

DESH

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DESHBANDU COLLEGE

KALKAJI, NEW DELHI

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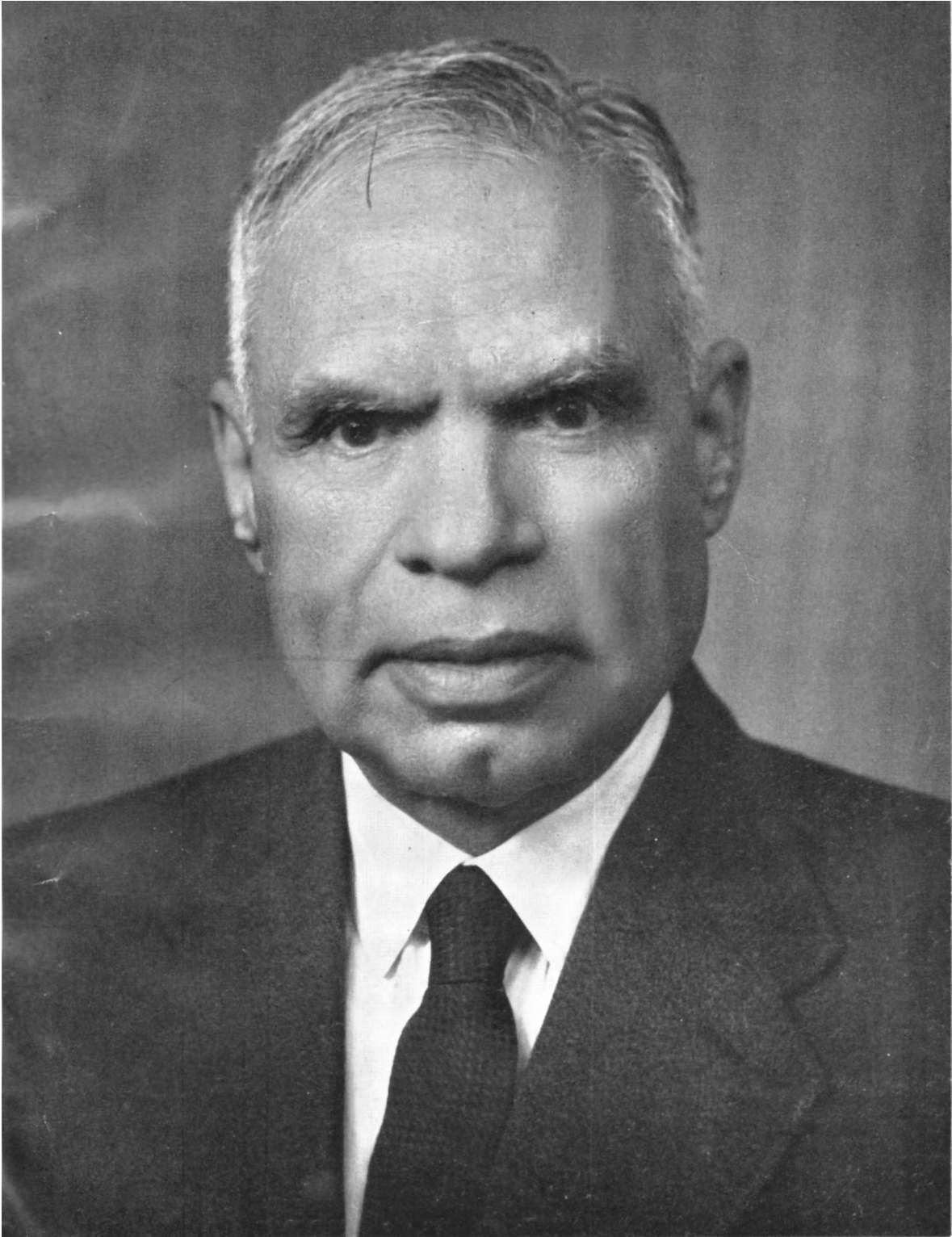
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Principal Harish Chandra

“My wish ? The least touch of your feet.”

Upali : Today I have come to you for alms.

Srimati : To me ? But I am so poor ! In your alms bowl anything that I could give would seem so mean. What can I give, tell me ?

Upali : Your best gift.

Srimati : What is the best gift ? I do not 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 the hour.

She makes the sign of reverence. They go out. The Princesses enter.

Princesses : Prabhou, Prabhou, do not leave us so. Be pleased to accept our alms..... O, what a shame ! He has gone !

Ratnavali : What are you all afraid of Vasvi ? There's no dearth of folk to take alms. It's the givers who are rare.

Nandini : No, Ratna. To find one to take the offering, much merit must be earned. Today is lost to us.

*From Natir Puja
By Tagore*

DEDICATION

To make an offering is granted as a supreme privilege to those alone whom the recipient loves and blesses. Givers are not rare but the receivers are. If you are the chosen one, what to offer and in what spirit? The reply is : offer the best of yourself. In what spirit? In all reverence and humility! Srimati, the Nati, could offer only her dance and music to the Lord because she was at her best in dancing and singing. Before the hour of offering she sang :

I bring no woodland flower,
No fruit for worship meet,
No jar of holy water
To offer at Thy feet.
But in my slender body poured
The streams of my heart are free.
In music and in gestures shines
My worship, Lord, of Thee.

The occasion and the context are different but the relationship and the wish are similar. The present modest volume containing articles, poems and plays by the Members of the Staff of Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, is inspired by the esteem and affection in which they hold Principal Harish Chandra, their Guide, Philosopher and Friend. It is offered in all humility to mark his 63rd Birthday and as a token of their appreciation of the meritorious services rendered by him to the College ever since its inception and his unwavering interest in the welfare of the Staff and the students. The contributors and their colleagues will always pray for many returns of the happy day and wish Principal Harish Chandra an uninterrupted span of life full of work, happiness and honour. They earnestly hope that their humble offering will be accepted in the spirit in which it is made.

“Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also !
Poor the speech, be how I speak, for all things.”

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

(1832-1904)

By Shri R. K. Sud

British poet, scholar and a journalist, was born on June 10, 1832, and was educated at the King's school, Rochester; King's College, London, and the University College, Oxford, where in 1852 he gained the Newdigate prize for a poem on Belshazzar's Feast. He went out to India as the Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona. Returning to England in 1861 he joined the Staff of *The Daily Telegraph*, with which he continued to be associated for more than 40 years. He was a brilliant journalist, full of ideas and of enthusiasm for his work. Nevertheless he was best known to his contemporaries as a poet, author of *The Light of Asia*, or *The Great Renunciation*, (1879), an Indian epic... The suggested analogy between Sakyamuni and Christ offended the taste of some devout Christians. This probably suggested the idea of a second narrative poem of which the central figure should be the founder of Christianity, as the founder of Buddhism had been that of the first. But *The Light of the World* (1891), in which the idea took shape, failed to repeat the success attained by the *Light of Asia*. In his later years he resided for some time in Japan, and his third wife was a Japanese lady. In *Seas and Lands* (1891) and *Japanica*

(1892) he gives an interesting study of Japanese life. He also wrote a *History of the Administration of British India under the late Marquis of Dalhousie* (1862-64) besides his Indian works: *The Book of Good Counsels*, from the Sanskrit *Hitopadesa* (1861), *The Indian Song of Songs*, from the Sanskrit of the *Gita Govinda* of Jaydeva (1875), *The Indian Idylls* (1883) and *The Song Celestial* (1885) from the *Mahabhartia*. His works were collected in 8 volumes in 1888. He received K.C.I.E. and C.S.I. He died in 1904 on 24 March.)

— *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

Sir Edwin occupies the foremost position amongst the Anglo-Indian writers and the Orientalists. His Indian works are *The Light of Asia*, *Indian Poetry*, *Indian Idylls*, *The Song Celestial*, *Lotus and Jewel*, *Pearls of the Faith*. *With Sa'di in the Garden* is remarkable for his description of the Taj at Agra, its surroundings and the suburban life alongside the road leading to it. He does not admire its architecture only. He goes into the symbolic significance of it :

A passion, and a worship, and a faith
Writ fast in alabaster, so that Earth

Hath nothing anywhere of mortal toil
 So fine-wrought, so consummate, so
 supreme—
 So beyond praise, Love's loveliest
 monument.

The Taj is not just a mausoleum raised by the Emperor over the grave of the mortal Beauty whom he loved with passion royal but to Eternal Love that binds two lovers with bonds of Faith in Love's Transcendence. . . . Sir Edwin Arnold's descriptions are not pictorial and photographic in the accuracy and wealth of their detail but they are nevertheless very engaging. The exterior and the interior of the Taj are both faithfully sketched. He rounds up the description with the apt remark: 'And all this for love.' The Taj is only one of the places in India which are linked up with the memories of great men and women: Kings, Warriors, Lovers and Saints. A descriptive poem of this type not only preserves the old traditions but also serves to visualize the past as if it were actually living. Sir Edwin's example found many followers. Amongst Indian writers of English verse the sonnets of S.S. Chordia are fine achievements. On a second reading we find that Sir Edwin's poem is really an inventory of architectural details, geometrical curves and cobweb trceries. It contains little of the romantic love which, as remarked above, is enshrined in it. To an Indian poet, say Rabindranath Tagore, the Taj reflects the love of Sa'di: the human love is a stepping stone to the divine love. With the exception of the remark: 'Love is greater than death', Sir Edwin is silent about the

mystic suggestiveness of Love. A good subject is thereby lost to Anglo-Indian poetry. The diction of the poem is stiff and the lines are encumbered.

Lotus and Jewel has in it the following poems: 'In an Indian Temple', 'The Indian Judge', 'A Rajput Nurse', 'The Snake and the Baby', 'From a Sikh Hymn', 'From the Sanskrit Anthology'; 'Basti Singh's Wife', 'Girishma or the Season of Heat' and 'A Queen's Revenge'. Sir Edwin adopted the method of dramatic narrative for interpreting the scriptures of the East. In *With Sa'di in the Garden* he tried to read with his English readers the third Chapter of Sa'di's *Bostan*. The same method is followed in 'An Indian Temple' to study the *Mandukya Upanishad*. He himself is one of the characters: he is the Sahib who

'Lovest our land, and lov'st to tread
 All paths of knowledge.....'

The dancing girl provides the lighter element and an occasion for introducing songs in the style of Thomas Moore of *Lallah Rookh* fame. The Priest instructs the Sahib in the mysteries of the Holy Word *OM*:

"OM is the bow; the Arrow is the soul,
 Brahm is the object: he who shooteth
 straight
 Pierceth the target of the Uttermost,
 And attaineth. 'Meditate OM.' It saith:
 'For, in that mystic light, the knowers
 know
 Brahm without body, parts, or passions—
 Brahm
 Joyful, Eternal, All-embracing, Pure'."

The philosophical implications are vividly explained in the parable of the two parrots. She who eats the fig-fruit is the Human Soul and he who watches her peck is the Soul Divine. Life is the fig-tree and Life's delights are the two sweet fruits.

The arguments in the original text are too intricate to be condensed into a simple narrative.

Sir Edwin comments on the Devdasi system (now happily extinct) and compares the Hindu standards of piety with the Christian :

'Your Indian systems lack
Two points we Westerns boast—the love
of man
For God's love, who hath made him ; and
this law —
That because Right is right we follow
Right.'

The tale of Sita and Balram is quite instructive and is really well told. The conclusion is contested by Ganga and the Priest. It is left to the Sahib to give the judgment :

'The wife did evil, helping life to live
At cost of Love and Fame, dearer than
life :
The husband evil, paying wrongful debt
With coin which none should ask, and no
man give.
And I praise Vittoo, the grain-seller,
Who sinned in heart, yet had such heart
to see
The loveliness of honour.....'

Few of the Indian writers of English Verse have questioned the doctrines laid down in the *Puranas* and other ancient scriptures, though there have been variations from the orthodox

views ; as for example, Toru Dutt questioning the code of asceticism in 'The Royal Ascetic and the Hind' and Tagore, Sri Aurobindo and Harindra Nath Chattopadhyay suggesting variations.

In 'The Indian Judge' Sir Edwin translates the 4th chapter of Manu, Shloka 237, in which emphasis is laid on "Guru-worship, charity, obedience to duty, perseverance, patience, obedience to conscience and retribution." :

'For none
Save Justice leads there ; nor wife,
nor son,
Nor friends, nor kin, nor any other
Save only Justice.'

'A Rajput Nurse' tells the oft-repeated tale of the sacrifice by a nurse of her own infant son to save the life of the heir-apparent of her Chief. The same story is told by Herbert Sherring in his poem entitled '*The Romance of the Twisted Spear*' ; the story of Panna, the nurse.' Rajput history, made available in James Tod's book, 'Annals and Antiquities of Rajastan', has been an un failing and a fertile source to many of our writers. Next to Ashoka and the Buddha, the Rajputs and the Marhattas figure in the historical poems. The tradition, thus set by Sir Edwin, bore ample fruit. The most ambitious specimens are Michael Madhusudan Dutt's poem, 'The Captive Lady' and Sri Aurobindo's poem, 'Baji Prabhou'.

'The Snake and the Baby' is a tale of superstition that the snake does

not bite the child. The myth is fairly common : the snake is an object of worship and on the Nag Panchmi day is widely worshipped. Sarojini Naidu has written one such song.

'The Sikh Hymn' is a literal translation. The Sikh scriptures and history are virtually unexplored regions of material most suitable for heroic verse. Only Guru Govind Singh appears in M. Krishnamurti's poem with the title : 'Guru Govind Singh'.

'Basti Singh's Wife' is a rendering of a Behari folk-song in rhymes and refrain. The theme is popular : the self sacrifice of a wife over the dead body of her husband to save her honour from her brother-in-law. The sad plight of women in widowhood was voiced by Sir Alfred Lyall and more effectively still by Sarojini Naidu in her poem : 'Dirge'.

'Girishma' : 'the season of Heat', is a translation from Kalidasa's *Ritu Sanhara*. It seeks to describe the sensuous atmosphere of Kalidasa's poetry and the grand scenes of love and romance. Heat and dust provide us alternating joy and discomfort but they have always repelled the foreigners. Read, for example, Kipling's poem, 'A Ballad of Burial'.

'A Queen's Revenge' is a narrative from the *Mahabharata* telling how during the last year of their exile Bhima, one of the Pandava brothers, had to kill Senapati Kichaka in order to protect the honour of Draupdi.

This narrative is larded with descriptions of physical beauty and ravishing passion. The nobility of the characters of the Queen and Draupdi is fully stressed. Draupdi is no longer the helpless insignificant creature she was in Sir William Jones' poem, 'The Enchanted Fruit'. Her address to the Court is dignified. It shows the stuff of which ancient Indian women were made. Her words are a challenge to the sense of chivalry of all those who were present in the Court :

'Dishonoured are ye all,
Not knowing right, nor virtue !.....
infamous
The throne ye serve ; and ye who serve
the throne.

For a close parallel read Rabindranath Tagore's *The Fugitive* : 'The Mother's Prayer' and 'Karna and Kunti'. These poems recall to our minds the Greek heroines of tragedy, say Antigone and Electra. The combat scene between Bhima and Kichaka is narrated in as masterly a manner as the combat between Sohrab and Rustum by Matthew Arnold in his epic poem with the same title. Sir Edwin's chief contribution to Anglo-Indian verse was to open the whole range of Heroic India. It is quite strange that Indian writers of English verse did not develop the gift for dramatic narrative displayed by Sir Edwin in more than one of his translations. Toru Dutt's ballads in her book of poems, *The Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, is a happy exception. When we read these few ballads we sigh and say : "if she could have lived a little longer !"

In 'Secret of Death' Sir Edwin reverted to explaining in verse the philosophy of the *Katho Upanishad*. His attitude is one of deep reverence and faith, possibly, on account of the difficult nature of the subject. His method is similar to that which he had followed in 'In An Indian Temple', that is, of mixing up his expository comments with citations from the original text and their meanings. In 'The Light of Asia', he adopted a different method. He selected a narrator to tell the story of the life of the Buddha and his Gospel. This method had its advantages. Howsoever enthusiastically and sympathetically he might have admired the Buddha's personality and teachings, being a foreigner, he could not have identified himself with the credulous disciple in the matter of miracles and marvels with which the narrative is studded. The *Katho Upanishad* related how Nachiketa learnt the secret of Death from Lord Yama himself. The essence of the Supreme knowledge about Brahma is expressed by Sir Edwin at considerable length :

"He who Alone, Undifferenced, unites
 With Nature, making endless difference,
 Producing and receiving all which seems,
 Is Brahm !
 He is the Unseen Spirit which informs
 All subtle essences ! He flames in fire,
 He shines in Sun and Moon, Planets and
 Stars !
 He bloweth with the winds, rolls with the
 waves,
 He is Prajapati, that fills the worlds !
 He is the man and woman, youth and
 maid !
 The babe born, the withered ancient,
 propped

Upon his staff ! He is whatever is,—
 The black bee, and the tiger, the fish,
 The green bird with red eyes, the tree,
 the grass.
 The cloud that hath the lighting in its
 womb,
 The seasons, and the seas ! By Him
 they are,
 In Him begin and end !

We may compare Emerson's poem: 'Brahma', A.E.'s poem: 'OM' and Sri Aurobindo's poem: 'AHANA'. OM is the word that signifies and symbolizes Brahm. Accordingly, Swami Ram Tirath adopted it as a name for himself to indicate his perfect merger in the Brahm. This jewel-idea of the Upanishads, obtained by Sir Edwin by hard and painstaking study, is, however, cognate with the breath of the Indians. They suck it, as the saying goes, with their mothers' milk at the time of their births. It is their cultural heritage. Even when the Indian writers of English verse did not follow the expository methods of Sir Edwin they did not neglect the aim and essence of it. The poems and plays of Harindranath Chattopadhyay, for instance, provide a veritable feast of philosophical matter.

'The Rajput's Wife' is a tale of the well-reputed Rajput bravery and strategy. 'The Rajah's Ride' is a Punjabi song that celebrates the daring of Ranjeet Dehu, the dare-devil rider. 'A Bahari Mill Song', 'Hindu Funeral Song', 'Song of the Snake Charmers' and 'Song of the Flour-mill'—depict the common man and his commonplace activities. Sarojini Naidu brought a greater

sympathy to bear on such topics ; consequently, there is more freshness in her songs than we find in Sir Edwin's.

'The Great Journey', 'The Entry into Heaven', 'The Enchanted Lake', 'The Saint's Temptation', 'The Birth of Death', 'The Night of Slaughter' and the more popular stories of 'Savitri' and 'Nala and Damayanti' are taken from the epic, *The Mahabharata*. In addition, we have from the same source his translation in blank verse, with lyrical patches interspersed, of the Bhagavad-Gita under the title : *The Song Celestial*.

In his Preface Sir Edwin remarks that the *Bhagavad-Gita* is regarded by the Indians as one of the "Five Jewels", enfolding, as it does, "a philosophical system which remains to this day the prevailing Brahmanic belief, blending as it does the doctrines of Kapila, Patanjali, and the Vedas." He admits, agreeing with Schegel, that "its declarations are lofty, its aspirations sublime, its piety pure and tender". He was attracted by it not only because of its intrinsic merits but also by the parallelism between its teachings and those of the *Old Testament*. He is inclined to believe that it was composed "at about the third century after Christ ; and perhaps there are really echoes in this Brahmanic poem of the lessons of Galilee, and of the Syrian incarnation." It had been translated earlier in many languages of the world, including English, and that was a challenge for Sir Edwin to re-attempt the task of

another translation. "English Literature", he remarked, "would certainly be incomplete without possessing in popular form a poetical and philosophical work so dear to India." It is no exaggeration to say that his version reads well and smoothly. The blank verse reaches its perfection when he describes the distress of Arjuna who stands paralysed in will before the two hosts :

Krishna ! as I behold, come here to shed
Their common blood, yon concourse of
our kin,
My members fail, my tongue dries in my
mouth,
A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
Bristles with horror ; from my weak hand
slips
Gandiv, the goodly bow ; a fever burns
My skin to parching ; hardly may I
stand ;
The life within me seems to swim and
faint ;
Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail !

But his lyrical 'breaks' are far better. We atonce feel the difference in the following lines and the lines quoted above, the subject being the same :

Better to live on beggar's bread
With those who love alive,
Than taste their blood in rich feasts
spread,
And guiltily survive !
Ah ! were it worse.....who knows ?
to be
Victor or vanquished here,
When those confront us angrily
Whose death leaves living drear ?

We can remember the latter set of lines but the former are difficult to learn and recite. On certain occa-

sions, however, even the blank verse lines are facile ; for example, Lord Krishna's exposition :

Never the spirit was born ; the spirit shall
cease never to be ;
Never was time it was not ; End and
Beginning are dreams !
Birthless and deathless and changeless
remaineth the spirit for ever ;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead
though the house of it seems.

Or, the lines adopted by the
College as its motto :

Find full reward
Of doing right in right ! Let right deeds
be
Thy motive, not the fruit which comes
from them.
And live in action ! Labour ! Make
thine acts
Thy piety, casting all self aside,
Contemning gain and merit ; equable
In good or evil : equability
Is Yog, is piety.

With rippling verve the lines run
in which Sir Edwin refers to the
famous doctrine of Incarnation :

When Righteousness
Declines, O Bharata ! when Wickedness
Is strong, I rise, from age to age, and
take
Visible shape, and move a man with men,
Succouring the good, thrusting the evil
back,
And setting Virtue on her seat again.

To be a Milton or a Keats in
'Hyperion' was beyond Sir Edwin for
the obvious reason that he was not a
born poet like them. Nevertheless,
his effort at versification is laudable.
The object of doing so is still more so:
"to make available to his country-

men in popular form a poetical and
philosophical work so dear to India."
He dedicated the book to India with
the following words :

So have I read this wonderful and spirit-
thrilling speech,
By Krishna and Prince Arjuna held,
discoursing each with each;
So have I writ its wisdom here,—its
hidden mystery,
For England ; O our India ! as dear to
me as She !

The above dedication is in Sanskrit.
These words remind us of Robert
Bridges' poem : 'England to India'.
Sri Aurobindo utilized the teachings
of the *Bhagavad-Gita* in 'Ahana'
and Thadani translated the popular
Cantos in 'Krishna's Flute'.

In the stories selected by Sir Edwin
from *The Mahabharata* he always select-
ed a leading figure round whom the
action centred. It was through him
that he studied the ancient culture of
India. Of the Pandavas, Yudhishtira
was his favourite. Amongst women
he adored Savitri, Damyanti and
Draupdi. They were good, in addition
to being grand, heroic and intensely
human. 'The Saint's Temptation' is
very closely rivalled by Rabindranath
Tagore's poem, *Lover's Gift*, 'No. 60 !'
'The Night of Slaughter' discloses the
darkest page in ancient Indian history
and chivalry. The rules of war for-
bade any fighting at night, espionage,
ambush or sabotage. The son of
Drona is tempted to kill his enemies
under the cover of darkness. For the
horror of the deed we need to go to
the Greek tragedy of *Ajax* by Sopho-

cles. The tale of 'Savitri' suggests comparison with the rendering of Romesh Chandra Dutt and the ballad of Toru Dutt. 'Nala and Damyanti' is the longest narrative poem that Sir Edwin selected for translation from *The Mahabharata*. We in this country adore and cite the names of Sita, Savitri and Damyanti as the stars of Indian womanhood and models for our sisters, mothers and wives. If in the case of Savitri Love triumphed over Death (as it did in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice); in the case of Damyanti it triumphed over Fate and the angry gods. Damyanti's loyalty, steadfastness, patience, beauty and tact leave nothing to be desired by Sir Edwin. Such characters are difficult to be matched in other literatures.

His translations of the proverbial sayings from *The Hitopadesha* find their echo in Tagore's apothegems collected by him under the happy title: *Stray Birds*, and in V.N. Bhushan's collection of poems: *Silhouettes*.

In 'The Indian Song of Songs'—a verse translation of Jaydeva's *Gita Govinda* in Sanskrit,—Sir Edwin had a real trial of his skill at versification. The task was more difficult than ever before. He had not only to convey the lyrical passion but also the suggested and implied symbolism. At the same time he had to keep out the lasciviousness of the original; atleast, to keep it undertoned. For that purpose he had to suppress parts of the original poem and sometimes differ entirely. The pastoral romance of Jaydeva's *Gita Govinda* is the subject

of Puran Singh's prose version in *The Spirit of Oriental Poetry* and Thadani's 'Radha and Krishna'. Its mystic significance: the yearning of the human soul for the Infinite Soul—the wedding of the bride and the Bridegroom—is an ever-recurring theme in the poems of our writers. Most of the songs of Tagore should be read in this light. In English poetry Francis Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven' is a masterpiece of the same pattern.

When all has been said, it is by *The Light of Asia* or *The Great Renunciation* (Mahabhinishkhrmana) that Sir Edwin will stand or fall as a writer of verse. It is the life and teaching of Gautama, the Buddha, that he picks up for his *magnum opus*. He made Prince Gautama famous outside India to the same degree as Fitzgerald made Omar Khyyam famous outside Persia. In his Preface he wrote: "It was inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West". He was drawn by the personality of the Buddha: "the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought." Buddhism, to him, is a "venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom." "He put his poem into an imaginary Buddhist's mouth, because to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which

consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced." He had certain mental reservations—I would not call them prejudices incidental to his being a Christian and a Western—but, it must be said to his credit that he overrode them and wrote the book. "His purpose," he wrote, was to give to his readers a "just conception.....of the lofty character of the noble Prince, and the general purport of his doctrines." He succeeded admirably in the ambitious task he set for himself.

In writing *The Light of Asia* Sir Edwin was in fact completing the saga of ancient Indian character. The type of noble women and learned men found their complement in the Buddha. "The perfect purity and tenderness of the teacher, the truest princely qualities, the intellect of a sage and a passionate devotion of a martyr—such was the unique conglomeration of the ancient coveted qualities of this Indian character. The legends about the Buddha's miraculous birth, mental equipment, and the power of healing the sick; the luxurious life in the palace, the oriental pageants and street scenes and almost virgin Nature provided a colourful tapestry to weave the narrative in. Here is the scene of festivities on the sacred and auspicious occasion of the Buddha's birth :

The King gave order that his town should
keep
High festival; therefore the ways were
swept,
Rose-odours sprinkled in the street, the
trees

Were hung with lamps and flags, while
merry crowds
Gaped on the sword-players and posturers,
The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-
walkers,
The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts,
and bells
That chime light laughter round their
restless feet ;

Highlight of description is reached in the description of the Buddha's palaces; particularly of the ante-chamber :

.....there beyond the gate the chamber
was.
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through
windows fell,
Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film,
On golden cloths outspread, and silken
beds,
And heavy splendour of the purdah's
fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.....

The languorous, luscious and lascivious night scene in the young Prince's palace is sketched in full details to be matched in the Persian tales and Moore's description of the palace of the veiled Prophet of Khorasan.

With careless grace they lay, their soft
brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy
hair
Bound back with gold or flowers, or
flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape
and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy
toils,
Theys leapt, no wearier than jewelled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under
wing

Fold head, till morn birds sing and love again.

Equally graphic is the description of the street scene :

The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced-chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes.....

These additional bits thrown into the narrative make it all the more readable and immensely 'popular'. His skill at narrative can be assessed in the stories of the Buddha told in the poem. Such, for example, are the episodes of the swans in dispute between Siddhartha and his brother, Devadutta; of the woman who brought her dead child to be restored to life and of Sujata, the adorer. Description, narration and portraiture were set off by captivating dramatic dialogue between Siddhartha and his charioteer, Channa :

"Come such ills unobserved?" the Prince inquired.
And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,

Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send."
"Then all men live in fear?"
"So they live, Prince."
"And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall
wake?'"
"None say it."

To me the noblest lines are those in which Sir Edwin revealed the mind of Siddhartha standing on the verge of self-realization: the realization of the supreme purpose of his birth on the earth :

"Oh ! suffering world ;
Oh ! known and unknown of my common
flesh.
Caught in this common net of death and
woe,
And life which binds to both ! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst ;
.....
.....The veil is rent
Which blinded me ! I am all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not
heard ;
Or are not heeded - yet there must be aid !
.....
.....I would not let one cry
Whom I could save. How can it be that
Brahm
Would make a world and keep it misera-
ble,
Since, if, all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God ?

This is what Mrs. Browning would call "the apocalypse of the soul." The doubting Siddhartha passed

through flesh-killing austerities and meditation under the Bodhi-tree to the stage of Enlightenment and Nirvana. Sir Edwin leads his readers through these stages with the faith of the narrator-Buddhist disciple. The doctrine-part of the poem does not come up to the level of excellence of the rest of the poem for the obvious reason that poetry does not preach morals.

Sir Edwin's readers owe to him a great debt of gratitude for 'discovering' ancient India's nobility and, having 'discovered' it, presenting it to them in such sweet style. He 'popularized' oriental literature. He also set a

tradition for future writers, both Western and Eastern. India was not only exotic but also great. Nobility of character is every where adored and cherished. The Greek tragedy may have to offer us grand characters but Indian literature is rich in noble characters. To Sir Edwin it had an irresistible appeal. Accordingly, he "loved India and the Indian people" and wrote *The Indian Song of Songs*, *The Indian Idylls* and *The Light of Asia* to preserve his memory. His poems are a testimony to his greatness, his scholarship and his devotion to learning.

SOME ODD BIRDS OF THE WORLD

By Shri R.P. Budhiraja

Birds constitute a rich and varied world, and afford a fascinating subject for study. One need not be a naturalist to watch and study their ways provided one gives close attention and profound sympathy to the winged community. Most books on bird life are foreign and it is a pity that though a study of bird life does not require any elaborate equipment or any laboratory instruments, even our naturalists have been rather indifferent towards an original or on-the-spot study of the vast panorama that bird life unfolds before us.

Broadly speaking the birds to be

found all the world over can be grouped into well-defined categories and it is not very difficult to assign particular species to different families of birds, though here and there we come across types that are so odd and peculiar that they cannot be grouped into any class, having no close relationship to any one class or family of existing birds, though they show points of affinity with many. They appear to be either primitive forms that reached their limit of evolution millions of years ago, or represent forms that were evolved along lines entirely different to those of the vast majority.

The bird with a repulsive odour

The American continent occupies the pride of place for the unusual type of birds found there. A notable example of such birds is the *Hoatzins*. This bird is a sort of living fossil of which the young have wing-hooks. Everything about this bird is strange, even down to its feeding-habits and distribution. Hoatzins live in colonies and lead a sort of stay-at-home life. They hardly move from one place to another and their food lacks all variety, consisting mostly of particular leaves. They are striking birds with a prominent crest. The Hoatzins give off a peculiar musky odour which seems to be the chief cause of its survival, for had it not been for this repulsive smell, this bird from its sluggishness would have been the greatest target of man. The wing-hooks found only in young birds, enable them to hang on to branches and thus clamber over the Pimpler thorn bushes, in which the nests are situated. The latter are always built over water, and the one peculiarity of the young is that they are adept at diving and swimming and can regain the tree tops by climbing with their feet and wing-hooks, while the grown-up birds lead an entirely arboreal existence.

The oil-bird

Another queer bird with unusual habits is found in South-America. It is the *Oil-Bird*. It is a nocturnal bird. It sleeps during the day in caverns where it also nests. It is a highly gregarious bird and feeds on fruits, or nuts, of certain palm trees, which it

swallows whole. Such a restricted diet is unusual in any bird but it is even more remarkable to find a nocturnal bird subsisting solely on fruits and nuts. The bird gets its name from the fact that its young are covered with masses of yellow fat. It is for this fat that they are much sought after by the natives who enter the caves in the breeding season and dislodge the young ones from their nests with long poles to which are fixed torches and hooks. The young birds are then melted down for their fat.

A rare-bird

Africa has no unusual birds to present in spite of the rich variety of its winged life, except for the Picathartes. It is a sort of a large crow in outward appearance. It is a rare bird. The nest of this bird, owing to its large size, collapses easily when wet, hence the necessity of an overhanging rock face to keep off the rain. Such places are distinctively rare, which accounts for the bird's own rarity.

A hewer

The *Hiua* of New Zealand is another odd kind of bird. The most remarkable thing about it is a substantial difference in the bills of the two sexes; a divergence so great that at first sight one is tempted to think that the two belong to totally different families. The beak of the male is straight and sharply pointed while the female has a long sickle-shaped bill. This bird lives on food consisting chiefly of larvae of beetles found in rotting woods. Between them the

male and female supplement each other in finding their food. While the male hews and chisels the female probes into the rotten wood. In other words, while the male chips off, the female probes to get at the hidden larvae.

The Owl Parrot

The *Kakapo*, a true parrot that appears remarkably like an owl, is found in New-Zealand. It is a nocturnal bird and, though it possesses fairly large and strong wings, it cannot fly. This bird is a vegetarian, feeding mainly on mosses and grasses. It is extremely fat. It seems to have few chances of survival, because in most districts cats and dogs have become feral.

The Elegant Bower-birds

The Bower-birds construct bowers or play-grounds, and in so doing display a remarkable sense of artistry that would seem to indicate a sense of aestheticism. The bower consists of a platform of twigs from which two paralld walls of sticks rise to a height of a foot or more. An arch is usually built upon these walls so that a partly covered run is formed and a space is cleared around the bower from which all unsightly and offending material is removed. The various species of bower-birds display a remarkable variation in tastes for different colours when gathering flowers and shells with which they decorate their bowers. They also differ widely in their anatomy, colour of plumage, colour of their eggs and the style of

the bowers that they construct. Apart from its artistry in bower building it is an intelligent sprightly bird, always small and tightly feathered and is a wonderful mimic.

The bower-birds are found in a rich variety. The golden bower-bird easily surpasses its rivals in the dimensions of its bower—a veritable skyscraper. The gardener bower-bird is another variety that builds a shapely circular structure composed of orchid stems and twigs and covered with moss. On the open side of this “hut” a lawn of mosses is laid and decorated daily with fresh flowers which are replaced when withered. It is certainly a bird to which beauty has a strong and an abiding appeal.

The Lyre-bird

Australians are proud of the many strange forms of life peculiar to their country, and not the least of these is the Lyre-bird which has become a national emblem. ‘His power of mimicry has thrilled all those who have been fortunate enough to hear him pouring out the call-notes of all the familiar forest-dwelling birds. In his repertoire may also be included the barking of a dog, the ring of a woodman’s axe, the cracking of trees rubbing together, and the buzzing of the circular saw.

The Vigilant Trumpeters

One of the best known of South America’s odd birds is the trumpeter. The bird gets its name from its pec-

uliar trumpeting cry, which is produced through a specially modified wind-pipe. The trumpeters have very feeble flight, and normally do not take to air except when disturbed or going to roost, which they do in the trees.

It is an impressive sight to see pet trumpeters wandering at large in the villages of the South American aboriginal Indians, where they often consort with fowls, but in spite of their tameness and confiding ways, they are quite fearless and will attack almost anything in the way of an intruder. In this respect they make good watchdogs and they will chase any hawk that swoops down upon young chickens. It is amazing to see a trumpeter, otherwise quite friendly towards fowls, put an immediate stop to a cock-fight by attacking both the combatants.

The Unusual hatcher

Man alone does not know the technique of artificial incubation. The eggs of Megapodes, inhabitants of the Australasian region and neighbouring islands, are not incubated in the normal way, but are either placed in a mound of decaying vegetation and incubated by the heat of the fermenting vegetable matter or placed in sand where they are incubated by the heat from the sun's rays.

The foregoing is in no way an exhaustive or even a comprehensive list of the interesting birds to be found all over the world. The brief account given of some of the varieties of the avian world is enough to reveal the fascinating nature of the study of bird-life and the rich reward it holds out in the fields of fresh knowledge and discovery.

A Folk Tale of Sind : Nuri-Jam Tamachi

By Shri S.M. Jhangiani

Folk-tales are the life and soul of a community, and the Sindhi has as big a treasure of them as any other community in India. A large number of Sindhi folk-tales is versified and was sung by bards and *minstrels* on different occasions. Quite a few still remain popular and are sung. The tales of Umar-Marui, Lila-Chanesar, Nuri-Jam Tamachi, Moomal-Rano and many more are

still popular throughout the length and breadth of Sind. The folk-tale of Nuri-Jam Tamachi, however, has a beauty of its own. The rustic beauty, combined with modesty and simplicity, of a low caste girl, Nuri, won her the affection of king Jam Tamachi of the Sama dynasty, who ruled over Sind in the fourteenth century A. D., with Thatta as his Capital.

It is stated that once when the King went for a stroll to a nearby lake. Kinjhar by name, he suddenly came across a bewitching beauty surpassing the resplendent moon. She was simple but attractive, with bright shining eyes and the King fell in love with her at first sight. He enquired about the girl's parentage from the fishermen, who were the sole inhabitants of the area, and was surprised to learn that she was the daughter of the Head-fisherman. The fishermen were usually dirty and ugly people and smelt fish of all the time. Their children roamed about naked and swam in the lake like others. But Nuri was always neat and dressed in white.

Tamachi sent for her father and sought her hand in marriage. The fisherman was overjoyed at this proposal and readily agreed. The King distributed silver and gold among the residents. He also gave them the Kinjhar lake as a gift.

Nuri was happily married to Jam but, despite all honour done to her and the royal status, she refused to be puffed up with pride. On being flattered, she would humbly submit that she owed all to the King, her Lord, who by his grace had honoured her, otherwise she was nothing but a mine of faults.

To establish Nuri's modesty and humility, the King, one day, sent a word to all his consorts to get ready for an evening drive. He, however, added that he would take only one

of them; the one who attracted him the most. The proud queens put on their richest robes and costly jewellery but surprisingly enough, Nuri preferred to wear the same old attire which she had put on when she first won the King's heart. On asking the reason for such simplicity, Nuri replied that her husband was her sole beauty; as such there was no room left for any make up. There was, however, a glow of love and affection in her eyes. The other queens looked down upon her but the King was so much attracted by her simple charm and natural personality that he straightaway walked to her and locked her in his embrace. Soon after, she became the Queen of queens.

It was but natural that Nuri's popularity with Jam Tamachi should arouse envy in the inmates of the royal harem. As time passed they started dinning into the King's ears all sorts of complaints against Nuri. The wise King, however, paid no heed to any of them.

Once Nuri's brother brought her a plateful of fried fish. Keeping her original and present status in view, Nuri lifted the lid of a box and placed the fish there for the time being and to take it afterwards undetected. Queen Naurangi—one of the rival queens, who was always on the look-out—saw from her window Nuri opening the box. Suspecting that she was giving away some gold and jewels to her (poor) brother as pecuniary help, she called one of her confidants and after a few minutes' secret talk

reported the theft of her necklace to the ruler. Though the King doubted her bonafides, yet a thorough search of Nuri's apartment could not be avoided under the circumstances. The King conducted it personally and, as expected, only the plateful of fried fish was found from inside the box. When asked by the King to explain whence came the fish, Nuri humbly replied that it was a gift from her poor parents and she prized it more than gold or any other precious article. She added that in order that she might be constantly reminded of her birth and low caste, she had, in fact, asked her brother to bring her fish once a month on the full moon day so that she might eat fish on that day and wear her old garments.

The necklace was subsequently found with the help of a maid servant, named Ratti, who told the King that it was kept under Nuri's cot by Huzuri, the maid servant of Naurangi, at her instigation. The incident, as such, enhanced the King's love for Nuri.

This tale of Nuri-Jam Tamachi has something in common with a story in

the "Mahabharata" wherein, while going along the bank of the river Jamuna, Raja Prashar is said to have met a beautiful fisher girl, Satyawati by name. He fell in love with her, married her and had a son by her, named Vyas, who is known to us as Rishi Ved Vyas, the distinguished composer of the Vedas.

Nuri's humility, on the other hand, reminds us of Ayaz, Sultan Mahmud's favourite slave boy, who used to retire to a corner every night, sit on a simple mattress and put on tattered clothes to keep himself reminded of his low birth.

Shah Abdul Latif, the greatest mystic poet of Sind, has interpreted this tale in a wonderful way. He has compared Jam-Tamachi with God who knows no pride and favours the humble and modest creatures like Nuri. The question of birth or profession does not count with Him. Verily, in the words of the famous poet, Sadi; "Humility is the characteristic of those who attain perfection, for, when the rider reaches his goal, he gets down."

BALANCED DIET

By

S. Chaudhry

These are the days of food scarcity. Practically, every one in India feels the effects of food shortage. Mal-

nutrition, the attendant diseases and epidemics are leaving a tragic trail of human misery behind.

Food is a source of energy and all over required energy has to be derived from food. Due to ceaseless working of the heart, lungs, brain, liver and kidneys, the tissues get worn out and these have to be rebuilt by proper type of food.

If the diet is well-balanced, digestible, assimilable and brings a sense of satisfaction and well-being, the nutrition of the body is well maintained. In its absence the normal functioning of the body-mechanism gets a set back. In planning your daily diet protein foods are of primary importance. Proteins are the builders of the body. These proteins can be derived from vegetables, soya beans, nuts, wheat and especially from wheat germ (*dalia*). If a few eggs and milk are added to these proteins, better results can be obtained.

Next to proteins come fats, carbohydrates and minerals which can be found in fresh leafy vegetables and fruits etc. All these are equally important for keeping the body in proper order. Unfortunately, our daily food is presented to us in packets, bottles and tins, refrigerated, chemically treated and even adulterated. Such commercialized products of to-day are dangerous for health. Fresh fruits and green vegetables are

essential in much larger quantities than are actually used, if health is to be maintained and in some cases to be regained. If you want to derive the maximum benefit from the food you eat, quite apart from the quantity you eat, it must be as pure, as natural and as unspoilt as possible. If you want bread, for instance, then let it be a bread containing whole wheat, not just pure starch. Again, if you want butter or ghee—and you should have it—then let it be real butter; not the adulterated product sold as butter. Do not think that because something tastes nice, it is, therefore, good food. If you want to go out to dinner sometimes—order simple dishes; they will be less harmful.

Excessive drinking of stimulants *i.e.*, tea and coffee etc. has bad effects upon the system and leads to numerous dietetic troubles in the long run. A cup of light tea, once a day, with a little sugar will do no harm. The drinking of any liquid, even water, along with meals, is not a very good habit. It interferes with the digestive process by diluting the digestive juices. The best time to drink water is one or two hours afterwards. Thus the saying: “your health is made or marred in the kitchen”, contains nothing but truth.

The Zonal Councils - An Experiment

By Shri V.N. Khanna

The Constitution of the Republic of India is unique in many respects. The framers of the Constitution studied the working of many important constitutions of the world before finalizing the pattern of the Government of India. The fathers of the Constitution could not give it a final shape due to circumstances and left certain matters to be finalized later.

India is a Union of States. It is a federation. During the British days the country was a unitary State. Though the Govt. of India Act, 1935, had envisaged a federation yet the circumstances never permitted the establishment of a federal government. Provinces were granted autonomy but the condition laid down in the Act that the federation would not be inaugurated unless at least half of the total number of native States (also at least half the population of all the native States) agreed to join. The states did not show any enthusiasm and consequently the Act of 1919 remained in force at the Centre right upto the day of Independence—with, of course, certain alterations.

The Indian Independence Act, 1947, divided British India into two parts, viz., Dominion of India and of Pakistan. The paramountcy of the Crown over the Indian Native States was allowed to lapse and the states

were left free either to join India or Pakistan or to declare their independence. That was a very awkward position for India, inasmuch as there were about 600 such States. If these States declared their independence, what would be the position of India. This was the supreme thought in the minds of Indian statesmen. Some people felt the British Government had purposely done that because they wanted to show that Indians were unable to run the administration.

It was India's good luck that we had such a noble and able leader as Sardar Patel at the helm of affairs at that time. The 'Iron Man' immediately realized the situation and started negotiations with the Princes. He convinced them that it was in the interest of both the Princes and the country that the native States should merge with the rest of India. The Home Minister achieved remarkable success and within a couple of months all but three States (Hyderabad, Kashmir and Junagadh) had joined India. The 'Balkanization' was not allowed in the country. The nation was saved from a very big disaster. Big States were merged as single units (e. g. Mysore) and others were either merged with the neighbouring provinces or they were allowed to form their unions (like Rajasthan) and such Unions were made units of the Federation.

Constitution-making was in progress and the fathers thought it fit to establish a federation on the following lines. The provinces, States and Unions of States were all given the title 'States' and these 'States' became parts of India. But all the States were divided into four categories, viz.,

Part 'A' States — All the former British India provinces, such as U.P., Punjab, Bombay,

Part 'B' States — The bigger native States as Mysore, Hyderabad and Unions of States, like Rajasthan.

Part 'C' States — Former Chief Commissioners' Provinces like Delhi and some native States, as Bhopal.

Part 'D' States — The Andaman & Nicobar Islands.

There is a division of powers and the Union Government is competent to administer subjects of All India importance and others are administered by the State Governments. Certain subjects were put under concurrent jurisdiction. Part C & D States were directly administered by the Union Government.

But this was not the final system. Certain States were as big as U.P. or Bombay and others were as small as Coorg or Ajmer. The head of an 'A'

State was a Governor whereas 'B' States were under Rajpramukhs. In 1953, the then Home Minister, Dr. Katju, announced the appointment of a three-man "States Re-organization Commission" under the chairmanship of Justice Fazl Ali. The Commission recommended the abolition of the existing categories of States and created smaller number of composite States for the sake of better and less expensive administration and better linguistic divisions of the country. After prolonged discussions the Parliament finally passed the S.R. Act, 1956. The institution of Rajpramukhs was abolished. Smaller States were merged with bigger ones. Certain States were broken up and parts merged with other States. Ultimately 14 States were established. Six smaller units were allowed separate existence but they are now known as the 'Union Territories' and are directly administered by the Government of India.

All this has been done to give a proper shape to the Union of India. The biggest problem of India is lack of unity. It is this problem which has always brought disaster to the country. This problem is once again visible in the country. The country is unfortunately developing a multi-party system. The existence of governments of different parties in the States and at the Centre cannot be avoided.

The main thing that the leaders kept in mind, naturally, was to establish certain institutions which could create a sense of unity and at the same

time maintain separate entity of the various States.

The division of powers as laid down by the Constitution has given a very strong position to the Centre. The appointment of State Governors by the Union President and assumption of Emergency powers establish the supreme position of the Union Government. The leaders of the Government, while introducing the States Reorganization Bill, must have thought of still further strengthening Central control over the States and to bring about inter-State cooperation. That is why a new political institution, viz., 'Zonal Councils' has been established. This is a new experiment in the science of Government. Never before in any country such an institution has been tried. This is something which maintains States' autonomy and yet increases Central control.

The fourteen States of the Union have been grouped up together in five areas ; in other words, the Union has been divided into five zones. They are :—

1. The Northern :— Comprising of the States of Punjab, Rajasthan and Jammu & Kashmir and the Union territories of Delhi & Himachal Pradesh.

2. The Central Zone—Uttar Pradesh and Madhya Pradesh States.

3. The Eastern Zone—Assam, West Bengal, Bihar & Orissa and the Union Territories of Manipur and Tripura.

4. The Western Zone—Bombay and Mysore.

5. The Southern — Andhra Pradesh, Madras and Kerala.

A Zonal Council has been established for each Zone but it must be made clear that these Councils are not Governments in any way. They are coordinating agencies between the Centre and the different States within a Zone. They don't have any force as such. They are advisory bodies. Whatever is decided—it may be a majority decision—is rather a recommendation to the Governments of the States within that Zone. The Governments are free to accept the decisions or not.

Let us see the composition of these Councils. Each Council consists of the following :—

- (A) Chief Ministers of the States within that Zone.
- (B) Two other Ministers from each State within the Zone (nomi-

nated by the respective Governors)

- (C) One Union Minister nominated by the President ; and
- (D) two persons nominated by the President, from each Union territory in case there is a Union territory within a Zone.

Besides these members each Council has certain advisers viz. Chief Secretary of each State, Development Commissioner of each State within the Zone and a nominee of the Planning Commission.

The Union Minister, nominated by the President, is always the Chairman of the Council and the Chief Ministers of States within the Zone are Vice-Chairmen for one year by rotation. As far as practicable meetings take place in the capitals of the respective States by rotation.

At present the Union Home Minister, Pt. G. B. Pant, is the nominee of the President on all the five Councils and hence he presides over the meetings of these Councils. This is a very important factor, because if the Union Home Minister is the Chairman of the Council, he will certainly try (he may not be successful) to see that the views of the Union Government are accepted by the various States. Particularly if the same party is running the administration both in the States concerned and at the Centre, it is obvious that the centre will make the States agree to its proposals. More-

over, there is always a representative of the Planning Commission as adviser to the Council. He can also influence the decision, to howsoever small a degree this may be, of the Council in accordance with the policy of the Union Government and the Planning Commission.

The primary function of the Zonal Councils is coordination, and cooperation in the development programmes of different States within a Zone. The scheme has got its utility from the economic point of view. I do not deny this fact. But this article is written from the Political (and Constitutional) point of view. Looking from this angle one cannot help feeling that it is a clear step in the direction of strengthening the already strong Centre. There can be a difference of opinion on this point but I feel that the presence of the Union Home Minister does influence the State Ministers, to agree to certain views of the centre. If there is one State in a Zone which has a Communist Government, as in Kerala, and the other two States have Congress Governments and the Union Home Minister is a Congress Leader, in that case it is very difficult to take a unanimous decision and if a decision is taken by majority and Kerala accepts the views against its wishes (though the States are free to ignore a majority or even a unanimous decision because after all it is a recommendation) it will mean that India is almost a Unitary State. If, on the other hand, Kerala does not accept this recommendation, then the Zonal Councils seem to be useless institutions because

if only the Congress Governments were to agree to a common programme, it is not due to Zonal Councils but because they belong to the same party.

Actually this is an experiment and we have to wait and see what its fate will be. At present, the Councils are taking unanimous decisions primarily because, except in Kerala, there is the rule of the same party. The Councils at present, do not seem to be of any great importance. The decision taken by certain Councils, e.g., by the Eastern Zone for the establishment of a Common Reserve Police, shows the tendency towards centralization. It

seems that the 14 States will give place to 5 States. But nothing can be said with certainty because the situation might completely change if different parties acquire power in different States.

As things go at present, I feel they are certainly taking the country towards further centralization and strengthening the Unitary elements of our federal policy. As I said, it is an experiment. At least I take it in that sense. Let us see what results do they bring. May be, we may be able to contribute something to the Art and Science of Government. Let us hope for the good.

METHOD IN SCIENCE

Shri V.N. Pasricha

Science in the twentieth century has virtually performed miracles. The tremendous progress made by it has vastly influenced various fields of knowledge, our modes of thinking and in fact the whole of civilization. The advent of nuclear bombs, the firing of inter-continental missiles and the hurling of sputniks in the outer space are some of the startling inventions of far reaching consequence. What is more amazing is not the result of this progress but the rapidity with which this progress has been made. For the last three thousand years or more man has been trying to unravel the secrets of Nature. At no time in the history of science there has been any dearth

of genius. Is there, then, a specific reason as to the astonishing pace of progress of science in this century? The answer is in the affirmative, for what is of great importance in the acquirement of knowledge is the method in science.

It is not easy to define scientific method. It is a collective term denoting various processes by the aid of which sciences are built up. In a wide sense any mode of investigation by which impartial knowledge is acquired may be termed as scientific method. Scientific method does not only mean experimental method. It is

a proper blend of technological and logical method.

The Greeks made progress in various branches of arts and science some 2,500 years ago. Their civilization was one of the most glorious civilizations in the ancient times. However, this civilization declined, followed by the Dark Ages; the downfall being from the scientific point of view mainly due to a defective scientific method. The Greeks were natural philosophers and born thinkers. Although they discarded preconceived ideas and deduced a scientific system from their knowledge of Nature alone, their knowledge was not wholesome. Their method in science was what we call the deductive method. They started from very few facts of common knowledge from which they deduced a principle in terms of which they could explain fundamental problems of life and death, nature of thought and origin of the world. They did not perform a crucial experiment to test a physical theory. The fact of finding a consistent explanation was enough for them and as such their method was weak due to neglect of details.

Aristotle, the great genius of that time, in spite of contributing a lot to society and science (particularly biological sciences) taught some faulty doctrines like 'Nature abhors vacuum' and 'heavy bodies fall sooner than the light ones', without performing any experiment. This hindered the progress of physical sciences for a considerable time to come. Similarly Galen, a noted surgeon of the Roman

period described human anatomy wrongly without dissecting a human body. He asserted that heart distributed pure blood both in arteries and veins, that there was an opening in the interventricular septum in the heart, and that blood flew even in nerves!

Thales, a noted Greek philosopher, predicted correctly a number of solar eclipses without knowing what an eclipse was. He did not even know the nature and position of various heavenly bodies like the sun, the moon, the stars and the various planets including the earth. His findings were based upon a vast experience accumulated over thousands of years and obtained by constant trial and error. Here is an example of wrong method leading to correct results. However, Thales' findings and method could not further solve the mysteries of Nature. The criterion of a correct scientific method is that knowledge acquired through it must give impetus to further acquirement of knowledge.

The world was engulfed in the Dark Ages for more than one thousand years. This was the age of narrow outlook and ignorance dominated by the authority of Aristotle and Galen. The 15th century A. D. saw the spark of the Renaissance. A great genius like Leonardo da Vinci was born and forgotten. Francis Bacon laid down the principles of a new scientific method in his famous work "*Novum Organum*". Thereafter, the minds of the scientists were fired with a new spirit of enquiry. There was a general feeling of not relying upon the

authority of the past but of performing experiments and verifying things for oneself. Copernicus, Tycho Brahe and Kepler created a revolution in astronomy proving that the earth is not the centre of the universe, but revolves round the Sun. Verulini contradicted Galen on the structure of the human body. Harvey, by his impartial findings, discovered the circulation of blood. Galileo's discovery of the laws of falling bodies and Torricelli's discovery of atmospheric pressure were a final blow to Aristotelianism. Newton discovered the law of Universal Gravitation. All these are brilliant examples of the new scientific method. In chemistry, the Phlogiston theory was overthrown by brilliant researches of Lavoisier. Science progressed by leaps and bounds after that with a definite turn towards modernity.

The achievements of the scientists of the 18th and the 19th Centuries have been spectacular, but more important is the method by which they worked. It is their method that has laid the foundations of modern science. This method has finally given shape to what we call modern or 'inductive scientific method'. But for the evolution of this method, famous researches by Pasteur and Koch, and the discovery of penicillin by Fleming would not have been possible. The steps by which science advances and which comprise the modern scientific method are as follows :

1. Observation :-- Careful collection of available facts ;

measurements and calculations.

2. Hypothesis :-- Tentative assumption made from these facts.
3. Experiments :-- Testing of these facts within light of these assumptions and deciding between alternate explanations.
4. Theory :-- A hypothesis confirmed by experiments, takes the shape of a theory which stands the test of time by further confirmation and by deduction of further effects from it. It is tested and re-tested by experiments.

Let me illustrate these steps by a simple example. You observe some water drops outside a glass of cold water. Your curiosity is aroused if this water comes from inside the glass or from outside. You reason, and commonsense tells you that it might come from outside. Now you test this hypothesis by taking a glass of hot water as well. You observe that water appears only on the cold glass. You deduce and theorize that difference of temperature between the atmosphere and cold water causes condensation of water vapours of air on the outside of the cold glass. This is

retested by taking a glass of hot water near steam from a kettle. Water drops appear on the outside of hot glass due to condensation of still hotter vapours. This is a crucial experiment which establishes the truth that the atmosphere contains water vapours which condense on matter when the temperature is lowered. Then you generalize that water goes to the atmosphere from rivers, ponds, drying of clothes etc. under the action of the sun, and helps in cloud formation. These clouds condense on meeting air of low temperature and cause rain.

Every theory requires a control experiment to prove its truth. Columbus discovered America by testing the theory that the earth is round. A model of atom was successfully forwarded by Rutherford according to correct scientific method. Geiger, his pupil, was working on scattering of alpha particles. He found that a thin Aluminium foil universally scattered a considerable number of these particles from a radioactive source by 90 degrees. A strong electric field was needed for such a deflection, and how such an enormous field existed in Aluminium foil baffled Rutherford. He rechecked the experimental results several times and finally came to the conclusion that alpha particles travelling in a straight line and passing through matter did not simply push the atoms aside or swerve to avoid them, but they actually passed through the atoms. This could only be possible if atoms were not solid particles but like a solar system, and the alpha particles must pass through the gap between the

core and the revolving portion of the atom. The hypothesis: that atom consists of a positive nucleus and negative electrons revolve round it, was put forward in 1911. This became a theory to be expressed in the Rutherford-Bohr model of atom. It withstood the test of time explaining many results and phenomena. From experiments to theory, with theory confirmed by experiments, has been the key to the progress of science. In the 'inductive method' one has to measure wings of thousands of flies, and from masses of insignificant facts general principles like the laws of heredity are deduced which are further rigorously checked by experiments.

The history of science teaches us one thing of great importance. To explain certain phenomena, one theory may replace another in the light of new facts, but the experimental results are facts of permanent value. For example, the quantum theory (that particles are wave packets) has given another model of atom which has replaced the Rutherford-Bohr model, because it explains many results better. All the same, this remains an established fact that alpha particles in a thin Aluminium foil are scattered by 90 degrees. This fact will not change with time.

To conclude, scientific method is an exacting discipline which demands that a scientist must not take anything for granted, lay aside all his prejudices, marshal his facts without fear or favour, frame his hypothesis accordingly and verify results.

A TRUE STORY :

(a short story)

By Shri C.L. Nahal

Naresh Kumar was a historian by profession, but an artist by temperament.

He worked as a technical assistant in the National Archives. He was an extremely good scholar and was respected for this by his colleagues and superiors. He was an ideal reader. His bookshelves were stocked, in addition to massive volumes of History, with books on practically all subjects. Most of his spare time was devoted particularly to the study of Literature and Painting, which were his specialities outside his own field. His interest was not confined to mere passive familiarity. He wrote, he drew. Some of his short stories had appeared in well-known periodicals. In the latter field he had even acquired professional reputation of a certain degree as a landscape painter. Already a small exhibition of his paintings had been arranged at the National Archives by a group of his friends; his pictures had won prizes in local competitions. It was obvious that he was a man with a creative imagination.

Few of his friends knew that Naresh Kumar was preoccupied with a strange whim. It was his passion to write stories based on absolute facts. He had been brought up on the faith that this God's universe was full of strange and wonderous things. He, therefore did not see why the literary artist

should have to resort to contrivances and manipulations to please his readers. Whenever he read anything, he could straightaway see where the writer was taking liberties with the theme, twisting things, managing 'effects'. He wondered why nobody had taken events from actual life and put them down as they were. "Facts are stranger than fiction" was not a mere proverb", he believed. Everywhere, all around him, he saw a multiplicity of life, thousands upon thousands of people on the move. Surely, there must be stories, fascinating stories behind their apparently dumb visages. Surely, they must be making history all the time. He made it his ambition to portray things from this river of life, without any addition, or alteration.

He was flabbergasted at the results. Even with the best efforts, he failed to find interesting plots from real life. He had been moved to tears earlier when he had watched lonely, scared faces in public, preoccupied with themselves, muttering to themselves : "My God, what tragedies lie behind their lives!" What are they so worried about?" he would ask himself. When he saw them leaping and jumping and giggling, he thought, "Now, what is it? What is the mystery, the glorious episode?" It was shocking for him to learn on closer examination that the sneer, the sigh, or the smile was pro-

...by nothing more than a trivial-
... If at all there were any tragedies
... medley underlying their existence,
... they were of a routine, flat nature
... with no author could have made use
... of as material for an engaging work of
...

He did not give in easily. He
looked at these people carefully and
noted down most of the things that
he saw in them: their expression,
their dress, their mannerisms. He
observed the way they greeted each
other, the way they shook hands, the
way they talked. He would stop
under a tree and watch them come
and go by him; he sat in public places
and scrutinized their faces; he listened
to their personal tales with sympathy
and inquisitiveness.

But he was not impressed. He
not only found their lives of a drab,
sordid nature; they were drab in their
appearance, drab in their dress and
drab in their manners. They won't
put on clean clothes, they won't shave,
they won't keep to their word. Most
of them blew their noses in public,
belched loudly, and scratched them-
selves all over their body in an un-
ashamed manner. Though they talked
of religion and God at times; at other
times their language was full of filth
and abuse of the lowest order. It
appeared as if they were nothing more
than biological creatures, with blind
biological urges and subhuman interests.
Courage, morality and manliness were
platitudes which played but little part
in their day to day life.

Surely, it became clear to Naresh
Kumar now that no one could write
stories about such characters, with
practically nothing interesting in their
lives to hang on to. He now under-
stood with sympathy the artifices
which the writers employed to make
life look beautiful and charming. He
almost became a convert in his views.

And then for a while he completely
forgot this phobia of his: to hunt for
stories in actual life.

He had fallen in love.

He met Aruna Das at a social
gathering at the National Archives.
They were introduced to each other
by Mrs. Renuka Pandey, a dull un-
impressive colleague of his at the
office.

She had said, "Aruna, this is
Naresh."

When Naresh looked up, he found
a pretty, companionable-looking young
lady standing before him. She
appeared to be in her twenties; fairly
tall and extremely healthy. They
shook hands according to the Western
fashion, and Naresh found that she
was soft and warm. She was not
very sharp of features, but her eyes
sparkled with liveliness. She had a
prim, golden flesh and Naresh tried
to visualize it stretching it all over
her slim, resilient body. She appear-
ed a monument of grace in every
direction. He held her hand a little
longer than necessary and by the time

he released it he had been deeply touched by her superior beauty.

“I understand, you are a great scholar !” She said smiling.

“Well !—” Naresh didn’t know what to say.

“And a painter too !”

“I somehow keep myself busy,” he finally replied.

“Good !”

They nodded to each other and she drifted to other groups. There were many there eager to seek her company and she appeared to be only too willing to oblige them. But her nut-brown eyes often wandered towards Naresh, and whenever their gaze met she gave him a kind, sweet smile.

Naresh was not a man given to sentimentalism. But he became a fond admirer of Aruna.

He resisted himself in the beginning. He tried to interest himself in other things. He told himself that he was a big fool to be enamoured of a chit of a girl whom he had met just once in life. He made an effort to think of some flaw in her, and when he remembered that she had been a bit too free with men, he magnified it to convince himself that she would not make the type of wife he wanted for himself. He had earlier resisted many attempts by ensnaring females to make a slave of him, and he could see no reason why he should not save

himself from this petty, bourgeois emotion this time also. He considered all this, but she continued to come in his mind again and again and disturb his tranquillity. And, then finally, he let himself go.

He had no means of knowing her intimately and for days he brooded over it. But slowly, he picked up the threads of her life. And what he learnt about her completely baffled him.

She was the daughter of a rich man, ‘rolling in thousands.’ She was the only child of her parents. They had a big ancestral house and a lot of other property. She was highly educated and accomplished ; she was the life of parties in Delhi. She regularly visited the fashionable clubs with her parents. She played tennis. She could swim. She was a good hand at cards. She was a proficient ballroom dancer. She could play on the piano. She could sing.

She drove her own, private, small car.

She liked costly clothes. She went to her hair-dresser every fortnight. No one had ever seen her in the same pair of shoes twice during the course of a day.

She had a separate account in the bank and carried a small cheque-book in her bag.

Naresh gathered all this information from various sources. The more he knew about her the more dismayed he

... about himself. For where was any hope for a modestly provided young man, coming of an average family, to be united to this princess of the fairy land, he asked himself. He felt shy of forcing himself on her. He left himself from her.

He despaired, he became sad, he became nervous. He lost his former self over himself and felt the charm of life slipping out of his hands. Years of training and discipline kept him from doing anything foolish which might ruin his reputation. But his body became a mere carcass of his earlier vigour. Even his daily work appeared a great burden to him, and it was with some difficulty that he dragged on with it.

Once he came face to face with Aruna in the city's big market centre, and he stood tongue-tied, fumbling.

"How are you, Mr. Kumar?" It was she who addressed him first.

"Thank you! How are you?" He asked.

The shop assistant stood alongside, loaded with parcels of purchases.

Aruna prolonged the meeting.

"Are you painting anything these days?"

"Nothing much."

"Why don't you do a portrait of mine?" She asked, half in joke.

Out of courtesy he saw her to her car, and before stepping in she gave him her hand to say good-bye. Naresh again had the feeling of softness and warmth creeping up his body. She stood staring at him for a while and then drove away without looking back.

And then, during the course of the next three months, he met her accidentally at a number of places. Once in a picture-house, once in an art gallery, once at Mrs. Renuka Pandey's place and once in a bookshop.

Everytime they met they spent at least half an hour together; sometimes even an hour. They would just wander around, or sit somewhere. They talked of casual routine things. Naresh tried to be smart and told her jokes and witty anecdotes. She showed amusement at what he said, even though often it was stale and hackneyed. He briefly narrated his past to her, told her where he was born, how he grew up, where he studied. All this was said very haltingly though, for he was never his natural self in her presence. She looked at him wistfully and appeared deeply interested. She encouraged him to talk more.

