

"The baby!" he begged. "Do you know anything about the baby?"

She scornfully scolded him for leaving the baby alone. "What if I do?"

A look flared in his eyes like a spurting match. He took out a knife and whipped it open and pressed the sharp edge against her heart.

Shiela said that she did not know anything more than that the police had come because some one had called them and the baby had been taken to the Home of Mercy.

She saw the wildness in his eyes and knew she was close to death. "Please don't hurt me, Mister," she begged. "I've got three kids of my own back in there, I had nothing to do with it."

Her robe had fallen open, partly exposing her heavy breasts, but neither was aware of that.

Shanker stepped back with a deep breath. He turned and ran down the stairs and out into the street towards the Home of Mercy.

An hour later he was standing in front of the Home with his breath coming in short sobs, his thumb held rigidly on the button.

Suddenly the door burst open and a woman in her early fifties stood framed in the door,

"My little girl" he gasped "I'm here to take her home. I'm the father."

She stopped back and let him in.

Urmila had the practical air of a graduate nurse. She was tall and heavy, he saw with a look of strong commonsense.

After a long line of questions the woman agreed that there was a baby from the address he gave and his own name corroborated with the name plate.

She went towards the telephone and dialed a number and spoke briefly. "Mr. Sharma, please come over now,"

Shanker looked at her suspiciously. "Whom did you phone?"

She slipped back her cuffs. "What happened tonight? Why did you leave the child?"

Shanker felt panic growing within him. The baby was here and they meant to keep her. He wanted to rush out to get the baby but he felt afraid and guilty before this commanding woman.

The child had to be held till morning to be examined for disease or neglect. Mr. Sharma—the detective in charge of the case—may wish to return the child or the father might face a criminal charge.

This sent pain surging through the already nervous man. "I'm getting that baby!" he shouted.

She grasped his sleeve as he tried to run past.

"Behave yourself, young man—"

He screamed hoarsely and as he turned his hand darted out. She saw the steel clearly—frozen, it seemed in mid flight—the flecks of rust, the serrations on the blade.

She could not believe it.

It felt as though a fiery tooth went through her side.

In all her life she had never been struck in anger. No one had raised a hand against her.

Shanker looked at her in terror. I "did'nt" he cried—"The baby!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

"Radhu!" "she called" "Radhu" and then was engulfed in darkness.....

Some hours later Shanker found himself in the police station, the most abject and wretched man, facing a man in uniform who was putting questions.

"You were carrying a knife which you intended to use if anybody came in your way."

"I use it at my work. I got to cut a lot of cord making bundles."

"Stabbing an old woman!, a man burst out." I ought to cut your hands off, you son of a—"

"I didn't mean it!" Shanker protested weakly.

Another man broke in, "What made you leave the baby home at night?"

# For A D.T.U. Bus

*Narendra Sharma, B.A. History (Hons) I year*

IT's eight O'clock in the morning and the citizens of Delhi walk out bravely towards the bus stops. You are also one of them. When you reach the bus-stop, you find not a single soul over there. You think yourself to be very lucky, for you are going to be the first person to get into the bus. Suddenly, you turn back. You get a sudden shock. To your surprise, you find a very long queue behind you, all waiting impatiently for the bus to arrive. The queue, a very long one, covers two or three bye-lanes.

The long line of people behind you is silent and tense, reminiscent of King Henry V's army before they charged at Agincourt. A bus approaches and all present, "stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood". They are just about to "disguise their fair nature into a hard favoured rage", when something prevents them. They cannot understand which bus is approaching and where it will go.

True, the bus carries a board across its front. But the information is written in the faintest of chalks. Squinting, darting into the road at the peril of your life, you manage to discover that the number of the bus is three plus something, and its destination is "C.D.". A learned man might be thinking that the number is a slip of the chalk and the bus might have been reserved for "Corps

of Diplomats". Thinking with the speed of light (an excellent mental exercise, a tone-up for college work ahead) a brain-worker (seems to be a Deshbandhu College student) deduces that this must be a number Thirty for Chirag Delhi. He also realizes that it isn't the place he intends to go to although he wants the same number. A passing breeze fans him and makes him think that he has got fifty per cent of the information in this bus, the next will bring the other fifty per cent and he is satisfied. Meanwhile the other two or three dozen people make their split-second decision. You feel sympathy for the strangers who stand baffled wondering whether "C.D." is the place they wish to go to.

Another bus approaches. Curses. It's number Thirty again but not the Thirty which can safely transport you to your destination. This one is only going to Hauz Khas. You ask the conductor 'what is the idea to cut short the route' and the only answer you get back from him is that this bus is a 'special' for the office-workers. God only knows why the Transport Authorities do not think about the passengers going to Kalkaji? I think they expect them to walk down. Never mind a third bus is right behind. What? An identical triplet? And that also not upto Kalkaji. Do the number Thirty drivers have an insti-

tution of their own? Do they sit drinking tea and swooping advice at the terminus; then suddenly leap into their vehicles and cut the trip in between to be back to the terminus in time. If this is not the case, then how can it be possible that there is not a single bus going to Kalkaji. This is the talk which you listen to at the bus-stop daily. This can be very exciting especially when it is between an old man and an office-worker, and not infrequently leads to a quarrel.

Come on the right track now. After a flood of 30's (of which not a single one is going to Kalkaji) have passed, a blessed number Thirty approaches. You thank your luck star for the right bus has approached (so your other college friends do) and there is still much time left for you to reach the college in time. But as the bus comes nearer and nearer to you, you think *her* definitely to be a female or a flirt. When approaching the bus stand, she slows down tantalizingly. Some teddy boys in checkered shirts and drain-piped trousers move forward. Their hands are almost on the railings when she picks up speed and roars away. They all hang outside the foot-board and constantly fear being struck on the road by some vehicle which the bus is overtaking.

Their victory is undignified as long as their legs keep on rotating in the air.

You are tired of waiting any longer but just then you see the bus halting before you, as if she is giving you a remarkable salute—the salute which even the N.C.C. cadets in your college are unable to give.

You give a healthy ten yards sprint, and you find yourself in the middle of the panting, puffing crowd, which screams and shouts at the top of its voice. You also start pushing and elbowing to make your way in. Fortunately you reach the crowded gate. When those climbing out have successfully forced their way through those ploughing in, you find yourself --miraculously, unbelievably--no longer a passenger to be, but, a passenger. And this, you feel to be a miracle.

This is how one suffers when one waits for a "Red Dragon" or in other words D.T.U. (meaning Don't Trust Us) bus and especially when it is a Number Thirty. Anyhow, the reason is obvious enough. Three is an unlucky number and Zero has no value. In short, reaching Kalkaji by a Number Thirty bus is like solving a problem as great as Pandit Nedru's facing in the present crisis.

# The Poems that have Influenced Me

*Latika Tatwawadi, B.A. I year*

Various things influence us in life. The influence may be of the books we read, the people we meet, the society we mix in, the movies we see and so on. But poems have a lasting effect on very few peoples' mind. Not because they are beyond the grasp of an average mind but because very few people make an effort to read and understand poetry. The rhythm and the music in a poem enchants many people but the thoughts conveyed by it appeal to a very small number. This is why one must be taught to appreciate poetry when one is only a child. This is a very difficult task as children hate compulsion and may resent it, and a consequence of which is, they may never touch poetry.

As a child I was made to learn poems by heart. I used to dislike it but there was no other way than doing my job well. Luckily, my teacher, a wise woman, did not force me but coaxed me to learn bits of poetry. As I did not relish reading poetry, there are very few poems, which I learnt then and which are still in my mind to day. One of the poems I learnt then: 'Leisure', is also one of the very few which I remember to this day. This was very easy to learn as the lines rhymed very well.

"What is this life if full of care,  
We have no time to stand and

stare ?

No time to stand beneath the  
boughs.

And stare as long as sheep as cows.

When I remember this poem now, instead of just enjoying the rhythm it also makes me think. Is life really so full of cares that there is no time for leisure? Each one of us wastes hours every day worrying about something or the other. Do we realize that this is a waste of time: and try to mend our ways? No, we grumble because we could not do such and such a thing, but never think that it was our own fault that we could not do it. We spend hours in thinking how to tackle the problem but do not really get down to it. Why is it that we are so fond of wasting our time in worries and not utilize it carefully and leave some time for leisure. It is we who make our lives full of care and then grumble at the cruelty of fate. It is up to us not to worry so much. If we stop over and think once in a while, what is the use of worrying, we will learn not to worry so much. It is up to us to make the best use of the time at our disposal and not to waste our time in worries. These lines from 'Leisure', had no effect on me when I was young but now as I am maturing they make one realize that worrying is useless, I must diminish the stock of my worries and learn to use my time to the greatest advantage.

In school I began reading a few poems, here and there, of my own accord, not following any set pattern. I do not remember many of the poems I read then as I was not interested in them much. Instead of these poems having any effect on me the school song had an effect on me. It was an inspiring song and used to fill me up with pride for my school. Numerous repetitions of the song has set me wondering at the meaning conveyed by it.

“Never give in”. is our motto ;  
Strive till the set of sun.

These two lines can convey a gist of the song. This song imbibed in us the value of trying over and over again and not to be deterred by failure. It taught us not to despair when defeated. It told us ‘never to give in’. Each student took this lesson in his own way. Weak students were encouraged by the song, and it helped the stronger students to strengthen their character further. The song helped me in both ways. In some cases, where I would have given in easily, it helped me not to lose hope, in others it helped to strengthen my determination.

In the last few years at school we studied Shakespeare. The teacher encouraged us to read other works of Shakespeare besides the text. I read a few plays and was very much moved by ‘Hamlet’. From this play one of Hamlet’s speeches has had a great influence on my mind.

“To be or not to be—that is the question,

Whether ’tis nobler in the mind  
to suffer,  
The stings and arrows of out-  
rageous fortune  
Or to take arms against a sea of  
troubles.  
And opposing end them ?

This extract may create an impression that I have read one of the world-famous plays and am boasting about it. This is not my intention, I am just trying to show how this speech or poem, in particular, has helped and influenced me.

The speech makes me think should I quietly accept the obstacles put in my way by nature or fortune, as Shakespeare calls it, or should I make an effort to fight them ? This is a question which each one of us has to answer in his own way. Some of us accept the fate blindly, others fight it, but can one decide for himself. A similar struggle is going on in Hamlet’s mind, should he fight his difficulties or should he accept them quietly. This is the struggle each one of us goes through in critical moments The power to take a decision is an important part of a strong character. Reading the poem has helped a great deal when I am deciding anythings.

The first time I read Tagore’s *Gitanjali* was in school. Then it did not mean much to me. Now when I read it over and over again and try to understand what the poet is trying to say, it stimulates me. It makes my belief in God stronger than ever before. It gives me a strange sensation and makes me feel insignificant. So

far no other book has had such an effect on me. It offers me solace when ever I am depressed. One of my favourite pieces in it is :—

“The song that I have come to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true. the words have not been set ; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

The blossom has not opened ; the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice, only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house.

The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the floor ; but the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him into my house.

I live in the hope of meeting with him, but this meeting is not yet.”

Many a time this piece has made me wonder what my mission in life is. I have some tasks to perform but I do not know what these are. I am trying to find my goal in life. I really do not know if there is really any God but something compels me to believe in him. This piece moves me emotionally and I cannot say how it has influenced my life. The one thing it has helped me to do is to make a better person out of me.

These are but a few instances from the many poems which have stirred me emotionally or helped in building up my character, thoughts or ideals. Every new experience teaches me something. In the same way every poem I read teaches me something. The more poems I read the more I feel that there is so much to learn, and so little time to learn it in. Sometimes I wonder, will I ever be able to read all the poems I want and what will be my personality after that.

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(Contd. from page 36)

“I’m sorry—” the judge began.

“At the very moment it happened, I forgave him,” she went on strongly. “Why should the court be less merciful. A man with so much love in him should not be in prison.”

After a long moment of hesitation the Judge said “Ah yes as you say.”

His face was scarlet, but with judicial aplomb the Judge called the prisoner back and suspended the sentence on condition of good behaviour.

Oh, thank you, Sir !” Shanker cried “God bless you !” And even before he had turned to thank the nurse, her heavy frame was seen passing through the doorway and out.

# The Gifts of Swami Vivekananda

*Vasdev Gursahani, B.A. II year*

"The highest knowledge of life," it has been rightly said, "is to make contact with a great soul." Vivekananda was, verily, "a great soul".

It was not my privilege to see him. I was not even born at that time. But India heard him: and his rich, rhythmical voice was heard in Europe and also across the Atlantic. Indeed, he was one of the great leaders of the Indian Renaissance. Some of the great men in connection with the Indian Renaissance are: Lokmanya Tilak, Aurbindo Ghose, Mahatma Gandhi, Ram Mohan Roy, Devendernath Tagore, (Father of Rabindranath Tagore) Rabindranath Tagore, and so many others.

Vivekananda was a man amongst men. He preached a "man-making religion". So did the founder of Arya Samaj, Rishi Dayanand Saraswati.

Vivekananda says, "It is man making religion that we want. Give up all weakening creeds. Be strong!"

Again he says, "He alone serves God who serves himself". Vivekananda gives his message of strength to India's youth in emphatic terms:

Strength is life! Weakness is death!  
India calls for heroes! Be heroic!  
Stand firm like a rock!

Be strong! Be brave!

Strength is one thing needful.  
And India calls for infinite energy,  
infinite zeal, infinite courage.

Stand up! Be bold! Be strong!

Know that ye are the creators of  
your destiny.

And never forget that all our  
strength is within ourselves.

Dare to be fearless, and you will  
be truly free!

Let our youths be strong enough,  
Religion will grow out of strength.

Verily India needs a message of  
Shakti, strength, the strength which  
will make India a new nation, a nation  
of the truly free."

Vivekananda put great emphasis  
on (1) manly games (2) love of  
heroes and sages.

Vivekananda said, "Oh, if only  
you knew yourselves! You are souls!  
You are Gods!"

What he wanted was muscles of  
iron and nerves of steel inside which  
the thunderbolt is made. If the  
whole world stands against you, sword  
in hand, would you still dare to do

what you think is right? If your wives and children are against you, if all wealth vanishes, your name dies, would you still cling to your truth?

“What the world wants today”, “said Vivekananda”, is heroic men and women who can dare to stand in the street yonder and say that they possess nothing but God, who will go? Again he said:—

“What the world wants is character. The world is in need of those whose life is one burning love, selfless. That love will make every word, tell like a thunderbolt, Awake! Awake!

The world is burning in misery. Can you sleep?”

“Character”, Vivekananda urged, “is spirituality!”

Current education in India has failed because it does not awaken creative *shakti*. Current education is imitation. It makes for keenness, keenness of sharp knife that cuts and sunders. India needs *shakti* that binds, unifies and builds.

Vivekananda was, like Dayananda,

— — — — —  
“And for yourself, remember in the play  
Of happiness you must not act alone.  
The joy is in the sharing of the feast.  
Also be like a man in how you greet  
The suffering that makes your young face thin.  
Be not perturbed if you are called to fight.  
Only a fool thinks life was made his way,  
A fool or the daughter of a wealthy house.”

a spiritual athlete,—a man of *shakti*. And in the heart this strong man of Shakti had such tender love for the poor and outcast!

He said, “whose heart bleeds for the poor! Millions of our countrymen live in hunger and ignorance: I hold every one traitor who pays no need to them.

Are not the poor people God themselves? Why go to dig a well on the shores of Ganges?

Let me help and serve my countrymen. This is all I seek!

Go ye where there is an outbreak of plague or famine or where the people are in distress and mitigate their sufferings.

I bequeathe to you, young men! this sympathy, this service of the poor, the ignorant, the oppressed!

Yes, Ye need the blessing of the poor. Share with them your food, your money, your gifts. And it is my faith that at their feet would be found India's freedom”.

# GALLA EMERGENCY

*Champa, B.A. (Hons) II year*

Unusual events are nature's gifts to mankind; but it is a pity that sometimes these gifts are short-lived. The only consolation is that they bequeath to us memories which live a little longer.

The present emergency proved a gift to us at the College. We availed ourselves of the chance to show to the nation, to our local community and to our parents that we could be relied upon in defending our country when its honour was at stake. We followed emergency programmes. We assembled, we cried and we shouted.

What? Should we lag behind? People then might call us defaulters, never-do-wells and what not. We were not so bad, so weak or faltering. We can lead the nation. Nation needs vigour, life and adventure. We have gifts. Let us heed! This is our chance. Examination must be off. It must be off at any cost, even at the risk of displeasing our parents.

But hark! Will our foster-parents (worthy professors) stand by us? Pooh! What! They should and they will inspire and enthuse us. They are benevolent, learned and statesmen-like. "Iron is hot and we must 'strike'. Lo! Strike there was—and it lingered on for full ten days. College notices deterred us, some defalcations wavered us and pressure from parents perturbed us. But on the other hand the

call of 'comrades in arms' and their programmes allured us. It was a period of tension, of tears and of noise immense. The episode though short-lived, will remain green in our memories for long times to come. Why should it not? The stealthy trek to large rocky areas to discuss plans and formulate programmes could not be less adventurous than that of jawans negotiating unknown tracts in NEFA and LADAKH. Ustad Ali Khan's Qawali was no match to our qawawies sung in frenzy in the much-coveted lawns of the Krishna Market. Nor could rock-and-roll dances enchant people more than did our rythmical steps. Less talented students could not find more congenial an atmosphere for playing cards or patronising *Eros* and *Shalimar*. The strike provided a better opportunity to our flying fans to show off their transisters, gramophones and cameras. It was a mad melody of fun and frolic: a grand regular continuous picnic. It afforded anequally good interlude for relaxation to our professors or of vexation, if they choose to call it so. The hawkers and the restaurants had a brisk business but monkey-nuts and parched grams ultimately won the day.

But woe betide! This galla emergency, this god-send—the strike—came to an end as all strikes are bound to end and the truants had once again to be confined within the four walls of the college, quite low though they are.

# Kindness is an Outdated Quality

*Gautam Banerjee, B. Sc. II year*

IN this perfectly socialistic state of society where men live without any distinction of wealth, caste, or social status, men, unlike in the days described by Rousseau when men were born free but lived everywhere in chains, are born free, live and develop free and die free. In this golden age of equality, plenty, and endless prosperity, every man is born not with a silver spoon but with a veritable golden spoon in his mouth. Gone are the sad old days when men had to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Now right from his birth a man's life is insured by the State he lives in. He has not to fight to eke out an existence. The application of supra-atomic energy to the field of agriculture has solved the economic problem of mankind as a whole. Every State has now at its disposal an inexhaustible supply of food and clothes. So no child is now taught how he should earn his living. The only thing that is at present taught in the schools and colleges is how to make one's life worth living. That is to say a student is taught to wrap his life with as many forms of pleasures and enjoyments as possible. Music, drama, dances and manifold games are part of the curricula of every institution.

Life in our modern society is like a ceaseless festival. Cinema shows, dramatic performances, dancing bouts, music festivals, circus shows, garden parties etc. are the common sights of the city, the streets of which are brilliantly illuminated with multicoloured lights and decorated with well-equipped shops and restaurants where every thing can be had only for the asking. People go about the streets in gay dresses participating in this or that function or ceremony that is going on for ever in the city. People have no other business in their lives than to make their lives beautiful and enjoyable. Sometimes, of course, when they find it boring in their own city, they take a joyride by air to some other city or to the Moon or the Venus.

This is the year 2001, Naturally in such a society many of the old values have fallen off, like leaves in wintry weather, from the minds of men.

One of the casualties of such a society is kindness ; for, after all, who will be kind and to whom in a State where sorrow and pain are things absolutely unknown ?

# The Poems which impressed me

*S. G. Varma, B.A. (Hons) English II year*

In the early hours of mornings, especially in the chilly mornings of Mid December and January, while I lay feeling reluctant to leave the soft warmth of my bed the famous lines of Tennyson had often come to my mind :

'Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil.'

As I meet my mother's threatening eyes and hear the oft-repeated sermon which always ends with the warning that time and tide wait for no man and that I should get up and do my work, I always feel irritated. How could I bring home to her the truth underlying those lines from 'The Lotos-Eaters :

Death is the end of life  
Why should life all labour be ?

How heartening, how comforting it is to be told that Tennyson, at least through the wings of Muse, could fly to a land where one could lie down on beds of flowers and gaze at the clouds in dreamful ease doing nothing. Time is driving fast and in a little while our lips would be dumb. Then why should we agitate ourselves by 'climbing up the climbing wave' ? Why could n't we have 'long rest or death, dark death or dreamful case' ?

It is not without shame, I am

admitting that the langour-loving heart of mine appreciates the philosophy of inaction and sloth of the 'Lotos Eaters'. But here is one more reason for which I rank this poem high and this is, no doubt, a widely accepted reason. Tennyson is often glorified for the glittering images and the jingling music of his and 'The Lotos Eaters' is one of the finest pieces of his art in which there is a perfect mingling of melody and picturesqueness. He gives a photographic description of the Lotos Land :

A land of streams ! some like a downward smoke,  
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn,  
did go ;.....  
and where 'the charmed sunset  
linger'd low adown.'

Who would not be tempted to dwell for ever in this land of dreams ? I still feel that if I were asked to make a wish I would ask for a trip to the Lotos Land.

Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' always strikes me with the emotional tempest in which the poem is swept and the optimistic note in which it ends. The world with its meaningless customs and conventions weigh wearily on the poet. He has fallen on the sharp thorn-like realities of life and is crushed and bruised:

— I fall upon the thorns of life,

I bleed.

Could there be a more poignant expression of the agony of one's soul ?

The West Wind represents to Shelley one of the invisible forces of Nature whose presence he could feel every where. The dry withered leaves feel the presence of the wind. The clouds and the waves also feel its might and energy. Shelley prays to the west wind to sweep him away as if he were or a leaf, a cloud so that he could fly with it; or a wave so that he could pant beneath its power and share the impulse of its strength. His failures may be many, his disappointments numerous. Still these could never curb the heroic optimism of his soul. Clouds may gather all round. Wintry chill and gloom might prevail

everywhere. But the poet in his irrepressible optimism asks .

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

The melancholy autumn may usher in dreadful winter, but the winter itself is the herald of the sweet spring season. Sorrows may fall thick on us; still comfort and joy cannot but be far behind, How animating, how invigorating a philosophy it is! The poem with its torrential movement and the rapidity of its images is breath-takingly beautiful and the prophecy it makes gives me some sort of consolation. What if I am a lazy-bone now ? Even the dreamy winter is sure to be followed by spring. A time may come when I would shake off all my sloth and realize the nobler self (if at all there is one !) of mine.

## Students and Social Service

*P. K. Sood, Secretary, Social Service League*

Students have unlimited energy. They are young and full of idealism. They have a burning desire to serve their mother-land and help their fellow countrymen. If given a chance, they would change India into a land of our dreams. They would bring the kingdom of heaven on the earth,

Students are best fitted for social service. We saw that at the time of the Partition the students did yeomen's service to the refugees. If they could do such great deeds in the past, they can do similar deeds in the future. Today when the country's need is heavy,

students should come forward in great numbers to help the Government in numerous projects. During the present emergency, some of the students have set a remarkable example of social service, by collecting money for the NDF, by polishing shoes, selling newspapers etc.

We have to build our free India. There is endless work to be done. There are canals to be constructed, roads to be made and million other things that need our labour. The students can do all these things. Their

labour can make India flow with milk and honey. It was said of Shah-jahan that he found Agra a city of bricks and left it a city of marble. The students can make India a country of marble and gold.

The trouble is that in India people expect the Government to do everything. We expect all things to be done without our having to move our little finger. We forget that if we do not work, no work will be done. If we do not make a road, there will be no road.

The most dreadful disease in India is not malaria or T.B. : it is that we do not believe in the dignity of labour. A young man would rather be a clerk getting a paltry sum of a 100 rupees than a labourer earning three times as much. He wallows in his false notions of dignity. They are votaries of fashion. Students think it below their dignity to carry books, while in foreign countries all gentlemen and ladies carry their own luggage at the Railway Stations. The students must learn to work with their hands and feet, else India would not make progress.

The Government is alive to this need. In U.P., during the holidays, the students are expected to go to their village homes and help their parents in agriculture and harvesting crops. An education that makes a boy unfit for his family profession is no education at all.

Recently the Educational Advisory Committee put forward a proposal to

conscript all students for social service in the villages. There are also proposals that no student should be given a degree, unless he puts in one year's social service.

It is an irony of our present system that the son of a zamindar becomes unfit for farming after he passes his B.A., and that the daughter of a house wife becomes unfit for household work, when she is a graduate. Mahatma Gandhi said that in India where 80% population is agricultural and another 10% labourers, it is a sin to give education that makes a student unfit for manual labour.

It is heartening to note that a large number of students are working in the community projects. Some of them have joined the Bharat Sewak Samaj and are doing 'Shram Dan'. At some places, the A.C.C. and N.C.C; cadets have dug canals, constructed bridges and made roads etc.

Our country is steeped in illiteracy. About 90% of our people do not possess knowledge of the three R's. If students start teaching the unlettered people, illiteracy can be banished from our dear land. The Government will have to spend hundreds of crores of rupees for educating all the people.

Free India needs blood and toil, hard work and labour, not shouting of slogans, fiery speeches and paper resolutions. Words can't take the place of work.

The ideal of the students should be not strikes but social service.

# P O E M S

*Shri J. K. Jain*

## YOUTH AND SELF-PITY

Here I am, a youngman of twenty-five,  
in the heyday of youth,  
wanting to keep my blooms in shape.  
A heart going rank with its own fertility.  
Torn apart by tendencies, those foes of each other.  
Dreading lucidity in action,  
(that is compromise).  
The uncreative heathers of attitudes.  
Self-lacerating—  
the monotonous dialogue with itself  
of a bus-engine at a bus-stop ;  
the licking of wounds.  
The dawn of synthesis,  
the unity of being,  
the vitality of single-minded devotion,  
the purposeful action,  
like the pure marble snows on peaks,  
—(that melt into streams)—  
beyond my reach.

## EVENING AT JANTAR-MANTAR

Among these ageing sculptured palm-trunks,  
With a faded halo of history around them,  
I recede back into centuries.  
It's difficult, so difficult to believe  
That Connaught Place is just outside the gate.  
The ancient observatory  
being used by pigeons, by crows,  
by leaping squealing urchins,  
by the cursory, wide-eyed glance  
of tourists controlled by a guide.  
The quiet cannas, the orderly lawns,  
the darkening colours of the evening sun,  
The nostalgic chiming of the town-hall clock  
rake up a yearning in me  
for something magnificent to happen,  
for the advent of one  
on whom I could lavish  
my excessive emotion.

# The Lark by Jean Anouilh

—a review

Shri Y. P. Dhawan

ANOUILH'S contribution to modern French theatre is outstanding. Like Sartre, Camus, Malraux, Ionesco and a host of other notable French writers of our time, he is the holder of a dazzling international reputation. A kind of magic sticks to his name which inspires love, reverence, and admiration in his readers and fans, who are spread all over the world. They are always waiting for a new play by him and always talking of old plays by him, which have now become accepted classics of Modern theatre. "Ring Around the Moon", "Antigone", "Eurydice", "Ardele", "The Carnival of Thieves", "A Traveller without Luggage", "Colombe", "The Restless Heart", "Dinner with the Family", and a few others, are the members of this illustrious repertory. It is a complete world—the world of an authentic creator—in which one can live and breathe. Some of us like it more than others, and that is how it should be. But I am not here for showering eulogies, or panegyrics, on a well established reputation which is as well fortified as a well-maintained garrison.

Jean Anouilh's "Lark" is a gripping play in every accredited sense of the word; it deals with the well known historical legend of Joan of Arc.

What Anouilh attempts to see in the story of Joan of Arc is a fact of great human importance in my eyes; and it shall be demonstrated a little later in some detail. Meanwhile it is enough to say that "The Lark" is, probably, not amongst his best plays: and this fact is being pointed out, not to underrate the seriousness of the purpose, or achievement, of this play, but simply to show that certain readers could, if they wanted, with justification, take exception to the epithet "gripping" used above in the play's commendation. I myself love this play, but will have no hesitation in saying that it is less sparkling, less delicate in its nuance and innuendo and also not filled to an equal degree with those manysided implications of language and gesture, which make other plays of his an incomparable assemblage of mischief, buffoonery, horseplay, farce, love, adultery, despair and poetry. Above all it is hidden poetry in his plays which should be the true object of meditation by a literary reader. Unfortunately, I have no time here to invoke the subtle and rich magnificance of "Ring around the Moon" or talk of a certain classical perfection in "Antigone", or even attempt to allude, in however passing a way, to the sheer health-giving hilarity of "The Carnival of Thieves", and so on and so forth.

"The Lark", put beside them, strikes us as having grown less spontaneously out of that creative urgency which manifests itself so clear in many other plays by Anouilh. But this is not being said to discredit the force or achievement of this play in any way ; it is being said to arouse those who have not read Anouilh so far to waste no time in getting a peep into a marvellously fresh creative organization. There is hardly anything in the world of which Anouilh does not make fun ; the sacrosanct and the conventional hypocrisy are his favourite targets, and they are the ones which he attacks with an unrelenting creative accuracy. He seems to be of the view that there is hardly anything in this blessed world of ours which doesn't lend itself to treatment by a humourist. Anouilh is a skilled comedian or humourist : he can open a chink in any wall to insert laughter through the slit ; and this he does in order to affirm life, not to ridicule it.