They came to know each other rather well. Aruna prompted him to address her by her first name by saying 'Naresh' when she accosted him. While crossing a busy road, she casually took his arm. She prodded him with the weight of her heavy limbs when she sat close to him on the same

sofa in a restaurant one evening. She once touched him with the tips of her fingers and said admonishingly that he was a very silent man. She even took him to her house and introduced him to her parents as her 'friend'.

While this gratified Naresh, he could not bring himself to speak to her of his love. For whereas she was good to him, he saw that she was good like that to many others. Meeting people, being social, was something so natural to her. She was born to this regal, majestic behaviour and he was just one of her acquaintances. During this period he had not had really one arranged meeting with her. Somehow they ran into each other and she was nice and kind to him. He had no reasons to feel flattered at any special favours shown to him.

This state of tension could not have lasted long for Naresh. He would have gone mad.

So one day he wrote to her briefly, asking her to dinner at the *Alps*. She replied by the return post, accepting the invitation.

This dinner was a poor affair. He had reserved a table in one corner, which through some oversight was allowed to be occupied by another group. They got a small table in the centre, next to the Juke Box, and throughout while they were eating, the machine kept pouring out music which Naresh thought was too noisy and banal. He couldn't eat much, spilled a glass of water on the table,

and later apologized so profusely that people on the nearby tables looked up. He became irritated with the bearer, thought he was too slow, and summoned the butler and dictated the rest of the order to him.

Aruna appeared to be unaffected by all this. She looked charming and self-possessed as usual, and sat swallowing her food through her pretty mouth. She had the aroma of lavender around her, which intoxicated Naresh. A thin, small rose-bud, tucked in her heavy bosom, was faintly visible through her *sari*. Most of the time her hands were busy, lifting one thing or the other. This stretched, creased, relaxed her clothes alternately, which were lying loose and comfortable on her body. On some occasions, therefore, she became a paragon of curves; on others a vague bundle of pretty points; still on others just an elegant, household female. All the while she ate with relish, munched the salad, and tried to converse with Naresh. Her eyes rested on him and noticed his awkwardness. But she went on enjoying herself, apparently ignoring him.

When coffee had been served Naresh could hold himself no longer, and said abruptly :

"Look, Aruna, it may sound unpleasant to you, and I hope you may forgive me for this, but I am deeply in love with you."

He didn't stop until he had finished. He didn't have the courage to look at

her on the face and rested his eyes on her here on her lap. She kept quiet and suspended all movement; she could see he wanted to say more.

"I am not half your equal in anything. But will you marry me?", he asked abruptly once again.

He then nervously looked at her. She was staring at him with her eyebrows raised, a quizzical smile on her lips. Naresh waited breathlessly. Slowly the smile spread, broke into a grin, her features relaxed and she heaved a deep sigh. She played around with her spoon for a while, and Naresh saw her flushed for the first time. Very quietly, she answered:

"Well, of course, you silly!"

It was only after they were married that Naresh learnt the truth of the matter. Aruna had been ardently attached to him all along. Even before she had known him she had heard of him from Mrs. Pandey, and had seen some of his paintings. And after they had met, it had been almost like a school-girl's crush.

"All these meetings that took place between us accidentally, do you think they were by sheer chance?", she asked him one day.

"You silly, I was following you wherever you went. I *planned* those encounters!"

"Really?" Naresh couldn't believe his ears.

"So what? You proved yourself to be so inefficient in the matter," she said, looking at him affectionately.

"Remember when you had seen me in my car one afternoon?"

"Yes?" He was prepared for any surprise by now.

"I was all along hoping that you would ask me for a lift, or would like to come in with me."

"I was scared of you, Aruna." He spoke the simple truth.

"That I could see. That's why I decided to take things in my hands." She added with a coy smile, "I have always got what I have wanted in life. Even my parents all along knew that I wished to marry you."

"But, Aruna!" said Naresh, drawing her closer, "You had so many suitors; rich and presentable. Why me particularly?"

She didn't answer him immediately. She snuggled upto him and softly kissed him. After a while, she replied, "You were different from others."

Naresh basked in this sunshine of love and plenty that had suddenly flooded his life. His material prospects and his whole future were changed. He felt that.

He didn't think about it as he went through his honeymoon, almost soaked in jam. But when the first

flush of conjugal bliss had subsided a little, it suddenly struck him one morning that here was a miracle he had been looking for all his life. Here was an adventure, a non-such-romance in real life, ending happily. So, after all, facts could be stranger than fiction. Life did really carry potentialities for wonderful tales. Human beings were not so humdrum, after all.

And he sat down, and wrote the story of his romance, and sent it to a literary Editor for publication. It was with some pride that he explained that it was a true story to the last detail.

The story was accepted, but with remarks which rather disconcerted Naresh. The Editor had written back, good humouredly though, that it was a bit too good to be true.

The Problem of Unemployment in India

By Shri S. P. Kapoor

The problem of unemployment is most baffling. It is not possible to discuss it in details within the limited scope of this piece of writing. I will, therefore, deal with it in mere outline.

“The problem of finding employment for all the able bodied persons willing to work is a problem common to all countries—advanced as well as industrially backward—although the causes and the extent of such unemployment may differ from country to country.” (The National Planning Commission.) Unemployment is a contagious disease. It tends to spread fast from the advanced countries to the backward ones.

The problem is not new to India. Of late, however, it has attracted public attention. The outbreak of

the Second Great War provided a partial solution. But that was an abnormal phenomenon. At the present moment, public mind is considerably agitated over the evergrowing unemployment in spite of the completion of the First Five Year Plan and the Second Five Year Plan in operation. Ordinarily, in India, we find millions floating hither and thither in search of jobs.

In India, the problem exists in the following forms : (A) (i) agricultural unemployment, (ii) industrial unemployment (iii) unemployment among the educated ; (B) (i) seasonal unemployment (ii) chronic underemployment and (iii) cyclical unemployment in primary industries.

Unfortunately, these are no reliable statistics to judge the magnitude

unemployment in the country. On the basis of an enquiry by the National Sample Survey, the Planning Commission estimates urban unemployment at 2.8 millions. To this should be added the new entrants to the urban labour force. It is estimated that during the Second Plan period about 3.8 millions would be added on this account. According to the Agricultural Labour Enquiry in 1949-51, rural unemployment was of the order of 2.8 millions. The estimated new entrants to the rural labour force would be 6.2 millions. So, the problem before us is to provide additional employment to 5.3 millions existing unemployed and the estimated 10 millions new entrants.

Besides, the problem of educated unemployed is menacing. It is at present aggravated. The educated unemployed is a dangerous person. He nurses a sense of personal injury and imperils the social order.

The course of unemployment among the educated youth is the too literary character of education. The Indian universities are producing graduates and matriculates at a tremendous speed. Since 1947-48, matriculates have increased by about 130%, intermediates by 100%, and non-professional degree holders by about 66%. Sir George Anderson, the President of the Punjab Unemployment Committee of 1927, described the matriculates of our system of education as a "derelict, a wanderer on the face of the earth, unemployed because he is unemploy-

able." The present system, turns out no better stuff than indifferent 'babus'. A diploma is regarded as a magic passport to government service.

According to the National Planning Commission, the following are the causes of unemployment in India.

"(a) the rapid growth of population ;

(b) the disappearance of the old rural industries which provided part time employment to a large number of persons in rural areas ;

(c) inadequate development of the non-agricultural sector from the point of view of employment ; and

(d) the large displacement of population as a result of the partition."

Each type of unemployment needs separate remedies.

The task, of controlling the multiplication of our population at a rate of 40 to 45 lakhs a year should engage our immediate attention. The spread of education, the emancipation of women and the kindling of a desire for a higher standard of living will be useful in this direction. Much more important is the spread of the knowledge of contraceptives. If this is done, the inexorable march of events, would gradually bring about a decline in the birth rate.

Secondly, there is an urgent need for the expansion of cottage, small

scale and rural industries which use more labour per unit of capital. India, being poor in capital and rich in manpower, is eminently suited for the labour intensive industries such as mentioned above and not the capital intensive ones. We should emulate the example of Japan and China. The development of certain essential heavy industries should, of course, be pushed through ; but there is no reason why an underdeveloped country like ours should pursue the same path of industrialization as was followed by the U. S. A. or the U. K. We should experiment to evolve a different economy.

Another question raises the issue of a thorough overhaul of our existing educational system. There is very little arrangement for imparting technical training for the different types and varieties of work, with the result that the Indian student has got to choose between a very limited number of academic courses, none of which promises a sure, lucrative career. This position is in striking contrast to the system prevalent in the advanced economies. In the U.K., for instance, only a very minute fraction of the students receives regular university training, the great bulk being diverted to the technical schools after the Matriculation stage. Psychiatrists are engaged in finding out the aptitude of students at the age of eleven and at successive intervals later on.

But a mere change in the educational system is not enough ; it must

be accompanied by schemes of economic development, so that there are jobs ready for those who come out of vocational institutions, otherwise we shall have, instead of unemployed B.A.s. and M.A.s., unemployed engineers and other technicians. Such a situation already exists in India, particularly in the Kerala State. The establishment of a few high grade technical institutes might help to fill certain superior posts in big projects, but it cannot produce men and women who shall kindle the fire of modern technology in every walk of life, in fields and small workshops, in towns and villages.

The Government seem to be fully alive to the situation and have already taken steps to meet it. The Planning Commission formulated an 11-point programme to combat the ghost of unemployment. As many of the educated persons as possible should be absorbed in the National Extension Service and in other activities, but opening useful avenues of employment prior to the university stage needs no emphasis. The Government made a provision of Rs. 175 crores, for the new schemes to relieve unemployment in the First Five Year Plan. More pointed attention has been given to the problem of unemployment in the Second Five Year Plan. Creation of new employment opportunities has been accepted as one of the major objectives. The schemes adopted in the Plan have been chosen on the basis of the employment opportunities they will provide. Generally speaking, labour intensive schemes have been

given priority. The Planning Commission estimate that the schemes included in the Second Plan would provide additional employment for about 80 lakhs of people.

Unemployment is a hydra-headed monster, and the modern state has no alternative but to attack it on all fronts with a variety of weapons.

We must evolve an economic system guaranteeing jobs for everybody and we must, at the same time raise our standard of living. This is not the task of the economist alone. The scientist, the educationist, the social reformer and many others should also contribute their mite towards this goal of building up a happy and prosperous India.

THE PARABLE OF SUDAS

Sudas, the gardener, plucked from his tank the last lotus left by the ravage of winter and went to sell it to the King at the palace gate.

There he met a traveller who said to him, "Ask your price for the last lotus,—I shall offer it to Lord Buddha."

Sudas said, "If you pay one golden masha it will be yours."

The traveller paid it.

At that moment the King came out and he wished to buy the flower, for he was on his way to see the Lord Buddha, and he thought, "It would be a fine thing to lay at his feet the lotus that bloomed in winter."

When the gardener said he had been offered a golden masha the King offered him ten, but the traveller doubled the price.

The gardener, being greedy, imagined a greater gain from him for whose sake they were bidding. He bowed and said, "I cannot sell this lotus."

In the hushed shade of the mango grove beyond the city wall Sudas stood before Lord Buddha, on whose lips sat the silence of love and whose eyes beamed peace like the morning star of the dew-washed autumn.

Sudas looked in his face and put the lotus at his feet and bowed his head to the dust.

Buddha smiled and asked, "What is your wish, my son?"

Sudas cried, "*The least touch of your feet.*"

Tagore : *The Fugitive, No. XIX*

POSTSCRIPT

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate,
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving,
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making,
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter :
In sleep a King ; but waking, no such matter.

Shakespeare : *Sonnet No. 87*

माननीय प्रिंसिपल हरिश्चन्द्र जी की ६३वीं वर्षगांठ
के शुभ अवसर पर समर्पित—

अभिनन्दन-अङ्क

विदाई

श्रीमती राजकुमारी प्रसाद

विरुद्धों का संघात ही जीवन का सत्य है अतः इस मानव जीवन में मिलन और वियोग का अनिवार्य क्रम परिलक्षित होता है। अपने सुहृदजनों के प्रति मिलन का उल्लास वियोग के समय अवसाद का रूप ग्रहण कर लेता है। सुहृदजन का सम्पर्क जितना ही सुखदायी होता है उसकी विदाई का अवसाद उतना ही गहन रूप ग्रहण करता है इसका मनोवैज्ञानिक रहस्य यही है कि मिलन कालीन सुखद स्मृतियों व्यक्ति के विदाई की घड़ी में पूंजीभूत हो उठती हैं और उन सुखों के अभाव की आशंका से हृदय दुःखी होने लगता है। विदा होने वाले व्यक्ति का उपकार भार हमारे ऊपर जितना ही अधिक होता है उसी कृतज्ञता की भावना उतनी ही आकुल हो उठती है और हम अकिञ्चन की भाँति अपने हृदय की शुभकामनाएँ मूक भाव से न्यौछावर करने लगते हैं।

उपन्यासकार श्री यज्ञदत्त शर्मा

प्रो० सुरेशचन्द्र गुप्त, एम० ए०

श्री यज्ञदत्त शर्मा पिछली दो दशान्दियों से हिन्दी-उपन्यास-साहित्य के विकास में योग दे रहे हैं। उनका प्रथम उपन्यास (दो पहलू) सन् १९४० में प्रकाशित हुआ था। इसके उपरान्त उन्होंने 'ललिता' और 'विचित्र त्याग' नामक दो अन्य उपन्यासों की रचना की। ये तीनों कृतियाँ उनके उपन्यास-लेखन-काल की प्रथम भेंट हैं। अतः इनमें भावना और कला की प्रौढ़ स्थिति तो नहीं है, तथापि तत्कालीन उपन्यास-साहित्य से तुलनात्मक अध्वयन करने पर इन उपन्यासों के महत्त्व को अस्वीकार नहीं किया जा सकता। इनमें से 'दो पहलू' में गान्धीवाद की सृज कथात्मक व्याख्या उपस्थित की गई है और भारतीय स्वतन्त्रता आन्दोलन में गांधी जी के अहिंसा तथा सत्याग्रह के सिद्धान्तों को अत्यन्त महत्त्वपूर्ण माना गया है। शर्मा जी ने भारतीय स्वतन्त्रता-संग्राम में स्वयं भी सक्रिय भाग लिया था। अतः प्रस्तुत कृति में उनके विचार अनुभूति शून्य नहीं हैं। तथापि प्रथम उपन्यास होने के कारण इसमें कला-त्रिपयक दुर्बलताओं के फल-स्वरूप अनुभूति-तत्त्व पूर्णतः उभरने नहीं पाया है। यह उपन्यास इस समय अप्राप्य है, अतः इसका संशोधित रूप में पुनर्मुद्रण होना चाहिए। प्रारम्भिक रचनाओं में से 'ललिता' को पुनर्मुद्रित करा के शर्मा जी ने उचित ही किया है। इससे उनकी औपन्यासिक प्रतिभा के विकास का मूल्यांकन करने में सुविधा रहेगी।

यज्ञदत्त जी के उपन्यास-साहित्य का दूसरा मोड़ सन् १९४७ के आस-पास से प्रारम्भ होता है। इससे पूर्व के पाँच-छः वर्षों के व्यवधान ने उनको अनुभूति को पर्याप्त विकसित किया। उनकी इस काल की रचनाओं में उपन्यास-शिल्प भी पर्याप्त संशोधित रूप में दृष्टिगत होता है। इस समय उन्होंने सन् १९४७ के साम्प्रदायिक दंगों को ले कर 'इन्सान' शीर्षक उपन्यास की रचना

की। इसके अतिरिक्त इसी रचना-काल (सन् १९४७ से १९५३ तक) में उन्होंने 'अन्तिम चरण', 'निर्माण-पथ', बदलती राहें तथा 'महल और मकान' शीर्षक चार अन्य उपन्यासों की रचना की। इनमें से 'अन्तिम चरण' और 'निर्माण-पथ' में भारतीय समाज के नागरिक जीवन की भाँकियाँ उपस्थित की गई हैं। इनका अध्वयन करने पर यद्यपि यह स्पष्ट हो जाता है कि लेखक ने अपने प्रारम्भिक उपन्यासों की अपेक्षा इनमें अधिक दृढ़ता का परिचय दिया है, तथापि इनके कथा-संघटन को दोष-मुक्त नहीं कहा जा सकता। इदमें कथा को अनावश्यक विस्तार प्रदान किया गया है। 'अन्तिम चरण' में यह प्रवृत्ति अधिक रही है। उक्त उपन्यास की अपेक्षा वे 'निर्माण पथ' की रचना में अधिक सफल रहे हैं। इस कृति में पूँजीवादी मनोवृत्ति की निन्दा करते हुए सर्वहारा-वर्ग की समस्याओं के निवारण की आवश्यकता का प्रतिपादन किया गया है। लेखक ने समस्या-समाधान के लिए मन्तुलित विचार-धारा को अपनाते हुए पारस्परिक सहयोग के सिद्धान्त पर दल दिया है। इस स्थान पर यह उल्लेखनीय है कि इस उपन्यास में प्रगतिवादी कथा-साहित्य के एकांगी दृष्टिकोण को ग्रहण नहीं किया गया है। शर्मा जी अपने जीवन में गांधीवादी रहे हैं। अतः उनके साहित्य का मूल तत्त्व भी गान्धीवाद की प्रतिष्ठा है।

सन् १९५३ से पूर्व की उपन्यास-रचनाओं में यज्ञदत्त जी के 'बदलती राहें' तथा 'महल और मकान' नामक उपन्यासों का सर्वश्रेष्ठ स्थान है। ये दोनों कृतियाँ संक्षिप्त रूप में उपस्थित की गई हैं और इनमें कथा की एक सूत्रता की ओर विशेष ध्यान दिया गया है। इनसे पूर्ववर्ती उपन्यासों में यज्ञदत्त जी को कथा संघटन में इतनी सफलता प्राप्त नहीं हो सकी है। इन दोनों उपन्यासों में उन्होंने जिस भावना का प्रतिपादन किया है वह 'निर्माण पथ' में व्यक्त की गई समाज-दर्शन की स्थिति के अनुकूल

इस प्रकार उनका उक्त-विचार-धारा को पोषण प्राप्त करने में पूर्ण सफल हुई हैं। इनमें से लेखक ने 'इन्साफ' में पूँजीवादी मनोबृत्ति का विरोध करने के लिये समाजवाद के प्रतिष्ठान पर बल दिया है। समाजवाद के आदर्शवाद की नींव पर आधारित समाज के अन्वेषण करने पर पाठक को समाज की समस्या का आदर्श निदान प्राप्त हो जाता है। 'इन्साफ' में लेखक ने ग्रामीण समाज का उल्लेख करने में जमींदारी-प्रथा को कृषकों की प्रगति को अवरुद्ध करने वाली सबसे बड़ी शक्ति माना है। अतः उन्होंने समाज की सुख-समृद्धि के लिए उन्हें सहकारिता के आधार पर कृषिकार्य में निरत देखने की आकांक्षा व्यक्त की है। इस समस्या के अतिरिक्त इस कृति में विवाह को समाज के अन्वेषण के रूप में ग्रहण करते हुए उस संकीर्ण मनोबृत्ति का विरोध किया गया है जिसके अनुसार इस समाज में अन्तर्जातीय विवाहों तथा वर्ग-बन्धन से मुक्त विवाहों का विरोध किया जाता है। इस संकीर्णता का समाज-विकास के लिए निश्चय ही एक शुभ चिह्न माने वाला होगा। अतः इसका उल्लेख करने के लिए चर्मा जी स्पष्टतः अभिनन्दन के पात्र हैं।

यज्ञदत्त जी के उपन्यास-साहित्य के विकास का प्रथम चरण सन् १९५३ से प्रारम्भ होता है। इस समय में उन्होंने अपनी रचनाओं में ग्रामीण जीवन को सहज मनन अभिव्यक्ति प्रदान करने की ओर विशेष ध्यान देना प्रारम्भ किया। हिन्दी में ग्राम-जीवन-सम्बन्धी उपन्यासों की अधिक रचना नहीं हुई है और लेखकों ने प्रायः वर्तमान जीवन धारा के संपर्कमय रूप को लक्षित कर नागरिक जीवन की उल्लेखों को ही अपने उपन्यासों में मूलधर्ती ध्यान दिया है। इसका अपवाद हमें शुद्ध रूप में केवल प्रेमचन्द जी के उपन्यासों में ही देखने को मिलता है। उनके उपरान्त इस ओर ध्यान देने वाले प्रमुख साहित्यकार श्री यज्ञदत्त चर्मा ही हैं। उन्होंने अपने नवीन उपन्यासों (भुनिया की शादी, इन्साफ, परिवार, बाप-बेटी तथा जीवन रामदयाल) में इस सत्य को स्वीकार करने पर नवीन बल दिया है कि भारतीय समाज को विकासशील देखने के लिए ग्राम-विकास की योजना सर्वाधिक अपेक्षित है। इस स्थान पर यह उल्लेखनीय है कि भारतीय समाज

के अधिकांश का सम्बन्ध ग्रामीण संस्कृति से ही है। ग्राम-जीवन के विभिन्न पहलुओं को अनेक रूपों में उपस्थित किया जा सकता है। इसी कारण प्रेमचन्द जी ने अपने कथा-साहित्य में ग्राम-समाज के जिस रूप को स्थान दिया है उसका यज्ञदत्त जी के उपन्यासों में पुनर्कथन नहीं हुआ है, अपितु उन्होंने इस क्षेत्र में नवीनताओं को अपनाया है।

यज्ञदत्त जी के ग्राम-जीवन सम्बन्धी उपन्यासों में 'भुनिया की शादी' और 'इन्साफ' का सर्वश्रेष्ठ स्थान है। इनमें से प्रथम कृति में नारी के प्रति मानव की सम्मान-भावना का उद्रेक करने का सफल प्रयास किया गया है। इसमें भारतीय समाज के उन व्यक्तियों की निन्दा की गई है जो कन्या की उपेक्षा कर पुत्र के जन्म पर आवश्यकता से अधिक गौरव का अनुभव करते हैं। इस दृष्टि से इस कृति का प्रथम परिच्छेद पठनीय है। इसमें घर में पोती के जन्म का समाचार सुनकर उसे सम्मान करने की योजना रखने वाले एक कृषक के हृदय-परिवर्तन की कथा को मार्मिक रूप में उपस्थित किया गया है। इस उपन्यास में ग्राम-जीवन की इस विशिष्ट समस्या का जितना सफल चित्रण किया गया है वैसा हिन्दी उपन्यास-साहित्य में अन्यत्र विरल है।

यज्ञदत्त जी ने अपने द्वितीय उल्लेखनीय उपन्यास 'इन्साफ' में ग्राम-जीवन के जिस रूप का उल्लेख किया है वह हिन्दी-उपन्यास के क्षेत्र में सर्वथा मौलिक है। इस कृति में स्वतन्त्रता-प्राप्ति के उपरान्त भारतीय कृषक के जीवन की परिस्थितियों का चित्र अंकित किया है। प्रेमचन्द जी के समक्ष भारतवर्ष की यह स्थिति इस रूप में न थी। अतः यज्ञदत्त जी की कृति का महत्व स्वतः स्पष्ट हो जाता है। इसमें स्वतन्त्र भारतवर्ष में जमींदारी-प्रथा का उन्मूलन होने पर कृषकों को उसे लाभान्वित होने के स्थान पर पीड़ित होते हुए दिखाया गया है। जमींदारों के युग में उन पर जो अत्याचार किया जाता था वह इस नवीन स्थिति में भी पूर्ववत् रहा और जमींदार के दृष्टिकोण की सहायता से अपने सभी आसामी कृषकों के खेतों को समतल भूमि का रूप देकर एक बड़े कृषि फार्म की स्थापना कर ली। उसकी धन-सम्पत्ति ने इस बार भी उसकी सहायता की और भारतीय शासन की ओर से कृषकों को किसी प्रकार की रक्षा प्राप्त न हो सकी। स्पष्ट है कि

उपन्यास भारत में जमींदारी उन्मूलन के परिणामों का एकांगी चित्र उपस्थित करता है, तथापि अस्वीकार नहीं किया जा सकता कि इस प्रकार की परिस्थिति नितान्त कर्ण और चिन्तनीय है। इस उपन्यास में भारतीय राजनीति की असफलताओं पर सजीव व्यंग्य उपस्थित किया गया है। स्वतन्त्रता-संग्राम में कांग्रेस के कर्मठ सेनानी श्यामू को स्वतन्त्रता प्राप्ति के उपरान्त कांग्रेसी शासन में ही कुचला जाता हुआ दिखाकर एक सजीव सत्य को सशक्त रूप में उद्घाटित किया गया है। यह हिन्दी में अपने ढंग का एकमात्र उपन्यास है।

यज्ञदत्त जी का नवीनतम उपन्यास 'दीवान रामदयाल' है। इस रचना में भारतीय पुलिस की स्थिति का सूक्ष्म विवेचन हुआ है। पुलिस-विभाग अपनी जिन प्रवृत्तियों (स्वार्थपरता, विलासिता, उद्वेगिता आदि) के लिए बदनाम है, उनका इस कृति में सफल चित्रण हुआ है। हिन्दी के कथा-साहित्य में जनता के प्रति पुलिस के कर्तव्य और व्यवहार का प्रासंगिक रूप में तो अनेक स्थानों पर उल्लेख हुआ है, किन्तु इस दिशा में क्रमबद्ध कथन सर्वप्रथम यज्ञदत्त जी ने ही उपस्थित किया है। इस प्रकार यह स्पष्ट है कि उन्होंने प्रस्तुत उपन्यास की रचना कर हिन्दी के उपन्यास-साहित्य के एक बहुत बड़े अभाव की पूर्ति की

है। उनके उपन्यासों की मुख्य विशेषता यह है कि वे अपने भावों, विचारों तथा अभिव्यक्ति-प्रणाली को जनजीवन से निःकटतम रूप में सम्पृक्त रखना चाहते हैं। 'दीवान रामदयाल' में भी इस प्रवृत्ति का विकास उपलब्ध होता है। इस कृति का सम्बन्ध पुलिस-कर्मचारियों के जीवन से रहा है। अतः इसमें उनके जीवन के सभी व्यावहारिक पहलुओं का सजीव चित्रांकन हुआ है।

उपर्युक्त अध्ययन से स्पष्ट है कि यज्ञदत्त जी ने अपने उपन्यासों में प्रेमचन्द जी की भाँति आदर्शोन्मुख यथार्थवाद की व्याप्ति की ओर सर्वत्र ध्यान दिया है। उन्होंने अपने प्रारम्भिक उपन्यासों की अपेक्षा परवर्ती रचनाओं में अनुभूति-तत्त्व की अन्तर्व्याप्ति की ओर अधिक ध्यान दिया है। इन कृतियों में कथानक के यथार्थपरक पक्ष का स्पष्ट उद्घाटन हुआ है। लेखक ने इस विषय में विस्तार अथवा संकोच की किसी भी प्रवृत्ति का व्यर्थ भार नहीं उठाया है। उन्होंने अपने कथानक को क्रमशः यथार्थ से आदर्श की ओर उन्मुख रखा है और उनके किसी भी उपन्यास का अध्ययन करने पर पाठक वस्तु-स्थिति से पूर्णतः परिचित हो कर कर्म-प्रेरण का अनुभव करने लगता है। यही उपन्यासकार की सबसे बड़ी सफलता है।



हिन्दी समस्यानाटक के कतिपय विचारणीय प्रसंग

प्रो० मान्धाता ओझा, एम० ए०

समस्यानाटक का उत्स और रूप

समस्यानाटक हिन्दी-नाट्य-साहित्य की अपेक्षाकृत नवीन किन्तु महत्त्वपूर्ण उपलब्धि है। नाटक की यह विधा पाश्चात्य साहित्य में लगभग एक शताब्दी पूर्व आविर्भूत हुई थी। इसके मूल में सामाजिक नवजागरण की चेतना विद्यमान थी जो साहित्य की प्रगतिवादी विचारधारा से शक्ति ग्रहण कर रही थी। वास्तव में, १९वीं शती का उत्तरार्द्ध योरप में नव जागरण का काल था। इस युग में बौद्धिक दृष्टिकोण का विकास हो रहा था जिसने परम्परागत जीवन मूल्यों को नए सिरे से परखने का आह्वान किया। लोग समझने लगे थे कि प्राचीन जीवनदर्श वर्तमान युगीन जीवन को संचालित करने में समर्थ नहीं हो सकते। अतः उपयुक्त जीवन मूल्यों की खोज करने के लिए किसी तर्क संगत वैज्ञानिक आधार की भांग उभर रही है। लोगों में सामाजिक रूढ़ियों के प्रति अनास्था का भाव प्रबल होता जा रहा था। वे चिरन्तन आदर्शों के प्रति अन्ध श्रद्धा का उपहास करने लगे थे। युग-जीवन के प्रति यही यथार्थवादी एवं बौद्धिक दृष्टिकोण पाश्चात्य समस्यानाटक का उत्स था।

विचारों में वही क्रांति जो पाश्चात्य समस्यानाटक की उत्स थी सन् १९२० के पश्चात् भारत में भी परिलक्षित होने लगी थी। ब्रह्म समाज, आर्यसमाज, थियासोफी आदि संस्थाएं अनेक सामाजिक रूढ़ियों और धार्मिक अविश्वासों पर पूर्व ही आघात कर चुकी थीं। असहयोग आन्दोलन ने समाज में एक नई चेतना का बीज-वपन किया जिसे राष्ट्रीय चिन्ताधारा में विचारों की नई क्रांति उपस्थित हुई। इन आन्दोलनों से प्रेरित होकर समाज एक नवीन

जीवन दर्शन की खोज में तत्पर हो रहा था। सदियों की परतन्त्रता से हतप्रभ समाज स्वतंत्र होने के लिए आतुर सा हो उठा। इसके कारण व्यक्ति के विचारों में उत्तेजना और जीवन की गति में तीव्रता का समावेश हुआ। युग जीवन अधिक बौद्धिक और तर्क-प्रधान हो गया। जीवन मूल्यों को नये सिरे से परखने और युग जीवन संचालन के लिए नवीन आदर्शों के अनुसंधान का उत्साह बढ़ा। इन मूल्यों के निर्धारण में किसी तर्क सम्मत मनोवैज्ञानिक भूमिका को ग्रहण करने की आवश्यकता प्रतीत होने लगी। इस युग का जागरूक साहित्यकार भी पुरातन का नर्मक उतारकर सामाजिक जीवन के नव-मूल्यांकन की ओर प्रवृत्त हुआ। इस उत्साह में असंगत परम्परागत स्थापनाओं के प्रति उपहास और यंध्य की वृत्ति तो मुखर हुई किन्तु नवीन आदर्शों के अनुसंधान में रत व्यक्ति को अभी कोई ऐसा मार्ग नहीं मिल सका जो पुरातन का स्थानापन्न हो सके। युग-जीवन की चेतना का यही रूप समस्यानाटकों में अभिव्यक्त हुआ। यही कारण है कि हिन्दी समस्यानाटक में तात्कालिक जीवन की विषमताओं, असंगत रूढ़िगत विचारों का उपहासास्पद और व्यंग्यात्मक चित्रण किया गया है। जीवन के इस विश्लेषण में सामाजिक ढाँचे के प्रति उपेक्षा का भाव जितना प्रबल रूप में उपलब्ध होता है समाधान के प्रति उतना बौद्धिक आयास नहीं। अतएव समस्यानाटक प्रमाता में विचारोद्बोधन तो कर देता है पर रस-मग्न करने की संभावना अल्प ही होती है। इस साहित्य में आनन्द तत्व अत्यंत क्षीण होता है, शिव की भावना से प्रेरित तो होता है किन्तु शिव का कोई मार्ग प्रयस्त नहीं करता। फिर भी यहाँ शिव की पुरातन मान्यताओं में दृष्टिभेद अवश्य परिलक्षित होता

है। यहाँ शिव की भावना अधिक व्यावहारिक, भौतिक और समयोपयोगी होती है। सत्य के प्रति भी दृष्टि वस्तु-सत्य तक सिमटकर भौतिकवाद में ही सीमित रह जाती है।

साहित्यिक परिस्थिति—जिस समय हिन्दी समस्या-नाटक का आविर्भाव हो रहा था उस समय साहित्य में प्रगतिवादी विचारधारा और यथार्थवादी शैली का महत्व बढ़ रहा था। अतः समस्यानाटक पर भी इनका प्रभाव पड़ना अनिवार्य था। इस साहित्यिक आन्दोलन के मूल में तात्कालिक समाज के प्रति आस्था और उसकी दुर्बलताओं के प्रति विद्रोह का भाव भी प्रबल था। नाटककारों का ध्यान भी युग-जीवन की बहुमुखी समस्याओं की ओर आकृष्ट हुआ। उन्होंने भी सामयिक समस्याओं के विभिन्न पहलुओं के अन्तर्बिन्द प्रकृति का यथातथ्य चित्रण प्रारम्भ हुआ। व्यक्ति को तिलमिला देने वाली जीवन की विद्रूपताओं का यह नग्न प्रदर्शन निरुद्देश्य एवं प्रभावहीन नहीं है। इसमें व्यक्ति और समाज का खोखलापन दिखाकर उसे सक्रिय बनाने की प्रेरणा अन्तर्निहित रहती है। युग जीवन को विपाक्त करने वाले पुरातन आदर्शों के निवारणार्थ समाज को उद्वेलित करने की इसमें अद्भुत क्षमता है। इस श्रेणी के नाटककार का यह विश्वास होता है कि सामाजिक जीवन की समस्या और वास्तविकता को उपहासात्मक एवं व्यंग्यात्मक रूप में जितना अनावृत्त कर प्रभविष्णु बनाया जायगा उतनी ही व्यग्रता के साथ सामाजिक उसके समाधान-शोध की ओर तत्पर होगा। समस्यानाटककार इसी प्रभाव को रंगमंच पर उपस्थित करने में अपनी सफलता समझता है। उसके लिए घटना का कौतूहल नहीं जीवन का वेग प्रधान होता है। बौद्धिक चिन्तन में आन्तरिक ऊहापोह की प्रधानता होती है। वर्तमान युग जीवन अत्यन्त बौद्धिक हो गया है। अतः आज की समष्टिगत चेतना में एक विशेष प्रकार का आन्तरिक वेग परिलक्षित होता है। पात्र 'सस्वर विचार' के प्रतीक ही अधिक होते हैं, घटनाएँ भी दैनिक जीवन के आन्तरिक संघर्षों का ही साक्षात्कार कराती हैं। तात्पर्य यह कि समस्यानाटक रूढ़ियों से आक्रान्त और जड़ीभूत जीवन को झकझोर कर उसे गतिशील बनाता है। इस

इस प्रकार रस का आस्वाद न कराकर प्रमाता को आत्मविस्मृत न करता हुआ भी, प्रभाव में उपादेय सिद्ध होता है। मानव-मन में स्वभावतः अपने चतुर्दिक फँसे हुए समाज और परिवेश के प्रति मोह होता है, उसकी दुर्व्यवस्थाओं से उसे पीड़ा होती है क्योंकि वह स्वयं समाज का ही एक अंग है। आत्मविकास के लिए उसे समाज से जूझना पड़ता है। यदि सामाजिक परिस्थितियाँ प्रतिकूल हुईं तो व्यक्ति का विकास अवरुद्ध हो जाता है। अतएव सामाजिक परिस्थितियों और विधानों की समता-विषमता को जानने की उसमें प्रबल आकांक्षा होती है। यही आकर्षण उसे समस्यानाटक के सर्जन और अध्ययन का ओर आकृष्ट करता है। मनुष्य की इस जिज्ञासा को तृप्त करने, उसे सक्रिय बनाने, उसमें विचार उद्बुद्ध करने और उसे विवेकशील बनाने में समस्यानाटक का महत्वपूर्ण योग है। इस प्रकार यह समस्यानाटक समाज के सम्मुख नवीन और स्वतन्त्र (परम्परागत जीवन-मूल्यों से भिन्न) चिन्तन का मार्ग प्रशस्त करता है।

जिस प्रकार जीवन को उदात्त बनाने में आदर्शवादी नाटक का महत्व है उसी प्रकार युग-जीवन की विभीषिका के प्रति सामाजिक को जागरूक बनाने में समस्यानाटक का भी महत्व है। यदि आदर्शवादी नाटक अतीत की रमणीयताओं और विभूतियों का संकलन कर एक अनुकरणीय जीवन प्रस्तुत कर सकता है तो समस्यानाटक तात्कालिक जीवन को कुण्ठित करने वाले पुरातन आदर्शों के निर्मोक्त को चीर कर फेंक देना चाहता है और युगानुसूक्त नवीन जीवन दर्शन की दिशा निर्दिष्ट करना चाहता है। इस प्रकार समस्यानाटक आदर्शवादी साहित्य का विरोधी नहीं प्रत्युत पूरक बनकर आता है। जहाँ एक सामाजिक के समक्ष अकृष्ट आदर्शों को प्रस्तुत करता है वहाँ दूसरा त्याज्य आदर्शों की ओर ध्यान आकृष्ट करता है; जीवन को जड़ीभूत बनाने वाली रूढ़ियों के प्रति विद्रोह करता है। इस प्रकार जीवन की पूर्णोपलब्धि में नाटक की इन दोनों विधाओं का अपना अपना स्वतन्त्र योगदान है।

वर्तमान हिन्दी साहित्य और समस्यानाटक—

आज हिन्दी साहित्य में समस्यानाटक का प्राचुर्य

स्पष्ट दिखाई दे रहा है। इसका प्रधान कारण समाज की निन्दशा और जीवनगत ग्रंथियों की बहुलता है। समस्या-नाटककार समसामयिक जीवन की ग्रंथियों को उद्घाटित कर समाज के नव-निर्माण की सम्भावनाओं का निदर्शन करता है। वस्तुतः हमारा समाज अभी निर्माण के पथ पर है। समस्यानाटककार व्यक्ति और समाज के रूप-रचनाओं को इंगित कर रचनात्मक कार्य के लिए क्षेत्र बताता है। यही कारण है कि समस्यानाटक आज इतना अधिक लोकप्रिय हो गया है। इसकी लोकप्रियता पर विचार करते हुए डा० नगेन्द्र लिखते हैं—“आज समस्यानाटक एक साथ लोकप्रिय क्यों हो गया? वास्तव में इस प्रश्न का सम्बन्ध जहाँ हमारे राजनीतिक और सामाजिक जीवन की बढ़ती हुई समस्याओं से है वहाँ पिछले युग की प्रमुख साहित्यिक प्रवृत्ति—पलायनवाद—के विरुद्ध प्रतिक्रिया भी कम नहीं है। एक ओर हमारे साहित्य में वर्तमान मंचर्ष से घबराकर कल्पना लोक अथवा स्वर्ण अतीत की खोज हो रही थी, तो दूसरी ओर कतिपय लेखकों के मन में यह भावना भी दृढ़ होने लग गई थी कि आज का जीवन न तो सुधार युग का स्थूल आदर्शवाद चाहता है और न कल्पना लोक में पलायन से ही काम चल सकता है। भावुकता जीवन की विषमताओं को भुलाने में सहायक हो सकती है पर भुलावा कब तक चलेगा, अब तो आवश्यकता है विषमताओं के मूल कारणों की छानबीन करने और परिस्थितियों से सामञ्जस्य स्थापित करते हुए सुलभाने की। आज यही भावना हमारे सामने अधिक प्रकट और शक्ति रूप में आई है। हमारे वैयक्तिक सामाजिक एवं राजनीतिक जीवन में ग्रंथियाँ पड़ी हुई हैं जिनको खोलना आज हमारा नित्य कर्म है। अतः उचित है कि हमारा साहित्य आज इन्हीं ग्रंथियों को सुलभाने में अधिक व्यस्त रहे। इस प्रकार हमारा दृष्टिकोण बहुत कुछ भौतिक एवं आलोचनात्मक हो गया है और इस बढ़ती हुई भौतिकता और समस्यानाटकों की लोकप्रियता का घनिष्ठ सम्बन्ध है।”^१

उपर्युक्त उद्धरणसे यह स्पष्ट है कि समस्यानाटक में समसामयिक आवश्यकता के अनुरूप जीवन के महत्वपूर्ण अंश की शक्ति अभिव्यक्ति होती है। समस्यानाटककार जीवन से जुड़ता है। उसकी विभीषिका के प्रति सामाजिक को जागरूक करता है, व्यक्ति के खोखलेपन, समाज और राजनीति के आडम्बर, रूढ़ियों की अनुपयुक्तता आदि का उपहासास्पद और व्यंग्यात्मक चित्रण कर प्रमाता की चेतना को झकझोर देता है। उसमें विचार उद्बुद्ध कर उसे गतिशील बनाता है। इस प्रकार समस्यानाटक समसामयिक जीवन के लिए अत्यन्त उपादेय सिद्ध हुआ है।

समस्यानाटक की साहित्यिकता

साहित्यिक कृतियों के स्पष्टतः दो वर्ग होते हैं। एक वर्ग उन रचनाओं का है जो इस सिद्धांत से अनुप्रेरित होती हैं कि “कला कला के लिए है।” ये रचनाएँ अधिकतर आत्मनिष्ठ (subjective) होती हैं और उनका उद्देश्य आनन्द की उपलब्धि करना होता है। इसमें विशुद्ध कल्पना का आश्रय ग्रहण कर स्रष्टा उच्छ्वसित भावभूमि पर एक रमणीय लोक का निर्माण करता है जिसकी अमित छवि पाठक को आनन्द प्रदान करती हुई रस मग्न बना देती है। इस वर्ग का साहित्य कालरिज की इस काव्य परिभाषा का अनुवर्ती माना जाता है कि—“काव्य सौन्दर्य के माध्यम से आनन्दप्रद मनोवेगों का ऊर्ध्वोच्छ्वास होता है।”^२ इस प्रकार यहाँ आनन्द को सौन्दर्य का अनुवर्ती माना जाता है। काव्य में कल्पना पर आश्रित सौन्दर्य तत्व ही प्रमुख होता है। रस या आह्लाद इसी सौन्दर्य का अनुययी है। इस प्रकार के साहित्य का सृजन कवि की उद्बुद्ध चेतना के विशिष्टक्षणों में अनुभूत सौन्दर्य (aesthetic pleasure) के फलस्वरूप होता है कवि की वैयक्तिक सौन्दर्यानुभूति ही इस साहित्य के लिए उत्तरदायी है। यथार्थ जीवन का कोलाहल यहाँ नहीं होता और न समाज के उत्थान-पतन से इनका कोई अभिप्राय होता है। यहाँ साहित्यकार की कल्पना स्थूल प्रभावों से निरपेक्ष होती है।

१. आधुनिक हिन्दी नाटक-डा० नगेन्द्र, पृ० ५५-५६.

२. Poetry is the excitement of emotion for the purpose of immediate pleasure through the medium of beauty” Coleridge.

इसके विपरीत एक दूसरे प्रकार का साहित्य भी रचा जाता है जो सामाजिक जीवन से प्रेरणा ग्रहण करता है। साहित्यकार समाज को संचालित करने वाली विभिन्न शक्तियों के अध्ययन द्वारा उनके गुण-दोषों की आलोचना करता है और सामाजिक समस्याओं के समाधान का प्रयत्न करता है। सामाजिक वैषम्य को देखकर वह उद्विग्न हो उठता है और और अपनी अनुभूति के माध्यम से उसे अभिव्यक्त करता है। उसकी अनुभूति समाज सापेक्ष होती है। यह साहित्य प्रगतिवादी विचारों से पूर्णतया प्रभावित होता है और आर्नोल्ड के अनुसार—“कला को जीवन की आलोचना” मानता है। किन्तु इस वर्ग की वे ही कृतियाँ साहित्यिक महत्त्व की हो सकती हैं जिनमें “प्रगतिशील सामाजिक प्रेरणाओं, स्वरूपों और प्रवृत्तियों को शाश्वत सौन्दर्य-संवेदन का रूप दिया जाता है।”¹ इसके अभाव में ये कृतियाँ प्रचारात्मक साहित्य मात्र रह जाती हैं। इस कोटि के साहित्य की सफलता के लिए साहित्यकार को सामाजिक जीवन और विचारों की यथार्थ अनुभूति का होना अनिवार्य है। समस्या नाटक इसी वर्ग के साहित्य का एक अंग बनकर आता है।

आलोचना के विषय में कोई एक निश्चित मापदण्ड न होने के कारण साहित्य के मूल्यांकन में कभी भी सतर्कता सम्भव नहीं। फिर भी प्रत्येक प्रकार के साहित्य में कुछ ऐसी मूलभूत शक्ति होती है जिसके कारण वह रचना साहित्य कहलाने की अधिकारिणी होती है। देशकालानु-रूप साहित्य के इन्हीं मूलभूत तत्वों के आधार पर समस्या-नाटकों के साहित्यिक गुण-दोषों का परीक्षण किया जा सकता है। इस समीक्षा के पूर्व उन आरोपों पर विचार कर लेना चाहिए जो समस्यानाटकों को हेय प्रमाणित करने के उद्देश्य से समय-समय पर उठते रहे हैं।

समस्यानाटक पर आक्षेप :—

हिन्दी समस्यानाटकों का अनुशीलन करने पर उनके कतिपय वस्तुगत और शिल्पगत दोष स्पष्ट परिलक्षित होते हैं। इन नाटकों में सामाजिक, राजनीतिक व्यवस्था और प्राचीन आस्थाओं के प्रति विद्रोह की प्रवृत्ति आव-

श्यकता से अधिक उग्र हो जाती है। इस कारण चिन्तन में अपेक्षित गहनता का अभाव ही रहता है। कहा जाता है कि इस दोष से हिन्दी समस्यानाटक का कोई भी लेखक मुक्त नहीं है। श्री लक्ष्मीनारायण मिश्र ने कुछ गहरे पैठकर समस्याओं की छान-बीन की है किन्तु विद्रोह की प्रवृत्ति अधिक उग्र होने के कारण स्थिर भाव से चिन्तन वे भी नहीं कर पाए हैं। अथक के नाटकों में भी चिन्तन की अपेक्षित गम्भीरता नहीं मिलती। हाँ, समाज के स्थूल धरातल की समस्याओं को बड़ी कुशलता के साथ पकड़कर यथेष्ट नाटकीय रंग से व्यक्त करने में वे अवश्य समर्थ हुए हैं। इनके नाटकों में भी विद्रोह की प्रवृत्ति आवश्यकता से अधिक उग्र हो जाती है। सेठ गान्धिवदास के समस्यानाटकों में भी यत्किंचित विद्रोह तो है पर उनमें न तो यथेष्ट चिन्तन ही है और न नाटकीय कौशल। यही प्रवृत्ति भुवनेश्वर प्रसाद, गणेश प्रसाद द्विवेदी, भट्ट आदि के समस्या एकांकियों में भी परिलक्षित होती है।

यह नाटक अपनी अत्यधिक उपयोगवादिता (Utilitarianism) वैज्ञानिकता और कोलाहलपूर्ण जीवन की अभिव्यक्ति के कारण रुक्ष और बोझिल प्रतीत होता है। समस्यानाटककार विषय के उपस्थापन में वैज्ञानिक दृष्टि और विषम संकलन में उपयोगिता का ध्यान रखता है। समस्यानाटककार की यह धारणा होती है कि इस वैज्ञानिक युग में सत्य का उद्घाटन वैज्ञानिक ढंग से करना ही नाटक का उद्देश्य होना चाहिए। वह यह मानकर चलता है कि आज का पाठक 'साहित्य से भी सत्य की जानकारी और केवल सत्य की जानकारी की ही अपेक्षा रखता है।' वह वास्तविक और वैज्ञानिक सत्य चाहना है; कल्पना, भावना और आदर्श से उसे कोई मतलब नहीं। किन्तु इस वैज्ञानिकता से कला की सिद्धि नहीं हो सकती। वैज्ञानिक सत्य की जानकारी से हमारा कोई विरोध नहीं, विरोध इस बात में है कि उसका वैज्ञानिक उद्घाटन ही साहित्य का सब कुछ नहीं। कृति का साहित्यिक महत्त्व तो इस बात में है कि वह सत्य को अनुभवगम्य बना सके अर्थात् सहृदय-संवेद्य कर सके। किन्तु समस्यानाटक के शैली-शिल्प में इस गुण का पूर्ण

¹. नया साहित्य नए प्रश्न—आ० नन्ददुलारे वाजपेई, पृ० १६.

नहीं हो पाता। इसका प्रधान कारण यह है कि मनुष्य के प्रतिपादन में बौद्धिक विश्लेषण को तो रोक दिया जाता है किन्तु भावना के संस्पर्श की नितान्त आवश्यकता की जाती है। इस प्रकार भावुकता के अभाव के कारण ये कलाकृतियाँ सर्वथा रसात्मक नहीं हो पातीं। इनमें आनन्द तत्त्व का अभाव होता है और व्यस्त जीवन के जोलाहस के साथ उपयोगितावाद का हठात् समावेश होता है। इस प्रकार के तथ्य निरूपण करने वाली कृतियों का कदा होना स्वाभाविक ही है।

नमस्थानाटक का तीसरा दोष यह माना जाता है कि इनमें अतः प्रकृति के सत्य की यथावत् अभिव्यक्ति के अभाव में नग्नता अधिक उभर आती है और अभीष्ट आत्मिक प्रच्छन्नता¹ (जो कला का एक प्रधान गुण है) अभाव हो जाता है। मनोविज्ञान के नाम पर निकृष्ट मनोवृत्तियों की मृष्टि इतने नग्न रूप में होने लगी है कि नाटक क्षुब्ध हो जाता है। कुण्ठा के प्रति जागरूक करने की यह उत्तेजना कहीं-कहीं अश्लीलता में परिणत हो गई है। अन्तश्चेतनावादी यथार्थ का उन्मेष करते समय नाटककार कुण्ठा के कुप्रभाव तक ही सीमित न रहकर स्व मर्यादा का बन्धन भी तोड़ने लगता है तब चित्र कृमिगत हो जाता है! यह दोष मिथ जी के नाटकों में भी यत्र-तत्र परिलक्षित होता है।

चौथी बात यह है कि इसमें जीवन-संघर्ष को अत्यन्त सीमित क्षेत्र में ही देखा गया है। नाटककार—समस्या-नाटकों में—जीवन की वास्तविकता को केवल तत्कालीन परिवेश और समाज के विरुद्ध किए गए संघर्ष में ही देखता है। इस परिमित सीमा के बाहर उसकी दृष्टि संचरण नहीं कर पाती। अतः इसकी प्रभविष्णुता भी सीमित होती है। यथार्थ को अत्यधिक विवरणात्मक चित्ररूप (Photographic) में रखने के कारण समस्या की रेखाएँ (dimensions) तो स्पष्ट हो जाती हैं किन्तु उसकी प्रेषणीयता कम हो जाती है।

पाँचवाँ दोष यह माना जाता है समस्यानाटक में सामान्य बातों का ही कथन होने के कारण साहित्यिक

आस्था की अपेक्षाकृत न्यूनता रहती है। एक पश्चात्य आलोचक कैण्डलर (Chandler) की यह धारणा है कि—“गद्य में रचित इस नाटक में गद्यमयी सामान्य मनोवृत्तियों का ही अभिव्यंजन होता है; केवल तात्कालिक समाज की कुछ प्रेरक शक्तियों को अभिव्यक्त कर देना ही इस साहित्य का उद्देश्य होता है।” टी० एस० ईलियट के मतानुसार—“इस नाटक के कथोपकथन, क्रियाव्यापार, वस्तु-विन्यास आदि में ध्वन्यात्मक अनुपात (rhythm) का अभाव रहता है। उसमें केवल वाद-विवाद और बात-चीत ही होती है। जीवन का सूक्ष्म अन्वेषण यहाँ नहीं होता।” डब्ल्यू. बी. वीट्स ने समस्या-नाटक के साहित्य को छिछला, विवादप्रधान और सामान्य कहकर उसको हेय टहराया है। इस प्रकार वीट्स, ईलियट आदि ने प्रतिक्रिया रूप में अभिनव काव्य रूपकों (Poetic Plays) का सृजन प्रारम्भ किया। भारतीय समाज में आर्थिक अशान्ति, अंध-विश्वास, शासन-दुर्व्यवस्था आदि के कारण समस्यानाटकों के विरुद्ध अभी प्रतिक्रिया सम्भव नहीं हो पाई है।

निकर्ष रूप में यह कहा जा सकता है कि समस्या-नाटक की आत्मा और अभिव्यक्ति दोनों गद्यमयी (prosaic) हैं। इसमें संवेदन कम और उपयोगिता अधिक है। इसमें नाटकीय घात-प्रतिघात (dramatic impact) नहीं राजनीतिक, सामाजिक और आचार (ethical) सम्बन्धी वाद-विवाद होता है। सामाजिक क्रान्ति की ओर विशेष ध्यान होने के कारण समस्यानाटक नाटककार के विचार-प्रचार का माध्यम बनकर रह जाता है। समस्यानाटक में समसामयिक जीवन की विभीषिका, अभाव, निराशा और भौतिक द्वन्द्व के चित्र उपलब्ध होते हैं अतः वासद तत्व का आभास मिलता है। यथातथ्य अभिव्यक्ति होने के कारण नाटक सरस एवं कलापूर्ण नहीं हो पाता।

सामान्यतः उपरिलिखित दोष इतने प्रबल प्रतीत होते हैं कि समस्यानाटक को ललित साहित्य की सीमा से बहिष्कृत करने के लिए पर्याप्त हैं। किन्तु ध्यानपूर्वक देखा

¹. 'Art lies in concealment.' Coleridge.

जाय तो समस्यानाटक का एक दूसरा उज्ज्वल पक्ष भी है। नाटक पाठ्य ही नहीं प्रेक्ष्य भी होता है। अतः उस पक्ष को सम्मुख रखकर भी हमें इसके गुण-दोषों पर विचार करना होगा।

समस्यानाटक और रंगमंच—

रंगमंच नाट्य-साहित्य का उपादान होता है जिसकी सहायता से नाटककार अपने भावों को अभिव्यक्त करता है। इस प्रकार की भावाभिव्यक्ति में अन्य साहित्यिक विधाओं की अपेक्षा अपनी एक विशिष्टता होती है। नाटक के अतिरिक्त साहित्य की अन्य सभी विधाओं में मानचित्र को काल्पनिक नेत्रों के सम्मुख रखकर ही प्रमाता कृति का आस्वाद ले सकता है। किन्तु, नाटक को रंगमंच पर अभिनीत देखते हुए प्रमाता के मन में भाव सत्वर संवेद्य हो उठता है और रसास्वाद सुलभ होता है। मात्र उच्चारण की भाषा द्वारा भाव सम्यक् व्यक्त नहीं किया जा सकता, क्योंकि मात्र भाषा सम्यक् भाव व्यक्त करने के पक्ष में असम्पूर्ण और अक्षम्य है। भाषा के सहित इंगित और भंगिमा का सायुज्य उसकी पूर्णता का प्रेरक है इसी-लिए दृश्य-नाटक तथा रंगमंच का परस्पर घनिष्ठ संबंध है।

समस्यानाटक के साथ इस रंगमंच का निकट सम्बन्ध है। जगह जगह कॉलेजों, स्कूलों और विकसित नगरों में शौकिया रंगमंच की स्थापना ने नाटकों में अभूतपूर्व परिवर्तन कर दिया है। इन रंगमंचाओं के अभिनेतागण और प्रेक्षक सभी शिक्षित नवयुवक व्यक्ति होते हैं। इस का प्रभाव यह पड़ा कि प्रगतिशील विचार प्रधान नाटकों की अधिक प्रशंसा की जाने लगी और इसकी माँग बढ़ी। इसके कारण भी हिन्दी समस्यानाटक को पनपने के लिए अनुकूल वातावरण मिला। नाटककार पाठक को नहीं, सुशिक्षित प्रेक्षक को दृष्टि में रख कर रचना करने के लिए बाध्य हुआ। उदय चंकर भट्ट नाटक के सम्बन्ध में आज के हिन्दी जगत की समीक्षित का उल्लेख करते हुये लिखते हैं—“आज स्वतंत्रता के बाद हिन्दी नाटक की माँग बढ़ रही है। लोग नाटक पढ़ने की अपेक्षा नाटक देखना पसन्द करने लगे हैं”^१ अतएव अभिनय के लिए लिखे जाने के कारण नाटक प्रेक्षणगुण प्रधान हो गया और

शिक्षित प्रेक्षक को प्रभावित करने के लिए अधिक वैज्ञानिक। रंगमंच की इस आवश्यकता के कारण नाटक के आकार में संक्षिप्तता, कथानक के प्रकार में सामाजिकता, वस्तु-संघटन में वैज्ञानिकता, पात्रों के संलाप में यथार्थता और अभिनय कला में मनोवैज्ञानिक आधार ग्रहण किया जाने लगा।

समय के साथ-साथ लोगों के नाट्य-कला सम्बन्धी विचार भी बदलते गए पश्चात्य नाटककार इव्सन वनडिंशा अर्मिं के नाटकों से, हिन्दी रंगमंच भी प्रभावित हुआ। उसी प्रभाव ने कलाकारों की दृष्टि नई सृष्टि की ओर प्रवृत्त की। नाटकीय प्रदर्शनों को यथा सम्भव वास्तविक जीवन के निकट ला रखने की प्रेरणा दी। साथ ही चार-पाँच घण्टे में भी न अभिनीत हो सकने वाले प्रमाद के नाटकों की लोकप्रियता भी क्षीण हुई। अभिनेय विधान पुराण व इतिहास के ग्रंथों से न लिए जाकर वास्तविक वर्तमान जीवन के साँचे में ही ढलने लगे। इन्हीं सब परिवर्तनों के अनुरूप रंगमंच सम्बन्धी नव-निर्माण की भी आवश्यकता लोग महसूस करने लगे हैं। वास्तविक घटनाओं के मेल में ठीक-ठीक बैठने वाले दृश्यों का विधान ही अधिकतर वर्तमान हिन्दी नाटकों में पाया जाता है। नाटक रचना भी इस प्रकार होने लगी है कि अनेक दृश्य विधान से पिण्ड छुड़ाया जाने लगा है। कम से कम दृश्य परिवर्तन के साथ नाटक सम्पन्न हो इसकी और वर्तमान नाटककारों तथा अभिनेताओं का विशेष ध्यान जा रहा है। नाटकीय घटनाओं की पृष्ठभूमि, वातावरण तथा पात्रों के वैश-दिव्यास आदि में स्वाभाविकता लाने के लिए हर प्रकार से प्रयत्न किए जा रहे हैं। रंगमंच पर एक या दो ही दृश्यों का विधान किया जाता है और उन्हीं कतिपय दृश्यों के प्रकाश में समूचा नाटक सफलता के साथ खेला जाता है।

नाट्य-कला के इन परिवर्तनों के अनुरूप ही शौकिया (Amateur) रंगमंच की स्थापना की गई है।

समस्यानाटक और अभिनेयता

समस्यानाटक की अभिनय सम्बन्धी मान्यताएँ प्राचीन नाटककारों में भिन्न होती हैं। वह कौतूहल से परिपूर्ण

१. 'नया समाज' पृ० ७।

नाटकीय स्थितियों की अवतारणा कर देना ही अभिनय के लिए आवश्यक नहीं मानता। उसके अभिनयगत नान्यताओं पर यथार्थवाद का विशेष प्रभाव पड़ा है। दैनिक जीवन की समस्याओं को, स्वाभाविकता के साथ, चिन्वमनीय एवं प्रभावकारी शैली में किस प्रकार रंगमंच पर उपस्थित किया जाय—यही इनके अभिनय कला का रहस्य है। रंगमंच को व्यर्थ के अस्वाभाविक आडम्बरों ने चक्राचौंथ करना उन्हें अभीष्ट नहीं। उनकी धारणा है कि कृत्रिम युक्तियों द्वारा प्रेक्षक का मनोविनोद ही हो सकता है—युग जीवन का वास्तविक रूप संवेद्य नहीं होता। इसीलिए इन्होंने कायिक, वाचिक, आहार्य और नाट्यिक आदि अभिनय के अवयवों को अधिक सांकेतिक, व्यंग्यात्मक और मनोविज्ञान-पुष्ट बनाया। इस प्रकार इनके नाटकों का अभिनय कौतूहल वर्द्धक भले ही न हो पर हृदय को स्पर्श अवश्य करता है। यदि नाटककार जागरूक हुआ तो दैनिक जीवन की सूक्ष्मता को रंगमंच पर प्रभावशाली ढंग से उपस्थित कर सकता है। विज्ञान के बल पर विकसित रंगमंच ने इस संभावना के लिए क्षेत्र खोल दिया है। पं० लक्ष्मी नारायण मिश्र नूतन अभिनय कला पर प्रकाश डालते हुए लिखते हैं कि—“अभिनय के सम्बन्ध में भी मैं स्वाभाविकता पर बल देना चाहता हूँ। तोते की तरह रटे रटाये शब्दों को रंगमंच पर दुहरा देना ठीक नहीं होता। मुँह से जो शब्द निकलें उनके साथ ही साथ शरीर के अंगों का संचाल भी ऐसा होना चाहिये कि जो आपस में सामंजस्य स्थापित कर सके—रंगमंच पर मनुष्य की स्वाभाविक जिन्दगी दिखला दें अथवा हमारा नित्य का जीवन जैसा है रंगमंच का जीवन उसके साथ मेल खा सके।..... पात्रों की भीतरी भावनाओं को व्यक्त करने में जितना सहायक मूक अभिनय होता है उतना स्वगत नहीं। मनुष्य के भीतरी भाव एकान्त में भी उसकी भाव-भंगी, चेहरे की आकृति या कभी-कभी किसी तरह का काम कर देने में व्यक्त होते हैं, चारपाई पर लेट कर या खड़े हो कर व्याख्यान

देने में नहीं। वो हिस्सा स्वगत और एक हिस्सा वास्तविक कथोपकथन करा देने से नाटक का लिखना तो सरल हो उठता है, नाट्यत्व बिगड़ जाता है। अभिनय की जरूरत नहीं रहती।”^१

निष्कर्ष यह कि समस्यानाटक का कार्यव्यापार अधिक मनोवैज्ञानिक, संवर्ष स्वाभाविक (प्रेक्षक के निजी जीवन के संवर्ष के अनुस्यू होने के कारण उसे आत्मोवता का अनुभव होता है) संलाप अकृत्रिम (प्रेक्ष्य नाटक का दर्शक पात्र की स्वाभाविक भाषा में तीर की तरह चुभने वाले दूटे-पूटे और छोटे-छोटे वाक्यों को मुननो चाहता है, वह लम्बी वक्रता के पूर्वपर प्रयंन को स्मरण रखने का भार उठाना नहीं चाहता।) होता है।

प्रेक्ष्य नाटक और पाठ्य नाटक का अन्तर स्पष्ट करते हुए प्रो० त्रियस ने भी लिखा है:—“प्रेक्ष्य नाटक में अलंकृत वर्णन, गंभीर विचारानुभूति व्यंजक पक्षों, शिथिल वस्तु-विकास और निरुद्देश्य लम्बी-चौड़ी वक्रताओं का धर्हिष्कार किया जाना चाहिए। किन्तु, पाठ्य नाटकों में इनका उपयोग हो सकता है।”^२

अभिनय के प्रभाव को अधिक सांश्लप्ट बनाने के लिए नाटककार संकलन त्रय (काल संकलन, स्थान संकलन और क्रिया संकलन) का पूर्ण निर्वाह करता है। दृश्यों की अवतारणा में समस्या की प्रकृति, परिस्थिति और पात्र का ध्यान रखना है।

उपेन्द्रनाथ ‘अशक’ के नाटकों में भी रंगमंच के अनुकूल अभिनेय तत्वों का पूरा निर्वाह हुआ है। शिल्प की दृष्टि से सामाजिक समस्याओं पर लिखे गए वृन्दावन लाल वर्मा, भगवती चरण वर्मा और सैठ गोविन्द दास के भी कतिपय नाटक सफल हैं। इनमें प्रभावित करने वाली अभिनेयता है। समस्या एकांकियों को अभिनेयता तो असंदिग्ध ही है। चायद ही कोई ऐसा नाटक होगा जिसका अभिनय न हो सके। पं० लक्ष्मी नारायण मिश्र के नाटकों की रंगमंचीय सफलता संदिग्ध है, इसका कारण विश्ले-

१. ‘सुक्ति का रहस्य’ पृ० २५.

२. “It (the Closet Play) may afford,” he reasons, “what the acted play must forego : ornate descriptions, passages of deep reflection, a lagging movement, and mere declamation.” ?

पण की प्रवृत्ति का अत्यधिक आश्रय है। वे आन्तरिक संघर्ष को इतना प्रधान बना देते हैं कि बाह्य संघर्ष सर्वदा उपेक्षित सा रह जाता है। इस कारण कार्यव्यापार में शिथिलता और नाटकीय गति का अभाव खटकता है।

समस्यानाटक में संवेदन तत्व

इस प्रकार शिल्प की सरलता, स्वाभाविकता, अभिनय की मनोवैज्ञानिकता, प्रत्यक्ष जीवन की अनुभूतिपूर्ण वास्तविकता, युग की यथार्थमुखी प्रवृत्तिके अनुरूप होने के कारण समस्यानाटक के साहित्यिक महत्व की नितान्त उपेक्षा कभी नहीं की जा सकती। चाहे युग बदल जाय और समस्याएँ भी तिरोहित हो जाएँ किन्तु भौतिक और सामाजिक जीवन का जो एक स्पन्दन है वह शाश्वत संवेद्य होकर सहृदय को आकर्षित करता रहेगा। यह भी नहीं कहा जा सकता कि बौद्धिकता की रक्ष वेदी पर इन नाटककारों ने भावुकता का एकदम बलिदान ही कर दिया है। डा० नगेन्द्र का ता यह दृढ़ मत है कि—“आप सच मानिए इनमें कोई भी लेखक ऐसा नहीं जो रोमांस और भावुकता का आँचल छोड़ सका हो। पश्चिमी विद्वानों की तो ऐसी धारणा इवमन और शॉ तक के विषय में है।”^१ आचार्य रामचन्द्र शुक्ल के शब्दों में वस्तुतः “भावुकता भी जीवन का एक अंग है अतः साहित्य की किसी शाखा से हम उसे विलकुल तो हटा सकते ही नहीं। हाँ, यदि वह व्याधि के रूप में—रीज-पांव की तरह बढ़ने लगे, तो उसकी रोक-थाम आवश्यक है।”^२ समस्यानाटक इसी रोक-थाम का उदाहरण लेकर चला है। इस साहित्य-शाखा का दोष यही है कि बुद्धि और हृदय के सत्य का सामंजस्य नहीं हो सका है। हृदय की अपेक्षा बुद्धि को अधिक महत्व मिला है, किन्तु, यह तो युग की ही विशेषता है कि व्यक्ति आज चिन्तक अधिक और भावुक कम है।

अपनी इसी अभिनेयता के कारण समस्यानाटक सत्वर संवेद्य होता है। किन्तु साहित्यिक स्थायित्व प्राप्त करने के लिए कृति में शाश्वत संवेदन तत्व का होना भी अनिवार्य होता है। अब विचारणीय विषय यह है कि समस्यानाटक में साहित्यिक दृष्टि से स्थायित्व प्रदान करने वाले शाश्वत-संवेदन तत्व क्या हैं।

यह तो स्पष्ट है कि समस्यानाटक की रचना दो रूपों में हुई है—एक में समाज और परिवेश से संघर्ष करने वाले व्यक्ति की मानसिक ग्रंथियों का उद्घाटन हुआ है तो दूसरे में समाज को विकृत करने वाली स्थूल समस्याओं का दिग्दर्शन कराया गया है। जहाँ तक पहले वर्ग के समस्यानाटकों का सम्बन्ध है उनमें शाश्वत संवेदन तत्व प्रचुर मात्रा में विद्यमान होते हैं। सभी देश और सभी काल के मनुष्य परिस्थितियों के प्रतिकूल होने पर मानसिक ग्रंथियों से ग्रस्त होते हैं। इन समस्यानाटकों में ग्रंथि नजति विकारों का, उपचेतन के छत्रों का जो साकार चित्रण हुआ है उसमें संवेदनशीलता है। अनुकूल प्रभाव की सृष्टि के लिये इन नाटककारों ने कायिक (gestures) वाचिक (words) आहार्य (Dresses and make up) और मात्त्विक (Temperamental) चारों प्रकार के अभिनय का आश्रय लिया है। उनकी अभिनय-योजना में रुढ़ि के स्थान पर मनोवैज्ञानिक तत्वों का समावेश होता है। पात्रों की अर्द्धोक्तियाँ, चिन्तन के क्षणों में सूक्ष्म भाव से दृष्टि पात आदि निर्देश प्राचीन नाटकों की वाहरी दौड़-धूप और उच्छ्वसित स्वगतोक्तियों से कहीं अधिक हृदयस्पर्शी होते हैं इस प्रकार की नाटकीय कला में सांकेतिकता, और प्रभविष्णुता की गहराई होती है। लक्ष्मीनारायण मिश्र, उपेन्द्रनाथ अशक, उदयशंकर भट्ट के समस्यानाटकों में यह शाश्वत संवेदन तत्व बहुत कुछ विद्यमान है।

समाज की स्थूल समस्याओं को आधार बनाकर लिखे गए समस्यानाटक भी साहित्य की दृष्टि से सर्वदा उपेक्षणीय नहीं हो सकते। उनमें भी शाश्वत संवेदन की समावना निहित होती है यह मानव प्रकृति के उस मनोवृत्ति का साहित्य है जिसमें सामाजिक संघर्षों के प्रति आमंत्रित होती है। यह सामाजिक भावना देश-काल विशेष तक ही सीमित नहीं होती प्रत्युत किम भी देश-काल का वर्ग संघर्ष हमें आकृष्ट कर सकता है। वर्ग-संघर्ष प्रत्येक समाज का अनिवार्य नियम है। संघर्ष की प्रकृति और

१. आधुनिक हिन्दी नाटक, पृ० ५४.

२. हिन्दी साहित्य का इतिहास, पृ० ४८१.

(शेष पृष्ठ १५ पर)

कर्ण और कुन्ती

लेखक—दृगोर अनुवादक प्रो० राधाकृष्ण सूद

कर्ण पाण्डवों की माता कुन्ती के उदर से उसकी चोमायावस्था में ही उत्पन्न एक जारज पुत्र था। माता ने अपनी निर्लज्जता को छिपाने के लिए इस नवजात शिशु को जन्म के उपरान्त ही त्याग दिया था। मार्ग में पड़े इस शिशु को एक सारथी ने उठा लिया और अपना पुत्र बना कर उसका पालन-पोषण किया। युवावस्था प्राप्त होने पर यही बालक कौरवों की सेना का सेनापति बना।

(संध्या समय गंगा तट पर सूर्य की पूजा में लीन कर्ण के समीप कुन्ती आती है)

कर्ण—मेरा नाम कर्ण है, मेरे पिता जी का नाम सारथी अधीरथ है। मैं गंगा के तट पर बैठा हुआ सायंकाल के समय सूर्य भगवान की पूजा कर रहा हूँ। कृपाकर बताइए, माता, आप कौन हैं ?

कुन्ती—मैं वह स्त्री हूँ जिसने तुम्हें जन्म दिया और ये चक्षु दिए जिनसे तुम आज सूर्य भगवान के तेज से प्रफुल्लित और सुसज्जित हो रहे हो।

कर्ण—मैं नहीं समझा ! परन्तु तुम्हारे नेत्रों की ज्वाला मेरे हृदय को इस प्रकार पिघला रही है जैसे कि उषा का प्रकाश हिमाचल के शिखर पर पड़ी हुई बर्फ को। तुम्हारे शब्दों की भंकार मेरे हृदय की शून्य गुफाओं में एक अन्धकारमय उदासीनता उत्पन्न करती है जिसका कारण मुझे स्मरण नहीं आता। बाल्यावस्था की कोई बात हो तो हो। हे अपरिचित स्त्री ! तुम्हारा और मेरे जन्म का रहस्य क्या है, कहो !

कुन्ती—धैर्य धारण करो, मेरे पुत्र ! सन्ध्या होने दो, जब सूर्य भगवान विश्राम करने पधारेंगे उस समय वह रहस्य बता दूँगी। अभी इतना ही कहना उचित है कि मैं कुन्ती हूँ।

कर्ण—कुन्ती ! अर्जुन की माता !

कुन्ती—हाँ ! सचमुच (यथार्थ में)। मैं अर्जुन की माता हूँ जो तुम्हारा शत्रु है, प्रतिपक्षी है। परन्तु इस कारण तुम मुझसे घृणा न करो। मुझे अभी तक वह दिन स्मरण है जिस समय हस्तिनापुर में शस्त्र-परीक्षा हुई थी और तुम एक परदेशी ने अखाड़े में ऐसे गौरव और निर्भीकता से प्रवेश किया जैसे कि उषा तारों भरी रात्रि में प्रवेश करती है। आह ! वह भाग्यहीन स्त्री कौन थी जिसके नेत्रों ने तुम्हारे नंगे और दुर्बल शरीर को अश्रुओं की जलधारा के भीतर से आशीष दिए ? वह उस समय राज्य-भवन की दूसरी स्त्रियों के बीच पर्दों के भीतर बैठी हुई थी। भला ! अर्जुन की माता के अतिरिक्त वह कौन हो सकती थी ! फिर ब्राह्मण देवता जो कि—शास्त्राचार्य थे आगे बढ़े और बोले—“नीचकुल और जाति का कोई व्यक्ति अर्जुन का शस्त्र-परीक्षा के लिए नहीं ललकार सकता।” उस समय तुम चुप खड़े रहे परन्तु मैं देख रही थी कि तुम्हारे मुख के ऊपर संताप इस भांति क्रीड़ा कर रहा था जैसे सन्ध्याकालीन मेघों के भीतर सूर्य का छिना हुआ तेज। अतः वह स्त्री कौन थी जिसका हृदय तुम्हारे क्रोध और अपमान से जल उठा और भीतर ही भीतर प्रचंड हो गया। वह अभागिनी अर्जुन की ही माता थी कोई दूसरी न थी। परमात्मा दुर्योधन का भला करे जिसने तुम्हारी योग्यता को पहचाना, और उसी समय सबके सम्मुख अंग का राजा बना दिया और इस प्रकार कौरवों के लिए एक महावली वीर योद्धा को अपना सहयोगी बना लिया। सारथी अधीरथ लोगों की भीड़ को चीर कर आगे बढ़ा। तुम उसी क्षण उसकी ओर दौड़े और अपने मुकट को उसके पैरों के ऊपर रख दिया। पाण्डवों और उनके मित्रों के हास्य और आक्षेप की तुमने

कोई चिन्ता न की। परन्तु पाण्डवों के कुल की एक स्त्री थी जिसका हृदय उस समय गद् गद् हो गया। जब उसने देखा कि तुम इतना यश मिलने पर भी नम्र स्वभाव रहे। वह स्त्री अर्जुन की माता कुन्ती ही थी।

कर्ण—तुम यहां क्यों आई हो। राजमाता !

कुन्ती—मुझे तुमसे एक वरदान लेना है।

कर्ण—आज्ञा करो माता। जो कुछ मेरी सामर्थ्य में होगा और क्षत्री-धर्म के अनुकूल होगा मैं तुम्हारे चरण कमलों पर निछावर कर दूंगा।

कुन्ती—मैं तुम्हें अपने साथ ले जाना चाहती हूँ।

कर्ण—कहाँ ?

कुन्ती—अपने हृदय के मन्दिर के भीतर। मेरा शुष्क हृदय तुम्हारे प्रेम-उपहार के लिये ज्वरहीन मीन की न्यायीं वाकुल है।

कर्ण—भाग्यशाली स्त्री ! पाँच शूरवीर राज-पुरुषों की माता। तुम्हारे हृदय में एक नीच कुल के द्योटे सेनापति के लिए कहां स्थान होगा !

कुन्ती—तुम्हारा स्थान मेरे पाँचों पुत्रों से उत्तम और ऊँचा है।

कर्ण—परन्तु मुझे उस पद को लेने का क्या अधिकार है

कुन्ती—परमात्मा का दिया हुआ अधिकार तुम्हारी माता के प्रेम के लिए यह अधिकार जन्म से तुम्हारा है।

कर्ण—रात्रि का अन्धकार धीरे-धीरे पृथ्वी पर छा रहा है। गंगा के जल-प्रवाह पर भी शान्ति प्रबल हो रही है। तुम्हारे शब्द मुझे बहुत पीछे किसी प्राथमिक वात्स्यावस्था में ले जा रहे हैं जिसका मुझे थोड़ा २ ज्ञान होता जाता है। लोग कहते हैं कि मुझे मेरी माता ने त्याग दिया था। बहुत बार मेरी माता मुझे स्वप्नों में दिखाई दी। जब मैं चिल्लाता—“माता ! बूँघट उठा दो ! मुझे अपना मुख-रात्रिन्द दिखाओ” ! उसकी प्रतिमा मेरी दृष्टि से लोप हो जाती। क्या मैं आज उसी स्वप्न-माता को अपने नेत्रों से प्रत्यक्ष देख रहा हूँ ? उधर देखो। तुम्हारे पुत्रों के शिवरों में दीपक जलने लगे। इधर देखो मेरे मित्र

कौरवों के शिविर इस समय इस प्रकार शान्त है जैसे कि आँधी चलने से पहिले समुद्र की तरङ्गें। कल के घोर-युद्ध की नाद वजने से पहिले इसी धर्म क्षेत्र और शान्त रण-क्षेत्र में यहाँ हमारा परस्पर युद्ध होगा मेरे शत्रु अर्जुन की माता आकर मुझे भूलें हुए मातृ-प्रेम का स्मरण करायें और पाठ पढ़ाये ? और मेरे हृदय के तार उसके शब्दों के मधुर राग को सुनकर उसकी ओर और उसके पुत्रों के लिये पसीज जायें।

कुन्ती—वदि यह सत्य है तो पुत्र कर्ण देरी न करो। मेरे साथ चलो।

कर्ण—वहुत प्रच्छा मैं तुम्हारे साथ चलूँगा। कभी कोई प्रश्न नहीं पूछूँगा। कोई संदेह-भाव नहीं रखूँगा। मेरी आत्मा तुम्हारे बुलावे को स्वीकार कर चुकी है। विजय और कीर्ति की आकांक्षा ! घृणा का ज्वर ! मेरे लिए यह सब अब इस प्रकार मिथ्या हो गये हैं जैसे कि सूर्य भगवान के उदय होने पर रात्रि का चैतन्यतारहित स्वप्न।

कुन्ती—चलो मेरे साथ गंगा के उस तट पर जहाँ दीपक जल रहे हैं। भयानक पीले-पीले बालू के पार।

कर्ण—दया वहाँ मुझे अपनी खोई हुई माता सदा के लिए मिल जाएगी ?

कुन्ती—अवश्य मिल जायेगी ! पुत्र !

कर्ण—यदि यह सम्भव है तो तुमने मुझे घर से क्यों निकाला था। मुझे कुल से अलग थलग कर दिया। मेरे माथे पर नीच जातिवत् के कलंक का टीका लगा दिया और मुझे अपयश, और अपमान के बहते हुए अन्धकार मय समुद्र में फेंक दिया। अर्जुन और मेरे मध्य एक अथाह और अगाध खाई बनाई गई। हमारे प्राकृतिक और स्वाभाविक प्रेम को एक आकर्षक घृणा में बदल दिया गया। माता ! अब बोलती क्यों नहीं। तुम्हारी निर्लज्जता इस रात्रि के घोर अन्धकार को चीरकर मेरे शरीर को अद्रष्टिगोचर कंपा रही है। और इसे शिथिल बना रही है। क्या मेरे प्रश्नों का मुझे उत्तर नहीं मिलेगा। तुम्हें यह बताने की चेष्टा नहीं करनी चाहिये कि तुमने किस प्रकार विवश होकर मुझे छोड़ दिया था। केवल

बता दो कि तुम आज फिर मुझे उस मातृ-स्नेह में क्यों बुलाने आईं जिस स्वर्ग को तुमने अपने हाथों से खींच कर दिया था।

कुन्ती—कर्ण ! मुझे तुम्हारे धिक्कार से तीव्र एक दर्द खा रहा है। मैं पाँच पुत्रों की माता होने पर भी दुःख-रहित हूँ और पुत्र प्रेम से वंचित हूँ। वह दरार जो मेरे और मेरे अभागे त्यागे हुए प्रथम पुत्र के मध्य पड़ गई थी उसी दरार में मेरे जीवन का आनन्द सदा के लिए टूट में मिल गया और मिट गया। उस शापित दिन जब मैं माता से कुमाता हुई तुम मुझ से बोल न सकते थे। आज तुम्हारी पतित माता तुमसे भिक्षा माँगती है कि तुम मृदुर और उदार वाणी बोलो। मैं चाहती हूँ कि तुम्हारी धमा मेरे हृदय को अग्नि की न्यायीं भस्म कर दे और मेरे पापों की आहुति स्वीकार कर ले।

कर्ण—माता ! मेरे अश्रुओं के पुण्य स्वीकार करो।

कुन्ती—कर्ण इस इच्छा से नहीं आई थी कि मैं तुम्हें फिर अपनी कोख में ले लूँ। मैं इस भाव को लेकर आई थी कि जो तुम्हारा अधिकार है वह तुम्हें दिला दूँ। आओ ! मेरे साथ चलो। राज्य-पुत्र की अवस्था में अपने पाँच भाइयों में अपना पद सम्भालो और राज्य में भाग लो।

कर्ण—वस्तुतः मैं सारथी पुत्र हूँ अब राजपुत्र कह-
दाने की मुझे कोई लालसा नहा।

कुन्ती—तथास्तु, जैसी तुम्हारी इच्छा ! चलो और जो राज्य-जन्म अधिकार से तुम्हारा है उसको भुजबल से अपना बनाओ।

हिन्दी समस्या नाटक के.....

(पृष्ठ १२ का शेष)

स्वरूप में भेद हो सकता है मूल भावना में नहीं। अतः यह कहना ठीक नहीं कि समसामयिक समस्या को ही अभिव्यक्त करने वाला समसामयिक नाटक कालांतर में महत्व ग्रहण हो जायगा। किन्तु, इसके लिए यह आवश्यक है

कर्ण—क्या तुम मुझे अवश्य प्रलोभन दोगी। तुम...! माता ! जिसने मुझे मातृ-प्रेम से वंचित रखा अब वह मुझे राज्य लोभ देकर मानव-भवत बनाना चाहती है। वन्धुता का जोड़ तुमने मेरे जन्म के साथ ही तोड़ दिया था वह अब पुनः गांठा नहीं जा सकता। यदि मैं राजमाता को माता कहने लग जाऊँ और अपनी माता को छोड़ दूँ जो कि सारथी की धर्मपत्नी है तो बहुत लज्जा की बात होगी। यह मुझसे नहीं हो सकेगा। मैं ऐसा नहीं करूँगा कदाचित् नहीं होगा। राजमाता कुन्ती ! नहीं हो सकता।

कुन्ती—मेरे पुत्र ! तुम असामान्य व्यक्ति हो। परमात्मा का क्रोध और श्राप अदृष्ट रूप से एक परमाणु से बढ़कर हिमालय पर्वत के समान हो जाता है। निराश्रय और असहाय शिशु जिसको उसकी माता ने भाग्य-वश छोड़ दिया था आज समय की अदृष्टता से एक महाबली योद्धा के रूप में अपने भाइयों से युद्ध करने के लिए व्याकुल और उत्सुक है।

कर्ण—माता ! डरो नहीं। मुझे पूर्ण विश्वास है कि रण-क्षेत्र में विजय पाण्डवों की ही होगी। रात्रि शान्त है और निर्वाह है परन्तु मेरे मन की वीणा के तार इस समय निराशा और पराजय का उदासीन राग गा रहे हैं माता ! मुझे उन अभाग्य मित्रों को छोड़ने के लिए प्रेरित न करो जो रण-भूमि में प्राण देगे ! पाण्डवों को विजय प्राप्त करने दो। उनके भाग्य में ऐसा ही लिखा है। मुझे अनार्थों और निराशों का साथ देने दो। जन्म की रात तुमने मुझे कलंक और अपमान के हाथ सौंप दिया। अब भी मुझे पराजय और मृत्यु की प्रतीक्षा शान्त चित्त होकर करने दो। मुझे मेरे भगवान पर छोड़ दो।

कि समस्याओं को अस्तित्व देने वाली चेतना का नाटक-कार को सूक्ष्म पकड़ हो। सूक्ष्म भाव या मनोविकार का संश्लिष्ट चित्रण प्रस्तुत करने वाले समसामयिक नाटक का शाश्वत महत्व है। यदि इस चेतना का उन्मेष न कर नाटककार केवल समस्या का निरास्थूल रूप ही प्रस्तुत करेगा तो उसका साहित्यिक महत्व क्षीण होगा।

प्रणय का गीत

प्रो० सुरेशचन्द्र गुप्त

श्यामे ! क्यों नयन दुराती हो ?
यों मान-भरी क्यों रहती हो ?

किसका है यह रूख अनमना ?
किसकी है यह रीति पुरानी ?
निशिगन्धा से बिछुड़ा पीपल,
छाया जिसकी हुई विगानी !!

मदिर निशा की मधुशाला में,
खिंची-खिंची क्यों रहती हो ?
मखमली रूप की पुष्पिया में,
श्यामे ! क्यों नयन दुराती हो ?

किसका है यह स्रोत अनमना ?
किसकी है यह प्रीति पुरानी ?
बिछुड़ गया गंगा से भरना,
गति से उसकी गई जवानी !!

नभित पलक, लहराए कुन्तल,
फिर भी क्यों विहँस बरजती हो ?
खिल गया चाँद जब आनन पर,
श्यामे ! क्यों नयन दुराती हो ?

میں کھڑی رہتی ہے
 آصف آفندی کو دکانے کے لئے اُسے دھکا دیتا
 ہے۔ آفندی دروازہ کھولتا ہے اور باہر چلا جاتا
 ہے۔ جوں ہی وہ جانتے بیگم کھڑکی کی جانب
 بھاگتی ہے اور روشن موسم بتی کو اٹھا لیتی ہے
 لیکن وہ ذرا دیر سے پہنچی
 دو گولیوں کے حملے کی آواز آتی ہے۔ آفندی
 دروازے کے باہر گر پڑتا ہے اور تڑپ کر مرنے لگتا
 ہے۔ بیگم بھاگ کر فیکھنے جاتی ہے
 بیگم :- (سسکیاں بھرتی ہے) اللہ - رحم !
 آصف :- بیگم ! مجھے تم سے دلی سہمردی ہے۔ تم جب
 جانا چاہو جا سکتی ہو۔ غدار کی بیگم — !!
 دپا گلوں کی طرح ہنستے)

(پیردہ رگرتا ہے)

رباعیات (شہزادی کمرش چندرکانڈا)

(۱)
 میری محبوب گر ہم تم ملا لیں ساتھ خالق کو
 بدلنے کی جو ہو قوت فسر وہ نظم عالم کو
 کریں مسمار بوسیدہ تمدن کی عمارت کو
 بتائیں وہ تیا عالم جو ہو مقبول تر دل کو
 (از عمر خیام)

(۲)
 دشمن و فردا کا فکر دشمن جاں سوتا ہے
 آدمی شام و سحر نالہ کشاں ہوتا ہے
 اس کا خندہ بھی نہیں خار الم سے خالی
 اس کا محبوب تر بن لغمہ فغاں ہوتا ہے
 از شبلیہ (انگریزی)

آصف :- بادشاہ خاں ارات بہت ٹھنڈی ہے آجیکہ سردی
 نہ لگ جائے (بیگم کو آواز دیتا ہے) بیگم ! لیکر
 میرا بڑا کوٹ اٹھا لو۔ (بیگم خراشاں خراشاں دروازے
 کے اندر جاتی ہے)

بادشاہ خاں :- آصف ! شکر یہ ! مجھے کوٹ کی ضرورت نہیں
 میں نے سر پر منظر لپیٹ رکھا ہے۔ کوٹ کا بوجھ شاید
 نہ اٹھا سکوں !!

آصف :- آپ بہتر جانتے ہیں۔ بادشاہ خاں ! پیغام جلدی
 بھجوانا۔ (والدہ سے) والدہ صاحبہ آپ بادشاہ
 خاں کو راستہ دکھادیں میں یہاں آفندی کا خیال
 رکھتا ہوں !!

آصف کی والدہ اور بادشاہ خاں پچھلے دروازے میں
 سے نکل جاتے ہیں۔ آفندی حسرت بھری نظروں سے
 اس دروازے کی طرف دیکھتا ہے !

آفندی :- آصف ! تم میرے درجے کے بوقوت ہو۔ پولیس
 تمہیں گولی سے اڑا دے گی

آصف :- تو کیا ہوگا ! بادشاہ خاں صاف نکل جائیں گے
 جاؤ۔ نکل جاؤ یہاں سے کتے ! کھینے !! غدار۔ !!
 (تالا کھول دیتا ہے)

آفندی :- اپنے گھر آئے ہوئے کو گالی دینا تم نے کب سے
 سیکھا ہے ؟

آصف :- (طیش میں آجاتا ہے) نکل جاؤ۔ ورنہ
 — مجھ سے بڑا کوئی نہ ہوگا

آفندی :- یہ جوش !!

آصف :- جاتے ہو یا نہیں — ؟ (ہاتھ بڑھاتا ہے)

آفندی باہر کے دروازے کی طرف جاتا ہے
 بیگم کوٹ لئے داخل ہوتی ہے۔ ایک ہی نظر میں
 بھانپ لیتی ہے کہ اس کے لفتراوات کا سہرا محل ڈھے گیا
 آفندی کی جان خطرے میں ہے۔ ہر اس سال دروازے

سے کہتا ہے۔ والدہ صاحبہ! کھانے کا سب سامان رکھ دیا تھا نا؟
والدہ :- ہاں۔ ہر ایک چیز!
بادشاہ خاں :- (آفندی سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے) دوست میں تمہیں جانتا نہیں لیکن اتنا ضرور کہو گے کہ ایک دن تمہیں بھی وطن کی یاد تڑپائے گی۔ اپنی گرفت پر شرمسار ہو گے۔ پچھتاؤ گے لیکن غداری کی سیاہی تمہارے چہرے سے نہ دھل سکی۔ تمہارے دامن سے نہ دھل سکے گی۔

آفندی :- (نفرت بھرے انداز میں) دیکھا جائیگا جو ہو گا تمہاری طرح میں خواب کی دنیا میں نہیں رہتا۔ جو آنکھوں کے سامنے ہے یہ میری دنیا ہے
دیکھ جائے گی خالی بوتل کو میز کے اوپر سے اٹھا لیتی ہے۔ الماری کے اوپر جہاں تمہارا ہے رکھ دیتی ہے۔ آصف اس کی والدہ اور آفندی بادشاہ خاں کے گرد گھبرا ڈائے کھڑے ہیں۔ اُسے رخصت کر رہے ہیں بیگم ایک نظر انہیں دیکھتی ہے اور جلدی سے درشن موم سنی کو اٹھا کر کھڑکی میں رکھ دیتی ہے)
آصف :- بادشاہ خاں سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے (آؤ۔ بادشاہ خاں! چلو) (بادشاہ خاں چل پڑتا ہے)
آفندی :- معلوم ہے؟ ملزم کو فراہم ہونے میں مدد دینے کی سزا موت ہے۔

والدہ :- (گراں کر) ذلت کی زندگی سے موت بدرجہا بہتر ہے
بادشاہ خاں میرا بیٹا موت سے ڈرتا نہیں۔
آصف :- (آفندی سے) بہادر انسان ایک بار مرتا ہے لیکن بزدل بار بار مرتا ہے۔ مرنے سے کیا ڈرنا۔ چلے!
آفندی کو یکے دو۔ اس سے میں خود شیٹ لوں گا۔
والدہ :- (بادشاہ خاں کو کھیل اور بھاڑتی ہے) خدا حافظ بادشاہ خاں!

اگر میری آنکھیں مجھے دھوکہ نہیں دیتی تو یہ بادشاہ خاں ہے۔ بادشاہ خاں! سلام عرض کرتا ہوں۔ خدا کا شکر ہے کہ تم سلاستی کے ساتھ آگے آصف :- آفندی! تم پاگل ہو گئے ہو۔ یہ بادشاہ خاں نہیں ہے۔

آفندی :- سچ کہتے ہو؟؟ شکل میں مشابہت بہت ہے بادشاہ خاں! تین سال ہوئے تم لٹنادر میں تقریر کر رہے تھے۔ حاضرین جلسے کے جذبات کو مشتعل کر رہے تھے۔ تالیوں کی آواز سے فضا گونج رہی تھی جب پولیس نے تمہیں گرفتار کر لیا تو انکی آنکھوں میں خون اتر آیا تھا۔ آفندی! ایسی محتانہ ہستی کو اتنی آسانی سے بھلا نہیں سکتا۔ یہ آنکھیں دھوکہ نہیں کھا سکتیں۔

بادشاہ خاں :- تم ٹھیک کہتے ہو۔ میں بادشاہ خاں ہوں قوم کا خادم۔

والدہ :- دستائے میں آجاتی ہے (غضب کرتے ہو بادشاہ خاں)۔
بادشاہ خاں :- کیا آفندی ہمارا وطن بھائی نہیں ہے؟
آصف :- آفندی غدار ہے۔

آفندی :- آصف! اپنے منہ سے گو غدار کہتے ہو؟
آصف :- غدار کو غدار ہی کہنا پڑتا ہے آفندی! میں تمہارا اعتبار نہیں کروں گا!

آصف دروازہ کی طرف جاتا ہے۔ بند کرتا ہے اور تالا لگا دیتا ہے۔ چابی بیب میں رکھ لیتا ہے)
آصف :- آفندی! تمہیں اس کمرے میں بند رہنا ہو گا جب تک میں تمہیں جانے کی اجازت نہ دوں۔
دیکھ بادشاہ خاں سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے (اٹھتے بیٹا یہی ہے کہ آپ اب یہاں سے چلے جائیں کیونکہ آفندی کو آپ کے یہاں آنے کا علم ہو گیا ہے اس لئے آپ کا مقررنا خطرہ سے خالی نہیں ہو سکتا! پھر اپنی والدہ

جزا کا لٹاؤ (چائے پینے کے بعد بادشاہ خاں بوتل شیر برہ
رکھ دیتا ہے)

آصف :- دستگیر کے ہاتھوں سے ٹوٹی پکڑ لیتا ہے (چھوڑ دے۔
بادشاہ خاں کے سامنے کانپتے ہاتھوں کی نمائش نامناسب ہے
والدہ :- بیٹا آصف ۔۔)

آصف :- معافی مانگتا ہوں والدہ صاحبہ! (ٹوٹی بادشاہ
خاں کے سامنے رکھ دیتا ہے)

بادشاہ خاں :- میرے ساتھی دریا کے کنارے میری راہ
دیکھ رہے سوئی گئے۔ نہ جانے کب کے بھوکے اور

پہلے ہوں۔ اجازت ہو تو ان کے لئے کھانے کو اس
ٹوٹی میں سے کچھ لیتا جاؤں

والدہ :- لہجہ سوتق۔ بادشاہ خاں! میں ابھی تھیلے میں
ڈال دیتی ہوں

دُٹھتی ہے۔ تھیلے میں کھانے کی سب چیزیں ڈال دیتی ہے
اور تھیلہ بادشاہ خاں کو دیتی ہے۔ وہ نعل میں لٹکا

لٹیا ہے۔ بیچ خاموش کھڑی دیکھتی رہتی ہے۔ آصف بادشاہ
خاں کے ساتھ میز کے برابر بیٹھ جاتا ہے

آصف :- بادشاہ خاں! ہمیں آپ کی دلیلی کا دست
انتظار تھا۔ اب تو گنتی کے چند روز اور ساتھی باقی

رہ گئے ہیں۔ کچھ مر گئے کچھ دم توڑ گئے۔ دیہات
پر باد کر دیئے گئے ہیں۔ لوگ کھوک سے تڑپ رہے

ہیں۔ ان کا جو صلہ جاتا رہا۔ بادشاہ خاں! آپ کے
آجانے سے ان کے دلوں میں ایک نئی روح آجائیگی

وہ جنگ آزادی میں سرگرمی سے حصہ لیں گے۔
انشاء اللہ اب کے فتح نصیب ہوگی

بادشاہ خاں :- تم ٹھیک کہتے ہو آصف! دشمن نے ایری
چوٹی کا زور لگا کر دیکھ لیا۔ آزادی کے پرولنے

گوہریوں کی بوجھاڑ سے ڈرتے ہیں نہ ظلم و ستم سے۔
سمہنے دیکھ لیا کہ غیر حکومت میں بریاد کر سکتی ہے

خوشحال نہیں کر سکتی۔ وہ ہمیں تباہ کر کے کمزور
اور بزدل بنا چاہتی ہے اور پھر سہارے ادرے

صدریوں تک حکومت کرنا چاہتی ہے۔ جیل کی کوٹھری
میں میں نے ایک خواب دیکھا۔ اسی خواب کی تعبیر

دیکھنے کی تمنا دل میں لئے چل پڑا۔ میں نے دیکھا
تمہارے مکان کے اوپر ہماری آنہ اور قوم کا پرچم

لہرا رہا ہے اور ہم سب پرچم کے نیچے کھڑے آزاد
کوترا نہ لگا رہے ہیں۔ ترانہ ختم ہونے کے بعد ہم سب

گادوں کی جانب بڑھے۔ کھیتیاں بری بری بھرا نہیں رہے
کھیل کود رہے تھے

یہ خواب لگانا کئی راتوں تک دیکھائی دیتا رہا
یہاں تک کہ میرے کانوں میں ایک آواز آنے لگی۔ وہ

آواز بلند تھی۔ مجھے کہتی۔ بادشاہ خاں! اٹھ! قوم
تیری وامیسی کی منتظر ہے۔ دشمن نے قوم کو مقابلہ کے

لئے تیار کیا ہوا ہے۔ اٹھ اب دیر نہ کر! میں نے
اللہ تعالیٰ سے دعا مانگی کہ مجھے سلامتی سے یہاں

پہنچا دیا جائے تاکہ میں دریا کے پار جا سکوں۔ خدانے
میرا ساتھ دیا۔ ہر ایک جگہ کوئی نہ کوئی مددگار ملتا تھا

۔ چند دن مصیبت کے اور ہیں۔ جلدی آزادی کا
بکلی نتیجہ گا۔ ہماری قوم ایک دم جاگ اٹھے گی اور

دشمن کو اپنے ملک سے نکال دے گی
(درد آزارہ کھکتا ہے۔ آندری داخل ہوتا ہے۔ آصف
توڑا اٹھتا ہے)

آصف اور اسکی والدہ :- (یک آواز) آندری! آ
آندری :- ادہ! تمہارے یہاں ہرمان آیا ہوا ہے

آصف :- تمہیں اس سے کیا واسطہ؟ تم یہاں کیوں آئے؟
آندری :- آصف مجھے تم سے کچھ ذاتی کام تھا۔ کوئی

جدیدی نہیں ہے۔ میں انتظار کر لیتا ہوں (دکڑے میں
داخل ہوتا ہے بادشاہ خاں کے پاس جا کر بیٹھ جاتا ہے)

بادشاہ خاں :- (کرسی پر بیٹھ جاتا ہے) شکریہ! بھتارے
گھر تک پہنچنا ناممکن نہیں تو مشکل ضرور تھا۔ چپے
چپے پر پولیس اور فوج کے سپاہیوں نے ناکہ بندی
کر رکھی تھی۔ تمہارے مکان کے باہر میں کوئی دو
گھنٹوں سے چھپا ہوا تھا۔ چاروں طرف چھپیں ہی
پولیس تھی۔ وہ ابھی گئے ہیں

والدہ :- ایک مرد و درسی کرسی پر بیٹھا ہوا تھا۔

بادشاہ خاں :- میں جانتا ہوں۔ میں نے اُسے باہر جاتے
دیکھا۔ اُس نے اپنے ساتھیوں کو حکم دیا کہ وہ بھی
ہٹ جائیں۔ اس لئے وہ سب پہاڑی کے نیچے اتر گئے
میری سمجھ میں نہیں آیا کہ انہوں نے ایسا کیوں کیا؟
(بیگم چپ چاپ آجاتی ہے۔ اُس کے چہرے پر ایک رنگ
آتا ہے اور دوسرا جاتا ہے)

آصف :- (بادشاہ خاں سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے) آپ تھوڑی
دیر آرام کریں۔ بیگم اجاڑا تم بادشاہ خاں کے لئے
کھانے پینے کا سامان لاؤ۔ جلدی کرو!

(ذرا کھرتا ہے) جاتی ہو یا نہیں؟

آصف اُس کی آنکھوں میں آنکھیں ڈالتا ہے وہ
جمعیت جاتی ہے آنکھوں سے آنکھ ملا نہیں سکتی)

والدہ :- بیگم بیٹی! جلدی لاؤ۔ بادشاہ خاں جھوک سے
نڈھال ہو رہے ہیں

بادشاہ خاں :- کھانے کی ضرورت نہیں۔ پینے کو گرم چائے
مل جائے بس کافی ہے۔ چند ساتھیوں نے سرحد
کے اُس پار مجھے دو نان دیدیئے تھے اور یہ کبیل بھی
آصف :- بیگم! بادشاہ خاں کے لئے چائے لاؤ۔ ٹوکری
ہی لے آؤ

بیگم کانتے ہوئے ہاتھوں سے چائے کی بوتل پیش
کرتی ہے۔ بوتل میز پر رکھ دیتی ہے)

بادشاہ خاں :- دلپتیل بچہ تباہ ہے۔ شکریہ! بیٹی شکریہ!!

ایک دم چونکا ہوا جاتا ہے! ٹھہرو! اگر بادشاہ خاں اُس
دروازے (باہر والے دروازہ کی طرف اشارہ کرتا ہے)
سے نکلیں گے تو گولی سے مارے جائیں گے اور اگر وہ اس تہ خانے
کے اندر سے سڑنگ کے راستے باہر جائیں گے تو سلامتی کے ساتھ
دریا کے کنارے پہنچ جائیں گے۔ پولیس والوں کو اس چور
راستے کا خیال بھی نہیں آسکتا (خوشی میں اپنی ماں سے
لپٹ جاتا ہے)

والدہ :- لیکن تہ خانے کا تالا کیسے کھلے گا؟ چابی کون ہے
کئی مہینے ہو گئے

آصف :- چابی مجھے کل گھاس میں پڑی مل گئی تھی۔ اتار دو
کے بارگ کے اندر۔ رنگ آلود ہے لیکن میرا خیال ہے
کہ کام چل جائے گا۔ سٹنو۔ کوئی دروازے پر
دستک دے رہا ہے

دروازہ پر تین بار ہلکی ہلکی دستک سنائی دیتی ہے
جو بھی آصف دروازہ کھولنے کے لئے آگے بڑھتا ہے
دروازہ آہستہ سے کھلتا ہے ایک ادھیڑ عمر انسان
داخل ہوتا ہے۔ قدم ہلکے۔ مضبوط مگر تھکا ماندہ
کپڑے پھٹ گئے ہیں تقریباً تار تار ہو گئے ہیں۔ کالے یا
سورسے رنگ کا کبیل اور سے ہوئے ہے۔ دروازہ
کا سہارا لیکر سانس لینے کے لئے ٹھہر جاتا ہے۔ یہ بادشاہ
خاں ہے

آصف :- بادشاہ خاں :- آخر کار آپ آئی گے! سلام
عرض کرتا ہوں

بادشاہ خاں :- (دہشت ہلکی آواز میں) وعلیکم السلام
آصف کی والدہ آداب میں سر ٹھیکاتی ہے۔ بادشاہ
خاں کے بیٹے کے لئے کرسی آگے کرتی ہے) خدا کا شکر ہے
کہ آپ خیریت سے یہاں پہنچ گئے۔ تجھے ڈر تھا کہ آپ کہیں
راستے ہی میں گرفتار نہ کر لئے جائیں۔ آپ کو یہاں پہنچنے
میں دیر بہت ہو گئی۔

” سے نکلنے نہ پائے دیجیم اُٹھ کھڑی ہوتی ہے۔ انٹیکڑ
اسے دروازہ تک چھوڑ جا مکے۔ خود باہر کے دروازہ
سے نکل جاتا ہے۔ کچھ دیر کے لئے اسٹیج خالی رہ جاتا ہے
پھر آصف آتا ہے اس کے چہرے کا رنگ اُڑا ہوا ہے۔
ہوش خطا ہیں۔ وہ باہر والے دروازہ کی طرف جاتا
ہے۔ باہر دیکھتا ہے۔ میز کی طرف واپس آ جاتا ہے
بیٹھ جاتا ہے۔ اٹھتا ہے اور اندر دنی دروازے
کی طرف جاتا ہے۔ دروازے کو کھولتا ہے اور آواز
لگاتا ہے)

آصف :- اماں — !

دھیر میز کی جانب واپس چلا جاتا ہے۔ اُس کی والدہ
داخل ہوتی ہے)

والدہ :- چلا گیا وہ — ؟

آصف :- ہاں “

والدہ :- اللہ کا ہزار شکر ہے۔ مجھے ڈر تھا کہ کہیں مرود
یہاں اڑ کر ہی نہ بیٹھ جائے۔ اگر کہیں بادشاہ خاں
آ جاتے تو۔“

آصف :- میرے خیال میں تو مناسب یہی ہو گا کہ بادشاہ خاں
آج رات یہاں نہ آئیں“

والدہ :- کیوں ؟

آصف :- کیوں ؟

آصف :- ہاں تمہارے لئے مناسب ہے پریشانی کی حالت میں، والدہ صاحبہ
میں وجہ نہیں بتا سکتا صرف اتنا کہنا چاہتا ہوں۔ سہارا
گھر ان کے لئے مناسب اور محفوظ قیام گاہ نہیں“

والدہ :- بیٹا آصف ! اس گھر کے سوا بادشاہ خاں کو
کوئی دوسری مناسب جگہ سارے علاقے میں نہ ملے گی

یہاں سے وہ بر آسانی دریا کے کنارے پہنچ جائیں گے
خدا کی مدد ساتھ ہونی چاہیے۔ آصف ! تم ڈر تو نہیں؟

آصف :- نہیں اماں ! — میں ڈرتا نہیں مگر

انٹیکڑ :- منظور! لیکن ہمیں کیسے پتہ چلے گا کہ وہ آ گیا ہے ؟
بیگم :- پہلے ایک وعدہ دو۔ تم اس مکان کے باہر اُتار
کر دو گے۔ گرفتار کرنے کے لئے اندر نہیں آؤ گے۔ جیسے باہر
نکلے اُسے گرفتار کر دو گے۔ جب تک میں یہاں سے چلی نہیں
جاتی میرے شوہر کو پتہ نہ چلے۔

آصف سُنتا جاتا ہے۔ اُسے بیگم کی سکاری اور غداری پر
بہت غصہ آ رہا ہے لیکن موقع کی نزاکت کے پیش نظر غصہ
کو پی جاتا ہے۔ دانت ہی پین پین کر رہ جاتا ہے)
انٹیکڑ :- میں وعدہ کرتا ہوں۔ جیسے تم چاہتی ہو ویسے ہی
کیا جائے گا “

بیگم :- جس وقت بادشاہ خاں باہر جانے لگے گا میں جتنی
موم ستی کو اُس کھڑکی میں رکھ دوں گی تمہیں اطلاع
ہو جائے گی۔ بس دروازے سے نکلنے وقت گرفتار کر لینا
انٹیکڑ :- بیگم صاحبہ ! میں تمہاری اس اسکیم کی داد
دیے بغیر نہیں رہ سکتا۔ بادشاہ خاں کیا اُس کا
باپ بھی اب بچ کر نہیں نکل سکتا۔ گولی کا نشانہ
بنا دوں گا “

بیگم :- کیا تم اُسے گولی مار دو گے ؟

انٹیکڑ :- اس کی تمہیں نکر نہ کرنی چاہیے۔ گرفتار ہو یا
مارا جائے تم اپنے اقرار پر پورا اُترو گی نا ؟

بیگم :- ضرور ! انعام کا روپیہ کب ملے گا — ؟

انٹیکڑ :- یہ لو پا پھر سزا دلہر پستی باقی پانچ ہزار رو
پرٹ تمہیں سہیڈ کو اڑ مرد میں ملے گا۔ ہمارے سپاہی
تمہیں سرحد کے پار صحیح سلامت پہنچا دیں گے
انٹیکڑ جانے کے لئے اپنی جگہ سے اٹھتا ہے۔ آصف آہستہ
سے دروازہ بند کر دیتا ہے)

انٹیکڑ :- (بیگم سے کہتا ہے) جاؤ۔ اب لیٹ جاؤ۔ کہیں
متمتارے شوہر کو شک نہ ہو جائے۔ دیکھو مدیشن
موم ستی کو کھڑکی میں رکھنا نہ بھول جانا۔ شکار ہاتھ

مخاطب ہوتا ہے) ہو سکتا ہے کہ آج تمھاری بادشاہ خاں سے
اچانک ملاقات ہوگئی ہو!

والدہ :- تمہارا قیاس غلط ہے۔

پولیس انسپکٹر :- تم نے سن لیا ہوگا کہ جو شخص بادشاہ خاں کو
گرفتا کروائے گا اُسے دس ہزار روپے انعام ملیں گے
اور سرکاری علاقہ میں رہائش کا پرمٹ! ہمیں اطلاع
ملی ہے کہ بادشاہ خاں شاید آج رات یہاں آئے۔
د آصف کی بیگم آنکھوں سے پولیس انسپکٹر کو اشارہ کرتی
ہے کہ اُس کا شک درست ہے لیکن آصف اسے فوراً تار
جاتا ہے۔

والدہ :- تمھارا شک فضول ہے۔ ہمیں بادشاہ خاں کے بارے
میں کوئی اطلاع نہیں ملی۔

پولیس انسپکٹر :- خیر میں نے تم لوگوں کو اطلاع کر دی ہے
جو شخص اسے بھانگے میں مدد دے گا کوئی سزا دیا جائیگا

رمیز کے ادب پر لوگری بڑی دیکھتا ہے۔ ہر ایک چیمہ
اٹھا کر دیکھتا ہے۔ آخر میں چائے پیتا ہے۔

پولیس انسپکٹر :- مہم کو ذرا گری تو پہنچے گی۔ جاؤ۔ تم لوگ
سو جاؤ۔ میں یہاں تھوڑی دیر کھڑی رہوں گا۔

د اس کے کہنے کا کوئی اثر نہیں ہوتا۔ کوئی نہیں بنتا
پولیس انسپکٹر :- تم لوگ صبر کیوں نہیں۔ میرا خیال ہے کہ
کسی کا انتظار ہے۔

آصف :- (جلدی سے) انتظار کس کا اور کیسا۔ والدہ صاحبہ!
چلو! بیگم! تم بھی چلو۔

د وہ جاتے ہیں۔ والدہ اب سے آگے ہے پیچھے آصف
ہے اور اس کے پیچھے بیگم ہے۔ بیگم دروازہ کے اندر جانے

سے پہلے پولیس انسپکٹر کو اشارہ کرتی ہے کہ وہ اس کا انتظار
کرنے۔ پولیس انسپکٹر ہنستا ہے۔ چائے پیتا جاتا ہے

سر بلا کر سمجھا دیتا ہے۔

پندرہ منٹ پولیس انسپکٹر انتظار کرتا ہے۔ گھبرا جاتا ہے کہ

کہیں اُسے دھوکہ نہ دیا گیا ہو اس لئے وہ کمرے سے باہر جاتا ہے
اپنے ساتھی سے بات کر کے واپس آجاتا ہے۔ جس دروازے
سے آصف۔ اس کی والدہ اور بیگم اندر گئے ہیں اُس کے باہر
کھڑا ہو کر کان لگا کر سنتا ہے

پاؤں کی آہٹ سنائی دیتی ہے۔ پیچھے ہٹ آتا ہے اور
میز کے برابر بیٹھ جاتا ہے۔ دے پاؤں بیگم واپس آتی ہے
پولیس انسپکٹر :- کیا بات ہے؟

بیگم :- (متنبہ پر ہاتھ رکھتی ہے) خاموش! ادھر چلو (ہاتھ
سے اشارہ کرتی ہے) (دولوں دوڑ جا کر اس طرف سے
بیٹھ جاتے ہیں کہ انہیں وہ دروازہ دکھائی نہیں دیتا

جس دروازے میں سے بیگم ابھی باہر آئی ہے)

بیگم :- میں بہت دیر تک تمہارے پاس ٹھہر نہیں سکتی
تم نے کہا تھا دس ہزار روپے انعام ملیں گے؟

انسپکٹر :- ہاں۔ اور ایک پرمٹ بھی سرکاری علاقہ
میں داخل ہونے کے لئے۔

د آصف آہستہ سے دروازہ کھولتا ہے اور چھپ کر اُن کی
پاس سنا جاتا ہے۔ انہیں دکھائی نہیں دیتا۔

بیگم :- کیا یہ بیٹھ پر دو شخص دیکھیں گے؟
انسپکٹر :- کیوں نہیں۔ اگر تم چاہو گی تو دو کمرے پر پرمٹ
پیدا دیا جائے گا۔

بیگم :- تمہیں یقین ہے کہ اس پرمٹ پر کوئی روک نہ لگا
ہوگی۔ ہم سلامتی سے باہر نکل سکیں گے نا۔؟

انسپکٹر :- یقیناً! پرمٹ پر جہاں جانا چاہو گے جا سکو گے
کوئی نہ روکے گا۔

بیگم :- مجھے منظور ہے میں بخار کا کام بنا دوں گی۔

انسپکٹر :- (راستی سے پوچھتا ہے) تو تم جانتی ہو۔ بادشاہ
تاک کہاں ہے؟

بیگم :- نہیں لیکن میں یہ ضرور جانتی ہوں کہ اگر تم یہاں سے
پہرہ اٹھا لو گے تو وہ جلدی ہی آجائے گا۔

پھر آئے گا۔“

آصف :- یہاں اس مردود کا کیا کام؟ اماں میرا مٹاؤ۔
یہ ہے۔ آفندی کو شک ہو گیا ہے۔“

والدہ :- میں بہت احتیاط سے کام کرنا چاہیے۔ آفندی کا
چار آنکھیں ہیں۔ اگر اُسے شک ہو گیا تو خیر نہیں۔

(باہر بھاری پاؤں کی آہٹ سنائی دیتی ہے اس نے
بولنا بند کر دیتی ہے) سُو تو۔ آصف۔ یہ آہٹ کیسی ہے:
در دروازے پر نذر کی دستک سنائی دیتی ہے۔ اس سے
پتہ کہ ان میں سے کوئی اٹھ کر دروازہ تک جاسکے دروازہ
کھل جاتا ہے۔ پولیس انسپکٹر داخل ہوتا ہے۔ دروازہ روک
کر کھڑا ہوتا ہے

پولیس انسپکٹر :- ”کیا یہ آصف کی والدہ کا گھر ہے؟“
آصف :- ”جی ہاں! یہ ہیں میری والدہ صاحبہ! فریٹے
کیا ارشاد ہے؟“

پولیس انسپکٹر کمرے کے اندر آ جاتا ہے اور آصف کی والدہ
سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے)

پولیس انسپکٹر :- ”میں پوچھنا چاہتا ہوں کہ کیا تم بادشاہ خان
سے واقف ہو؟“

والدہ :- ”میں پوچھتی ہوں کہ تمقار ایہ سوال پوچھنے سے کیا
مطلب ہے؟“

پولیس انسپکٹر (طیش میں آ جاتا ہے) ”میرا کام ہے سوال
پوچھنا اور تمقار فرض ہے جواب دینا۔ سیدھی طرح جواب
دے۔ آصف تمکا دکھاتا ہے۔ اُسکی والدہ روکنے لگی ہے)

والدہ :- ”میری بادشاہ خان سے جان پہچان تھی،
پولیس انسپکٹر :- تم نے آخری بار اُسے کب دیکھا؟“

والدہ :- ”تقریباً دو سال کا عرصہ ہو گیا ہے
پولیس انسپکٹر :- ”اس عرصہ کے دوران میں کبھی اُسے دیکھا؟“

آصف :- ”دو سال سے وہ جیل میں نظر بند ہیں یہ کیسے کہیں؟
پولیس انسپکٹر :- ”(آصف سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے) تم کیوں دخل
دیتے ہو۔ میں نے تم سے نہیں پوچھا (اس کی والدہ سے

ٹوکرے اٹھا کر میز کے اوپر رکھ دیتی ہے۔ گرم بوتل کھلتی ہے اور
چاہیے پیتی ہے۔ بوتل کا ڈھکنا بند کرنے لگتی ہے۔ اسی وقت
آصف اور اس کی والدہ گھر میں داخل ہوتے ہیں بیگم سنبھلنے
کی کوشش کرتی ہے)

آصف :- ”یہ کون تھا جو ابھی یہاں سے گیا ہے۔“
بیگم :- ”(روک کر دبی زبان سے) تھا کوئی غیر نہیں تھا“
آصف :- ”سچ کہتی ہو؟ ساری غیر حاضری میں کوئی اور شخص
تو یہاں نہیں آیا؟“

بیگم :- ”نہیں تو۔“
والدہ :- ”آصف! تم اتنے بقیار کیوں ہو گئے ہو۔ بادشاہ
خان بہت جلدی آتا ہے۔ مجھے یقین ہے وہ ضرور
آئیگا۔“

آصف :- ”بیگم! آفندی یہاں کس لئے آیا تھا۔“
بیگم :- ”ہمارے لئے پٹے اور کھانے کر آیا تھا۔“

آصف :- ”اگر وہ کتا تھا تو اس کا تک کھالوں گا تو وہ
بھولتا ہے وہ ٹوکرے اٹھاتا ہے۔ دروازے کی طرف
جاتا ہے۔ اس کی والدہ اسے روکتی ہے)

والدہ :- ”آصف! ہو سکتا ہے بادشاہ خان کو کھانے کی ضرورت
ہو گھر میں تو کچھ بھی نہیں۔“

آصف :- ”آپ ٹھیک کہتی ہیں اماں! مجھے اس بات کا خیال ہی
نہیں رہا (ٹوکرے لاکر میز پر رکھ دیتا ہے۔ کھڑکی کی
طرف دیکھتا ہے باہر دیکھتا ہے) معلوم بادشاہ خان
کسی وقت آئیں گے ابھی تک اتنی تلاش میں لالٹینیں
گھومتی دکھائی دے رہی ہیں۔“

والدہ :- ”میں آفندی سے محتاط رہنا چاہیے۔ دولت کے لالچ
میں وہ خداری کرنے سے تاریخ نہیں کرے گا۔“

آصف :- ”اگر اُس نے ایسا کیا تو میں اسے جان سے مار دوں گا“
(بیگم سے مخاطب ہو کر) بیگم۔ کیا آفندی نے بادشاہ خان
کا ذکر کیا تھا؟

بیگم :- ”نہیں۔ وہ صرف ایک دو منٹ ٹھہرا۔ کہہ گیا ہے کہ وہ

ہونگے۔ مختاری مدد کوں کرے گا۔ آصف کو سب پر ملا
گایاں دینگے۔ اسکی مدد پر لذت چھینیں گے کیونکہ وہ لغات
پھیلاتا نہ انکے گھر تباہ ہوتے۔ آصف کی عدم موجودگی میں
تم ان کے غصہ کا نشانہ بنو گی۔ بھیک مانگنے پر جو تیاں
پڑھیں گی جو تیاں میری ملکہ ... یہ حسین کلمہ اور
جو تیاں۔

بیگم :- دیکھ کر اپنی بہن (مٹھرا جاؤ۔ آفندی! مجھے مختاری
بد دعا نہیں چاہیے۔ جو کچھ تم کہتے ہو۔ میں کرونگی۔
جو ہو سو ہو۔

آفندی :- میری ملکہ مختارا فیصلہ مبارک فیصلہ ہے۔
قصہ تمام ہوتے ہی ہم یہاں سے بھاگ جائیں گے اور تاج
عمل کی طرح سفید گھر میں اپنی نئی دنیا بسائیں گے۔ مگر
میری ملکہ بنایت ہوشیاری سے کام کرنا

بیگم :- تمہیں سمجھاؤ کہ کیا کروں۔
آفندی :- میں نہیں جانتا کہ تم کیا کرو۔ پولیس انسپکٹر گشت
بہ آ یا ہی چاہتا ہے اس سے چپ چاپ بات کر لینا
وہ بتا دے گا کہ بادشاہ خاں کے آنے پر تمہیں کیا کرنا
چاہیے؟

دیر تک سے گتے کے بھونکنے کی آواز سنائی دیتی ہے
بیگم :- جلدی کرو۔ آفندی! سر پر پاؤں رکھ کر بھاگ جاؤ
آصف واپس آ رہا ہے۔ کتا ہمیشہ آصف کو دیکھ کر بھونکتا
ہے۔ خدا کے لئے جلدی کرو۔

آفندی دروازے کی طرف جانتے ہے۔ دروازہ کے
پاس رک جاتا ہے۔ گھومتا ہے۔ بیگم کو مخاطب کے ہنستے ہے
آفندی :- میری ملکہ! میں پھر آؤں گا۔ اپنا پارٹ ادا کر کے
بعد تم چپ چاپ میرے گھر آ جانا۔ سفر کے لئے ضروری
سامان لیتی آنا۔ میرے مرنے کی بات کے ساتھ ہم
کو پ کر دیں گے۔ میری ملکہ! ہمت نہ ہارنا۔ ہمت برداں
مرد خدا!

(آفندی جلدی سے کتے سے باہر نکل جاتا ہے۔ بیگم!

آفندی :- بیشک! بشرطیکہ وہ میرے ہاتھ لگ جائے۔ مجھے خدشہ
ہے کہ آصف نے اپنے سب دوستوں کو میرے بارے میں مطلع
کر دیا۔ وہ بہت احتیاط سے کام کریں گے۔ میرا شکار میرے
ہاتھ نہ آسکا لیکن تمہارے ہاتھ آسکتا ہے۔

بیگم :- (دسم جاتی ہے) "آفندی!!"
آفندی :- ذرا سوچو! بادشاہ خاں کو گرفتار کروا دینے میں تمہیں
کیا کچھ ملے گا۔ دولت، عیش و آرام۔ نوکر چاکر۔ جائداد
ساری زندگی کی بے فکری۔ اور میری محبت! اس یاد
تم ہمیشہ کیلئے دکھ، عزت اور افلاس سے دو ہونے والی
پر لطف زندگی ہوگی۔ صرف عیش و راحت سے کام ہوگا
بادشاہ خاں کو تیرے؟ سہووں کا سردار۔ باغیوں کا
دیوانہ مرغنہ۔ فتنوں کا پیر کا۔ جو اگر مر جائے تو اچھا
ہو۔ ملک میں امن چین ہو جائے۔ میری ملکہ! ذرا سوچو
بادشاہ خاں کو گرفتار کروانا کتنے ثواب کا کام ہے۔ قوم
کی بہبودی اور بھلائی کا تاج میری بیگم ہی کے سر پر
بیجے گا۔

بیگم :- آفندی! مجھ سے یہ کام نہ ہو سکے گا۔
آفندی :- میری ملکہ دیکھو غور کرو۔ ہر دولتمند میری
ملکہ! اگر میری ملکہ لینا ہے تو میں ہی ایک صورت ہے
اس پر عمل کرو اور اپنے دامن ہمیشہ عیش و راحت کے
بھول بھولو! انکار کر دو گی تو پھر عزت و افلاس کی
آگ میں جلنا ہوگا۔ اور سنو۔ اگر یہ لغات ناکام
رہی تو آصف گرفتار ہوگا اور بھالسی کے تختہ پر لٹکا
دیا جائے گا۔ یہ گھر جلادیا جائے گا اور میری ملکہ دروہی
خاک چھپاتی پھوے

بیگم :- آفندی! خدا کے لئے یہ الفاظ منہ سے نہ نکالو!
آفندی :- اسی طرح کہ ہم بھری آواز سے) بھیک مانگنے بھیک
نہ ملے گی کیونکہ اس علاقہ کے لوگوں کے پاس دینے کیلئے
مٹھی بھرا ناز نہ ہوگا سب بھوکے ہونگے۔ خاقوں سے

بیگم :- ”مجھے یقین ہے۔ آفندی!“
 آفندی :- (شکارتا بلو میں آتا ہوا دیکھ کر گرجوشتی سے) ”جب
 کبھی میں اور تم ساتھ مل بیٹھے ہیں تو میرے دل میں
 جذبات کی آگ بھڑک اٹھتی ہے، دبائے نہیں رہتی۔“
 بیگم :- ”آفندی! بس خاموش رہو!“

آفندی :- (آن سنی کرتے ہوئے) ”میری ملکہ! مجھے اپنے جذبات
 کی ہولی کھیلنے دو! جب میں تم سے جدا ہوتا ہوں تو میرا
 دل تم سے ملنے کے لئے بیقرار ہو جاتا ہے۔ میں تمہارے
 بغیر زندہ نہیں رہ سکتا! اب میرے ساتھ چلو۔ اس
 زندگی سے ڈونب غربت و افلاس سے ڈور۔
 پابندوں کی گھٹن سے ڈور۔ میری ملکہ! اپنے تاناک
 حسن سے دنیا کو نورد نیاز بخشو۔ روشن کرو!“
 بیگم آفندی کو خود سے دیکھتی ہے وہ اٹھتا ہے اور
 کھڑکی کی طرف چلتا ہے۔ وہاں کھڑا ہو جاتا ہے اور
 ہاتھ اٹھا کر باہر کی طرف اشارہ کرتا ہے)

آفندی :- ”میری ملکہ! اس طرف بہت دور پہاڑوں کے بھلی
 طرف ایک وادی ہے۔ اس وادی میں ایک سفید ٹھہرنے
 باغ میں لہلاتے ہوئے بھڑکے کھیت ہیں۔ جب تم صبح
 اٹھو گی تو بھیدروں کے گلوں میں بندھی ہوئی گھنٹیوں کا
 سہانا رنگ سنو گی۔ پرندے چھبائیں گے۔ میری بیبل کی
 شیریں آواز سے نغمہ سرائی سکتیں گے۔ ندی کی چیل
 لہریں تمہارے خرام ناز سے رقص کرنا سکیں گی۔ وہ سفید
 گھر۔ وہ باغ۔ وہ کھیت۔ وہ بھیدریں۔ وہ پرندے
 وہ ندی، نالے سب میری ملکہ کا ہو گا! بتاؤ۔ چلو گی؟“
 بیگم :- ان پہاڑوں کے دوسری طرف تو دشمن کا علاقہ ہے
 وہاں کیسے جا سکیں گے؟ وہاں جانے کے لئے ہر کاری
 پر مٹ ضروری ہو گا!“

آفندی :- تمہارا مطلب ہے کہ اگر پر مٹ مل سکے تو تم چلو گی۔
 ٹھیک ہے نا؟“
 بیگم :- ”یہ تمہیں بتا کر کہتی ہے) ہاں۔ میں چلوں گی۔ لیکن تقویٰ

کے اونچے محل تعمیر کرنے سے کیا حاصل؟ ہمیں پر مٹ
 کبھی نہیں مل سکتا!“
 آفندی :- ”دشمن میری ملکہ! پر مٹ مل سکتا ہے اور ضرور ملے گا۔
 (اس کے نزدیک آکر بیٹھ جاتا ہے) میں تمہیں ایک راز
 کی بات بتاتا ہوں جو میرا خیال ہے آصف نے تم سے چھپا
 رکھی ہے۔ تم نے بادشاہ خان کا نام تو سنا ہو گا۔ وہی
 بادشاہ خان جو اپنے آپ کو افغانوں کا لیڈر کہتا پھرتا ہے۔“
 بیگم :- ”ہاں“

آفندی :- ”بادشاہ خان کی عدم موجودگی میں بوزانت کا میاب
 نہیں ہو سکتی؟“

بیگم :- ”لیکن بادشاہ خان تو پشاوڑ چیل میں نظر بند ہیں“
 آفندی :- ”وہ پچھلے ہفتے وہاں سے رہا ہو گیا تھا۔ دوبارہ گرفتاری
 کے وارنٹ جاری ہو چکے ہیں لیکن اسے ابھی معلوم نہیں“
 بیگم :- ”وہ کہاں ہیں۔؟“

آفندی :- خیال کیا جاتا ہے کہ وہ اب غیر علاقے میں داخل ہو
 چکا ہے، میں یقین سے کہہ سکتا ہوں کہ وہ تمہارے ہاں خود
 آئے گا!“

بیگم :- ”اس مکان میں؟؟ وہ یہاں کیوں آنے لگا؟“
 آفندی :- ”اُسے یقین ہے کہ آصف اسکی ہر ممکن مدد کرے گا۔ وہ
 آصف کے والد کا دست تھا۔“

بیگم :- ”آفندی! تمہیں یہ ساری باتیں کیسے معلوم ہوئیں؟“
 آفندی :- ”میری ملکہ! ایسی چیزیں جج کرنا ہی میرا کام ہے۔“
 بیگم :- ”میں اب سچی، آصف اور اس کی والدہ گاؤں کیوں گئے
 ہیں۔ وہ بادشاہ خان کا اٹنا پتر چلا ہیں گے کہ وہ آ رہا ہے۔“

آفندی :- ”خوش ہوتا ہے“ ستو میری ملکہ! جو شخص بادشاہ خان کو
 گرفتار کر دے گا اُسے دس ہزار روپے العام ملیں گے اور پشاور
 میں اپنے گھر پر مٹ۔ اس پر مٹ کے ذریعہ ہم دونوں ان
 پہاڑوں کے اس پاد تاج محل کی طرح سفید گھر میں بیٹھ سکیں گے۔“
 بیگم :- ”تمہارا مطلب ہے کہ تم بادشاہ خان کو دشمن کے
 ہاتھوں سے بچ دو گے۔؟“

رہیم بے پرواہی کے انداز میں کھڑی رہتی ہے، آصف اسکے بہت نزدیک آجاتا ہے۔ رسمی سلام کا منتظر ہے) والدہ: ”آصف۔ چلو، دیر نہ کرو۔ آٹے پاؤں مایں آنا ہونگا۔ بیگم کی فکر نہ کرو۔ واپسی تک اس کا علاج ٹھیک ہو جائیگا“ والدہ گھر سے باہر چلی جاتی ہے۔ آصف چند منٹ گھر میں ٹھہرتا ہے۔ بیگم بولتی نہیں۔ آصف بغیر سلام کہے باہر چلا جاتا ہے۔

بیگم دردِ اندازہ میں کھڑی رہتی ہے۔ جس طرف اس کی دالہ اور آصف گئے ہیں، اسکے دوسری طرف دیکھتی ہے، مگر لاتی ہے، گھرے میں چلی جاتی ہے، آفندی داخل ہوتا ہے۔ دپے پاؤں.... جیسے وہ باہر کہیں پاس ہی چھپا ہوا تھا۔ اور آصف اور اس کی والدہ کے چلے جانے کے انتظار میں تھا۔ وہ بہت قیمتی لباس زیب تن کئے ہوئے ہے آفندی نشہ سے محو رہیں۔ جن میں عشرت کو شہی۔ جذبات مسکرا رہے ہیں)

بیگم :- (قدرے جبرانی کی حالت میں آفندی!)
”دادھرا دھرا گھوم کر دیکھتی ہے“

میں نے تمہیں یہاں آنے سے منع کیا تھا!
آفندی :- میری ملکہ میں آنے کیلئے مجبور تھا مجھے معلوم تھا کہ تم اس وقت اکیلی ہوں گی۔ جھت نے مجھے تمہارا غلام بنا دیا ہے!