Comedy, it is said, is a matter of laughter. And it is answered by saying that it is a matter of laughter of every kind. I think it was T.S. Eliot who pointed out, in one of his essays on Shakespeare's drama, that, ultimately, comedy is as keen an instrument of understanding life on the part of a great writer, as tragedy is and has been. Anyway, at this moment in the history of literature, the mixing and fusion of the tragic and comic is well-nigh taken for granted. The purpose in saying this is that Anouilh seems to have succeed-

ed in getting away from the disabling rigour of classical French comedy. In classical French comedy you were not supposed to mix the two genres : the tragic and the comic. Incidentally, Shakespeare mixed the two genres to obtain immortal effects in his dramas : — "Hamlet", "Lear", "The Merchant of Venice", "Twelfth Night" etc., bear witness to the success of this fusion, and also shed light on how the Great Elizabethan worked. To come to the essential point Anouilh laughs and makes us laugh : now, what sort of laughter it is we have to know. It is not devoid of tears. It is not devoid of charity. It is not cruel in tone and temper. It is a healing and harmonizing kind of laughter. To interpret the significance of this laughter is difficult in the present context ; because that would require a detailed analytical criticism, which can not be attempted here. However, once and for all, it can be said that Anouilh's art is the art of a skilled humourist who knows how to obtain grand tragic effects. Among writers whose forte is laughter, Anouilh occupies his own unique position. This fact is difficult to grasp by those who have not read his plays and thus don't know what is precisely involved ; but it is marvellously easy to recognize by those who are in touch with the secret rhythms of his temperament. They know that his is not the deadly and incisive malice which a thorough-going satirist would use in order to expose evil or corruption : his method of employing 'ridicule' is different. He uses all his weapons with a true humane awareness of the foibles of life. He knows

that he has not to chastise his characters but try to make us understand and sympathise with them. He makes us see their problems as our own—and who can laugh at his own problems with real malice? His drama, so to say, teaches us to laugh (at). to forgive, to love, and more often than not, the same people. In the end a very humane philosophy emerges out of his dramatic work taken as a whole. One almost remembers, in this connexion, the well known words of Chekov: "That it would be strange not to forgive."

## PART II

*The Lark* is a play with an existential theme—a very significant theme of, and for, our times. Anouilh seems to be asserting and reiterating with joy that Man's glory lies in his courage to stand firm and upright. The whole point of *The Lark* is whether Joan will submit to the Apostolic church of Rome or not. It is secondary as to who is in the right, though we know it in the present instant; what matters is whether Joan will stand up to her trial or not. The real danger in the Inquisitor's eye is man: there is something in him which defies submission to any and everything. God is no exception. These words of the Inquisitor pin the issue very well:

INQUISITOR: (The Inquisition) lets them laugh. It knows how to recognise the enemy; it knows better than to under-estimate him

wherever he may be found. And its enemy is not the devil, not the devil with the cloven heels, the chastener of troublesome children, whom my Lord Promoter sees on every side. His enemy...his only enemy, is man." (p. 64, 65).

AND:

'And love of man excludes the love of God'. (p 67).

Here is the focal point of the play. The Inquisitor expresses the classic Roman Catholic idea of man's dependence on God; and also that outside the organized church there is no salvation for any one. This doctrine is meant to chastise every proud, romantic impulse of the human creature in so far as his assertion of *difference* from others may contain in it the seeds of a rebellious, uncompromising independence, which the church can never permit. The Church is extremely sceptical of, and fundamentally opposed to, the idea of man's salvation being possible in his own, that is, human terms; if Man does not submit himself to an authority higher than himself, but listens only to the INNER Voice in him, then there is the case of egotism; the pride of the human self. This doctrine is no concern of ours for the moment: what concerns us is to see the opposite side of this picture. What shall a man do when all that he holds dear and worth dying for (whether his convictions are right or wrong is marginal to the whole issue; even otherwise there is no definite yardstick to pronounce clear-cut

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*The quotations used are from Christopher Fry's translation.*

## Inter-class Tournament



Winners : B. A. Classes

## The Social Service League

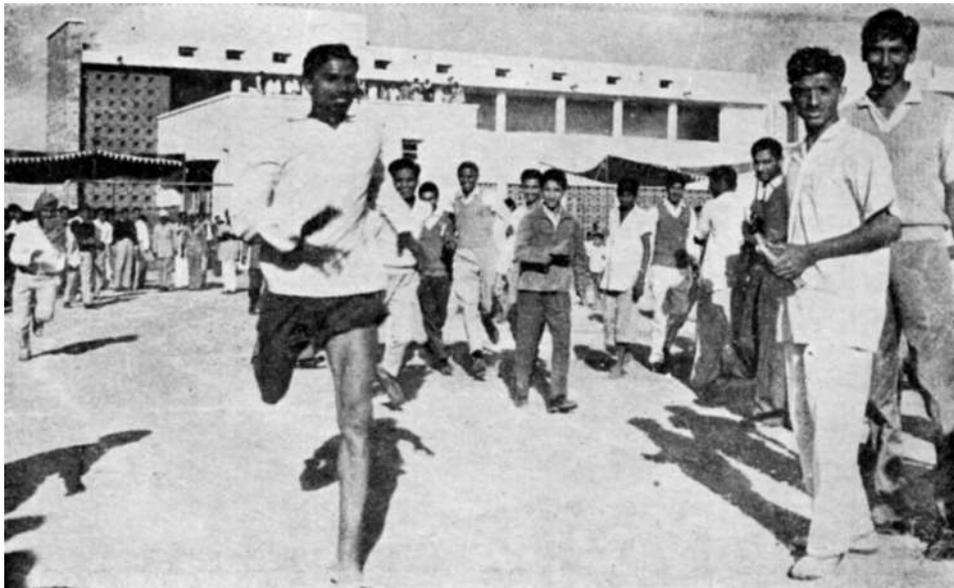


Members of the League

## ANNUAL SPORTS



Chaati Race



5000 Meters Race in progress

verdicts on the intangible affairs of the human soul or mind) is snatched from him, in a manner which looks arbitrary and unjust to him? In that case the existentialist will say—*Does not* it become his duty to hold on to his sacred convictions, and tell his assessors or aggressors—who may be the same in a given situation—that there is a definite limit to which they hold sway over him; that beyond that he will not bow down. There is an area of personal freedom which has to be guarded in any such case: whenever man is not vigilant of making his own choice there is the danger of de-humanization, or silence through coercion—which is actually, a sacrifice, and also a passive form of tribute to the judge or the aggressor. This is bad for human dignity. In classical existential terms, man has nothing to look for outside himself: whether he wants it or not “he is condemned to be free”. He has to stand for himself, he has to make a choice—a definite choice—whether he shall submit or not. The great ones of the world have always been faced with this question and they alone know whether they fulfilled the stringent terms of this hard, though glorious, morality or not. In case they didn't they degraded themselves before their own eyes and whether the world has heard of their guilt or not is only a matter of historical gossip. The reality of their actions belongs to an inviolable order. The real point is whether one shall submit or not. This line of thinking runs clearly through the whole work of Camus and finds its most cogent expression, in political terms, in his book of political philosophy: “The

Rebel”—which is a study of murder in relation to human freedom. There, too, we are shown the innate duty of the slave to take away the whip from his master's hands, when the master has become an aggressor. That such a rebellion may be futile, or not meaningful in nearly the same way, in a larger context of political or social reality can sometimes happen; but what nothing can change is the moral grandeur of the brave human spirit hurling itself with tenacity and vigour and positive risk at the razor-edge of the assassin's hatchet.

Let us come back to “The Lark”. The voices tell Joan to save the realm of France from destruction: they urge her to go to the Squire of Beauvricourt to get an armed escort, and when she has got that to “go straight to the Dauphin at Chinon, to tell him that he is the rightful king”, (Joan goes on to say) “and then I can persuade him to be consecrated with holy oil by the Archbishop, and then we can hurl the English to the sea”. If for a moment we shall eschew the temptation to think of the voices as hallucinations, or self-induced phantasies of a psychotic mind—what do we want her to do is the question to ask? She is to be a medium and through her would be fulfilled a mighty purpose of which she would remain an unconscious, though inspired, vehicle. That's what ultimately happens: France is saved for sometime, the Dauphin is crowned at Rheims—and then Joan is captured by the English soldiers, the trial finds her guilty of the charges of heresy, sorcery, witchcraft; she makes a

confession to to disown her divinely inspired mission ; there is a lull for sometime but then comes her fateful recantation from the British prison to accept all the charges brought against her by the church : finally she is burned. In Anouilh's play, Joan's burning on the stake is indisputably shown to be self-chosen : self-willed. And if Joan has any claim to greatness ; if she can be called a lark singing in the sky over the heads of French armies as indeed the playwright does, then here is the sanctuary of her greatness. She chooses a tragic death in order to prove to herself and to others that her end "isn't the painful and miserable end of the cornered animal caught at Rouen ; but the lark singing in the open sky." The implication is obvious.

Here is a fragment of a scene from Act II.

PROMOTER (*Yelping*) : Listen to that ! Listen to that ! She says there is no such thing as a miracle !

JOAN : No, my Lord. I say that a true miracle is not done with a magic wand or incantation. The gypsies on our village green can do miracles of that sort. The true miracle is done by men themselves, with the mind and the courage which God has given to them.

CAUCHON : Are you measuring the gravity of your words, Joan ? You seem to be telling us quite calmly that God's true miracle on earth is man, who is nothing but

sin and error, blindness and futility.....

JOAN : And strength, too, and courage and light sometimes when he is deepest in sin. I have seen men during the battles..... (p. 62).

Without attempting any critical commentary, I will merely quote a few words of the Inquisitor to put the whole question in a clearer focus.

(a) Do you hear, my master ? Do you see Man raising up his head, like a serpent, ready to strike us dead ? Do you understand now what it is you have to judge ? (p. 76).

(b) . . .there will always be a man who has escaped, a man to hunt, who will presently be caught, presently be killed : a man who, even so, will humiliate the Idea at the highest point of its Power, simply because he will say "No" without lowering his eyes. (p. 77).

The great human triumph of Joan was that she said "No".

In Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea", the same existential philosophy is expressed in the old man's long fight with sharks. "Man can be destroyed, but not defeated". And "defeat" is what Joan won't accept : she prefers to be "destroyed". Anouilh, like other existentialist writers, seems to be affirming, in terms of almost passionate reverence,

Man's right to be "destroyed" in order to preserve that *something* which is more important than any single man's life—however valuable his life may be in itself. The ultimate message of Camus' words is the same—the grandeur of man. The great writer of the Absurd was also a great lover of man and his dignity. His greatly moving Nobel prize-winning-speech comes to mind in this context; it was for nothing that he was regarded to be the conscience of the tortured Europe when he was alive. Sartre's finest work is, not in any way, less complimentary to the ultimate stature and dignity of mankind.

One point more. The work of these three writers—Anouilh, Sartre, Camus—reveals a new aspect swiftly if we remember, and keep in mind, that they all, like million of other French people, had to undergo the typically French experience of having had to live in the occupied France in the nightmarish years of World War II. To what extent this recent tragic event of French history moulded the thinking of these writers—and also of the whole generation of French intellectuals which was then growing up—can never be too over-estimated. A part of their being, and more important, the being of their work, is in the experience and its ramifications.

As we are here only dealing with Anouilh, and that too a part of him as reflected in one play, we shall do well to think of the other great tragic heroine Antigone created by this playwright and try to see what is the

ultimate conclusion arrived at in that play. Antigone's staunch decision to be immured in her brave and agonizing effort to see her brother properly buried is an equally clear manifestation of the same sacred itch we have been discussing above: she also says "No". Defeat or Victory becomes irrelevant—or at least it does not remain so supremely important as it would be in a differently situated context of personal or national experience—in this scale of valuation: What *really* seems to matter is how bravely we stand up to the dangers of organized murder and terrorism which threaten, not only our existence but also curb our great human right to say, think and feel what we take to be true.

Joan's martyrdom is the eternal testimony of this type of enterprising spirit to say "No", when "No" has to be said. Anouilh's play intentionally ends on a note of homage to Joan—an unerringly felicitous finale in enforcing the correct import of the play:

CAUCHON: This man is quite right: the real end of Joan's story, the end which will never come to an end, which they will always tell, long after they have forgotten our names or confused them all together; it isn't the painful and miserable end of the cornered animal caught at Rouen: but the lark singing in the open sky. Joan at Rheims, in all her glory. The true end of the story is a kind of joy. Joan of Arc: a story which ends happily.

# List of Prize-Winners

1962-63

## (I) Academic

### Roll of Honour

1. Manju Mathur I class I in B.A. (Hons) Maths.
2. Shanti Swarup Madan Distinction in B.Sc. (General).  
(III position in the University).

### University Examination, 1962

1. Manju Mathur I in the college in B.A. (Hons) Maths.
2. Gobind Kumar Bhatia I in the college in B.A. (Hons) Econs.
3. Purshottam Lal Vij I in the college in B.A. (Hons) Hindi.
4. Kalyan Chand Jain I in the college in B.Sc. (Hons) Maths
5. Suman Lata Agrawal I in the college in B.A. (Pass).
6. Shanti Swarup Madan I in the college in B.Sc. (General)
7. A. Andal (Miss) I in the college in Pre-Medical.
8. Pran Nath I in the college in Qualifying.

### B. Sc./B. A. Honours III Year

Inderjeet Malhotra	Mathematics (Main)	I
Malti	Hindi (Main)	I
Sulakshna Kumari	Pol. Sc. (Main)	I

### B.A. (Honours) II Year

K. Gopalan	Mathematics (Main)	I
Mukta Kumari	Hindi (Main)	I
Sharda Bahl	Economics (Main)	I
Sujata G. Verma	English (Main)	I

### B.A. (Honours) I Year

Gopal Krishan	Mathematics (Main)	I
Krishna Mathur	Hindi (Main)	I
Prem Kanta	Economics (Main)	I
Shymal Bagchi	English (Main)	I
Mohinder Duggal	Philosophy (Subsidiary)	I

**B.A. (Pass) III Year**

Bhanwar Singh Chauhan	Aggregate Sanskrit	I I
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**B.A. (Pass) II Year**

Sukhbir Singh Verma	Aggregate English Sanskrit Mathematics	I II I I
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Maheshwar Prasad	Aggregate English Philosophy Elective Hindi	II I I I
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Sarojini Hemrajani	Sindhi	I
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**B.A. (Pass) I Year**

Anil Roy	Aggregate Economics	I I
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Sudershan Lal Maini	Aggregate English Hindi Pol. Science	II I I I
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Ramesh Kumar Sethi	Hindi	II
Bhagwanti Bhambhani	Sindhi Pol. Science	I II

Shyama Prasad Ganguly	Economics	II
Rameshwar Nath Bhardwaj	History	I
Kanta Rani	Sanskrit	I

**B. Sc. III Year**

S.S. Sarkar	Aggregate Mathematics Physics	I I I
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### B. Sc. (General) II Year

Makrand Kumar	Aggregate	I
	Physics	I
	Chemistry	I
	History of Science (Sub)	I

### B. Sc. (General) I Year

Makesh Kumar Satija	Aggregate	I
	History of Science (Sub)	I
Parma Nand Sharma	Aggregate	II
	English	I
Bhuwan Chandra	Mathematics	I
Ravinder Kumar Malhotra	Physics	I
Shakuntla M. Raisinghani	Chemistry	I
	Zoology	I
	Sindhi (Subsidiary)	I
Dharam Pal	Chemistry	II
Ramesh Chandra	Botany	I
Tulsiani Devidas	Hindi	I (Br.)
Ashok Kumar Lamba	Hindi	I (Br.)
	English	II (Br.)
Ramesh Chandra Punj	English	II (Br.)

### Pre-Medical II Year

Arun Kumar Sood	Aggregate	I
	Physics	I
	Chemistry	II
	Biology	I
Rakesh Paul	Aggregate	II
	Chemistry	I
	Biology	II (Br.)
Radha K. Lalwani	Aggregate	I (on basis of
	Chemistry	II II year only)
Shila Ajwani	English	I
	Physics	II
Mukta Sharma	English	II
Satinder Kaur Bhatia	English	I (on basis of
		II year only)
Daya Raisinghani	Biology	II (Br.)

### Pre-Medical I Year

S. Harihayasubramoney	Aggregate	I
	Physics	I
	Chemistry	I
	Biology	I (Br.)
Vijay Laxmi Rajan	English	I
Medha Lakhi	Biology	I (Br.)

### Union Prizes

Vijay K. Kumar	English Recitation	I (Br.)
	Mono-acting	II
Yug Parkash Dar	English Recitation	I (Br.)
Rajinder Kumar Agrawal	Hindi Recitation	I
Harkirat Singh	Urdu Recitation	I
R.S. Bhutani	Panjabi Recitation	I (Br.)
Narinder Tuli	Panjabi Recitation	I (Br.)
Ravi Kumar	Hindi Extempore Speech	I (Br.)
Jayanti Datt	Hindi Extempore Speech	I (Br.)
Manohar Lal Chawla	Hindi Extempore Speech	II
Sunita Bajaj	Fancy Dress	I
Surinder Sawhney	Fancy Dress	II
Savita Nagpaul	Mono-acting	I
Narinder Kapur	Music	I
S. Rajeshwari	Music	II (Br.)
Krishna Chatterji	Music	II (Br.)

### (III) FINE ARTS SOCIETY PRIZES

#### Best-Acting

Harish Chandra Medal : Aridaman Kaur

#### Inter Class One Act Play Competition

Winners B.A. (Pass) Classes.

#### Inter-College Youth Festival.

Krishna Chatterji	Classical Vocal Music
J. Bhattacharya	Classical Instrumental Music
S. Rajeswari	Light Vocal Music
Vijay Laxmi Rajan	Classical Dance

#### (IV) SOCIETY PRIZES

##### Sindhi Society :

Essay Competition	Asha Bijlani	I
	Hiroo Tekchandani	II

##### Hindi Parishad :

Aridaman Kaur	Debate	I
Ajay	Debate	II

#### (V) SPORTS AND ATHLETICS PRIZES

##### Men's Events

1. Narinder Singh  
First in Putting the Shot  
First in Discus Throw  
First in Javeline Throw  
First in Broad Jump  
All round Best Athlete for third successive year from amongst Boys.
2. Satish Mahajan  
First in 110 Metres Hurdles  
First in 200 Metres Race  
Second in High Jump  
Second in Hop, step & Jump
3. Surinder Sawhney  
First in 100 Metres  
First in Pole Vault  
First in Hop, Step & Jump
4. Mohinder Chopra  
First in 400 Metres  
Second in 200 Metres  
Second in 800 Metres  
Second in Hammer Throw
5. Kanwal Nain Bahl  
First in Hammer Throw  
Second in Putting the Shot  
Second in Discus Throw
6. Lalit Kumar Ohri  
First in 800 Metres  
Second in 400 Metres
7. Ramesh Chander  
First in High Jump  
Second in 110 Metres Hurdles

8. Ved Parkash Hans	First in 5000 Metres Race
9. K.K. Mehra	First in 1500 Metres Race
10. Baljinder Singh Sidhu	Second in 100 Metres Race
11. Arun Chand Yadav	Second in Broad Jump
12. Ashok Chopra	} Second in Pole Vault
Ghanshyam Kohar	
13. Mahesh Chander Sharma	Second in Javeline Throw
14. Anoop Singh	Second in 100 Metres
15. Ravinder Khanna	Second in 5000 Metres Race
16. Ram Pal Chopra	} First in Relay Race
Mohinder Chopra	
Satish Mahajan	
Ashok Chopra	

#### Women's Events

1. Swaran Prabha Bhargava	First in 50 Metres First in 100 Metres First in Broad Jump First in Obstacle Race
All round Best Athlete of the year from amongst Girls.	
2. Rajeshwari	First in Putting the Shot First in Discus Throw
3. Indra Sharma	First in High Jump Second in Broad Jump Second in Slow Cycling
4. Rita Grover	Second in 50 Metres Second in 100 Metres Second in Obstacle Race
5. Savita Nagpal	First in Slow Cycling Second in Putting the Shot Second in Discus Throw
6. Rama Kumari	First in 800 Metres Walking
7. Versha Kapur	Second in 800 Metres Walking

*Subordinate Staff Race*

- |               |        |
|---------------|--------|
| 1. Man Singh  | First  |
| 2. Tara Chand | Second |

*Administrative Staff (Musical Chair Race)*

- |                       |        |
|-----------------------|--------|
| 1. Pritam Lal Minocha | First  |
| 2. Amar Nath          | Second |

*Teaching Staff (200 Metres Handicap Race)*

- |              |        |
|--------------|--------|
| 1. J.K. Jain | First  |
| 2. S.K. Jain | Second |

**BADMINTON PRIZES**

**1. Men's Singles**

Winner	...	...	Mohinder Berry
Runner Up	...	...	Ashok Miglani

**2. Women's Singles**

Winner	...	...	Brijinder Anand
Runner Up	...	...	Kusum Abdali

**3. Men's Doubles**

Winners	.....	...	Mohinder Berry & Ashok Miglani
Runners-Up	...	...	Narinder Kapur and Sushil Khanna

**4. Mixed Doubles**

Winners	...	...	Mohinder Berry & Brijinder Anand
Runners-Up	...	.....	Sushil Khanna & Achla Vohra

**5. Lucky Doubles**

Winners	...	...	D.S. Mann & Ashok Miglani
Runners-Up	.....	...	J.K. Jain & Mohinder Berry

## NCC PRIZES

### Award of NCC Colours

1. Cadet Captain	Harish Malhotra	'C' Certificate Holder
2. Senior Under Officer	Pran Nath Kapoor	"
3. Under Officer	Subhash Chander	Selected in O.T.U.
4.	Satish Mahajan	"
5. Under Officer	Subhash Kukreja	Best cadet of the year.
6. Cadet	Narinder Kumar Grover (Evening Classes)	Best cadet of the year. NCCR.
7. Cadet	Manjit Singh	First in Shooting Competition

### INTER CLASS TOURNAMENTS

Trophy	B.A. Classes	
	Ravinder Singh	(General Captain)

### SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHY

Deepak Trehan                      First Prize

### (VI) GYMKHANA PRIZES

#### 1. Wheel & Barrow Race

First	...	...	Surinder Sawhney Mohinder Chopra
Second	...	...	Ram Pal Chopra Satish Mahajan

#### 2. Potato Race

First	...	...	Satish Mahajan
Second	...	...	Surinder Sawhney

### 3. Cock Fighting

First ... .. Kanwal Nain Bahl

### Women's Events

#### 1. Three Legged Race

First ... .. Sushma Sahni  
Prabha Rani

Second ... .. Manjit Kaur  
Savita Puri

#### 2. Chati Race

First ..... Harwant Magoo

Second ..... Sneh Lata

This meeting of the Staff and students of the Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi, places on record its deep sense of sorrow at the sad death of Dr. Rajindra Prasad, the first President of India, and expresses its sympathies and condolences to all the members of the bereaved family.

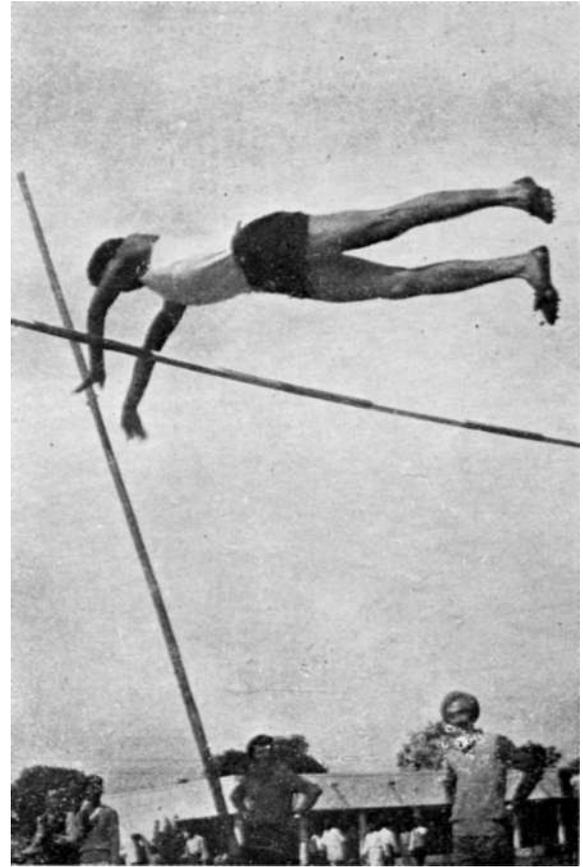
Further resolved that copies of the above resolution may be sent to the Sadaqat Ashram, Patna and to the College Magazine.

Dated: 2-3-1963

# ANNUAL SPORTS



Throwing the Hammer ↑  
Photo : Rajinder Singh



Pole Vault ↑

High Jump ↓  
Photo : Rajinder Singh



Pole Vault ↓  
Photo : Desh Deepak Trehan



## THE SANSKRIT PARISHAD



Members of the Parishad with Dr. Raghuvira ↑

## THE HINDI PARISHAD

Shri Bhawani Prasad Mishra reciting his poem →

Members with the Winners of the  
Jodha Mal Kuthiala Trophy ↓



# हिन्दी विभाग

अध्यापक सम्पादक :  
राजकुमारी प्रसाद

छात्र सम्पादक :  
मालती

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## सम्पादकीय

'देश' का हिंदी विभाग अपने कलेवर में नाना प्रकार की सामग्री लिए आपके समक्ष प्रस्तुत है। मैं उन सब की आभारी हूँ जिन्होंने इस अंक में अपने प्रयत्नों द्वारा योगदान किया है। मुझे आशा है कि आपके ही सुप्रयत्नों द्वारा यह विभाग उत्तरोत्तर उन्नति करेगा। आज की परिस्थिति जिस प्रकार की रचनाओं की मांग करती है उसकी पूर्ति का भरसक प्रयत्न किया गया है। जिस प्रकार आपने अपना सहयोग 'देश' पत्रिका को दिया है मुझे आशा है कि आप अपने देश की सेवा में भी यथासंभव योग देंगे।

इस वर्ष की विषम परिस्थितियों के मध्य डा० राजेन्द्र बाबू के निधन से देश की अपार क्षति हुई है जिसकी पूर्ति हो सकना बहुत कठिन है। परन्तु हमारे भारतीय-संस्कार हमें आश्वस्त करते हैं कि उनकी महान आत्मा दिव्य लोक से सदैव हमारा मंगल करेगी !

—मालती

कविता

## विद्यार्थी से

(ले० रमेश कुमार सेठी, बी. ए. प्रथम वर्ष)

अर्पण कर तू तन-मन-धन,  
अवसर न चूकने का यह क्षण !  
सौभाग्य स्वयं घर आया है,  
हम ज्ञान-ज्योति की गहँ शरण !

इस दिव्य-ज्योति से जीवन का,  
हर तत्व दृष्टिगत होता है !  
जगती का भीषण चक्रव्यूह,  
तोड़ना हमें आ जाता है !

इस जीवन को मत करो व्यर्थ,  
साधना करो कुछ भरो अर्थ !  
गुरु-कृपा प्रथम खोजो सत्वर,  
जो सिद्धिदायिनी अति समर्थ !

( २ )

## आज के साहित्य के दायित्व

सुधीर चन्द्र उपाध्याय, प्रभाकर, बी.ए. आर्.सं (हिन्दी) द्वितीय वर्ष

**वे**तना सम्पन्न प्राणी--मनुष्य अपने चतुर्दिक सृष्टि का अनुभव कर उसे देखता है, परखता है, विचार करता है तथा उससे सम्बन्धित एक धारणा भी उसके मन में बन जाती है। स्मृति, कल्पना एवं इच्छा आदि शक्तियों के वशीभूत होकर उसमें मन्-असत्, सुन्दर असुन्दर तथा उचित-अनुचित की धारणा उद्बुद्ध होती है, जिसे अभिव्यक्त करने की वह शक्ति भी रखता है जो उसके अस्तित्व के साथ लगी रहती है। समय-समय पर समाज में ऐसे प्रतिभा सम्पन्न व्यक्ति जन्म लेते हैं जो अपने अनुभवों को कविताओं, कथाओं या उपदेश-ग्रन्थों के रूप में प्रस्तुत करते हैं। समाज की परिस्थितियों तथा मनोदशा के अनुकूल होने पर इनका प्रचार शीघ्र ही सारे समाज में हो जाता है। कलाकार मर जाता है, किन्तु उसकी रचनाएँ उसके बाद भी जीवित रहती हैं तथा युगों तक आने वाली पीढ़ियों को प्रभावित करती हैं। इसी प्रकार की रचनाओं का संग्रह किसी भी समाज या जाति का साहित्य कहलाता है तथा इसी साहित्य के रचयिता 'साहित्यकार' कहलाते हैं।

साहित्यकार की पदवी महान होती है। वह सृष्टि के सौंदर्य का मर्मज्ञ होता है। सहृदय प्राणी कवि के माध्यम से सृष्टि के सौंदर्य का अवलोकन करते हैं। 'यजुर्वेद' कहता है :—

“कविर्मनीषी परिभूः स्वयंभूः। यथातथ्यतोर्थान्।  
व्यदधात् शाश्वतीभ्यः समाभ्यः।”

—अर्थात्—कवि मन का स्वामी, विश्व प्रेम से भरा हुआ आत्मनिष्ठ, यथार्थ-भाषी और शाश्वत

काल पर दृष्टि रखने वाला होता है।”

साहित्यकार के हाथ में भाव रूपी वह शस्त्र होता है कि जिसके आधार पर वह लोगों के हृदयों के सिंहासनों पर विराजता है, जिससे मुक्त जाति एवं राष्ट्र में भी एक बार पुनः नवजीवन का संचार हो जाता है। संसार की वस्तुओं एवं घटनाओं को हम, आप सभी लोग देखते हैं, किन्तु कवि की दृष्टि किसी अन्य ही भाव से सृष्टि की घटनाओं एवं वस्तुओं का अवलोकन करती है; किसी अन्य ही प्रकार के भाव उसके मन में उद्भूत होते हैं तथा किसी अन्य ही प्रकार की स्वर-लहरी उसके होठों पर थिरकने लगती है। यही कविता होती है, यही साहित्य होता है।

कवि केदार के शब्दों में कवि की दिव्य-दृष्टि का यह स्वरूप होता है :—

“ओस बूँद कहती है: लिख दूँ  
नव गुलाब पर मन की बात।  
कवि कहता है: मैं भी लिख दूँ  
प्रिय शब्दों में मन की बात।  
ओस बूँद लिख सकी नहीं कुछ  
नव गुलाब हो गया मलीन।  
पर कवि ने लिख दिया ओस से  
नव गुलाब पर काव्य—नवीन।”

साहित्यकार का जीवन उपकार का जीवन होता है। उसकी रचनाएँ गिरे हुए उत्साह हीन प्राणियों में नूतन आशा का संचार करती हैं, रोती हुई आंखों के आंसू पीछती हैं तथा निराशावादियों के समक्ष भी आशा का दिव्य दीपक उपस्थित कर

देती हैं। साहित्यकार दुखों एवं कष्टों से अभिभूत जनता का सच्चा प्रतिनिधि होता है। जनता के दुःख, दारिद्र्य एवं कष्टों को वह अपना ही दुःख एवं कष्ट समझता है। वह दुःख, कष्ट, पीड़ा एवं जीवन के कटु अनुभवों से जो कुछ भी शिक्षा ग्रहण करता है उसे वह जगत को प्रदान करता है। कवि पंत एक स्थान पर लिखते हैं :—

“वियोगी होगा पहला कवि,  
आह से उपजा होगा गान;  
निकलकर आँखों से चुपचाप,  
वही होगी कविता अंजान।”

साहित्यकार का जीवन एक आदर्श जीवन होता है। प्रकृति की मनोमुग्धकारी छटा को देखकर वह मुग्ध हो जाता है, सूर्योदय एवं सूर्यास्त से उसका मन हिलोरें लेने लगता है, प्रकृति की मनोरम सुषमा में तल्लीन होकर वह सांसारिकता एवं ऐहिकता से ऊपर उठकर अलौकिक आनन्द अनुभव करता है। केदारनाथ अग्रवाल के शब्दों में :—

“नव-नव आशा रस से विकसित,  
प्रेम-प्रीति-परिमल से सुरभित,  
करता मानव का आलिंगन,  
मेरा जीवन कवि का जीवन !”