بیگم :- خیر چاہتے ہو تو یہاں سے فوراً چلے جاؤ۔ آصف آگیا تو ہم دونوں کو جان سے مار ڈالے گا۔ تمہیں تو وہ ایک نظر دیکھنا بھی نہیں چاہتا!

آفندی :- میں سب کچھ سمجھتا ہوں۔ وہ جلدی واپس نہیں آسکتا۔ آج رات اسے گاؤں میں بہت ضروری کام ہے۔ یہ دیکھو میری ملکہ میں تمہارے لئے کیا لایا ہوں، آفندی ایک چھوٹی سی ٹوکری اسکے سامنے رکھ دیتا ہے۔ اس ٹوکری میں گرم پانی کی ایک بوتلی ہے جس میں گرم چائے ہے۔ کھانے کا کافی سامان ہے۔ پھل۔ نان

دیگرہ وغیرہ)

بیگم :- (ڈرگہ کی کے سامان کو بہت احتیاط سے دیکھتی ہے کہ کہیں پھول جاتی ہیں) ”اوہ! شکر ہے! آفندی۔ تم بہت اچھے ہو۔ یہ سب کچھ میرے لئے ہے؟“

آفندی :- ”میری ملکہ کیلئے، پھل میرے دل کا عکس ہیں، میرے دل کے ہم شکل! میری محبت کی طرح شاداب اور شیریں! کیا میں پوچھ سکتا ہوں جب میں گھر سے داخل ہوا تو میری ملکہ آؤ اس کیوں تھی؟ کیا کوئی تکلیف ہے؟“

بیگم :- ”سارا کھیل آٹک پلٹ ہو گیا ہے۔ تمہیں کیا معلوم آفندی کہ مجھے اس غربت و اندلس کی دکھ کی زندگی سے تیری نفرت ہے، میں آصف سے ڈرتی ہوں اور اس کی ماں سے بھی ان کی بڑا سے کوئی مرے کوئی جئے۔ انھیں نوج شام انقلاب اور بغاوت کی دھن سوا ہے۔ کھاتے ہیں تو بغاوت کی بات اپیتے ہیں تو بغاوت کی بات! سوتے ہیں تو بغاوت کی بات! بغاوت کا کھوت سر پر سوار ہے۔ مجھے ایسا معلوم ہوتا ہے اگر میری یہی حالت رہی تو ایک دن ان دونوں کو قتل کر دوں گی۔ مجھ سے یہ غربت و اندلس کی زندگی بسر نہیں ہوتی“ (ردنی آواز میں)

آفندی :- (جوش دلانے کی غرض سے) ”تو میری ملکہ غربت اور ڈرگہ کی زندگی کیوں بسر کرے۔ میں پوچھتا ہوں کیوں؟“ (بیگم اس کی نگاہ سے نگاہ ملاتی ہے)

بیگم :- ”کیوں کا جواب یہ ہے کہ میں مجبور ہوں۔ کوئی چارہ نہیں آفندی!“

آفندی :- ”میری ملکہ! تم غربت کی زندگی بسر کرو۔ میرے جینے ہوئے؟ تمہیں یاد ہو گا میں نے تمہیں کیا کہا تھا؟“ (بیگم :- ”کب؟“)

آفندی :- ”آسٹن جب شام کے وقت تم مجھے تنہا ملی تھیں!“ (بیگم :- ”مجھے یاد ہے۔ بھولی نہیں!“)

آفندی :- ”میں نے کہا تھا۔ میں اپنی ملکہ سے محبت کرتا ہوں! میں نے دل کی بات کہی تھی!“

بیگم :- ”آئندہ کے پاس روپیہ ہے۔ تم روپیہ کیوں نہیں پیدا کر سکتے۔“

آصف :- ”آگ بگولہ ہو کر“ تو تم چاہتی ہو کہ میں وطن کے اس خدار کی طرح وطن کی آزادی کو بیچ کر روپیہ حاصل کروں۔ یعنی ایمان کا گلا گھونٹ دوں۔ منہ کالا کروں۔ اپنا اور خاندان کا۔“

(گھنڈا ہونے لگی۔ بیگم۔ تم اپنے آپ میں نہیں ہو۔ ناحق پریشان ہو رہی ہو۔ جاؤ سو جاؤ۔“

بیگم :- ”نہایت تلخ لہجے میں“ ”باہر سے ایک بھاری پتھر اٹھ لاؤ۔ اُسے پیٹ پر رکھ کر سو جاؤں! باتوں سے پیٹ نہیں بھرتا۔ محنت کا دعویٰ کرنا بہت آسان ہے۔ نچوڑ مشکل ہے۔“

والدہ :- ”بیگم۔ تم نزار کہو! میرا بیٹا کبھی اپنے وطن ادا مادہ وطن سے غلامی نہ کرے گا۔ پشت در پشت ہم نے اپنے ملک و قوم کے لئے قربانیاں دی ہیں۔ میرے والد ملک کی آزادی و خاطر شہید ہوئے۔ میرے شوہر نے ملک کیلئے اپنا سب کچھ قربان کر دیا۔ میں ایسے باپ کی بیٹی ہوں اور ایسے شوہر کی بیوی! میرے بیٹے کی رگوں میں بھی اسی باپ کا خون ہے! میرا بیٹا بھی ملک کی آزادی، ملک کی عزت و عظمت کیلئے اپنا سب کچھ قربان کرے گا، اپنا سب کچھ قربان کر دے گا! میرا بیٹا ملک سے غلامی کب

سہر گز ہرگز نہیں! اس سے اچھا ہو گا کہ وہ مر جائے۔“

بیگم :- ”ادہ! غلامی جاتے ایسے دوستوں سے اب جو ہوا سو ہوا۔ آصف :- ”اماں! اپنے آصف کی طرف سے ہٹھیں رہیں۔ میں اپنے وطن پرست باپ اور وطن پرست نانا کے نام کو کھنگ نہیں لگنے دوں گا۔ ایک بیگم کیا، ہزار بیگمیں بھی میرے پاتے استقلال کو متزلزل نہیں کر سکتیں!“

بیگم :- ”جو مزاجی بار میں آئے۔ تمہاری راہ تمہاری۔ میری۔“

آصف :- ”پھر وہی بات۔ جاؤ ذرا آرام کرو۔ طبیعت ٹھیک ہو۔ اور نیت بھی! ہم گاؤں بجاتے ہیں۔ گھنٹہ دو گھنٹہ سے واپس آجائیں گے۔ آج رات نہیں کامیاب ہو سکتی! اسی لیے۔“

آصف :- ”بٹنگ!“

بیگم :- ”ٹھیکہ ایسا پیار نہیں چاہیے۔ ایسا ایمان نہیں چاہیے۔“

آصف :- ”وہ جانے تم ایسی بھلی بھلی باتیں کیوں کر رہی ہو۔ شاید آئندہ سے ملاقات ہوئی ہو۔“

بیگم :- ”میں تمہاری زرخیز دلوانڈی نہیں، آئندہ تمہارے جیسا انسان ہے۔ میں اس سے دلوانڈی جب میرا دل چاہے۔“

آصف :- ”میرے گھر میں تم اس ذلیل کیتے سے نہیں مل سکتیں!“

بیگم :- ”جب تک میں اس گھر میں موجود ہوں۔ یہ گھر میرا ہے اور میں آئندہ کیا جس سے ملنا چاہوں گی۔ تم مجھے روک نہیں سکتے!“

آصف :- ”نہایت غصہ میں“ ”جیونٹی کو کھی پر کھی آئے“

(آصف بیگم کو مارنے لگا تھا اٹھا ناچا تھا ہے۔ اسی وقت دروازہ کھٹکتا ہے، آصف کی والدہ داخل ہوتی ہے وہ

لگ بھگ ساٹھ سال کی ہوگی۔ لیکن تندہ است و توانا۔ تنومند ہے، چہرے پر جلال ہے، لب و لہجہ میں بردباری اور نرمی ہے۔ بیگم سے بالکل متضاد۔ کپڑوں کے اوپر

چادر اوڑھے ہوئے ہے)

آصف :- ”زبان کو کٹا دو بیگم!“

والدہ :- ”میری بیٹی۔ بیگم۔ تم جھگڑا کیوں کرتی ہو۔ بچہ جاگ جائے گا۔“

بیگم :- ”ٹھیک ہے۔ تم بھی مجھے صحتی تیں سناؤ۔ یہ میرا قصور ہے کہ ہم ہدینوں سے بھوکے مر رہے ہیں۔ میں تم دونوں سے

پریشان ہوں۔ بس چلے تو۔“

(منہ پھیر کر میز کے برابر بیٹھ جاتی ہے)

آصف :- ”نزدیک جاتا ہے“ ”بیگم۔ والدہ صاحبہ کا تو لحاظ کرو۔ ان کا دل نہ دکھاؤ۔ ہم دونوں تم سے پیار

کرتے ہیں۔۔۔ نہیں کیسے یقین دلائیں؟“

بیگم :- ”چڑھانے کی غرض سے“ ”مجھ سے پیار؟ یقین کیسے آئے؟ باتوں ہی سے نہیں کچھ کر کے دکھاؤ۔“

آصف :- ”کیا کروں؟“

بناؤ سنگار کر دیکھا۔ تمہاری فطرت کو نہیں میرا خیال تھا کہ مجھے
تم سے پار ہے۔ اس نے تمہیں بھی مجھ سے پار ہو گا۔
بیگم :- مجھے افسوس ہے کہ تم اس غلطی کے شکار ہوئے۔ تم صاف
صاف باتیں سننا چاہتے ہو سنو! میری ماں پورے تھی،
اور میرے والد ایک مسلمان فوجی افسر تھے۔ بچپن ہی سے
مجھے کٹر ہینے، ڈانس کرنے، گانے اور لڑکوں سے ملنے چلنے
کا شوق تھا، (مٹھر جاتی ہے)

آصف :- خاموش کیوں ہو گئیں۔ سن رہا ہوں۔ کہتی جاؤ!
بیگم :- میں حسین تھی۔ تم خوش وضع اور امیر تھے۔ پشاور چھاؤنی
کی کوچھیلوں کا کرایہ ہی دوڑا روپے ماہوار سے زیادہ
تھا۔ سرکاری وظیفہ الگ تھا۔ جب تم نے شادی کی پیشکش
کی تو میں نے سوچا کہ تمہاری دولت میرے حسن کو چار چاند
لگا دے گی۔ دینا مجھ دیکھے گی اور رشک کرے گی۔

آصف :- ربات کاٹ کر، یعنی تم نے میری محبت کو اپنی مقبولیت
عام کا ذریعہ سمجھا!

بیگم :- جی ہاں۔ میں پہلے ہی کہہ چکی ہوں کہ مجھے تم سے محبت نہیں
تھی۔ کسی مرد سے شادی کرنے کیلئے رضامند ہونا اس سے
محبت ہو سکتی دینی نہیں!

آصف :- تمہارے ملک میں شاید ایسا ہی دستور ہو۔
بیگم :- وہ دیکھ لیا میں نے تمہارے ملک کو اور تمہارے طریقہ
محبت کو۔ تمہیں مجھ سے محبت نہ تھی بلکہ میرے حسن سے محبت
تھی۔ تم نے میرے ساتھ محبت سے مجبور ہو کر شادی نہیں کی
بلکہ اپنے گھر کی ذریعہ و زینت کیلئے!

آصف :- ہمارے گھرانوں کی شان عورتوں کا حسن نہیں ہونا بلکہ انکی
حیا ہوتی ہے خاندانوں کی عظمت دولت نہیں ہوتی بلکہ انکا
ایمان ہوتا ہے ہماری محبت ہمارے ایمان کا ایک فرد کی جیسے!

بیگم :- اس کا یہ مطلب ہوا کہ جب سمجھی ایران خطرے میں ہوا
محبت کو قربان کر دیا، اگر نہیں مجھ سے محبت ہوتی تو تم ہرگز
ایسی بات مجھ پر نہ لاتے۔ آصف! تمہیں اپنا ملک عزیز سے
بیوی نہیں!

آصف :- بیگم! تمہارا خیال ہے کہ مجھے اماں کو اور تمہیں بھوک
سے نڈھال دیکھنے میں رزہ آتا ہے۔ کیا تمہیں معلوم نہیں
کہ اس وقت ہمارے ملک میں دیکھنے کو بھی روپیہ نہیں
گذشتہ پانچ سالوں میں دشمن نے جرمانہ کی صورت
میں ہر چیز قرق کر ڈالی اور نیلام کر دی!

بیگم :- کیا کہا ملک میں روپیہ اور غلہ نہیں؟ اپنے ہمسائے
آزادی کو دیکھو۔ اس کے پاس روپیہ بھی ہے اور تاج
بھی۔

آصف :- آزادی کا نام سننے ہی آگ بگولہ ہو جاتا ہے، آزادی
شرابی اکٹا بگڑا کہاں کا افتخار ہے اس کے پاس روپیہ ہے۔
تاج ہے! (مہنتا ہے) جانتی ہو بیگم! یہ سب سطور
حاصل کیا جاتا ہے، تم سے غلامی کر کے۔ قوم کی
آزادی کو دشمن کے ہاتھوں میں بیچ کر!

بیگم :- خود ناقوں مرنا قوم کے صدمے! تمہیں ملک کی آزادی
سے کیا فائدہ؟ جب ہم ناقوں مر رہے ہوں۔ آزادی
کو دیکھو۔ قیمتی لباس پہنتا ہے۔ کھا کھا کر کٹنا موٹا ہوا
جا رہا ہے۔ اور ہمیں دیکھو!... میں اس دن کو
روتی ہوں جب تمہاری شہر ایک زندگی تھی!

آصف :- دل پر ہاتھ رکھنا ہے! بیگم!!
بیگم :- میں دل کی بات کہتی ہوں۔ آصف! میں خودی سے
نفرت کرتی تھی۔ اس لئے میں نے تم سے شادی کی تھی۔
نہیں تو میں اپنے ملک کو چھوڑ کر بھلا اتنی دُند کیوں آتی۔
مجھے معلوم نہ تھا کہ تم دو تین سال کے پورے مجھے پھر عربی کی
آگ میں دھکیل دو گے۔ میں عیش و راحت کی دلدادہ
ہوں۔ میں غربت کی زندگی بسر نہیں کر سکتی۔ آصف!
تمہیں کیا خبر کہ میرے دل پر کیا کرتی ہے!

آصف :- تو یہ بات ہے بیگم! تمہیں مجھ سے محبت نہ تھی۔ تم نے
میری دولت سے شادی کی! اگر نہیں۔ میری والدہ
بالکل سچ کہتی تھیں، بیبا! اپنے خیر کے باہر شادی نہ
کو۔ میں تمہارے حسن پر فریبہ تھا، میں نے صورت کو اور

منظر اور ماحول

ہندوستان کے سرحد پر ایک مکان کا گمرہ دیکھنے سے معلوم ہوتا ہے کہ اس گمرانے کے لوگ کسی وقت آسودہ حالی تھے۔ اس وقت خستہ عالی صاف عیاں ہے۔ میسرہ کرسیاں۔ چارپائی۔ چوکی وغیرہ۔

گمرے میں دو دروازے ہیں اور ایک کھڑکی ایک دروازہ سامنے کی طرف کھلتا ہے۔ اس دروازے سے گھر کے لوگ باہر آتے جاتے ہیں۔ دوسرے دروازے سے وہ اپنے سونے کے کمروں میں جاتے ہیں۔

گمرہ کے فرش میں ایک چور دروازہ ہے، جو تہ خانہ میں کھلتا ہے۔ گمرے کی باہر کی طرف کھلتی ہے۔ اور داروں سے بہت دُور سے نظر آتا ہے۔

شام ہوگئی ہے۔ گمرے میں شہزادوں میں دو موم بتیاں جل رہی ہیں۔ یہ شمع رات دیوار کے اوپر ایک تختہ پر لٹکے ہوئے ہیں۔

(پردہ اٹھتا ہے)

بیگم میز کے برابر چوکی پر بیٹھی دکھائی دیتی ہے کافی حسین ہے۔ پوشاک نیم انگریزی ہے۔ کپڑے گندے ہیں۔ پریشان صورت ہے۔ بال کھلے ہیں اور گلے میں لٹے ہوئے ہیں۔ آنکھوں میں اور رخساروں پر آنسوؤں کے نشان نظر آتے ہیں۔

آصف کھڑکی سے الگ کھڑا ہے۔ باہر کی طرف وادی کی جانب غور سے دیکھ رہا ہے۔ کپڑے قیمتی پہنے ہوئے ہے۔ لیکن پھٹے پرانے اور گندے جب ٹھوٹا ہے اور اپنی بیوی سے مخاطب ہوتا ہے تو اس کا چہرہ دکھائی دیتا ہے۔ حسین نوجوان ہے۔ کسی

بڑے گھر کا آخری چراغ! چہرے پر کوئی گھبراہٹ نہیں ہے۔ آصف:۔ (بیگم کو مخاطب کرتا ہے) "نہ معلوم آج کیسے ہے۔ وادی میں بہت سی چلتی پھرتی لائینڈر دے رہی ہیں!"

بیگم:۔ "ہماری بلا ہے"

آصف:۔ رہبوی کے کندھے پر ہاتھ رکھ دیتا ہے) دیکھو بیگم بھولی بیگم تمہیں دل نہیں چھوڑنا چاہیے۔ تم انگوڑی کو پہنا رہی نہیں۔ تم سمجھتی ہو کہ ہمارے حوصلے پست ہو چکے کیونکہ ہمارے رہنما بادشاہ خان جیل خانہ میں ہیں۔ میری بات کو گمراہ یا تھوڑا۔ ہر افغان جس کی گتہ افغان کا خون ہے اور جس نے افغان ماں کا دودھ پیسا دہ اپنے ملک کی آزادی کے لئے اپنی جان تک دیدیا مال و دولت کا تو ذکر ہی کیا!"

بیگم:۔ آصف! تم نے اپنی ماں کا دودھ تو خریدا ہے۔ سیم میں نے ابھی تک تمہاری رگوں میں تمہارے والد مرحوم کے خون کا جوش نہیں دیکھا۔ تم صبح سے شام تک انگوڑی حوصلے۔ بہادری اور حب الوطنی کی ڈگلیں مارتے رہتے ہو۔ تمہاری والدہ بھی ہاں میں ہاں ملاتی رہتی ہے۔

آگرم..... خیرت ہو۔"

آصف:۔ بیگم! تم ابھی بھولی ہو۔ دشمن کا مقابلہ موقوفہ پر کیا جاتا ہے۔ بے موقعہ نہیں۔ وقت نزدیک ہے جب ساری قوم منظم اور متحد ہو کر اٹھے گی تو اپنے وطن کو آزاد کرے گا ملک خوشحال ہو جائیگا۔ میری بیگم پھر عیش و راحت کی زندگی بسر کرے گی!"

بیگم:۔ مجھے عیش و راحت اب قبر میں ملیگی۔ نہ گھر میں کچھ کھونے کو ہے نہ پینے کو۔ صبح کو شام کی ٹکر ہوتی ہے اور دست کو اگلے دن کی۔ بھلا فاتحوں پر اتنا کتنے دن جبارہ سکتا ہے۔ خیرت ہو تو تم کوئی راہ ڈھونڈ لو!"

* غدار

(ازداد ہاکرشن سٹور)

اداکار	کردار
داد ہاکرشن سٹور	آصف
لینلایری داس	بیگم
اینتا بنزط	آصف کی والدہ
ہرنیدر سنگھ	آفندی
شو شیل آہوجہ	پولیس انسپکٹر
گر دہاری لعل لانا	بادشاہ خان

آصف :- تیس پینتیس سال کا نوجوان (افغان)
 بیگم :- آصف کی نوجوان خوبصورت بیوی (دلائی)
 آصف کی والدہ :- پینسٹھ سال کی عورت
 آفندی :- آصف کا ہم سایہ (شرابی و عیاش) عمر پینتیس چالیس سال
 پولیس انسپکٹر :- زرنیٹر کونستو پوری
 بادشاہ خاں :- افغانوں کا بے تاج رہنما
 ہندوستان کی سرحد پر ۱۹۴۲ء کے الگ بھگ،

لوٹ :- اس ڈرامہ کے گلہننے کے ساتھ دیش بندہ کا لہجے کے ڈرامیٹک کلب کی بنیاد پر شیل ہریش چندر صاحب نے رکھی :-

غزل

دی۔ این۔ لپسے سب سے زیبا

یہ ہم ہیں اور یہ تیری آستان ہے
گلے مل جاؤ کیا اچھا سماں ہے
سنکھا لوشوخیان اور یہ ادائیں
کہا ہر روز کس کو دیکھتے ہو
شعبہ افسوس تم کو ہو گیا ہے
شکایت ہے کدورت ہے گلہ ہے
جو اب آکر دیا ہے نامہ بر نے
کرم اب غیر پر ہوتے لگا ہے
بھری محفل میں میرا نام لے کر
قصور اپنا مگر التزام ہم پر
تمہارے عم میں مر جاتا کبھی کا
کہاں دریاں نے تم تو سر پھرے ہو

نہیں جاننگے جب تک جا نہیں جاں ہے
کہو رنجش کوئی اب درمیاں ہے
طبیعت ہر گھڑی اپنی جواں ہے
تمہارے سامنے کس کا مکان ہے
ہمارا دل یہیں ہے اور کہاں ہے؟
رقیب اب بن گیا چوراز داں ہے
انہیں فرصت نہیں گھر جہاں ہے
ملا تا وہ تمہاری ہاں میں ہاں ہے
وہ بولے لے حیاتا مہرباں ہے
یہی اب رہ گیا طورِ زماں ہے
یہ جینا بھی بڑا اک امتحاں ہے
چلے جاؤ یہ اُلفت رائیگاں ہے