माना कि कवि का जीवन महान होता है, माना कि कवि पीड़ित समाज का सच्चा प्रतिनिधि होता है तथा यह भी माना कि कवि प्रकृति की मनोमुग्धकारी छटा एवं रूप-रस का आस्वादन कर ऐसे २ सजीव तथा मार्मिक शब्दमय चित्रों का सृजन करता है कि जिनका पाठक भी, अन्तर्निहित रस से आप्लावित हुए बिना नहीं रह सकता किन्तु आज जब हमारी पवित्र मातृभूमि, जिसकी रक्षा एवं मान बनाए रखने के लिए हमारे पूर्वजों ने तन, मन एवं धन सब कुछ अर्पण कर दिया,

विदेशी आक्रान्ता के भय से आतंकित है; आज जब बर्बर, साम्यवादी एवं विश्व विजेता बनने का का दुःस्वप्न देखने वाले, साम्राज्यवादी चीन ने हमारी उत्तरी सीमाओं पर अवैध अधिकार जमा रखा है तथा आज की इस विस्फोटक अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय स्थिति में साहित्यकार पर दायित्वों का बोझ और और भी बढ़ जाता है।

शताब्दियों से परतंत्रता की जंजीरों में जकड़े हुए भारत को स्वतंत्रता प्राप्त किए अभी बीस वर्ष भी नहीं हुए; शताब्दियों तक स्वतंत्रता संग्राम में, आततायियों से जूझती हुई, अपना तन, मन एवं धन सब कुछ अर्पण कर देने वाली भारतीय जनता अभी सुख की साँस भी नहीं लेने पाई है, कि, ऐसी अवस्था में ही, जबकि भारत को अपनी चहुँमुखी प्रगति के लिए प्रयत्नशील होना चाहिए, उसे एक दूसरे ही संकट का सामना करना पड़ रहा है। इस आकस्मिक, अनपेक्षित एवं आधार-विहीन संकट का सामना करने के लिए हमें आवश्यकता है देश और काल की परिस्थिति को समझ सकने में समर्थ जनता की, हमें आवश्यकता है उन नवयुवकों की जिनका रक्त मातृभूमि के अपमान का प्रतिशोध लेने के लिए उबल रहा हो, हमें आवश्यकता है उन देशभक्तों की जो मातृभूमि के लिए प्राण तक न्योछावर करने में तनिक भी हिचकचाहट अनुभव न करें अपितु स्वतंत्रता की रक्षा की बलिबेदी पर हँसते-हँसते प्राणोत्सर्ग कर सकें और इन सभी आवश्यकताओं की पूर्ति के लिए हमें आवश्यकता है ऐसे साहित्यकारों से उस “तान” की अपेक्षा की जाती है कि जिससे समस्त राष्ट्र में “उथल-पुथल मच जावे” आज की दुर्दम स्थिति में—

“हिन्द सागर जब व्यथा से छटपटाता हो,  
चोट खाकर जब हिमालय तिलमिलाता हो।  
कौन सा कवि है कि जो बंशी बजाएगा,  
जब कि माँ की आँख आँसू बुलाता हो।”

आज साहित्यकार से यह अपेक्षा की जाती है कि वह राष्ट्र में ऐसी भावना का संचार करदे कि जिससे राष्ट्र के एक-एक घटक के होठों से यही स्वर-धरा बहती हो—

‘हमें कामना नहीं सुयश विस्तार की  
फूलों के हारों की जय-जयकार की  
तड़प रही घायल स्वदेश की शान है  
सीमा पर संकट में हिंदुस्तान है।  
ले जाओ आरती पुष्प पल्लव हरे।  
ले जाओ ये थाल मोदकों से भरे।  
तिलक चढ़ा मत और हृदयों में हूक दो  
दे सकते हो तो गोली दो बन्दूक दो।  
—दिनकर

प्रत्येक साहित्यकार को ऐसी रचनाएँ प्रस्तुत करनी चाहिए कि जिनसे समस्त जाति में अपने कर्तव्य के प्रति सजगता उत्पन्न हो। जैसे :—

‘ओ हमारे  
बजू-दुर्दम देश के  
विक्षुब्ध क्रोधातुर  
जवानो,  
आज अपने बजू के से  
दाँत भींचो  
खड़े हो  
आगे बढ़ो  
ऊपर चढ़ो  
कंठ खोले  
बोलना हो ती  
तुम्हारे हाथ की दो चोट बोलें।’  
—बच्चन

प्रत्येक साहित्यकार का यह दायित्व हो जाता है कि वह घर-घर में यह संदेश पहुँचा दे कि :

रणभेरी बज उठी हिमालय ने

है सहसा हमें पुकारा,  
लोहा लेने चलो चीन ने  
भारत के तप को ललकारा।’  
—हरिकृष्ण ‘प्रेमी’

प्रत्येक साहित्यकार से यह आशा की जाती है कि वह दुष्ट चीन के कुचक्र का भण्डाफोड़ कर देश की जनता को यह समझाने का यत्न करे कि :—

‘राष्ट्रसंघ में शुद्ध भाव से  
हमने जिनका पक्ष लिया,  
हमें उसी के लिए उन्होंने  
देखो क्या उपहार दिया।  
उनकी यह दी हुई चुनौती  
हम क्या अस्वीकार करें,  
कोई हम पर वार करे तो  
हम भी क्यों न प्रहार करें।  
—मैथिलीशरण गुप्त

ऐसे विश्वासघाती दुष्ट चीन से हमें कैसा व्यवहार करना चाहिए इसका स्पष्ट रूप जनता के समक्ष साहित्यकारों को स्पष्ट कर देना चाहिए ताकि वे दृढ़ होकर हुंकार भर सकें :—

हिन्द का विजय निशान  
व्योम में उछाल दो  
दुश्मनों को देश की जमीन  
से निकाल दो।’  
—रामावतार ‘त्यागी’

आज इस दुर्दम एवं कठिन परिस्थिति में ऐसे साहित्यकारों की आवश्यकता है तथा प्रत्येक साहित्यकार से यह अपेक्षा की जाती है कि वह न केवल साहित्य को ओजस्वी गीतों से भर दे अपितु अपने अन्य सहयोगियों को भी इस ओर आकर्षित करे। जैसे :—

“मेरे भाई न गंदी वासना के गीत गाओ तुम ।  
सती कविता को यूँ महफिल में न नंगी नचाओ तुम  
लिखो वह काव्य अंधियाला भी ज्योतिर्धाम

बन जाए,

सुबह हो प्रार्थना-सी, आरती-सी शाम बन जाए ।  
मनुज में लोक के कल्याण की वह भावना जागे,  
कभी वह श्याम बन जाए कभी वह राम बन जाए ।  
कला की चाँदनी को यूँ चिता में मत जलाओ तुम,

बने तो नर में नारायण की कुछ महिमा जगाओ  
तुम ।”

यदि प्रत्येक साहित्यकार पं० नीलण्ठ तिवारी  
के उपरोक्त गीत का आह्वान स्वीकार करे, तभी  
वह समयानुकूल अपने दायित्वों का भली भाँति  
निर्वाह कर सकता है ।

सप्त संकलन

## नारी तुम श्रद्धा हो

सुधीर चंद्र उपाध्याय, बी. ए. आनर्स हिन्दी द्वितीय वर्ष

१. लोविल—“मैं नारी से इसलिए प्रेम करता हूँ  
कि वह प्रेम के लिए उत्पन्न की गई है । मैं उसे  
इसीलिए पूजनीय मानता हूँ कि मनुष्य का  
मनुष्यत्व उसी से जन्दा है ।”
२. विलिस—“स्त्री के नयनों में परमात्मा ने अपने  
दो दीपक रख दिए हैं ताकि संसार के भूले  
भटके लोग अपना रास्ता देख सकें ।”
३. हारवेश—“तारे आकाश की कविता है तो  
स्त्रियाँ पृथ्वी की कविता में हैं । दुनिया के भाग्य  
का निस्तार इन्हीं के हाथों में है ।
४. हजरत मुहम्मद—“तेरा स्वर्ग तेरी माँ के पैरों  
तले है ।”
५. स्वामी दयानन्द—“भारतवर्ष का धर्म भारत-  
वर्ष के पुत्रों से नहीं पुत्रियों की कृपा से स्थिर  
है । यदि भारत—रमणियाँ अपना धर्म  
छोड़ देतीं तो अब तक भारत नष्ट हो गया  
होता ।”
६. प्रसाद—“नारी की करुणा अन्तर्जगत् का  
उच्चतम विकास है । क्रूरता अनुकरणीय नहीं  
है । उसे नारी-जाति जिस दिन स्वीकार कर  
लेगी, उस दिन समस्त सदाचारों में विप्लव हो  
उठेगा ।”
७. द्विवेदी—“कहते हैं सभ्यता का आरम्भ स्त्री  
ने किया था । वह प्रकृति के नियमों में मजबूर  
थी, पुरुष की भान्ति उच्छ्रंखल खिकारी की  
भान्ति नहीं रह सकती थी । भीषड़ी उसने  
बनाई, अग्नि-संरक्षण का अविष्कार उसने  
किया था, कृषि का आरम्भ उसने किया था,  
पुरुष निरर्गल था, स्त्री सुश्रुंखल ।”

## हृदय के कुछ उद्गार

बलभद्र प्रशाद ओभा, B. Sc. I Year 'A'

कर दो चाऊ के चिथड़े,  
 माऊ को मार भगाओ तुम  
 ऐ सुरम्य, शान्ति के वीर सिपाही,  
 रण—विजयी बन आओ तुम ॥  
 कर दो उनका सर्वनाश,  
 जो जग की शान्ति तोड़ रहे ।  
 कर दो अंग विहीन उन्हें,  
 जो पंचशील कुड फोड़ रहे ॥  
 मंकमोहन लाइन रही न अब,  
 सिर्फ भारत—सीमा रेखा है ।  
 बात आज की आन पड़ी अब,  
 बनी ये लक्ष्मण रेखा है ॥  
 नेफा और लहाख बने,  
 भारत के नयन सितारे हैं !  
 आज हमें ये भारत के दिल,  
 दिल्ली से भी प्यारे हैं ॥  
 त्रिन पूर्व योजना जनसंख्या कम करनी,  
 चाऊ माऊ को आती है ।  
 घर फूक सामान घटाने की अक्ल,  
 चीनियों को ही भाती है ॥  
 जो आग लगाई तापने को,  
 वह अब अस्थियाँ इनकी फूकेगीं ।  
 जो गोलियाँ शान्त थी संगीनों में,  
 वक्ष वो इनका चूमेगीं ॥  
 हम शान्ति पुजारी हैं जरूर,  
 पर रण में मरना भी आता है ॥

गले प्यार से मिलते सबके,  
 पर अरिमर्दन करना भी आता है ॥  
 जो हाथ दोस्ती को बढ़े हुए थे,  
 रण के लिये उठ चले अब ।  
 जो कदम मैत्री पथ पर बढ़ते थे,  
 सारे बंधन रौंद चले अब ॥  
 जो बाहें प्रेम पाश बन लिपटी थी,  
 दम लेने को कसती हैं ।  
 गद्दार चीन करनी सुन तेरी,  
 दुनिया तुम पर हँसती है ॥  
 दिल जोश से भरा हमारा,  
 खून हमारा खौल रहा ।  
 मारो हर चीनी जो दिख जाये,  
 रोम—रोम यह बोल रहा ॥  
 आज यमराज भी आये सम्मुख,  
 स्वयं तो हार माननी होगी ।  
 रूस-अमरीका मिलकर आयें,  
 तो एक बार मुँहकी खानी होगी ॥  
 जा चाऊ अभी समय है,  
 छुप जा निकता की गोदी में ।  
 जो खाई कब्र बनेगी तेरी,  
 वह खुद तूने ही खोदी है ।  
 आखिरी बार कहता हूँ चीनी,  
 सुनले इनको और ध्यान कर ।  
 हमें आन, जान से प्यारी है,  
 मत इसका अपमान कर ॥

## ‘प्रेम और त्याग’

योगेश चन्द्र शर्मा, बी. ए. अन्तिम वर्ष

शहर से दूर एक कोने में एक बस्ती है। गिने-चुने घरों की यह बस्ती शहर के सम्मुख कोई अस्तित्व न रखती हो, किन्तु इस बस्ती का गौरव कुछ कम नहीं। यहां की मिट्टी ने त्याग बलिदान और देशभक्ति की भावना को अपने हृदय में स्थान दिया है। इस मिट्टी ने रत्न पैदा किए, जिन्होंने देश के लिए अपने जीवन को होम दिया। गौरवपूर्ण गाथाओं से भरी इस भूमि का प्रकृति भी सहर्ष स्वागत करती है। सूर्य प्रातःकाल अपनी प्रथम किरणों का हार इसे पहनाता है। सन्ध्या अपनी शांतिदायिनी लालिमा इस पर सहर्ष-बिखेरती है। इससे सट कर बहती हुई रेवा नदी अपनी वेगपूर्ण चंचल लहरों में कलकल ध्वनि लिये ऐसी प्रतीत होती है मानो वह इसका गुणगान करती हो। रात्रि में, चन्द्रमा के स्वच्छ प्रकाश में तीव्र गति से बहती हुई शीतल पवन जब कुसुमायुध योगियों के समान निश्चल पेड़ों को झुकभोरती है तो ऐसा प्रतीत होता है मानो यह योगी उस बस्ती रूपी मन्दिर के सम्मुख भूम-भूमकर उसका कीर्तिगान करते हों। यत्र-तत्र वृक्षों से झरते हुए फूल इस वसुन्धरा की शोभा और सुन्दरता को चार चाँद लगाते हैं।

इस छोटी किन्तु महान् बस्ती में एक सरपंच की हवेली थी। सरपंच का एक इकलौता पुत्र था— प्रकाश ! वह शहर पढ़ने जाता था। पिछले वर्ष बी० ए० की परीक्षा पासकर उसने एम० ए० में प्रवेश किया था। लेकिन सरपंच का यह लाड़ला पुत्र एम० ए० तक पहुँचा था किन्तु किसकी प्रेरणा से.....रजनी की। रजनी ही उसके जीवन में प्रेम तथा प्रेरणा बनकर आई थी। वह शहर के एक प्रसिद्ध डाक्टर की लड़की थी। पिता के अनुसार

वह भी डाक्टर बनने की अभिलाषिणी थी इसीलिए वह मैडिकल कॉलेज में उच्च शिक्षा प्राप्त कर रही थी। प्रकाश को वह बहुत चाहती थी। उच्च परिवार में जन्म लेकर भी उसमें तनिक भी क्रोध, अभिमान व घृणा की भावना न थी।

रजनी और प्रकाश दोनों एक ही मंजिल की ओर बढ़ते हुए दो राही थे। प्रकाश का असीम प्रेम रजनी को शहर से दूर इस कस्बे की ओर रेवा नदी के तट पर खींच लाता। रजनी भी आनन्द की ऊर्मियों में भूतती, इतराती, इठलाती—जीवन की गति भरी सरिता में बही चली आती थी—अपने प्रियतम से मिलने। प्रकाश भी उसे पाकर इस प्रकार खिल उठता जैसे सूर्य को देखकर कमल खिल उठता है। सन्ध्या को दोनों नदी तट पर बैठते, हास-परिहास करते और शरारत भरी दृष्टि परस्पर फेंकते। सरिता के समान रजनी में गति थी, वेग था, गहराई थी और उसके साथ थी दया की भावना। इसके विपरीत प्रकाश महत्वकांक्षी था और स्वभाव से दुर्बल भी। असीम प्रेम रूपी सागर में उनकी सुन्दर भविष्य की कल्पना रूपी नौका नई आशायें लिये बही जा रही थी।

अचानक देश पर एक संकट आया। विदेशी ने देश पर हिंसात्मक आक्रमण किया। सारा देश जागरूक हुआ। देश को नवयुवकों की आवश्यकता हुई और भरती-केन्द्र खोल दिये गए। प्रकाश ने भी सैनिक-प्रशिक्षण प्राप्त किया था, किन्तु उसे अपना सुन्दर सपना त्याज्य नहीं था। उसके माता-पिता भी उसे भेजना नहीं चाहते थे। वही प्रकाश तो

उनके जीवन का प्रकाश था। उसी पर तो उनकी भविष्य की कल्पनाएँ आधारित थीं। लेकिन सरकार की ओर से एक पत्र आया था जिसमें लिखा था, 'मान्यवर, आपका पुत्र प्रशिक्षण-प्राप्त है और इस संकटकालीन स्थिति में देश को ऐसे ही युवकों की आवश्यकता है।' यह समाचार सारी बस्ती में फैल गया था लेकिन उस बस्ती के लोगों के लिये यह कोई नई बात नहीं थी। उसने कई बार ऐसे लाल देश को दिए हैं। प्रकाश ने इस पत्र की ओर ध्यान न दिया। वह अपने सुन्दर सपने को सजा-सजाया छोड़ कर सीमा पर क्यों जाए। यह सोचता हुआ वह नदी तट पर आ बैठा। रजनी आई और उसे प्रकाश ने सब कुछ बता दिया। रजनी भावना-मयी युवती थी, बोली—'प्रकाश! तुम्हें भी जाना चाहिये। देश-प्रेम से बढ़कर कोई प्रेम नहीं। देखो इस नदी की ओर—कितना वेग है इसमें, कितना प्रवाह है और कितना उत्साह।' रजनी! तुम्हें छोड़कर मैं कहीं भी जाना नहीं चाहता। क्या तुम मेरी यह खुशी मुझसे छीन लेना चाहती हो'—प्रकाश ने कहा। "नहीं! प्रकाश। मैं तुम्हारी हूँ और तुम्हारी ही रहूंगी, लेकिन देश किसका है जिसमें हम सब रहते हैं। क्या तुम अपने गाँव की पुरानी शान को मिटाना चाहते हो। कायर मत बनो प्रकाश....."जरूर मेरे इस प्रेम में कहीं कोई कमी रही होगी जो मैं तुम्हें इस योग्य न बना सकी।" कहते-कहते रजनी की आँखों से अश्रुधारा बह चली। प्रकाश अभी तक निस्तब्ध खड़ा था। सहसा उसमें परिवर्तन हुआ। उसने रजनी को अंक में भर लिया और उसे विश्वास दिलाया कि वह अपनी जन्मभूमि की मान-मर्यादा को पूर्ववत् बनाए रखने के लिए अपनी सेवाएँ देश के अर्पित करेगा। वह अन्तिम बार मिलकर, रजनी से उस रात विदा हुआ। बादलों से निकलकर अब निर्मल आकाश पर चन्द्रमा आ गया था—प्रकाश में इस नए परिवर्तन को पाकर वह उसे देख लेना चाहता था।

प्रकाश के फौज में चले जाने के उपरान्त रजनी का जीवन भी चन्द्रमा के बिना सुनसान, अंधकारमय रात्रि के समान हो गया था। उसे लगा जैसे उमड़ता हुआ अनन्द अचानक रुक गया हो। स्नेह का श्रोत्र जैसे सूख गया हो। उसे एक-एक क्षण भार तुल्य हो गया, किन्तु उसने अपनी इन निर्बलताओं पर विजय पाई। सीमा पर जाते हुए सेवादल में अपना भी नाम लिखा आयी। सीमा-क्षेत्र में तम्बूओं में घायल सैनिकों को लाया जाता और वहाँ उनकी देख-भाल की जाती। रजनी घायलों की सेवा तन-मन से करती। प्रायः उसे प्रकाश की याद हो आती और वह घंटों निश्चल एक पाषाण-मूर्ति के समान बैठी न जाने क्या सोचती रहती। भावी अमंगल की आशंका से वह तनिक चिन्तित हो उठती किन्तु अपने कर्तव्य से विचलित नहीं।

आज भी घमासान युद्ध हुआ किन्तु रात्रि ने आकर दिन भर के कोलाहल को शान्त कर दिया। हवा बन्द थी। घायल सैनिक युद्धभूमि में पड़े थे। कुछ अपने जीवन की आहुति दे चुके थे और कुछ कराह रहे थे। रजनी कुछ डाक्टरों व नर्सों सहित देखभाल के लिए पहुँची। मेघरहित आकाश में चन्द्रमा अपना निर्मल प्रकाश अरुण पर बिखेर रहा था और यही प्रकाश डाक्टरों का मार्ग सूचक था। चलते-चलते रजनी को किसी के कहराने की आवाज सुनाई दी। पास जाकर उसने एक युवक जिसका मुख खून से लथपथ था, पड़ा पाया। उसने अपने आँचल से उसका मुख साफ किया और अचानक एक चीख उसके मुख से निकली—'प्रकाश!' यह तो उसका प्रकाश था.....उसका प्रिय, उसका जीवन, उसका चिर-सहचर। प्रकाश के मुख से 'पानी-पानी' शब्द उच्चारित हो रहे थे। रजनी ने एक विहंगम दृष्टि चारों ओर डाली किन्तु जल न दीख पड़ा। वह निराश तथा बेवस हो उठी। रजनी ने उसका सिर अपने घुटने पर रखा और प्रकाश ने

आंखें खोली। 'मैं! मैं है तुम्हारी रजनी' देखो प्रकाश।' रजनी ने उत्साहित सी होकर कहा। 'रजनी! तुम्हारी प्रेरणा ने मुझे आज वास्तव में मार्ग दिखाया। मैं सचमुच भाग्यशाली हूँ कि मुझे तुम मिली। तुम सचमुच एक देवी हो।' रजनी ने प्रकाश के होठों पर अपना हाथ रख दिया। कठिनता से उस हाथ को अपने हाथ में लेकर उसने रजनी की ओर देखा और पा...नी कहकर आंखें मूँद ली। रजनी के नेत्रों से दो अश्रु

बूँदें निकलकर प्रकाश के प्यासे हीठों पर पड़ी और रजनी अपने प्रकाश को खो बैठी।

धवल वस्त्रों से आच्छादित रजनी निनिमेष नेत्रों से शून्य में निहार रही थी। चन्द्रमा बादलों से निकलकर मानो दुःखित हृदय से अपनी संवेदना प्रकट कर रहा था। आस-पास की पत्थर-शिलाएँ भी मानो जड़वत् होकर अपना शोक प्रकट कर रही थीं। चन्द्रमा के बादलों में जाने से रजनी प्रकाश रहित हो गयी।

## आप क्या पीते हैं ?

विजय लक्ष्मी (हिन्दी आनर्स) द्वितीय वर्ष

यदि आपसे यह पूछा जाए कि आप क्या-क्या पीते हैं तो निश्चय ही आपका उत्तर होगा—चाय, कोकाकोला, दूध और पानी। कुछ व्यक्ति-विशेष सिगरेट आदि भी पीते हैं, परन्तु यहाँ केवल साधारण व्यक्तियों की चर्चा है। आप अपने जीवन-काल में कुछ ऐसे पेय पदार्थ पीते तो हैं परन्तु यह नहीं जान पाते कि आप उन्हें पी रहे हैं। यदि विश्वास न हो तो जरा अपनी स्मरण-शक्ति पर जोर डालिये, आप जान जायेंगे। कक्षा में जब प्रोफेसर आप पर अकारण ही क्रोधित होकर आपको डाँटते हैं तो आपको निश्चय ही क्रोध आता है परन्तु आप उनके प्रति पूज्य भाव होने के कारण चुप रह जाते हैं और अपने क्रोध को पी लेते हैं। आपने कभी न कभी अयश्य ही इसे पिया होगा, चाहे आप इस समय इन्कार कर दें परन्तु वास्तविकता को भुठलाया नहीं जा सकता। यदि मैं यह कहूँ कि आप अपने आँसुओं को भी पीते हैं, तो शायद मैं गलती पर नहीं हूँ। यदि आपको किसी ऐसे व्यक्ति के सामने डाँटा जाए अथवा आपकी गलतियाँ निकाली जाएँ, जिसके सामने आप अपनी

किसी भी कमजोरी को प्रदर्शित नहीं करना चाहते और वह भी ऐसे व्यक्ति के द्वारा जिसे उलटकर आप कुछ नहीं कह सकते तो आपकी आँखों में आँसू आ जाते हैं, परन्तु आप उन्हें अन्दर ही अन्दर पी जाते हैं। बताइए, क्या यह गलत है? अपने प्रतिद्वन्दी से बदला लेने में असमर्थ होने पर आपने कई बार लहू के घूँट भी पिये होंगे। कभी-कभी किसी व्यक्ति को धमकी देते समय उसका खून भी पिया होगा। यही नहीं आपको अपने संरक्षकों के उपदेशों को भी बिना किसी विरोध के पीना पड़ता है। कालेज आकर प्रोफेसरों के लेक्चर तो प्रतिदिन पीते ही हैं। परीक्षा के दिनों में तो आप सब किताबों को भी घोटकर पी जाने का प्रयत्न करते हैं और कुछ इस प्रयत्न में सफल भी हो जाते हैं। इतने तक तो ठीक है, परन्तु कुछ लोग इनसे भी एक कदम आगे हैं जो अपनी शर्म तक को घोल कर पीने में संकोच नहीं करते। लीजिए आपके पीने के लिए स्वादिष्ट पेय पदार्थ तैयार हो गया अब इसे भी पी लीजिए और आराम करिए। नमस्ते !