نہیں پہچانتے زیبا کو ہائے

وہی تو اک تمہارا قدر داں ہے

~~~~~



نگیننی جمال کا پردہ اٹھا کے دیکھو : یہ حسن بھی کہیں تیرا حسن نظر نہ ہو  
شمارہ  
بدیہ نمبر

نگران  
شہری کرشن چندر کاندلا  
ایم۔ اے  
مگت رام  
ایڈیٹر

دیش

بدیہ پیش خدمت آنجناب پرنسپل ہریش چندر صاحب  
گرمبول آفدنیہ سے عزو شرف

غزل

(وی۔ این پریجہ، زیبا)

جو ہر دم وہ کافر ادا یا د آیا  
کبھی ہم بھی کرتے تھے اظہارِ الفت  
گئے بھول تڑپا کے اور اب یہ بولے  
ستم بھول بیٹھا میں غم بھول بیٹھا  
نصیب ہو گیا ان کا دیدار کیسے  
کہا مجھ سے ظالم نے منہ پھیر کر یوں  
مرا ذکرِ محفل میں آیا تو بولے  
بلا کر مجھے خاک میں یہ تو کہہ دو

میں سب بھول بیٹھا کہ کیا یاد آیا  
کبھی وہ بھی تھے وفا یاد آیا  
اسے جلنے کیا ہو گیا یاد آیا  
کرم تیرا بے اتہاسا یاد آیا  
اثر کس گئی ہے دُعا یاد آیا  
میرے گھر کا اب راستہ یاد آیا  
کبھی کا ہے وہ مرچکا یاد آیا  
بنا خوب وہ نقشِ پا یاد آیا

رہے عمر بھر ہم تو کافر ہی زیبا  
جو مرنے لگے تو خدا یاد آیا

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Write only on one side of the page and on alternate lines.  
Be original. Do not copy from other magazines and periodicals.

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# DESH

Valedictory Number

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते

DESHBANDHU COLLEGE  
KALKAJI, NEW DELHI

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We accord a hearty welcome to Dr. A. N. Banerji, M.A., Ph. D. (London), our new Principal. We are sure that during his regime the College will grow from more to more and serve the purpose for which it has been founded. We offer him our felicitations and wish him success and happiness.

(Editor)

# THE MAN, HIS OWN STAR :

## Career of Principal Harish Chandra

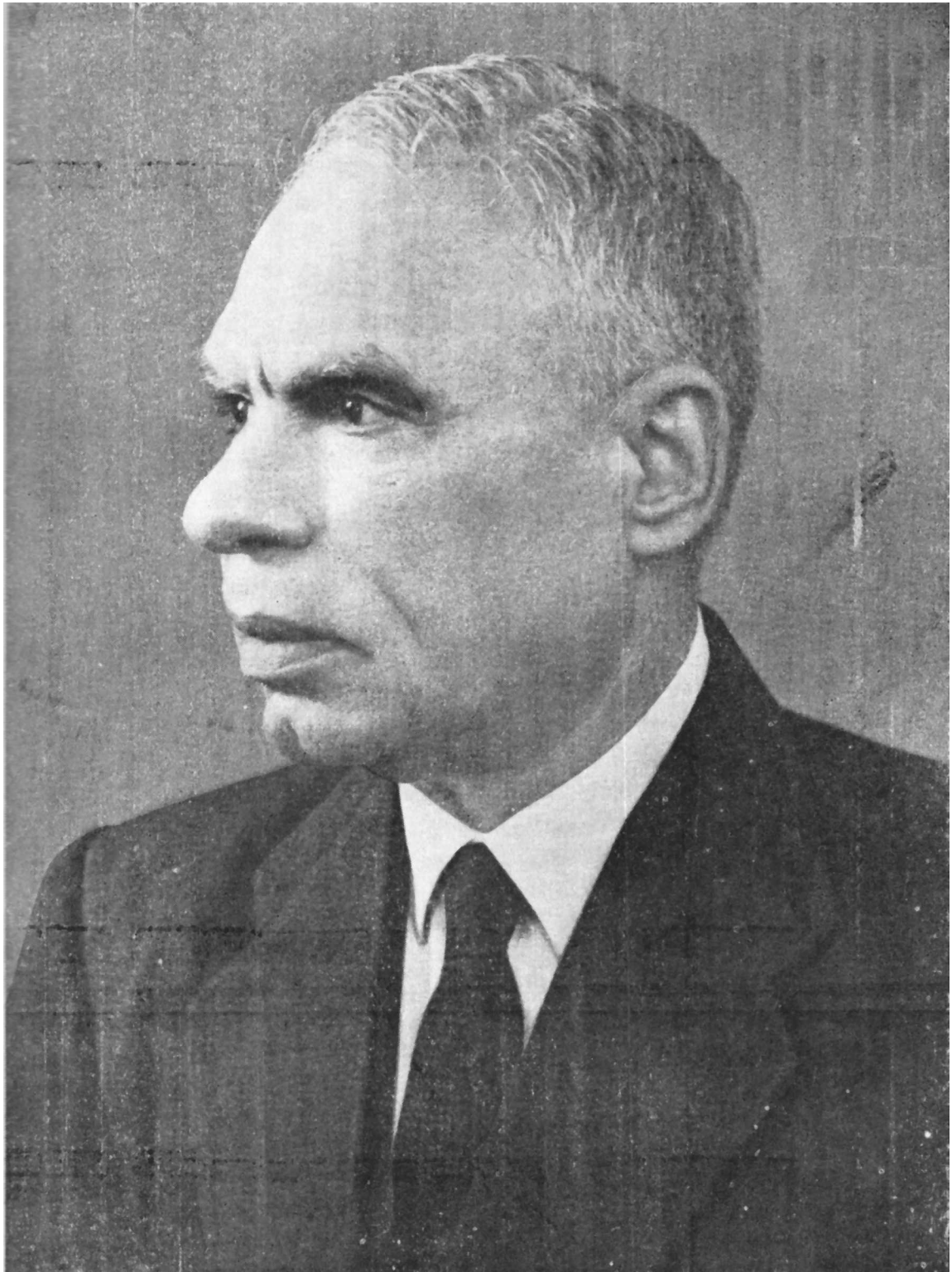
|                                   |                                                                                |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| August, 1921 to July, 1923        | — Junior Superintendent, Government College Hostel, Lahore.                    |
| July, 1923 to September, 1923     | — Senior Superintendent, Government College Hostel, Lahore.                    |
| September, 1923 to October, 1923  | — Lecturer in English, Rai Kumar College, Raipur (C.P.)                        |
| October, 1923 to December, 1923   | — Secretary of All India Engineers' Association.                               |
| December, 1923 to March, 1924     | — Lecturer in English, Dyal Singh College, Lahore.                             |
| April, 1924                       | Unemployed.                                                                    |
| May, 1924 to August, 1924         | — Lecturer in English, Khalsa College, Amritsar.                               |
| September, 1924 to February, 1926 | — Senior Superintendent, Government College Hostel, Lahore.                    |
| February, 1926 to April, 1928     | — Lecturer in English and Language Teaching, Central Training College, Lahore. |
| May, 1928 to March, 1931          | — Lecturer in English, Government College, Lyallpur.                           |
| April, 1931 to September, 1943    | — Lecturer in English, Government College, Lahore.                             |
| September, 1943 to June, 1945     | — Divisional Inspector of Schools, Ambala.                                     |
| June, 1945 to January, 1947       | — Divisional Inspector of Schools, Lahore.                                     |
| February, 1947 to February, 1949  | — Inspector of Training Institutions, Punjab.                                  |
| February, 1949 to August, 1951    | — Principal, Government College, Ludhiana.                                     |
| September, 1951 to April, 52      | — Principal, Vaish College, Bhiwani.                                           |
| May, 1952 to August, 1958         | — Principal, Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi.                           |
| August, 1958                      | — Secretary to Vice-Chancellor, Delhi University.                              |

**Farewell Address**  
TO  
**SHRI HARISH CHANDRA**  
FOUNDER - PRINCIPAL  
DESHBANDHU COLLEGE, KALKAJI, NEW DELHI

Sir,

The hour, they say, finds the man. Never were these words more true than they are in your case. Six years ago, the Ministry of Rehabilitation started this College with its present uncertain and future vague and nebulous. But in putting you at the helm of affairs, they had instinctively made the right choice of the man who could transmute their dreams and visions into a living and lasting reality. In you, Sir, they found a genius who, with the affection of a mother, the care of a nurse and the watchfulness of a father, would transform a puny infant into a robust child. What had started as an apology for a college was to grow into a first-rate educational institution within this short span of six years. The College Building which was only half done then has since been completed and a cycle shed added to it. The college canteen has been enlarged and made into an ideal structure of its kind. A Gas plant, with a capacity of 1000 c.c., has been installed. The Science Block is under construction, and so also the huge boundary wall round the college. Plans for extending the College Hall and building forty servant quarters have already been sanctioned and funds for the purpose secured. Plans

of Principal's residence, quarters for the Staff and twenty-one additional rooms are under preparation by the C.P.W.D. Nine and a half more acres of land adjoining the College have recently been acquired from the Ministry of Rehabilitation and may now well be treated as your parting gift to the College. But, Sir, what is truly of much greater significance, is that the living element in the College has improved considerably in quality as well as quantity. We have already built up a tradition for good results at the University examinations; and the number of students has gone up from 70 to 700. In consequence, what had been looked down upon by some people at one time has now become the envy of those very eyes. Full credit for this glorious achievement should, of course, go to you, Sir, unshared. For, in the hands of another man, it would not have been so easy an attainment. It is a result of your vision and imagination; a result of your keen powers of observation and subtle powers of persuasion; a result of your unbounded enthusiasm and untiring energy; a result of your quiet and unostentatious work; a result again, Sir, of your high sense of discipline and great powers of organization and administration. Such a combination of virtues, to say the least, is a rare gift



Principal Harish Chandra



of the gods. We can easily imagine, Sir, what battles royal you must have waged with red-tape which normally soils, if not kills, all initiative and drive. With the vigilance of an Argus the strength of a Hercules and the firmness of a Caesar, you must have proved more than a match for it. We see that the College stands to-day, here and now, reminiscent of your long endeavours, a living monument to your great sense of duty and a beacon-light to your successors. In sheer gratitude, Sir, our heads, therefore, bow low in silent homage to you at this time of your departure.

If, Sir, you were dear to us as the Principal of the College, you are dearer and nearer to us as Mr. Harish Chandra, the man behind the Principal. Stern of demeanour and strong in discipline, you had, at first, we confess, a forbidding appearance which almost unnerved us, as we stood half-trembling before you. Somehow, we had a feeling that we were face to face with a living Sphinx whose mystery we could not comprehend, and whose ways we could never anticipate. But very soon, Sir, the brows would clear up, the clouds would vanish and we bathed in the sweet sunshine of your smile. You seemed to encourage and enliven us with a paternal affection which spoke of the good and kind heart within. There was the softness and smoothness of an unruffled mind which could see through the haze, discern well and judge rightly; but invariably, sympathy, love and mercy seasoned your sense of justice.

Equally indelible, Sir, is the im-

press of your virile and versatile personality on our young minds. You are a loving teacher and an eloquent speaker who wields both English and Hindustani with equal ease, elegance and effectiveness. Your anecdotes and flash-backs of personal reminiscences will linger long in our memory. Your recitations always enchanted us and we loved to listen to your robust and rhythmic voice with rapt attention as you were persuaded to give us *Saarson ka Qafila*. You are still a fine actor and we shall never forget our *Mamu Mian* and the *Hakim Sahib*. We did not have the good fortune to see you in action on the tennis lawns for we have none of our own; but your reputation as a veteran tennis-star has already established itself in Delhi too. We had to content ourselves, Sir, with seeing you run races or skip the rope in the College Sports every year. We are, however, living witnesses to the spirit of sportsmanship which, in your case, is not limited to the playground, but extends itself to the bigger field of action in life. You can fight against your opponent tooth and nail and yet shake hands with him, admire him and love him. It is not easy to give you defeat; but, if, somehow, it comes your way, you know how to take it with a smile and wait for the next opportunity. It is never your habit, Sir, to harbour ill-will in your heart against anybody on earth. We have known how perfectly smart, straightforward and sincere you are in your dealings. Like Abraham Lincoln you have "goodwill towards all and malice towards none".

To put it briefly, we had in you,

Sir, a master magician like Prospero—our true philosopher, friend and guide. The Ariel in you would also come up sometimes with his impish ways and make us laugh at the time of College plays, annual picnics and happy Union meetings. We said to ourselves: “Here is a gentleman whom Time has sobered down and made mellow; but not made him sad or sullen, his share of the bitter experiences of life notwithstanding. He can yet be gay with the young, share their jokes and laugh with them as heartily”. No wonder, Sir, that we shall miss you and your mirth and miss them both every minute.

How shocking that you have chosen to go away, Sir, leaving us all forlorn! You are looking towards ‘pastures new’; and if that is your

pleasure, we wish you god-speed. We only pray that you may kindly keep us somewhere in the niche of your heart. To perpetuate your name here, we very much wish the College Authorities to associate it with the new Science Block: for you brought B. Sc. classes to this College straight from the University, like Prometheus bringing fire from Heaven.

Wishing you a long and happy life

We beg to remain,

Sir,

Your most obedient pupils,

STUDENTS

of

DESHBANDHU COLLEGE

10th August, 1958.

### Shri Harish Chandra : The Man and the Principal 1952—1958

A Tribute \*

By Shri R. K. Sud

Early in 1952 the Ministries of Rehabilitation and Education decided to open a college in the South-west of Delhi for the benefit of those refugee students who lived in the Government constructed colonies within the area. It was a right step to take. The government were to provide the capital and the building but the actual shap-

ing and administration were left to the man whom they chose at the helm. Their choice was very happy but little could they anticipate that he would be leaving the task entrusted to him in the middle. Brick by brick, book by book and student by student did the college grow. Slowly and steadily, patiently and watchfully he shaped it

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\* Read in the Farewell Meeting on 10th August, 1958

like the expert potter shaping his ware on the moving wheel. The youthful clay with which he worked was affectionately leavened and matured before it was put to use. Our old students proudly bear the impress of his hands and personality and the size of the college of his architectonic skill. He has put the college on a permanent footing, raised its status in the eyes of the companion-colleges in the University, brought B.Sc and Honours classes and advanced it in the realms of sports and extra-curricular activities. During the 6 years of Principalship the college and its affairs 'haunted his mind like a passion' and he devoted himself to it with his heart and soul.

He is a compendium of virtues. Look at him at work in his office or at games or on the college stage or at a student-staff function. He is ever the same: all-engrossed in the work in hand and eager to make a fine job of it. His singleness of purpose; devotion to duty and love of honest, hard, work inspire all those who get the opportunity and the privilege of working with him. The qualities of his head you see in action almost every day of your stay in the college. But those lucky few who know him intimately, as a man or a friend, as a host or a guest, know the qualities of his heart. He may have a formidable appearance but behind it he possesses a human heart that beats for all who suffer and need redress. He has power and position but uses them as the base for doing good. He has ambition but it is to serve the country and the community. He has his 'faults': he is not selfish; he is not unjust; he is not partial. He has

his hobbies: he is a sportsman. He believes in playing the game fairly and squarely, playing it not for a prize or a trophy but for the love and the fun of it. He is a fine actor on the stage and can play any and every role to perfection but as soon as the curtain has been drawn and the make up gone down the sink he is once again the same benign and smiling self. He often remarks that when he is stern and reproachful he is just acting; he is trying to act the part of a stern disciplinarian to make the person in the dock feel how very angry he has made his Principal by his misdeed. If the fellow realized that, he would never falter again. He does not believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child but he has had no occasions to use the rod during his long career as a teacher and administrator in capacities and places more than one. He, on the contrary, believes that if you 'spare' a kind word you 'spoil' another innocent heart by blunting its edge instead of whetting it. Young and youthful minds need to be well-groomed and channelled and the best man to do that is he who combines in himself the ardour of a religious reformer, the vigilance of a policeman, the affection of a mother and the earnestness of a teacher. Even all this may be of no avail if he himself is not a living example and embodiment of discipline. Example is better than precept, they say. It was never more true of any other man than it is of Principal Harish Chandra.

He is a gentleman par excellence, the right product of liberal education that you receive at the university.

All of you want to be gentlemen. All of you can become gentlemen but it is an uphill task. John Henry Cardinal Newman has defined the gentleman in unmistakable and unforgettable terms in his book, *The Idea of a University*. He tells us that a gentleman is one "who never inflicts pain; puts others at their ease ; makes light of favours while he does them ; has no ears for slander or gossip ; is never mean in disputes ; never takes unfair advantage ; conducts himself towards his enemies as if he were one day to be their friend ; is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles ; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is destiny. In controversy he is courteous ; right or wrong in his opinions he is too clear-headed to be unjust ; he is as simple as he is forceful, and as brief as he is decisive. He is tolerant, respects piety and devotion ....His religion is one of imagination and sentiment ; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy "Such a one you see in flesh and blood and he is Principal Harish Chandra. The best tribute that you and I can pay to him is to assure him that we will aspire with all that we may be worth to be gentlemen first and gentlemen last. I am reminded of the words of an Urdu poet:—(I am not sure if I am exact.)

Yun to duniya main aadmi hain bohat  
Par aadmi aadmi nahin milta.

The character of an educated person is that he is human and conducts himself in life and in office humanely. It was Ghalib who wrote :

Bas keh dushwar hai har kam ka aasaan  
hona  
Aadmi ke bhi muyassar nahin insaan  
hona.

Zouq, his contemporary, confirmed what Ghalib said :

Jo Farishte karte hain kar sakta hai  
insaan bhi  
Par farishton se na ho jo kaam hai insaan  
hona.

We, the Members of the Staff of this College, have had the honour and the privilege of working with him, under him and for him. To work along with him was always a pleasure. To work under him was practical training in self-discipline. To work for him was a godsend and a bliss. He set before himself and by that means before us the lofty standards of self-dedication to work and service, of unremitting toil, of selfless action, of gentlemanly behaviour, of zeal to march onwards, of love for our wards, our work and the institution and of respect for our worthies and superiors. He is dear to us as Principal and teacher but he is dearer to us for the sweet demeanour, the soft soothing voice, the warm smile, the flashing wit and bubbling humour, the winning manners and captivating speech ; and above all these, the kind heart big with mercy, charity, justice, magnanimity and cordiality. While we bid good-bye and god-speed to him as the Principal we refuse to part company with the man, Mr. Harish Chandra Kathpalia. The University

of Delhi is welcome to have his 'head' 'heart'. He has a "heart with room  
: they will allow us to retain his for every joy."

## FAREWELL SPEECH \*

By

Shri Parman Singh M. A.

Mr. Chairman, Principal Harish Chandra, Ladies and Gentlemen. I first came into contact with Principal Harish Chandra about 30 years ago when I was a student in the Government College, Lyallpur and he joined that institution as a Lecturer in English. On the very first day when he met our class he told us to write an essay on himself. I wrote the essay which of course was never read by him.

Heraclitus, an eminent Greek Philosopher, says that the world is in a state of flux. Principal Harish Chandra seems to be an exception to the rule. For thirty years ago he was only slightly younger than he is at present. I find him only slightly younger than he was thirty years ago because in his youth he carried an old head on young shoulders and in his old age both his body and his mind have retained the alacrity of youth. I noticed many of the traits of his character 30 years ago and I am rather surprised to find that he retains most of them.

Six years ago when he took over as the first principal of this college, there were barely 63 students on the rolls of this institution, but he had the vision of a flourishing, full-fledged College. I need hardly say that he has realized the vision to a very large extent. When this college was started it had no electricity, no filtered water and no bus service but now you have got all these things and others also. Yet the vision has not been realized in its entirety, for only three days ago he talked to me of many other things that he would like to secure for this college if he were destined to stay here a little longer. Evidently he is a man of vision and such men of vision are few and far between. It was about such persons that Iqbal, the Great Urdu poet, said :—

Hazaroon sal nargis apni benoori pe roti  
hae

Barhi mushkal se hota hae chaman main  
deeda-var paida

When I was a student in the  
Government College Lyallpur in 1928

\* Delivered in the Farewell Meeting on the 10th of August, 1958.

we had three principals in a year, firstly, R. B. Manmohan, who is the Chairman of this function, secondly, S. Tara Singh and thirdly, Mr. Chetnanand. You are more lucky for you have had one and the same good principal since the very inception of this college.

When I joined this college a few days ago I little thought that my association with Principal Harish Chandra, my old Professor, would be so short. In fact, I looked forward to a long period of association during which he would be a perennial source of guidance and inspiration to me. Even in my brief association with him in this college he has given me some very useful administrative tips which only a veteran administrator like him can give to a person in whom he is genuinely interested. I am grateful to him for this and for many other things that he did for me before I joined this college. Now that he is leaving I do confess to a keen sense of separation, but the sense of separation is offset by the thought that he is going to a very senior post in the University of Delhi and from there he will be able to do a lot not only for this college but also for the other colleges in Delhi.

I need hardly commend this college to his care. He has nursed it with the tenderness of a mother and the hardness of a father. His persistent, consistent and sustained efforts have developed this college into a flourishing institution. It is inconceivable that it will ever be possible for him to forget his college, but I do

commend to his care the Evening Classes which have just been started. I know that but for Principal Harish Chandra this college would never have got the permission to start the Evening Classes. There were formidable difficulties in the way but Principal Harish Chandra with his usual energy and determination was able to overcome them. I wish he stayed here for some time more to see that the Evening Classes were as firmly established as the Morning College. But I content myself with the idea that he is going to a far wider sphere of activities which will, I dare say, include further development of this institution.

About 30 years ago when I was a student in the Government College Lyallpur, I recited a poem on a similar occasion. Prof. Harish Chandra greatly admired that poem and asked me to give him a copy of it for the College Magazine of which he was, I presume, in-charge. The magazine did not appear regularly. When I asked him whether the Magazine would come out in the near future he replied with characteristic good humour, "It will come out in your life time." I know that I would not like to write at present as I did then, nor would Principal Harish Chandra admire the poem as much now as he did then. But I am in a reminiscent mood and therefore a few lines of the poem that I still remember can aptly be recited now. Consequently I conclude my speech with the recitation.

Meharban jis ja rahae tu khurramo  
faihaan rahae  
Phool ki manind baghe daher main  
khundaan rahae

Tu rahae duniya main tairee bazam aaba-  
daan rahae

Tu rahae aur huq main taire gardashae  
doraan rahae

Dill jaloon ki hae dooa ab yeh hoe jae  
qabool

Yeh qali tairee naseeme lutf se bun jae  
phool

## FAREWELL SPEECH \*

*By* Shri R. K. Sud

Principal Harish Chandra, Ladies  
and Gentlemen :

As I rise to make this after-dinner speech to bid farewell to Principal Harish Chandra, my heart is swelled with mixed emotions of trepidation, exhilaration and sadness. These emotions are easily understandable. I have to speak on behalf of my esteemed colleagues and my own behalf. I do not know in what way my esteemed colleagues think me to be worthy of this honour. There are my colleagues older in years and abler in speech than myself who would have worn the mantle which, Sir, has hitherto graced your august self. They have asked me to step into shoes that are too large for me. I do not usually go beyond size 6. The utmost that I may stretch my feet to is size 7, whereas you, Sir, wear size 10. To translate the metaphor into prosaic form : who would dare to deliver an after-dinner speech in your presence and that too in your honour? It is nothing short of crying for the

moon to aspire to the standard of your speeches delivered on such and similar occasions. You, Sir, have been,, to use words from Oscar Wilde, a spendthrift of your genius oratorical. But it is a pity you did not preserve your speeches to serve as models for the present generation with whom delivering speeches is an anathema and listening to them an inescapable necessity. We, in this college, however, are lucky. We have one of these priceless speeches tape-recorded. I refer to the speech delivered by you as the Speaker in the Mock Session of the College Assembly. We have another gem of a higher value...the speech that robbed you of us. That speech, if I am permitted to say so, is the 'fatal' speech, which you delivered at the lunch given by the College Staff to Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Delhi. We were rather too proud of 'possessing' you and like doting collectors of antiques displaying their treasure to their friends we 'displayed' you. That speech so much fascinated the Vice-Chancellor, who himself

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\* A brief summary of this speech was delivered on the occasion of the Staff Dinner on 9th August, 1958.

is a speaker of no mean merit, that he decided to 'possess' you. Choice words and selected phrases, facile and natural expression, subdued and dignified sentiments, flashing and kindly wit, rippling and bubbling humour; intimate personal touches; apt quotations; flashbacks of reminiscences; subtleties of conceit and Puckish flights of imagination; prophetic sayings; sweet resonant voice; polished, chaste and unaffected manner; inspiring self-confidence; and last but not least, Sir, the playful smile radiating glow and warmth all around and thereby making your listeners feel that they are members of one happy family seated around the family table under your benign control and parental guidance. Such, Sir, is the magic of your speech.

You, Sir, till yesterday, had the honour of presiding at the very table which you, at this moment, grace as the Guest of Honour. The paterfamilias is leaving the 'fold' and we the members thereof, are assembled here to bid him god-speed. Your seat at the head of this table, we know, will be filled up by a successor—may God bless him!—because the 'flock' must not bleat without the 'shepherd'. But your seat in our hearts, I can vouchsafe, will never be occupied by another. I may be guilty of sentimentalism but not of over-praise or flattery when I say that you, Sir, associated yourself with us so intimately and so very closely that it is difficult to believe that we had ever lived or could live apart from one another. You were one with us and we were one with you. You, Sir,

will recall the days of your recent illness, when, for the first time and the only time during your tenure of office, you had to be away from the college, how very much concerned and miserable all of us felt. More prayers—sincere and fervent—were probably never made ever before by the Staff of a college for the speedy recovery of their Principal than were sent up to the Almighty Father by us. Without you, Sir, the College Prize-giving, though quite successful, was shorn of its customary glamour. It was, to use the rather hackneyed phrase, the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark and, I would add, Ophelia too. You, Sir, were the College and the College was known to all and sundry as the institution of which you were the Principal. William Makepeace Thackeray, the author of *Vanity Fair*, called Rawdon Crawley 'Becky Sharp's husband'. Transposing the epithet we may, with even greater appropriateness, call the College by your name. In this case the 'spouse' must be called by the 'husband's' name. How can Caesar's wife be known by another name! The College, Sir, bears the impress of your personality and so do our hearts. Every brick, book, and flower will always speak of you and so will our every breath. Wherever you may be, we shall cherish the sweet and happy memories of the few years during which we had the proud and rare privilege of working with you, under you and for you. We had a very, very happy time together.

You, Sir, are leaving the College but the traditions and ideals, which



you have followed all along, will stay with us. All these traditions and ideals are worthy of pursuit but rather a bit difficult of attainment. Be it work in your office, a picnic of students and Staff at Okhla or the Qutab, a Staff dinner or lunch, the Annual Sports or the Annual Prize-giving, you, Sir, threw yourself, literally and metaphorically, into it with full gusto and for the moment forgot the rest of the world. It was this 'aggressive' singleness of purpose that was at once amazing and occasionally amusing. To see you standing at one place for hours at a stretch, superintending arrangements, issuing instructions and watching progress was a sight instructive but at the same time an eye-opener and a warning for the sluggards. It was a silent reminder to all that they were expected to do likewise. You, Sir, are a strict task-master. You do not spare yourself and woe betide the man who shirks work in your presence or behind your back. The young amongst us—not to talk of the aging—tried to emulate you but failed, though not invariably but often. They neither lacked the will, nor the heart; what they lacked was just stamina. The reason, Sir, is not far to seek. They have not been eating rich and plentiful diet. If we enjoyed your conquests in fields, athletic, administrative and oratorical, we stood agape by your side around the dining table. You, Sir, taught us that the best way of getting sustenance from food is to relish it and 'attack' it, while holding it with the hands well between the teeth. Damned be the forks and spoons, the easiest and the surest way of eating

roast chicken or fried fish or steak is to pick it up with the hand and bite at it. Grapple with life if we wish to get the best out of it. Well did Hugh Walpole say in his novel. *Fortitude*: 'it is not life that matters but the courage you bring to it.' Relish of life lies in the zest for it. This, Sir, is the lesson we have learnt from you. We assure you, Sir, that even if we fall short of your standards quantitatively we shall keep up the spirit of the whole-hearted pursuit. Whatever we eat, serve and do, we shall 'relish'. We shall always go ahead with full vigour and enthusiasm; neither feel half-hearted, nor despair.

Good food, Sir, provides nourishment to our bodies. Good and enjoyable company makes it palatable. It acts like a sauce and makes it savoury. It is difficult to say, Sir, whether you took greater delight in being invited to a party or in asking others to your place. To play the host was as natural to you as to the host in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. On those occasions when you played the host you furnished your table with the choicest of meats and vegetarian dishes and allowed your guests the fullest freedom and opportunity of speech and listened to their speeches and remarks. But to play the 'invited guest' was your real forte. You literally shone amongst the guests. You, Sir, are a pastmaster in telling stories, anecdotes and jokes; in reciting passages from English and Hindustani poetry; in mimicing the now defunct style of acting in Agha Hashar Kashmiri's plays; in acting

various roles from plays in which you have participated and in a number of other small endearing 'snicks' besides. Coleridge, we have on the authority of Charles Lamb, would take away his friends' books, read them and annotate them with his criticism in the margins and leave them here, there and anywhere. The real owners did not grudge the temporary loss of their books because when they ultimately recovered them they were enriched books and not the bare printed texts. Who would grudge you a lunch or a dinner if in return he would feel amused and happy for the rest of the week or the week following the repast. As I said on another occasion, you believe with Shakespeare's Gratiano in *The Merchant of Venice*: "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come!" If with you work is worship, mirth and laughter are the high-speed lubricating oils that keep your faculties going strong and help you to keep away care, sorrow and grief. Responsibilities of your august office, which in your own words, repeated off and on and even yesterday in the Staff Meeting, are arduous and even onerous, never weighed heavy on you; for the heavier they were the more ardent you were to shoulder them and prove your mettle. Your victories—and there are scores of them in the field of sport, lecturing, speaking, acting, administration and life—have not made you a swell-head. Your defeats, if any, not known to us, have not left you in despair. Patience, perseverance, optimism and the fullest faith in the justice and righteousness of your cause, were the

'Open Sesame' to unlock the strongholds of red-tape on the rocky shoals of which many a good-intentioned administrator has floundered. You possess the power of winning over the hardest-boiled bureaucrat to your point of view. Your strength lay in the fact that you never asked for favours for yourself but for us and the College. In your own sweet way you acted all the time in the spirit of a Karma-Yogi subscribing to the credo of *Karmanye bhavatu*: the College Motto. The day you assumed charge of the college you visualized its future shape, size and needs. You, Sir, combined the skill of an architect, the imagination of an artist, the witchery of a magician with the hard and unremitting toil of a husbandman in building this edifice. Every penny that you got from the Ministries of Rehabilitation and Education has gone to making this College a first-rate institution worthy of its place among the Delhi University Colleges and to making the Staff happier. In brief, Sir, you are leaving behind a tradition of devotion to duty, unflinching pursuit of the ideal, untiring labour, abiding faith and optimism in the face of difficulties, selfless service, sociability, generous hospitality, winsome manners and official decorum. To put it concisely, you have set up the traditions of the ideal Principal, and of the true teacher and laid the code of 'behaviour' for them. Your name, Sir, richly deserves to be inscribed on the Roll of Honour on which you yourself have inscribed the illustrious names of your Principals: to mention only a few, Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Armstrong, Mr.

Hemmy, Mr. Garrett and Mr. Dunicliffe. You, Sir, fall in line with the famous Head Master of the Rugby School about whom we read in Matthew Arnold's poem, *Rugby Chapel*. Your long career as a teacher and administrator illustrates the text and the theme of that poem. With your kind permission I wish to quote a few lines from it.

“What is the course of life  
Of mortal men on the earth?  
Most men eddy about  
Here and there—eat and drink,  
Chatter and love and hate,  
Gather and squander, are raised  
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,  
Striving blindly, achieving  
Nothing ; and no one asks  
Who or what they have been,  
More than he asks what waves  
In the moonlit solitudes mild  
Of the midmost ocean, have swell'd,  
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.”

This is the multitude who compose the teeming millions.

“And there are some, whom a thirst  
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,  
Not with the crowd to be spent,  
Not without aim to go round  
In an eddy of purposeless dust,  
Effort unmeaning and vain.”

Such a one we find in you, Sir,... “fired by a thirst ardent, unquenchable.” It is accordingly that you are leaving us and the College to go to the University of which we constitute just a tiny part. You are leaving a task well-nigh accomplished in order to take up a bigger one ;— and I need not be a prophet to suggest that a task still bigger awaits you in the offing elsewhere. You, Sir, seem to me to be a votary of Bernard Shaw's

Life Force and the joy of life for you is exactly to be found where Shaw sought for it ; or nearer home, our worthy and revered Prime Minister, Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, seeks it and finds it. The following words of George Bernard Shaw should be prescribed as a daily text for the youth of every nation : “This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap ; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.” Sir, looked at from Shaw's point of view, it is good to be ambitious : to be ambitious provided you hitch your ambition to a star. The highest in the firmament of social values is the star of service. The advancement of learning and promotion of education and imparting of discipline are tasks no less sacred than the cause of political freedom, and its consolidation and economic well-being of the people. We are rightly proud of you, Sir, and out of gratitude, if nothing besides, shall always cherish the traditions, the ideals and the ways that were so very dear and near to your heart. To quote once again from *Rugby Chapel* :

“We, we have chosen our path ---  
Path, to a clear purpos'd goal  
Path of advance ! .....

If we find this path beset with difficulties, as we well may ; if our bodies feel tired and deflate our spirits,

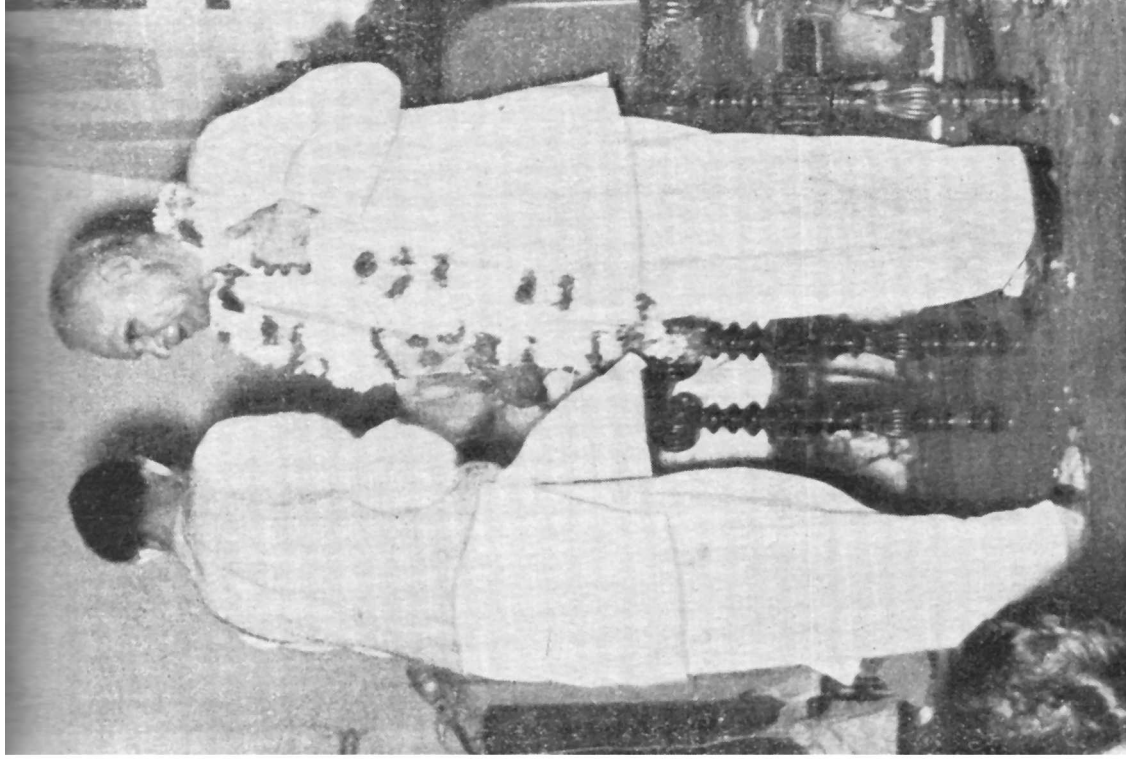
like the Greek mariners' in Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters and the vision and the goal seem to be receding further and further away from sight, we shall recall to our minds' eye your guiding hand beckoning us to march ahead. Our courage shall return to us and shouting "Excelsior" we will march ahead. You shall always stand us in good stead, like a lighthouse to the mariner on the high seas;—in the words of Henry Longfellow in his poem called *Lighthouse*: as a light "steadfast, serene, immovable and inextinguishable." We assure you, Sir, we shall keep the torch, lighted by you, always burning bright and untarnished. We hold it as a sacred trust and you shall never find us guilty of misfeasance or neglect. In you, Sir, we shall ever find the inspiration, that never failing source of light which the Scholar Gipsy and his friend Thyrsis or their earlier associates sought for in the University of Oxford.

You, Sir, are an ideal Principal and a true teacher. But more than these, you are, Sir, a sportsman and a true 'gentleman'. Really speaking the two terms: 'sportsman' and 'gentleman' are synonymous. We all have read John Henry Cardinal Newman's Definition of a Gentleman in the Chapter, entitled 'Knowledge and Religious Duty' in his book; *The Idea of a University*. Newman's words, read in the context of your life and views are indeed prophetic. In you, Sir, he could have found an example of a 'gentleman' prefiguring all the traits of an educated mind. A verse from Ghalib reads very apt to

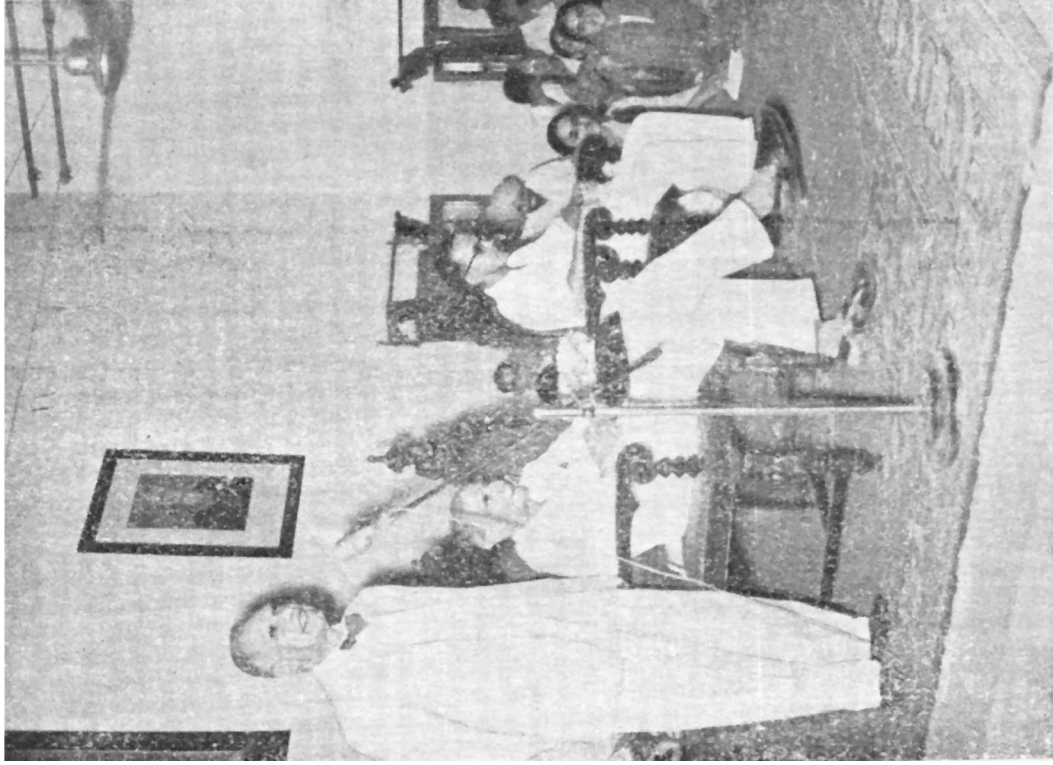
the point.

Na suno gar bura kahe koyee  
 Na kaho gar bura kare koyee  
 Rok do gar ghalat chale koyee  
 Bakhsh do gar khata kare koyee.

Much can be said about you, Sir, as a disciplinarian. On various occasions you had to be harsh and pull us up but you were never unpleasant or insulting. On the contrary, you were indulgent and forbearing and condoned our lapses and shortcomings as a father would condone those of his young, impetuous and immature sons and daughters. You have taken immense pains to groom us into a well-disciplined team. We are thankful to you, Sir, for it. You have taught us "that we must learn to respect and obey our superiors if we wish to be respected and obeyed by those who have been entrusted to our charge and tuition. We must learn to love our wards and our work. We must accommodate the vagaries and whims of one another and never let down a comrade or a partner. We should just smile at innocent mischief, reprove the erring, reform the delinquent, pity the poor, pat the deserving, encourage the weak-hearted and ignore the wilful knave. It is better to be cheated and deceived rather than cheat and deceive another person. Never covet wealth but cherish friendship. Read something new every night before retiring to bed and blow your worries through your smoking-pipes." These gems of thought we have picked up during these few years of our apprenticeship in the College-of Living-Life under your tutorship and we treasure them the most.....They



Hira Ballabh Tiwari, President Students' Union  
garlanding Principal Harish Chandra



Principal Harish Chandra replying to the  
Farewell Addresses presented to him



Principal Harish Chandra replying to the toast after the Staff Dinner



Principal Harish Chandra and guests at the tea party given by the Students of the College

say: 'Power corrupts.' It may be true, Sir, of politicians. Your example is both a denial and a refutation of it. You carried your authority with the grace and elegance of a born administrator but you wielded it with justice and sympathy. Power divorced from justice leads to autocracy, despotism and self-aggrandizement; divorced from mercy it leads to inhumanity, cruelty and barbarity. It redounds to your credit and glory, Sir, that you were never unjust, cruel or dictatorial. You were always 'Human'. You shared our misery and grief but kept your sorrows to your self. You never failed us in the moments of our difficulties. We could bring to you our personal problems without the least reserve and restraint and you gave your advice with parental solicitude. This is 'Being Human'. Borrowing words from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, I wish to say :

"You are noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
.....mighty, bold, royal, and loving."

Nevertheless, we never feared you.

We love you and we honour you. In loving you, Sir, we love one who loves us. In honouring you we honour ourselves. The elements are so mixed in you that Nature may stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man.' These words are truer of you than they were of Brutus.

We admire the administrator in you but we adore and love the human being in you. Long after Principal Harish Chandra's relinquishment of his office shall survive Mr. Harish Chandra Kathpalia or the popular name he is known by amongst his friends : 'Harish ji'. Sir, we have gathered together this evening to bid good-bye to Principal Harish Chandra but not to Harish ji. The latter, 'gentleman' we all would detain with ourselves. We are sure, Sir, the Vice-Chancellor will not, in his munificence, grudge us that. We shall always pray that you may live a long life of active and useful service.

Thank you !

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## FAREWELL SPEECH\*

By Shri Kaushal Kumar M. Sc.

Principal Sahib, Ladies and Gentlemen.

My learned colleague Mr. Sud, in his illuminating and impassioned

speech has given glimpses into the life of our parting leader and guide. I do not know if I shall be able to add to your knowledge, inadequately equipped as I am. But, nevertheless, I

\* Delivered on 9th August after the Staff-dinner.

feel very earnest in saying something about a person under whom I had the privilege to work for one year and to say how silently and, yet in a very subtle way, I have been influenced in my thoughts. I shall not weary you much with my thoughts, because in the affairs of today such thoughts may pass for conventional humility. I, however, know how truly I speak.

It was a year ago that I joined this College. On my first day I had fears and apprehensions and the impression given to me about Principal Harish Chandra was quite the other way that I have formed by myself till today. How people sometimes misunderstand him. For instance, I might tell you that, people think, even after considerable experience of him, that he is a hard man. Nothing is farther from truth. It would be true if I describe him as a soft man. Indeed, I tell you that he is feminine in temperament, attachment, devotion and quick understanding of feelings. These traits you will find in him although he may not have a soft appearance. He is called the iron-man, he looks harsh too, but the fact is that he is not steel only but wax also. I understand that Deshbandhu College is a plant grown under his care. It must be a very pleasant experience for him to see his 'baby' flourishing and occupying an important position in the comity of colleges in the University of Delhi. Obviously, it is because of hard-work. In the evening of his life when I see him working ceaselessly I doubt if age has any bearing on human capacity and endurance. I even doubt if it is the daily diet or

love of work that keeps a man moving. I realize the significance of Bernard Shaw's words : 'that true joy in life is to align oneself with some mighty purpose with all the strength and energy'.

To give you an idea as to how passionately he is devoted to his duty, I would like you to recall to memory the recent College-prize distribution. Severe pain had developed in his back bone. Doctors had advised him complete rest. He wanted to be physically present on the occasion to do his duty, but it was physical inability which arrested him and confined him to bed. He was not to be beaten by illness. The telephone was pressed into service and you will wonder that nothing was left about which he did not enquire. It may be an incident of not a very great consequence, but it definitely reminds me of the life of Nelson who even on his death-bed displayed tremendous sense of duty which even to this day is so reverently remembered.

I am reminded of another incident which speaks of his habit of keeping his desk clean. He was present in the meeting of the Academic Council on the night when Mr. A. C. Mehta, Lecturer in Chemistry, became Dr. Mehta, on the award of Ph. D. to him. Next morning before the day began a letter was typed and ready to put up Dr. Mehta for two additional increments as per rules of the University of Delhi.

To serve the cause of education is his aim, but it is not the aim alone



that matters, it is the way one serves it. I have spoken of his devotion to duty. Now let me tell you about his ways and means of doing things. He achieves unique ends in unique ways. He has but to wish for a thing and it is realized. Growing indiscipline among students is a sore in society. Generally punishment in the form of fines, expulsions is resorted to as an easy means to keep the boisterous element in check. During my short tenure, strangely if I may say so, never have I heard of any student of the College being fined for indiscipline. Would you suggest that the students who join this College are not made of the same brick and mortar as students of other Colleges? It is fantastic to think so. They are the same all over but the man who deals with them is different. He goes deep into their nature and relieves them of their troubles. He does not lose patience and spares no effort to transform them.

Education is becoming impersonal

these days. Lecturers know their students by their roll numbers and they take pride in it, but do not be amazed if I reveal to you the truth that you have only to name a student and the Principal at once remembers the complete data about him. Besides being an astonishing feat of memory, it reflects the relationship of father-and-son that he has grown round him.

Throughout he has been a great source of strength to us. So much so that it is difficult to believe that he is leaving us in a couple of days. In him the College loses an able administrator; we, the lecturers, a guide and a friend and the students their teacher and leader. We are reconciling ourselves with the loss because he is leaving us to serve a bigger cause—the cause of the University. In the end, we hope that he will continue to take interest in the College, which he has served like a zealous mistress of the house. I wish him health and happiness.

## BRICK BY BRICK THE EDIFICE GREW

( Extracts from Principal Harish Chandra's Speeches, Addresses and Annual Reports )

### **On the opening day of the college**

It is our good fortune that you, Sir, (addressing Late Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, who was in the chair)

should have found time to be with us for a little while this afternoon to preside at this function, and to agree to perform the opening ceremony of our college. It was, indeed, a happy

ought on the part of our Minister of Rehabilitation, Shri Ajit Parshad Jain, and our Adviser, Shri Mehr Chand Khanna, the two original fathers of this baby college, that they should have invited you to become its god-father. Under the fostering care of this distinguished and comprehensive parentage, we may look forward, with confidence, to growing up into healthy manhood in due course.

It is in the fitness of things that this educational institution, the first of its kind under the jurisdiction of the Delhi University, should have, for its god-father, a person who is not only responsible for the policy and direction of the education of this country but who, by universal consent, is looked upon as one of the foremost scholars in the world of a particular branch of knowledge, and to whom some other countries are anxious to refer for authoritative interpretation some of their theological problems while investigating the political rights of their women.

.....

Our college is being named after the illustrious name of a worthy citizen of Delhi, who served his country well and truly. Let me hope that Shri Desh-bandhu's example of selfless sacrifice will always serve as a beacon light to the members of the college, both here as well as in the larger life beyond the college gates.

*Desh, 1953*

**The Annual Report, 1953-1954**

(President : Shri Ajit Prasad, Minister for Rehabilitation).

The B.A. class must form the backbone of the College. The Qualifying class stays with us for a period of nine months only. Most of its students decide to go in for B.A. Hons. or B.Sc. (Pass) but, to their disappointment, cannot come back to us for these courses we do not have. The same applies to the Pre-Medical students unless they manage to enter a medical college. Students of the Qualifying and the Pre-Medical classes cannot be expected, during their short stay here, to take the fullest advantage of the facilities provided, or to imbibe the true spirit of the college and develop that patriotic intimacy with it which helps in establishing healthy and lasting traditions on which they can look back with joy and pride. The future of the Qualifying class is, in any case, uncertain in the light of the recommendations of the Higher Secondary Commission. Unless, therefore, the number in the B.A. class increases to a reasonable figure, the college will not be able to contribute its full share to the intellectual, cultural and social development of its clientele or to secure to itself an abiding place in the academic life of the University. This will become possible if we have B.A. Hons. and B.Sc (Pass) in the college.

.....

Discipline, as commonly understood, has on the whole been satisfactory; that is to say, no student has been expelled, rusticated or even fined for breach of discipline. But is that enough? How is it that the generality of students do not seem to realize the importance of such things

is coming to their lectures punctually, applying for leave before they avail themselves of it, returning books to the library on the due date, paying their accounts at the office at the right time to avoid fine or a fresh admission fee, avoiding talking loudly in the college corridors or the library so that others who are working should not be disturbed, taking care not to pass through the lawns, the making and the maintenance of which entails a great deal of labour and expense, dividing their time judiciously between work and play, speaking politely to everybody and doing a hundred other similar things. These, in themselves, may be small things and, with a little care, easy of accomplishment. How many of them, I ask the students, can boast of not being found wanting in them? Indifference to these things leads to a slovenly way of living, while a little attention to them at this stage of their life would carve their way to the acquirement of that higher discipline which would ensure them, at least partially a certain amount of confidence in themselves and some happiness, irrespective of where and how they happen to be placed in the larger life beyond the college gates. The joys of life are enjoyed more rationally and its sorrows borne more patiently with a disciplined mind.

*Desh, 1954*

### **The Annual Report 1954-55**

President : Shri Mehr Chand Khanna (Minister for Rehabilitation).

The present building cannot accommodate more than 300 students at the

outside. The college hall is too small even for our present numbers..... The amount of trespassing on the college premises, with all its attendant mischief, is heart-breaking and it is impossible effectively to check it. A compound wall four to five feet high is an urgent necessity.

Lectures are frequently disturbed by the chirping of birds who can boast of a number of nests carefully constructed in the ceilings of almost all the lecture rooms. These nests are removed continually—a cruel thing to do—but new ones are built almost as rapidly as the old ones are removed... I wish something could be done to make the roofs of lecture rooms bird-proof. It would also be desirable to provide wire-gauze shutters to windows and ventilators all over the building to stop the birds from flying in and out and constantly interfering with college work.....

Electric wiring of the building was completed many months ago, but it has not, so far, been possible to obtain the electric connection..... The absence of electricity has caused us much discomfort during the hot weather but more than that it has been a serious hindrance in maintaining our extra-curricular activities, such as social and cultural meetings and dramatic shows in the evenings.....

Accommodation in the Library will soon be found insufficient and it will be necessary to add one or two rooms to it.....

The Constitution of the College Union was amended to enable its

members to move a vote of no-confidence against its office-holders under certain conditions.....

For lack of proper play-grounds it has not been possible to provide the more important organized games, such as Cricket, Football, Hockey and Tennis, .....Most of the students have to content themselves with Volley Ball, Badminton, Deck-tennis and Net-Ball. ....We are greatly handicapped in the matter of playgrounds. The rocky nature of the soil is making it well-nigh impossible to convert the open space at the back of the college into playing fields. Every effort, however, is being made to lay out at least one decent ground and if we are successful, we should be able to play some Hockey and Football next cold winter.....

The problem of discipline in colleges and Universities has, of late, been engaging the serious attention of Educationists and Administrators all over the county. I would, in this connection, commend to the notice of both teachers and students a series of readable, thoughtful and practical articles on this important subject written by Shri Hamayun Kabir, Education Secretary to the Government of India, and published by the Ministry of Education. Various suggestions aiming at the eradication of indiscipline among students have also been made by Governors, Ministers, Vice-Chancellors and others in their addresses from time to time. The implementation of these suggestions depends very largely on teachers and students themselves. I verily believe that nobody can make

a contribution to the inculcation of discipline among our students than us teachers who come in personal contact with them every day and whose main object is or should be to help them grow up into useful citizens and not merely pass their examinations. I was quite amused to hear a teacher the other day asking his students to work for 8 or 9 hours a day in his subject : it did not matter how much work they put in other subjects.

The teacher must realize that his business does not end with his lecture for a period of 45 minutes. It is his duty to see, at every conceivable opportunity, that his students conduct themselves correctly under all circumstances and to convince them that he is deeply interested in their welfare. The heart of most of the students is in the right place and an over-whelming majority of them are always prepared to respond to the guidance of their teachers provided the teachers are good at the art of teaching, and know how to deal with young people sympathetically, patiently and impartially. Nothing should really be easier for an honest and experienced teacher than to make his students see errors in their thinking and the consequent impropriety of their action.....

Proposals have been put up to the Ministry of Rehabilitation, the author of this college, and the Ministry of Education for raising the status of the college, and making it into a first class self-supporting institution which should provide for its students, in an abundant measure, all the facilities,

both curricular and extra-mural, available at other colleges in Delhi.

This college was founded for the benefit of the rehabilitation colonies in the South of Delhi. When these colonies have filled up and the economic condition of their people has improved, the demand for higher education in this area is certain to increase and there is little doubt, that in fulness of time, a full-fledged college roundabout here would flourish and fulfil a legitimate need.

*Desh, 1955*

**To My Students (a letter to the Editor of *Desh*—Santosh Kumari Punhani).**

The most obvious object of a college journal is to provide an opportunity to its young constituents to learn and practise the art of writing. This highly satisfying art is fundamentally based on wide and thoughtful reading. Not many students in these days seem to be inclined to write anything beyond their classroom essays or to read anything beyond their prescribed text books. This is rather a pity.

A college Magazine, above everything else, is expected to reflect, in its pages, the life of that college. And the life of a college are its students. Nobody, therefore, is in a better position than the students themselves to interpret that life. One important agency through which it can be done effectively is their magazine. I should be satisfied if the students are encouraged to write short

articles on subjects which are nearest their hearts, and touch their everyday life. Nobody expects the students of a college to produce highbrow or original articles. If a college magazine can boast of counting a sufficient number of students among its contributors, it has, to my mind, fulfilled a useful purpose.

But there is another and deeper purpose too. A college magazine must endeavour to create a healthy public opinion in the college and help its students to imbibe a high sense of duty and discipline which will stand them in good stead not only at college, but a great deal more, in the larger life beyond the college gates. We hear everyday of our life that the chief function of an educational institution is not merely to enable its students to pass their examinations but to build their 'Character', develop their 'Personality' and thus produce 'Useful citizens'. Most people imagine this is easier said than done. 'I do not think so. These terms are far too comprehensive for a definition and are not easily explained. They embrace a large number of sterling qualities of head and heart. And yet I have no doubt in my mind that Character and Personality are not difficult of acquirement. How is this laudable object to be achieved? I shall tell you an easy way.....May I give you a few tips?

(1) Read something new everyday .....(2) Do not leave a meeting in the middle but sit through it quietly whether you like it or not..... (3) Pass through the verandah of the college silently..... If you must talk, do so in

a whisper... (4) There is no harm in grumbling a little when you have been fined ....., but pay the fine cheerfully and make yourself a promise not to merit a fine again. (5) Avoid doing anything which might necessitate an apology later. If an apology becomes necessary make it sincere, frank and full; ..... (6) Disfiguring or damaging library books is a social crime of a very low type and deserves the highest condemnation. (7) .. Mis-handling and misusing any property, whether it belongs to you or to the fellow whom you don't like betrays an unsound mind. (8) Learn to obey before you can hope your orders to be obeyed. (9) ... Politeness is a highly valuable commodity, but costs nothing. It yields rich and unexpected dividends. (10) Keep your temper under all circumstances. . (11) Learn to laugh at yourself and forget to laugh at others.....

These tips were given to me too at your age. I didn't like them and I am much the worse for it. Take advantage of my loss. It will be your gain.

*Desh, 1956*

**The Annual Report, 1955-56**  
(President : Dr. G.S. Mahajini).

The College building is getting quite insufficient for its increasing numbers and needs. This was noticed by the University Inspection Committee at its recent visit to the college. We want more rooms for tutorial work, for the Physics and Chemistry Laboratories, and a Common Room for students.

The Hall is too small for our requirements. There are no servants' quarters and no store rooms. The major portion of the compound wall is still incomplete. The amount of trespassing on the College premises has, therefore, become a chronic problem.....

I should like to take this opportunity of warning students (who apply for fee-concessions and stipends) that the standard (of achievement laid down for the award and retention of fee-concessions and stipends) is likely to be raised when the college reassembles after the Summer Vacation and the least they will be expected to do is to pass in every subject. They must clearly understand that poverty cannot be regarded as the sole criterion for the award of these concessions.....

The constitution of the College Union was amended to create the offices of Vice-President and Assistant Secretary... ..

One sometimes gets the impression that a section of the student community all over the country, happily only a small section, perhaps, do not clearly realize the legitimate scope of a college Union and, in their enthusiasm, they are sometimes inclined to overstep the limits of this scope. Emphatic advice becomes necessary on such occasions. It is time that they realized much to their own benefit, the benefit of their fellow students, and of the institutions to which they belong, that a college Union like all other similar and sectional college associations and societies, but in a much fuller measure, is

primarily a training ground for shedding stage fright and self-consciousness, learning the art of public speaking, developing personality and character, organizing social functions and imbibing a high sense of discipline and responsibility. If a college Union is found wanting in helping its members to attain these objects, it has failed in its most important function. . . .

We, as a people, have to go a long way to learn to conduct ourselves with discipline in our individual, social, political and national life. No progress is possible in any direction without discipline. The student community, compared with almost all other sections of society, is most fortunately placed in imbibing and cultivating this great quality, if students would only make use of their opportunities and place themselves unreservedly but intelligently under the guidance of their teachers and parents who are their best friends. I do not blame them for the over-confidence and importunity shown by some of them on certain occasions. It is the privilege of youth to be over-confident and importunate, but wisdom lies in permitting this over-confidence and importunity always to be tested in the crucible of knowledge and experience which come only with age.....

*Desh, 1956*

### **The Annual Report, 1956-57**

(President : Shri K.G. Saiyidain).

It is true that the previous academic achievements of the average student admitted to this college

are considerably lower than those of his compeer in other colleges. It may also be true that his financial position is not strong and he has not the same opportunities for social, intellectual and cultural contacts which may be available to his counterpart in the campus of the University or in the city of New Delhi. But I should like to impress upon the students of this college that these are not convincing enough reasons for not being able to secure even a mere pass in their examinations. If a student attends his lectures regularly and puts in two or three hours' work a day at home he should have no difficulty in getting through.....

It has been noted with regret that the number of students who manage to fall ill during the House Examinations is rather more than during the rest of the year. Applications for sick leave from the House Examinations, duly supported by medical certificates, are sanctioned more or less automatically, although in some cases the medical certificate does not appear to be genuine. I contacted the parents of all the students who were absent from the last House Examination on medical grounds or otherwise, and discovered that some students, happily very few, had cut the examination without the knowledge of their parents under false pretexts. These students were, of course, required to pay the usual fine which is heavier than the ordinary fine levied for absence without leave from lectures. They also forfeited their fee concessions and stipends, if any. I wish these students to realize that it

would have been perfectly in order if a more serious view had been taken of this offence which amounts to moral turpitude and is, therefore, deserving of the highest condemnation . . . . .

We have only one small playing field at our disposal, but even this is not satisfactory from any point of view. It is impossible to maintain it in a proper condition without water and a compound wall to stop trespassing. A tube well and a compound wall are dire necessities . . .

. . . . .it is a pity that the need to impress the value of discipline upon the students, in general, and the more lively section among them, in particular, should arise a little too often. Students must realize that the greatest source of a successful and joyful life is a disciplined mind and body and the greatest opportunity to develop a disciplined mind and body is now and here. Habits of discipline are most easily formed and cultivated at school or college where their only responsibilities are to gather knowledge, build up their body and character, learn to play the game and conduct themselves decently in all circumstances. Those who fail to make use of this great opportunity will have themselves to blame if they fail to face the struggle of life beyond the college gates with any degree of success.

**Address**—(as Speaker of the Mock Session of the Parliament arranged by the Political Science Association).

. . . I have no doubt that the one ideal each one of you, irrespective of

your individual views on the many problems on which you will deliberate and legislate, will be the well-being of the common man and woman, and not one of you will ever depart from the path leading to that noble objective. . .

Your young college is, by now, well-known in all the colleges comprising the Commonwealth of the Delhi University that the 'foreign' policy of my Government is firmly founded on the principles of perfect sportsmanship and peaceful co-existence which are articles of faith with us. . . . Controversial alignments and alliances invariably lead to the creation of an atmosphere of mistrust and suspicion, whereas what University life must always stand for is the promotion of mutual understanding and goodwill. . .

. . . The main task of my Government, therefore, will be to establish the most friendly relations with all the other colleges, within or without the Campus, to the mutual advantage of all concerned . . . It is a matter of gratification to me and my Government that the Parliament of Deshbandhu College is looked upon with respect and admiration because of the past achievements, not only by the people of diverse political affiliations within our own college, but also by the colleges comprising the Commonwealth of the University of Delhi . . . . . We are a 'secular' college. We deem 'Religion' to be a purely private matter. Our 'home policy', therefore, is to encourage all secular activity in the college which has for its aim the attainment of a happier life, irrespective of any consideration of religion, caste, creed, or sex. The ideal that my Government has set before itself is the service



of the community and particularly the service of the backward sections of our community and their amelioration. We . . . have a long way to go, to consolidate our position, ensure our future, and build up our reputation as a community which understands the great value of hard and regular work, personal and social discipline, good sense, tolerance, and restraint. Communities consist of men and women, but unless the individuals comprising a community understand their obligations, one to another, and are prepared to make sacrifices, one for the benefit of the other, and for the community as a whole, in all circumstances, the community that they form cannot be expected to grow into a healthy community. In fact, devoid of these qualities it would not be deserving of being called a community at all.

My Government will, within its limited means and resources, be prepared to do all it can to secure to its people a full life, a life of contentment and joy and quiet and fruitful. But it must be remembered that no Government can move a step without the active cooperation of the common man who has got to make up his mind to contribute of his best, intellectually, physically and morally, to the development of his community.....

In due course of time, we should hope to be a self-sufficient and a thoroughly efficient community well entrenched in a position, in spite of our geographical isolation, to vie with other colleges in intellectual, physical and cultural pursuits. Nothing, however, would be more important

than the attainment of high moral standards which, in ordinary language, in the case of a community like ours, mean the inculcation, in the daily life of its members, of a high sense of discipline, duty and responsibility. It is these qualities which the members of our college must cultivate, to enable it to hold its head high among the colleges of the Delhi University.....

### **The Annual Report, 1957-58**

(President : Dr. K.L. Shrimali).

The College completed five years of its life last July and entered upon what may, with some show of reason, be described as a period of promising boyhood. During the quinquennium we have made, more or less, satisfactory progress in most fields of our work..... We are still an affiliated College and have been supported by a grant-in-aid from the Ministry of Rehabilitation. With effect from 1st April, 1958, the financial responsibility of the College has been taken over by the Ministry of Education.

The College has applied to the University for permission to teach Honours Courses in English, Mathematics and Hindi. This application is now under the active consideration of the University and we look forward to starting Honours Classes in these three subjects in July next. The College will then become a 'Constituent College' of the University and will, I suppose, be placed on the grant-in-aid list of the University Grants Commission.

There was a sudden demand by some students for being allowed to read Sanskrit as an elective subject. We were able to meet this demand....

The University has had under consideration the opening of Evening Classes in four of its colleges and has suggested that one of these may be Deshbandhu College.....