## भगवान् शंकर का पत्र चाऊ एन लाई के नाम

लेखक—वीरेन्द्र 'पहूजा', बी. ए., प्रथम वर्ष

उपद्रवी चाऊ एन लाई,

मैं अभी अभी 'विश्व समाचार' दैनिक पत्र के पृष्ठ पलट रहा था कि मेरी दृष्टि अकस्मात् 'चीन का भारत पर पुनः आक्रमण' नामक शीर्षक पर जा पड़ी। वैसे तो तुम मेरे पिछले पत्रों के वाद-विवाद में सम्भवतः उलझ से गये होंगे और यही कारण है कि बहुत दिनों से तुम्हारा पत्र मुझे प्राप्त नहीं हुआ। आज मैं तुम्हें पुनः स्मरण करा रहा हूँ और यदि तुम बुरा न मानो तो दो शब्द तुम्हें लिख देता हूँ।

कृतधन चाऊ ! जब तुम अपने कुछ सैनिकों को लेकर मेरे कैलास के निकट भारत की सीमा में आये थे तो मैं यही सोच कर आज तक चुप रहा कि बच्चों के साथ बच्चा कौन बने ? बच्चे अपने खेल में मग्न रहते हैं, अतः उनको अन्य लोगों की चिन्ता नहीं रहती है किन्तु मुझे समाचार पत्र से ज्ञात हुआ कि तुमने खेल न खेल कर भारत की बारह हजार वर्ग मील से भी अधिक भूमि पर अपना अधिकार कर लिया है और अपने ज्येष्ठ भ्राता के साथ विश्वासघात किया है। संसार में सभी मेरे बच्चे हैं और भारत भी तो उनमें से एक है। मैं तो अब भी तुम्हें यही सम्मति दूँगा कि भाई भाई के साथ झगड़ा नहीं करना चाहिये और ऐसा करना तुम्हें गोभा भी नहीं देता है।

दानव की भाँति उदंड पुत्र ! यह तुम्हें स्मरण रहे कि भारत के जिस भू-भाग पर तुम अपना प्रभुत्व जमाना चाहते हो, वह भारत का मुकुट हिमालय है, जिस पर खड़े होकर भारत ने सृष्टि को हजारों वर्ष

पूर्व 'वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्' का उपदेश दिया था। इसी पुनीत एवं पवित्र स्थान से भारत ने समस्त संसार को अध्यात्मवाद का सन्देश दिया था तथा यहीं से समस्त ऋषि, मुनि और तपस्वी जनों को प्रेरणा मिली। विश्व ज्ञान के भंडार वेद मन्त्रों का हिमालय की गुफाओं से ही उच्चारण किया गया। यहाँ की लघु सरिताओं के तट पर हिमाच्छदित पर्वतों की तलहटी में, जो सुख-शान्ति मानव को मिलती है, उसका पेंकिंग और हांगकांग जैसे कोलाहलपूर्ण एवं विषमतापूर्ण नगरों में प्राप्त होना दुर्लभ है।

अविश्वसनीय एवं भ्रातृ-द्रोही पुत्र ! जिस पवित्र भूमि पर तुमने अपने कलुषित चरणों को रखा है, वह मनीषियों की तपस्थली और भारत का भव्य भाल हिमालय अपने प्राकृतिक दृश्यों और आध्यात्मिक महत्त्व से विश्व भर का आकर्षण केन्द्र बना रहा है। अनेक तीर्थ-स्थल, अमरनाथ, तज्जनाथ, केदारनाथ, गङ्गोत्री, यमुनोत्री और पशुपतिनाथ कैलाश आदि हिमालय की गोद में स्थित हैं। इस प्रकार हिमालय का कण-कण योग और तप से पुनीत है। यही नहीं, यह विश्व की महान् आत्माओं की तपोभूमि भी है। कालीमठ में देवताओं ने दुर्गा की उपासना की थी। इसी भूमि पर परशुराम ने घोर तप किया था। इन्द्र ने वृत्तासुर का वध करने के लिये इसी भू-भाग पर मेरी पूजा की थी। राम के भक्त श्री हनुमान जी के तप से यहाँ पर हनुमान-चट्टी प्रसिद्ध है। ऋषियों में भी परम भागवत नारद, व्यास, शुक्रदेव तथा सप्त-ऋषियों ने अपने तप से हिमालय को पुनीत किया है। उपमन्यु ने केदारनाथ में तप किया था।

हे पुत्र ! यहीं पर हिमालय की पवित्रता समाप्त नहीं हो जाती, बल्कि वेदों के प्रथम गान इसी हिमालय के प्रागरणो से गूँजे थे। श्री शंकराचार्य ने भी हिमालय की शीतल छाया में भाष्य लिखा था। इतने बड़े बड़े महान् साधकों के तप ने भी उस हिमालय की अनन्त लीला का भेद न पाया और जो आदि काल से सृष्टि का ज्ञान-दाता रहा—उस हिमालय पर तुम कल के छोकरे अपना क्या प्रभुत्व दिखा सकते हो ? सम्भवतः, अभी तक तुमने भारत की शक्ति को आँका नहीं है। यह विशेष रूप से याद रखो ! भारत, जिसे तुमने समुद्र की भाँति शान्त मुद्रा में देखा है, वह आँधी आने पर समुद्र की भाँति विकराल हो जायेगा, तब तुम उसके थपेड़े नहीं भेल सकोगे। अभी समय है, स्वयं को संभालो और अपने सैनिकों को वापिस

ले जाओ और अपने माननीय ज्येष्ठ भ्राता तथा उसके देश की जनता से क्षमा माँगो। इसी में तुम्हारा कल्याण है। मुझे अपना तृतीय नेत्र खोलने के लिये विवश मत करो।

यदि तुम इतना समझने पर भी न माने तो मुझे अपना कथित पग अर्थात्—'तृतीय नेत्र खोलना पड़ेगा। तब इस संसार से शान्ति, सुख एवं छाया सदा के लिये उठ जायेगी। मुझे अब पूर्ण विश्वास है कि तुम अपने को विश्व के लिये अशान्ति का कारण न बनने दोगे।

शेष फिर कभी। आज इतना ही.....  
तुम्हारा शुभाकांक्षी पिता,  
शिव शंकर।

## सुनसान सड़क

तेज कृष्ण भाटिया, बी. ए. अनर्स (हिन्दी) प्रथम वर्ष

वह  
प्रणय में ठुकरायी  
कठिन भारों से दवाई  
सुनसान  
रहित मुस्कान  
मलीन  
उत्साहहीन  
भाव में लीन  
अकेली  
विरहणी सी  
वह  
स्तब्ध हृदया गृहणी सी  
जीवन में  
पतझड़ प्रवेश सी  
निस्तेज सी

हमारे अभावों की पूर्ति  
त्याग-करुणामयी मूर्ति  
वह  
टूटे सपने सी  
वह अधखुली निद्रा सी  
वह धुंधले दर्पण सी  
वह निःसहाय गिरी वस्तु सी  
वह जीवन के प्रति उदासीन सी  
वृद्धावस्था समान दीन सी  
वह  
अकेली  
बिन सहारा  
पड़ी  
सुनसान सड़क है।

## सितारों से पहले

लेखक :—रमेश कुमार, बी. एस. सी. (द्वितीय वर्ष)

**जी**वन की प्रथम किरणों के फूटते ही मानव स्वप्नों के समुन्द्र में डूबता ही जाता है, मगर उसे क्या मालूम कि उसकी वीरणा के तार भी टूटेंगे, उन तारों की लय में खोया हुआ वह जाग पड़ेगा और पायेगा अपनी आशा को निराशा में बदला हुआ तथा संतोष की छाँह की खोज में असंतोष की आह उसके कानों में गूँज रही होगी। मगर वह जो अपनी मंजिल की खोज में पहाड़ों को ठुकराता है, बादलों की गर्जन का मुकाबला करता है, उनसे निकली हुई बिजली की रोशनी में अपनी राह को निहारता है; उसका नाश नहीं होता बल्कि अन्त में वह अविनाश को पाता है।

सत्रह बसंतों को खिलता हुआ देख चुकी हूँ मैं और आज भी कितनी खुश नजर आ रही हूँ।

जीवन कितना मुहावना है, बिल्कुल पवित्र और साफ, जिसमें कोई भी दुख नहीं, कोई भी गम नहीं। यह समतल है जहाँ न उमड़ते हुए तूफान हैं और न ही भय की कोई खाई। पर यह क्या! सामने—चट्टानों के पीछे ऊँचे-नीचे पहाड़, उनकी गोद में बहती हुई चाँदी सी नदियाँ, ये गहरी खाइयाँ और फिर उनपर मखमल सी घास। कितना सुन्दर दृश्य निहार रही हूँ मेरी निगाहें। क्या जीवन और दुनिया के दृश्य एक से सुन्दर हैं? मगर जीवन तो बिल्कुल सपाट है इसमें दृश्यों की तरह न कहीं गहराइयाँ हैं और न ही कहीं ऊँचाइयाँ। नहीं-नहीं जीवन तो पवित्र गंगा की तरह बहता ही जाता है तब भला ये दृश्य इसके सामने क्या? इतना वाचाल दृश्य भी कितना प्रिय और सुखदायी है। क्या जीवन के सौंदर्य में भी ऐसा रहस्य तो नहीं कि

जिसे मैं पवित्र समझती हूँ वह भीतर से.....। नहीं-नहीं, यह नहीं।.....खैर मैं तो कलाकार हूँ, मुझे मेरी कला से प्रेम है न कि जीवन के बंधनों से।

यह सब कुछ मैंने बाम्बे एक्सप्रेस फर्स्ट क्लास कम्पार्टमेंट में बैठे हुए खिड़की में से आकाश बादल को मंडराते और सामने प्रकृति की गोद में अपने आप को खोते हुये अनुभव किया।

गड़ी सरकती ही जा रही थी। स्टेशन आते और फिर चले भी जाते। मुसाफिर बढ़ते और फिर उतरते, कुछ उतरते और कुछ नये आ जाते। पर गाड़ी थी कि बहती ही जा रही थी अपनी मंजिल की ओर, और मेरा दादर शायद अभी दूर था, दूर बहुत दूर।

दूर की दूरियाँ भी दूर हुई और आखिरकार मैंने अपनी मंजिल पर पाँव धर ही लिया—भारत भर की सुप्रसिद्ध अभिनेत्री बनने की उम्मीदों को साथ लिये हुये।

'ओह, मिस नीना! आप आही गईं न, मुझे यकीन था कि आप जरूर आयेंगी। चलिये, बाहर मेरी गाड़ी खड़ी है' इस आवाज को अच्छी तरह जाँचते हुए मैं पीछे मुड़ी और रौनक को चेहरे पर लाते हुए कहा—'आप डाइरेक्टर मिस्टर राकेश जी, नमस्ते। अच्छा ही हुआ जो आप आ गये वरना मैं इतने बड़े शहर में आपके बंगले तक भला कैसे पहुँचती।' 'अच्छा तो नीना अब चलते हैं बाकी बातें फिर देखी जायेंगी।'.....और तब हमारी कार रात के गहरेपन में जगमगाती जागती मैरीन

डाइव के दोनों ओर लगे हुये बल्बों की जंजीर में से बड़ी शान से गुजर गई, डायरेक्टर साहब के बँगले की ओर। लगभग एक घंटे के बाद हम घर पहुँचे और इस दौरान में उन्होंने बहुत सी बातें पूछीं जिनका जवाब मैंने बड़ी हौशियारी से दिया।

रातभर हमने विश्राम किया और सुबह मुझे उनके साथ आर० के० स्टूडियो जाना पड़ा था। वहाँ पहुँच कर मैं कई प्रसिद्ध कलाकारों से मिली। घर आकर मि० राकेश ने कहा कि उन्होंने एक फिल्म का कान्ट्रेक्ट मुझे से कर लिया है और उसकी शूटिंग जल्द ही शुरू कर दी जायेगी। मगर इससे पहले मुझे अपने अभिनय का एक छोटा सा रूप उन्हें दिखाना था। सो डायरेक्टर ने कहा कि आज शाम को स्टेज पर मुझे एक डांस पेश करना है जिससे वे मेरी कला को पहचान सकें।

शाम हुई और फिर डांस भी आरम्भ हुआ। मैंने अपनी नृत्यकला का बहुत ही तुन्दर उदाहरण दिया। पर इस बीच मैंने अनुभव किया कि लोगों की नजरें मुझ पर ही पड़ रही थी और इसी बीच डांस डायरेक्टर मेरे पास आये और धीरे से कह गये कि मैं अपने आप को जरा और गतिमान बना लूँ। कितने बेहूदे शब्द लगे ये मुझे, पर मैं कर ही क्या सकती थी। डांस समाप्त हुआ और उसके साथ प्रोग्राम भी और मैं राकेश के साथ घर आ गई। घर पहुँच कर उन्होंने कहा कि मेरा डांस बहुत ही सुन्दर था और इसी खुशी में अगली ही शाम को साढ़े सात बजे एक पार्टी दे रहे थे जिसमें और भी कई कलाकारों को आना था। यह पार्टी उनके दूसरे बँगले में थी सो मैं अगली शाम को वहाँ पहुँच गई।

“ओह माई गाड ! कितना सुन्दर बँगला है यह डायरेक्टर राकेश का। शायद ऐसा बँगला मैं आज ही देख रही हूँ। यह क्या सात बज गये और

यहाँ कोई भी आदमी दिखाई नहीं देता और पार्टी का टाईम भी तो हो रहा है।” मैं सोच रही थी कि राकेश भी आ गये और उन्होंने आते ही कहा— “देखो नीना कोई जरूरी काम आ पड़ा है जिससे यह पार्टी रुक गई है। खैर आज की रात हम यहीं पर काटते हैं और कल सुबह ही अपनी नई फिल्म की आउटडोर शूटिंग के लिये “शान्ता क्रूज” चलेंगे जहाँ पर घने पेड़ों के तले तुम्हारे नाचने और गाने के कुछ शाट्स लेने हैं। अच्छा तो अब हम अपनी ही पार्टी कर लेते हैं और बाकी काम सुबह होगा।”

मेरे दिल में खुशी की एक लहर सी दौड़ पड़ी और इसी लहर में मग्न होकर मैंने चाय बनाई तथा खाने पीने की कुछ और चीजें भी।

“चाय वगैरा तो बड़ी अच्छी बनाती हो तुम। अच्छा तो आओ अब तुम्हें बँगले की थोड़ी सी सँवर करा दें। वह देखो सामने, यह मेरा छोटा सा बाग है तथा यहां बहुत ही सुन्दर व खुशबूदार फूल लगते हैं। यह सब माली का ही चमत्कार है। वह बीज बोता है, बीज फूटता है, फूट कर पौधा बनता है। पौधे पर कलियाँ आती हैं, कली रंग बदलती है और वचपन की कली फूल सी जवानी धारण कर लेती है। फूल में रस आता है और उस रस भरी मीठी तरंगों में बहते हुए भँचरे न जाने कहाँ से और क्यों उस तक आ पहुँचते हैं और तब रस संचित फूल नीरस हो जाता है। फिर हवा के झोंके आते हैं, एक—दो और फिर—फूल मुर्झा कर नीचे आ गिरता है, और तब किसी अनजान पाँव के तले कुचला जाता है, खत्म हो जाता है—सदा के लिये मर मिटता है।”

“अच्छा तो आप डायरेक्टर के साथ-साथ चाय भी बनने लगे। क्या आप भी ऐसे भँवरों में से तो नहीं?”

“वाह नीना तुम भी खूब हो। मुझे भवरों की तरह भला इन फूलों और कलियों से क्या वास्ता।’ मि० राकेश न जाने कब और कैसे ‘आप’ से ‘तुम’ तक आ पहुँचे। ‘अच्छा तो छोड़ो इन बातों को और इस तरफ चलो। अब हम तुम्हें बहुत ही सुन्दर एक चीज और दिखाते हैं।’ इतना कह कर उन्होंने किसी कमरे का ताला खोला और फिर दरवाजा भी। दरवाजा खुलते ही मेरे आश्चर्य की सीमा न रही। यह कमरा दिन के अंधकार में अपने ही चांद और सितारों की दुनिया से अठ-खेलियां कर रहा था। कमरे की छत पर अर्धचन्द्र यों झिलझिला रहा था जैसे कि तारों भरी बरात में एक नई नवेली दुल्हन का मुख घूँघट में से केवल आधा ही दिख रहा हो। नीचे मेज पर लगी हुई मोमबत्तियों की धीमी धीमी रोशनी से यह कमरा और भी निखर रहा था। सामने दीवार पर खेलते हुए बालक व बालिकाओं के विचित्र दृश्य और साथ में ही महात्मा बुद्ध का वह बुत भी इसी तारों-भरी महफिल की सुन्दरता की गवाही थे। यह सब कुछ देख कर मैं ठिठक सी गई। तब अपने भावों को प्रदर्शित करने के लिये मैंने डायरेक्टर जी की ओर नजर दौड़ाई तो पाया कि वह अजीब सी टक-टकी लगा कर मेरी तरफ देख रहे थे। तब उन्होंने अचानक ही मदभरी आवाज में पूछ लिया ‘कैसा फील कर रही हो नीना तुम?’ ‘जी, कुछ नहीं, वैसे तो यह कमरा बहुत सी सुन्दर लग रहा है।’ मैंने अनजान बनते हुए कहा। फिर उसने मेरे कंधे

पर हाथ रखते हुए कहा ‘जरा अंदर तो आओ सही’ और अन्दर आकर हम दोनों कुछ देर चुप रहे, तब राकेश ने निस्तब्धता को तोड़ते हुए कहा ‘और अब?’ मैंने अपने सरकते हुए आँचल को संभालते हुये जबाब दिया “कुछ नहीं डायरेक्टर साहब, मैं देख रही हूँ कि.....”

“देखो नीना चांद की फीकी-फीकी रोशनी भी है और रात का गहरापन भी। ऐसे में दो जवान दिलों की धड़कने, जिनका साज एक है, गीत एक है, आवाज एक है।’

“डायरेक्टर जी आप अपने से बाहर हो रहे हैं, आपको याद रहना चाहिये कि मैं यहां कलाकार बनने की इच्छा से आई हूँ और न कि.....”

“नीना कुछ समझने की कोशिश करो, ऐसे में मैं हूँ दोनो ही तो है—मैं.....और.....तुम.....और कोई भी तो नहीं।”

तब उसने अचानक ही दरवाजा बंद कर लिया, जबरदस्ती, और फिर.....फिर.....फिर मैं कलंकित हो गई, पतितता बन गई। सदा के लिए.....।

एक कली फूल बनने से पहले ही मुर्झा गई! तब हवा के तीव्र भोंके आये एक, दो और तीन। कली नीचे आ पड़ी, किसी के पावों तले कुचली गई और फिर मर मिटी, सदा के लिये—सदा के लिये..... !

## दीपावली का उपहार

पूर्ण सिंह डबास

**प्रा**तः ही मंगला जब मुंह अंधेरे उठा तो उसके मुख पर आशा की एक झलक थी। उसने शीघ्र ही दाना-चारा खिलाकर अपने घोड़े को तय्यार किया और उसकी पीठ पर एक प्यार भरी थपकी दी। जब वह घोड़े तांगे को जोतकर चला तो घोड़ा भी विशेष स्वामि-भक्ति का परिचय देते हुए हिनहिनाया। शायद उसे भी मालूस हो गया था कि आज दीपावली है और तुम्हे भी कुछ पुरस्कार मिलेगा।

मंगला ने दो चार कदम ही तांगे के साथ बढ़ाए होंगे कि घर से मुन्नू 'पिताजी! पिताजी!' की पुकार मचाता दौड़ा। मंगला ने तांगे को रोककर मुन्नू को गोद में उठा लिया और उसे चूम लिया। "पिताजी आज दिवाली है खिलौने लाना खिलौने देखो पिता जी बहुत खिलौने लाना।" जब मंगला मुन्नू को खिलौने लाने का अश्वासन देकर चला तो रमनिया भी दोनों की ओर प्रेम-पूर्ण एवं मुस्कान निश्चित दृष्टि से देख रही थी।

मंगला कभी घोड़े को हांकता और कभी विचारमग्न हो जाता। वह सोच रहा था कि आज दीपावली का दिन है आरम्भ में ही किसी अच्छे यात्री से भेंट हो गई तो ठीक काम बनेगा। तमाम साल अच्छी तरह काम चलेगा और खूब पैसे बनेंगे। और हां, आज तो मुन्नू के लिये खिलौने भी लाने हैं। बेचारा कई बार कहता है। आज तो लाने ही पड़ेंगे। बच्चा है जिद्द करता है नहीं ले जाऊंगा तो रोएगा।

इन्ही विचारों में डूबा मंगला अड्डे पर पहुँच गया।

गया और यात्रियों को बुलाने के लिये आवाजें लगाने लगा। कई और तांगे वाले भी पहले से ही वहां खड़े थे किन्तु किसी को भी सवारी नहीं मिल रही थी। शायद आज यात्रियों का रुख कुछ टैक्सियों और स्कूटर रिक्शाओं की ओर अधिक था। अन्त में एक घण्टे की गलेबाजी के पश्चात् जब मंगला को कोई उधर-आता न दिखाई दिया तो वह हारकर सदरबाजार की ओर चल पड़ा कि कहीं आगे से ही सवारी पकड़े।

थोड़ी दूर चलकर वह एक चौराहे के समीप तांगा खड़ा कर बीड़ी लेने चला गया क्योंकि आज जल्दी में वह अपना बंडल घर ही छोड़ आया था। दुकान पर पहुँचा ही था कि पुलिस वाले ने 'तांगे वाले! तांगे वाले!' की आवाज लगाई। मंगला दुकान से वापिस मुड़ा तो ट्रैफिक पुलिस मैन तांगे के आगे खड़ा दिखाई दिया। उसे पता था पुलिस उन जैसे गरीबों को व्यर्थ तंग करती है अतः उसे चिन्ता हुई। ज्यों ही वह तांगे के समीप पहुँचा तो सिपाही ने डाट जमाकर कहा—

"क्यों बे यह तांगा तेरा है?"

"जी हाँ मेरा है। मैं बीड़ी लेने....."

"बीड़ी लेने का बच्चा! तेरा दिमाग खराब था जो सड़क पर तांगा रोक कर भाग गया। क्या सड़क पर दूसरे तांगे मोटर चलाने वाले मर गये हैं?"

"हुजूर मैं तो एक मिनट में ही वापस आ

“तो ऐक्सीडेन्ट होते क्या दो चार दिन लगते हैं ! कोई यहाँ तेरे लिये ट्रैफिक बन्द करके बैठ जाऊँ ?”

“नहीं सरकार मैं यह कब कहता हूँ । मैं तो.....”

“मैं तो वैं तो मैं कुछ नहीं जानता । अभी चालान लिखता हूँ तब तेरी अकल ठिकाने आएगी ।”

“नहीं सरकार गरीब हूँ मारा जाऊँगा ।”

इतने तक काफी लोग वहाँ एकत्र हो चुके थे और तमाशा देख रहे थे । कुछ लोग ऐसे होते हैं जो घर से लड़ भगड़ कर चला करते हैं और मार्ग में इसी प्रकार अपना मनोरंजन कर लेते हैं । शायद इन्हीं का समूह यहाँ वर्तमान था । भीड़ होते देखकर सिपाही ने अपनी सीटी बजाई और डंडा हिला कर सब को चलने का संकेत किया । मंगला को अपने पीछे-पीछे तांगा लाने को कह कर वह थाने की ओर चल पड़ा । मार्ग में मंगला ने उस के पैरों में गिरने की कोशिश की, ठुडुियों हाथ डाले लाख खुशामदों की पर सब व्यर्थ गई । फिर भी वह कुछ न कुछ कहता ही गया—

“हज़ूर दया करें फिर कभी ऐसा न होगा ।”

“तुम पर दया करते २ पता नहीं कितने दिन गुजर गये लेकिन तुम डंडे के यार हो ।”

“नहीं साहब ! फिर कभी ऐसा नहीं होगा । आज-आज छोड़ दीजिये । त्यौहार का दिन है अभी तक पैसा भी पल्ले नहीं पड़ा है ।

“तो मैं क्या तेरे लिये थैलियाँ लिए फिरता हूँ । ऐसे ही सूखे धक्के खाते-खाते सारी ड्यूटी खत्म हो गई ।”

“सरकार आप तो मालिक हैं आप को भी क्या

कमी है ।”

“ये बातें तो मैं रोज सुनता हूँ कोई नई कहनी हो तो कह ।”

“बस हज़ूर अब तो मुझे छोड़ दीजिये ।”

“देख ज्यादा बकवास न कर । थाना भी बस आ ही गया है जो खैर चाहता है तो पांच रुपये निकाल और भाग जा वरना जान को पड़ जायेगी ।”

“हज़ूर सच कहता हूँ मेरे पास एक पैसा भी नहीं है । और आज तो दीवाली है, तमाम साल भूखा मरूँगा । सरकार आज तो दया कजिये ।”

“अबे तो क्या हमारे लिये दीवाली नहीं । हम वैसे ही घूमते हैं । आज कम्बख्त कोई खौम्चे वाला भी हाथ न लगा और ड्यूटी सारी खत्म हो गई है । अगर मेरा तमाम साल यही हाल रहा तो मेरे बच्चों का पेट तेरा बाबा भरेगा ?”

मंगला ने अपनी असमर्थता पूरी शक्ति लगाकर व्यक्त की परन्तु सिपाही का हृदय भी तो वज्र का था । वह भी तो दीवाली के दिन खाली हाथों कैसे घर जा सकता था ! इतनी देर में थाना समीप आ गया और मंगला के हृदय की धड़कन और भी बढ़ने लगी ।

कुन्दन को विश्वास था कि गेट तक पहुँचने तक यह पांच रुपये दे ही देगा और वहाँ से इसे भगा दूँगा । तांगा गेट से चार पांच कदम ही दूर था कि एक मोटा ताजा व्यक्ति पुलिस की वर्दी में बाहर आता दिखाई दिया । उसके हाथ में एक थैला था । यह हवलदार अजीतसिंह था । अजीतसिंह तांगे वाले तथा सिपाही को देखते ही बोला—

“अबे कुन्दन इस तांगे वाले को कहाँ ले जा रहा है ?”

“साहब इस का चालान करना है। इन्होंने नाक में दम कर रखा है। रोज मना करने पर भी ठीक सड़क के बीच तांगा खड़ा करते हैं और फिर पता नहीं कहाँ भाग जाते हैं।”

“ये तो पूरे उल्लू के पट्टे हैं। इनका दिमाग फिर गया है। तू ले यह सब्जी साहब की कोठी पर दे आ। इसका चालान मैं लिखता हूँ। जा सोचता क्या है अब तो तेरी ड्यूटी भी खत्म है, कहीं जाना भी नहीं।”

कुन्दन थैला लेकर उदास मन से नीचे-नीचे हवलदार की तरफ आंखें निकालता चला गया और पकी पकाई मुर्गी अजीत के हाथ आ गई।

“क्यों बे तेरी खोपड़ी में कुछ बाकी है या नहीं जो आए दिन तुम हमें तंग करते हो ! वैसे ही भाग आया यहां जैसे यहां कोई रहता ही नहीं।”

“हज़ूर नहीं यह क्या कहते हो आप सब कुछ हैं गरीब हूँ दया करें।”

“दया-वया सब हो जायेगी अभी चालान लिखता हूँ। कम से कम पच्चीस रुपये जुर्माना और दो चार दिन का चक्कर। बस तेरा दिमाग ठीक।”

“सरकार मैं यह कैसे बरदास करूँगा।”

“जो ज्यादा ही मरता है तो चल निकाल दस रुपये और भाग जा फिर कभी न आना।”

“सरकार मैं लाचार हूँ। भगवान की कसम मेरे पास पैसा भी नहीं है।”

“तेरे पास तो दस नहीं बीस हो जाएंगे और तू खुशी से देगा और वहाँ अदालत में देकर आएगा। तुम लोग भी उन को नहीं देना चाहते जो कभी काम आए। ठीक है मुझे क्या ? मैंने तो

सोचा था गरीब है थोड़े में ही काम चल जाये और हमारी भी जान भ्रंशट से निकले पर नहीं मानता तो मैं क्या कर सकता हूँ। अब देखता क्या है बोल क्या कहता है ? यहां तेरे बाबा का नौकर थोड़ा ही हूँ जो मुँह की ओर ताकता रहूँ।”

मंगला जुर्माना और दो चार दिन के चक्कर से घबरा गया और दस रुपये देने में ही कुशल समझी तथा कहा—

“हज़ूर इस समय तो नहीं हैं अगर आप इजाजत दें तो आध घण्टे में अड्डे पर से किसी से उधार ला दूँगा। घर तो मेरा बहुत ही दूर है।”

“तो जा जल्दी भाग जा और तांगे को वहाँ एक तरफ खड़ा कर दें। और अगर जल्दी नहीं आया तो तू समझ ले सारी कसर निकाल दूँगा।”

जब मंगला ने अड्डे पर पहुंच कर तांगे वालों से अपनी सारी कथा सुनाई तो सभी ने पुलिस वालों को दो चार गालियाँ दी और सभी ने मंगला के साथ पूरी सहानुभूति दिखाई पर दीवाली होने के कारण कोई भी उधार देने के लिये तय्यार न हुआ। और सब के पास पैसे थे भी कहाँ ? अन्त में जब मंगला ने बहुत विनती की तो दस रुपये मिल ही गए। उन्हें लेकर मंगला हवलदार की पूजा करने थाने की ओर भागा। जब वह हवलदार की भेंट दस रुपये चढ़ाकर वापिस चला तो मानो उसने किसी बड़ी विपत्ति से छुटकारा पा लिया था। मंगला ने चार ही कदम बढ़ाये होंगे कि हवलदार ने फिर आवाज लगाई—

“और हाँ जरा देखना, आज दीवाली है न, घर से बच्चे संकर-मन्दिर में पूजा के लिये जायेंगे उन्हें मन्दिर और दिखा लाना। बस आना और जाना ही है पूजा में तो सिरफ दस मिन्ट मुश्किल। लगेंगे। ज्यादा से ज्यादा दो ढाई घण्टे का कान

होगा, ज्यादा देर नहीं लगेगी।”

मंगला ने सोचा कि तांगा और घोड़ा इसे ही नौप कर नमस्ते कर चले किन्तु पेट भी तो किसी तरह भरना था। वह मन मसोस कर हवलदार के घर की ओर चल पड़ा।

जब मंगला मन्दिर से लौटा तो उसे तीन बज चुके थे। उसकी सुबह की शाम निराशा में बदल चुकी थी। इतने में ही एक बाबूजी ने ‘ओ तांगे वाले! ओ तांगे वाले!’ की आवाज लगाई। मंगला भाग कर उसके पास गया क्योंकि अभी तीन चार घण्टे बाकी थे, वह कुछ न कुछ कमा सकता था।

“जी बाबूजी कहां चलना होगा?”

“देखो यह कुछ क्राकरी का सामान है और यह एक छोटी शीशे की अलमारी है। इसे गांधी बाजार में चलना है। बोल कितने पैसे लेगा?”