An additional plot of land, 9.5 acres in area, has been sanctioned for the College by the Ministry of Rehabilitation..... With this plot added, our premises will have an area of 15 acres which will be just about sufficient for our requirements, such as the College Hostel, Staff quarters, Principal's residence, playing fields, Science

Laboratories and a separate Library block.....

In the matter of discipline there is so much which our boys and girls have to learn. A sense of responsible citizenship, of ordinary personal and social duties, of correct values and decent conduct, both in words and acts, under all circumstances, are assets which may be collected and cultivated with the minimum of effort and in the minimum time, at the University. I am not prepared to concede that vast majority of our students have taken the fullest advantage of their opportunities in this direction.

*Desh, 1958*

## THE EDITOR LOOKS BACK

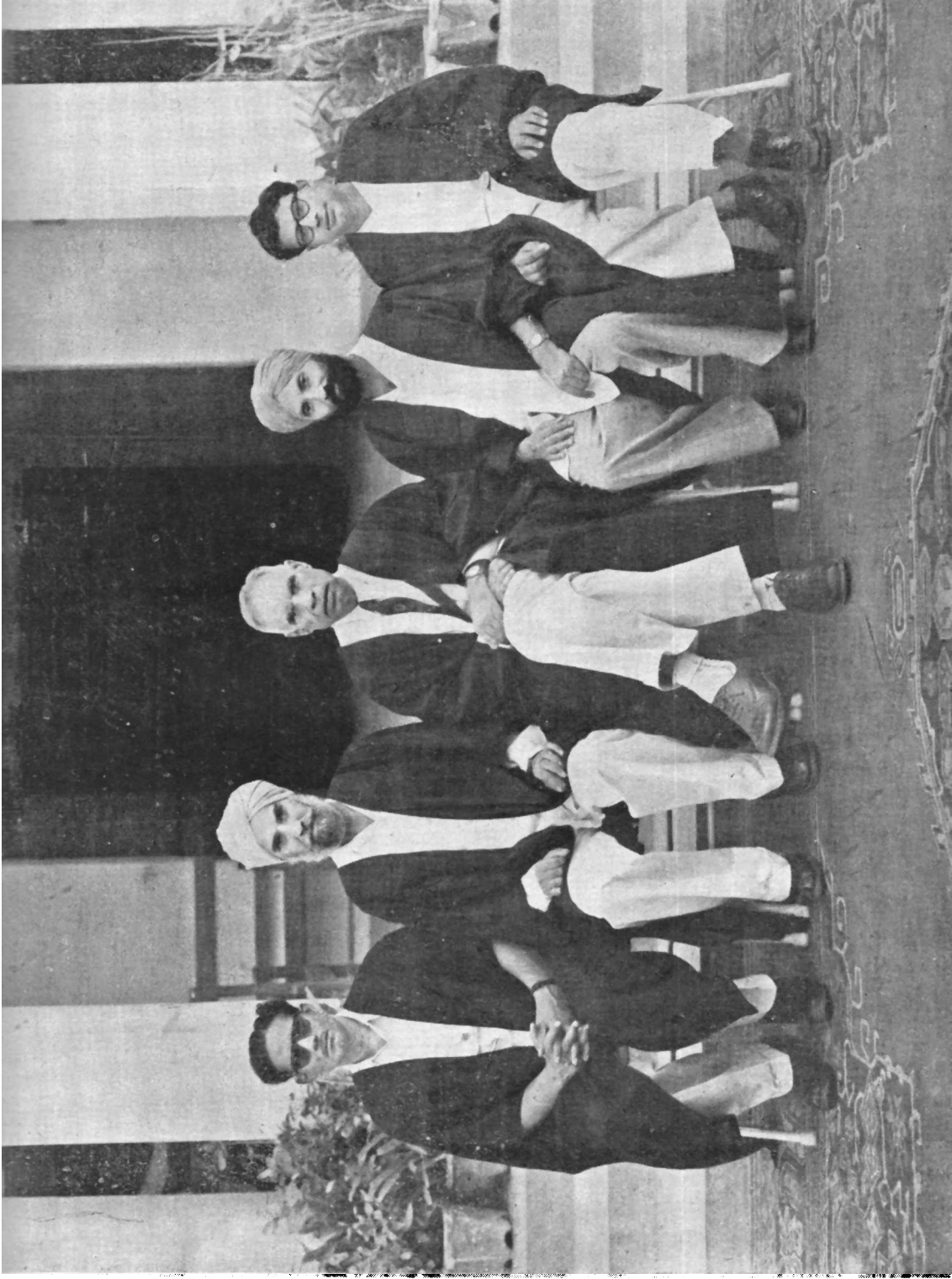
(From Editorials & News Chronicles : 1953-57)

**Desh, 1953**

"We are lucky in having Mr. Harish Chandra as our Founder-Principal. A man of wide experience with an unruffled temper and a keen sense of humour, everyone in the college has begun to look on him as a guide, philosopher and friend. No opportunity is lost by him in impressing upon the students to develop qualities of discipline, punctuality, sportsmanship, truth and cleanliness of conduct. His tactfulness has become proverbial. It was a marvel

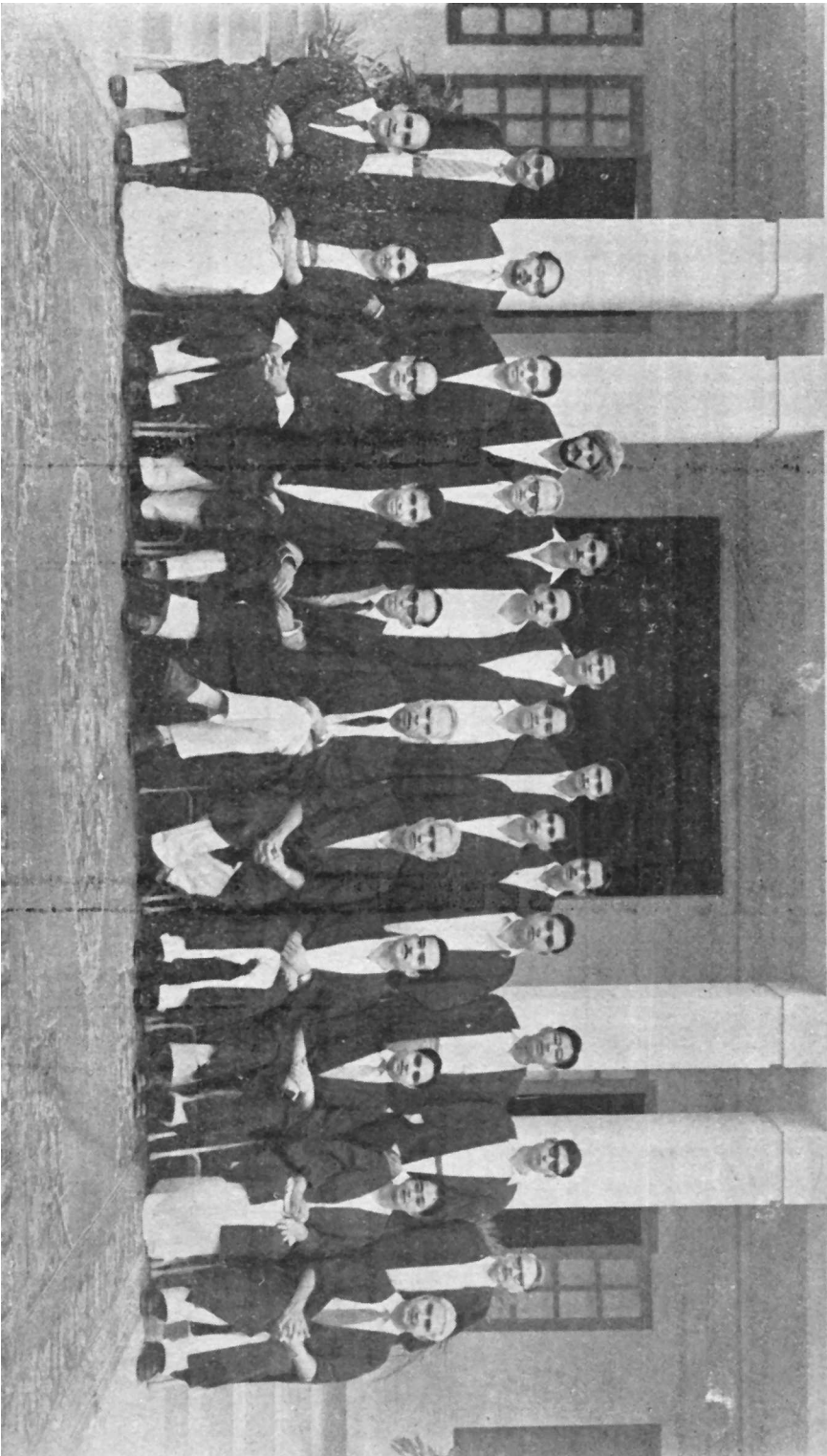
how a dead-lock in the Union which appeared to defy solution and threatened to assume an ugly complexion, was, when referred to him, quietly resolved to the satisfaction of all concerned. We commend to our readers a perusal of *The College Chronicle* to be able to form some idea of what we have been able to achieve under the inspiring leadership of our Principal during a brief period of ten months. Everything in the College bears the impress of his personality."

*Editorial*



The Staff ( Evening Classes )

DESHBANDHU COLLEGE



The Staff

“If there is one man to whom we are grateful for all this (‘We already look like a well-established institution.’) he is our Principal. A man of powerful personality, he has been variously described as a ‘strong disciplinarian’, ‘an awfully good fellow’, ‘cold and serious in the office, but most friendly outside.’ We have seen him work for the college for months on end from morning till evening irrespective of the weather (mind you we have no fans). A great stickler for college rules and punctuality, he is prepared to concede that our rules are not the laws of Medes and Persians and can be suitably amended in the light of our experience, if found inconvenient in the peculiar conditions of this college. But he insists that as long as a rule is there, it must be observed. He is chary of granting leave. He seems to be definite that all private engagements such as your marriage or the marriage of your sister or even falling ill must be postponed till the college is closed for some vacation or the other. ‘Such unnecessary happenings’, he says, ‘must not be allowed to cut into one’s work.’ With such a man at the helm of affairs, the college may look forward to its future with much confidence and courage.”

*The News Chronicle*

#### **Desh, 1954**

“We know how keen our Principal is on having everything tip-top in the College.”

*Editorial*

DESH

#### **Desh, 1955**

##### TARRANAI-I-PICNIC

Badlo hat jao picnic par jana hai hamain,

Badlo phut jao picnic par jana hai hamain.

Wahan farmain gai ifqar-i-aliyah,

Sukhanwar mohtrim Sahib-i-Kathpalia.

Wahan bargo samar hongai,

Wahan Mr. Amar hongai.

Badlo hat jao..... Badlo phut jao.

(Read on the occasion of the Annual Picnic held at the Qutab on 22nd, January, 1955).

#### **Desh, 1956**

We offer our heartiest congratulations and warmest felicitations to Principal Harish Chandra on getting an extension of service. We need not say that the decision of the Board of Administration and the Ministry of Rehabilitation, Government of India, is a wise decision. The College needs Principal Harish Chandra for years to come. We are expanding in all directions and we need an administrator with a broad vision, academic experience and sympathetic approach. Such a one is Principal Harish Chandra. The like of him are rare.

*The News Chronicle*

#### **Desh, 1956**

“With the opening of the B.Sc. classes (in Physics, Chemistry, Botany and Zoology) there has been an appreciable rise in the number of students, who come from distant parts of Delhi to quench their thirst for scientific

studies. To cope with this rapid pace of prosperity the college building is going to be enlarged in the near future. At the same time, the College laboratories and library are receiving the special attention of the Principal, who is determined to raise this college to a first-rate institution, worthy of imparting useful instruction to its students."

*The News Chronicle*

### **The Inaugural Message on starting the Urdu Section of 'Desh'**

I do not know Urdu. This does not mean that I know all other languages or that I know even one. At the moment I am talking only of Urdu; and that I do not know. Accordingly when, a few months back, Mr. Sud came to me and said, 'Sir, it is proposed to allot a few pages in Desh to Urdu, I, without a moment's reflection, replied, 'God bless you. 'What a good thing to do.' It is possible that because of it I, too, may learn a bit of Urdu. 'Perhaps you might say,' 'What! These days it is Hindi that is in popular demand. It is Hindi that is fast becoming Rashtra Bhasha. The advocates and protagonists of Hindi are shouting all over the country for its propagation. Who cares for Urdu? Well, listen. Such thoughts do not become you. Students in schools and universities must not think or talk like this. These words do not behove them. Let such words remain the inheritance of politicians alone. Let them thrive on them. Educated people have no use for thoughts like this. Our duty is to gather knowledge. Have you ever seen

the honey-bee making a choice of flowers to suck honey from? All flowers are the same to her. Every flower has sweetness in it; one just a little, another a little more. The honey-bee sucks sweetness from wherever she can get it. We, too, should be like the honey-bee and value knowledge as she values 'sweetness'. We should thankfully receive it from whatever source we can get it. And then, Urdu needs neither commendation, nor defence. Urdu is an invaluable treasure-house, a rich mine and an inexhaustible spring. The flair that we find in Urdu poetry and prose is not to be found either in Hindi or in English, or for the matter of that, in any other language. You may well say, 'What do you mean? Do you mean to suggest that Urdu can claim the flair of Hindi or English poetry? Not in the least'. You are quite right. But that is exactly the point. Every language has its own charm and appeal; its own genius and idiom. Why should we, then, fight shy of reading Urdu? It is a gripping and rich language. Why should we not read it and express ourselves, our feelings, emotions and thoughts in it? The flights of imagination and the subtlety of conceits in Urdu poetry haunt us in our dreams and tickle us to smiles and joy when we are awake. Moreover, why should we not extend our mental horizons and the play of our visions? These are the reasons that prompted me to endorse Mr. Sud's suggestion. I congratulate the 'Desh' on rising above the prevailing narrow-mindedness and on embracing Urdu within the folds of its pages. I wish from the core of my heart the Urdu Section of the 'Desh'

would become a regular feature and flourish from more to more and our young students and teachers benefit by it to the maximum extent.”

Desh, 1956

(Translated from Urdu)

### Desh, 1956-57

The Dramatic Club proposes to stage in the 3rd week of March, 1956, two one-act plays in Urdu entitled *Khali Botal.....* and *Kumra Number Paanch.....* The former is to be directed by Shri P. M. Kaul and the latter by Principal Harish Chandra. Those who saw Principal Sahib act Mamun Mian in *Sazish* will watch him play *Hakim* and wonder at his rare and bewitching histrionic talent. He is

equally great every time and in every role.

*The College Chronicle*

### Desh, 1957

“That we are progressing steadily hardly needs a mention. As many as five hundred students are now on the rolls of the college which started with about sixty students in the year 1952. In fact, the numbers could easily have been higher had we not been handicapped by the smallness of our building and similar other limitations. Moreover, our Principal wants us—and rightly so—to have quality and not quantity as our idea.....”

*About Ourselves*

## A MAN OF TRUE GENIUS

( by Veena Puri, B.A. III Year )

A hungry man falls on bread with all his force. He forgets everything around him at the time. All his attention is paid to eating, irrespective of the way of it and surroundings. Once it so happened that I also fell a prey to this natural law. I was so taken up with my luncheon that I did not perceive the Principal entering the Women's Room. I was doing full justice to my luncheon. When I was so engaged in my work, I heard a half-recognised voice, as the person was speaking in a low tone. A thought came in my mind that it

must be our respected Principal. As soon as I thought that my ears well recognised it and I stood on my feet to greet him, leaving my luncheon where it was. He was asking our peon to do something which I could not follow in the first instance.

Some vague ideas floated in my mind that he must be giving some orders to her. But to my great surprise, I heard some words of sympathy for the peon from his lips. He was asking her to leave the room and sit outside in the sun as it was very cold

inside. Being a poor woman, she did not have warm clothes on. What would he say next to me? My lunch was lying on the table and I could follow the natural law no more. I was paying attention to his words.

The peon was refusing politely to go outside as it was her duty to sit inside the room to look after the things belonging to the girls. But the respected Principal told her, "It is good to be loyal to one's duty but not to such an extent as to endanger one's health". He further remarked, "What will happen if you fall ill? Who will be dutiful to the girls?" These words were exactly applicable to the Principal himself. He did not fall ill 'intentionally', though he was ill 'accidentally' and that too not frequently.

As I was absorbed in imagination I again could not hear what he said next. I was thinking that there was a great man. How he came to the hut of the poor to say a word of good cheer to them. His heart was always full of sympathy for the poor and love for all. Moreover, he always evinced a keen interest in every department of college.

He was always full of advice and led his pupils on the right path. That day, he further asked us to be economical for the sake of the Government and in reality for our own sake.

He asked us to switch off the fan when we did not need it. Unfortunately, two fans were working on that day, when we needed only one. He asked the girls to switch off one of them. He forbade the peon to do so as he was always fond of giving us practical training. Not only there, but in many other ways and spheres he gave us practical training. Thus students (both Science and Arts) had to undergo much practical training under his guidance. Practical lessons thus imparted and learnt deserve to be recorded in the pages of the History of the College.

Next time we saw our peon wearing a winter uniform which she got from the college. It was all due to our generous and kind-hearted Principal. He had all-round knowledge of the College. He was a sincere friend of every student, father of every poor boy and girl and, in the truest sense of the word, guardian of the College.

He gave practical training to the students and in ways more than one reared the infant college. When the college is acquiring young age he has parted company to leave it in order to enable it to follow freely his advice. He has decided to withdraw his guidance from the young college so that he can watch it grow after his well-laid out plan, as it were from a distance.



# THE RETIRING ANGEL

By Shri Harsh Vardhan Nautiyal *B.A.* (Old Student)

On the eve of the retirement of our revered Principal, Shri Harish Chandra, memories of the happy moments, spent with him come crowding in my mind with renewed vivacity and freshness. Paradoxically enough, I was among so many students who were far away from, and yet I felt very near to him. As students it is not at all possible, and not desirable either, for young boys and girls to have direct personal contacts with so august a figure as the Principal of a college; nevertheless during the brief moments when he talked to us, we felt perfectly at home with him. We experienced as if we had been with him all the time as members of a happy family. Indeed, by his towering, yet loving personality, he created a real congenial atmosphere in and around the college. His serene, towering figure inspired in us sentiments of awe and reverence on the one hand, and tender feelings of love and affection on the other. This being no exaggeration, it may be truly said that he has been the patriarch of the great Deshbandhu College family!

During my very first year (second year of the *B.A.* class) I, along with my class-fellows, had the privilege of coming closer to him. It was one fine day when we were going to finish a book that Prof. Sud informed us that the next book would be taught to us

by our Principal. He also added that the good, grand old man was keenly desirous of taking the *B.A.* class. The news was hailed with joy.

The eagerly awaited moment came and so we sat at the feet of the 'presiding angel.' The period began with the usual routine of roll-call. I was expecting the ethereal impersonal call—one, two, three... ..twentysix, when lo and behold! real living names came tripping and instantaneously the teacher and the taught came closer. On another occasion, while calling the roll, he wanted every student to stand up and said, "Let me see your face", so that he could retain the image for future reference. This desire to know each and every student gave a refreshing glimpse of the teacher in him. That is as it ought to be. The teacher, apart from having a sound knowledge of his subject, must understand his pupils as well. The first step to know anybody is to know his name. A teacher, who is ignorant of the names of his students, tends to treat them as mere automata; for, although he may dimly recognize a face here and a face there, he cannot impart warmth to his teaching. Names serve as the nuclei around which attributes get clustered.

He started teaching us Galsworthy's 'Strife'. The period rolled on merrily

to its close and left the impress of the magnetic presence on our minds. Thence after, this period was always eagerly looked forward to. The atmosphere of the class was characterized by pin-drop silence except for those moments when his sprightly wit and gay, happy, humour drove the class to roaring laughter.

An amusing incident, that has a direct reference to me, once occurred in the class. One day, while he was calling the roll, he came to my name and called me by it. It sounded somewhat odd to him; I don't know why. He humorously asked me what it meant. I stood up to reply, and said, "It has a meaning, Sir. 'Harsh' means 'joy,' and 'Vardhan' means 'increase'. Thus it means one who increases joy". As I finished the exposition, pat came the question, "How much joy do you increase every-day"? I was at my wit's end and before I could attempt an answer, the whole class burst into peals of laughter. Today I feel the deep significance of that question. I have treasured memory of that inspiring moment in my mind. And if I can answer that question every evening to the satisfaction of the inner urges of the integrated 'ego' it will be my highest homage to our worthy Principal.

It was only during the period, when he took our class, that we could catch glimpses of his inspiring past. He would freely pour his heart to his students, and that was real 'education' as distinguished from mere teaching. He sometimes told us that his primary object of taking the class was not so

much to teach as to gain an understanding of every individual student. This humanistic approach was remarkable in itself. A receptive attitude spontaneously developed in us, and we inhaled his mature counsels as one inhales the morning breeze. Personally I gained a good deal of moral strength and a sense of purposeful living from his occasional discourses on the conduct of life. Behind that tranquil, sober personality, I discovered a heart that overflowed with the milk of human tenderness, as well as a will that was unflinching in its purpose. From the rather meagre account which he furnished of his past, there emerges before my mind a robust figure surcharged with vital energy, ever marching ahead in the face of obstacles and holding aloft his buoyant optimism in the gloomy moments of life. An ordinary person like any one of us, in the beginning, and hailing from a middle class family, he rose to eminence through his force of character, ceaseless effort and unshakable confidence. He has not only enjoyed high positions through his solid worth and sterling virtues but captivated the heart of everyone, he came across, by his selfless humanistic approach.

It was only in the fitness of things that a man of the imagination and understanding of Shri Harish Chandra should be the first Principal of a college associated with the name of a man of the stature of the late Deshbandhu Gupta.

I wish him a long happy life and perennial joy.

## “FAREWELL TO THEE, O SPIRIT UNBOUNDED”

( By Santosh Kumari Punhani M.A. Editor 'Desh', 1954-56 )

“There is a word, of Grief the sounding  
token,  
There is a word jewelled with bright  
tears,  
The saddest word fond lips have ever  
spoken,  
A little word that breaks the chain of  
years,  
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,  
The memories it crystals cannot die,  
Its known in every land, on every ocean,  
It is Good-bye.”

When these words come to the lips something chokes the throat. One becomes emotional and forgets the present. The other day we went to wish good-bye to the Principal of our college. This reminded me of a day in the month of August, 1952, when I came to attend the Opening Ceremony of the college. It was raining heavily and all the arrangements for the reception of guests came to nothing. The *Shamiana* was spoiled by the rain. But at 4-30 p.m., the time for the honourable guests to come, every thing seemed quiet and seating arrangements were made afresh in the college-hall. A look at the face of the Principal gave the feeling that he was not at all disturbed by such an unexpected-turn of Nature. With a cheerful and smiling face, he was ready to receive the guests. A thought came into my mind ; “here is a man who knows not how to yield before difficulties but only knows how to overcome them.” This thought became a reality in the

following five years of my association with him. The relation between him and myself was not that of a teacher and a student but developed into some thing deeper.

My mind has started diving into the sea of the Past and is raking up cherished memories of so many events and talks which I had with him as a student and also after leaving this college. I remember the day very well when I had a chance to have a talk with him for the first time. It was on the 15th Sept., 1953, the day after a successful staging of two plays. All of us,—I mean those who were concerned with the plays—were very much excited and were cherishing a feeling of pride in our hearts, because the plays came out a success even though many of us had appeared on the stage for the first time. We were relating our experiences and excitements to Mr. Sud and Mr. Kaul, when the Principal entered our room. He congratulated us and said to me. “You are the girl who played ‘Lila’ last night ?” Mr. Sud introduced me and we had a nice talk with him. When he was leaving the room he remarked. “Santosh, be careful when you are going to marry.” This made every one laugh and embarrassed me. Such remarks he has always been making to me and to other students as well, who were associated with him

in one way or the other. I also remember what he said about Miss Urmil Khanna the 'mother' in another play, in which I played Sushila, the elder daughter-in-law, before the audience. "I wish she would have been my mother." It was a jolly remark but more than that a tribute to the 'mother' in her role. These jokes and remarks only show that though he has become old in body, his mind is still young. He never allows us to feel whether we have been talking to an old man in his sixties or to a young person in his thirties. Such a remarkable way he has for cultivating friendship with the young as well as the old.

This reminds me of a story he told us at the annual function of the Girls' Union. We were gossiping when he called us and said that he wanted to tell us a story. We all became very attentive and he started narrating it. A newly married husband gave his whole pay to his wife and told her to keep all the accounts how she spent the money and to show him the account at the end of the month. On the last day of the month she handed him a big list in which after ten or twelve items was written G.O.K.=Rs 2/- and so on. He was surprised by such a list and asked her "What is this G.O.K.?" She said, "It is an abbreviation of God Only Knows." She had forgotten how this money was spent and thus had written in that manner. Do you know what he said after ending his story? He remarked, "Listen girls, when you settle down in life don't be ambitious to keep accounts. I know women can never

be good at this." Like an able doctor he used to give us sugar-coated bitter pills of advice and we swallowed them happily. This shows his way of teaching and imparting knowledge to his students.

In his office room he was an administrator, nay an able administrator. He gave me a lesson one day which I can never forget till the end of my life. His words have gone deep into my mind and can never leave that place. "Never to lose courage midway, to go on doing the work which has been started, come what may and to remain cool-tempered even when you are being blamed for nothing." This was a piece of advice to a person just standing on the threshold of life by a person, who has seen life, its struggles, its successes and, above all, has a deep insight into it. The incident which led him to make this remark is unique in my life. It was the day when I was to tender my resignation from the Presidentship of the College Union. He called me in his office and showed me the resignation and asked, "What is this, Santosh?"

"Sir, I want to be relieved of this burden."

"Why, can I ask?"

"Surely, Sir. This hostile atmosphere won't let me work, and the whole year will be wasted and I won't be able to achieve anything."

But I could not satisfy him. He wanted me to fight the Opposition and try to win. But I was not prepared

for such a thing. He said, "It is simply cowardice and you should possess some courage." We girls have to face many times such difficulties when the Opposition consists of men. He had to accept my resignation and he said to me. "All right, I accept it but never let it come to my ears that Santosh is a coward. Don't let the difficulties overcome you. Face them bravely." These words of his have been my anchor-sheet after that. Who can ever forget his letter written to me, published in the issue of the Desh 1955-56.\* What an admirable piece of advice!

I have seen him on the sports-ground. He is an energetic man who knows how to win the game; whatever the game may be. Again on the stage he is an actor. With his superb and finished acting he enthralls others to come on the stage. Seeing him act on the stage, one never feels that he is an old man. But he seems to be young possessing the spirit to work.

At the moment of saying 'Good-bye' one becomes sentimental and the continuity of thought is lost. The incidents come to the mind in a haphazard fashion and it becomes difficult to arrange them in a sequence. I can relate many incidents which may simply tire you because they have value for me only and others may not care to know them, or who knows, may laugh at them. I have been asked to write something on him, which is really difficult. How can an

earthen lamp dare to look at the dazzling sun? It can only show its face when the sun is gone and can burn itself in the darkness of the night. My attempt to write something about him is a similar attempt. I have known him only for a short duration. Can it be possible to know him fully?

Under similar circumstances working on the same clay, only a master-mind, a good artist, can create a model which has got some speciality about it. We have seen the creation of Mr. Harish Chandra, the Desh-bandhu College. It has made such rapid progress that every-one, who looks at it, wonders how it has been possible to make such progress when it is situated in a far-flung corner of Delhi, thirteen miles away from the University Campus.

He has shown us the path to be trodden, has infused his spirit for working in us and has tried to kindle the fire in us to know more, to learn more and to be taught more. He is leaving this college, his 'baby' as he affectionately calls it. He may visit it now and then, but the institution, I am afraid, is bound to suffer. Its loss is irreparable. There is only a ray of light in the dark future, a small hope, like the tiny spark which is hidden in the smouldering hearth, that one day another energetic man like him will come and take charge of the College.\* I am reminded of Longfellow's lines:

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\* For extracts see pages 23-24.....(Editor)

\* Wish, they say, is father to thought. We are lucky in having Dr. A.K. Banerji M. A., Ph. D. as our second Principal.

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Foot prints on the sands of time,  
 Foot prints that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing shall take heart again.  
 Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate :  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labour and to wait.

So we have to wish good-bye to  
 him. He is leaving us. We will miss

him badly. But we have to console  
 ourselves. We wish him all the good  
 of the world. He possesses a spirit  
 which knows no bounds and soars  
 higher and higher. I don't know  
 what is to come but I can say defi-  
 nitely that his future is bright. Let  
 me wish him good-bye and say :

“Farewell to thee, O Spirit  
 Unbounded !”

## RECOLLECTIONS

By Mrs. Leela Kalkar *B.A.* ( Editor Desh, 1953-54 )

Whenever I reflect upon my  
 splendid college days, the most  
 cherished memory of the beloved  
 Principal shines out like a star.

Principal Harish Chandra has to  
 his credit many fine qualities and is  
 gifted with the superb innate sense of  
 making the best of them. I had the  
 privilege to know him and admire  
 him, although for a very short period.  
 The more and more I knew him the  
 greater and greater was my respect  
 for him.

I was struck to see how easily and  
 diplomatically he would change a very  
 tense and difficult situation into a  
 compromise.

Once as the first President of the  
 College Union, I had a little disagree-  
 ment with the Union's Secretary.  
 Although the matter was trifling the  
 Secretary viewed it gravely and  
 intended to table a motion of “No  
 confidence” against me. There was  
 actually a signature-campaign. I felt  
 very nervous. I thought of resigning  
 before the motion became a verdict.  
 But before doing so, I thought I  
 should see the Principal. So I went  
 to see him.

The Principal said. “Leela ! what  
 is the matter ? Are you not well or  
 are you in love with some body ! You  
 look so pale !”

I said,—“No Sir! I am simply afraid of that “No confidence” motion against me.”

“Oh that’s all! Don’t worry. I will put everything right. As I have full confidence in you I have made no provision for a “No Confidence.” These words of his gave me tremendous courage. And I went away with a joyous and light heart. But the next day the Secretary tendered his resignation. The Principal kept his paper quietly. He wanted the tempers to cool down for two or three days. When the emotional surge and the spirit of protest had subsided, he summoned the Secretary and with a few wise words persuaded him to continue his work as the Secretary of the Union. The Secretary, who had been so adamant, surrendered unconditionally to the will of the Principal. Thereafter the Union worked successfully throughout the session.

Principal Harish Chandra showed himself to be a remarkable administrator. During his period of Principalship, the College progressed by leaps and bounds. By his influence, perseverance, skill and commendable power of confidence he has achieved things, which are very difficult to attain. He had most cordial relations with the Staff and the students. He provided them with the best opportunities for all-round development of the students. Himself being a first class disciplinarian, he saw that the students were well-disciplined. He could tolerate students failing in an examination rather than failing in discipline.

In addition to the usual academic studies the Principal stressed that due attention should be paid to the extra-curricular activities of the students. He afforded us good opportunities to exhibit our latent talents and encouraged us all. He himself was present while chalking out the annual programmes. He kept himself well-informed about the day-to-day progress of the Union and the other cultural societies.

The Principal was very liberal in allotting funds to the various Societies in the college. But before doing so, he made sure that the teachers and the students really wanted to do something worth-while and then only he loosened the strings of his purse.

In this way, sound foundations were laid in the very first year for many cultural activities. The Principal himself was very much attached to the Dramatic Society. He proved to be a talented actor and producer. All those who have witnessed the play “Sazish” in which he portrayed the pivotal role of Mamun Mian will long remember his superb acting. All of us derived inspiration from his example and tried to achieve the mark which our Principal had set before us.

Perhaps, one of the most precious gifts he has is a subtle sense of humour. While addressing the students, taking classes or at picnics, his jokes are a source of great delight. He keeps his colleagues laughing. I am here reminded of an incident. He was citing an example to show that one should not cram without under-

standing. There was a pretty and intelligent boy in the K.G. Class. He knew the alphabet very well. But he could tell a letter only by its numerical position among all the letters written in the alphabetical order. Once he was asked to spot a letter when the adjacent ones were covered up. He was not only at a loss, but also felt irritated and said :

‘इस तरह तेरा पेञ्चो भी नहीं दस सकदा’

The Principal is extremely considerate towards students. He would do all within his means to help the poor and needy students with books, money and fee-concessions.

At college picnics and outings the Principal did not keep himself aloof, but at the same time he maintained his dignity. He sometime gave fine recitation of Urdu and Punjabi poems. This showed he was widely read.

It is really very rare to find all these qualities in one man. But they were and are found in him. All those who came into contact with him were magnetically attracted towards him and parting from him gave one a sense of loss.

I must say that having him as our Principal has been of immense benefit to the college, and a matter of great pride for his students.

## THE GLORY AND THE DREAM

By Mrs. Mrinalini Thomas

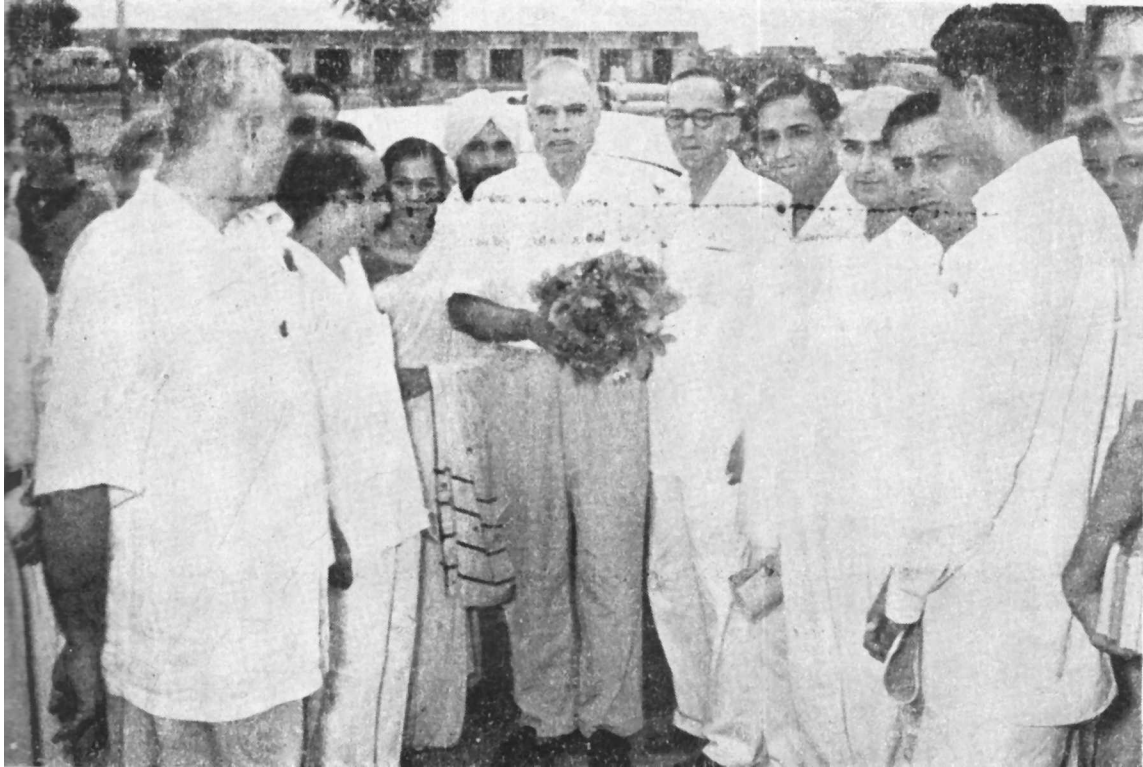
*Lecturer in Philosophy*

Principal Harish Chandra's name is almost a house-hold word in our family. He was not only a pupil of my father's but is, also, one of his best friends; not only was he a pupil but also a colleague and companion in work and play. Both my father and the Principal, are excellent administrators; both have enjoyed together many fine games of tennis and bridge. So, you can imagine I have seen a great deal of the Principal at my home. In fact, I must have met our dear Principal in so remote a past, that I do not even

remember it; but I have heard it said in the family that it was over arrangements for tennis matches that my father, a newly appointed professor in the Central Training College, Lahore, and he, a student in Government College, Lahore, met.

Principal Sahib was a very fine tennis player and reached the top-ranking tournaments. Many times I have watched the discomfiture of his opponent as he skilfully annihilated him. The Principal played in what I





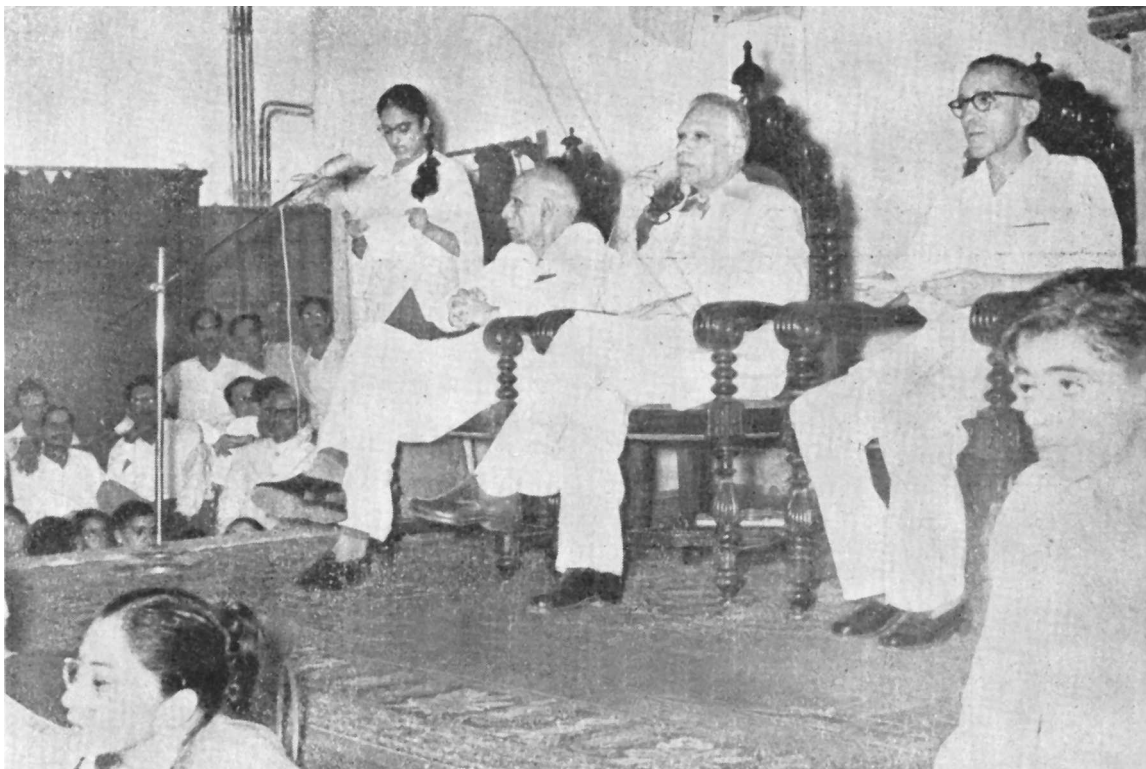
The Send-off by the Staff and Students



R. B. Manmohan unveiling the portrait of Principal Harish Chandra



Shri R. K. Sud reading the Farewell Address on behalf of the Staff



Indra Doraiswami reading the Farewell Address on behalf of the Students' Union

all the "Sleem Style", with slow and calculated lobs and cleverly thought-out strategy. So, you can imagine how thrilled I was when he presented to me my first tennis racquet, sometime when I was a first year student.

My next memory of the Principal is in his role of 'Polonius' in the magnificent 'Hamlet' produced by Prof. A.S. Bokhari in the University Hall. Such was the devotion of the actors that they used to rehearse till 2:00 a.m. Harish Sahib's Polonius was a superb creation; so apt and so clever that I can never forget it.

From acting Harish Sahib turned to producing plays. The play was 'A Builder of Bridges' and the most beautiful Damaynti Sahni, wife of Balraj Sahni, acted the heroine's part. I remember how I was persuaded to act, by the combined pressure of Harish Sahib and my parents 'for the sake of the college'. It was an Urdu play in English costume. I had a most embarrassing time trying to say "*Mere waldain kiya nusi khayalat ke hain*".

Another embarrassing thing was that Harish Sahib would address me as "Darling" for he had known me since I was five and, doubtless, thought of me as 'beti' but at seventeen I considered myself a grown-up Miss and wondered what the college boys thought of it.

In the Deshbandhu College I have worked with him for six years. He has been the most benign influence and

the most paternal Principal, not only in his relationship with myself, but with us all. In time of difficulties he has stood by us like a rock, has sometimes gently chided us, and often taught us things both professional and personal that will long guide us.

This is the first College where I have worked where all relationships have been so happy and I am sure that this is a tribute to the personality of the Principal.

I have always admitted the fact that he never feels it necessary to raise his voice and never loses his temper; that he is ready to listen to the other person's point of view and sometimes be guided by it. But, the most, I have admired is his youthfulness of heart which has enabled him to correct the erring student with utmost gentleness. He understands youth, and has sympathy with the young in these most difficult, anxious and critical years of their adolescence.

I firmly believe that but for the hard work and initiative of our Principal this College would not be the growing and firmly established institution it now is. The glowing history of Deshbandhu College is due to his unremitting toil and dogged persistence.

The College and we shall find it a grievous loss that he has left us. We shall miss him as our 'boss' but hope that even though he is far away from us, he will continue to remain our friend and guide. We shall never forget him; we shall treasure our memories of him.

# WHEN HE IMPRESSED ME THE MOST

By **Shri V. N. KHANNA**  
*Lecturer in Political Science*

Principal Harish Chandra has left the college. He was wanted by the Vice-Chancellor and so he has gone to serve the cause of education in a wider sphere. But the college has lost the gem it possessed. He was liked, loved and admired by everyone in the college and he also loved every member of the college just as a father loves his children. Principal Harish Chandra is, however, very much different from ordinary administrators. His ways of doing things cannot be guessed. If he has any complaint against you, he would immediately send for you and speak to you about it. He might use harsh language, he might scold you or he might warn you—but would he do all this from his heart? Oh no! but you would certainly feel sorry for having given him a chance to have any complaint against you. He would not take any action against anybody unless all the ways and means of improving him had been tried. I am one of those very lucky people who were never scolded by him—though on occasions he would call me and tell me of something which was not proper. Once and only once he sent for me :

“Mr. Khanna,” he said, “You were late for your class this morning !”

“Yes, Sir, I am very sorry.” I had really felt extremely sorry and prompt came his words :

“That’s all right, but be careful”.

And I came out. But I was so much ashamed that I could not tell him why I was late. May I take this opportunity to explain the reason of my being late that day.

My mother had gone to the hospital and she had asked me to lock the house if I went to the college before her return from the hospital and give the key to our neighbours. When I got ready to come to the college it was 9-05 a.m. I went to pick up the lock—it was there but without the key. I was in a hurry and so I immediately started searching for the bunch of keys. After every minute I was looking at my watch. I went on searching for the key, looking at the watch and boiling within myself as to why mother had gone to the hospital at that time. My class was to begin at 9-15 a.m. It was already 9-18, so I bolted the door, called my neighbours and told them to take care of my unlocked house till my mother came and I rushed to the college but by the time I reached my class I was late by 8 or 9 minutes.

May I expect, today, that Principal Sahib will excuse me for not having told him the reason at that time.

I have said above that if he has any complaint against you he will

inform you of it before he even thinks of taking any action. But if he wants to do any good thing to you, he would never let you know unless he has done that thing for you. I like to narrate an incident which impressed me the most.

I was appointed Lecturer in Political Science at the Deshbandhu College in July, 1955. But my appointment was temporary—not because the post was temporary but because I was a fresh M. A. and the Principal wanted an experienced man. I served for one full year but nothing happened. The college was closed for long vacation on 25th April. I was selected to be one of the members of the Dramatic Club. The Principal called a meeting of the club on 30th April. He explained to me my duties as the Business Manager of the Dramatic Club and suddenly he said :

“By the way, Mr. Khanna, the Board has decided to readvertise your post. But don't be disappointed, you can apply again and it is all right as far as I am concerned.”

“Oh! I am afraid I am losing my job—what shall I do, what shall I eat, where shall I live?” I was extremely worried. I remained worried throughout the summer vacation. The post was readvertised. I applied and the interview was fixed for 17th July, 1956—only one day before the reopening of the college.

Meanwhile two of my very senior colleagues had told me that there was nothing for me to worry about, one

of them actually said, “Oh, you are taken.” But when I asked them, “Has the Principal told you that he is going to take me back?” They said, “Well, this we do not know, but rest assured you are taken.”

I could not find out what the mystery was and I still do not know on what basis they had said that. The Principal would not give me any hint whether he was going to take me. Once I went to him and said, “Sir, there is a vacancy at... College ....., should I apply there?” He said, “Yes, yes, why not! You must apply.” So I thought there were not many chances of my being taken back in my own college.

I went for the interview on the 17th of July in the Education Ministry. There were 8 candidates in all. I was the first to be called for interview. Principal Harish Chandra was the only person who put questions to me, and one can imagine what for he had put those questions to me, when he knew everything about me as I had already worked under him for a year. I think it is not proper for me to mention the questions and answers here.

After the interview, Dr. Chacko, Head of the Dept. of Political Science, University of Delhi, came out and I asked him, “Sir, who has been taken?” He replied, “Well, I can't say anything, but there are bright chances for you.” I said to myself: “What after all is this! The College is to reopen tomorrow. The interview is over and yet they don't disclose what is my fate.”

Then came Principal Harish Chandra and Rai Bahadur Man Mohan. Principal Sahib looked at me and said, "Thank you, Mr. Khanna! We gave you the trouble of coming for the interview. Your case is still before the Board of Administration.

I thought I was losing my job, so I asked him, "Sir, need I come to the College to-morrow?", and prompt came the reply, "Yes, why not? You are still a member of the Staff." For a moment I could not understand what the mystery was. Then suddenly R. B. Man Mohan said something to Principal Sahib which I could not hear. He then looked at me and said, "Oh! you are taken. Don't worry." I immediately said, "Thank you, Sir." Principal Harish Chandra looked towards me, smiled and walked towards the waiting taxi.

So I was allowed to stay on in the College (actually my services were never terminated). But I did not receive the appointment letter till the beginning of September next. I was unable to understand what the matter was. Then suddenly one day, I was coming from my class when the peon said! "आप को साहब याद करमाते हैं!" I went to see him in his office. He smiled and said,

"Mr. Khanna, there is a good news for you."

"Yes Sir,!" I asked.

"Please sit down."

After a few minutes he said,

"Mr. Khanna, you have been confirmed."

Oh! I was overjoyed. I said, "Thank you very much, Sir."

"Yes, and your temporary service of one year has been counted as the period of probation."

"That is very nice of you, Sir."

"And you have been permitted to earn one increment."

"Really Sir!" As it was a thing which one would never believe, I said, "That is, indeed, very kind of you, Sir."

"And you have also been allowed the provident fund benefit from the last year."

"Thank you very much; Sir, that is, really, very good of you, Sir."

He gave me a very broad smile as I once again thanked him and came out. I was very happy. It was the first time that I realized that Mr. Harish Chandra was extremely kind-hearted. Many people have helped me on different occasions, but the way Principal Sahib helped me was unique. It was so nice, so grand and so beautiful that I can never forget those few months when after keeping me in suspense he did for me the maximum that could be done—much more than I have ever expected or imagined. This was one of the many occasions which I can never forget. I was impressed the most by the peculiar way in which he helped me and yet he would never show off that he was doing anything for anybody.

*'...best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love'.*

# *Principal Harish Chandra*

By **Shri C. L. KUMAR**  
*Head of Department of Chemistry*

It was in early thirties when I was a student of Gordon Mission College that my Coach—an enthusiastic young player of tennis—first referred to the 'Harish style' of playing tennis. Later when in early forties, I joined the Government College, Lahore, for my Master's degree, Mr. Harish Chandra had just relinquished Superintendence of the New Hostel, but the 'fragrance' of his administrative ability and wit was fresh in the air of the New Hostel and the Government College both. It was only when this College was started that I first met Principal Harish Chandra. In these few years of my intimate contact with him I could easily make out the reason for the affection, admiration and devotion that people have for him. He has received a shower of sincere and spontaneous tributes, yet it is not difficult to see why these panegyrics should have been so lavish and so sincere. The reason is obvious. The outstanding characteristic of his personality is sincerity. His sincerity can be felt and touched; it is so palpable. It is revealed in every word, every action, every deed of his. Whether it is the scorching sun or raining hard, once he knows, he can be of some use, he will get a taxi (his own car, I hear was just like a taxi available to any friend at all times), make you sit in it, see that your work is done, leave you at a convenient bus stop and then go

home. There is no wonder why he is not rich. He has not been able to build a bungalow—not even a small house—of his own—; he knows how to spend for others. His insight into human nature, his administrative acumen, his fluent speech, his humour, his hospitality and his never-to-be-ruffled temper—all speak for themselves. Under his tough exterior, there is a warm palpitating heart. He has sentiments but he holds them too sacred to flaunt about. A fine and polished speaker, his words carry with them not the volatile force of ebullient emotion but the more permanent, if colder, conviction of logic and sense. He possesses the tact of bringing the students and colleagues to his point of view. He is as simple as he is forceful and as brief as he is decisive. He is too clear-headed to be unjust. He is an excellent judge of men and things and is capable of taking an objective view of matters even when he is connected with them. He does not know what anger is. When he is angry he is acting—acting is in his blood. According to one of his admirers, he believes in avoiding the acute angle. He never enters into an argument with the desire to win. He makes his point in a quiet, unassuming casual sort of way. He has everything that the gods can give to a mortal: a clear head, sound and solid commonsense, administrative ability,

organizational skill, genius, position, taste and sense. He takes the most detached, dispassionate, unbiased and impartial view of affairs. He possesses the art of getting work out of even the most refractory person.

Hard work and still harder work has been his life's principle. A holiday or vacation likewise means to him no less struggle. The dominant passion of his life has been devotion to duty, not the worship of beauty. There is more of action in him than contemplation. There are elements in him of the heroic. He can do much more than take adversity with a smile ; he can take prosperity with a shrug. He is a masterful, dominating personality. Nothing about him is trivial ; not even his faults. He has a keen sense of humour which finds a ready ally in his mastery over language. The scope of his humour is fairly wide, it ranges from satirical leg pulls to pure, good fun. His humour is the salt, spice and mustard of life. The flow of wit and humour makes him the liveliest of companions. Any meeting or function in the college without him gives the feeling of dullness. His mere presence lends it grace and charm.

His hospitality has no limit. It is a corollary to his attitude towards money. Year after year, when the college closed for long vacation, the entire staff looked forward to his most sumptuous lunch. At his

dinners you will meet the elite of the town yet he will make his driver sit with him in any modern restaurant of Connaught Place and force on him an ice cream—much to his surprize. He believes that the right thing to do with money is to spend it. Do not be a slave of it but be its master.

The sports-side of his personality has no parallel. Once a tennis champion he has always kept up his reputation in winning all prizes in the Staff race and other events.

He is not only a director and producer of plays but a fine actor too. He has been a tower of strength to the College Dramatic Club. Urdu poetry recited by him reminds you of Ghalib and Zouk.

But for Principal Harish Chandra what would have become of this College in its earlier stages ? Only those who have been very near him can imagine. The very bricks, plants, flowers and even the blades of grass speak volumes for the work done by him in this short period. The huge science block, vast play grounds, grassy lawns, the new Canteen, the modern gas plant and scores of other things speak for themselves. What he has been able to achieve for the staff only a few can realize. A founder Principal—he will be remembered for generations. He has made himself immortal.



# THE MAN OF FORESIGHT

By Shri I. S. KAPUR

*Lecturer in Chemistry*

Principal Harish Chandra was asked to build up a college situated at a place which was almost a desert and at a distance of about ten miles from the main city. The building was incomplete, there was no electricity, no water tap and to cap it all the transport arrangements were very inadequate. In a short span of about six years he has really "made" the college one of the best institutions of Delhi. All this is not due to the work of a magic rod but certainly due to certain inherent qualities of an administrator of a very high calibre. I shall just give two incidents to show some of his great qualities.

He is a man of great foresight. Let us take a very insignificant incident that shows this great quality. Once our College Staff went on a picnic at Hamayun's tomb. It was arranged to have lunch and tea over there. But somehow, as it often happens in such out-door arrangements, there was a lot of delay in the preparation of the lunch. All of us were feeling awfully hungry and angry at the same time. Mr. Harish Chandra was 'enjoying' our anxiety. He smiled and said to his son "Ravi, where are those *seekh kababs* which we have brought with us?" Then he looked towards us and said, "You see, I knew there would certainly be delay and so I thought I must bring

something for you to eat and to pacify your hunger." And we found that he had brought a good number of them and those of us who decided to be non-vegetarian at that time enjoyed the *kababs* like anything.

He is very particular about every thing being done in a proper manner. Even on the day when the last function to bid him farewell was organized by the College Union he came to the hall about two hours before the function. It was planned to project a few photographs on a screen by means of an epidiascope and I was setting up the apparatus. The stage and every thing were set but he, however, found the arrangements incomplete and unsatisfactory. He pointed out the mistakes which the young organizers had overlooked. He stayed there for about an hour and got every thing set right under his own supervision and to his entire satisfaction. He looked at me and said "Now, Mr. Kapur, it really looks like a ceremonial occasion". It shows how much interest he always took in the arrangement and planning of each and every function, minor or major, and no wonder our every function was a great success.

Such is Mr. Harish Chandra, our guide, philosopher and friend.

## A TOKEN OF AFFECTION & GRATITUDE

By Shri B. S. PURI

*Head of Dept. of Physics*

When it is difficult to know oneself it is much more so to be right and just in writing of others. It is something very baffling. Besides this my incompetency is all the greater because I lack the qualifications of a writer. It should not be deduced that I have no feelings for another. On the contrary, it is my feelings that have taken hold of me and it is only to be relieved of this burden that I have taken aid of my pen.

If you take an aerial survey of the splendid Moghul Gardens, beautiful lakes and blossoming flowers and tall trees, they will just appear to you like a white green line over a patch of the earth. Similar is the case of Shri Harish Chandra. His formidable appearance can be misunderstood by a distant observer. You have only to come close to understand his warm heart. It is a velvet heart encased in an iron case. He is hard like a diamond but soft like a flower. He humbles the insolent, but uplifts the meek.

He put life and soul into the college once he was given the reigns of the practically non-existent institution. He had to face big problems on his journey and he solved them in a big way. His greatness is that when he sets his heart upon a thing he accepts no defeat and generally knows no failure.

Because of the opening of B. Sc. (III year) classes and of the

over-crowded and over-worked laboratories it was thought that the admission to the Prep. (Sc.) would be drastically curtailed. We were to be belied in our calculations. (You can imagine how exact they must be as I am a science teacher). The college opened after the summer vacation and to my and my other colleagues' astonishment we found the number of new admissions in Prep. (Sc.) even more than last year. Did the area of the Deshbandhu College increase overnight? Nonsense! I wonder if the Deshbandhu College is not the proverbial Draupdi's sari which though apparently small looking has unlimited capacity to expand. It was Shri Harish Chandra's skilful planning and wish that no student, who deserves and desires to receive the benefits of education, should be denied entrance into this temple of learning.

He is a great administrator and organizer, besides being helpful and generous to his colleagues under all circumstances and situations

It is a matter of great pleasure that our college is now out of bad weather and fairly well set on the path of progress. Let me be true to myself and say that it is because we had a leader, who had his fingers on the pulse of the students, an administrator who had his grip on men and matters very close to him and a man who never deviated from the path he laid down for himself and never spared any one who crossed it.

# A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

By **Shri D. N. BHALLA** *M.A. (Punj); B.A. (Cantab)*  
*Principal Punjab University (Camp) College, New Delhi*

I am very grateful to Shri Radha Krishna Sud for his kind invitation to associate myself with the tributes paid to Principal Harish Chandra on the latter's relinquishing the charge of the exalted office, which he has held with great distinction, ever since the inception of the Deshbandhu College, in order to be able to take up his new appointment as Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor of the Delhi University. I do so with great pleasure, as I have known Principal Harish Chandra very intimately for the last almost 50 years, ever since we became associated together in 1909, when I joined the Central Model School at Lahore, on my family's migration to the metropolis of the province from a very humble place of considerable historical importance—Phillaur. Our mutual interests in the various fields of School activity—sports, drama and debate—brought us into intimate contact and we have grown up almost like brothers, in the full knowledge of each other's weaknesses and a proper realization and appreciation of each other's merits. This association has gradually ripened into intimate friendship because of a complete identity of our interests, in the various fields of activity, with the lapse of time.

While the above situation places me in a position of vantage in making a correct assessment of Principal

Harish Chandra's numerous qualities—intellectual, social, moral and athletic—it also places me in a slightly delicate position in as much as we are both, in a way, the products of our mutual impact on each other. It is quite likely that, out of the personal regard in which we have held each other for such a long time, my assessment of his work and merits may savour partly of an attitude of partiality that members of a family are likely to develop for one another.

Principal Harish Chandra is one of those rare individuals who involuntarily assert their claim to recognition in any context by the sheer force of their intelligence, their intellectual acumen, their sound and balanced judgment and their strong practical common sense, backed by a forceful personality and an abundance of irresistible humour. His achievements in various spheres of activity go to prove that success in life may not be commensurate with the brilliance of one's academic record as a student. It serves to set into bright relief the fact that knowledge, intelligently gathered and wisely used in the context of one's environment, is capable of yielding much better and much more lasting results than an indiscriminate collection of information and the mugging up of wise saws without

the possession of appropriate faculty to put them to proper use in life.

Principal Harish Chandra possesses an incisive intellect and a capacity for correct appraisal of the most important influence pertaining to a situation—formal or informal—coupled with an uncanny sense of the manner in which this could be put to the best practical use, consistent with high ideals of life, which he has imbibed and fostered through his association with persons of outstanding ability and merit. He possesses a very broad sympathy with the down-trodden and is always prepared to lend his helping hand to deserving cases without giving any impression of his being a partisan—a quality which wins over the staunch loyalty of his subordinates and the estimation and regard of his friends and colleagues. Even when he is called upon to deal with unpleasant situations, he is capable of handling them very tactfully and knocking off the edge thereof by his sympathetic approach to those situations.

Principal Harish Chandra is a clever debater and a speaker of outstanding merit. This helps him to put across his views in a very convincing manner and to gain the support of those who matter by the cogency of his argument and the persuasive manner of their presentation. That, reinforced by his impeccable sense of humour, facilitates the conveyance of his point of view without causing much pain or rousing the obstinate hostility of those who might happen to hold very different views on the

subject. What is more, he is not one of those pedagogues who, in the words of Goldsmith, “even though vanquished could argue still”. This readiness to concede another’s point of view encourages even those, who do not happen to share his views, to consult him to ascertain his point of view. And that is where his strength lies.

He has been an athlete of outstanding merit, who has contributed his ample share in the promotion of sports and games and, what is even more, the realization of the fact that participation in sports in a true sporting spirit is much more important than winning and losing, which the average person does not appropriately realize. It does not mean that, like some indifferent sportsmen, he would not bother to put in his best effort to win. He believes that, if any individual possesses any keenness for attaining proficiency in a game, he must go all out to win; but he must not, in this process, deviate from the highest standards of sportsmanship and take resort to any doubtful methods for achieving the desired end, which would be incompatible with the spirit of the game. He has learnt to take victory and defeat in their proper light and is prepared to give due credit to his opponent, who possesses a superior prowess, and to extend to his weaker adversary a sympathy in his defeat and an encouragement for better performance in the future.

He is an invaluable friend and I can personally recall with gratitude numerous instances in which I had the privilege of receiving his utmost

sympathy and sound and disinterested advice on various intricate problems in which I have had the opportunity to consult him. He does not hesitate to give an unpleasant advice, whenever he should feel that the exigencies of a situation require him to do so, but he puts it in a way in which it is not likely to cause unnecessary pain or to give the impression that he is unwilling to give what he certainly considers to be the best advice under the circumstances. I could dilate on this point but I would not like to allow this appreciation to swell into unmanageable proportions because, as I have said above, it might give rise to the impression that, in doing so, I am actuated by a purely personal regard that I have always entertained for him.

Every one, who has known him intimately and even those who have seen and watched his activity from a distance know the great success that he has achieved as an administrator. He has made a mark in all administrative appointments that he has held up to now and he has left on his work and achievements, in each one of these capacities, a distinct impress of his personality which clearly indicates to his successor the lines on which the latter would be well advised to act, in order to maintain the good work that he had accomplished. He is literally the father of the Deshbandhu College, over whose destinies he was called upon to preside from its very

inception, and he has worked assiduously, under very trying conditions, to raise it from its dubious position to its present status of a coveted constituent college of the Delhi University. He has been able to gather around him a band of loyal workers, who will be able to carry the torch that he has left with them, and it will make the task of his successor easier and lighter if the latter would take the cue from the lead he has given.

The yeoman's service to the cause of education that he has rendered so far has impressed the authorities of the Delhi University, who have invited him to be the chief adviser and assistant to the Vice-Chancellor of the University. I have no doubt that, with his wide knowledge and experience of the academic and administrative problems that he has been called upon to handle in the past, he will be able to give the benefit of his advice in the solution and promotion of the tasks that lie ahead of the University and that, in his new capacity, he will be able to influence and benefit a much wider academic circle than has fallen to his lot so far. I hope also that the loss that the Deshbandhu College is likely to suffer, by his departure from the helm of its affairs, will be more than made up by the gain which must accrue from the transfer of his attention and energies to a much larger sphere of the manifold activities of the Delhi University.

# PRINCIPAL HARISH CHANDRA AS I KNEW HIM

By Shri K. N. CHANNA

*Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Rehabilitation, Govt. of India*

I joined the Ministry of Rehabilitation at the end of December, 1953. It was one afternoon sometime in early January, 1954, when there was a knock at the door in my office room and someone said, "May I come in, please". The request was made so very politely, which is characteristic of Mr. Harish Chandra, that I immediately responded and said, "Yes, please!" and saw Mr. Harish Chandra coming in. As soon as I looked at his face, I had a feeling that I had seen him in my college days in the Government College, Lahore, when Mr. Harish Chandra was known as "Mr. Kathpalia, the great tennis player and Superintendent of the Quadrangle Hostel." No sooner did Mr. Harish Chandra get himself seated in the chair than the first question that I asked him was if he was "Mr. Kathpalia". This surprised him very much as he was known in the Ministry and possibly in other academic circles in Delhi as "Mr. Harish Chandra". The surprise was still greater as we never knew each other during college days—he was probably 4 or 5 years senior to me then and in those days the elders

always carried respect and awe for the young ones who had just entered the college career. We then talked over a good few things about the Government College which I remember even to this day. Since this meeting, I have been in close association with Mr. Harish Chandra, both in official and private capacity and I have nothing but admiration for his zeal for work, tenacity of purpose and the gentle persuasion that he always employs to have his objective gained in spite of disappointments or failures to convince his colleagues or superiors in the first round of discussions. I have found him a good administrator and helpful friend to the teachers and the students of the college. While I am sorry that he is leaving the college which needs him most I am glad in a way that in his new assignment he will have a bigger field and more opportunities to be of greater help to the institution which he has striven hard to nurture and bring up from its childhood.

I wish him all success in his new venture.

# A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

By Shri K. G. SAIYIDAIN

*Secretary Education and Chairman  
Board of Administration Deshbandhu College*

Education Ministry,  
Government of India,  
New Delhi.

1st September, 1958.

It gives me great pleasure to express my appreciation of the fine work done by Shri Harish Chandra in building up the Deshbandhu College at Kalkaji. He brought to this work the gifts of diligence, efficiency, dedication and many of the personal qualities which are essential for a successful educationist. I had the pleasure of being associated with him in the administration of the College for several years and I have nothing but admiration for the manner in which he discharged his responsibilities. He was not only instrumental in building up the academic life of the College but he also gave direct personal stimulus to the development of various kinds of extra-curricular activities, including dramatics, in which he has keen interest and competence.

Sd/- K. G. Saiyidain

## 'A SIX YEARS' DARLING OF A PIGMY SIZE'

On July 18th, 1952, a 'child' was born at Kalkaji, New Delhi. It had been 'conceived' earlier in the Ministries of Rehabilitation and Education, Government of India, in the Central Secretariat. Its thoughtful parents had not only decided about a habitation for it but also a name. This name was subsequently changed so that it could be associated with an illustrious public leader and, more than that, with the tradition of selfless service for which he had stood throughout his life. This infant was the Kalkaji College that was rechristened Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji. It was introduced to the people of Delhi by its parents: the late Maulana Abul Kalam Azad and Shri Ajit Prasad Jain, the then Minister of Rehabilitation. The moment was auspicious: it rained very heavily. Rain is heaven's blessing—in the months of sweltering heat. The occasion was marked by speeches—usual on such an occasion—and soft drinks. In a befitting manner the child was formally handed over to its 'wet-nurse' and accepted with the fullest assurance that it would be well-looked after. The nurse turned out to be true to the promise in words and deeds. He—it is one of the fictions of the law that 'he' includes 'she'—was father, mother, nurse, guardian, instructor, and much more besides. In his hands the infant grew steadily and on the right lines and in six years became strong enough to stand on its legs and say, "Look Sir, I can be independent of your aid."

He bade good-bye and 'God bless you' to the grown up child and left. The child, however, remains for ever a living memorial to his care and affection and grateful to him for his devotion and vigilance. It trusts that the new incumbent will give it the same attention as did the outgoing. Principal Harish Chandra's place has been occupied by Dr. A. K. Banerji—one eminent, stalwart administrator-educationist has replaced the other.

The first three years—the teething period—was a period full of anxiety and uncertainty. Even a Macawberian optimist could not say if the 'child' would survive. But thanks to the fostering care of the guardian and the faith of the parents the child did not only survive but grew into a promising youth; sturdy, buoyant, resilient and useful. The child, they say, is father of the man. It was very much true of this 'child'. As it grew and its sinews spread, it shouldered the ever-increasing burden with self-assuring confidence. At the end of the 5th year there it stood like Atlas, firmly rooted in the soil. No wonder, it outgrew its swaddling-clothes and clamoured for bigger and newer garments of the latest cut and material. Its habitation, too, had to grow to suit its growing dimensions. When the residents of Kalkaji and the neighbouring Colonies saw it stand in its majesty they began to adore it and, like pilgrims to a temple, visited it and confided their youngsters—boys



and girls alike—to its care be initiated into the mysteries of higher knowledge. The Deshbandhu College fulfilled the dream of the authorities : the ‘child’ was in every way worthy of the respect the ‘man’ commanded.

As we assess the progress made by our College during the last six years we feel proud of ourselves. We have expanded in numbers, both qualitatively and quantitatively ; in faculties of teaching ; in sports and in extra-curricular activities ; in Staff and in buildings. In 1952 we were a bare 75 students and 18 members of the Staff. Now we are over 600 students and 34 members of the Staff ; excluding the Evening Classes with 125 students and 5 members of the Staff. Demand creates the supply but the reverse is also equally true. Supply, if sound enough, creates the demand. We are rightly proud that year after year the supply proved adequate to the demand of our students. So far as the authorities were concerned we put up the ‘anticipated’ demand, got the sanction and the funds and later justified them. We proved every time that we were right ; if we erred it was invariably on the side of caution. We justified the confidence reposed in us by the authorities. The table given below shows the pace of our progress :

| Year | Classes                           | No. of students |
|------|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1952 | Qualifying, B.A.<br>I and II year | 75              |
| 1953 | Do. and B.A. III year             | 204             |
| 1954 | Do.                               | 260             |
| 1955 | Do.                               | 334             |

|      |                                                                                   |            |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| 1956 | Do. and B.Sc. I year                                                              | 416        |
| 1957 | Do. and B.Sc. II year                                                             | 540        |
| 1958 | Do. and B.Sc. III year<br>and Hons. Classes<br>Evening Class Qualify-<br>ing Arts | 700<br>125 |

With the increase in our numbers it was essential to have more rooms and land for grounds and building. To begin with we had about 6 acres of land and the small E-shaped building. The present back wing was added in the first two years : it provided two laboratories, four Lecture rooms, one office, and the library rooms. A couple of years later we started feeling that the place was too small : the hall must be extended, new laboratories constructed to house the B.Sc. classes, more lecture rooms must come up if we were to avoid verandah-clashes and breaking of shins and heads. We were hardly able to breathe easy when it was decided to start Honours classes in three subjects : English, Hindi and Mathematics. This meant more rooms and expansion of the Library. Promptly went the demand for an independent Library Block and a special grant for purchase of books for these three subjects. But for the unavoidable delay in the construction of the new rooms and laboratories we would have been well-housed and well-equipped. The Ministry of Rehabilitation gave 9.5 acres of additional land along with a munificent grant for buildings.

A good college needs must have a decent library. We lack an imposing edifice but we are fully stocked with the latest and the best books on many

subjects of class-room interest and general appeal. The foundations, thanks to the erudition and scholarship of our first Chairman, Dr. P.C. Chakravarti, were well-laid. We now have but to follow those lines and expand. Funds for purchase of books and other equipment have never been lacking, thanks to the personal interest taken by Principal Harish Chandra and the enlightened Members of the Board of Administration. If we continue to get the usual Library Grant we can say with confidence that our library will vie with the best college library in the town of Delhi, notwithstanding its age. The following table shows the growth of the library and the reading Room :—

| Year | No. of Books | Periodicals and Newspapers |
|------|--------------|----------------------------|
| 1952 | 1237         | 19                         |
| 1953 | 2500         | 32                         |
| 1954 | 4275         | 60                         |
| 1955 | 5575         | 64                         |
| 1956 | 6975         | 64                         |
| 1957 | 7257         | 69                         |
| 1958 | 9570         | 69                         |

If we teach our students to read we also teach them to write and speak. The College Magazine, *Desh*, provides a forum for our budding writers to express their thoughts, feelings and emotions. Lest they should feel the cramping effect of expressing themselves in English, we have Hindi, Sanskrit, Punjabi, Urdu and Sindhi sections in the Magazine. We believe that in matters educational and cultural, as much as in matters national, narrow-mindedness does not

pay. It is, therefore, that even though we do not teach Urdu and Punjabi as class subjects we possess books in these two languages in the Library and allocate pages to them in the Magazine. This Voice-of-the-students has special features. In addition to the Editorial and the News Chronicles it gives library notes, snapshots of events in sports and of cultural activities and distinguished persons who visit the College. From 1953 to 1955 we had one issue in the year; from 1955 to 1957 we had two issues in the year and in 1958 we hope to have three issues. From 1952 to 1955 we had English and Hindi sections only. In 1955-56 Urdu and Sindhi sections were added ; in 1957 the Punjabi section was added and in 1958 the Sanskrit section appeared for the first time. The Hindi Parishad brought out a hand written magazine, *Makrand*, in March, 1958. In August, 1958, the Presentation Number was presented to Principal Harish Chandra on his 63rd birthday. The Valedictory Number, to mark relinquishment of the charge of Principalship of the College by him is in the readers' hands.

The task of teaching our students the art of speaking, debating and reciting is delegated to the Students' Union. It is run by elected members from amongst the students assisted by the Staff Adviser. On every alternate Saturday it meets. To give incentive to speakers prizes are awarded in every item. The *Deshbandhu* Inter-college Debate Trophy is contested every year. It provides our speakers not only a model debate but also an opportunity to compete with the best

from other colleges. The first inter-college debate was held in 1954.

The task of the Union is supplemented by the various Societies and Associations. Every subject has its own society in which its members read papers on topics of interest to themselves and occasionally invite distinguished persons from outside to address them. The Political Science Society and the Hindi Parishad deserve a special mention. The former has established the practice of arranging at least one Mock Session every year. Under its auspices the Kathpalia-Jain Inter-college Debate Trophy is contested every year. The Hindi Parishad has the distinction of holding the Jodha Mal Kuthiala Hindi Inter-college Extempore speaking Contest. These three events are eagerly awaited by the students of the college. Our hospitality attracts a large number of speakers.

To bring out the histrionic talent of the students the College Dramatic Club was founded in 1953. Ever since then the Club has been staging plays, usually in Urdu, Hindi and Hindustani but sometimes in English as well. To stimulate the interest of the students the Inter-class One-act Play Competition was started in 1957 and a running trophy provided for the purpose. The revival of the Inter-class Radio-play Contest is already on the programme for this year. Our Dramatic team distinguished itself in the Inter-college play contest held by the University and by the Delhi Public Library. In the former, our play, *Sazish*, was adjudged to be the second best. In

the latter, our play, *Nai Heroine*, was awarded the shield for the best performance in 1958 and our star-actor, Surrinder Vaid, won the first prize for the best individual acting. The fillip was, really speaking, provided by Principal Harish Chandra, who is a versatile actor and director. Twice did he himself act: once in *Sazish*, along with Miss Rajkumari Mathur (now Mrs. Rajkumari Parshad) and the second time in *Kamra No. 5*, with Shri K.C. Kanda and Shri Diljit Arora. The Club staged the plays undermentioned during the 6 years from its inception:—

- 1953 *Ghaddar*
- 1954 *Poorab Pachham*
- 1955 *Muhabbat ki rah par*—a play in three acts.
- 1956 *Jonk, Sazish and Jeewan Sandesh*
- 1957 *Khali Botal, Kamra No. 5, Khud Kushi, The affected young Ladies (in English)*
- 1958 *Inter-class one-act play competition:*  
*Nai Heroine, Bimar ka Ilaaj, Adhikar ka Rakshak, Kirpan ki Dhar* (Staged by the Historical Society)

#### RADIO PLAYS

- 1953 *Anjo Didi, Vivah-ke-din, Nawar-Naukar, Jeet-Har.*
- 1955 *Kambal Posh*

This is no mean record. The Hindi Parishad staged a tableau from *Panch Vati* and the Bazam-i-Adab gave a

dramatized version of some of the *Rubaiyat-i-Omar Khayyam*. The Sindhi Society in its Annual Functions staged short playlets in Sindhi. *Leti-deti* and *Umar Marui* need to be mentioned.

The College has been visited by very distinguished persons from within and without the country. Some of them addressed the students and the Staff. Their names include Lt. Col. Barkat Narain, Director of Health Services; R. B. Chuni Lal, Bhakhra Nangal Project, Punjab; Mr. J. H. Phillips, Representative British Council; Mr. Baldoon Dhigra, Unesco, Paris; Mr. Mansheardt, Cultural Attache, U. S. A. Embassy; Miss J. Tyrwhitt, Professor of Town Planning Ottawa University; Shri Ram Dhari Dinkar, M.P.; Dr. Choith Ram Gidwani, M.P.; Mrs. Lorena Haln, U.S.A. Representative of the U. N. Commission; Shri J. K. Bhonsle, Deputy Minister Rehabilitation; Dr. K. N. Katju, Defence Minister; Maulana Hafiz-ul-Rehman, M.P.; Dr. C. E. Raven, Ex-Vice-Chancellor, Cambridge University; Shri Radhe Raman, M.P.; Shri P. N. Basu, Deputy Director, U. N. Information Centre, New Delhi; Prof. Geoffrey Bullough, University of London; Prof. Viven De Sola Pinto, University of Birmingham; Mrs. Sucheta Kirplani, M.P.; and Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao, Vice-Chancellor, University of Delhi.

Extension lectures were given by Shri Sri Krishan Kapur, Principal S. D. College, Hoshiarpur; Dr. P. C. Chakaravarti, Vice Principal; Mr. C.

N. Chandra, I.C.S. Ministry of Rehabilitation; Dr. Kempers, West Germany Delegate to Unesco; Dr. A.A.A. Fyze. Member of U.P.S.C.; Shri S. L. Vohra, Principal Yogic Physical Centre, Delhi; Dr. Harnam Singh, Reader Political Science Department, University of Delhi; Principal Harish Chandra; members of the Staff and students of the college.

The Foundation Day celebrations were presided over by late Maulana Abul Kalam Azad and the subsequent annual Prize-giving functions by Shri Ajit Prasad Jain, Minister of Rehabilitation; Shri Mehr Chand Khanna, Minister of Rehabilitation; Dr. G. S. Mahajani, Vice-Chancellor, Delhi University; Shri K. G. Saiyaidain, Secretary Education, Government of India, Chairman Board of Administration Deshbandhu College and Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Minister of Education.

On the department of sports and athletics falls the responsibility of instructing students how to play the various games. They are told that they must play the game fairly and for the greater glory of sport. Playgrounds are rightly called the fields where a sense of discipline and the team-spirit can be acquired. It was not a vain man who remarked that 'the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton's'. We have no outstanding achievements in the major games yet for the obvious reason that we have no proper facilities at present. But in athletics our athletes won honours at the University and Delhi Olympic Meets. Narindar Singh Chawla (Record in Shot Put

University of Delhi Athletic Meet and First in Delhi State Olympic Meet); Gajraj Singh (Second in Pole Vault and Third in Discuss Throw in University of Delhi Meet and second in the Open Meet); Kulwant Singh (Second in Hammer Throw, Delhi University Meet); Dilbagh Singh (Third in Pole Vault, Delhi University Meet) and Kanta Chopra (Third in 100 Meters Race for Women Delhi University Meet) deserve a special mention.

In addition to the regular practice every evening the annual Inter-class Tournaments provide extra stimulus to playing games. A trophy is awarded to the winning class. The matches are played on the League System. About 250 students participate in them.

Two of the members of the Staff, Shri I. S. Kapur and Shri V. N. Pasricha, were selected for training in Badminton and Table-tennis respectively.

Lest it should give an outsider the impression that in our college it is all play and no teaching we should mention that our results in the various university examinations have always competed fairly with those of other colleges and have been much above the University Pass Percentage. Our students have bagged the highest positions in the University. Raj Popli stood second in the University in the Pre-Medical Examination in 1955, Santosh Kumari stood first in B.A. in the University in 1956 and Atam Parkash and Vinod Kumar Sud stood second and third respectively in the

University in the Qualifying Examination in 1958.

Our Group Dancing Team was twice adjudged the best in the Inter-college Youth Festival Contest in 1956 and 1957. Prabha Godbole got honourable mention in Classical Singing. Ashit Sanyal's painting, *A Refugee Family*, was selected for exhibition in the Inter-University Youth Festival. The Annual Hobbies Exhibition is arranged by the Fine Arts Club. It arranged an exhibition of Miss Usha Pasricha's paintings in 1957.

The Annual College Picnic is a unique feature of the College. The spirit of camaraderie and youthful innocent fun are the highlights of it. Many a rose that otherwise would have wasted their fragrance on the bathroom air and many a gem of purest ray serene that otherwise would have lain within the folds of their quilts at home get an opportunity to display their latent worth. The teachers and the students vie with one another for the honours of the day. It is the happiest day of the year.

These in brief are the multifarious activities of the 'child' that was born six years ago. This is the history of the humble achievements of our 'darling of a pigmy size'. The past, it is rightly said, is an index to the future. Our future is assured. In the words of Milton:

'The childhood shows the man,  
As morning shows the day.'

(Editor)

## POSTSCRIPT

### To the University of Delhi from Deshbandhu College

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;  
My self I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still.  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;  
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute to thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

Shakespeare : *Sonnet No. 134*

## استاد کے نام بدیہ شاگرد

(شباب ملت بی اے بی ٹی)

محبت کو مری ہستی کا ایسا کر دیا تم نے  
 مرے دل کو پرستش گاہ انساں کر دیا تم نے  
 ضیائے علم دیکر روح کے تاریک گوشا  
 مری افسردہ دنیا میں چراغاں کر دیا تم  
 جہالت کی گھٹاؤں کو پریشاں کر دیا تم نے  
 تزا و حضرت آدم پہ احساں کر دیا تم نے  
 تمہارے در پہ میری زبیریت نے دامن پسا را  
 مری دنیا کو آخر گل بداماں کر دیا تم  
 یہ سنتا ہوں کہ اپنے پاک قدموں کا لمس دیکر  
 کئی ذروں کو رشک نہرتا یاں کر دیا تم نے  
 مری نظروں پہ راز زبیریت عریاں کر دیا تم  
 چراغ معرفت دل میں فروزاں کر دیا تم  
 سہر ساحل میں اب محو تاشارہ نہیں سکتا  
 مجھے کیوں روشناس موج طوفاں کر دیا تم نے  
 تمہاری نور باری سے ہوئیں ہیں مری  
 شباب راز کو پابند احساں کر دیا تم

گھوڑے۔ اس سفر کی یاد کتنی مفرح ہے۔ آپ کی شفقت اور محبت میری رفیق تھی۔ اور میں اپنی خوش نصیبی پر نازاں تھا۔ اس دوران میں نے ان کی فیاضی اور فراخ دستی کا بھی لطف اٹھایا مجھے یاد نہیں کہ ریل کے کرایہ کے علاوہ کسی بھی اور طرح میں نے اپنی جیب سے خرچ کیا ہو۔ اس کے علاوہ میں نے یہ بھی دیکھا کہ ان کے احباب کا دائرہ کتنا وسیع ہے۔ جیسا آباد اور ممبئی ہر دو جگہوں پر ان کے دوست ان کے استقبال کے لئے موجود تھے۔ اور ممبئی میں تو ان کے تقاضوں کو پورا کرنا محال ہو گیا تھا۔ یہی نہیں بلکہ لاتے میں بھی ایک سٹیشن پر ان کے ایک عزیز کھانے کے ڈبے ساتھ تھے ان کو ملنے آئے اور اس طرح سارا سفر ضیافتیں اڑاتے اڑاتے طے ہوا۔ کاش کہ ایسے موقعے بار بار نصیب ہوں!

مگر کہاں؟ اب جبکہ وہ اس کالج کو چھوڑ کر یونیورسٹی میں نئے عہدے پر سرفراز ہو چکے ہیں تو ایسے موقعوں کی توقع رکھنا محض خوش فہمی ہے۔ کالج اور یونیورسٹی کے درمیان ۱۵ میل کا لمبا فاصلہ ہے۔ اور پھر ان کی زندگی نہایت مصروف زندگی ہے۔

۵ فرصت کہاں کہ میری تمنا کسے کوئی۔

علاوہ بریں

۶ وہ اگر یاد کریں ہم کو تو بھویں کس کو ہم اگر ان کو جھٹلا دیں تو کسے یاد کریں مگر میں بالکل یابوس نہیں ہوتا گو یہ میرے لطف صحبتیں اور ملاقاتیں اب محض خواب و خیال ہو چکی ہیں۔ مگر یہ دلفریب یادیں ہی ہماری تسکین کے لئے کافی ہیں اور ان یادوں کو از سر نو تازہ کرنے کے لئے ہم گاہے گاہے ان کے در دولت برد شک دیا کرتے ہیں۔

ادائیگی اور ہدایت کاری میں وہ کامل دسترس رکھتے ہیں۔ جن لوگوں نے انکو سٹیج پر دیکھا ہے وہ ان کا ایکٹنگ کی مادے بغیر نہ رہ سکیں گے۔ مگر وہ محض ایکٹر ہی نہیں ایکٹروں کے سازگار بھی ہیں۔ مجھے یاد ہے کہ جب انہوں نے پچھلے سال مجھے اپنے ڈرامہ میں ایک رول لینے کے لئے کہا تو میں کتنا ڈرتا تھا۔ اس سے پہلے میں کبھی سٹیج پر نہ آیا تھا۔ مگر ان کی نظر کرامت دیکھنے کے ان کے ساتھ دو چار رہہ سٹڈز (Rehearsals) کرنے پر میرا کھٹکا بالکل جاتا رہا۔ اور میں نے بڑے اعتماد کے ساتھ اپنا پارٹ ادا کیا۔ سچ سچ آپ کے اوصاف کو جتنا سرا جائے کم ہے۔ پیرانہ سال میں یہ زندگی دلی اور زندگی کے مختلف شعبوں سے یہ دستیگی جوانوں کے لئے بھی قابل رشک ہے۔

وہ کہا کرتے ہیں کہ کام ہی سچی راحت کا سرچشمہ ہے اور یہ صرف کہنے کی ہی بات نہیں۔ اگر آپ اس مسلک کو عملی شکل میں دیکھنا چاہتے ہیں تو آپ ان کو کالج برکٹم کرتا دیکھیں۔ میں نے ان کو کئی بار صبح نو بجے سے شام کے پانچ بجے تک ادا کبھی کبھی تو رات تک نیز پڑھنے سے بہت دیکھا ہے۔ نہ آرام کی فکر ہے اور نہ کھانے کا خیال بہت کم کام میں مشغول ہیں۔ ان کی یہ سخت جانی قابل تحسین ہے۔ ہم حیران ہوتے ہیں کہ اس لازوال قوت عمل کا کیا راز ہے؟ دوسری طرف وہ ایک زبردست سپورٹسمن ہیں سٹیج کو لمبی سیرا اور شام کو ٹینس کھیلنا اب بھی ان کا روزمرہ کا معمول ہے۔ کالج کی سالانہ کھیلوں میں وہ شاف کی دوڑ رسی پھاندنا یا کسی اور کھیل میں ضرور حصہ لیتے ہیں۔ اور اکثر ہم سٹیج پر بازی سے جاتے ہیں اس طرح وہ ہم کو بھی سپورٹسمن بننے کا ترغیب دیتے ہیں۔

گزری ہلام اس کی جوانان مت میں  
پیر مغاں بھی طرف کوئی پیر مرد تھا  
کچھ عرصہ تو مجھے ان کے ساتھ جیدا آباد۔ بیچتا اپلو را  
اور ہمیں جیسے مقاموں کی سیر کرنے کا موقع ملا۔ ہم کوئی دس  
بارہ دن اٹھے رہے اور بڑے مزے سے ادھر ادھر

ہنز مدد کریں گے۔ بہترین مشورہ دیں گے۔ اور اگر کسی  
سے وہ آپ کی مدد نہ کر سکتے ہوں تو اس ڈھنگ سے  
کریں گے کہ آپ ان کی ہمدردی اور خیر خواہی کے  
رہو جائیں گے۔ شاید اس تواضع اور ہندوب میں انکی  
غزوبزی کا راز یہاں ہے۔

اس کے ساتھ ہی ان کی طبیعت میں انکساری کا  
بھی شامل ہے۔ کالج کے پرنسپل ہونے کے علاوہ  
ماتے بہادر کا خطاب بھی پاتے ہیں۔ گزریں نے  
ایک سال اپنے نام کے آگے رائے بہادر لگاتے تھے  
لی دیکھا۔ اور یہی وجہ ہے کہ ہم میں سے اکثر یہ بھی نہیں  
نتے کہ وہ خطاب یافتہ ہیں۔

آپ ان کو کھانے کے میز پر ملنے ادا ان کا صحبت  
لطف اٹھائیے۔ ایسے موقعوں پر وہ بڑی بے تکلفی سے کام  
لیتے ہیں۔ چاہی وہ بہت کم کھاتے ہیں مگر گوشت کے دل  
اور میں۔ میری سبزی خور کی کا وہ اکثر ہنسی اڑایا کرتے  
ہیں۔ ان کی سنجیدہ ظرافت اور دلچسپ باتیں بھیکے سے  
لیے کھانے کو بھی با مزہ بنا دیتی ہیں۔ واقعی ان کے ساتھ  
ہونے میں شریک ہونا ایک طرف لذت رکھتا ہے۔

نے دفع آلام سے تریا قی ہے لیکن !

کچھ اور بھی ہو جاتی ہے ساقی کی نظر سے

اب میں ان کے ذوق ادب کا ذکر کرتا ہوں۔ اگر دو

ہری سے ان کو خاص ربط ہے۔ بہت سی عمدہ نظمیں

وہے شمارا شعرا ان کو از بر ہیں۔ اور جب کبھی موقع

تہ۔ بر محل اور موزوں اشعار بڑے موثر انداز

بنا رثا دفر ماتے ہیں۔ غالب اور اکبر کے وہ شینانی ہیں

نواہ میریں دور حاضر کے کئی ایک نامور شعرا اور

یب ان کے حلقہ احباب میں شامل ہیں۔ مشاعروں

وراد بی مجلسوں میں جانے کا بھی شوق ہے کالج کی

قریباً سبھی ادبی سرگرمیاں ان کی سرپرستی کی مرہون

نت ہیں۔ ہزم ادب کی وہ روح رواں ہیں۔ فن شعر

نے علاوہ فن طرا مہ سے بھی ان کو لگاؤ ہے۔ پارٹ کی



# پرنسپل ہرپنچندر

از شری کے سی کاٹڈا

اُس حَسَنِ لازوال سے مجھ بے کمال کو  
نسبت ہے وہ جو ذرے کو ہو آفتاب سے

رہنمائی کر سکتے۔ کیوں؟ اسلئے کہ وہ ایک اعلیٰ منتظم ہونے کے علاوہ ہم سب کے سچے دوست ہیں ہمارے مفاد کے نگہبان ہیں۔ جانب داری سے قطعاً نا آشنا ہیں انکا کوئی غلط نظر نہیں۔ اور اُن کے فیضانِ شفقت سے ہم سب یکساں محفوظ ہوتے ہیں یہ ایک ایسا نادر وصف ہے جس نے ہماری کما حقہ خوشگوار بنا دیا ہے اور ہم سب کو اخوت اور محبت کے رشتے میں پرو رکھا ہے۔

جب میں پہلے پہل کالج میں آیا اور ایک دو۔۔۔ ان سے ملا تو میں ان کی طبیعت کو پوری طرح سمجھنے کا قاصر رہا۔ ان کے لب و لہجہ اور انداز و اطوار سے محبت اور وقار ٹپکتا تھا۔ اس وقت وہ مجھے کم گو اور خاموش خصلت نظر آئے مگر کچھ دیر بعد مجھے ان کو اپنے ہاں سنا پر مدعو کرینکا اتفاق ہوا مجھے ڈر تھا کہ کہیں وہ میری گرفتار کر دینے کو کہیں مگر جس شوق سے انھوں نے میری دعوت کو قبول فرمایا اس سے میرا خدشہ فوراً کا فور ہو گیا اور میں نے یہ جان لیا کہ انکی طبیعت میں نمکنت کے ساتھ تواضع کا خوش کن عنصر بھی موجود ہے اور یہ تواضع کسی خاص حلقے تک محدود نہیں آپ چاہے چھوٹے ہوں یا بڑے انکا ہمیشہ آپکی خاطر کما حقہ پاس رہتا ہے شائستگی اور تہذیب آپکی نفس میں بسی ہوئی ہے اتنے سے اتنے انھیں شخص سے بھی آپ شاک سے پیش آتے ہیں بات کرتے ہیں تو منہ سے پھول پھرتے ہیں۔ اگر آپ کسی کام کے لئے ان کے پاس جائیں تو وہ آپ

جناب پرنسپل صاحب کے بارے میں کچھ لکھنے وقت میری قلم بہت چھجکتی ہے ان کا خیال آتے ہی ان کی پیش ہوا خوبیاں میرے ذہن میں گھومنے لگتی ہیں مگر ان خوبوں کو سپرد قلم کرتے ہوئے یہ خدشہ بھی محسوس ہوتا ہے کہ نہیں مجھ پر مدح سمرانی کا الزام نہ آجائے۔ دوسری طرف ان کے اوصاف سے چشم پوشی کرنا واقعیت کے اصولوں کی خلاف ورزی ہے۔ تاہم مجھے یقین ہے کہ جو حضرات صاحب موصوف کو ٹھوڑا سا بھی جانتے ہیں وہ اس مضمون کو تلاش گری کہنے کی کبھی جرات نہیں کریں گے۔ ایک اور بات بھی ہے جو میری قلم کو آگے بڑھنے سے روکتی ہے۔ مجھ میں نہ تو ایک شخصیت نگار کی قابلیت ہے اور نہ ہی مجھے پرنسپل صاحب کی شخصیت کے مختلف پہلو دیکھنے کے موقع ملے ہیں، میں نے اپنی ناقص قلم کے مطابق ان کو جیسے دیکھا ہے ویسے ہی بیان کرنے کی کوشش کی ہے۔

پچھلے دس سالوں میں مجھے کسی ایک کالجوں میں کام کرینکا اتفاق ہوا ہے میں جہاں بھی گیا ہوں کالج کے سٹاف کو شاد و ناظر ہی پرنسپل کی طرف سے مطمئن دیکھا ہے جہاں کہیں دو چار پرنسپل رکھے بیٹھے وہیں پرنسپل کی خامیوں کا تذکرہ چھڑ گیا۔ مگر جب سے میں اس کالج میں آیا ہوں اس موضوع پر بات چیت ہی سننے میں نہیں آتی ہم سب کے دل میں ان کیلئے ادب اور عقیدت ہے اور ہم سب چاہتے ہیں کہ وہ زیادہ سے زیادہ دیر تک ہماری

چلا جاتا ہوں بنتا کھیلتا موجِ حادثہ سے : اگر آسانیاں ہوں زندگی دستوار ہو جائے

الوداعیہ نمبر

# دیش

ایدیٹ  
منگت رام شرر

نگراں  
شری کرشن چندر کانڈا

دیش بندھو کالج کالجی نئی دہلی کا علمی اور ادبی خزمینہ

## حرفِ اول

دیش کا یہ شمارہ الوداعیہ شمارہ ہے۔ لہذا مجھے بھی اپنے پچھلے پرنسپل جناب ہریش چندر صاحب کی خدمت میں ہدیہ پیش کرنا ہے۔ مگر کیا کہوں۔ سمجھ میں نہیں آتا اس کالج میگزین میں اگر اردو کا نشان اب تک ملتا ہے تو یہ بھی آپ کی ہی بدولت ہے، چاہے "بزم ادب" ہو یا میگزین کا اردو سیکشن یہ سب آپ کی ادب دوستی اور سرپرستی کا نتیجہ ہے۔ آپکے چلے جانیکے بعد ہم بے سہارا لے نظر آتے ہیں۔ بقول فیض "تم کیا گئے کہ روٹھ گئے دن بہار کے"

میں اس موضوع کو طوالت نہیں دینا چاہتا۔ ہمارے محترم نگراں جناب کانڈا صاحب نے آپکے متعلق اس شمارے میں ایک مضمون لکھا ہے۔ پرنسپل ہریش چندر صاحب کی خوبیوں کا ذکر کرنا میری قلم کی طاقت سے باہر ہے، میں تو صرف اللہ تعالیٰ سے یہی دعا کر سکتا ہوں :-  
"تم جو ہزار برس

ایک برس کے ہوں دن دس ہزار"

منگت رام شرر

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**Note:**—Presidents of Clubs and Societies are requested to send in the news of their activities by 30th November, 1958.

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# DESH

**Welcome Number**

**कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते**

**DESHBANDHU COLLEGE**  
**KALKAJI, NEW DELHI.**

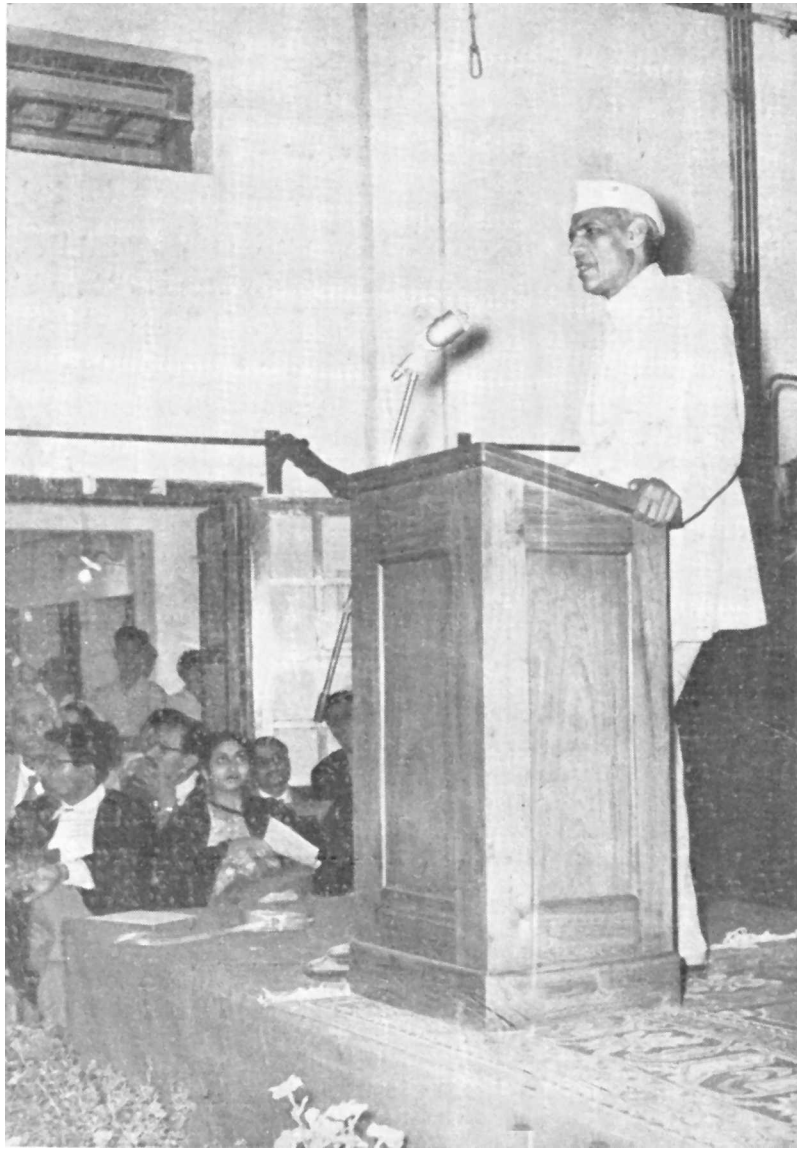
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Principal A. N. Banerji  
M.A., Ph. D. (London)



Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Minister of Education,  
Govt. of India, delivering the Presidential Address  
on the annual prize-giving day

## THE GRACIOUS LADDER : Career of Dr. A.N. Banerji

|                           |                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1930-36 (with some break) | Lecturer in Economics, University of Lucknow, Lucknow.                                                                                                                            |
| 1937-41                   | Research Senior in the London School of Economics, London, and also student of the Inns of Law, London.<br><br>Obtained Ph. D. in Economics from the University of London. (1941) |
| 1942                      | Returned to India from U. K.                                                                                                                                                      |
| 1943-45                   | Prof. of Economics in Government College, Ajmer.                                                                                                                                  |
| 1945-46                   | Senior Economic Research Officer, The late Planning and Development Department of the Government of India.                                                                        |
| 1946-48                   | Deputy Director of Education, Delhi, Ajmer and Central India.                                                                                                                     |
| 1948-50                   | Deputy Director of Industrial Statistics, Government of India.                                                                                                                    |
| 1950-51                   | Assistant Chief Industries, Commerce and Transport of the Planning Commission, Government of India.                                                                               |
| 1951-58                   | Director of Education, Ajmer and Delhi.                                                                                                                                           |
| 1958 onwards              | Principal, Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi.                                                                                                                                |



## A Glowing Tribute

(Reproduced from The Government College, Magazine, Ajmer,  
Vol. XVIII, No. 2, April, 1951)

“Ever since Dr. Banerji left Government College, Ajmer, he has been, as we perceive, open to a twofold pull. He has been wooed on one side by Economics, and by education on the other. Indeed, he did for a time yield to the powerful seductive charms of Economics. However, we are happy he has finally chosen to surrender himself to the one with a quieter grace and a steadier name. We are sure he will find in her a companion though less gay yet capable of yielding greater comfort and satisfaction.

Dr. Banerji is a personality of considerable charm and power. Simple and unassuming, affable and dignified, Dr. Banerji carries the weight of his office rather easily and lightly. He is refined, genial and understanding. He has experience and a clear awareness of the tasks before him. With his energy and ability and far-seeing eye, the Education Department of the State of Ajmer\* bids fair to a period of progress and expansion.”

We heartily endorse every word quoted above so far as Dr. Banerji is concerned. But the note of prophecy : that Dr. Banerji has made the *final* choice of a career in going over to Education has been proved to be wrong. We are happy that Dr. Banerji has been wooed back by Economics, though not without the added allurements of administrative flourishes as are usual in the Education Directorate. We have, however, our apprehensions that his ‘second love’ will not take this deflection of loyalty lying down. For the time being, at least, we are sure of his presence among us and his guidance is bound to stand us in good stead. Which of the ‘two loves’ is the ‘wife’ and which is the ‘mistress’ the next session will determine. George Mikes, in his latest book called *East is East*, has laid down a very good test : “A wife is sought for her virtues, a concubine for her beauty”.

“And so goes a saying in French :” Et l’on revient toujours a’ses premier amours, meaning that “one always returns to one’s first love.” Let us wait and see if the above quoted saying of St. Just is true.

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\*Substitute Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji—(Editor)

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE\*

It always gives me great pleasure to talk to young students and more so to the students of the Desh-bandhu College, Kalkaji, who have been entrusted to my care. It was accordingly that I readily accepted the request of the Editor of the College Magazine, Desh, to write a few lines for it by way of a talk to its readers. I wish to suggest to you how to spend your time in the College usefully and happily and to draw the best advantages which this institution offers to you. The College Magazine has a very important part to play in making your stay here worthwhile but it is up to you to harness it to the purpose for which it is meant. I am confident that you must be conscious of the advantages of liberal education in colleges and at universities. Nature has endowed you with thinking power for proper utilization. The function of education that you receive in colleges and at universities is to develop this faculty in every one of you : to think systematically, logically and consistently and form an opinion of your own. This development may be possible even outside a college or a university but you cannot have the benefit of mutual exchange of opinion with boys and girls of your age unless you come to an *Alma Mater*. Books and teachers are, no doubt, very helpful but more helpful is the stay at an institution of learning and availing yourself of every free moment, while walking, talking

or debating together, of airing your individual thoughts and opinions, rubbing off prejudices and angularities, shaking off reserve and shyness, getting rid of narrowness of vision and mental lethargy and thus by earnest and zealous give and take of ideas come to a decision. Such a decision can be the basis of a policy or a programme which, if followed, may advance the common cause or promote the well-being of the institution or the larger good of the country. After all it is the youth of a nation who have to shoulder the responsibility of shaping its destiny. The older generation leaves certain traditions to serve as a beacon light and certain ideals to adhere to but they at the same time leave much more than those : they leave many tasks half done and a few undone. It is the foremost duty of the younger generation to complete the task which has been set for them. Before they can aspire for doing it they must qualify themselves for it. This, however, can be done only if they can think for themselves, find out what is to be done and how it can be done in a correct way. Students in Colleges should therefore utilize the time at their disposal properly and use it for the common good.

Students and the Staff constitute a sort of a family. It is, therefore, easily discernible that there must prevail, what for want of a better term

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\*We are thankful to Principal Banerji for his encouraging message. (Editor)

may be called, the 'family atmosphere' in which every member enjoys the maximum freedom consistent with the rights of other members and the unified existence of the family. The College Magazine goes a long way in giving to its writers and readers this sense of oneness: the feeling of independence in inter-dependence.

If its contributors are wise and painstaking the College Magazine in due course of time acquires a name for itself: a status and a standing. In its own right and turn it lends a status to the College of which it is the mouthpiece and organ. It is here that the teaching Staff comes in. The original and learned articles and other compositions written by the Staff lend a substantial weight to the College Magazine. Nevertheless, it is primarily meant for the students. It supplements the task of the College Union and provides yet another effective forum.

I have seen last year's issues of *Desh* and enjoyed reading them. In addition to the record of events and activities that happened in the College

during the course of the year, they provide a rich fare by way of the editorials, articles of all types and on a variety of subjects, stories, poems and various other items. What pleased me much is the catholicity of *Desh*: it publishes articles in English, Hindi, Sanskrit, Punjabi, Sindhi and Urdu .... conceivably all the languages which are read by the Staff and students. This is a very healthy sign and practice. Nothing could be more laudable in a student than being able to read, speak and write more than three languages of which at least one is English and another is Hindi. *Desh*, in making its readers multi-lingual, is serving the cause of inter-provincial and inter-racial unity. I congratulate members of the Editorial Board on doing this noble, national service, howsoever humble the contribution may be. I am sanguine that as the number of students and teachers in the College increases *Desh* will extend the sphere of its service and utility. I wish it success.

Sd. A.N. Banerji

M.A., Ph.D. (Econ)  
(London)

## ADDRESSES OF WELCOME TO DR. A. N. BANERJI\*

### I

By R. K. Sud

Sir,

I am deeply indebted to the President and the Executive of the College

Union for their kind permission to speak on this happy occasion and associate the Members of the Staff of the College with the welcome that is

\*Read out in the Welcome Meeting of the College Union on 12th September, 1958, on behalf of the College Staff.

being accorded to you today in the formal manner. The practice of welcoming the new Principal of a College is as time-honoured a convention as the coronation of the King, let us say, in the King of England for that, perhaps, is the only 'safe and sound' throne in the present era of tumbling and crumbling monarchies. It is little over a month when we bade good-bye to Principal Harish Chandra. We had hoped that you would be with us on the day succeeding his departure, if not the day preceding it. Had you, Sir, arrived then you would have caught us on the rebound of a sentimental wave and received a profuse and profound welcome and a thundering ovation, such as a 'stranger' receives when he is installed as the patriarch of a family. Our homage, notwithstanding the time lag between the departure of Principal Harish Chandra and your arrival, is as sincere and spontaneous as it would have been then. It has lost only its froth and vociferousness. The throne of England is never vacant. In the unavoidable absence of the King the Crown, the invisible symbol of royalty, steps in and assumes the authority and wields the sceptre. In this case it was the Principal's chair. You, Sir, are no longer a 'stranger' to the family fold : you are by now one of us. It is difficult to say whether you, Sir, in your goodness and large-heartedness allowed yourself to be merged into us or we exercised some charm and absorbed you in ourselves. We only know that one fine day we woke up and found you amongst ourselves occupying the revered seat reserved for the head of the family. We do

not feel in you an outsider and an obtrusive person bestriding our narrow world like a Colossus but a genial, gentle and sweet gentleman covering everyone, who greets him, with benign and broad smiles. You, Sir, have not to fetch up these smiles : they are so very natural to you that it is difficult to imagine or to visualize you without them. Your voice, Sir, is soft and winning, like that of the proverbial Hybla bees. You, Sir, are chivalrous to a fault : you will not keep a girl student standing in your office. Every one of them is a 'BETI' and is addressed by that epithet. One has only to listen to you talking on the telephone to a stranger or a friend to find out how polite and suave is the manner of your speech. It pains you to say 'No' and dishearten the person at the other end of the line. All that you can say to him is : "Well ! Ring me up some time tomorrow and I shall see if I can do something for you." Your opening 'Namashkar Bhai' and the closing 'Achha ! Namashkar Bhai' both are equally effective. The one disarms the speaker of hesitancy in approaching you and the other encourages him to try again and despair not.

You, Sir, are a 'veteran' educationist and possess long administrative experience. We are happy that we shall benefit by it. The College, I am afraid, Sir, may appear to you too small a domain to administer as you have been used to governing the vaster realms of the Directorates of Delhi, Ajmer and Marwar. You may feel like fishing in a pond with a hook and a line after being used to trawler-netting on the wide ocean. We, Sir,

can assure you that in this pool you will find docile fish that may occasionally try to be a little gay and sportive. We have no slippery eels amongst us. It will not be the fish that will engage you but the pond. The fish, as is its nature, is multiplying fast and the pond is getting too, too small every day. If the fish have to flourish and prosper its habitat must grow with it and its needs—and they are many and various—must be provided well before time. You will find that a little irksome, though not unpleasant, as the C. P. W. D. are rather very slow.

Thanks to the out-going Principal we have established a few traditions in the College. To mention just four of them : the tradition of loyalty to the Institution and its Head ; the tradition of devotion to our work ; the tradition of love and regard for our students and the tradition of willing and hearty co-operation with all with whom we work. We are sure you will throw your full weight in helping us to stick to them and push their roots deeper into the body acade-

mic and social. It is but natural for us to look to the fountain-head for inspiration and guidance and, on occasions, for caution. We hope you, Sir, will not grudge us these.

Much has been done but much more remains to be done. Your predecessor, Sir, strained every nerve to complete the edifice of which he had laid the foundations, but, the time being short and the pace of construction too slow, he left it incomplete. We know the plans and the necessary funds are there. Only the 'goad' is needed to spur on the tardy builders. We feel cramped for want of space and our legitimate activities are suffering. We request you, Sir, to push up this pace. We shall pray that your efforts may succeed. We hope, Sir, that you will find your stay here as pleasant as it was in the Directorate. We assure you, Sir, of our whole-hearted devotion and cooperation.

Thank you, Sir !

I I

*By Harish Kapur, President College Union\**

Sir,

It is my proud privilege to extend a hearty welcome to you on behalf of

the students of this college. Within a month of your stay here you have endeared yourself to us and restored in our minds the confidence that had

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\*On behalf of the Students' Union.

been shaken. Now we are very sure that all is going to be well with this college. We must confess that with the departure of our beloved Principal, Shree Harish Chandra, we had begun to feel forlorn and disconsolate. But now with your arrival things have begun to appear as bright and gay as they used to be when he was here. Now he has passed on his responsibilities to you and we must say, Sir, that you have taken them up seriously and sincerely.

Immediately on your arrival you were faced with the atmosphere of the elections in the college, which, as we all know, is something abnormal and taxing to any administrator because of the rather loose behaviour of the students at such times. But you dealt with the situation with great tact and care and made the whole affair calm and quite.

The tea to which you invited all the contestants, immediately after the elections, worked like magic. It rounded up all the edges, removed the tinge of mutual bickerings which usually linger behind the elections and had an abundance of healthy effects. It brought us together, as I have just said. Moreover, it was a symbol of your goodwill and affection towards us.

This is not a solitary instance of its kind. Though your stay is much brief to give details about, yet I know of many examples which have assured us of your affection and love. I vividly remember when I entered your office with the Secretary of the Union

and a few of my friends to put to you some of our difficulties about transport. You lost no time and immediately took up the matter with the D.T.U. authorities. With your vigour behind these efforts, we are very sure of good results. But if it takes time, as naturally it must, you have given instructions that the college bus may be so used as to give the maximum facilities to a maximum number of students.

Now we have faith that we shall not be left in the lurch. And on behalf of the students of this college, I assure you, sir, that we will continue to be decent, docile and disciplined in our conduct here and outside the college. We shall try to be worthy of the love and affection that you have already begun to shower on us.

Let me add here, Sir, that we are very proud of the trailing clouds of glory that you have brought with you. You are an eminent educationist of the country. As being the Director of the Delhi State you have piloted the educational policy through difficult times with laudable success. Your personality and prestige are real assets to the college. We have heard from here and there of the dreams which you have begun to dream and the great vision which you have begun to cherish about this college in your heart. A practical administrator, as you are, we have no doubt that the best results will follow the great good of the staff and students of this college as surely as the day follows the night.

Before I resume my seat, I, once

DESH

again, assure you, Sir, of the faith that we have in you and your leadership ; and the complete loyalty that

the college claims from us for itself and its great ideas.

Thank you Sir,

## DR. A. N. BANERJI : An Introduction\*

By Shri Parman Singh, M.A.

*Professor in-charge Evening Classes*

“Dr. A.N. Banerji, our new Principal, is a highly qualified gentleman, as he holds a Ph. D. Degree of the London University. With the high academic qualifications he combines a rich and varied experience of educational administration. In the beginning of his career he was intimately connected with the College and University administration in this country. Till recently he presided over the destinies of Secondary Education in the Delhi State in the capacity of Director of Education. With the rare qualities of head he combines an equally rare nobility of heart. In the few days that he has been in this College he has impressed upon me that the Morning Classes and the Evening

Classes should function as one unit. It amounts to saying that the Evening students are entitled to all those amenities which are enjoyed by the Morning students. More than once I placed before him some of the problems concerning the Evening Classes, and I invariably found that he dealt with those problems with understanding, consideration and sympathy and with determination. He solved them promptly. He has helped me to overcome the feeling of despondency that had crept upon me on the departure of Mr. Harish Chandra from our midst. I am assured that in his hands the welfare of the Evening Classes is quite safe.”

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\*With these words Shri Parman Singh requested Dr. A. N. Banerji to kindly address the Evening students.

Dr. A.N. Banerji in a brief and impressive speech reiterated his determination to give all possible help to the Evening Staff and the Evening students. He advised the students not to content themselves with the mastering of their text-books alone. They could be considered really educated persons if they made strenuous efforts to develop their minds and to broaden their outlook on life.

## EDITORIAL

By Sarita Ajmani B. A. III Year.

Writing an Editorial is a maiden attempt for me, and as a speaker stammers while standing on the dais, I also find myself groping in the dark for a subject. Let me, therefore, "Look before and after".

In spite of the fact that our college does not have a very long standing it has come to occupy a place of pride in the hearts of the student community. As its name signifies it is an institution which is the 'friend' of the entire 'Desh'. It has extended its hands of friendship to the younger members of our society, by adopting every means to enlighten and educate them. And the results have been quite encouraging. A look at the college building, a saunter through its corridors on any working day and a glance at our academic and extra-mural achievements will sufficiently convince you of the good work being done in this remote nook of Delhi. The credit for this all-round progress goes in a great measure to Shri Harish Chandra. He has been till recently our 'guide, friend and philosopher', and it will be an act of dereliction on my part, if I do not express my sense of gratitude and thanks for his unerring guidance. But it appears, he was carved to do bigger works, and has been drawn to the University Campus, where he can, perhaps, be more useful to all of us. It is a privilege that any person in his place may rightly envy. It is an altar where many a man comes to offer worship but lucky is the one whose offerings are accepted. He is the person who had nourished and brought

up this infant institution, and we cannot but feel his absence at every step.

They say that the loss of one is the gain of another ; if the University of Delhi can gain at our expense we should be glad to bear our loss. We are sure he will still be the torch bearer and as "one lamp lighteth another, nor grows less", we shall still receive the light.

So, instead of feeling sad let us join and offer congratulations to ourselves as well as to our former Principal, because he has got an opportunity to serve the nation better than he could do from within these four walls.

But he has not left us forlorn and helpless. The reins of the college have now been entrusted to Dr. A.N. Banerji, a veteran educationist, a reputed scholar, an able administrator and a pleasing personality. We can, therefore, confidently look forward to a time of ever-increasing progress and expansion which is bound to take place under his benign administration. May I, on behalf of you all, extend a cordial welcome to our worthy Principal and assure him of our utmost regards and respects for ever and for ever.

Before I close, I'll seize this opportunity, to accord welcome to the new entrants, 'the firstees' who have left the walls of the school in order to seek higher knowledge in this temple of learning. It is my duty as the Editor to invite you all to contribute bountifully to the pages of your Magazine so that it may become your mouthpiece in the real sense.



## GANDHISM AND COMMUNISM STAND POLES APART

By Vishino Motwani B. A. II Year.

If the last hundred years or, perhaps, even more of the history of man were boiled away, the residue will likely be the two great names : Marx and Gandhi. On engineering a surface survey, one might well be led to think that the two contestants occupying the cockpit of ideology are the Communists led by the Soviet Union and the Capitalists under the mask of democracy led by the U.S.A. But things are not as they seem to be. It will certainly be Gandhism with which Communism will have its ultimate and final trial of strength ; for though the Gandhian ideology stands nowhere yet in an organized form, yet it is impregnated with the virility of right thinking as against Capitalism which depends for its strength mainly on military force and has thus lost all vigour and vitality. Today, Gandhism and Communism stand face to face, each bent on swallowing up the other.

It has often been said that Gandhism is Communism minus Violence. Gandhiji himself in a way lent an elbow of support to this proposition when he claimed that he was a better Communist than those who professed to be, their goal being identical but the difference in regard to the means and technique employed to achieve that goal being, however, fundamental. But a careful examination of principles of the two ideologies would reveal that such descriptions are not very

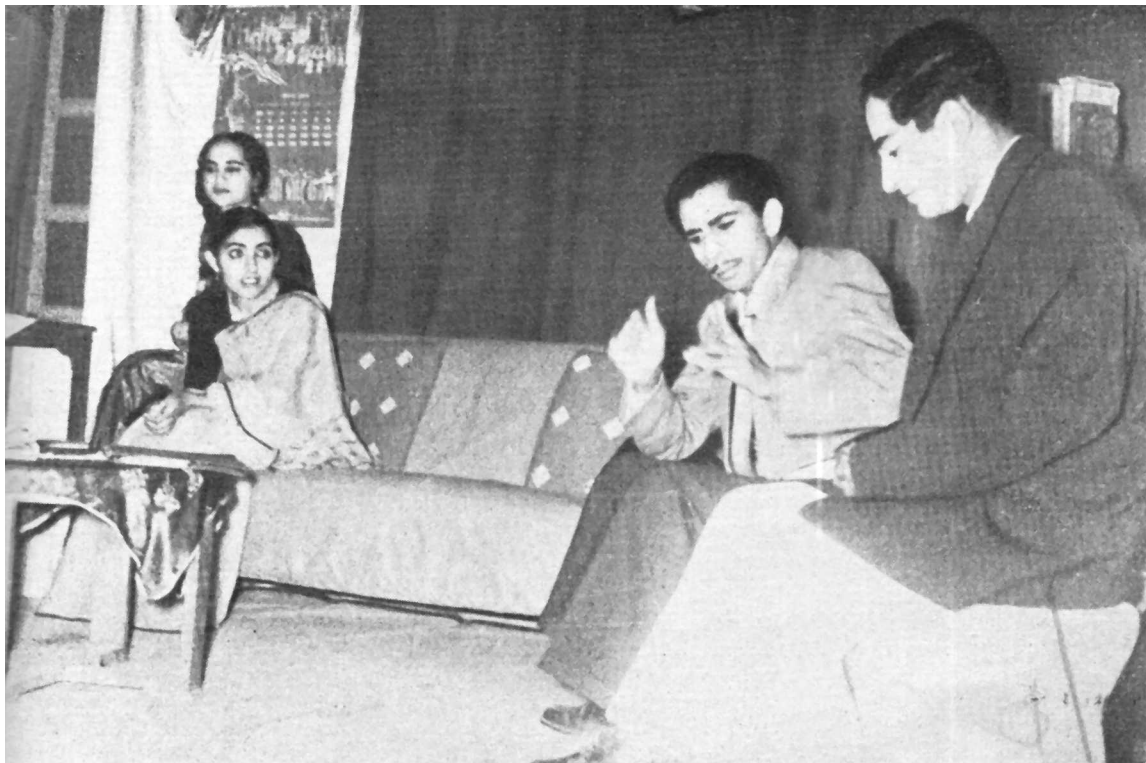
accurate and must, therefore, in no case be used as handy definitions.

When it is said that Gandhism is Communism minus Violence, the overall impression created thereby is that the 'Violence' factor in Communism is a little bit of an impurity, the removal of which will be instrumental in making it the same as Gandhism. But that does not happen and the reason is not far to seek. The difference between Gandhi and Marx is much deeper than what can be expressed by a simple equation with plus and minus signs, for just as red can never be green minus yellow and blue, or, for that matter, a worm cannot be a snake minus poison, so also Gandhism cannot be Communism minus Violence.

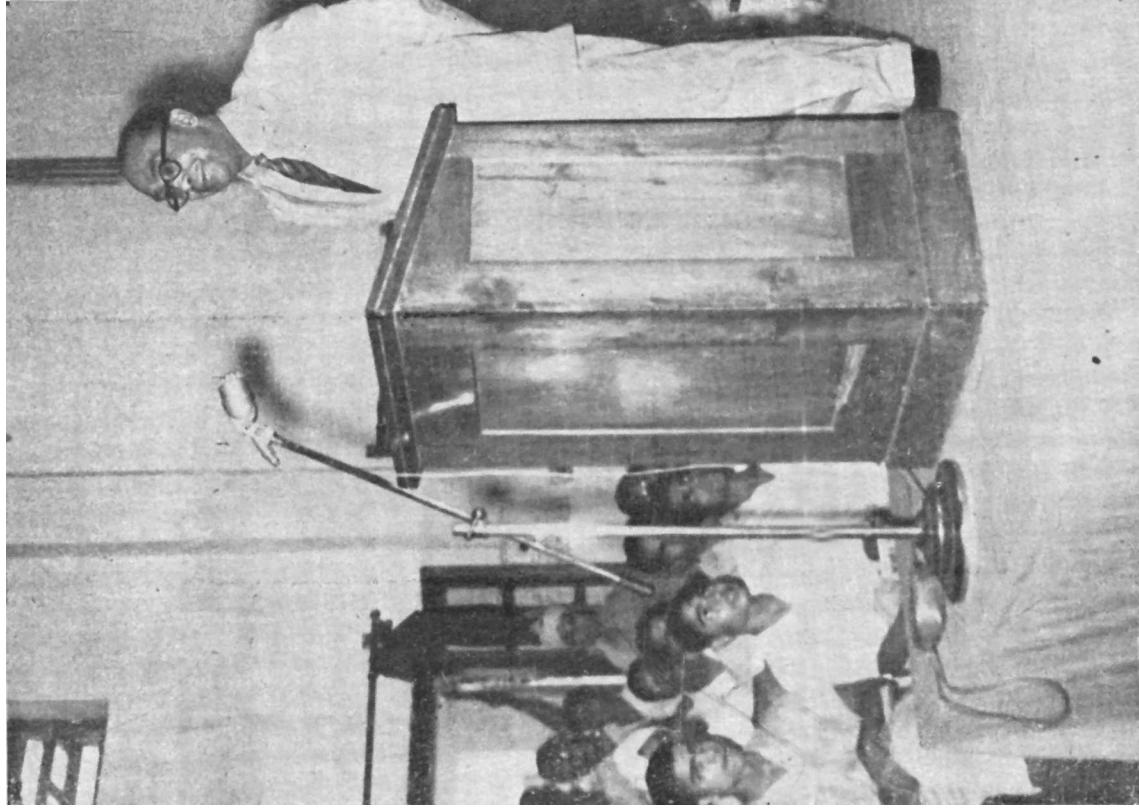
Why do some people then so equate (or rather try to equate) Gandhism in terms of Communism ? The reasons are obvious. In the first place, Marxism has captured the imagination of the people who look upon it as a panacea for the ills of the world ; but at the same time, they also well realize that Communism is much too drastic and terrible in its methods, and therefore, Gandhism must be interpreted in terms of Marxism. Secondly, a latent motive that the introduction of Socialism, desirable as it is ultimately, must not take place at too rapid a pace, is at work in the minds of these persons. It is felt that Gandhiji's method somehow provides easy instalments.



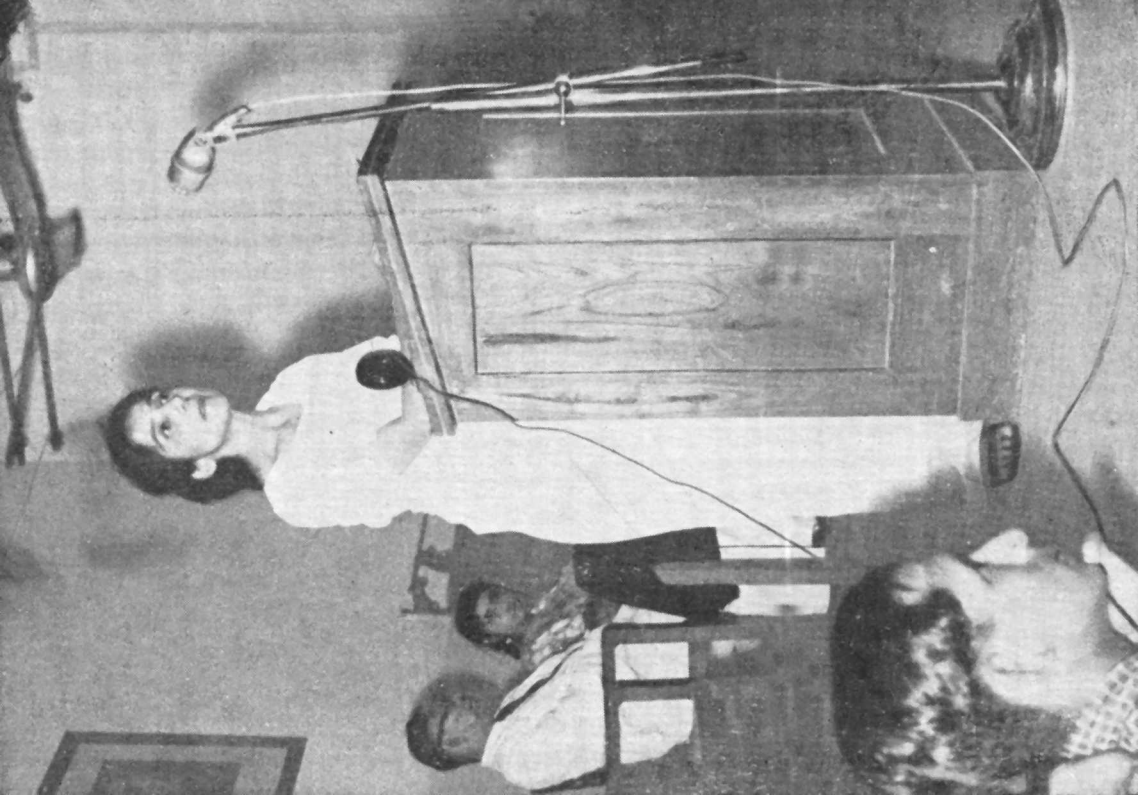
A scene from "Laghukeshni Trivalambidam" staged in the inter-class One-act Play Competition by the B.A. Classes. Awarded the 1st place



Another scene from "Laghukeshni Trivalambidam"



Principal A. N. Banerji replying to the Addresses  
of Welcome presented by the Staff and the Union



Mrs. Aruna Asaf Ali, Mayor Delhi Corporation,  
delivering the inaugural address in the

steps and stages for its introduction. This results in some workers' seeking the reconciliation of the two systems of ideologies in the enunciation of a formula like, 'Gandhism is Communism minus Violence'.

But as a matter of fact, these two ideologies are quite irreconcilable and the one should not be identified with the other, for the differences between them are essentially fundamental in character. This equation of balance, if accepted, fails to face the bare facts and as such it certainly fails to remind the people of the need of a fundamental revolution in their approach to moral, spiritual and religious dogmas and creeds, from which emanate ultimately all changes in the political, social and economic structure of human society. Given such a sound consideration, Gandhism and Communism are as distinct from each other as green from red, though to the colour-blind, for no fault of theirs, of course, even green and red might appear alike.

On being told that Gandhism differed from Communism only in its strict emphasis on non-violence, Shri Vinoba Bhave rightly remarked : "Two persons were so physically alike that one could have well served as the double of the other in a political fraud. But there was a slight difference. One breathed ; the other did not. The result was that a dinner was being prepared for the one and a coffin for the other." The likeness between these two ideologies bereft of this trivial difference of non-violence is similar to the above pair of persons. If we analyse further, we come to know that their noses and

eyes must necessarily have been dissimilar ; for the noses and eyes of the living and the dead, though alike in appearance externally are really unlike.

This said, let us now proceed to trace out the fundamental differences between Gandhism and Communism. The parent-difference between Gandhism and Communism is the difference between their approaches towards life and the universe. All other differences, whether of means and technique or of ideas about political, social, economic or religious, order follow as a natural and inevitable set of corollaries of this basic difference.

According to Gandhiji, the basic principle is life and not matter ; life alone is Truth, the ever-abiding principle. The universe, not excluding himself, is nothing but the manifestation of God—another name for Truth, Soul or Spirit. When the same Spirit runs through all life, how may he sacrifice anyone to serve his own end ? How may he regard one as nearer and dearer to him than others ? How may he feel afraid of anyone ? How may he inspire fear in others ? How may he regard anyone to be his enemy ? Obviously, he cannot ! Again, even insentient matter has no existence independent of life. It has its being in and by life, in the absence of which none can testify to its existence. The universe rises, exists and disappears in life which is ever-existent and imperishable. Thus, Gandhiji believed in the doctrine of 'God Alone Is' and wrote round the 'Soul'.

Marx, the Father of Communism, on the other hand, holds that there is no evidence for believing that matter has its rise from, existence in, and returns to an eternal substance called the 'Spirit' without which the former could not exist. On the contrary, the history of evolution and the observed facts of the universe are an evidence of the non-existence of life upon the earth for millions of years. Also it is doubtful whether life exists in any form of force anywhere except on the earth. Science tells us of the first form of appearance of life on the earth, its evolution at different stages, its gradual and steady transformation into millions of types of living organisms from the most simple cell to the complex one, until, at last, man, the roof and crown of things at present, appeared on the scene. Science and history tell us in different terms that even when life was not, matter was. But on what grounds can we say with equal confidence that there was life when matter was not? Hence it is life which has its birth, sustenance and dissolution in matter. Even the so-imagined 'Spirit' or 'Soul' is nothing but a development, arrangement and interaction of material forces. Again, virtue or morality which includes truth, non-violence, righteousness etc., and sin or immorality which includes falsehood, violence, malevolence etc., are mere inhibitions and man-made taboos. Further, cheating, torturing, killing etc. have no more intrinsic spiritual value than what is involved in the demolition of a natural hillock. There is always a purpose in producing and maintain-

ing as also in destroying and altering objects-animate or inanimate.

Having fixed this as the working ground for his theory, Marx proceeds to the next stage, 'Determinism', according to which 'what is not to happen will not happen, and what is to happen is bound to happen'. The end of Capitalism and the rise to power of the proletariat is the next marked phase of human society. When the dictatorship of the proletariat has fully been established, human society will become classless and ready for enjoying peace, prosperity, equality and freedom from war and violence. The State will wither away and cease to exist. Marx examined political and other institutions in terms of economics and wrote round the 'belly'.

The fundamental difference between Gandhism and Communism, having been understood, let us proceed to examine further differences. As against Marx, Gandhiji never spoke of a 'class war' and he never put forth the establishment of a 'classless society' as his goal or ideal. He spoke of the abolition of castes in as much as they came in the way of inter-dining, inter-marriage and social intercourse. The existence of classes in the sense of functional divisions is a permanent feature of any but the most primitive society. A true classless society is possible only if there is absence of permanent division of functions, and for all people, without an exception, to take part in almost every act necessary in every department of life, is humanly not possible. So in a complicated society like ours, it does not

seem possible even with decentralized economy, to have a classless society. What, however, can best be achieved is 'class-harmony', which also is only possible if, and only if, men and women have become good, truthful, loving, simple, self-controlled, respecters of life, anxious to serve the people over whom they exercise authority, and honest workers in their respective callings and functions in society.

This calls for the immediate adoption of the Gandhian theories of Varnashrama Dhrama (or, performance of

class duties), Satyagraha, arbitration, decentralization and trusteeship as against the Marxian theories of class-war and its end through the Dictatorship of the Proletariat; expropriation of land, mines and various other material sources of wealth; nationalization of industries and regimentation of life and labour.

Hence we reject the proposition that Gandhism is Communism minus Violence. The two ideologies stand poles apart. We cannot balance them in the form of this equation.

## MY VISIT TO THE INDONESIAN REPUBLIC

*By Nirmal Chandra, Pre-Medical II Year*

(I visited Indonesia this year. I went there to meet my father. He is serving there in the Indian Embassy as a Passport Officer. During my visit there I also spent one day in Singapore.)

I visited Indonesia this year (1958) on 15th May during the summer vacation. I decided to go by air. I booked my passage for 10th May but I was unable to travel on that day for some reason. The next flight of the plane was on 15th May. I went to Indonesia by this flight. I travelled for the first time in an aeroplane. I started from Palam Airport, New Delhi. at 7-30 A.M. in an Indian Airliner; it was a 'Viscount'. I reached Calcutta at 10-30 A.M. on the same day. From the window of the aeroplane I saw many cities of India. At Allahabad I saw the

rivers Ganges and Yamuna merging into each other. They appeared to me like two small channels of water as I was flying at a height of 14000 ft. The flight was quite comfortable. I did not feel any air-sickness in the plane. The plane was fully air-conditioned and pressurized. It was, however, very cold in the plane as it was flying at a great altitude. The temperature outside the plane was 40°C.

At 10-30 A.M. my plane landed at Dum Dum Airport, Calcutta. It was very hot there. I had to take my next

flight at 3 P.M. During this time I stayed at the airport rest house. The plane by which I had to go came late. It arrived at 6 P.M. instead of 3 P.M. It was a big plane : 'Britannia' of the B.O.A.C. It came from London and was on way to Sydney in Australia. I got into this plane. I was unable to see anything outside as it was dark. My plane flew over the Indian Ocean. I reached Singapore by the B.O.A.C. plane at 2 A.M. on 16th May. I got my baggage cleared from the Custom officials at the airport. Then I was provided with a car by the B.O.A.C. The car took me to the Raffles Hotel, the biggest hotel in Singapore. I stayed in Singapore for one day only. During this time I saw the Elizabeth Walk, the Cenotaph, Van Kleep Aquarium and the Sultan Mosque. These are all very nice places there. I also came across many Indians in Singapore.

Next day at 8-15 A.M. I started for Djakarta by a Malayan Airways' Dakota plane. It was not a very big aeroplane. I saw the sea from the aeroplane. The sea was of many colours e.g. blue, light blue, green, red and black. The Dakota plane is not a safe plane for travelling on the sea. The captain of the plane, Mr. Flengon, ordered the crew to wear the life jackets throughout the air journey. I got frightened when I heard this order. I asked the captain. "Is the plane going to crash on the sea ? He replied, "No ; it is just for safety." I also saw the island of Sumatra and other tiny islands from the plane. All the islands were overgrown with the cocconut palms. I reached Djakarta at 12 P.M. and landed at Kamajoran airport. It

was a very big airport. During the air-travel refreshments and meals were served to me and other passengers by the stewardess of the plane. I remembered one proverb: 'Travel by air and we will feed you well'.

At Djakarta airport I came out of my plane. There the custom authorities checked my baggage, passport and health certificate. No one came at the airport to receive me. I came out of the airport where I was very much troubled by the 'becha drivers'. 'Becha' is a sort of cycle rickshaw. They asked me to go to my house by a becha but I refused as I had got a B.O.A.C. car. The driver of the car was an Indonesian but he was able to speak English. The driver told me that according to the free transport, included in my fare, he was allowed to take me to the B.O.A.C. office in the city but if I would give him some tip, he would take me to my house. I agreed to this as I thought it convenient. I reached my house in the Djalan Ternate in half an hour. I was very much surprised to see the houses there. They are made of wood, paper and bamboos as there are many earthquakes. My younger brother was the first to see me. He atonce went inside to tell our mother about my arrival.

In Indonesia I stayed for two months. For the first fifteen days I was unable to go out anywhere as I did not know the Indonesian language. No one is able to speak English language there. They only know Indonesian, Dutch and Chinese. With the help of a book and my younger brother I learned the Indonesian

language. Then I became friendly with some people there. Luckily I got one Indonesian friend, Mr. Otto Abdurrahman. He helped me very much in my visits to many places in Djakarta. He was able to speak English very well. Gradually I had friends among other nationals of other nations also. I had there one Chinese friend, Mr. Sim Kay Gim, and one Dutch friend, Mr. Hans De Groat.

In Djakarta I also came across many Indians. The trade in Indonesia is almost in the hands of Indians and Chinese. Most other Indonesian people are illiterate. Their religion is Islam. They lead a luxurious life. They do not bother about money. They do not know how to save money. The people there are yellowish in colour and have features resembling those of the Chinese. Their chief food is fish and rice. They also make a very good dish, known as 'Gado, Gado' which is very tasty. It is made from boiled meat and boiled vegetables. Bananas grow wild in the forests of Indonesia. There are many thick forests in Indonesia. These thick forests afford a very good hiding place for many varieties of poisonous snakes. Almost all vegetables and fruits available in India are available there.

The language of Indonesia is known as 'Bhasa Indonesia'. It is same as the Malay language. It is written in the Roman script though they have their own pronunciation. It has adopted many words from Hindi, Sanskrit, Dutch and Tamil. There are also many tribal languages in different islands.

All the islands in Indonesia are volcanic. Almost every island has got at least one volcano. Indonesia includes 3000 big and small islands. Four major islands of Indonesia are Java, Sumatra, Sulwesi and Kalimantan. Kalimantan is also known as Borneo. Bali island is also very famous for Indian culture. There being a rebellion in Indonesia, those days, I was unable to see many places in Indonesia, though I wanted to see Sumatra and Bali.

The Indonesian people have their own customs and festivals. Though they are Muslims yet they read and respect the Ramayana and the Mahabharata very much. The people there very much like Indian films and Indian film music. It is a pity that they cannot understand Indian songs. They only like the tunes of Indian music. The people there respect Indians more than they respect any other foreign nationals. Their Government thinks India as their friend in need.

In Djakarta I saw the sea shore, Pasar Ikan, the Museum, Pasar Sener, Pasar Boru and the Zoo. I also visited the botanical garden of Bogor. It is the biggest garden in Asia. It is situated at a distance of about 43 kilometres from Djakarta city. Pasar Ikan is a very big fish market. It is situated on the bank of a river. The river joins the sea near Djakarta harbour. The river has its source in the volcanic mountains of Bogor. The museum of Djakarta is very big. It includes many old paintings, curios, statues and arms of the past, I was surprised



to see there big statues of the Buddha from Borobundun and Bali and many stone statues of Indian Gods like Ganesha, Kuvera, Rama and Krishna etc. There I saw many old ornaments made of gold and diamonds. They were once worn by the ancient people of Indonesia. I was surprised to see many dreadful arrows. These were treated with poison. There were also many puppets in the museum. They were made of paper and cloth. They were artistically made. Still in the West Irian there are many backward tribes. They are very dangerous people like the negroes of the Congo region in Africa. I saw some photographs of these people in the museum.

The city of Djakarta is planned on the Dutch system. There run small rivers in the middle of almost all roads. They carry all the dirt of the city into the sea. The harbour of Djakarta is very big. It is not man-made but is a natural one. All the big ships from Australia and Singapore come to this harbour. Australia is very near Indonesia.

I returned from Djakarta to India on 12th July by Qantas, an Australian Empire Airways plane. I started from there in the morning at 9-30 A.M. and reached New Delhi at Palam airport at 10-20 P.M. In the way over the Indian ocean the weather was not good due to the monsoons. There was a storm on the sea and there were many clouds in the sky. Once the plane, in which I was travelling, lost height and became inverted. I got very much frightened. My legs were up and my head was down. But I did not fall down from the seat as I was tied to my seat with the help of the seat belt. Then the pilot of the plane took the plane above the clouds and the stormy air and everything became normal.

Such was my trip to Indonesia where I spent a jolly good time. I brought many souvenirs, and some fruit plants of Indonesian orchards. These plants are very rare in New Delhi. These were presented to me by Mr. Abdurahman when I was about to fly from Djakarta for New Delhi.

## THE LIFE OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

### A LIFE OF DEDICATION

*By Parshottam M. Ahuja Pre-Medical II year*

Narendranath, later known as Swami Vivekananda, was a moody, restless child, subjected to fits of tantrum beyond control. His mother who

was completely exhausted, found that the only way she could quieten her unruly son was to douche him with cold water while chanting the name of Shiva.

He thus grew into a restless, sceptical youth filled with all the doubts and fears of his generation.

It was in connection with a song composed by himself that Naren first met Sri Rama Krishna Paramhans, the great sage who soon realized that Naren was the right person to spread his message over the entire world. For some time, Naren did not take Sri Rama Krishna seriously but later began to realize that in the company of the noble sage he found peace that had always eluded him.

Suddenly, a tragedy struck Naren's house. Faced with acute poverty, trials and hardships, he returned to God and asked Sri Rama Krishna to intercede on his behalf. The sage refused saying that only Goddess 'Kali' could help him. Naren at first hesitated but later, finding himself in a critical position, agreed. Rama Krishna was overjoyed when he found that Naren, the unbeliever, agreed to worship Kali.

When Sri Rama Krishna blessed Naren, a miraculous spiritual transformation took place in the young man. Forgetting his worldly needs and difficulties, Naren began to pray for knowledge and understanding. As he prayed a serene peace descended upon him and the restlessness, he had experienced all through his life, vanished. Renouncing the world, Naren became Sri Rama Krishna's first disciple.

In the course of a few years, many young men became disciples of Sri

Rama Krishna and the sage now felt that at last he had accomplished his mission. He decided to depart from this world, entrusting Naren with the work of spreading his teachings.

Sri Rama Krishna entered into Maha Samadhi and soon the spirit left his body. Soon after the Samadhi, Naren saw a vision in which his master asked him to carry his spiritual message to the West. Encouraged and helped by the Maharaja of Khetri, he sailed for America. At the suggestion of the Maharaja, Naren assumed the name of Swami Vivekananda.

He was an unknown missionary taking his philosophy to hostile and suspicious audiences. Insults and insinuations failed to dishearten him, but it was only at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago that he achieved his first success.

From the close of the era of the Buddhist missions, until the day when as a yellow-clad 'sanyasi', Swami Vivekananda stood on the platform of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago Exhibition in 1893, Hinduism had not thought of itself as a missionary faith. At this convention his superb oratory conquered all suspicions, and he was universally recognised as one of the greatest spiritual leaders of India.

After America Swami Vivekananda took his message to Europe. During one of his lectures in London he gained his most faithful disciple, Margaret Noble, later known as 'Sister Nivedita'. She first found difficulty

in accepting Vivekananda's views, but struck with his powerful personality and intellectual freshness of his philosophical outlook, she renounced all her ties and became a Hindu and pledged her life to the service of India.

Upon his return to India, Swamiji went on a country-wide tour. During the course of his travels, he refused to take with him most of his disciples, for, "How often does man ruin his disciples by remaining always with him! When the nuns are once trained, it is essential that their leader should leave them, for without his absence they cannot develop themselves." Moving from place to place he saw the acute poverty of peasants and was greatly moved by their sufferings. He decided that it was in India that his services were most required, and he began the difficult task of uplifting the masses. Establishing the Rama Krishna Mission, he and his followers undertook the formidable mission of emancipating the masses.

Due to overwork and strain Swamiji's health gave way. He was urged by Sister Nivedita to rest but he refused to do so. The strain of ceaseless work began to tell upon him, and he was aware that he was reaching the end of his life.

Like his Master, Vivekananda was a broad-minded preacher of Hinduism. He did not worship only his religion but said, "All religions are threaded upon a string." He was, indeed, a selfless spiritual leader of India who sacrificed his life for the uplift of his nation. In short, he was a worthy disciple of a worthier master.

Like his master, Swami Vivekananda set the day he would enter into the last trance of Maha Samadhi. He had a premonition of his death and sitting on the seashore he told Nivedita, "I am making ready for death but death has a different meaning for me. When death approaches me, all weakness vanishes. I have neither fear nor doubt; nor thought of the external. I simply busy myself making ready for death. I am as hard as the pebbles on the seashore for I have touched the feet of God."

On the fourth day of July, 1902, his actions were as deliberate as on any other day. After bidding his followers farewell, he went to the bank of the Ganges and entered into his last trance; and then on the wings of that meditation, his spirit soared, never to return, and the body was left like a folded vesture, on the earth.



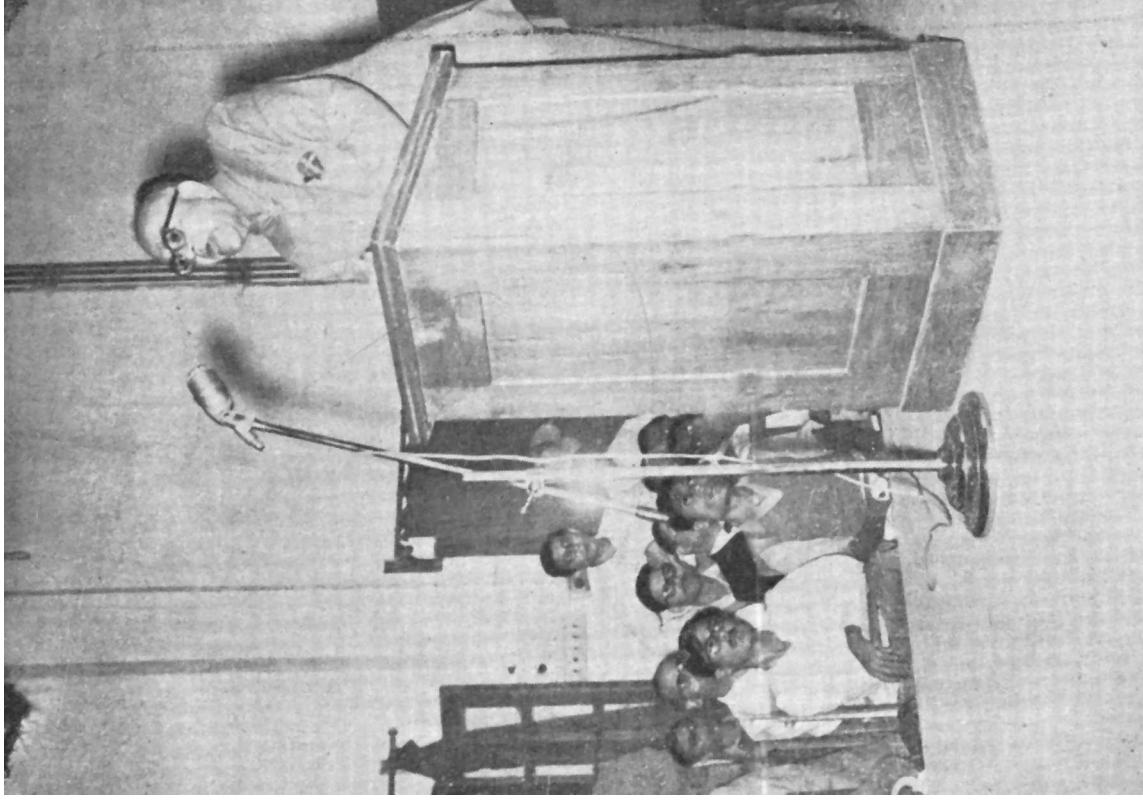
Our Group-song team for the Inter-college Contest



Our Group-dance team for the Inter-college contest



Principal A. N. Banerji addressing the



Prof. M. S. Thacker addressing the members of the

## TO MY MASTER

By Adarsh Bahl, *Pre-Medical 1 Year*

Master, I want Ye guide me  
On the Slippery paths of the allures of universe.  
Time and again I forget Thy message  
Amid my haughty arrogance,  
Only to stumble at the next step,  
And find that I had gone astray.  
I know not why arrogance raises its head  
In my craze to live in thy obeisance.  
My arrogance is endeavouring  
To form a strong-hold  
Against the temple of my prayer for Thee.  
I fear lest it should win and my temple  
Should crumble into fragments  
Floating asunder—the fragments of Thy thoughts.

## THE WALL OF VOID

By Dr. Bhardwaj, *Lecturer in Hindi*

What shall I say, Lord, know I not.  
At sight of wondrous World of Thine,  
I lo ! but muse and hold my peace.  
On Wall of Void, the Formless Art  
Has sketched and limn'd with colours none,  
What gets not washed, effaced or rubbed,  
Nor subject is to gloomy death,  
Though awe and pain in him it prompts  
Who comes to glimpse the World, Its form.  
In wet mirage of solar rays,  
There lurks a mouthless ghastly shark  
To gobble all that moves or not,  
But sips of waters splendid, fair.  
One calls it real ; another, false ;  
A third regards it as compound  
Of both. But he, says Tulsi, knows  
The Self beyond illusions three,  
That is the Real, the False, the Blend.

—*The 'Vinaya Patrika', III.*

DESH

## DIGNITY OF LABOUR

By Narinder Pal, *Prep. Arts ( Evening )*

The wind blows, the rivers and oceans flow.  
The lilies and roses, on the earth, show  
The grandeur of heaven in the azure brow  
Of saplings, plants and trees that ever bow.  
The sun labours and the moon moves  
Through the star-studded sky which proves  
That all things of Nature are to work for ever  
Through all the climes and are to take rest never.  
Should I stop, or scribe more ?  
"Oh my heart" try to pore  
A little more to convince this mortal man  
That on labour's dignity there is no ban.  
'Tis Society's taboo, let us say it good-bye,  
And from us, unnoticed, let it pass by.

## "L I F E"

By Hans Raj Janagal, *Prep. Arts (Evening)*

'What is life, Father ?'  
'Battle and struggle, Child.  
Where in strong swords may meet.  
Where the warrior's eyes may cheat ;  
And the strongest heart may fear ;  
Thus the weak may not bear.  
Where the warriors are assembled on every hand  
And rest not day or night  
The feeble may not stand  
In the thickest of fight.'

19

# THE WEAK HEART

By Vinod Kumar Bhateja, *Prep. Science*