मंगला सामान को जल्दी-जल्दी उठा कर रखने लगा और कहा—

“जी दे देना जो मरजी हो।”

“नहीं पहले ही ठीक-ठीक बतादो तुम लोग वाद में भगड़ा करते हो।”

“जी वहां के सब ढाई रुपये लेते हैं। मैं भी मुबह से मारा-मारा फिर रहा हूँ चलो, आप दो रुपये दे देना।”

“दो रुपये बहुत ज्यादा हैं। देखो, डेढ़ रुपया मिलेगा चलना हो तो चलो वरना हम और किसी को बुलाते हैं।”

“जी जैसी आप की मरजी।”

मंगला ने सारा सामान रख लिया। बाबूजी भी बैठ गये और तांगा चलता बना। आज मंगला वक्त से लौट आना चाहता था ताकि घर पर अच्छी तरह त्यौहार मनाए और दीपों से घर सजाने में रमनिया का हाथ बटाए। उसने घोड़े को जल्दी-जल्दी हाँका परन्तु सड़कों पर बहुत भीड़ होने के कारण घोड़ा अधिक न भाग सका। तांगा जब गांधी बाजार पहुँचा तो उसे लगभग पाँच बज चुके थे। बच्चे सड़कों पर खूब पटाखे छोड़ते फिर रहे थे! शोर मचा रहे थे। यह देखकर मंगला को मुन्नू की याद आ गई और उसने निश्चय कर लिया कि पैसे मिलते ही वह भी मुन्नू के लिए मिठाई और खिलौने लेकर अभी घर चलेगा। उसने तांगा क्राकरी वाले की दुकान के पास लगा दिया और शीघ्रता से सामान उतारने लगा। यह दुकान काफी लम्बी चौड़ी और क्राकरी के सामान से भरी हुई दिखाई देती थी। शायद ये सज्जन क्राकरी विराये पर देने का व्यापार करते थे। इस दुकान के बराबर ही डा० वर्मा की दुकान थी। डा० वर्मा वहाँ के प्रसिद्ध डाक्टर थे। वे भीतर बैठे मरीजों को देख रहे थे। उनकी कार प्रतिदिन की भाँति आज भी सड़क पर निर्भीकता से खड़ी थी मानो सड़क कमेटी ने उन की कार पार्किंग के लिये बनवाई हो।

जब मंगला ने तांगे का सारा सामान उतार दिया और केवल अलमारी बाकी रही तो उसे उतारने में उसने कुछ सहायता चाही, क्योंकि वह कुछ भारी भी थी और फिर जरा सी असावधानी से शीशे आदि टूटने का भी भय था। जब उसने बाबू जी से अलमारी उतरवाने को कहा तो बाबू जी ने डांट बताई—

“डेढ़ रुपया कोई हराम का है? मैं इसे वहीं से न उठा लाता तू किस लिये आया है?” इतना कहकर वह फिर अपने किसी परिचित से बातों में लग गया। लाचार होकर मंगला ने अकेले ही

अलमारी को धीरे-धीरे बाहर सरकाया। आधी अलमारी तांगे के अन्दर थी और आधी बाहर, इतने में ही किसी बच्चे का एक पटाखा विगारियाँ बरसाता घोड़े के पैर के पास आ गिरा और जोर से विस्फोट हुआ। घोड़ा भड़क गया और एकदम झटके से तांगे को ले भागा। झटका लगते ही शीशे की अलमारी मंगला के बालू से बाहर हो गई और गिर कर उसके शीशे चकनाचूर हो गये। अलमारी के गिरते ही वह घोड़े की लगाम पकड़ने दौड़ा परन्तु घोड़ा न रुका और मंगला उसकी टक्कर से दूर जा गिरा। सड़क पर गिरने से उसके सिर में तेज कंकड़ घुस गया जिससे रक्त बहने लगा और घोड़े का पैर ऊपर आने से घुटना भी जख्मी हो गया। तांगे के पहिये की टक्कर डा० वर्मा की कार के साइड में जोर से लगी जिससे कवर कुछ बैठ गया और पालिस खराब हो गई।

अलमारी के शीशे टूटने की खड़खड़ाहट और कार से पहिया टकराने का धमाका जब डा० वर्मा ने सुना तो बाहर भागे आए। इतने तक मंगला भी धीरे-धीरे सिर को हाथ से दबाए घोड़े के पास पहुंच चुका था। डा० साहब ने आव देखी न ताव मंगला को तमाचे मारने प्रारम्भ कर दिये। चुपचाप सहते रहने के सिवाय मंगला के पास और चारा ही क्या था? जब डा० साहब के हाथों को पीड़ा अनुभव हुई तो वे कर्कश स्वर में बोले—

“नाँन सेन्स, तीस हजार रुपये की गाड़ी का नाश कर दिया। बदतमीज को अभी ठीक करता हूँ सारे पैसे वसूल कर लूँगा।”

सुबह से आघात पर आघात सहने से मंगला का हृदय बाहर फूट पड़ने को क्रन्दन कर उठा परन्तु निर्धनता ने उसकी वाणी को बन्द कर रखा था। वह सोच रहा था कि अगर उसके पास भी

पैसे होते तो इन सभ्य सामाजिकों से जंगली पशुओं की तरह न पिटता। इस कार पर दो तीन तेल उंडेल कर आग लगा देता और नोटों के बंडल उख की ओर फेंक देता, कि बेटा जाकर नई खरीदो यह बहुत दिन चल चुकी। सारी बातें उसके दिमाग में टकराईं और टकरा कर ही रह गईं। आखिर वह विनीत स्वर में बोला—

“डाक्टर जी इसमें मेरा क्या कसूर है। मैंने घोड़े की कह थोड़े ही रखा था! पशु है धमाके से डर गया। आप तो मुझे नाहक मार रहे हो।”

“अबे मुझे तेरे उपदेश की जरूरत नहीं। यह बता गाड़ी के शोकाश के पैसे कौन देगा?”

“सरकार इसकी कीमत तो मेरी सात पीढ़ी भी नहीं चुका सकती।”

“मैं तो तेरे से लेकर दिखादूँगा। दो दिन हवालात की हवा खाई और तेरा भूत निकला।”

“सरकार चाहे उमर कैद करवा दीजिये मेरे पास तो कुछ है नहीं। हाय! मैं क्या करूँ आज मेरी किस्मत ही खोटी थी।”

“तो तेरी किस्मत का रिजल्ट मैंने भुगतना है? आया है किस्मत का बच्चा।”

बहुत देर तक दबाने पर भी मंगला के सिर का खून बन्द न हो सका और वह कराहने लगा। फिर डा० साहब के तमाचे लगे तो रहा सहा सिर भी झन्ना उठा। जब डा० साहब को उस टटपूँजिया से कुछ मिलता न दीख पड़ा और उसकी पीड़ा अधिक होती दिखाई दी तो एक धक्का देकर कहा:—

“भाग जा इस टट्टू को लेकर। फिर कभी इधर मुँह करके देख भी लिया तो तेरी खैर नहीं।”

डा० साहब के शब्द मुश्किल से ही समाप्त हो पाये थे कि बाबू जी अकड़ कर बोले—

“वाह डा० साहब वाह ! आपने भी खूब भाग जाने का हुक्म दिया ! क्या मेरी अलमारी के पचास रुपये आप देंगे ? हम दुकानदार लोग रोज बाजार से सामान लाते हैं यदि इसी तरह सब गिराकर भाग जायें तो खा-कमा चुके। मैं तो इससे कौड़ी-कौड़ी वसूल करके जाने दूँगा।”

मंगला की पीड़ा अधिक होती जा रही थी। कई व्यक्तियों ने बाबूजी को समझाया कि इसके पास सिवाय घोड़े तांगे के और क्या रखा है। इसको रखने से यह बिल्कुल मारा जायेगा और हत्या आप के सिर पर लगेगी। एक व्यक्ति ने उसे सहायता देकर तांगे पर चढ़ा दिया तथा घोड़े को सीधा कर उसके हाथ में लगाम थमा दी। घोड़ा घर की ओर मुँह होने से स्वयं ही तांगे को ठीक-ठीक लेजाने लगा। मंगला अचेतन सी अवस्था में एक हाथ से सिर और एक से लगाम पकड़े बैठा रहा। घोड़ा जब मंगला के द्वार पर जाकर रुका तो अघेरा होने लगा था। रमनिया घर में मिट्टी के दीपों को भिगो रही थी। मंगला ने तांगे से उतरने की चेष्टा की। कुछ तो सिर की पीड़ा थी और कुछ जल्मी घुटने पर पूरा बल न दे सका, अतः गिर पड़ा। रमनिया ने जब कुछ कराहने का शब्द सुना

तो वह बाहर भागी आई और मंगला को भीतर ले गई। मंगला को चारपाई पर लिटा कर एक साधारण सी पट्टी बांध दी। वह स्वयं भी चारपाई के समीप बैठ गई और उसकी आँखों से आँसू गिरने लगे।

मुन्तू बहुत देर से बच्चों के साथ गली में खेलने गया हुआ था। सभी बच्चे खिलौनों सहित घूम रहे थे और पटाखे छोड़ रहे थे। मुन्तू बार-बार उनके मुख की ओर देख रहा था और साथ-साथ घूम रहा था। वह अपने साथियों को बता रहा था कि उसके पिता जी भी खिलौने लायेंगे। उसे एकाएक जब यह ध्यान आया कि उसके पिता जी भी आ गये होंगे तो वह घर की ओर भागा और जब दूर से ही तांगे को द्वार पर खड़ा देखा तो मारे प्रसन्नता के फूल उठा! द्वार पर पहुँच कर देखा तो पिताजी चारपाई पर आँखें मून्दे पड़े थे और माँ खिन्नावस्था में पास बैठी थी। मुन्तू का हृदय एकदम बैठ गया और वह द्वार पर ही ठिठक गया। उसने पिता जी के सिर के रक्त बिन्दुओं में दीपकों की लौ और माता जी के अश्रुहरणों में उनकी ज्योति देखी। ऐसा मालूम हो रहा था कि वह बच्चा सारा किस्सा समझ गया हो। उसके पैर न भीतर की ओर पड़े और न बाहर की ओर डिगे और आँखों में आँसू डबडबा अये।

और उधर घोड़ा भी मौन तथा निश्चल खड़ा कह रहा था कि आप तो घर में जा घुसे मुझे भी तो इस तांगे के नीचे से निकालो।

## बिहारी की समास-शैली

डा० रामदत्त भारद्वाज

महा कवि बिहारीलाल का स्थान रीति-काल के कवियों में प्रमुख है। इस काल के कवियों को तीन श्रेणियों में विभक्त किया जा सकता है—रीतिबद्ध, रीतिसिद्ध, एवं रीतिमुक्त, क्योंकि उन्होंने रीतिबद्ध कवियों की भाँति नायक-नायिका भेद के उदाहरण लक्षणों के साथ प्रस्तुत नहीं किये, यद्यपि उनके दोहों में सभी प्रकार की नायिकाओं के उदाहरण उपलब्ध हैं। अतएव उनके दोहों में नायिका-भेद की पृष्ठभूमि विद्यमान है, जिसके ज्ञान के बिना दोहों का अर्थ लगाना असंभव नहीं तो कठिन अवश्य है। रीतिकाल के अधिकांश कवियों ने शृंगार रस को ही अपनाया है, जिसकी परम्परा संस्कृत-ग्रन्थों से अविच्छिन्न रूप में चली आ रही है। भर्तृहरि का 'शृंगार शतक', अमरुक कवि का 'अमरुक शतक', गोवर्द्धन की 'आर्या सप्तशती' और हाल कवि की 'गाथा सप्तशती' इस विषय में विशेष उल्लेखनीय हैं। बिहारी इनके प्रभाव से मुक्त न थे, उनके अनेक दोहे इन ग्रन्थों से प्रभावित थे।

इतना होते हुए भी बिहारी में कुछ विशेषताएँ ऐसी थीं जो उन्हें अपने काल के अन्य कवियों में मूर्धन्य स्थान प्राप्त कराती हैं। वे हैं : समास-पद्धति, भावों को नये रूप में प्रस्तुत करने का कौशल, एवं शब्द-चयन। जिस भाव को संस्कृत भाषा के कवियों ने चार चरण वाले छन्दों में उपस्थित किया है, उसे कविवर बिहारी ने दोहे जैसे छोटे छन्द में अत्यन्त कौशल से चित्रित किया है। बिहारी के कार्य-क्षेत्र को संकुचित ही समझना चाहिए। उन्होंने अपनी लेखनी संयोग और वियोग शृंगार पर चलायी है जिसके आश्रय और आलम्बन राधा-कृष्ण हैं। बिहारी ने

अधिकांश में अपने काव्य में नागर-नागरियों को स्थान दिया है, ग्रामीण युवतियों को बहुत कम। फिर भी बिहारी का यह विशेष कौशल है कि उनके भावों में पुनरुक्ति नहीं, भले ही उपमाएँ वे ही लौट-फिर कर आती रही हों।

'सतसई' के दोहों को समझने के लिए पाठक की कल्पना और कवि की विधायकता के सामञ्जस्य की परम आवश्यकता है, नहीं तो दोहार्थ के हृदयंगम करने में विफलता प्राप्त होगी। जैसा कि कहा जा चुका है, प्रत्येक दोहे के पीछे नायिका भेद की पृष्ठभूमि विद्यमान है। इस विषय में एक उदाहरण पर्याप्त होगा :

लगयो सुमन ह्वै है सफल, आतप रोस निवारि ।  
बोरी, बारी आपनी, सींचि सुहृदयता बारि ॥

यदि पाठक नायिका-भेद से अनभिज्ञ है तो वह उसका सीधा-सादा अर्थ इस प्रकार कर लेगा, 'हे बावली, तेरी बाटिका में फूल लगा है अब सुन्दर फल भी आयगा, अतएव धूप के क्रोध से इसकी रक्षा कर और शीतल जल से सींच'। किन्तु नायिका-भेद से अभिज्ञ पाठक इस गूढार्थ को समझ लेगा कि किसी सखी की यह उक्ति मानवती नायिका को समझाने के निमित्त है; नायक दक्षिण है नायिका मुग्धा। इस प्रकरण में अर्थ इस प्रकार होगा : 'हे बावली, तेरा मन इस 'नायक' से लगा है, तुझे प्रेम में सफलता प्राप्त होगी। तू क्रोधरूपी धूप का निवारण कर और प्रेमरूपी जल से अपनी बारी में नायकरूपी वृक्ष का सिंचन कर।

समास-शैली में सांग रूपक का विशेष महत्त्व

होता है, और बिहारी उसे उपस्थित करने में सर्वथा सफल सिद्ध हुए हैं। एक सांग रूपक है :

बौरि पनिच भुकुटि धनुष, बधिक समर तजि कानि ।  
हनत तरुन मृग तिलक सर, सुरकि भाल भलि तानि ॥

नायिका परकीया है, उसके माथे पर जो आड़ा टीका लगा है वह प्रत्यंचा है, उसकी कुटिल भौंहें धनुष हैं, मस्तक का तिलक बाण है और तिलक का वह भाग जो नासिका पर लगा हुआ है तीर की पंजी नोक है। इस प्रकार के धनुष बाणों को खींच कर कामरूपी व्याध युवकरूपी मृगों का आखेट करता है।

समास शैली में श्लेष का महत्त्व अनिर्वचनीय है क्योंकि वह समाहार-शक्ति का विशेष सहायक है। बिहारी ने इसका सुन्दर प्रयोग किया है। उनकी निम्नलिखित श्लिष्ट उक्ति कितनी सुन्दर है :

अज्यों तरयोना ही रह्यो, श्रुति सेवत इक अंग ।  
नाक वास बेसरि लह्यो, बसि मुक्तन के संग ॥

इसका एक अर्थ यह है कि वेदों का अध्ययन करते हुए भी जिज्ञासु अभी तक भवसागर से नहीं तर पाया। किन्तु मुक्त पुरुष के संपर्क से गंधे (मूर्ख) को भी स्वर्ग में स्थान मिल गया। सज्जन-संग की महिमा स्पष्ट है। दूसरा अर्थ है कि कान का साथ निभाते हुए भी कर्णफूल कान के नीचे ही बना रहा; किन्तु नथ ने मोती का साथ पाकर नाक पर स्थान प्राप्त कर लिया। इस दोहे के श्लिष्ट पद ये हैं : तरयो ना=पार नहीं लगा, नीचे (तले) बना रहा। श्रुति=वेद, कान। नाक=स्वर्ग, नासिका। बेसरि=गंधा (मूर्ख), नथ। मुक्तन=मुक्त पुरुष, मोती।

समाहार शक्ति में ध्वनि और व्यंजना का महत्त्व पूर्ण स्थान होता है। बिहारी ने इनका सुन्दर एवं

समुचित प्रयोग किया है :

कहत नटत रीभत खिजत, मिलत खिलत लजियात ।  
भरे भौन में करत हैं, नैनन ही सों बात ॥

इस दोहे में नायक-नायिका का सुन्दर चित्र उपस्थित किया गया है। नायकनायिका से कुछ प्रस्ताव करता है जिसे नायिका अस्वीकृत कर देती है किन्तु नायिका की अस्वीकृति पर ही नायक रीभ जाता है। नायक की रीभ नायिका की खीभ को उत्पन्न करती है। इस कारण दोनों के नेत्र मिलते हैं, और इस मिलन से दोनों प्रसन्न होते हैं, किन्तु नायिका लज्जित हो जाती है। इस प्रकार परिवार से भरे हुए भवन में नायक और नायिका अपने नेत्र-संकेतों के द्वारा ही वार्त्तालाप कर लेते हैं।

समास-शैली के सफल प्रयोक्ता शब्द-चित्र खींचने में सफल होते हैं। बिहारी भी इस विषय में अत्यन्त दक्ष थे, क्योंकि वे जिस वस्तु का वर्णन करते हैं उसका चित्र नेत्रों के सम्मुख उपस्थित कर देते हैं। एक शब्द-चित्र इस प्रकार है :

अहै दहेंडी जिनि धरे, जिनि तू लेहि उतारि ।  
नीके है छीके छुए, ऐसी ही रहि नारि ॥

नायिका अपने दोनों हाथ उठा कर छीके पर दही की हाँडी रखती है। ऐसा करते समय उसके पयोधर कुछ अनावृत हो जाते हैं। अतएव नायक नायिका से कहता है कि तू दहेंडी को न तो छीके पर रख और न वहाँ से नीचे उतार; तू इसी प्रकार छीके को छुए हुए खड़ी रह, क्योंकि तेरी यह स्थिति मुझे बड़ी भली लगती है। इस स्वाभाविकता में, और चित्रण में भी, स्वाभाविकता चित्ताकर्षक हो गयी है।

समास-शैली के लिए समासों का प्रयोग सहायक सिद्ध होता है। बिहारी ने प्रायः दो तीन शब्दों के

समास प्रयुक्त किये हैं किन्तु कभी-कभी उन्होंने चार-पाँच शब्दों के समासों का भी प्रयोग किया है।

चित्त पितु-मारक-जोगु गनि, भयौ भये सुत सोग ।  
फिरि हुलस्थौ जिय जोइसी, समुझै जारज-जोग ॥  
रनित-भृंग-घंटावली, भरित दान-मधु-नीर ।  
मँद मँद आवत चल्थौ, कुंजर कुंज समीर ॥

भावानुकूल ही शब्द-चयन होना चाहिए। इससे काव्य की रमणीयता में अभिवृद्धि होती है। बिहारी के दोहे इस गुण से सर्वथा सम्पन्न हैं। उनकी भाषा इतनी संघटित है कि उसमें से एक-दो शब्दों के निकाल देने से अथवा हेर-फेर कर देने से अभिव्यक्ति का सौंदर्य ही नष्ट हो जाता है। एक उदाहरण लीजिए :

मेरी भव बाधा हरो, राधा नागरि सोय ।  
जा तन की भाँई परे, स्याम हरित दुति होय ॥

इस दोहे में 'हरित' शब्द अपरिहार्य है, इसको निकाल देने से काव्य का समस्त सौंदर्य नष्ट हो जाता है—हरा रंग, प्रसन्नता, हीन कन्तिता, इन ध्वन्यार्थों से पाठक आनन्द में भूमने लगता है।

निष्कर्ष रूप से कहा जा सकता है कि भाषा पर बिहारी का पूर्ण अधिकार था। इस कारण उनकी भाषा चुस्त है, और शब्द विन्यास सुव्यवस्थित है। थोड़े शब्दों में व्यापक अर्थ को प्रकट करने की उनमें अमोघ शक्ति थी। किसी कवि ने उचित कहा है :

सतसैया के दोहरे, ज्यों नाविक के तीर ।  
देखत में छोटे लगे, घाव करें गंभीर ॥

बिहारी ने अपने दोहों में सागर को गागर में भरने का प्रयत्न किया है। उनकी समास-शक्ति एवं कल्पना की उपमा शिव-शक्ति से दी जा सकती है। जिस प्रकार भगवान् शिव की जटाओं में भगवती गंगा सिमट कर बैठती हैं किन्तु वहाँ से निकल कर इतनी विस्तृत और प्रवाह युक्त हो जाती हैं कि उनके वेग को रोकने में कोई समर्थ नहीं होता, उसी प्रकार महा कवि बिहारी के दोहे में जो अर्थ पिहित-निहित रहता है वह अन्य कवियों के विशाल कवित्त-सम तल पर अतिरिक्त रहता है। बिहारी की श्रेष्ठता इसी में है कि उन्होंने दोहा रूपी छोटी सी गंगा जली में सम्पूर्ण गंगा जी का आवाहन कर लिया है।

## खोज

कुल भूषण मसीन बी. ए. द्वितीय वर्ष

पुष्प खिलते हैं और मुरझा जाते हैं। बहारें आती हैं और चली जाती हैं। चन्द्रमा की चाँदनी भी छिटक कर रह जाती है। किन्तु, मेरी वेदना इस अन्धकार के गर्त में पड़ी हुई तड़प रही है जो अपने चन्द्र के प्रकाश में कब से लीन हो जाना चाहती है। उसी की तो खोज कर रहा हूँ मैं ! राही हूँ, इसी लिये भटक गया हूँ। पथ-प्रदर्शन के लिये ये नक्षत्र मेरी हृदय-वेदना को सान्त्वना न दे सकेंगे। दीपे तुम आओ। तुम्हारी खोज में आज ज्ञान के प्रत्येक

दो-राहे चौराहे पर पागलों की भाँति प्रतीक्षा किया करता हूँ। खोज करता हूँ तुम्हें। तुम्हीं तो मेरी राह हो, मेरा सर्वस्व हो। शेष सब कुछ मौन है। तुम कुछ तो बोलो। मैं अत्यंत अधीर हो रहा हूँ। तुम सूक हो, मेरी व्याकुलता का यही तो कारण है। मैं तुम्हें पहचानने में असमर्थ हो रहा हूँ। तुम कहाँ हो, दीप ! मेरे अन्तः स्थल में ज्ञान की किरणों को प्रसारित कर दो। तुम्हीं तो मेरे वह चन्द्र हो जिन्हें ज्ञात और अज्ञात में खोजता फिरता हूँ मैं.....।

## भिसारी

लेखक—सुरेन्द्र कुमार जैन

करुण स्वर में पुकार रहा  
बाबू पैसा, दो पैसा ।  
हाथ बढ़ाये  
कदक बढ़ाये  
जन-जन से था माँग रहा  
कोई न देते भीख प्यार की  
लेकिन प्रायः  
झिड़कियों की भीख से  
भोली भरता जाता था  
और अपनी  
दीन सी आंखों से  
आँसू की नदियां बहा रहा  
करुण स्वर में पुकार रहा  
बाबू पैसा, दो पैसा ।

पेड़ के नीचे  
सड़क किनारे  
बाबू चिल्लाता  
जेठ की तपती दोपहरी में  
नंगे तन पर  
एक लंगोटी

पहने, पड़ा कराह रहा  
करुण स्वर में पुकार रहा  
बाबू पैसा, दो पैसा ।

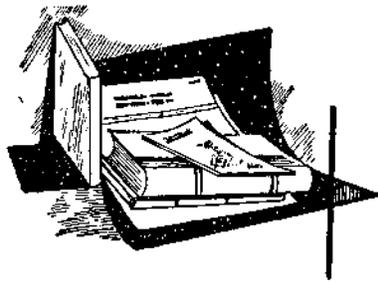
पैसा देना तो रहा  
दृष्टि न कोई फेंक रहा  
ऐसा क्या  
पाप किया  
जो जीने का अधिकार न रहा  
करुण स्वर में पुकार रहा  
बाबू पैसा दो पैसा ।  
ऐ समाजवादी लोगो  
क्या उनके  
तन नहीं  
या मन नहीं  
इच्छा भी हैं  
आशा भी हैं  
पर धन का जरूर अभाव रहा  
इसीलिये तो  
पुकार रहा  
बाबू पैसा, दो पैसा

## क्या आप जानते हैं

नरेन्द्र कुमार कौशिक, (बी. एस. सी. द्वितीय वर्ष)

१. वह कौन सा जानवर है जो कभी पानी नहीं पीता ?
२. पृथ्वी के किस स्थान से सूर्य हरा दिखाई देता है ?
३. अब तक कब और कहाँ सबसे बड़े ओले गिरे हैं ?
४. समुद्र की सतह से सबसे अधिक ऊँचाई पर स्थित शहर का नाम बताओ।
५. वह कौन सा पक्षी है जिसके न पर होते हैं न पूँछ ?
६. मिस्र के सबसे बड़े पिरामिड के बनने में कितने पत्थर लगे थे ? पत्थर का वजन बताओ। इसे तैयार करने में कितने वर्ष लगे। कितने आदिमियों ने इसमें काम किया ? इसकी ऊँचाई कितनी है ? इसे किसने बनवाया था ?
७. इंग्लैंड का कौन सा राजा अंग्रेजी नहीं बोल पाता था ?
८. एक किलो ग्राम मक्खन बनाने में कितने दूध की जरूरत होगी ?
९. सेम कितनी बड़ी हो सकती है ?
१०. सूर्य का तापमान बताओ।
११. बतओ, एक मोटर-कार में अलग-अलग कितने पार्ट्स होते हैं ?
१२. पृथ्वी में कौन सा ऐसा शहर है जो दो महा देशों के ऊपर स्थित है ?
१३. ऐसा कौन सा पेड़ है जो सब से जल्दी बढ़ता है ?
१४. क्या बन्दर की आँख से आँसू गिरते हैं ?
१५. कुल कितने प्रकार की मछलियाँ होती हैं ?

(उत्तर को ३० पृष्ठ पर देखें)



## अभागे

शाम कोरपाल बी० ए० (अन्तिम वर्ष)

क्या ही अच्छा होता यदि इस संसार की यह फुलवारी सदा गुलजार रहती। इसके पौधे और फूल सदैव खुशी से भूमते रहते, मुस्काते रहते। परन्तु संसार की कोई भी फुलवारी सदैव गुलजार नहीं रही। पतझड़ अपने निर्मम कदमों से फुलवारी को रौंद देता है और रह जाती है वीरानगी।

ठीक यही दशा बाबू राम नाथ की फुलवारी की थी। जिसमें बसन्त आया नाम मात्र के लिए परन्तु पतझड़ ने आकर डेरे ही डाल दिए। उनकी धर्म पत्नी सुलन्दा एक काली रात को आसुओं और सिसकियों के बीच इस संसार से विदा ले चुकी थी, अपने पीछे तीन निर्दोष कोमल कलियों को छोड़ कर। राजन था दस वर्ष का और राजेश एवं अंजना क्रमशः आठ और छः के जब यह आकस्मिक वज्रपात हुआ। राजन और अंजना तो बाबू राम नाथ के अपने बालक थे। परन्तु राजेश बचपन से ही अनाथ बालक था जिसको कोमलहृदया सुनन्दा ने बड़े दुलार से पाला-पोशा था। बच्चों को इस बात का ज्ञान न था।

राजन प्रतिभाशाली विद्यार्थी था। हायर-सैकेंडरी के अन्तिम वर्ष में उसने विज्ञान विषय ले रक्खा था। अभागा एक दिन शेलफ से तेजाब की बोतल उतार रहा था। ढक्कन ठीक से बन्द न था। बोतल खुल गई और सारे का सारा तेजाब मुंह पर आ गिरा। आखों की ज्योति सदैव के लिए बुझ गई। सहसा आपदा का पहाड़ उस पर आ पड़ा, जिसके नीचे दब कर वह चूर चूर हो गया। उसके जीवन में अन्धकार ही अन्धकार छा गया। वह देखा करता था वैज्ञानिक बनने के सपने, चाँद

तक पहुँचने के सपने। परन्तु अब उसकी सब आशाएं धूमिल हो गई। वह अपनी उजड़ी दुनियाँ को गले से लिपटाये तिल-तिल जलने पर विवश हो गया और इसी जलन ने उसे क्षय रोगी बना दिया। राजन की यह दशा देख कर बाबू राम नाथ के हृदय में वेदना की घटा उमड़ती और आखों से अश्रु धारा बहने लगी। राजेश और अंजना भी सजल आखों से भैया की ओर देखते और सोचते आखिर भैया को क्या हो गया है जो हमारी ओर देखते तक नहीं और न हंस कर बात ही करते हैं। और पर जो भैया के दिल पर जो बीतती उसे भैया ही समझ पाते थे।

लगभग छः वर्ष के बाद की बात है। बाबू राम नाथ अपने से भी जीर्ण-शीर्ण साईकल पर सवार होकर अपने दफतर जा रहे थे, जहाँ वे साधारण क्लार्क थे। विभिन्न विचारों की कड़ियाँ जुड़ने व टूटने लगी। पुराने दिन कल्पना में सजीव हो उठे और दूसरे लोक में खो गये। वे अपनी काल्पनिक दुनियाँ में खोये बिना इशारा दिए दूसरी ओर मुड़ गये। तभी पीछे से एक ट्रक और बाबू राम नाथ को कुचलता हुआ भाग चला।

जब बाबू राम नाथ को सरकारी अस्पताल से मरहम-पट्टी करवा के घर लाया गया तो उनके बचने की कोई आशा न थी। राजेश बाहर गया हुआ था। अंजना फफक कर रो रही थी। तभी बाबू राम नाथ ने पल भर के लिए आखें खोली और ओठों से बुदबुदाये, "राजन अज्जु कहाँ है..... आ अज्जु बेटा इधर आ.....मेरे पास बैठ.....मैं तो कुछ ही पल का मेहमान हूँ.....मत रो.....मेरी

अच्छी बिटिया.....।” “पिता जी आप जरूर अच्छे हो जायेंगे। ऐसे अशुभ वचन मुंह से न निकालिए,” वेदना युक्त कंठ से अंजना चीखी। परन्तु बाबू राम नाथ बहके से कहे जा रहे थे, “राजन बेटा मैं अपनी घरोहर तुम्हें सौंपता हूँ.....जल्दी कोई अच्छा सा वर ढूँढ कर अंजु के हाथ पीले कर देना..... नहीं.....नहीं तो इसका विवाह राजु से कर देना.....।” राजन् (एक दम)—“पिता जी आप ये क्या कह रहे हैं.....?” “हाँ मैं ठीक कह रहा हूँ.....रालु-अज्जु भाई-बहन नहीं हैं..... वचन दो.....राजु-अज्जु ..”

घर में कुहराम मच गया। फुलवारी का अन्तिम रक्षक माली भी इसको सदा-सदा के लिए छोड़ कर चला गया। स्नेह नीड़ बिखर गया। पल भर में तीनों अनाथ इकट्ठे हो गये।

राजन बेचारा तो पहले ही क्षय रोगी था। इस रोने-धोने में जो उसकी खाँसी शुरू हुई तो उसने रुकने का नाम ही न लिया। खाँसी के साथ-साथ खून के कतरे आने लगे और फिर एक खून की कँ हुई और उसी के साथ वह भूमि पर गिर कर घायल पक्षी की भान्ति फरपराने लगा, कराहने लगा। अंजना चिल्ला उठी, “भैया तुम हमें मत छोड़ जाओ भैया.....माँ के बाद पिता जी हमें छोड़ कर चल दिए अब हमारा कौन है भैया.....तुम मत हमें छोड़ जाना.....” “अज्जु.....पानी” बड़ी कठिनाई से राजन के मुंह से आवाज निकली। “राजु मैंने पिता जी को अज्जु के हाथ पीले कर देने का वचन दिया था.....मैं.....उसे पूरा न कर सका.....तुम वचन दो कि तुम यह काम अवश्य कर दोगे.....पर यदि कोई अच्छा सा वर न मिले.....(साँस उखड़ जाती है) तो तुम उससे विवाह कर लेना.....।” राजेश (एक दम कार कर) “भैया, यह आप क्या कह रहे हैं, अज्जु तो मेरी बहन हैं।” राजन ने गम्भीर वेदना के स्वर में समझाया “नहीं पगले वह तेरी

बहन नहीं .....मेरा विश्वास करो.....बोलो बचन दो.....।” “जैसी आपकी आज्ञा” राजेश ने सर भुका कर कहा। इतने में अंजना पानी भी ले आई।

“भैया” अंजना और राजेश दोनों चिल्लाये। पर कौन सुने इनकी पुकार? भैया भी इन्हें छोड़ गये। रह गये राजेश और अंजना, दोनों अभागे अंजना! सो उसके ऊपर तो मानो किसी ने पहाड़ का सा बोझ लाद दिया हो। वह हारी, थकी सी सर थाम कर बैठ गई। निर्जीव सी, खोई सी जैसे वेदना की मूर्ति जिसके भाग्य में केवल कष्ट, दुख, चिन्ता, अभाव ही थे। ठीक यही दशा राजेश की थी।

रात्रि की नीरवता में दो चित्र एक साथ जल रही थी। अंजना सजा शून्य अवस्था में भूमि पर बैठी हुई थी। साथ ही राजेश एक प्रहरी के समान खड़ा था। दोनों अचेत से, अनमने से। गीदड़ों, कुत्तों और उल्लुग्रों की अशुभ चीखों ने उन्हें सचेत किया। तब, सुनसान पथ पर दो अभागे पथिक इस प्रदेश को छोड़ कर लड़खड़ाते कदमों से किसी अज्ञात दिशा में चले जा रहे थे।

कुछ समय तक राजेश-अंजना इधर-उधर भटकते रहे। अन्त में शहर से दूर एक बस्ती की भोपड़ी में शरण पाई। बड़ी दीड़-धूप के बाद पच्चीस रुपये महीने में एक सेठ के यहाँ राजेश ने सफाई करने का काम भी पा लिया। दिन निकलते ही काम पर चला जाता व दिन छिपे घर लौटता।

जिस बस्ती में अंजना राजेश रहते थे। उसी बस्ती में मोती नाम का एक गुण्डा भी रहता था। वह किसी की मान-मर्यादा से खेलने से न घबराता था। सारी बस्ती में उसका दबदबा था। इसका आभास राजेश को न था। मोती जब भी इस

भोपड़ी के आगे से जाता अंजना को भूखी नजरों से ताकता ।

और एक दिन जब राजेश काम से न लौटा था । अंजना पत्थर की मूर्ति के समान बैठी हुई थी । मुखाकृति मुरझाई हुई थी । ऐसा लगता था मानों किसी ने उस पर उदासी पोत रखी हो । मोती उधर से जा रहा था । उसने जो यह छवि अंजना की देखी तो बस देखता ही रह गया । उसके कदम अंजना की ओर अपने आप बढ़ आए । हिंसक पशुओं की आँखों में शिकार करते समय जो स्फूर्ति भलक उठती है । वैसी ही स्फूर्ति उसकी आँखों में भलकी । मोती क हाथ आगे बढ़े । 'बचाओ' की चीख के साथ अंजना भूमि पर जा गिरी । "मेरी बुलबुल उठी", मोती में पशुत्व जाग चुका था । वह और आगे बढ़ा, "लग जाओ मेरे गले और बुझा दो मेरे दिल की प्यास, मेरी जान ।" अंजना की आबरू खतरे में थी । "पापी, नीच, निर्लज्ज, शर्म नहीं आती एक अबला की इज्जत पर हाथ डालते हुए", वह गुस्से से काँपती हुई चिल्लाई । "जाने मन कब तड़पाओगी .....आखिर कब तक बचोगी हसीना" मोती के हाथ अंजना की कमर तक पहुँच चुके थे । "ठहर कमीने", तभी पीछे से राजेश की आवाज गुँजी । मोती इसके लिए बिल्कुल भी तैयार न था और फिर राजेश के भरे हाथ का घूँसा मोती के जबड़े पर पड़ा । उसकी वासना का नया हिरन हो गया । इतने में दूसरा घूँसा भी आया । राजेश पर खून सवार था । मोती उसको इस दशा में देख कर गीदड़ की भाँति भाग खड़ा हुआ, जाते समय यह बकता गया, "अगर मैंने इसका बदला कल तक न लिया तो मेरा नाम मोती नहीं ।"

अंजना के कोमल हृदय में एक अज्ञात सी टीस उठती । वह सदैव उसे दबाए रखती । परन्तु आज एक दुराचारी के निर्मम आघात से टूक-टूक हो गई । मन की सारी जलन आँखों से अश्रु बन बहने

लगी । वह राजेश के गले लग गई । "राजु, तुम आज यदि उस समय न आते.....तो मैं तुम्हें क्या मुंह दिखाती", अंजना कहने लगी । "हट पगली, आज से मैं तुझे कभी अकेला छोड़ कर ना जाऊँग", राजेश ने समझाया । "तुम मेरे लिए इतने कष्ट क्यों सहते हो ? क्यों अपना जीवन बरबाद करने पर तुले हुए हो ?", अंजना कहे जा रही थी", मुझे विष दे दो.....।" "अज्जु बस कर यह तू क्या कह रही है । बता तेरे बिना मेरा कौन है राजेश ने कहा । आज पहली बार उनके मन की दूरी समाप्त हो रही थी । दोनों रो रहे थे । उनके आँसू भी आपस में मिल कर एक हो जाने के लिए छटपटा रहे थे । कभी अंजना राजेश के आँसू पोंछती तो कभी राजेश अंजना के । तभी ....

तभी पीछे से मोती ने आकर ललकारा । "ये देखो भाईयो कैसे एक दूसरे से गुथे हुए नाटक रच रहे हैं ।" काले के साथ ५-६ आदमी भी थे जिनके हाथ में लाठियाँ थीं । अंजना भौंचक्की होकर दूसरी ओर चली गई । "बोल कहाँ से भगा के लाया है लौंडिया । सीधे हमारे हवाले कर दे," काले घमकी दे रहा था । "चुप रह आगे मत बोल...हम गरीब हैं, हम अनाथ हैं, हमारा इस संसार में कोई भी नहीं...कुछ तो रहम कर भाई, हमारी किस्मत हम रूठ गई है, हमें इस तरह मत सता...." राजेश कह रहा था । "चुप हो जा", काला चीखा, "हमें ये बकवास सुनने नहीं आये, हमें लौंडिया चाहिए लौंडिया....)" "मोती बार बार इस बात को मत दुहरा वर्ना मैं तुझे जान से मार डालूँगा", राजेश ने गुस्से में कहा । "तेरी यह हिम्मत" और तभी छः सात लाठियों के प्रहार राजेश पर बरसने लगे । सिर, मुँह, नाक तथा शरीर के अन्य भागों से खून के धारें छूटने लगीं । अद राजेश भूमि पर गिर कर छटपटाने लगा । यह दृश्य देख कर मोती और उसके दोस्त भाग खड़े हुए । उन्होंने सोचा कि अभी थोड़ी

देर में राजेश मर जायेगा तब वह अंजना को उठा कर ले जायेंगे।

अंजना जब दूसरी ओर से आई तो राजेश की यह दशा देखकर चक्कर खाकर उसी पर गिर पड़ी। धीरे धीरे दोनों में चेतना लौटी। “राजु अब तुम्हें मेरी चिन्ता नहीं करनी पड़ेगी.....मैंने तुम्हारे कष्टों के बादल सदैव सदैव के लिए हटा दिये हैं... मैंने विष पान कर लिया है”, अंजना कहे जा रही थी। “अज्जु तुमने ये क्या किया... क्यों अपना गला अपने आप घोंट लिया.....”, राजेश बहका-बहका कहे जा रहा था, “मैंने तुम्हें पालकी में बिठाना था.....शहनाई की गूँज के साथ तुम्हें..... दुलहिन....” “बस करो राजु बस करो। भगवान के लिए चुप हो जाओ। आखिर बताओ कब तक हम अकेले तिरस्कृत, अपमानित इस गन्दे समाज से जुड़ते.....हम निर्धन हैं.....पर इन्सान तो हैं”

ये इन्हें कैसे बताए कि हमारे दिल में भी दर्द, कसक जलन होती है...हमारा दिल भी दुखता है...राजु तुम्हारे तो अंग-अंग से लहु बह रहा है.....” “यह सब ठीक है पगल.....पर मैंने भैया को बचन दिया था कि.....मैं तुम्हारे हाथ पीले कर दूँगा.....और सुनो मैं और तुम भाई-बहन नहीं हैं.....”

तभी वह अपने माथे से टपक रहे लहु से अंजना के टीका लगा देता है और माँग में लहु भर देता है बड़ी कठिनाई से कह पाता है “अज्जु मुझे खेद है.....कि मैं तुम्हारी माँग में सिन्दूर न भर सका..... परन्तु उसे अपने लहु से भर रहा हूँ.....वचन जो ठहरा।

पल भर के लिए दोनों अभागे एक दूसरे से मिलते हैं और फिर दोनों भूमि पर गिर जाते हैं, कभी न उठने के लिए।

## कनॉट प्लेस

(शनिवार की अर्ध रात्रि के पश्चात्)

जितेन्द्र कुमार जैन

एक वैश्या का घर।  
उखड़ गया है मेला आने जाने वालों का।  
लुढ़क गई अन्ध मन-कूपों में,  
दुम हिलाती, लपलपाती,  
“भई, खूब !” “वाह ! वाह !!” की गूँजती ध्वनियाँ।  
गर्क हुई  
सजी-धजी, लिपी-पुती होठों पर शिकन,  
बोझल आंखों में काई की  
नौचती, नशीली टिकटिकी।.....  
कब्बे, जामुन के फँसे हुये वृक्ष,  
नील-श्वेत लैम्प,  
नियोग के आंखें मलते हुये चिन्ह,  
—‘Gaylord’, ‘Standard’, American  
Express :

स्तम्भित, स्तब्ध भवनों की चायें,  
सड़कें, कारें, स्कूटर, साइकलें,  
अलसाये हुये, अपने में समाये हुये,  
समा उखड़ता, बिखरता हुआ,  
विवाह की धूम समाप्त हुई।.....  
चन्द्रमा एक कोने में  
रोगी मुरझाया सा, मसल-मसल के ठुकराया सा।  
टाउन-हाल के घन्टे का संगीत  
मानों दूर से भागता गिरता।.....  
एक भोड़ सी परछाइयों की पर्दे पर  
मैं एक दर्शक  
आत्मीयता  
की खोज में।

## उत्तर प्रश्न २५ के

१. क्वाला। यह जानवर आस्ट्रेलिया में पाया जाता है। यह सिर्फ युकलिप्टस पर निर्भर रहता है। इसके पत्ते का रस ही उसके लिये पानी का काम करता है।
२. कुमेरु अंचल से। यहां सूर्यास्त के समय सूर्य का रंग हरा हो जाता है।
३. १८७० में दक्षिण भारत के श्रीरंगपट्टम में। कई ओले हाथी के बच्चे जितने बड़े थे।
४. पेरू का "थेरो पासको" समुद्र की सतह से १४ हजार फुट की ऊँचाई पर।
५. कीवी पक्षी। यह निशाचर पक्षी न्यूजीलैंड में पाया जाता है। यह आकार में छोटा पर शर्मीला होता है।
६. २३ लाख पत्थर लगे थे। प्रत्येक का वजन लगभग ढाई टन था। इसे तैयार करने में बीस साल लगे थे। एक लाख आदमियों ने बीस साल तक काम किया था। यह ४८० फुट ऊँचा है। राजा खुपु ने इसे बनवाया था।
७. इंग्लैंड के राजा जार्ज प्रथम। उसने १७१४ ई० से १७२७ ई० तक राज्य किया। वह एक जर्मन राजकुमार था। जिन्दगी में कभी उसने अंग्रेजी सीखने की चेष्टा नहीं की।
८. करीब-करीब १२ टर दूध।
९. न्यूजीलैंड में कोई-कोई सेम २ मीटर लम्बी होती है।
१०. सूर्य की जो सतह सबसे गरम है वहाँ का तापमान है ५०,०००,००० डिग्री फारेनहाइट। सूर्य के ताप का १/२,०००,०००,००० इतना ही अंश पृथ्वी पर पहुँच पाता है।
११. प्रायः १५००० पार्ट्स।
१२. तुर्किस्तान के इस्ताम्बूल शहर का आधा भाग यूरोप में है और आधा भाग एशिया में।
१३. बांस, बांस किन्तु ठीक पेड़ नहीं है, वह है एक तरह की घास। बहुधा वह एक दिन में ४० सेंटीमीटर बढ़ती है।
१४. हाँ, गिरते हैं।
१५. कम से कम २० हजार। इतने विचित्र रंग और आकार किसी दूसरे जीव में नहीं पाये जाते।



## कविता

अजय बी. एस. सी. (तृतीय वर्ष)

अक्सर जीवन में अक्सर आए हैं  
जब अपने नुए पराए हैं  
यादों को लेकर जिनकी जिया हूँ  
सपने भी न मेरे उनको आए हैं

जीवन में घड़ियाँ ही कितनी होती हैं  
और फिर उनमें खुशियाँ ही कितनी होती हैं  
खुशियों में तो हर कोई फिर  
अपना ही अपना लगता है

सच्चाई का पता लगा जब  
होश में अपने आए हैं

चित्रों में मेरे रंग भरने का  
तुलने बहाना अच्छा न किया  
गीत भी ले गए चुराकर तुम सब  
और मुझे न याद किया

भुलाने की कसम खाकर भी तुमको  
हम तो याद ही करते आए हैं

बीते उन क्षणों की जब  
आज भी याद आती है  
सोच बस यही रह जाता हूँ  
अब किस्मत हमसे रूठी है

रूठे हो अगर तुम भी हमसे  
हम तो मनाते ही आए हैं

यादों को लेकर जिनकी जिया हूँ  
सपने भी न मेरे उनको आए हैं

सतीश चन्द्र श्रोवर बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष

साड़ी धरती ए अमन अमान वाली ।

साया नई शंतान दा पेन देना ॥

जदो तक है साह विच साह बाकी ।

अस्सी चैन नई चीन नू लेन देना ॥

लाके मित्रता गैर गम्भीर ओने ।

छुरा पिठ ते साड़ी मारया ए ॥

ओए सत धर ते डैन बी छडदी ए ।

तुते ओदे तो बी गंदा ब्योवहार कीता

जेड़ी थाली दे बिच तु खांदा से ।

ओसे थाली दें तु आज वार कीता ॥

बेखदा २ पहाड़ी बर्फ वाली,

किदरे बर्फ विच घुल ना जाई ॥

खाब ले ना उच्ची पहाडीयाँ दे,

कतरा नयीं जमीन दा लेन देना ॥

जदों तक है साह विच साह बाकी,

अस्सी चैन नई चीन नू लेन देना ॥



← Staff and Old Students at lunch

**ANNUAL  
PRIZE-GIVING  
FUNCTION**

A scene from  
'The Rubaiyyat of  
Omar Khayam'



← Old Students at lunch

## THE SINDHI LITERARY SOCIETY



← Shri D. H. Butani, the Chief Guest, watching the performance



A scene from a One-act Play. →

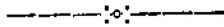


← Members reciting a Qawali

مونکي سؤ واري ساڙهي گهر جي، ڪريم پائولڊر گهر جي، ڪٿان به آڻي ٿو. چاهي ٻي اچو.

دنيا ۾ هر ڪنهن سٺيءَ شيءِ جو قدر وٺي کانپوءِ ٿيندو آهي. هاڻ وٺو ماءُ زار زار روئڻ لڳي. پنهجي ڪٽي تي پاڻ کي پٺڻ لڳي. سدوريءَ کي جڏهن وٺو ماءُ سڏ ڪندي هئي، تڏهن جواب ملندو هوس، ”جيءُ ڪريئي سدوري.“ اڄ اهو منو آواز وٺو ماءُ جي ڪنن ۾ گواجهڻ لڳو. چوڻ لڳي ته:—  
ماڻهو ٻڙيئي نه سهڻا، پکي ٻڙيئي نه هنج.

### ڪماري ميول سڀناڻي



### آزاديءَ جو گيت

- (۱) ڀارت جو اٿاس ڀراڻو، ڀارت ڏيش مهان  
ڀارت آه روشن جي ڀومي ۽ نيٺ - اسٿان.  
هن پوٽر ڏرتيءَ تي، ٿيو هو ويدن جو الهام  
هن گونم ۽ گاڏي جنميو، جنميو لڳهه ڀام  
هن ڪرشن پڳوان ٿو، پڳوت گيتا جو گيان.....
- (۲) ياد ڪريو پرتاب، شواجي ۽ جهانسيءَ جي راڻي  
ياد ڪريو سردار پڳت سنگهه ۽ هيمنون ڪالاڻي  
پسهي ٿو ڪڙ ڪڙ ڪنڪر ۾، جنجو امر نشان.....
- (۳) اوچ هماليه جي چوٽين تي، چائي گهٽا گهنگهور  
سيما تي سنگهرش ڪڙو ٿيو ۽ شتر جو شور  
جاڳو ويرو! ٺوڙيو اڄ آيمائين جو آيمان.....
- (۴) هر ڪيتر رڻ ڪيتر سمجهو ۽ سٺڪ هر فرد  
وت آهر ٿي هرڪو آهي عورت چاهي مرد  
وٺو وفا يا واپاري، چاهي هزار ڪسان.....

ڀرپو 'وفا'

سوري جنين سڀڄ، مرڻ تن شاهه دو.

نالو هوس سدوري اهڙا هئس لڀڻ. سس کي ڪڪ پڇي به به ڪرڻ ڪونه ڏيندي هئي. ونود کي پنهنجي منهن سمجهائيندي هئي ته توهان سهري کي تڪليف ڇو ٿا ڏيو، ماڻهو ايشور کان پٺت گهرندا آهن سڪ لاءِ. ”جاڻو مانا پٺا ڪي ايشور، ايشور روپ تنکي جاڻڻ نه ڇو ڏرم آهي.“ سدوريءَ جي اچڻ کانپوءِ پاڳب اهڙو اچي ڪلبن جو ٿوري وقت به ان لڪ جا ڏٺي ٻڌجي پيا. گهر به ونود ماءُ ۽ ونود پيءُ سدوريءَ کي ’بابا‘ کاسواءِ سڏ ڪونه ڪندا هئا. ڇولدا هئا ته سدوري اسانجي گهر به لڪشي آهي. ”گريش اي زمانا سڀ رنگ روپ تنهنجا!“ ماڻهن پڳي ڪانف پڇيو پون. ڪي ناراد مايون ونود ماءُ کي اچي چولديون هيون ته هڪڙو ڪنڀه ڪارو ڪو به سڃا سڃا سڃا تنهنجا ڪيئن ٿرندا نيڻ. اڄ به اها تنهن ڇڏين ته اهڙي وٺي ڏيونءِ جو پاڻي بهي ياد ڪرين. هاڻي ونود ماءُ سدوريءَ سان پاڻي ڪنهن. ذري ذري ڏمڪائيندي هئس. ڇي ”سڄن اباڻن ڏوڙ مرڪن ڏيڙون.“ اڃا ونود ۽ پٺس گهر به ايندا هئا ته ساڻائين والگر وات ڪڍندي هئي. نيٺ ونود ماءُ جي ترڪتال جي سوچ ٿي. سدوري دل جو سور دل به سانڍيندي هئي. ايشور ڪي به آرادنا ڪندي هئي. انسان سهي سهي ڪيترو سهندو. ونود پيءُ چولندو هو ته سدوري مري وڃي ته پاڳب به ساڻ ڪٿي ويندي. آخر دڪس ڇي ڇيچلايل بيمار ٿي پيئي. سندس پراڻ پڪيڙو پرلوڪ اڏاڻو. ونود اڃا ۲۵ ورهين جو جوان هو. ماڻهيون ڪيئي اچڻ لڳيون. ونود ماءُ جهو نه هون سڄي پرايو آهي. چوڪري به ٺسي سهڻي ڪٽجي ۽ سڃا به سڃا ڪجن. آخر ونود پيءُ ڪنوار پرڻجي گهر آيو. اڳي سدوريءَ جي وقت ونود ماءُ پٺت ٿي پير ڪونه رکندي هئي. سا اڄ سڀ ڪم ڪرڻ نه لڳي، پر گلاس پاڻيءَ جو به ٻاريءَ کي ڪت ٿي پري ڏيڻو پوندو هوس. هڪ ته هندوستان به ڏٺو ڪونه پيو خرچ اڻنگو، تنهن ته ويتر سڄو ڪري ڇڏين. ٻاري روز ڪيمخاڻي ساڙهي پاڻي، جهن ڪي لعل بناڻي، منهن ڪي ڪريم لڳائي، وڏيءَ کڙيءَ سان اوچو سٽنڊل پاڻي، به ڇوڻيون ڪڍي، مٿو اگهاڙو ڪري، گهمڻ ويندي هئي. ونود گڏ گهمڻ ويندو هوس ته چولدي هئس ته تنهنجا ڪپڙا گندا آهن مونکي لڄائين ٿا. هڪ دفعي ونود ڪنهن ڪم سان گڏ نڪتس، ته وات ٿي ساهڙي گڏجي ويس، جهن پڇيس ته ٻاري، هي ڪير ساڻ ڪيو اٿئي؟ يڪدم وراڻي ڏنائينس ته باسٽن صفا ڪرڻ وارو نوڪر آهي. اهو ٻڌي ونود جي دل رتوروت ٿي ويئي. دل به سدوريءَ جو منوهر مڪڙو ٿري آيس. پنهنجي اندر واري ڦٽ لعنت ڪيس. ٻاري روز شام جو گهمڻ ويندي هئي. اتفاق سان روٺيءَ کي ڏير ٿيندي هئس ته ونود ماءُ کي گهٽ وڌ ڳالهائيندي هئي. چولدي هيس ته سدوريءَ جهڙي ٻالي ڀولي ڪانه آهيان جنهنڪري توهان ظالم ستائيندا هئا. ڪهڙو توهانجو مان! ڇا منهنجي ماڻهن جو شان!

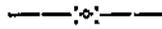
## سهڻي صورت کان، سهڻي سيرت پلي

چوڻي آهي ته ”سهڻي صورت کان، سهڻي سيرت پلي“ پر اڄ ڪالھ جا ڄڙان ۽ چواڻيون انهي ابتڙ ٿا هلن يعني سيرت کان صورت پلي ٿا سمجهن. حقيقت ڪجهه ٻي آهي. ڪوئل ڪهڙي نه ڪاري آهي مگر هنجي لاءِ ۾ ڪهڙي نه ڪشش سايل آهي، ٿوه ڪهڙو نه سهڻو ٿو لڳي پر ڇڪڻ سان انهي ڪڙي سواد جو پتو پئجي وڃي ٿو. ونود جون مائٽيون نه گهٽيون—ونوديون هيون ليڪن سڀ سوئي وينديون هيون. ڇي: اهڙي نلوي انڪر کي، ڪنهنڪي چوڪري ڪهڙي آهي، جو ٿيندو. ٿسڻ جو نه گهڻو ٿي سهڻو، پر عئل آهي ڪٿي؟ ونود ڇي ماءُ کي هميشه اهائي ناست لڳل هوندي هئي، انهيءَ ڪري گهر جو سينگار ڇڱو ڪندي هئي. پنهنجو پراڻو سامان گڏ ڪري گهر سينگاري ڇڏيائين. جڏهن سندس ساهيڙي منوج ماءُ ڳالهه ڪندي هئي ته منوج جون مائٽيون گهڻيون ٿيون آهن پر چوڪريون ڪٽڪ رنگيون يا گهر چند آڪاهيو نٿو ملي. ٿڏهن ونود ماءُ ٻڌي چوندي هئي ”پڳوان مون سڪايل ڇي سار لهر. اهو ڪهڙو سڀاڳو ٿينهن ٿيندو جڏهن ونود ڇي ڪنوار گهر ۾ گهمندي ٿي سندس؟“ آخر ٿورن ڏينهن ۾ ونود مڱهي ويو. گهر ۾ ٿاڻيون خوشيون ٿيون. هڪ پاڙي واري مائيءَ ونود ماءُ کان پڇيو، ”ونود ڪٿي مڱيو اٿيئي. مونکان پڇين ته ها. چوڪري ڇي حياتي زهر ڪري ڇڏي. چوڪري اهڙي آهي جهڙي ٿي ڇي پڪ. اڃا تڪو به ڪجهه اچو آهي. مان چوڪريءَ کي سڃاڻان. چوڪريءَ جو نالو سدوري آهي.“ اهو ٻڌي ونود ماءُ ڇيس ”اڏي، ڪاري آهي ته ڪهڙي وڏي ڳالهه ٿي پيئي. ڪاريون چوڪريون ماڻهو گهرن مان ڪڍي ڪونه ڇڏيندا. اسانکي جيڪڏهن سانوريون ٿيڻ پيئڻ هجن ته اسين وهاري ڇڏيون ڇا؟ ڪاراڻ ۽ اڇاڻ ته ايشور ڇي هت ۾ آهي، ان ۾ ڪنهن انسان جو ڏوهه ٿوروئي آهي. ماڻهو ڇا هجن لڇڻ. سهڻا ٿوه پٽن ۾ ڪيئي پيا رهن. ماڻهو سونهن ٿوروئي ٿوري پيئندو. لڇڻ ڪانسوءَ سونهن ڪهڙي ڪم ڇي!“ آخر ٿينهن گذريا ونود پرتلجي گهر آيو. سڀ پاڙي واريون مائون ونود ڇي ڪنوار ٿسڻ آيون. پاڻ ۾ پاڻ پڻ ڪري چوڻ لڳيون ته ونود ڇي ماءُ نهن وري ڪهڙي ورتي! پڳڙي ماءُ چيو ته ”تنوءَ ماءُ سچ چيو ٿي ته نهن ونجي ته بس ڇي پوري ونجي. ههڙيءَ ڪارنهن کان ته پيڻگ پلي.“

سيائن چيو آهي ”ڪنهن آئي ڪنهن جائي“ سدوري سچ سدوري هئي. جهڙو

سڄي ڪر يا بادشاه جي ڌيءَ سان شادي ڪر. ڏهين انڌي کي سرائيءَ جو هڪ پاسو پري ڏٺائون تڏهن انڌي پنهنجي ڀاءُ کان پڇيو ته سرائيءَ جو هڪ پاسو پيريل آهي يا ٻئي. ڀاءُ جي ٻڌائڻ تي ته سرائيءَ جو هڪ پاسو پيريل آهي، انڌي سروي وارو پاسو کڻي وات ۾ وڌو. يڪدم ڀاءُ کي ڇيائين ته فلاڻيون ڇڏيون ڇڏيون ٻار مان وٺي، سروي ٺاهي کڻي اچي. سروي ڀائڻ سان هو سڄو ٿي پيو ۽ بادشاه ڦول موجب کيس پنهنجي ڌيءَ سان شادي ڪرائي ۽ اڌ راج اڌ ڀاڳ ڏنو.

### ڪماري سز وڃي هيمراجاڻي



### وٽڙيل ويچار

## ڪڏهن سوچيندو آهيان.....

ڪڏهن سوچيندو آهيان ته مان هن سنسار ۾ هڪ مسافر وانگر آهيان جو ڪجهه ڏينهن رهڻ کان پوءِ پنهنجي وطن واپس ورندي.

ڪڏهن خيال ايندو اتم ته انسان وڻ جي هڪ ڪريل پن مٿس آهي جنهن کي تيز واءِ ڪٽان جو ڪٽي ڦٽو ڪري ڇڏي ٿو.

اونهارو جي رات جو جڏهن ننڊ ڦٽي پوندي اتم تڏهن تارن کي ڏسي خيال ايندو اتم ته شايد هو ننڍڙا ٻار آهن جي رات جي اولڏاهيءَ ۾ پنهنجن مائٽن کي ڳولهي رهيا آهن. صبح جو گلن تي شبنم ڏسي سوچيندو آهيان ته اهي انهن ٻارن جا آسون آهن جي هنن مائٽن جي جدائيءَ ۾ وهايا آهن. ڪڏهن ائين لڳندو اتم ته رات رات پنهنجي پريتم جي جدائيءَ جي غم ۾ ڪارا ڪپڙا بهري، ڪروڙين ڏيڻا ٻاري، پنهنجي محبوب جي ڳولها ڪري رهي آهي.

ڪڏهن پاڻ کان پڇندو آهيان ته ڪاري ۽ گوري، اوچ ۽ نيچ، امير ۽ غريب ۾ ڪهڙو فرق آهي جڏهن سڀني ۾ اهوئي ايشور براجمان آهي.

انسان کي پنهنجي سولهن، طاقت ۽ ڌن تي ايترو گهمندو ڇو آهي جڏهن هڪ ڏينهن سڀني کي مٽيءَ ۾ ملي وڃڻو آهي؟

### پروفيسر موهن ٻالاڻي

من، وڃن ۽ ڪرم سان ديش جي شيوو ڪريو.

لي ڇڙهي سو پئي ڏينهن جئين ڪاٺيون ڪري پئي موٽيو تئين هڪ ڀڳل جاءِ ۾ هڪ ڏينهن جو مائرو ڏسي پرولي ٺاهي اچي پاڻ کي چيائين، ” گهر هڪڙو ٺهر گهر گهٽا، جان کڻي نظر ڪٿان نه ڪانهي بس بهير ۾. “ انڌي يڪدم ورائيو، ” مٿان ڙي چيبندي ڇٽا، ڪي ڏينهو ڏنا هجن ئي ڏار ۾. “ پئي ڏينهن جئين درياھ جي ڀر تي ڪاٺيون پئي ڪيائين تئين ڇا ڏسي ته هڪ هرڻ ڪناري تي بيٺي پاڻي پيو پئي. اوچتو هڪ مڇي ٿيو ڏيئي سندس سڱن ۾ اچي ڦاٽي. مٿان هڪ سرڻ مڇيءَ کي ڏسي لامارو ڏنو پر هرڻ جو سڱ سندس ڀيٽ ۾ چٽي ويو ۽ پاڻ ان ۾ ڦاسي مري ويئي. هڪ شڪاري جنهن هرڻ کي پئي لڙيو سو چري ڪڍي اچي هرڻ تي ڪڙڪيو ۽ انکي ماري ڪلهي تي کڻي اتي هليو. جئين اڳتي وڌيو تئين هڪ نانگ کيس چڪ پاتو ۽ انجي زهر ڪري هو ڪري پيو ۽ مري ويو. سندس هٿ واري چري اچي نانگ تي ڪري ۽ اُو ٻڙ مري ويو. ان سڄي ڳالهه جي پرولي ٺاهي اچي پاڻ کي چيائين، ” هڪ مٿان پيو، پئي مٿان ٿيون، ڇوٽون مٿو شوق مان، لٽڪ پڄين تي. “ انڌي ٺهه ٻه جواب ڏنو، ” جر مڇي ٿررون، پڪيٽو آڪاس، ماري ۽ نانگس، پنجنئي موت ڪنو ٿيو. “ گهو ڏاڍو خوش ٿيو ۽ پئي ڏينهن پاڻ کي وٺي اچي راجا جي درٻار ۾ حاضر ٿيو. انڌي بادشاهه کي عرض ڪيو ته، ” اي بادشاهه سلامت! پرولي پڇڻ جي حالت ۾ اوهان جيڪو انجام ڪيو آهي سو سڀني درٻارين جي روبرو چئي ٻڌايو. “ بادشاهه ڪيل انجام ڏهرايو ۽ چيو ته پرولي هيءَ آهي: ” چار ٿول رات ڪيلي. “ انڌي هڪدم چيو، ” راجا ستو هٿين ٺٺو ۾ مٿان دٿالو پائي، ڪوٺ ڏني هيءَ ڪچندي ٺهه جو ملڪ وسبو آهي، باهه ڏئي ٻرندي، ٺهه جو ملڪ چليو آهي. ٻار ڏئي هنج ۾ چنو ماءُ ٿين، طوطو ڏئي باغ ۾ لٽڪيو انب وٿين، جي اها ڳالهه وٿي ته پرائم پنهنجي ڏيءَ مون. “

راجا رات جي ٻهرئين ٻهر سڀو لڏو هو ته آسمان ۾ وڃ پيئي ڪنوي ۽ پرسان پيئي پوي. پئي ٻهر ۾ ڏٺو هٿائين ته ملڪ کي باهه اچي لڳي آهي. تئين ٻهر سڀو لڏو هٿائين ته هڪ ٻار ماءُ جي هنج ۾ کير پئي پيٽو. ماءُ پاسو ورايو ته ٻار جو کير پيٽ بند ٿي ويو ۽ چوٿين ٻهر ۾ ڏٺو هٿائين ته هڪ طوطو هڪ لڪ ۾ سڙيل انب کي چڪ هٽڻ سان مري ويو ۽ ٺاريءَ ۾ پئي لٽڪيو. بادشاهه کي انڌي جو جواب دل سان لڳو، پر اندر ۾ اچي لوچو لڳس ته انڌي کي ڏيءَ ڪيئن پرڻايان. وزير سان صلاح ڪيائين جنهن چيو ته مون وقت هڪ سرمو آهي جنهنجي پٿر سان هيءَ انڌو سڄو ٿي ٿو سگهي. پر سرائيءَ جو هڪ پاسو پري هنڪي ٿا ڏيون جنهنجي پاڻ سان هنجي هڪ اک سڄي ٿيندي. پوءِ کيس چوڏاسين ته يا سرائيءَ جو ٻيو پاسو وٺي بي اک

## چار ٽول رات ڪبلي

هڪڙو هو راجا. هن هڪڙي رات جي چئن بهرن ۾ چار سڀنا لڏا! انهنجي هڪ ٻرولي ناهي، صبح جو پنهنجي وزير کي گهرائي چيائين ته هڪڙو ٽالهه هيرن جواهرن ۽ سولن مهرن جو پراڻي، شهر ۾ ڀنڀورو گهٽاءُ نه جيڪو ماڻهو راجا جي ٻرولي ستن ڏينهن جي اندر ڀڄڻ جو انجام ڪندو. اهو هتي ٽالهه وٺي رکي. جيڪو ماڻهو ٽالهه وٺي رکندو پر ٻرولي نه ڀڄندو تنهن کي انهيءَ ئي ڏينهن قاسيءَ ئي ڇڏيو. پر جيڪو ٻرولي ڀڄندو هنکي راجا پنهنجيءَ ڏيءَ سان پوڻائيندو ۽ پنهنجي راج جو اڌ به ڏيندو.

وزير ٽالهه ڪٽائي، ڀنڀوري ڏيندڙ کي پاڻ سان وٺي شهر جي هڪ هڪ بازار ۽ گهٽيءَ ۾ ڀنڀورو ڦيرايو. هيرن جواهرن ۽ مهرن جو ٽالهه جنهن ڏٺو تي تنهنجو وات پاڻي ٿي ٿيو، پر جڏهن قاسيءَ ئي ڇڙهڻا جي ڳالهه ٿي بدائين ٿڏهن موت جي ڊب کان منهن ڦيرائي اٿي ٿي ڀڳو. اهڙيءَ طرح وزير سڄو ڏينهن شهر جي ڪنڊ ڪڙڇ ۾ ڦريو پر ڪوبه اهو ڦوڙو ڦولهي نه سگهيو.

نيڪ جڏهن شهر جي ٻئي ڇوڙي وٽان واپس موٽڻ تي هٿو ٿڏهن هڪ ننڍي پراڻيءَ جهوپڙيءَ مان آواز آيو. وزير ان جهوپڙيءَ ڏانهن وڌيو. ڏٺائين ته هڪ سورناس اڪيلو جهوپڙيءَ ۾ ويٺو آهي ۽ چئي رهيو آهي ته اها ٻرولي مان ڀڄندس. وزير انڏي کي سموري ڳالهه سمجهائي ۽ سندس 'ها' ڪرڻ تي اهو ٽالهه انڏي جي جهوپڙيءَ ۾ رکائي واپس موٽيو.

انهيءَ انڏي سان گڏ سندس ڀاءُ رهندو هئو جو گکو (ڪچو) هو. گکو روز جهنگ ۾ وڃي ڪاٺيون ڪري بازار ۾ وڪڻندو هو ۽ انمان چمڪي پٽسا ملندا هئس نچو سيدو سامان وٺي، روئي تيار ڪري، پنهنجي انڏي ڀاءُ سان گڏ ويهي کائيندو هو. تنهن ڏينهن جڏهن هو واپس موٽيو تنهن هيرن جواهرن جي چمڪي کي ڏسي سمجهائين ته جهوپڙيءَ کي باهه لڳي آهي سو پريائين رڙ ڪري ڀاءُ کي چيائين، ”ڀائرو! جهوپڙيءَ کي اڇي باهه لڳي آهي ۽ تون مڙي ۾ ويٺو آهين!“ ٿڏهن انڏي وراڻيو، ”ادا! مان ته برابر انڏو آهيان پر تون ته شايد مولڪان به چت آهين. هيرن جواهرن جي چمڪي کي چڱين تو نه باهه آهي.“ پوءِ هنکي سر بستي ڳالهه ڪري بدائائين. گڪي کي اڇي ڊب ورتو ته متان مهڻو ڀاءُ ٻرولي سٺي نه سگهي ۽ قاسيءَ

فوج پلي تمام گهڙي هجي پر جي سامان ئي نه هوندو نه ڪم ڪيئن هلندو. ائين نه نه اهڙي سنڪت جي سمي ٻين ماڻهن کان هٿيارن جي بيڪ مڱڻ، ڇهن هينئر ڪرڻو پيو. اسانڪي پاڻ تي پاڙڻا گهرجي. سچ پچ نه ڇهن جي حملي اسانڪي چڱو سبق سيکارو آهي.

فوجي سامان هٿ ڪرڻ لاءِ پيسو گهرجي. چولدا ڪين آهن نه ”ات به ٺاڻو، نه ويه به ٺاڻو، ٺاڻي بنا ٺر ويڳاڻو.“ پيسو هٿ ڪرڻ لاءِ ڪيتي باريءَ ڏانهن ڌيان ڏيڻ تمام ضروري آهي. انگري ڪسان ڪي سهوليتون ڏيڻ گهرجن ۽ ڪين ڪيتيءَ جا نوان نوان طريقا سيکارڻ گهرجن. مطلب ته ڪڙهين جي مالي حالت، صفائي، تعليم ۽ رهڻي ڪهڻيءَ ڏانهن پورو پورو ڌيان ڏيڻ کپي. هڪ ڪيترو به ايت وڌائڻ گهرجي ۽ مال ٻاهر موڪلي، پيسو هٿ ڪرڻ کپي.

بيڪاريءَ کي دور ڪرڻ گهرجي. ملڪ ۾ بيڪاريءَ جو هٿ تمام خطرناڪ آهي. اها بيڪاري ئي آهي جيڪا انسان کي ديش دروهي ٿيڻ لاءِ مجبور ٿي ڪري. ان مسئلي کي حل ڪرڻ لاءِ وڏا وڏا ڪارخانا ۽ ملهون ڪولڻ ڪهن ڪهن ماڻهن جي بيڪاري به دور ٿئي ۽ ملڪ ۾ پيسو به ڪنو ٿئي. اهو آهي ”ايڪسٽ، دو ڪاڄ“ وارو حساب. پيسي جي بچاءَ جي خيال کان چئنا ڪي عيش عشرت کان پاسو ڪرڻ کپي. هر هڪ پارٽي لاءِ جو فرض آهي ته جيترو ئي سگهي اوترو ڪفايت سان هلي ۽ پيسو بچائي ديش شيوا ۾ ڪم آڻي. اها نه چوڻي آهي ته ”اهو ڪي ڪر، جو مينهن وسندي ڪم اچي.“ اڃا به خرچ ڪرڻ مان ڪهڙو فائدو؟ ٿورو ٿورو خرچ جو بچاءُ به ديش جي آزاديءَ ۾ مدد ڪري سگهي ٿو ۽ ملڪ جي آزاديءَ جون پاڙون پختيون ڪري سگهي ٿو.

الهيءَ ڪالسواءِ چئنا ڪي بهري سڃاڳ رکڻ بڻ تمام ضروري آهي. انگري وقت بوقت وياڪيائڻ ڏنا وڃن ۽ ماڻهن ۾ ديش لاءِ حب الهن ڪجي ڇهن هر هڪ پنهنجي وطن خاطر جان قربان ڪرڻ لاءِ تيار ٿي وڃي. انهيءَ باري ۾ ريڊيئي وسيلي گهڻو ڪجهه ڪري سگهجي ٿو. اهي آهن ملڪ جي آزاديءَ قائم رکڻ جا اباڻ، جن کي اپنائڻ سان ملڪ جي آزادي برقرار رکي سگهجي ٿي. آشا آهي ته اهو ڏينهن ايدو ۽ ضرور ايندو جڏهن اسانجو پارٽ اڻڄ ٿي رسندو ۽ ڪو به ملڪ ڏانهنس اک کڻي تيارڻا جي همت نه رکندو.

### گهاري آشا بچلائي

گهٽ؟ ٻالهايو ۽ وڌيڪ ڪم ڪرڻو.

کي ٽئين سر اٽل جو بار پنهنجن ڪلهن تي کنيو.

صدين جي لڳاتار هلچل کانپوءِ، سوين سرن جي آهولي ٿيڻ بعد حاصل ڪيل آزادي اڄ خطري ۾ آهي. اسانجو پاڙيسري ديش چين، اسانجي اهڙا پرموڊرن واري ٽيٽي جو ناچائو ڦاندو وٺي، اوچتوئي اوچتو اسان تي چڙهائي ڪري آيو. ملڪ جي آزادي خطري ۾ پئجي وئي.

آزاديءَ کي قائم رکڻ لاءِ اسانکي اهي اپاءَ عمل ۾ آڻڻ کپن جنهي عدم موجودگيءَ ۾ اسانکي غلام رهڻو پيو هو. ملڪ جي پورن آزاديءَ جي سڄي معنيٰ آهي ديش ۾ ”برجائيز“ راج جو هجڻ يعني جيتا جو راج، جيتا لاءِ ۽ جيتا جي ذريعي. تنهنڪري هڪ آزاد ديش ۾ جيتا جي راج جو هجڻ تمام گهڻي اهميت ٿو رکي. ماڻهن کي ملي ڪير ڪند ٿيڻ کپي. ذات پات ۽ اوچ نيچ جا پٺن ٽوڙڻ کپن. ائين نه ته هڪ هندو آهي ۽ ٻيو مسلمان، تنهنڪري ٻنهي جو پيد پايو هجي. هر هڪ پارٽيسي آهي ۽ ٻيو پارٽيسي سندس سڳو ڀاءُ آهي، پوءِ چاهي هو چماڙ هجي يا پنگي، سوشلسٽ هجي يا سنگهي. ليڪن فقط ايڪتا سان آزاديءَ جا ٿيڻا مضبوط ٿيڻا رکي سگهجن. ايڪتا کانپوءِ ديش ۾ فوجي طاقت جو هجڻ ضروري آهي. فوجي طاقت هميشه ايڪتا هئڻ کپي. چين هيٽلر چين جو مثال وٺو. هندستان تي ائين ڪاهي پيا چين ڪيم ۾ ماڙو. ليڪن اهو مطلب نه آهي ته هندستان ۾ چين جيترو آدم هئڻ ضروري آهي ته پوءِ پيٽ ٽڪر لاءِ وڻن پٽڪندا. فوجي جوانن کي باق ۾ پورن وشواس هجي ۽ ملڪ جي هر هڪ انسان ۾ دشمن کي منهن ٿيڻ جي سهرڻي هجي. فوجي حالت جي نيڪ رهڻ جو سارو دارومدار پچاءِ منٿيءَ تي آهي. کيس جڳائي ته فوجي حالت کي سڌارڻ لاءِ لوان لوان طريقا سوچي انهنکي عمل ۾ آڻي. ائين نه ته دشمن اچي سر تي ڪڙڪي ۽ پوءِ پيا جوان سجاڳ ٿين.

فوج وڌائڻ لاءِ ڪٽولن ۽ ڪاليجن ۾ N.C.C جو هئڻ ضروري آهي. شاگردن کي اهڙي تعليم ڏيڻ گهرجي جا کين دشمن کي منهن ٿيڻ ۽ پساڻ کي بچائڻ ۾ مدد ڪري. ريد ڪراس سوسائٽي وڌائڻ کپي ۽ انهيءَ ۾ ٻارن کي گهايل سولجرن جي شيوا ڪرڻ جا لوان لوان طريقا سيکارڻ گهرجن.

فوج سان گڏوگڏ فوجي ناهان جو جهجهي انداز ۾ هئڻ پڻ ضروري آهي.

## آزاديءَ کي قائم رکڻ جا اپاءَ

آزادي! آزادي!! آزادي!!! ڪيڏو به من لپائيندڙ لفظ آهي ۽ غلامي اوتروئي دل دهڪائيندڙ! ٻلا ڪنهن نفس ۾ قيد ٿيل پنڇيءَ کي مليون مليون لائون لوندو ڏٺو؟ ڪنهن بچري ۾ بند ٿيل مور کي خوشيءَ وڃان لچندو ڏٺو؟ ڪنهن ڪليءَ کي ٻوٽي مان چٽي ڪندو ڏٺو؟ شايد! پوءِ انسان جي نه ڳالهه ئي دور رهڻي. هن لت ڪت جو جهاپوئي ڇڻو آزادي آهي. اها نه زندگيءَ جي هڪ مڃيل حيثيت آهي نه دنيا ۾ هر ڪو انسان آزاد رهڻ پسند ڪندو آهي، پوءِ چاهي هو ٻار هجي يا بدو، امير هجي يا غريب. ڪير ڪنهنجي سلامي ڪرڻ ڪوٺا چاهيندو آهي. ٻلا هڪ ئي سمجهه پنڇيءَ کي نه آزاديءَ لاءِ ايڏي حب جو آهي؟ جڏهن هر هڪ فرد کي نه آزاديءَ جي ايڏي چاهنا آهي ته هتي نه پارٽ ڏيش جو سوال آهي. پنهنجي بيماري وطن جي آزاديءَ کي قائم رکڻ هر هڪ پارٽي لاءِ جو فرض آهي.

آزاديءَ جي اهميت جي پوري پوري خبر نه ان قوم کي ٻولندي جا ڪجهه عرصي لاءِ ڪهڙي غلام ٿي رهي هوندي. چوندا آهن ته جنهنڪي جهنڊڙي ٻولندي سور جي، پروڙ به انکي ٿي ٻولندي. اسان ان قوم جا جزا آهيون جا ۱۵ آگسٽ ۱۹۴۷ع کان اڳ انگريزن جي مضبوط هٿڪڙين ۾ قابو هئي. ان غلاميءَ جي عرصي ۾ انگريزن اسان سان ڪهڙا ڪلور ڪيا، ڪهڙا وٽل وهايا سو پارٽ جو ٻچو ٻچو ڄاڻي ٿو. پاڻکي صاحبوڪ سمجهي اسانکي لوڪرن وانگر ٿي هلايائون. ڏن لتيائون، پيسي پيسي لاءِ سکايائون. ان غلاميءَ جو اسانجي تعليم تي تمام گهرو اثر ٿيو. اسانکي بكون ڪڍيائون پيئون. در در پڪڙيو، فقط هڪ ئي اميد ٿي پئي ٽڪياسين. برابر ٻه سؤ سالن تائين هڪ زخميل پنڇيءَ وانگر پر تڙ ٽڙائيندا رهياسين. آخر اسانجي اڳواڻن باپوءِ ۽ جواهر پارن سنجيدگيءَ سان - اهسا سان ڏيش جي آزاديءَ حاصل ڪئي. ۱۵ آگسٽ ۱۹۴۷ع جي آڏيءَ رات جو اسان انگريزن جون هٿڪڙيون ٽوڙي زندگيءَ جو هڪ نئون ورق وڙايو - هڪ نئين زندگيءَ ۾ قدم رکيو ۽ پنهنجي بيماري وطن

## ڪانجوس ۽ ڪوي

آڪري جي شهر ۾ هڪ وائيو رهندو هو، جنهن کي ٽن دولت نه گهڻي هئي پر هڪو ٽالو ڪانجوس ۽ هڪڙي ٽيپهن هن هڪ مشهور ڪويءَ کي دعوت ڏيئي باقوت گهرايو ۽ چيائين ته جيڪڏهن هڪ تمام سندر ڪوينا ٺاهي مون کي ٻڌائين ته مان توکي خوب انعام ڏيندس. ڪوي ٽالو خوش ٿيو ۽ جهٽت هڪ سهڻي ڪوينا ٺاهي وائيو کي ٻڌائين. جڏهن ڪويءَ پنهنجي انعام جي طلب ڪئي تڏهن وائيو ورائيو ته انعام ڇاڄو! جهڙيءَ طرح تو مون کي ڪوئا ٻڌائي خوش ڪيو تهڙيءَ طرح مون به توکي انعام جو دلاسو ڏيئي خوش ڪيو. ويچارو ڪوي اهو جواب ٻڌي وسو ٿي ويو ۽ وڃي بيرل کي ڏانهن ڏنائين. بيرل سموري ماجرا ٻڌي ڪويءَ کي دلچاه ٿي ۽ چيائين ته غم نه ڪر. مان پاڻي ٺاهي ٿو وائيو کي سٺو ڪرمان. بيرل ڇا ڪيو هو وڃي انهيءَ وائيو جي مالي موڪلائي آيو. وائيو ٽالو خوش ٿيو ته وائيو صاحب مالي موڪلائي آهي. مقرر ٿيل ٽيپهن تي اچي وائيو صاحب جي اوطاق تي وارد ٿيو. ويچاري صبح کائولي ڪجهه به نه کائو هو ۽ روئيءَ جو انتظار ڪرڻ لڳو. مانيءَ جو وقت اچي ٿيو پر ماني نه مليس! شام به لنگهي وئي. جڏهن رات ٿيڻ لڳي ۽ روئيءَ جو آسرو ويندو رهيو تڏهن ڪارڙ جي بيرل کي چيائين ”واهه سائين واهه! هي روئي ٿا ڪارايو!“ بيرل عجب وچان ورائيو، ”پاڻي روئي ڇاڄي؟ مون نه پنهنجي مالي موڪلائي توکي خوش ڪيو.“ اهو جواب ٻڌي وائيو چون به نه ويٺو ته ڇهه به ويٺو. منهن ٻه سان لڳس. گهر اچي ڪويءَ کي سڏائي معافي ورائين ۽ کيس دل گهريو انعام ڏنائين.

## ڪاري ڪوشيا سڀيائو

استاد: سرهش! ٻاهر نه کنگا ڪئي آهي، ڪٿان لڪندي آهي ۽ ڪيڏانهن ويندي آهي؟  
سرهش: سائين کنگا گهر آهي ۽ پيڪي گهران لڪري ساهري گهر ويندي آهي.

اهاهن تي ڏيان نه ڏيو.

هن سال هيٺيان عهديدار چونديا ويا:-

صلاحتار	شري ستداس جهانگياڻي
سهاڪ	شري موهن بالاڻي
پريوڊنٽ	ڪماري ڪمليش بالچنداڻي
وائيس پريوڊنٽ	ڪماري راجڪماري ڪرسيهائي
سيڪريٽري	هري ڪيرٿاڻي
جائنٽ سيڪريٽري	ڪماري هري ٺهلياڻي
ڪاروباري ڪاميٽي	ڪماري ميران راجاڻي
چاميبر	ڪماري ڏلي لالواڻي
	ڪماري گوپي ڪيمائي
	نارائڻ پائيا

سڀا جي سھاري هيٺ وقت بوقت سھتڪ ميسٽر ڪولنڊا ويا جن ۾ ميمبرن ڪھاڻيون، شعر ۽ ليک پڙھيا ۽ سنڌي راڳن ۽ چرچن جي مٿج مڃائي. جن سڄڻ سرگرم ڀاڳ ورتو تن مان زميش چوٽاڻي، ڏلي لالواڻي، ڪمليش بالچنداڻي، آشا بچلاڻي، راجو ڪرسيهائي، پرڪاش بدلاڻي ۽ نارائڻ پائيا جا نالا قابل ذڪر آهن. سڀا جي سالياني بڪڪ ۱۱ نومبر ۱۹۶۲ع تي اوڪلا ۾ ڪئي ويئي جنهن ۾ گھڻا ميمبر شامل ٿيا. ميمبرن شتل جو سڄو ڪم پاڻ ۾ ورهائي کيو جنھڪري گھرو واپس منڊل پيدا ٿي ويو ۽ سڀني کي بڪڪ مان لطف آيو. پارسل راند نه سون ٿي سهاڳي جو ڪم ڪيو. چوڌاري گذرين جو ميڙاڪو مڙي ويو ۽ هن ۾ راند مان حظ حاصل ڪيو. شتل کي ڪامياب بڻائڻ ۾ سروجي همراجاڻي، راجو ڪرسيهائي، مايا، رچني، هيرو، هري، ڪوشليا، شائتا، زميش، ايجور، نارائڻ، پاڳي، پرڪاش، شيام ملڪاڻي، آشا بچلاڻي، هري ڪيرٿاڻي، چندرو، برھو ۽ ٻين چڱو ڀاڳ ورتو جنهن لاءِ کين شاباس هجي.

نومبر ۾ اعليٰ مضمون چٽاڀيٽي رکي ويئي جنهن ۾ ڪماري آشا بچلاڻي پھريون ۽ ڪماري ھيرو ٽيڪچنداڻي ٻيو اعليٰ ڪيو. اساجون کين مبارڪون ھجن. مضمون جو سروھو ”آزاديءَ کي قائم رکڻ جا اڀاء.“ سڀا جو ساليانو جلسو فيبروريءَ جي پھاڙيءَ واري ھفتي ۾ رکيو ويو آھي جنهن ۾ ورائٽي پروگرام رٿيو ويو آھي. اسيد آھي تہ گذريل سالن وانگر ھن سال بہ جلسو نام ڏوم سان ڪيو ويندو.

**سروجي همراجاڻي**

# ديش

( سنڌي وياڳ )

سپادڪ:

پروفيسر سنڌيان جھانگماڻي

سھادڪ:

سروجنی ہيمراجاڻي

[ سال: ۸ ]

مارچ ۱۹۶۳ع

[ اڪ: ۱ ]

## پنهنجي پڇار

قومي بچاءَ ۽ سنڌي — فخر جي ڳالھ آھي تہ هن سنڪت جي سمڙي ۾ جڏهن ملڪ جي اتن تي جنگ جا ڪارا ڪرڻ مڙي آيا آهن تڏهن اسانجن ڪڪن ۽ ڪڪين پنهنجو پنهنجو ڀارت بخوليءَ ادا ڪيو آھي . ڪن قومي بچاءَ فنڊ لاءِ پيسا ڪٺا ڪيا تہ ڪن وري جوانن لاءِ سوينٽر اٿيا . ڪا تہ هونءَ ئي N.C.C. ۾ داخل ٿيل هئا پر هن ڀيري ڪڪين بہ پاڻ ملهايو ۽ N.C.C. ۾ ڪڪن سان ڪلهو ڪلهي سان ملائي هلي زهيون آهن . ڪي ٽرس علاج First Aid جي سکيا وٺي زهيون آهن جنهن لاءِ هنن ڪيرون لهڻيون . ” اهي ماٿر ايلي مرڪن جي ٻارونن ۾ لوليون ٿين تہ صدي ديش تان تڻ من، ڪرڻ جهڙي بي ڪانه خدمت .“

سنڌي ساهت سڀا — اسانجي سڀا جيتوڻيڪ ميمبرن جي تعداد جي لحاظ کان ننڍي آهي پر سندس سرگرميون ڪاليج جي مڙلي سڀائن کان هميشه وڌيڪ هونديون آهن . پر سال وانگر هن سال بہ سڀا جي پرڏان هڪ ڪڪيءَ ڪماري ڪمليش بالچنڊاڻيءَ کي چونڊيو ويو . گذريل سال سڀا ڪماري پنهيا داواڻيءَ جي صدارت هيٺ ڪافي ناموس حاصل ڪئي . اسانکي قوي اميد آهي تہ ڪماري بالچنڊاڻيءَ جي رهڙيءَ هيٺ سڀا هن سال پڻ ترقيءَ جي راهه تي اڳتي قدم رکندي .

# *Editorial Board*

*Editor-in-Chief*  
Shri Radha Krishna Sud

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I, R. K. Sud, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true  
to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Sd.) R. K. Sud

Date : 1st April, 1963

Signature of Publisher

**DESHBANDHU COLLEGE**  
KALKAJI, NEW DELHI



कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते

**REPORT**  
**1962-63**

**Annual Prize Distribution**

15th March, 1963

*President :*

Dr. C. D. Deshmukh

Vice-Chancellor, University of Delhi.

# ANNUAL REPORT

1962-63

From 1952 to 1963 is a span of years a little over a decade but too short a period in the life of an institution to judge its worth and its contribution to the academic life of the town and the people. The growth in numbers was inevitable because of the rise in the population and increasing turnout of Higher Secondary Schools all over the country. If we grew from 60 in 1952 to 905 in 1963 it is nothing to boast of ; we absorbed the surplus numbers available. But we can be rightly proud of the fact that notwithstanding our limitations and the stress and strain involved in meeting the situation we did the job well. We started Honours classes in 6 subjects and B.Sc. classes, both in Group A and Group B, thus providing the best instruction to the children of the Refugees from West Punjab. This would not have been possible without the munificent grants from the Ministries of Rehabilitation and Education, and without the guidance of the seasoned educationists on the Board of Administration and their paternal interest in the affairs of the College. There was a time when our College was looked upon as a superfluity, something in the nature of an anachronism, a white elephant and what not. You, Sir, as the then Finance Minister, had serious doubts whether it was worth while running the College. The toddling infant is now making great strides towards maturity. But this brings its problems and fresh solutions become necessary. Accordingly, the Ministry of Education has thought it desirable to hand over the administration of the College to the University. I have every hope that the College will grow from strength to strength under your guidance and control. I wish to assure you, Sir, that the University will not be taking over a liability in any sense of the term. The College is well founded on the age-old traditions of learning and service, as will be evinced by our Motto : *Karmanaib Adhikaraste* ; your right extends to doing your duty'. But before one can discharge one's obligations to oneself, the State and God one must be capable of understanding what those duties are. Our endeavour accordingly always has been to initiate our students into the

realm of values. We have not ignored the purely scholastic and academic side of their character. Nor did we neglect their bodies, brains and creative faculties. We have done well at the University examinations, and had our share of honours, both in the sphere of sports and studies. Our library and laboratories are well-equipped. We are far away from the University Campus and the various amenities and facilities which are readily available to the Colleges on the Campus. It is, therefore, but fair that we have always expected generous treatment at the hands of our Masters and received it. Our needs are many. They have been divided into three categories, the first priority consists of Class Rooms, Administrative offices for Evening Classes, Library Block, N.C.C. Block, College Hall-cum-Auditorium and two Artesian wells or one Tube well and Water tanks.

It is heartening to mention that we have with us funds for the laying out of playgrounds and the building of the Arts Block. The C.P.W.D. is at the moment engaged in preparing a site plan of the college lands as a step preparatory to locating the various buildings which are expected to come up in the course of years. I have suggested to the Chairman Board of Administration, to approach the Ministry of Works, Housing and Supply to make available to the College a plot of land which is adjacent to the College lands and is bounded by public roads on two sides. This will give the College a sort of quiet belt and separate it from the proposed constructions on the north side.

The smooth working of the College during the year under report was marred and disrupted for about a week by the unfortunate strike of the students to enforce their demand that there should be no December Examinations because of the National Emergency. Though they had the force of numbers on their side, they lacked the support of logic. Your appeal, Sir, went a long way to bring them back to college. The national emergency continues and the NCC scheme has become a regular feature of University education. It may, therefore, be essential to revise the present system of two examinations in a year. This may be one way of avoiding the repetition of strikes in Colleges. Strikes do great damage. They not only result in loss of working hours but also disrupt good

relations between students and students and students and teachers. They destroy the academic atmosphere.

At present we have Honours Classes in English, Hindi, Mathematics, Political Science, History and Economics. We have been granted affiliation for Honours Classes in Sanskrit and Philosophy, but on account of the National Emergency these new classes will not be started next year. I hope that with the addition of these classes the College will impart instruction in these subjects up to the Honours standard to students in the neighbouring areas and fulfil their aspirations. I feel that the College should approach the University for affiliation in M.A., at least in a few subjects. A number of our good students have to leave us after graduation. Their presence in the College is bound to have a sobering influence on their younger brethren and add to the quality of our extra-mural activities.

#### **Our contribution to the National Defence Fund :**

Members of the Staff and students responded promptly to the appeal of the Prime Minister to contribute to the National Defence Fund. A sum of Rs. 6410.23 N.p. was collected and paid to the National Defence Fund. In addition a number of woollen jersies were knit for our jawans.

#### **The Staff :**

It gives me great pleasure to report that three of our Lecturers were awarded the degree of Ph.D. : Shri R. K. Dewan for his thesis : 'Diffusion of small molecules in solution' by the University of Illinois, U.S.A., Shri Mahindra Pratap Singh for his thesis : भगवंत राय खीची और उनके मंडल के कवि by the M.S. University Baroda and Shri Pritam Singh for his thesis : Mycology and Plant Pathology by the Indian Agricultural Research Institute, New Delhi. I congratulate them on winning these distinctions.

There were a number of changes in the staff. Shri C.P. Malik, Lecturer in Botany, was awarded the Commonwealth scholarship, and proceeded on study leave. Dr. C. L. Nahal, Lecturer in English, went on one year's leave to join the Rajasthan University as Reader in English.

The following persons were appointed.

<i>Deptt. of History</i>	<i>Deptt. of Botany</i>
Shri S.P. Chowdhree	Shri Vikramaditya Verma
Dr. K.L. Sharma	Dr. Pritam Singh
<i>Deptt. of Political Science</i>	<i>Deptt. of Economics</i>
Shri R.B. Jain	Shri R.K. Sharma
Mrs. Noorjahan Bawa	<i>Deptt. of Zoology</i>
Shri M.M. Verma	Shri Mohan C. Balani
<i>Deptt. of English</i>	<i>Deptt. of Chemistry</i>
Shri H.S. Kakar	Shri S.N. Mehra
Shri Amalindu Roy	Shri Vinay Kumar
Shri Surinder Sharma	Shri S.K. Dheer
<i>Deptt. of Hindi</i>	Shri S.K. Krishnan
Dr. M.P. Singh	<i>Deptt. of Bengali</i>
Shri P.S. Dabas	Shri Mihir Kumar Dass
Shri D.K. Jain	

The following persons left the service of the College :—

<i>Deptt. of Pol. Science</i>	<i>Deptt. of Economics</i>
Shri R. B. Jain	Shri S. K. Goyal
Shri N. K. Mansukani	<i>Deptt. of Mathematics</i>
<i>Deptt. of Chemistry</i>	Shri G. C. Goel
Shri Surinder Kumar	<i>Deptt. of Hindi</i>
Shri S. K. Krishnan	Shri D. K. Jain
Shri R. Srinivasan	
Shri K. C. Mathur	
Shri S. N. Mehra	

Dr. R. D. Bhardwaj, Lecturer in Hindi, was granted extension of service upto 15th July, 1963, in the first instance.

Shri K. C. Kanda read a paper on 'The Poetry of Wilfred Scawen Blunt' at a meeting of The English Association, University of Delhi. Shri S. K. Jain read a paper 'On the Existence of Identity at the 28th Annual Conference of Indian Mathematical Society held at Waltair last December.

Shri V. N. Khanna gave a talk on 'Indian Political Scene in the light of the Third General Election' at the Cultural Forum organized by The Servant of People Society, New Delhi. He also participated in a seminar on 'Non-alignment and World Peace'.

Dr. R. D. Bhardwaj delivered lectures to M. A. and Pre-Ph.D. classes in Hindi at the University and Dr. C. L. Nahal and Shri R. K. Sud to M. A. classes in English in the morning and evening respectively.

Members of the Staff contributed a few articles and wrote a few text books :—

Shri R. K. Sud.

1. Dignity of Being as illustrated from Tagore's Three Plays : *Mukta-dhara, Natir Puja* and *Chandalika*. (Article in *Desh*)
2. Our Debt to Science. (Do)

Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj

1. *Kavya Shastra ki Roop-Rekha* (Publication)
2. *Pravasa ke Vratotsava* (Article in *Sanskriti*)
3. *Sat ki Vyutpatti aur Vyakhya* (Article in *Sammalena Patrika*)
4. *The Returns of Philosophy* (Article in *Desh*)

Shri K. C. Kanda.

1. *Poetry of Wilfred Scawen Blunt* (Article in *Thought*)

Shri A. K. Poddar.

1. *Inflation and Capital Formation* (Article in *Modern Review*)
2. *Inflation and Economic Growth* (*Economic Review, A. I.C.C.*)

Shri R. K. Sharma

1. *Economic Organization* (Publication)

Shri V. N. Pasricha

1. *Stars and Galaxies* (Article in *The Caravan*)

Mrs. Noorhahan Bawa

1. Tamil Translation of Schuman's 'International Politics' Vol. I (Publication)

Shri S. K. Jain

1. Remarks on Alternative Division Rings (Article in Riv. Mat. University of Parma)

Shri R. L. Varma

1. Lal Kaner Ka Sandesh (Article in *Desh*)
2. Reeti kaleen Kavi aur Bharamar Geet Prasang (Unpublished)

Shri P. A. Shiromani

1. A simple method of mass culture of Hide Beetle *Der mestes maenlatus* (De Gear) Coleplera. (Article in the *Journal of Entomology*).

Dr. M. P. Singh

1. Reeti Kavya Sangraha in Hindi (Review in *Hindi Varshiki*)

Dr. R. K. Dewan

1. Diffusion of N-Alkanes in Carbon Tetrachloride.

### College Office

Shri R. C. Gupta, Senior Clerk, left and Shri J. K. Suri was promoted as senior clerk in his place. Shri Raj Wadhwa was appointed as a Clerk-typist in a temporary capacity.

### Number of Students

The number of students on the rolls of the College was 965 in August last : Boys 581 and Women 384. This number has fallen to 906 ; Boys 545 and Women 361.

## University Results

University Examination results are as follows :—

	1960-61	1961-62
Qualifying Science	50·5%	35·2%
"    Arts	42·6%	41·5%
Pre-Medical	68·4%	66·2%
B. A. (Pass)	62·3%	52·2%
B. A. (Honours)	63·1%	84·8%
B. Sc. (Hons. in Mathematics) ...		75%
B. Sc. (General)	73·8%	83·1%

Miss Manju Mathur obtained the first position in the University in the Honours subjects, Arts and Science combined. She was awarded the Bhola Nath Medal, the R. B. Brijmohanlal Sahib Memorial Medal and the Ravi Kanta Devi Medal. Shri Shanti Swarup stood third in the University in B. Sc. (General) examination. Our congratulations to them.

### Fee Concessions and Stipends

Concessions in fees and stipends from the Students' Welfare Fund were awarded as under rules : 20% to Boys and 25% to Women students. Accordingly Full-fee Concessions were awarded to 119, Half-fee Concessions to 75 and stipends to 23. The total amount thus disbursed was Rs. 30,330 approximately.

This help is not inconsiderable but the beneficiaries do not make the best use of it. A majority of them lose the benefit either at the end of the second term or the third term. Rarely do they try to improve their eligibility and retain the original benefit or get it enhanced by showing better results in the House Examinations. Year after year in the Principal's Annual Report the attention of students and their guardians is drawn to the indifference of students to their studies. It is painful to turn down the request—legitimate as it is—of a poor guardian for concession to his ward. But it is still more painful to see that help going down the drain, as it were. I wish these concessions were converted into merit

scholarships for deserving students. This in my humble opinion will raise the quality of scholarship in our colleges. Merit should be the criterion for help in the academic sphere ; notwithstanding the oft-quoted words of the poet :

'Chill penury repressed their noble rage  
And froze the genial current of the soul'

### **The College Library**

The College Library is looked after by the Library Committee comprising of Sarvshri B. S. Puri, R. C. Pillai, O. P. Kohli and B. B. Saxena (Convener). Shri O. P. Kohli came on the Committee after the departure of Shri C. L. Nahal.

The Library is well equipped with the latest books on all subjects and standard periodicals, journals and magazines to suit the requirements of Staff and Honours students and to meet the tastes of the general reader. On account of the ever-shrinking sitting accommodation in the library hall, due to the increasing in-take of books and the shelves, our students and staff cannot draw the maximum benefit. It is hoped that in the not distant future the library will be shifted to a new building. As a make-shift arrangement it is proposed to enclose a part of the verandah adjoining the library.

The number of books in the library rose from 14,768 last year to 17,300 and the number of journals etc. to 130 from 120 last year.

### **The College Magazine : Desh**

The College Magazine : Desh, was published thrice in the year, one of the issues being a Special Science Supplement which was edited by Shri V. N. Pasricha, Lecturer in Physics. One of the six sections, that is Punjabi, had to be discontinued for want of sufficient response from the students. I am afraid the Urdu Section will be the next casualty.

Last year our English Section was awarded the Second Prize in the Best English Section of the All India Magazine Contest organized by the Baring Union Christian College, Batala (Punjab).

The credit for maintaining the standard of the College magazine goes to the student and staff-members of the Editorial Board which consists of the following persons :—

English Section	...	Mr. Y. P. Dhawan Sujata Verma
Hindi Section	...	Mrs. Raj Kumari Parshad Malti
Sanskrit Section	.....	Shri M, L. Choudhary Bhanwar Singh
Urdu Section	...	Shri V. N. Pasricha Shri K. C. Kanda
Editor-in-chief	.....	Shri R. K. Sud

### *The College Union*

The College Union is the parent student body and its proceedings are conducted according to a written constitution. Its main function is to organize debates and extempore speaking contests, recitation contests, extension lectures, besides the annual happy meeting. Till last year it used to arrange an annual picnic and lunch, but it had to be given up because of the unmanageable numbers.

It is run by the Union Executive under the Staff Adviser, Shri V. N. Khanna. Office-bearers for the year under report were :—

President	Vinod Kanwar, B. A. III year.
Vice-President	A. N. Dutt, B. Sc. II year.
Secretary	R. N. Kaul, B. A. (Hons) II yr.
Asstt Secy.	Mahender Berry B. A. I year

The following were elected members of the Supreme Council of the Delhi University :—

- |                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Chander Mohan Babber | 2. Indra Sharma      |
| 3. Kailash Dewan        | 4. Santosh Malik     |
| 5. Kamlesh Khanna       | 6. R.S. Bhutani      |
| 7. Ashok Chopra         | 8. Vijay Suri        |
| 9. Ram Babu Sharma      | 10. Yug Prakash Dar. |

The inauguration of the Union was done by Dr. S.N. Varma, Staff Adviser of the University Union. The outstanding function of the year was the Inter-College Declamation Contest for the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy. The trophy was awarded to the St. Stephens' College, the first prize to Shri A.N. Maira of the St. Stephens' College, and the second prize was shared by Miss Praveen Nair of the Lady Shri Ram College and Miss Rita Rattna of the Indraprastha College. The Deshbandhu Trophy for Inter-College Debate was not contested this year. In addition to the inter-college contest, the Union arranged College Debates and Extempore Contests in English and Hindi and recitation contests. Prizes were won by Sudhir (B.A. Hons. II Year), Ravi (B.A. III Year), Ajay (B.Sc. III Yr.), Jayanti Dutt (B.A. II Year), Manohar Lal Chawla (B.A. II Year), K.V.S. Ramani (B.A. Hons. III Year), Vijay K. Kumar (B.A. III Year), Yug Prakash Dar (B.Sc. I Year), Rajinder Kumar Aggarwal (B.A. II Yr.), Harkirat Singh (B.A. Hons. II Year), R.S. Bhutani (B.Sc. III Year) and Narinder Tuli (B.A. II Year).

In the Cultural Programme Narinder Kapur (B.A. III Year) won the first prize in music and the second prize was shared by Rajeshwari and Krishna Chatterjee. In Fancy Dressing Sunita Bajaj (B.A. II Yr.) got the first prize and Surinder Sawhney (B.A. II Yr.) the second prize. In Mono-acting Sabita Nagpal (B.A. III yr.) won the first prize and Vijay K. Kumar (B.A. III Yr.) the second prize.

Shri Braham Parkash M. P. and Shri R. L. Verma, Lecturer in Hindi, addressed the students on the Deshbandhu Day. Shri Cherian Thomas, Organizing Secretary of the Gandhi Samarak Nidhi, delivered an extension lecture on the 'Importance of the Gandhi Jayanti and Cleanliness Work'.

### **College Societies, Associations and Clubs**

The College maintains a number of Societies, Associations and Clubs which contribute substantially to the social, cultural and literary activities in the College. It is needless to say that their functions redeem the otherwise dull routine of studies and examinations and help to create an atmosphere of an integrated family in the College. The success of

their functions is directly proportional to the enthusiasm, popularity and ability of the Office-bearers and the personal interest of the Staff Adviser. Participants in these small forums get training for competing in the functions of the Union and in Inter-College events. With the talent that we have we have done quite well. The credit goes to the Advisers and the Office-bearers of the respective societies.

### **The Hindi Parishad**

Adviser	.....	Shri R. L. Verma
President	.....	Ravi Kumar Sharma
Vice-President	.....	Swadesh Kumar Joshi
Secretary	.....	Rajendra Kumar Agrawal
Joint Secretary	.....	Babu Ram Verma

The main object of the Hindi Parishad is to promote Hindi language and enthuse students in Hindi literature ; the latter function has been taken over by the Sahitya Parishad of which Honours students alone are members.

The Parishad held the Inter-college Elocution Contest for the Jodha Mal Kuthiala Trophy. The trophy was awarded to the Shri Ram College of Commerce. The first prize went to Shri Jay Narayan of the Hans Raj College, Delhi, and the second prize was shared by Shri Sat Pal Bhargava of the Shri Ram College of Commerce and Shri Sugam Bhatia of the Sanatana Dharma College, Delhi. In the Inter-class Debate, Ari Daman Kaur of B. A. III year and Ajay of B. Sc. III year, received the first and second prize respectively. The Kavi Sammelan, arranged on the 24th of January last, was the most popular event of the year. Sarvshri Bhavani Prasad Misra, Ramavatar Tyagi, Om Parkash Sharma, Santosh Anand, Dharam Chandra Gupta and 'Vairagi'—all leading Hindi poets of the day—participated. Members of the Sahitya Parishad were addressed by Dr, Devi Shankar Avasthi.

### **The Sanskrit Parishad**

Adviser	.....	Shri M. L. Choudhari
President	...	Champa B. A. Hons. II yr.

Vice-President ...	Shruti Kant B. A. II yr.
Secretary ...	Ravindra Sharma B. A, II Year.
Jt. Secy. ....	Sarkar Mohan B. A. I Yr.

The Sanskrit Parishad aims at making its members learn to write, speak and recite Sanskrit correctly. This is achieved by making all participants in its functions express themselves in Sanskrit. Frequent opportunities are provided to the members by holding Shloka-recitation contests and Essay contests and asking them to write for the Sanskrit section of the College Magazine.

The inaugural function of the Parishad was presided over by Acharya Prabhakar Misra. In the Shloka-Recitation Contest Krishna Mathur and Champa Chug won the first and the second prize respectively. In the Essay contest Rabindra Sharma got the first prize and Virendra Pahuja won the second prize. The annual function provided a varied fare. Dr. Raghuvira was the Chief Guest.

#### *The Sindhi Literary Society*

Adviser ...	Shri S. M. Jhangiani
Associate ...	Shri Mohan C. Balani
President ...	Kamlesh Balchandani
Vice-President ....	Rajkumari Gursahani
Secretary . ....	Hari Kirtan
Jt. Secy. ....	Hari Tahiliani

The Sindhi Liferary Society has all the advantages of being closely-knit and works more or less in the nature of a 'closed' community society. Accordingly its functions are well attended, though the attendance is limited to members of the Sindhi Society. Their annual functions, are thrown open to students of the College and provide an opportunity to the non-Sindhi students to know something about Sindhi culture, literature and language.

The Sindhi Society arranged an annual picnic of the members at Okhla, held an essay competition and celebrated the Annual Day as part of its cultural programme. In the Essay Competition Asha Bijlani of

B. Sc. I year and Hiro Tekchandani of B. A. Hons. I year won the first and second prize respectively. The Annual function was presided over by Shri D. H. Bhutani, Editor 'Productivity' (a magazine of the National Productivity Council). Kamlesh Balchandani and Ramesh Choithani gave two solo songs. Raj Kumari Gursahani, Mira Rajani, Ramesh, Brijoo Mansukhani, Sham and Narain participated in a one-act Sindhi play. A Sindhi Qawali was presented by Ramesh and Mira Rajani who were accompanied by Bhagwanti Bhambhani, Hiroo Teckchandani, Raju Gursahani, Brijoo, Sham and Narain Bhatia.

#### **The Bengali Literary Union**

Adviser	...	Shri A. K. Poddar
Secretary	...	Ashok Ghosh B. Sc. (Hons) II yr.
Jt. Secretary and Treasurer	...	Krishna Chatterjee, B. A. III yr.

The Bengali Literary Union staged a dance drama based on Tagore's poem 'Abhishar' as a part of their inaugural function, other items being songs and dances. The Union presented an other play in the One-act Play Competition held at the New Delhi Kali Bari. Yet another play was presented by the Union in the Inter-College Bengali One-act Drama Competition held under the auspices of the Delhi University Bengali Literary Union. Dilip Kumar Saha of B. A. (Pass) III Year, who directed the production, was adjudged the best actor amongst the performers in the competition. A simple get-together function was the annual picnic which was held at Hauz Khas. With the teaching of Bengali as a subject in the College, it is hoped the membership of the association will go up considerably and new talent imported.

#### **The English Literary Society**

Adviser :	...	Shri J. K. Jain
Secretary :	...	Shyamal Bagchee
Asstt. Secretaries :	Shanta Bhutani and Jawahar Bhattacharya.	

The English Literary Society has entered into the 2nd year of its service. This society includes amongst its members students of the

English Honours Class in addition to students from other classes who are interested in English language and literature. The society started with its inaugural function which was presided over by Shri Harish Chandra Kathpalia, a former Principal of the College. Dr. Swarup Singh, Principal, Kirori Mal College, addressed the audience. The society has been regularly holding fortnightly meetings in which students read their favourite poems and also their own compositions. They also participated in Essay writing and short-story writing contests. Sujata Verma of B.A. Hons. II Year and Yug Prakash Dar of B.A. I Year were awarded the first prize for the best short-story and the best essay respectively.

For the benefit of the members of the English Literary Society the College has acquired a few long playing records of Shakespeare's plays and tape records of a few poems. These are played to them from time to time in order to familiarize them with the proper accent and intonation.

### **The Book Club**

Adviser ... Shri H. S. Kakar

The Book Club was revived this year. The Club aims at fostering a taste for select and intelligent reading and appreciation. The club selected two books :—"The Guide" by Shri R. K. Narayan and "Don Cammillo's Dilemma" by Giovanni Guareschi. The method adopted is that members of the Club read these books and later meet to discuss their impressions of them. Mr. J. D. Tytler introduced R. K. Narayan's book mentioned above.

### **The Science Association.**

Adviser	...	Mrs. Usha Chawdhary
President	...	S. Kamlam II Yr.
Treasurer	...	Shri M. L. Sanduja
Secretary	...	Gautam Banerji II Yr.
Asst. Secy.	...	Arun Kumar II Yr.

The Science Association confined its activities to showing films of scientific interest to the students. It held a prize debate which was largely attended. It is hoped that some of our teachers who have qualified themselves in higher science abroad will deliver extension lectures to the Non-science students and thereby familiarize them with the progress that modern science has made and the problems which this growth presents to humanity as a whole.

#### **The History Association**

Adviser	...	Shri B. B. Saxena
President	...	R. K. Kapur
Vice-President	...	K. B. Bhasin
Secretary	...	Y. C. Sharma
Asstt. Secy.	...	Prem Grover

The History Association organized a trip to the National Museum and the National Archives. Shri B. B. Saxena and Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia led the party and explained the specimens of Ancient and Medieval art of India to the students.

#### **The Political Science Association.**

Adviser	...	Shri R. C. Pillai
President	...	Prem Nath Kapur
Vice President	...	Harbans Singh
Secretary	...	Shama Korpai
Joint Secretary	...	Vinod Walia

The Political Science Association was inaugurated by Dr. Appadurai, Director of the Indian School of International Studies. The Association held the Inter-college Debate for the Kathpalia Jain trophy. The trophy and the first prize were awarded to the Indraprastha College team. The 2nd prize was won by K. V. S. Ramani of our College.

#### **The Planning Forum :**

Adviser	...	Shri S. P. Kapoor
President	...	Chander Mohan Kakar, B.A. III Yr.

Vice-President	...	Mohinder Pal Singh, B. A. I Yr.
Secretary	...	Devinder Suri, B. A. III Yr.
Jt. Secretary	...	Vidya Sagar Dara, B. A. I Yr.

The Planning Forum celebrated the National Plan Week in collaboration with the Planning Forum of other colleges. A very interesting and educative play entitled 'Dharamshala' was staged in the College through the courtesy of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. Dr. Raj Krishna of the Institute of Economic Growth, Delhi, addressed the members of the forum on 'Planning and Price Policy in India'.

#### **The Philosophical Discussion Group.**

Adviser		Mrs. M. Thomas
President	...	Vijay K. Kumar
Secretary	...	P. V. George

The members of the Philosophical Discussion Group were extremely fortunate this year to have had three lectures from the distinguished Canadian philosopher, Mr. Francis Low Beer. The members saw a few films on psychological subjects.

#### **The Mathematics Association.**

Adviser	...	Dr. R. N. Kaul
President	...	Jang Bahadur Sahdev B. A. Hons III Yr.
Secretary	...	Avinash Kumar Ghai B. A. Hons II Yr.
Asstt. Secy.	...	Dharam Pal B. A. Hons II Yr.

The Mathematics Association was started this year so that lectures of a general nature on mathematics could be arranged for the benefit of students. The inauguration of the association was performed by Dr. R.S. Varma, Head of the Deptt. of Mathematics and Statistics at the University. Dr. Varma gave a talk on 'Space Flight'. Dr. Ram Behari, Director of the Correspondence Courses at the University, spoke to the members on 'Modern Picture of the Universe'.

## **The U. N. S. A.**

Adviser	Mrs. N. Bawa
President	Charanjit Rai
Secretary	C. B. Mehta

The UNSA was inaugurated by the Hon'ble Shri Dinesh Singh of the External Affairs Ministry. It celebrated the United Nations Day. Dr. Dwarkadas, Reader in Political Science, Delhi University, was the Chief guest and addressed the students. The inter-college trophy debate was arranged by the University UNSA at our College. Our College won the trophy.

## **The Dramatic Club :**

Adviser	Shri K. C. Kanda
Co-Adviser	Shri J. K. Jain

The Dramatic Club organized the Inter-class One-act play Competition. The trophy was awarded to B. A. Pass students whose play 'Daadi Maan Jagi' was adjudged the best. Aridaman Kaur of the same class who played the heroine's role was awarded the Harish Chandra medal for the best actor of the year. Tribuvan Kaul of B. A. I Year and Kum Kum Saxena were placed 2nd and 3rd respectively in order of merit in acting. The programme was repeated on 3 days. The proceeds from the sale of tickets amounted to Rs. 650/- and were donated to the National Defence Fund.

## **The Music Club.**

Adviser	Shri V. Verma
President	Narender Kapoor
Secretary	R. Aiyer.

The Music Club organized two functions in the College. Members of the Club, assisted by noted local artists, delighted the audience with light and classical music, both vocal and instrumental. The Club could not hold the Annual Inter-College music competition for the Gyatri

Devi Memorial Running Shield due to lack of response from other colleges.

### **The Social Service League**

Adviser	...	Shri S. M. Jhangiani
President	.....	Ved Ahuja B. A. III Yr.
Vice-President	...	V. P. Saxena B, Sc. II Yr.
Secretary	.....	Parbhat Kumar Sood B. Sc. Final
Jt. Secretary	...	Ishwar Nawani B. A. I Year

The Social Service League justified its existence by service on more than one occasion. It helped to collect funds for the All India Deaf and Dumb Society, New Delhi. Its members participated in the Cleanliness Campaign during the Gandhi Jayanti Week and dusted and cleaned the College Library, the Girls' Common Room, the Staff Room and other parts of the College building, as well as the neighbourhood of their respective homes. Its members collaborated with the College Union in collecting funds for the National Defence. In addition to money the girl members knitted sweaters for the Jawans. The League made a beginning this year in organizing the Book Bank for the benefit of needy students with a small number of books. This number will go up next year. The starting of a Student's Stores in the College is on the next year's programme of the League. The League also assisted in helping the graduates of the College in registering their names with the University Employment and Assistance Bureau. A party of students led by the Adviser visited the Cheshire Home—a home for invalids—and distributed fruit and sweets to the inmates and entertained them with songs, tit-bits and games. The activities of the League are a clear indication that the students of the College are second to none in rendering social service whenever there is an occasion or there is a call for it.

### **The World University Service**

Adviser	...	Shri S. M. Jhangiani
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The aims and objects of the World University Service include inter-alia expression and promotion of international university fellowship

by promoting mutual service. Its activities fall in line with those of the Social Service League and accordingly are inter-related. Shri S. M, Jhangiani, Ved Ahuja and Gopal Arora represented the College on the Delhi Committee of the World University Service.

### The N. C. C.

For the N. C. C. the year under report was a year of expansion and enormous activity. Every able-bodied boy in the College is now a member of the Corps. One more NCCR Company has been allotted to the College. Shri D. S. Mann, Lecturer in Physics, is undergoing training as NCC Officer at Purandhar near Poona. After training he will assist Lt. D. S. Choudhary who all along has been looking after the N.C.C. single-handed. To meet the shortage of instructors, the following cadets were temporarily appointed as instructors :—

1. Surinder Sawhney (O. T. U. Cadet)
2. Tilak Raj Malik (O. T, U. Cadet)
3. Harish Malhotra (Cadet Captain)
4. Ram Pal Chopra (S.U.O.)
5. Pran Nath Kapur (S.U.O.)

As many as 80 cadets from various wings of N. C. C. (NCCR : 50, Artillery : 20, Naval : 5, Air Wings : 2, O.T.U. : 2) were selected from our College for participation in the Republic Day Parade.

Our cadets attended the two camps which were held at Udai-pur and Jhardo Kalan. The following cadets were selected for Emergency G. D. Pilots' Commission and the O.T.U. :—

- |                           |   |                      |
|---------------------------|---|----------------------|
| 1. Surinder Sawhney       | } |                      |
| 2. Rajinder Singh Bhutani | } |                      |
| 3. Ashok Kumar Sharma     | } | G. D. Pilots,        |
| 4. Tara Chandra           |   |                      |
| 5. Satish Chander Dhawan  | } |                      |
|                           |   |                      |
| 1. Davinder Kumar Suri    | } | Emergency Commission |
| 2. Dwarka Prashad Joshi   | } |                      |

1. Subbash Chander Gulati
  2. Satish Mahajan
  3. Vijay Kumar Marwah
- } O. T. U.

The College Firing Range was opened by Shri P. N. Kirpal, Chairman, Board of Administration, on the 8th instant. The occasion was marked by a salute by the NCC cadets, a parade and a firing display.

### **Games and Sports :**

The College lacks proper play-grounds for major games due to non-availability of unfiltered water supply in Kalkaji. It is, therefore, not possible to play major games through out the year but Badminton and Table-Tennis continue to be played all the year round. Our teams played University matches but without any distinction worth a mention.

Our athletics team stood 3rd for the third consecutive year in the Inter-College Athletic Championship. Narinder Singh, our best athlete, stood first in putting the shot in the University for the third successive year.

To make students take keen interest in sports we hold Annual Inter-class tournaments in major games. The B. A. classes won the championship this year and the Pre-Medical Classes were the Runners-up.

### **The Physico-Medical Examination**

The College has one part-time doctor and a lady doctor who examine the students and report their defects. All those students who were suffering from serious defects were advised to undergo the necessary medical treatment and their guardians were informed about it. Efforts are being made to provide medical service within the College premises. Shortage of accommodation has so far stood in the way of making a start in this direction. Dr, S. P. Rastogi delivered lectures in first-aid to the girl students of the College as a part of training for the National Emergency.

This brings me, Sir, to the end of my report. It is customary on this occasion to record appreciation of the help and co-operation which a

Principal received from his colleagues, to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Chairman and Members of the Board of Administration for their guidance and to affirm his faith in his students and their affection for him. It is good to follow tradition and I do that whole-heartedly. Today is significant in more than one way. The Ministry of Education has decided to transfer the administration of the College to the University, and the University has accepted the offer. The change-over will take place with effect from the 1st of April. You, Sir, are the head of the affairs at the University and to you, Sir, we must look for guidance and help in future. In the Hindu families when the 'bride' is given away, she leaves the parental home with mixed feelings of fear and joy. She blesses those whom she is leaving and invokes the best for those whom she is going to join. With such bride-like feelings my colleagues and I take formal leave of our erstwhile Masters and commit ourselves to your fostering care. Words cannot express how very much beholden we are to them; our hearts do.

I have been acting as officiating Principal for over a year. The time has come now for me to hand over charge. While thanking my colleagues for their hearty co-operation I must emphasize once again that we must always work as a team and keep the interest of the Institution uppermost in our hearts and never grudge any labour in its cause. For my students I have a word of advice : learn to be disciplined, respectful and studious.

My most pleasant duty today, Sir, is to welcome you, to the college and to thank you for having spared time for presiding over this function.

I request you now, Sir, to give away the prizes and certificates.

*15th March. 1963*

RADHA KRISHNA SUD  
*Officiating Principal.*