An old man, who lived in Calcutta, had a weak heart. He won the first prize of three lakhs of rupees in a lottery. When his son read the telegram he was hesitant to break the news to his father, fearing lest the joy should prove too over-whelming for the old man. He knew that people with a weak heart may die of shock when they hear bad news. But he had also heard that even very good news can cause death by a similar shock.

So he sent for the family doctor and sought his advice. The doctor said that he would do the difficult task himself, and promised to break the news gently to the old man.

The doctor had dinner with the family, and after the meal, he said to the old man: "You have always longed to see Kashmir. Why don't you make a trip there next month?" "A trip to Kashmir costs a fortune", remarked the old man. "I know that," replied the doctor, "but you remember that lottery-ticket you bought last month. Suppose you win one of the prizes." "I'm never in luck", answered the old man: "Suppose your luck turns favourably; what would you

do if you win the third prize of one lakh of rupees?" asked the doctor.

"In that case I'd certainly go to Kashmir."

"And if you win the second prize of two lakhs," continued the doctor.

"Then I'd buy a house-boat and go to Kashmir every season," said the old man eagerly.

The doctor winked at the old man's son to note the quick progress he was making in the difficult task, and then asked the final question: "And suppose you won the first prize of three lakhs of rupees?"

"In that case my dear doctor", remarked the old man, "as you have always been a good friend of our family, I shall give you a lakh of rupees."

There was a dull thud, and before anyone could support him, the man dropped dead.

It was the doctor; he too had a weak heart.

## TWO IMPOSTORS

By Ajit Singh Dugal

Dinu was very happy. He had earned about seven rupees since the morning. Though he was very tired after having pulled his Rickshaw the whole day long, yet there was a wonderful smile on his lips. He thought to himself that it was Saturday. Next day he will enjoy himself. He will be sitting in the upper gallery, of a Cinema hall. He will be wearing nice new clothes, and will crack jokes with some rich man sitting in the next seat. Oh! What pleasure he shall have! Dinu's fatigue vanished in his day-dreams. He felt he could work with more enthusiasm.

The following evening Dinu was sitting in a box at the Regal Theatre. He was wearing a grey suit, a black tie on his white shirt added to his charm. His shoes were well-polished. He had a Churchill Cigar between his lips. Dinu was, of course, in a happy mood. But he did not like the hearty laughs of the Tonga-Walas and Rickshaw-pullers sitting below. He then forgot his own trade.

At that time a foppishly dressed gentleman entered the box in which Dinu was sitting, and asked, "I hope you don't mind my sitting here with you." Dinu could not but say "Oh, no not in the least." Then he looked into his face in order to perceive his real condition. The stranger looked very impressive. Here was a chance

to rub shoulders with a man of substance, Dinu thought.

The man sat down and they began to chat about the picture. "May I know whom I have the pleasure of talking to?" Dinu asked his new acquaintance, and added, "Of course, I am sorry, I should have introduced myself. I am Abdul Hussain; I have a scooter manufacturing business in Madras and came here on business with some party." "Oh! I am very glad to meet you. My name is Uday Bhanu. I am a barrister and practise at the Bombay High Court. I came here only for a change," was the reply of the fop. Dinu did not show any surprise after this introduction but a significant seriousness was noticeable in his face.

At that time the picture started and both the gentlemen settled themselves to enjoy it. In the interval Dinu ordered some vimtos, chocolates etc., Dinu paid the bill.

After some-time Uday Bhanu broke the ice. "I have to go on an urgent piece of work, Mr. Hussain. I have to go just now. Here is my card and please come and have dinner with me tomorrow at the Princes Hotel. I hope you will excuse me."

Dinu was astonished at his sudden departure. Next day Dinu took out



his Rickshaw early in the morning. He had to go to his rich friend. By 12 O'clock he had earned Rs. 5. He had taken on loan a nice winter suit from a laundry. He had purchased scented oil, a beautiful handkerchief and a couple of cigars. He borrowed a pair of shoes from a collegiate promising that he would take him free to college for a month. He was very happy at his success. He parked his Rickshaw in a shade and heaved a sigh of anticipation.

“Rickshaw-Wala’ a shout came from a distance. Dinu took his Rickshaw forward thinking he would earn a little more. When he reached the man who had hailed the Rickshaw, he could not have been more surprised.

It was Uday Bhanu looking like a man who had just been from a coal-mine. The men stared at each other in utter surprise with their mouths agape.

“So, how is life, Mr. Uday Bhanu when did you leave your practice and start working in the coal-mine?”

The fellow who had called him Uday Bhanu scratched the ground with his toe. Then recovering himself he said, “When did you start pulling a Rickshaw, Mr. Abdual Hussian? Not a bad business!” Dinu was looking at the horizon.

“So we were both at the same game,” he said vacantly.

## A LETTER FROM MOSCOW

By Shri R. P. Budhiraja, *M.Sc.*  
*Lecturer in Chemistry (on study leave)*

Well, I arrived at Moscow on the 1st of October at 1-30 p.m. Moscow time (4-00 p.m. I.S.T.). We started from Delhi at 7-30 a.m. (I.S.T.). This journey of well above 3000 miles, thus, took us only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  hours, of which the actual flying time was less than 7 hours because we halted at the Tashkent airport for 1 hour and 40 minutes. Well, it was all a wonderful experience for one who had never before travelled by air. We had below us vast expanses of mountain ranges with their

tops covered with snow shining bright in the clear sun sending rays from the outer space which our eyes saw as the sky; sometime, it was a sea of silvery clouds, hanging still, below us, and, at times, nothing but the brown monotonous soil was visible to us, when we glanced out of the window panes. Why it all looked brown I cannot say. All the time we felt hanging stationary in this cosmos. The reason for this is obvious. Although the plane was rushing ahead at as high a speed as

500 m.p.h., little relative movement with respect to the surroundings was perceptible in this void. Well, such moments provide a philosopher with an ideal opportunity for dreaming and getting drowned in reveries. For myself, well, I had been thinking of things left behind..... my home—my baby, my wife and my parents and brothers and sisters and, of course, my colleagues in the College and my students.

From the airport we were taken directly to the Moscow University Campus. Two of the Indian students of the first batch had come to the airport to receive us. You see, but for the constant help and guidance that we got from these senior Indian students in the beginning, we would have faced greater difficulty than we actually did. The language problem confronts us at every moment. Sometimes very funny and odd situations are created for us. In the beginning we had to depend upon some sort of interpreters even to get our food—and very few persons here know even broken English. Well, then in the University Campus we were comfortably housed, each one of us getting a separate room.

Now, some thing about the University. It is an achievement of which any nation could be rightly proud. The old buildings are situated in the city. Teaching in Arts subjects is done there. All the Science teaching is done in the new campus, which is just a part of the city now under construction. This new campus consists of a large number of huge compact blocks situated near each other. Each

houses a faculty or an Institute. Many more institutes are situated outside the University campus. Ours is the main block. Well, this block is 33 storeys “tall”. Inside its thousands of rooms live thousands of young women and young men representing all the nationalities of the world including the U.S.A. No distinction exists between the two sexes excepting the natural one. No separate zones or blocks are reserved for either. In the same row of rooms, you find boys and girls living and enjoying life. Moscow is an extremely cold city, and to prevent the outside chilly air from entering into the buildings, these blocks of multi-storeyed structures are kept closed to the fresh air. But that is not sufficient. A central heating system is provided in each building which keeps each room warm. Temperature outside is already what we have on the coldest days in Delhi. Snowfall will begin in November. These days we have too much rain here. Well, the cooking and dishes are entirely different here. But now we have got accustomed to these.

For the time being we will learn the language only. The class lasts for 4 hours everyday, with 3 intervals of 10 minutes after 50 minutes. The class consists of just 4 students - all of us four Indians who arrived here together. Now numerous foreigners are coming from all the corners of the earth ; so there are numerous such small language classes going on. All the teachers are women. By the way, since the female population is in an overwhelming majority (I am told the ratio of women to men is at least 3 : 1—and some even say that

it is 5:1), all the professions (in the city of Moscow at least) are dominated by women. All the counter workers attending to social services, like post offices, banks, telegraph offices etc. and all the attendants in the shops are women. I forgot to tell you one thing. Inside our building are all types of shops, a post office, a bank, a telegraph office, a most well-equipped polyclinic and so on and all types of provisions of entertainment like the theatre, a dancing hall, a cinema house, a swimming pool etc.

Now something about the city of Moscow. It is the cleanest city in the world, it is said. Roads are all very wide. It is a city of solid blocks, each multi-storeyed. Lifts work day and night in each.

The Moscow river divides the city into two unequal halves. It is not a big river. Several bridges over it connect the two parts of the city. It flows beside our University. We have been to the Kremlin. Well, as you know, it is a huge structure. It is a pleasant blend of the old and the new architectural styles. Three old chapels, dating back to the 12th and the 13th centuries, are worth seeing. Inside, each is painted completely with themes from the Bible. There are several graves in these chapels which have the mortal remains of big priests buried in them. Of course, all these are preserved now just as pieces of historical interest. The museum inside the Kremlin is a most interesting one. Numerous pieces of excellent art are on exhibition. The collection is a most precious one. Most costly

silverware, goldware and chinaware representing the ancient art of most of the European and some of the Middle East countries are exhibited in a very neat and smart arrangement. Most of these had been presented to the Czars. It may be a thing of interest to you to know that children here are looked upon as flowers and are treated as such. Their education is of the best type available anywhere. Tours and excursions and audio-visual aids are considered a bare necessity for the education of the child. Everyday hundreds of Moscow school children, (and, perhaps, children from outside also) visit the Kremlin. They throng around the foreigners and get their addresses and addresses of school in those foreign countries, and in return give their own to the foreigners. Then I have been to the industrial and agricultural exhibition, which is a permanent feature of the city. Well, it is a huge construction. Besides miscellaneous pavilions, there are 15 pavilions representing the 15 republics of the U.S.S.R. The architectural style of each such pavilion is characteristic of the one prevailing in the republic represented. In each pavilion is neatly arranged the agricultural and industrial produce of the particular republic represented by the pavilion. The most marvellous of all the things that I have seen here so far is the underground railway system. Well, one cannot simply imagine a picture of it from any description. One can know its magnificence only by seeing it. How much labour, designing, cost and architectural skill have been put into this scheme is inconceivable by a foreigner. Each station is a dream-

land. It is just marble, painting and statues. The electric trains running inside these huge tunnels attain a speed of 100 m.p.h, I think. The coaches are comparable to our air-conditioned ones. Gates close and open automatically. The frequency of the trains is beyond all expectations. One need not wait at any station for even a minute to go to any destination. The name of the station is announced as the train stops at a particular halt through equipment provided in each compartment.

This, in brief, is what I have seen so far. What remains to be seen here is beyond my calculations. By the way, we have also seen the Stalin and Lenin mausoleums situated in the Red Square (just outside the Kremlin). We will go to some factory on Monday. You see, all these trips are arranged officially. Our teachers accompany us. This is convenient for us. Otherwise, we can go anywhere at our will.

## THE SHORT STORIES OF RUDYARD KIPLING

By Indira Duraiswami, Pre-medical, 2nd Year

( A paper read at the inaugural meeting of  
the Book Club, on October 20,1958 )\*

To say that Rudyard Kipling was a chip of the old block may be complimentary enough for the block but it is a definite understatement as far as the chip is concerned. For, though his father was *himself a fine writer*, he did not have the flair for writing that Rudyard possessed. Kipling had the unique quality of being a classic writer and at the same time a best-selling journalist, achieving both literary prestige and popularity. In fact, he was considered to be "one of the most

accomplished masters of the art of the short story."

Kipling wrote on diverse topics on themes which were rather philosophical or even "high brow stuff", to put it bluntly, or on such light frivolous subjects as "How the elephant got its Trunk!" He certainly had a good imagination which could be compared with that of a child's, but where he really scored was in his ability to express the thoughts and ideas

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\*The inaugural ceremony was performed by Dr. A.N. Benerji.

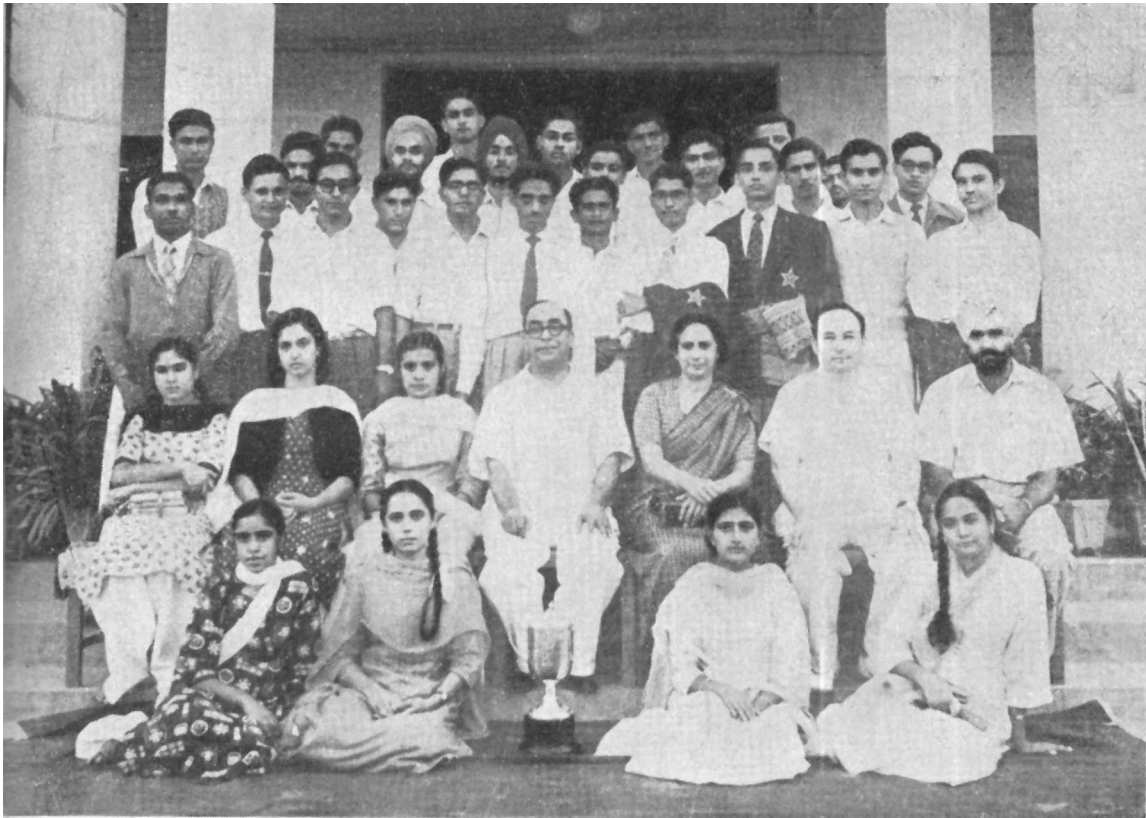
born of his fanciful daydreams in a simple fluent style. Many of us must have wondered how the elephant did get its trunk but few would have thought that a hungry crocodile might have accidentally caught on to the elephant's nose which was then short and that in its desperate attempt to free itself the beast might have stretched out its nose to its present lengthy proportions. Such a solution to the problem is certainly more imaginative and far more pleasing than to trace the life history of the animal to pre-historic times. In any case, it saves a lot of time! A collection of similar amusing short stories written by Kipling have been published under the name of the "Just so Stories" and I think that it will be of some use at least to any scientist who is baffled by such problems as "How did the leopard get its spots?"

As far as his stories on more serious subjects are concerned, I may add that whilst his contemporaries were engaged in experimenting with the new craze in fiction—the psychological story—whilst they were busy depicting abnormal characters, men with diseased minds and unstable temperaments, Kipling had no sympathy with these morbid men and women, and always drew the plausible, ordinary man. His was a practical philosophy.

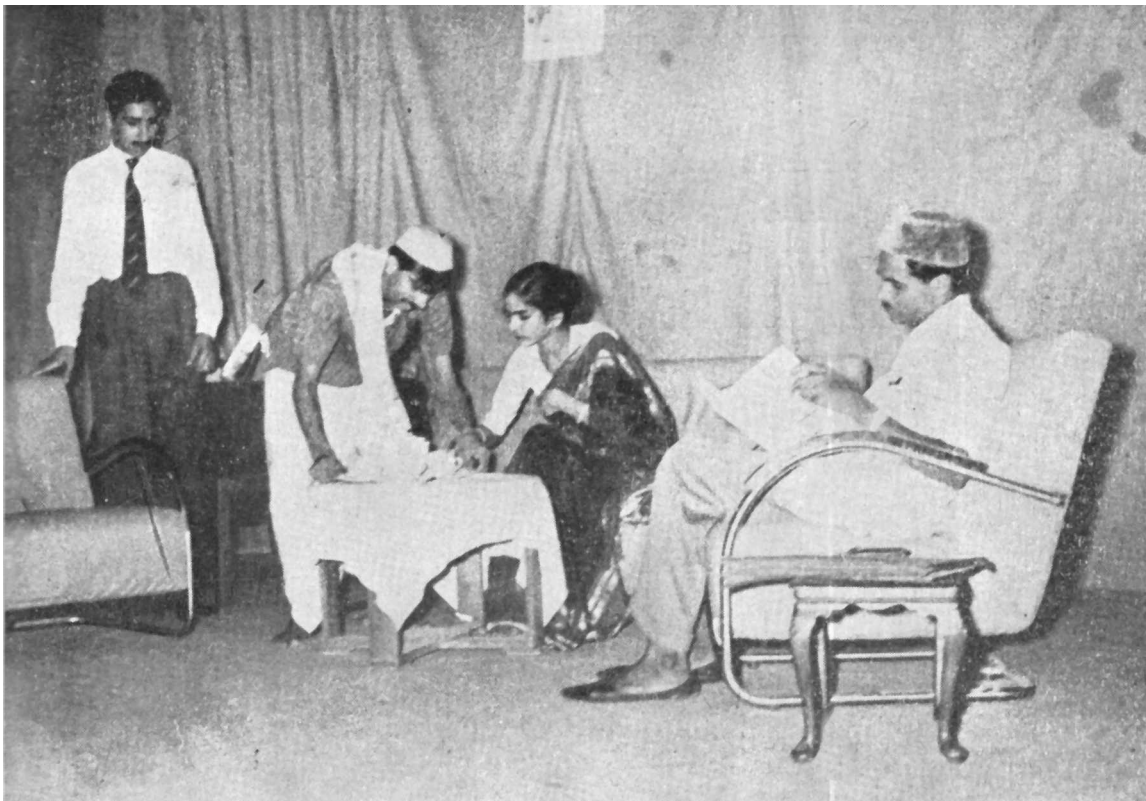
Most of his short stories, I think, can be classified under four categories. Doing this is as difficult as trying to allot various plants their respective families, for many of these stories possess certain points which qualify

them to be placed in two or three groups at the same time.

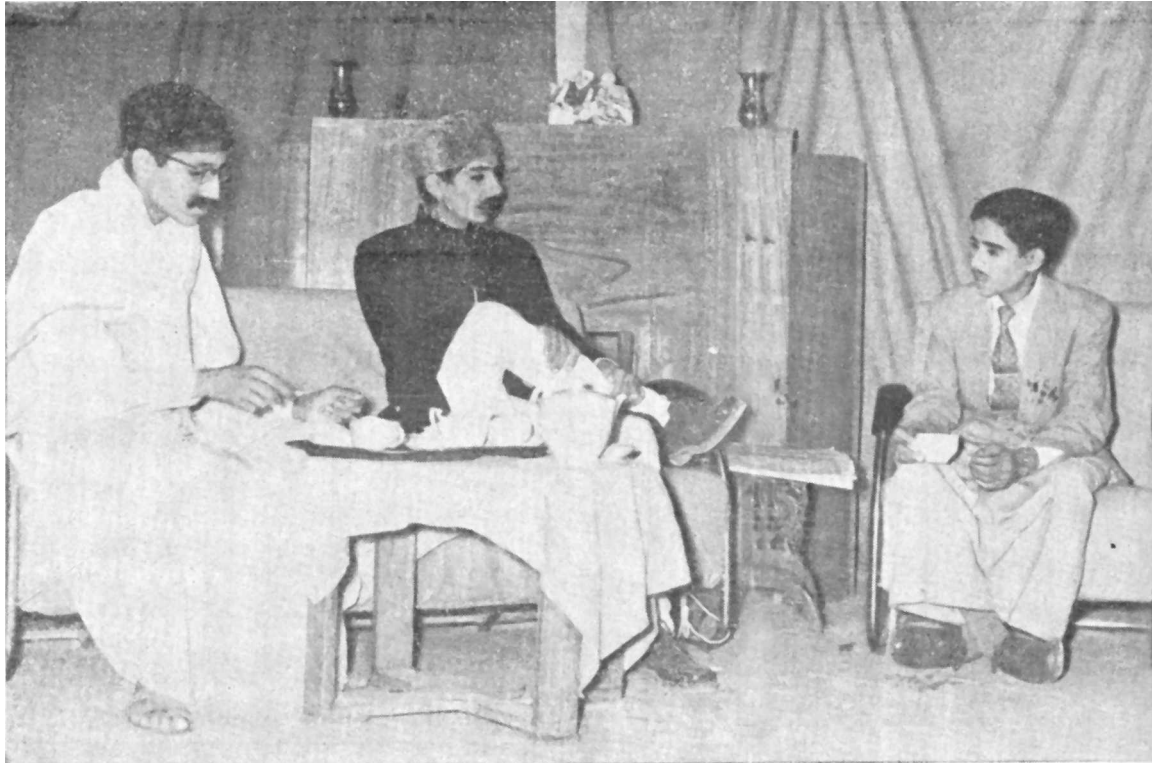
First of all let us take those dealing with Army life. Elements of this are found in almost all the stories. Kipling was evidently rather fond of this life and its discipline. Actually one story in his collection called "Rudyard Kipling's Stories" deals entirely with the army and it shows us that a "soldier's life is not full of beers and skittles." This is the "Drums of the Fore and Aft" in which we get an authentic graphic picture of a troupe of young inexperienced but gallant soldiers who in their first real fight on the front almost lost the battle due to the haphazard manner in which they led the attack. The few that came back alive were certainly far wiser than the huge battalion that had gone to fight. This story has been made more interesting by his having imitated the style of a raw soldier to perfection. Thus, we not only get an idea of what a young Jakin or Lew, who had no knowledge of the life of a gentleman, might have said but also *how* he might have said it. The language, though shocking as it may be at times, makes us feel that we are coming in contact with a real person and not just a mere name in a book. This same point has done much in making the tales more enjoyable. Whether it was the lisp of a Wee Willie Winkie, the assumed manhood of "His Majesty, the King", the broken English of an Imam Din who "thought" in his own language and then translated it into English literally word for word, or the tortured, apparently confused mind of McIntosh, or



Inter-College Debate for the Kathpalia-Jain Trophy  
(The Political Science Association)



A scene from the play: "Nai Heroine" staged in the  
Inter-college Dramatic Contest



A scene from 'Reerh-ki-Haddi' staged in the Inter-class One-act Play Competition by students of the Qualifying Classes



Another scene from "Reerh-ki-Haddi"

whether it was the superiority complex of the British and the condescending manner in which they treated the Indians, Kipling could imitate them all in a free and easy style which was but enviable.

Now, coming to the second category, we can consider the tales which dealt with children, their behaviour and attitude towards grown-ups. The author understood the emotions of children, particularly boys, very well, for like Mark Twain he had a deep knowledge of the juvenile mind. In these stories he has captured all the quaint ideas, expressions, and caprices of the young. What endeared Kipling to the hearts of many children was the gift he had of placing himself in their position in a manner which left no doubt in the minds of the young readers that they had a sympathetic friend and companion in the author. Yet we are not to think that these tales are childish for just at a point where we may get such an impression, the writer comes up with an expression so full of gravity and thought that we are left wondering and moved. Apparently the author had a varied store of dishes which he distributed in a way that would suit the taste of the most fastidious eater. Seldom were two dishes of the same type offered together or, if this was occasionally the case, he camouflaged the stale food so well that it was beyond recognition. Thus it is that we do not find his stories boring.

The third group includes educative topics—'the tales of mathematical and

mechanical marvels'—like the operations of an opium factory and the visit to the railway establishment at Jamalpur. These have been written in such a manner that, contrary to many educative articles, they are neither dull nor tiring. In fact, I almost think I would not be able to get such a wide, comprehensive knowledge of them.

The essay on Jamalpur, for instance, is extremely interesting and I think now that the next time I see an engine I will have more sympathy with it for Kipling has convinced me that the locomotive is, in the words of the author himself, "one of the liveliest" things man has ever made. I can even picture them "glaring through their spectacle plates, and tilting their noses contemptuously" at us poor human beings.

The visit to the opium factory on the wings of imagination through the medium of the book is equally enjoyable. I wonder if any of the opium addicts ever realize, as they smoke their pipes placidly, just how much trouble the manufacturers go through "weighing, testing, and assaying" and then re-weighing, re-testing and re-assaying, for no one trusts anybody.

Finally, we come to the last category—one which is rather difficult to discuss because the stories in it are rather strange. They are about simple unpretentious human beings suffering at the hands of Fate. They are moving and sometimes leave us with an "empty feeling" which is hard to define. Some of them have such unaccountable beginnings and, even more,



unaccountable endings. I mean such stories as "By Word of Mouth" and "To be Filed for Reference". In the one we are left sympathizing with Dumoise, or Dormouse, as he was nicknamed, for it was quite unkind of Fate to have hurt someone who was so quiet that he did not even quarrel with a Deputy Commissioner "who had the manners of a bargee and the face of a horse." Yes, Fate was, indeed, too cruel to have taken away his wife whom he loved dearly for she was "as round and as sleepily-looking as himself." This was bad enough, but when Destiny went a step further and claimed Dormouse himself we could not but protest. But now we have to console ourselves by thinking that the two were reunited, presumably in heaven—a theme which is all too popular in Indian stories.

Just as we are getting over the fate of poor Dormouse we are introduced in the next story of "To be Filed for Reference," to one of the most drunk drunkards in history. At times I feel that we can experience no other emotion than that of sheer contempt for McIntosh for his having ruined his life to such an extent and we can only wonder how a Kipling who wrote "Wee Willie Winkie" could have conceived a character like McIntosh—but such is the "chameleon-like nature of the author. At other times we do feel a sort of pity for a man who went through so much—seven years of damnation, infact—for a book which he knew would be brutally treated by the public who, according to him were "fools and

prudish fools—at that." But since we have not been taken into confidence about the contents of the book he wrote, we cannot really judge either his abilities or shortcomings. So the less said about this matter, the better.

One point which is noticeable in all these stories, irrespective of the topics, is the author's pride of his homeland and his people. This is, indeed, good in itself, but need he have been quite so sarcastic in his dealings with the foreigner, be it an American or an Indian? He appears to have had an extremely superior attitude towards us Indians, particularly. Where *he does* bend down it is only in such a condescending manner that it is very rankling. To him we were but "niggers" or "brats". Had he only lived to see us today when the harness of the British rule has been cast off! Were I to stress further on this point, this paper would no longer be a mere discussion of a book but a political argument. But, all I can say is, that since so many of his stories were based on Indian life and even contained so many of our words and expressions, and since above all, the very book, "Kim", for which he won the Nobel Prize, was about an Indian, I do think that Kipling should have realized that India not only "offered so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong" as it did to Wee Willie Winkie but that it also gave him countless themes for his literary work.

It has also been pointed out by some critics that Kipling was not a

man with very deep insight and though his stories are enjoyable and moving to a certain extent, as I have said earlier, reading them is not, to quote the critics, "an experience of the soul" as reading the novels of Thomas Hardy is, for example. But if Kipling's tales do not stir one's soul, they can, at least, boast of their capacity to tickle one's sense of humour, for though the writer is no longer among us, his stories still remain to

us a store-house of sparkling wit and humour. There are very few authors who have the knack of suddenly flooding us, with just one word, or a phrase, or a simple comment, with such inner delight. It is, indeed, a pity that he lies neglected in the libraries or bookshops. But as Mr. Nirad Chaudhary said in a recent article on Kipling, published in "Encounter", Kipling remains to be the finest writer in English on India.

## ABOUT OURSELVES

The year 1958 shall always stand out in the history of the College. Events of great importance, some expected and others almost incredible, have taken place. Classes in Honours in Mathematics and Hindi have been started. The class in English could not start as permission was received a little late and the desirous applicants had gone elsewhere. The new Laboratories are coming up slowly but surely. The new Canteen—as good as a Club building—is ready. We hope the laboratories will be ready for use before the next session. There have been a few changes in the Staff—nothing very unusual. With the expansion further additions to the Staff had to be made. We welcome Messrs. R. D. Bhardwaj, Baldev Malhotra, Satya Parkash, Radhey M. Gupta, D. S. Man, Chandra Parkash, P. A. Shiromany, R. N. Kaul and M. L. Chaudhri and Messrs. Parman Singh, K. D. Bagai, Gurbux Siug, Baldev

Krishan and M. N. Bajaj (Evening classes).

We congratulate them on their appointments to their respective Departments. We are happy to report that all of them are fine gentlemen and scholars. We hope they will be acclimatized to the 'Desh-bandhu atmosphere' in the course of time and ultimately be merged into the happy Deshbandhu College Family. Shri K. S. Rai, Lecturer in Botany, has gone on study leave to America and Shri K. P. Budhiraja, Lecturer in Chemistry, to Moscow, for advanced studies in Chemistry. We wish them success.

The above mentioned 'additions, alterations, replacements' could be listed among the 'expected' events. But who could have foreseen the departure of Principal Harish Chandra a year before the date of retirement or, for the matter of that, the 'hat trick marriages

of Shri P. M. Kaul, Shri Mandhata Ojha and Shri V. N. Khanna. Dame rumour says that with the lamentable exit of the stalwart veteran-bachelors the left-behinds have decided to form an association with Shri S. M. Jhangiani and Shri V. N. Pasricha as Chairman and Secretary respectively. We wish all the wedded couples long, happy and fruitful lives. We believe in the saying : 'The more, the merrier'. Accordingly, we heartily congratulate Shri B. B. Saksena and Shri S. P. Kapur on the birth of their sons and Mrs. Rajkumari on the birth of her daughter. We are glad that Shri Kapur has belied our worst fears that family planning may not mean a childless family. Incidentally, this has given rise to a 'healthy rivalry' in the Social Sciences Department. We need not say who should buck up.

We congratulate and welcome among our midst our new Principal, Dr. A. N. Banerji, M. A. Ph. D. (London). We have every hope that the College will flourish as ever before under his benign rule.

Ever since the opening of the new term in July we have had a good deal of extra-mural activity. We began with the farewell function arranged in honour of our former Principal and, as if to relieve the emotional tension, switched over to programmes of a more savoury nature

—speeches, debates, dance and drama etc. The reception given to Principal (Dr.) A. N. Banerji was another highlight of the current term. It is highly gratifying to observe that almost all these functions were well-arranged and well-attended, showing thereby the increasing interest of the students in such spheres. We give below reports of various activities.

## THE COLLEGE UNION

The College Union organized a grand farewell function in honour of the Founder-Principal, Shri Harish Chandra, on Sunday 10th August, 1958, at 4-30 p.m. Though it was a holiday, yet most of the students, guests and Members of the Board of Administration turned up in time. It was a big job to serve tea to about 800 persons but this was done in a more or less satisfactory manner. After tea all assembled in the College Hall. Prof. R. K. Sud presided over the function. Members of the teaching staff offered a souvenir to the Principal : a fine silver salver on which the signatures of all the members had been engraved. Students presented a Farewell Address to him. Then Rai Bahadur Maz Mohan, a senior member of the Board of Administration of this College, unveiled the Principal's portrait : a

fine-oil painting presented to the College by the students as a mark of their affection and esteem for Principal Harish Chandra.

Elections of the Office-bearers of the Union were held on Monday, 25th August, 1958, with the following results :—

*President*—Harish Kapur, B.A. III Year.

*Vice-President*—Satish Bharati, B.Sc. II Year.

*Secretary*—Puran Chand Arora, B.A. II Year.

*Assistant Secretary*—Subhash Chander Dewan, B.Sc. II Year.

*Class Representatives on the Union Committee* :—

B.A. & B.Sc. III yr : Kuldip Singh Nagra

„ IIyr : Mohinder Singh

„ Iyr : G.S. Mumik

Pre. Medical Classes : Kumud Chaddah

Preparatory Class : Rakesh Kumar

If the farewell was the last function of the out-going office-bearers, the reception to the new Principal, Dr. A.N. Banerji, was the first function organized by the new office-bearers. The function was held on Friday, 12th Sept., 1958. at 12.30 p.m. Harish Kapur (President), H.B. Tiwari (ex-President), V.K.S. Sodhi and Gargi Gupta welcomed the Principal and pledged their obedience to him. Prof.

R.K. Sud spoke on the occasion on behalf of the members of the Staff. The text of the welcome address appears on Pages 3—8 in this issue.

During this term, two foreign delegations visited the College. An American team, visiting India under the Project-India Scheme, was with us on Friday 22nd August, 1958; and each of its members talked to us of his or her life and ambition. Another team, representing the International Students' Conference, visited the College on Saturday, 13th Sept., 1958; and its three members from Australia, Sweden and Malaya, spoke about their international organizations. Our thanks are due to the Delhi University Students' Union for bringing these delegations to this far-flung colony.

As a result of the Referendum held on Friday, 5th Sept., 1958, the College Union affiliated itself to the Delhi University Students' Union. The following have been elected members of the Supreme Council of the University Union from this College :—

1. Harish Kapur, B.A. III yr. (ex-officio)
2. V.K.S. Sodhi, B.A. III yr.
3. Yoginder Kumar, B.A. III yr.
4. Dinesh Kumar, B.A. III yr.
5. Bhagwan Behari Mathur, B.Sc. III yr.
6. Gargi Gupta, B.A. III yr.

7. Subhash Chander, B.Sc. III yr.
8. Ashok Trikha, Qualifying Class.

A silver medal, known as Principal Harish Chandra Silver medal, of the value of Rs. 25/ approx. has been instituted by the College Union. It will be awarded to the best student-actor of the College every year.

### THE BOOK CLUB

The Book Club—a venture which came into being last session, to put students in the habit of buying books and building small, private libraries of their own—had its opening function this year on the 30 October, 1958. Principal A. N. Banerji presided.

Dr. Banerji exhorted the members to distinguish between a 'good' book and an 'ordinary' one and to devote as much of their time as they could to the former class. He afterwards distributed a copy each of the Club's Choice for the current Term—*Death be not Proud* by John Gunther—to the members.

Miss Indira Doraiswamy read a lively paper on "The Short Stories of Rudyard Kipling". It was followed by a stimulating discussion in which some of the students, Shri R. K. Sud and Dr. A. N. Banerji took part. For text see Pp. 25-29.

### THE LISTENERS' CLUB

The last Term saw the birth of a new Club—The Listeners' Club—with a view to encourage students to listen to good recorded passages of prose and poetry.

The Club has acquired independent equipment—like a Tape Recorder, a Record Player, Long Playing Records, etc.—to serve its needs.

The inauguration was performed by Dr. A. N. Banerji, Principal of the College. on 8 Nov, 1958.

Later the members listened to a recording of the lyrics of *My Fair Lady*, a play based on G. B. Shaw's *Pygmalion*, and rendered into the musical version by Alan Jay Lerner.

### EXTENSION LECTURES

Sardar Bahadur Sardar Teja Singh, Ex-Chief Justice, PEPSU High Court, Member of the Board of Administration of the College delivered the first lecture in the Extension Lecture series at the College on 15 Nov. 1958. He spoke on "The Educational set-up in the U. S. S. R."

Sardar Teja Singh referred to his visit there in 1954, and said that the Soviet Russia offered immense opportunities to its youngsters to go in for various fields of higher studies. But, he added, the career of a young man or a young woman was planned far ahead. Only those were sent up for advanced qualifications who had the merit and the aptitude for the particular line. The others were admitted to the vocational and technical training centres at an early date, so that they might prove to be useful members of society in due course.

## HISTORY ASSOCIATION

The following have been elected as office bearers of the History Association for the Session 1958-59 :

*President*—Sunil Kumar B.A. III Year.

*Vice-President*—Prem Prakash Sharma B.A. I Year.

*Secretary*—Vinod Kumar Bhalla B.A. I Year.

*Joint Secretary*—S.K. Singha Prep.

*Representative*—Suresh Kumar Shivani B.A. III Year.

*Representative*—Km. Satish Bala Kapur B.A. II Year.

*Representative*—Km. Urmil Kumari B.A. I Year.

*Representative*—Vasdev Prep. Sec. A

*Representative*—Gulshan Kumar Soni Prep. Sec. B

The Association organized a picnic-historical trip at the Qutab. The programme consisted of songs, poems and tit-bits. A debate was also held on the subject : “The British rule proved really beneficial to India”. Shri V.K.S. Sodhi and Ashok Trikha won the first and the second prize respectively.

## THE PUNJABI ASSOCIATION

The Punjabi Association was formed on the 24th of October, 1958, with the following constituting the Advisory Committee:—

Prof. C. L. Kumar

Prof. B. Mitter

Prof. I. S. Kapur

The following were elected as the Office-bearers :—

*President* :- Baldev Sethi B. Sc. III Year

*Vice-President* :- Rakesh Goswami  
Qualifying Arts

*Secretary* :- Gunjit Singh  
B. Sc. II Year  
and

Jia Rani B. A. I Year

*Treasurer* :- G. S. Mumick  
B. A. I Year

The inauguration was performed by our worthy Principal, Dr. A. N. Banerji. It was followed by a variety programme which included typical folk songs of the Punjab like Heer, Dholla, Jugni etc. A Bhangra dance was also performed. It drew loud applause from the audience. Shri C. L. Kumar, Shri B. Mitter, Shri S.P. Kapur and Dr. A. C. Mehta participated in the programme.

## THE HINDI PARISHAD

The annual elections of the Hindi Parishad took place on 13th August, 1958. Following students were elected as its Office-bearers :-

*President* :- Rajindar Kumar Marwah  
B. A. II Year

*Secretary* :- Amrit Gupta  
B. A. II Year

Class Representatives :—

B. A. III Year :- Dilbagh Singh

B. A. II Year :- Jagdish Prasad

B. A. I Year :- Jag Mohan Katyal  
 B. Sc. II Year :- Surendar Kumar Suri  
 B. Sc. I Year :- Suresh Chander Jain  
 Prep Section A :- Prithvi Raj Narula  
 ,, B :- Shanti Swaroop  
 Madan

In the first meeting held under the Chairmanship of Shri Suresh Chandra Gupta, the Adviser, it was decided that the Parishad would have a Debating Society and a Seminar Society. Shri Mandhata Ojha kindly agreed to be the Adviser of the Debating Society. Hira Ballabh Tiwari, B.A. III Year and Jag Mohan, B.A. Hons. I Year were nominated as the Student Organizers of the Debating Society and the Seminar Society respectively. The first function of the Parishad was the inauguration by Principal Banerji on 23 August, 58. He delivered an interesting and informative talk on the work of Goswami Tulsidas and also suggested ways for advancing Hindi language and literature. Shri M. L. Chaudhri, Lecturer in Sanskrit, threw light on the character of Lakshman. Jogindar Kumar, in the role of Tulsidas, recited extracts from the writings of the great poet. On 28th August, 1958, a Seminar was organized. Dr. Ram Dutt Bhardwaj, Lecturer in Hindi, read a paper of great critical value ; *Tulsi ki Kavya Sambandhi Dharnayain*. The Parishad has decided to bring out the Second Number of its Magazine, *Makrand*, and appointed Sushma Paul, B.A. I Year, as the Editor. Virendar Kumar, B.Sc. III year, will provide sketches and illustrations. A prize

debate was held on 9th September, 58. Sixteen speakers took part in the debate. The first prize went to Manjra Mathur, Qualifying Class, and the second prize was shared by Amrita Gupta, B.A. II Year, and Sushma Paul, B.A. Hons. I Year. In the extempore contest held in October, 58, Sushma Paul, B. A. Hons. I Year, secured the first prize. In November, 58, the Annual Jodha Mal Inter-College Trophy Debate was held. As many as ten colleges participated. The first and second prizes were carried away by Shri Satya Pal Nirad and Shri Ved Gupta of the K. M. College and the trophy was also awarded to that college. The subject of the debate was :

“विश्व-शान्ति को फलीभूत करने में पुरुष शासन असफल रहे हैं, अतः शासन-सूत्र नारी के हाथों दिया जाना चाहिए।”

### The Political Science Association

The new Executive of the Political Science Association was formed on the 31st July, 58. The following Office-bearers were declared elected :

*President*—Karuna B.A. II Year  
*Vice-President*—R. N. Chopra  
*Secretary*—Rajindra Narain Jauhri  
*Junior Secretary*—Jia Rani, B.A. I Year

The first meeting of the Association held on 30th August, 58, was presided over by Principal Banerji. Mrs. Aruna Asaf Ali, Mayor of the Delhi Corporation, performed the inauguration. Her talk was most illuminating. She told the members how they could serve the country. She advised them not to take part in active politics as long as they were students.



A member of the American Students' Delegation Addressing the Union

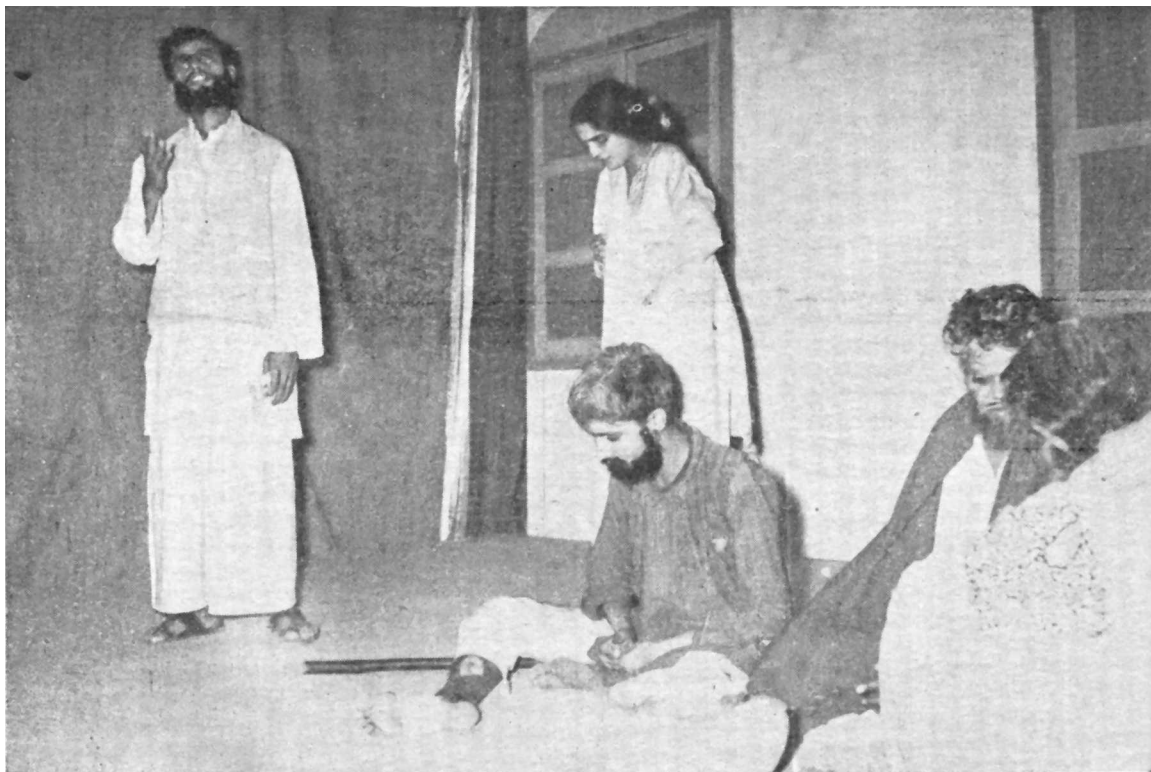


A scene from the Sindhi Play : 'Tea Party'  
staged by the Sindhi Association





A scene from "Serai-ke-Bahar" staged in the Inter-class  
One-act Play Competition by the B. Sc. and Pre-Medical classes  
Adjudged 2nd



Another scene from "Serai-ke-Bahar"

The members visited the Parliament in Session on the 16th and 17th of September.

A Paper-reading Contest was held on the topic :- "The sanctity of the Speaker of a legislative chamber". Vijay Kishore Singh Sodhi, B. A. III Year, bagged the first prize and Vishino Motwani, B. A. II Year, the second prize. The Annual Inter-College debate for the Kathpalia-Jain Trophy was held on the 2nd of October, 1958. The subject of the debate was :- "This House is of opinion that in the interest of world peace there should be universal disarmament." As many as eleven colleges participated. The trophy went to the Lady Sri Ram College. The first prize was won by Miss Neelm Handa of the Lady Sri Ram College and the second prize was awarded to Mr. Raja Raman of the St. Stephen's College. Our college was represented by Vishino Motwani, B. A. II Year, and Y. K. Sharma, B. A. III Year. The panel of judges consisted of Mrs. Dr.) Dastur, Principal Lady Sri Ram College, Mr. John L. Maddux, Cultural Relations Officer, U.S.I.S. and Prof. Randhir Singh, Head of Dept. Pol. Science, Delhi College, Delhi.

## THE PLANNING FORUM

The Annual election took place towards the end of July. The following were elected.

*President*— Moti Panjwani, B.A. II year.

*Vice-President*— Ashok Bhutani, B.A. I Year.

*Secretary*— Dinesh Joshi, B.A. I Year.

*Asstt. Secretary*--Satish Chander Sikka, Qualifying.

*Asstt. Secretary*--Amrik Singh Grover, Qualifying,

As usual, the Forum celebrated the National Plan Week. It arranged a very interesting and educative social play "Aur Bhagwan Dekhta Raha" on the 5th September, in the College lawns. The play was very much appreciated by the audience.

On the 11th of September, the Forum held a prize debate in Hindi on the subject: "In the opinion of this House, the food policy of the Govt. has failed." Mr. V.K.S. Sodhi bagged the first prize.

The Planning Forum has selected four investigators, from amongst its members, who will be trained in October to carry out the Socio-economic survey of Delhi University students. Working under the able guidance of Shri S.P. Kapur, its adviser, the Forum has ambitious plans. It proposes to undertake the development of land in front of the college into a park as a public co-operation project. It is seeking help of the Municipal Corporation for the propose.

The Executive Committee of the Forum nominated Miss Sunita Sethi, B.A. II year and Miss Sneh Prabha, Qualifying Arts, as representatives of girl students.

Fifty-five members of the Forum went round the Mehrauli Block Development Area. Amongst the villages visited was Khanpur, where electricity is being generated by bullock power. They saw a cattle show as well.

Four members of the Planning Forum, Mr. V.K.S. Sodhi, Mr. Vishino Motwani, Miss Gargi Gupta and Miss Sunita Sethi have been trained as investigators and they are busy in interviewing seventy-one students, sampled course-wise and sex-wise, in connection with the Socio-Economic Survey of Delhi University Students sponsored by the University Grants Commission.

The Forum has also registered the names of thirty-two students and three teachers for a trip to Bombay, Poona, Bangalore, Mysore, Oota-Camund and Madras during the winter vacation in January, 1959, and is busy in making the necessary arrangements.

### **THE SANSKRIT PARISHAD**

The following were elected office-bearers of the Parishad for the academic year, 1958-59.

*President*— Jagadish Prasad  
*Vice-President*—Dev Bala  
*Secretary*— Purshottam Lal Vij  
*Joint Secretary*—Umed Singh

The first meeting of the Parishad was held on the 3rd Sept., 58. The members evinced a keen interest and

read out in Sanskrit their own compositions in the form of short stories, essays and shlokas etc. A special feature of the function was that the entire programme was in Sanskrit. In another meeting the Parishad held a debate under the presidentship of Jagadish Prasad. The subject of the debate was : "In the opinion of this House Sanskrit should be the national language". The debate was followed by a mixed programme, consisting of short-stories, essays, shlokas and puzzles. In the end Dr. R.D. Bhardwaj explained the importance of Sanskrit and the vast work done on it by the foreigners. The Parishad has a programme of holding an essay-reading and shloka recitation Competition in February, 1959.

### **THE SCIENCE ASSOCIATION**

The annual elections of the Science Association were held and the following were elected as the Office-bearers :-

*Advisory Committee :*

*Adviser :* Shri S. M. Sehgal

*Secretary :* Dr. A. C. Mehta

*Office-bearers :*

*President:* Kuldeep Singh B. Sc. III year

*Vice President :* Satindra Sabherwal  
Pre-Med. II year

*Secretary :* Satinder Nath B. Sc. II year

*Joint Secretary :* Vinod Kumar Prep. Sc.

*Class representatives :*

B. Sc. III year—-Ishwar Narain Kaur

B.Sc. II year—Puran Chand Gandhi  
,, I year—Anand Parkash  
Pre-Med II year—Udho Thadani  
,, I year—Hardevi Kunal  
Qual. Sc. —Vijay Kumar Sethi

Professor M. S. Thacker, Director General of Scientific and Industrial Research, Government of India, delivered a lecture on 12th November, 58, on 'The Development and Progress of Science in the Post-war period in India.' On 12th November, 58, films of scientific interest were screened with the cooperation of the U.S. Information Service, New Delhi. On the 26th of November a trip of 60 members and 6 members of the Staff was arranged to visit the chemical works and textile industries at Modi Nagar.

A party of 40 members and 4 members of the Staff visited the National Physical Laboratories, New Delhi, on 1st Dec. 1958.

### **SINDHI LITERARY SOCIETY**

The following were elected Office-bearers for the year 1958-59 :

*Adviser*—Shri S. M. Jhangiani  
*President*—Tulsi Ahtani  
*Secretary*—Lal Navani  
*Joint-Secretary*—Ashok Badlani

Class Representatives :

B.A. and B.Sc classes—Srichand  
Ahtani

Pre-Medical classes—Prahlad

In the first meeting of the Society held on 11th September, 58, a mixed programme of essay-reading, poetic recitation and Sindhi songs was presented. Sushila Masand, Vidya Chaitani, Pushpa Pahilajani, Prahlad and Tulsi Ahtani participated. A picnic of the members of the Society was arranged at Okhla on 26th October, 58. It was well organized and enjoyed by all. The most outstanding features were the Parcel Game and the 'Mandak Mandi' (One-legged) game. Lal Navani, Tulsi Ahtani, Srichand Ahtani, Vishino Motwani, Hari Bijlani and other members endeavoured their best to make it a success.

### **THE UNITED NATIONS STUDENTS ASSOCIATION**

Gargi Gupta and Ashok Badlani were elected as the President and Secretary respectively. Shri V. N. Khanna is the Adviser. The Deshbandhu College U.N.S.A. has affiliated itself to the Delhi University U.N.S.A. A meeting of Professors-in-charge and two student representatives of all U.N.S.A. Units will be held on 15th September, 1958, in the office of Shri Harish Chandra, Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor, where the programme will be chalked out. Our U.N.S.A. Unit proposes to follow the line of action decided in this meeting.

### **THE ROVERS' CREW**

The Rovers' Crew has a membership of 20. Though a large number of students had applied but we do

not want to increase the membership beyond 20. Dinesh Chandra continues to be the Rover Leader, He is assisted by K. L. Grover and V. K. S. Sodhi.

It has been decided to establish Girl Guide also. Mrs. M. Thomas has very kindly agreed to take over the responsibility. Though the Guide will not be a part of the crew, yet the the bodies will work in complete cooperation and harmony.

#### THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

The following Office-bearers were elected for the current year :

*President* : Dilbagh Singh

*Secretary* : Sarita Ajmani

The League has been running two centres of social service, one at the Safdarjung Hospital and the other in the Defence Colony. The first centre, under the charge of Baldev Sethi, is meant for the benefit of the patients in the hospital. The centre in the Defence Colony is an adult education centre and is in the charge of Yoginder Kumar, B. A. III Year. About 24 students serve the patients at the hospital. The adult education centre needs funds for continuation. A request for a grant has been made to the Principal.

In response to the appeal of Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Delhi, to collect funds and clothes for relief of the flood-stricken brethren, our students under the guidance of Members of the Staff, collected the largest amount of

money and number of clothes. Our collections were Rs. 1541.43 nP and 222 clothes. The next best was Rs. 473.39. The credit for organizing the collection goes to Shri V. N. Khanna, the Adviser.

The League has decided to affiliate itself to the recently formed Council of Social Service League of the Delhi University and thereby extend its sphere of activity.

#### THE FINE ARTS CLUB

This year too our students took part in the Inter-College Youth Festival competitions in the following items : (1) Painting, (2) Pencil Sketching, (3) Photography, (4) Group Song, (5) Group Dance and (6) One-act Play. On the fine arts side our performance was much better than last year. Two paintings by Ashit Sanyal B.Sc. II Year :—*Where shall I Hide* in water and pastel and *Self-portrait* in water colour ; two pencil sketches by Virendar Kumar Bajaj :- *My Friend* and *Ramu* and two photographs by S. Jai Kumar :- "*Rural Scene* and *Whispering* were selected to represent our University in the Inter-University Youth Festival and were displayed at the Arts and Crafts Society Hall.

Our performances in Group Song and Group Dance were commended. Mangat Ram, B.Sc. III year, was selected to represent the University in the Inter-University Youth Festival.

Following students constituted the teams :

**Group Song :**

Yoginder Kumar B.A. III Year  
Mangat Ram Sharma B.Sc. III Year  
Dipak Khosla Qualifying Class  
Ram Kishan Sharma Qualifying Class  
Dipak Gill Pre-Medical I Year  
Sneh Prabha Qualifying Class  
Subhag Mathur Qualifying Class

**Group Dance :**

Sharmishta Gupta B.A. I Year  
Lalita Chaddha Qualifying Class  
Santosh Bala Kapur B.A. II Year  
Vimla Rawat B.A. II Year  
Kanhaya Lal B.A. II Year  
Abdali Pre-Medical II Year  
Dhanvir Dodi Qualifying Class  
Om Parkash Qualifying Class

We staged 'Nai Heroine', a social comedy in Hindustani. It was well performed and received by the audience. The members of the cast were :- Harish Kapur, Rajinder Kumar B.A. I Year, Ratan Singh Bharel B.A. III Year, Satya Bhushan Dixit B. Sc. Rajinder Kumar and Gargi. We congratulate Mrs. M. Thomas and Shri P. M. Kaul for the success in these contests. We have every hope that we shall have better luck next year.

**THE DRAMATIC CLUB**

Our Dramatic Club has been quite active during this term. It began its programme by producing a social comedy : *Nai Heroine*, which besides being shown on the college stage was also sent up for the Inter-College Drama Competition held to select a play for this year's Inter-University Youth Festival. On 21st November, 1958, was held the Inter-Class Group One-Act Play Competition in the college. Three one-act plays were staged. *Reerh ki Haddi* by J. C. Mathur was staged by the Qualifying Class, *Sarai ke Bahar* by Krishan Chandar was staged by the Pre-Medical and B.Sc. students and *Laghukeshni Trivalambidom* an adopted radio play was put up by the B. A. classes. All the three plays were well received by the students. The trophy was awarded to the B.A. classes as their performance was adjudged to be the best. The second place was given to the Pre-Medical and B. Sc. classes. The first prize for individual acting (male role) was awarded to Harish Kapur B.A. III year and the first prize for individual female role was shared by Neena Pre-Medical I Year and Sunita Sethi B.A. II Year. The panel of judges was constituted by Shri Basant Lal, Principal Government Higher Secondary School, Kalkaji, Shri D. S. Bhalla and Mrs. Thomas. The credit for organizing the Competition goes chiefly to Shri K. C. Kanda and for the team performances to Mrs. Raj Kumari Parshad, Shri I. S. Kapur and Shri Mandhata Ojha. The following students comprised the casts of the plays :—

### *Laghukeshni Trivalambidam*

Sunita Sethi, Yoginder Kumar, Usha Kaul, Rajindar Kumar, Harish Kapur, Hira Ballabh Tiwari, Surindar

### *Sarai-ke-Bahar*

Neena, A. Ivor Ronson, Deepak, Mangat Ram, Raj Kumar, Ram Chandra, Pushpa, Vijay, Satish, Subhash.

### *Reerh ki Haddi*

Manju Mathur, Sneha Prabha, Chaman Gupta, Amrit Lal, Narindar Kumar, Ram Narain.

We heartily congratulate the above mentioned students for the delightful couple of hours that they provided. We hope that this competition will be repeated year after year.

We are grateful to the Drama Committee who thought of this happy idea and have been conducting the annual competition. The following constitute the Drama Committee :-

Shri K. C. Kanda (President), Shri R. K. Sud (Convener), Shri P. M. Kaul, Mrs. M. Thomas, Mrs. Raj Kumari Parshad, Shri I. S. Kapur, Shri S. C. Gupta, Shri Mandhata Ojha.

The Dramatic Club has been fortunate to receive the benefit of Mrs. Nathavson's talk on dramatics. Mrs. Nathavson is a highly accomplished lady, especially interested in stage-acting and has taught dramatics as a subject at Chicago. She is on a short

visit to India and we are really grateful to her for having spared time to come to this far-flung place and for giving instructions to our students.

### **THE BAZAM-E-ADAB**

The Bazam-e-Adab organized an interesting programme of poems and ghazals on the 16th of November, 58. It lasted for nearly two hours and provided a rich literary feast to the audience. Among those who participated in the function were Shri Harish Chandra, Shri R. K. Sud, Shri C. L. Kumar, Shri I. S. Kapur and Shri Baldev Mitter. Shri K. C. Kanda not only larded the recitations with his usual poetic comments and apt introductory couplets but also recited a poem and a couple of quatrains. As many as twelve students recited poems. The names of Mangat Ram, V. K. S. Sodhi, Hira Ballabh Tiwari, Harish Kapur, Yogindar Kumar and G. S. Mumukshu deserve a special mention. The credit for the success of the function goes to Shri K. C. Kanda, the President of the Bazam-e-Adab.

### **THE HAPPY FRATERNITY**

The Staff of our college invited the Staff of the Lady Sri Ram College for Women to tea. It was but fair that we should play the host ; it was equally gracious on the part of the ladies to accept our invitation readily. "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Wonderful text. We hope that the happy fraternity will grow stronger with the years, Eligibles, please, beware.

## DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND SPORTS

On account of the increase in the number of students in the college and the lack of proper play grounds for want of watering arrangements we are experiencing a great difficulty in accommodating all those who wish to play. We have been allotted a further piece of land, about 10.5 acres. We hope that it will be levelled in due course of time and new lawns and play grounds laid. We have asked the C.P.W.D. to get a tube well bored within the premises so that we have our own independent supply of water.

Practice, however, has been regularly going on in Cricket, Volly-ball, Badminton, Deck-Tennis, Athletics and Table-Tennis. Our cricket team, athletic team and badminton team participated in the University tournaments this year. Our badminton players fared well and reached the Zonal finals in the Inter-college tournament. Our cricket team defeated the Delhi Polytechnic team by a large margin but lost to the K. M. College in the second round. Surinder Kumar and Pradhan played well. Surinder scored a century against the K. M. College and Pradhan, our spin bowler, captured the maximum number of wickets in both the matches. Our athletes could not do much. S. S. Kumar, our Captain, however, secured a position in the 400 metres race.

The Inter-class Tournaments in Cricket, Foot-ball, Volly-ball, Badminton, Table-Tennis, Deck-Tennis and Kabaddi are being played. More than

200 students are taking part in the various games; B. A. and B. Sc. classes are trying hard to win the championship and a very keen competition is going on between the two.

Principal Banerji is taking a keen interest in the sports. It is hoped that with his patronage it will be possible to add atleast tennis to the list of games played in the College.

### The Evening Classes

#### (I) Art and Culture Committee (Evening Classes)

A musical competition was held in the College on Nov. 17, 1958, under the auspices of the College Art and Culture Committee, with one of the students' representatives in the Chair. About a dozen of students participated in the competition. The first prize went to Roshan Lal and the second prize went to Om Parkash. A debate will be held very shortly. The subject of the debate is: "In the opinion of this House students should take active part in politics". The two best speakers will be awarded prizes.

#### (II) SPORTS

Mr. Pramod Kumar is nominated as the captain of the Badminton team of the Evening Classes. A friendly match was played with the morning Classes. The game remained upto the mark.



## IN NEW YEAR : 1959

By Dr. R.D. Bharadwaj, Lecturer in Hindi

The saffron golden dawn  
Above the greeny lawn,  
The frisky tawny fawn  
From petty cares withdrawn,  
May please you all  
At every call  
In New Year.

\* \*

The starry umbrose sky  
So lovely, wide and high,  
The brooklet babbling by,  
May make visitors spy  
Your happy home  
Of heaven's chrome  
In New Year.

\* \*

The gentle, fragrant breeze  
To kiss the homely frieze,  
The tall blossoming trees  
To tune the humming bees,  
May tempt the dove  
And all you love  
In New Year :

1959

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### STOP PRESS

As we go to Press we learn that Shri R. P. Budhiraja, Lecturer in Chemistry, has returned from Moscow to Delhi on medical advice. We are sorry for the bad luck. We welcome him and wish him a speedy recovery.

To our great dismay and disappointment we report that Shri Mandhata Ojha and Dr. A. C. Mehta have decided to leave the service of the College. We wish them the best of luck in their respective new spheres.

# सम्पादकीय

हीराबल्लभ त्रिवाड़ी वी० ए० (अन्तिम वर्ष)

जिस उत्तरदायित्व का गुस्तर भार लेकर आज मैं अपनी तटस्थता का परिचय देने जा रहा हूँ, वह कहाँ तक पत्रकों को मान्य है, यह तो 'देश' का अंक ही बतला देगा फिर भी सम्पादक होने के नाते यह मेरा प्रथम कर्तव्य है कि मैं अपनी सीमा का उल्लेख करूँ और अप्रकाशित रचनाओं के लेखकों के असन्तोष तथा आक्रोश के प्रति सहानुभूति प्रदर्शित करूँ। यह तो एक मौलिक तथा चिरन्तन सत्य है कि रचना न छपने पर लेखक को क्षोभ होता है और वह अपने अल्पज्ञान तथा अपरिपक्व अनुभूति का आश्रय लेकर अपने उर में अनेक कटु धारणाएँ बना लेता है। "पक्षपात किया गया है, अन्याय किया गया है।" शायद यही वाक्य असफल लेखक के मुँह से निकलते हैं। परन्तु यथार्थ में यह धारणा घातक है। मुझे स्वयं इसका अनुभव है। कई पत्र-पत्रिकाओं को अपने लेख भेजने के उपरान्त भी जब मेरे लेख प्रकाशित न हो सके तो हृदय में निराशा ने घर कर लिया। सोचा अब कभी नहीं लिखूँगा। परन्तु जब कुछ सुलभे, प्रतिष्ठित लेखकों से मिलकर मैंने अपनी दुविधा का राग छोड़ा तो यही उत्तर मिला कि "सबके साथ ऐसा होता है।" घबराओ नहीं, लिखना जारी रखो। फलस्वरूप सफलता मुझे प्राप्त हुई।

अब प्रश्न यह उठता है कि हमारे लेख छपते क्यों नहीं। इसका मुख्य कारण यह है कि हमें अनुभूति जगत का ज्ञान नहीं होता। कल्पना के द्वारा हम सत्य की सृष्टि करना चाहते हैं। मौका लगा तो कभी किसी पुरानी पत्रिकाओं से लेख-सामग्री उठा ली। सम्पादक ने प्रकाशित न की तो उस पर पक्षपात का आरोप लगा दिया। परन्तु यह

नहीं देखा जाता कि काव्य-रचना, साधना का फल है। महाकवि पन्त कहते हैं—

“वियोगी होगा पहिला कवि,  
आह से उपजा होगा गान।

यह वियोग क्या है? प्रेमिका के न मिलने पर प्रेमी की आनुरता? नहीं, यह वियोग, बाजारू वियोग नहीं। इसके पीछे लेखक के जीवन की आहुति होती है। सुखद भविष्य का मिटा रूप होता है। आत्मा का सौन्दर्य होता है। विशालयकाय भवनों में सोफा सेट पर बैठकर स्वस्थ साहित्य की रचना कभी नहीं हो सकती। संसार का महान् साहित्य वैभव के भूलों में नहीं पला। वह तो दुर्दशा, दुर्दिन तथा वेदना के आहों में जन्मा है वहीं पला है। इसलिए मैं अपने साथी लेखकों से एक विनय करूँगा यदि वास्तव में वे काव्य-आराधक बनना चाहते हैं तो जन-जीवन की गहराई तक पेंठें। विचारों में क्रान्ति मचायें वाह्याडम्बर तथा कल्पना के सुन्दर पंखों पर सवार न होकर अनुभव तथा अनुभूति का आश्रय लें। तब देखें, सफलता उनके चरण चूमेगी। लेख न छपने पर उन्हें दुख नहीं होगा अपितु उन्हें अपनी त्रुटियों का ज्ञान हो जाएगा।

अस्तु, इस अंक में जो भी लेख प्रकाशित किये गए हैं उनको अत्यधिक महत्व तो मैं दे नहीं सकता अपितु जितने भी लेख मेरे पास आए उनमें यही महत्वपूर्ण तथा स्वस्थ थे। इसीलिए इनको स्थान मिला। आशा है अगले अंक के लिए विद्यार्थी तत्पर होकर शिल्प तथा सुन्दर रचनायें प्रेषित करेंगे।

नहीं तकरार का वैसे तो डर था,  
 उसे लड़ना मेरी हर बात पर था ।  
 बज़ाहर तौर थे नाराज़िगी के,  
 कोई छेड़े वह इसका मुन्तज़र था ।  
 निराले हैं तरीके दिलबरी के,  
 दिखाना उसका जलवा नाम भर था ।  
 जसाओ मुपत में ऐहसां न मुझ पर,  
 सता लेते सताना जिस कदर था ।  
 निगाहे शोख का ऐसा असर था,  
 कोई थामे हुए बैठा जिगर था ।  
 उन्हें मालूम भी होने न पाया,  
 कि मैं तो खुद ही अपना नामाबर था ।  
 क्यों इतनी बेखुबी पूछा तो बोले,  
 कि लाज़िम तुमको तड़पाना मगर था ।  
 नहीं कटते बनी ये हिज़र की शब,  
 कोई पकड़े हुए बैठा सहर था ।  
 बुला लेते मुझे भी पास अपने,  
 मैं कोई ग़ैर था बरके कहर था ।  
 जो था मालूम इस दिल में बसे हो,  
 चलाया इस पे क्यों तीरे नज़र था ।  
 था आलम इस कदर दीवानगी का,  
 पुकारा उसने और मैं बेखबर था ।  
 सितम औरों ने भी ढाये हैं हम पर,  
 वफा करते भी तुम तो क्या असर था ।  
 कभी 'जेबा' से आकर पूछ लेना ।  
 फिरा किस के लिए वह दरबदर था ॥

# वियोग-वन्दना

लेखिका :—सुषमापाल बी० ए० आनर्स (हिन्दी) प्रथम वर्ष

माननीय प्रिंसिपल महोदय !

प्रसन्नता औ दुःख मिश्रित हृदय से, आपसे सम्बन्धित समस्त मधुर स्वप्न,  
एकत्रित हुए हैं हम आपको देने विदाई । आज विश्रुंखल हैं होते जा रहे ।  
श्रीमन् ! यह है अटल प्रकृति का नियम, मन अव्यवस्थित हो रहा अपार है,  
संयोग की अनुकर्त्री होती सदैव है विदाई ॥ अनेक क्षण होकर स्मृत हैं जा रहे ॥

भरण होते ही यहाँ से आपका जाना कहीं, आज हमको स्मृत होते जा रहे हैं,  
फूट पड़ती है हमारी अकस्मात् ही रुलाई । गत समस्त सस्नेह बन्धन आप से ।  
टूटता तोड़े नहीं औ' छूटता छोड़े नहीं, रहा मस्तक उन्नत 'देश' का,  
सम्बन्ध वह, आधार हो, जिसका, भलाई ॥ आपके नित्य नवीन प्रताप से ॥

उन्नत हो जगत् में, नाम रोशन कर रहे, आपके जो ज्ञान की विस्तृत है गरिमा महा,  
गुरुजनों की होती है सदैव शुभेच्छा यही । आप सम प्रभावशाली व्यक्तित्व पायेंगे कहाँ ?  
किन्तु भला अग्रजों को देख उन्नत मार्ग पर, कैसे रहे घुल मिल निज सन्तति के साथ आप,  
क्यों न मिलेगा प्रोत्साहन औ' प्रसन्नता क्यों नहीं ॥ ओह फिर क्या पायेंगे आप सम उज्ज्वल प्रताप ॥

हाय यह अविवेकी मानव का हृदय, अन्ततः निवेदन है यही आप से श्रीमान् आज,  
समझ पाता है नहीं यह गूढ़ ज्ञान । अपराध हमने किए अनेक पर भूल जाइए उन्हें आप ।  
भावना की सरिता का अज्ञानी जलचर, ममता, अनुग्रह, स्नेह, सिक्त दीजिए आशीर्वाद,  
जाने क्या संयोग वियोग औ' तत्व-ज्ञान ॥ भविष्य जीवन पथ में जो मार्ग दर्शन करे प्रसाद ॥

अति स्नेह शील व्यवहार आज, 'कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते' के 'देश' में स्थापक,  
बन गया है अति प्रबल आकर्षण । कृपादृष्टि हम पर बनाई रखियेगा सदा ।  
जो खींचता जाता हमें चुम्बक सदृश, 'सुषमा' की 'वियोग वन्दना' सादर स्वीकार हो,  
अपनी ओर अधिकाधिक प्रति-क्षणा ॥ इस वन्दना के साथ ही सानन्द हो यह शुभ विदा ॥

# ‘नहीं’

(कल्याणचन्द्र जैन) (प्रेम साईंस)

मैं अभी उठा ही था ! सूर्य के विद्युत दीपक में सम्भवतः विद्युत का प्रवाह कुछ कम था। वातावरण में पक्षियों की आवाज ही अधिकतर आ रही थी। परन्तु दाईं ओर से घर के कुछ छोटे-छोटे बच्चों की चैं-चैं भी उनके साथ मिल गई थी। सम्भवतः वे कुछ खेल रहे थे। मैंने पूछा, “क्या शोर मचा रहा है ?”

“कुछ नहीं”

लो आज तो सुबह २ ‘नहीं’ से प्रारम्भ हुआ। दिनभर खैर रहे।

शौच आदि से निवृत्त होकर मैंने “ट्रिगनोमैटरी” खोली।

एक प्रश्न हल करने लगा, लाख हाथ पाँव मारे और ६॥ से प्रारम्भ किया हुआ प्रश्न ७-५५ पर निकला। जब उत्तर देखा तो आँखों पर विश्वास ही न हुआ क्योंकि उस प्रश्न का उत्तर तो था ही नहीं। दोबारा प्रश्न पढ़ा तो ध्यान आया कि उसमें तो सिद्ध करना था कि L.H.S. कभी भी R.H.S. के समान सम्भव नहीं। एक दृष्टि जब प्रश्न के नम्बर पर पड़ी तो ध्यान आया कि यह प्रश्नमाला तो करनी ही नहीं थी।

नहा-धोकर कॉलेज चलने की तैयारी की। खाना माँगा तो अभी सब्जी तैयार नहीं हुई थी। साइकल उठाई और चल दिए। मार्ग में एक और मित्र को बुलाना था। उसके घर पहुँचने पर पता चला कि वह तो चला गया है।

मार्ग में मेरी साइकल से एक श्रीमान की पतलून पर दो चार छीटे पड़ गए। उन्होंने अपने काले रंग

पर शोभित काली ऐनक को हिलाकर कहा—“आँखें नहीं हैं, देखकर नहीं चल सकते क्या ?”

मैंने कहा—श्रीमान क्या करें भगवान ने इस (साइकल) बेचारी को नेत्र ही नहीं दिए हैं, देखकर कैसे चले।

आगे बढ़ते-बढ़ते शान्तिपूर्वक कालेज पहुँच गये। पता चला कि आज प्रथम पीरियड नहीं लगेगा। आज तो कालेज भी नहीं से प्रारम्भ हुआ ! परन्तु शेष पीरियडों के लिए ‘नहीं’ ने मेरा पीछा छोड़ दिया।

छठा पीरियड खाली था सोचा जरा लाइब्रेरी ही घूम आएं, तीन पुस्तकों की माँग कर रखी थी। पंक्ति में ५-१० मिनट खड़े होने के पश्चात् जब नम्बर आया तो मैंने कहा—“पृथ्वी राज का कलाकार देना”

‘नहीं’ है पहले ही इशू हो चुकी है।’

“Atomic Structure है ?”

उन्होंने देखने के बाद कहा—‘नहीं’ है।

“कहाँ गई ?”

“पता नहीं”

“इशू तो नहीं हो चुकी”

“नहीं ! शायद अलमारी में होगी”

“वहाँ तो मैं देख चुका हूँ, वहाँ नहीं है”

“फिर नहीं है”

“तो गई कहाँ ?”

“एक बार सुना नहीं कि नहीं है”

आज ‘नहीं’ पता नहीं कौन से जन्म का बदला उतार  
(शेष पृष्ठ ८ पर)

# पसीने से लथपथ चली आ रही है !

“अनजान” बी०ए० प्रथम वर्ष

१

किस्मत की भारी  
करे बेल—दारी  
थकी और हारी  
लिए सर तगारी।  
पसीने से लथपथ,  
चली आ रही है।

२

गरम भू जलाती  
कदम डगमगाती  
नंगे पाँव जाती  
मगर पग बढ़ाती।  
पसीने से लथपथ,  
चली जा रही है।

३

उधर दृष्टि दीखे  
जिधर वृक्ष नीचे  
पड़ा लाल चीखे  
जो हृदय पे बीते।  
सजलता नयन की,  
यह बतला रही है।

४

क्षुधा है सताती  
मां छुट्टी न पाती  
भरी खीर छाती  
फरज है निभाती।  
निरन्तर गति से,  
बढ़ी जा रही है।

५

दुर्दिन का फेरा  
विपत्ति ने टेरा  
मृत्यु ने है हेरा  
नयन में अंधेरा।  
दीखे न कुछ भी,  
बढ़ी जा रही है।

६

पड़ा पाँव जाकर  
था पत्थर जहाँ पर  
गिरी लड़खड़ा कर  
लगी चोट दिल पर  
सदा के लिए वह,  
चली जा रही है।

—SVE—

# दुखिया की आह

देवबाला बी०ए० प्रथम वर्ष

सुनसान, जाड़े की अँधेरी रात ! चारों ओर निस्तब्धता विराज रही थी। गाँव में शहर जैसी चहल-पहल कहाँ ? सरदी के कारण शाम ही से लोगों ने अपने किवाड़ बन्द कर रखे थे।

ऐसे समय में एक भोंपड़ी में दिया टिमटिमाता हुआ दिखाई दे रहा था। भोंपड़ी की अवस्था इसमें रहने वालों की कहानी स्वयं कह रही थी। दो-तीन बर्तन एक कोने में पड़े हुए थे, दिवारों पर सुन्दर चित्रों के स्थान पर केवल दरारें, किवाड़ पर पर्दों के स्थान पर फटा हुआ यह टाट और फरनीचर के स्थान पर केवल एक टूटी हुई चारपाई जिस पर एक क्षीणकाय वृद्ध लेटा हुआ था। ऐसा मालूम पड़ता था कि इसका जीवन दीप बुझने को है। परन्तु भोंपड़ी की प्रत्येक वस्तु सफ़ाई से रखने के ढंग से मालूम होता था कि इसमें रहने वाले कभी इससे अच्छी अवस्था में रहे होंगे। वास्तव में यह परिवार भी गाँव के अच्छे घरों में एक था। परन्तु एकाएक एक दिन इस वृद्ध का जवान बेटा कहीं लापता हो गया। जिसका आज तक पता न चला। बड़ी बेटी केवल एक लड़की छोड़ कर दो वर्ष पहले ही चल बसी थी। इसी शोक में जग्गू (वृद्ध) ने ऐसी चारपाई पकड़ी कि फिर वह उठ न सका। पत्नी मुखिया और दुहिता रजिया जो कि अपना बचपन छोड़ अब यौवन में पदार्पण कर रही थी इनको देख वह घुलता जा रहा था। एक-एक करके घर की सभी वस्तुएँ और अन्त में मकान तक उन्होंने बेच डाले थे।

बूढ़ा रह-रह कर कराह उठता था। पास ही चटाई पर बैठी हुई दोनों (जिन्हें माँ बेटी ही कठना ठीक होगा)

निराश आँखों से उसकी ओर देख रहीं थीं। सहसा खाँसी का दौर आया और चारपाई तक हिल उठी। पा...नी... की क्षीण आवाज़ गले से निकली। रजिया शीघ्रता से उठी, पानी गिलास में उड़ैना। “बाबा पानी पी लो” कहकर उसने थोड़ा-सा पानी उसके मुँह में डाला। बूढ़े ने आँखें खोल कर बुढ़िया की ओर देखा “...सुन...दर...सि...र... जि...या...ब...चा...ना...आह...पा...आ...न...ई।”

रजिया ने फिर पानी डाला लेकिन वह गले में न जाकर बाहर ही निकल गया। एक हिचकी और बस— रजिया चिल्ला पड़ी गिलास छूट कर दूर जा गिरा और वह बाबा के शरीर से लिपट गई।

“हमें किसके सहारे छोड़ दिया बाबा !”

बुढ़िया और वह देर तक रोती रही। उनके कण्ठ क्रन्दन से दिवारें तक हिल उठीं।

इतने में टाट हिला और सान्त्वना के लिये आने वाले व्यक्तियों में सर्वप्रथम बुढ़िया की दृष्टि जिस पर पड़ी, वह था सुन्दरसिंह, गाँव का जमींदार जिससे गाँव के बच्चे तक काँपते थे। जिसने अपनी इच्छा के सम्मुख किसी की इज्जत और जान को कभी कुछ नहीं समझा।

सुन्दरसिंह ने देखते ही बुढ़िया वृद्ध के अन्तिम शब्द एकदम समझ गई, अर्थात् सुन्दरसिंह से रजिया को बचाना।

रजिया गाँव की सुन्दरतम लड़की थी। जिसकी सुन्दरता की कहानी केवल गाँव में ही नहीं परन्तु दूसरे आस-पास के गाँव तक भी पहुँच चुकी थी। सुन्दरसिंह

सदैव ही अक्सर की खोज में रहता था। परन्तु बलिष्ठ राजू और अनुभवी वृद्ध जगू के सम्मुख उसकी कुछ करने की हिम्मत न होती थी। वह उसके चरित्र की कमजोरी कहे या कुछ भी। आज उसके सपने साकार होते दिखाई दिये।

“अम्मा ! जब तक सुन्दर जीवित है तुम्हें और रजिया को किसी भी प्रकार का कष्ट नहीं होगा।” यह कह कर वह रोती हुई रजिया की ओर जैसे ही बढ़ा, वह रोना छोड़ भट उठ कर अम्मा के पीछे जा खड़ी हुई और सहमी हुई आँखों से उसकी ओर देखने लगी।

“अच्छा ! मुझसे बच कर कहीं जाओगी।” सुन्दर सिंह होठों में ही बुदबुदाया “अम्मा ! दाह संस्कार की तैयारी करनी है। मुझे भी अपना मान कर बताओ क्या क्या लाना होगा।” सुन्दरसिंह बोला।

सुखिया रोती हुई उठी और अन्तिम जेवर पाजेब लाकर सुन्दरसिंह के हाथ पर रख दिये।

“बेटा मेरे पास तो यही है, जो कुछ लुम कर सको इससे ही कर डालो। आज मेरा राजू होता... बुढ़िया रो उठी।

“रोओ नहीं अम्मा ! तुम्हारे पास मैं भी तो हूँ और अभी तो तुम्हारे पास बहुत कुछ है।” यह कह कर सुन्दर सिंह ने मार्मिक आँखों से रजिया की ओर देखा। बेचारे गाँव वाले किसी को कुछ कहने का साहस ही न था। परन्तु वह जानते थे कि आफत अब किस पर आया चाहती है। केवल एक युवक, मनहर जिमने कुछ निश्चय कर लिया था, उठ कर बाहर चल दिया।

बूढ़े को संसार छोड़े दस रोज हो चुके थे। इन अब-लाओं का रोना भी कुछ कम हो चुका था, क्योंकि अब अपनी रक्षा की चिन्ता भी इन पर सवार थी। जमींदार प्रति दिन एक चक्कर लगा जाता। परन्तु न तो उसे रजिया की एक झलक ही वहाँ दिखाई दी और न बुढ़िया ने ही उससे कुछ सहायता लेनी स्वीकार की। उसने बुढ़िया से बहुत बार अपने घर चल कर रहने को कहा, सुख का लालच दिखाया परन्तु वह टस से मस नहीं हुई।

आज उसे क्रोध भी आ रहा था कि आखिर उसने रजिया को क्या किया ? वह उठा और चल दिया।

सामने से आने वाले एक व्यक्ति ने भुक्कर उसे सलाम किया। वह उसका लठैत रामसिंह था।

“कहो रामसिंह ! कहीं तक सफल हुए तुम अपने काम में ? सुन्दरसिंह ने उत्सुक आँखों से उसकी ओर देखा।

“सरकार, कुछ पता नहीं चलता। सारा गाँव छान मारा। कहीं कोई सुराग नहीं। मेरा तो यही विचार है कि आज रात को बुढ़िया की भोंपड़ी पर ही धावा बोला जाय।”

दोनों ने गुपचुप कोई सलाह की। जमींदार हवेली की ओर और रामसिंह गाँव की ओर चल दिया।

साँभ के भुटपुटे में रजिया जब घर लौटी तो अम्मा सो रही थी। उसके शुष्क गालों पर आंसुओं की रेखायें सूख गई थीं। रजिया समझ गई कि सोने से पहले अम्मा रोती रही है। एक दीर्घ निश्वास छोड़ उसने मनहर के घर से लाई हुई रोटियाँ रख दीं। अम्मा को जगाना उचित न समझा और पास ही चटाई पर वह लेट गई। रह-रह कर उसे मनहर का ध्यान आ रहा था। “कितना अच्छा है, कितने प्यार से वह राजो अथवा रजिया बहन कह कर बुलाता है।”

इस संकट के समय में रजिया दिन का सारा समय वहीं व्यतीत करती। राजू भैया से अधिक मनहर को उसकी रक्षा का ध्यान था। उसने एक दिन कहा भी था कि “रज्जी बहन ! तुम किसी प्रकार की चिन्ता न करना। जब तक मैं जीवित हूँ तुम्हें राजू की आवश्यकता अनुभव नहीं होने दूंगा।”

राजू की याद से वह अपनी सिसकियाँ न रोक सकी। “आज भैया होते तो उसे क्या आवश्यकता थी कि वह जमींदार के डर से इधर-उधर छुपती फिरती। भैया की छत्रछाया में वह निर्भय सो सकती थी। फिर भी अच्छा है कि मनहर भैया के घर जाने से किसी को उनके चरित्र



पर सन्देह नहीं होगा। क्योंकि यह गाँव का सबसे बलिष्ठ चरित्रवान और सर्वप्रिय युवक हैं।

जिनको यह मालूम था कि रजिया उसके घर आकर रहती है वह यह सोच कर सन्तुष्ट थे कि वह किसी प्रकार सुरक्षित तो है।

न जाने वह कब तक रोती रही। आखिर सिसकते रोते उसकी भी आंख लग गई। आधी रात के समय दीवार का वह टाट का पदाँ हिला और एक व्यक्ति भोंपड़ी के अन्दर दाखिल हुआ। दीये की धीमी रोशनी ने उसे पहचानने में सहायता दी और वह शीघ्रता से सोती हुई रजिया की ओर बढ़ा, उसके मुँह कपड़ा ठूँसा और उसे रोने चिल्लाने का अवसर न देकर दोनों बाहों पर उठा लिया।

आहत पाकर बुढ़िया जागी अवश्य लेकिन भट एक दूसरा व्यक्ति सामने आया जिसके मजबूत हाथों की ओर देखती हुई वह चिल्ला भी न सकी और ..और उसका संसार लुट गया। वह दूसरा व्यक्ति दरवाजे की ओर पीठ किये भोंपड़ी से बाहर हो गया। तब तक बुढ़िया

बेहोश हो चुकी थी।

दूसरे दिन लोगों ने सुना दूर नहर में एक नवयुवती की लाश पाई गई। वह रजिया ही थी। जिसने जमींदार का कहना न माना और उसके हाथों से अपनी रक्षा न समझ किसी प्रकार से भाग कर नदी में कूद पड़ी।

मनहर ने सुना तो रो उठा। “मैं तुम्हारी रक्षा न कर सका बहन ! मैं इसका बदला अवश्य लूँगा।”

बुढ़िया ने सुना एक दीर्घ निश्वास लिया “चलो मेरी बेटी ने मेरी लाज रख ली।” एक सर्द आह के साथ बुढ़िया भी बेटी के पास थी।

परन्तु उसी दिन आधी रात को लोगों ने गाँव में प्रकाश देखा। और देखा जमींदार की हवेली को आग ने चारों ओर से घेर रखा था। गाँव वालों ने प्रयत्न करने पर आग को रोकना और जमींदार के जले हुए शरीर को बाहर निकाला। परन्तु किसी को यह पता न चला कि यह बहिन का बदला था अथवा दुखिया की आह थी जिससे जमींदार के बलवान साथी उसका दाहिना हाथ रामसिंह भी उसे न बचा सके।



## ‘नहीं’

( पृष्ठ ४ का शेष )

रही थी। उसके पश्चात् शेष पीरियड सब खाली थे, घर चले आये। आकर शाम तक आराम किया, फिर खाना खाया और ८ बजे के लगभग एक नावल खोला, थोड़ा सा पढ़ने के पश्चात् पढ़ा कि वहाँ लिखा था—नो-नो-नो-आई शैल नॉट.....। मैंने वही नावल बन्द कर दिया और आकर चुपचाप खटिया पर लेट गया।

थोड़ी देर बाद मुझे अपने चारों ओर नहीं-नहीं-नहीं ही लिखा दिखाई दिया। ऊपर, नीचे, दायें, बायें सब ओर

नहीं-नहीं लिखा था ! मुझे बड़ा आश्चर्य हुआ परन्तु समझ न सका यह क्या है। फिर सोचा चलो कोई बात नहीं भक्त लोग तो अपने चारों ओर राम-राम लिखते हैं तो हमारा राम ‘नहीं’ ही सही। अन्त में छुटकारा पाने के लिए मुझे हार माननी पड़ी और मैंने नहीं से कहा—मेरे देवता, अब तो पीछा छोड़ न तू मेरा भगवान सही और फिर न जाने अपने भगवान की याद में मुझे कब नींद आ गई।

( ८ )

# मुझे मेरे मित्रों से बचाओ !

देशभूषण बधवा प्रो—मेडिकल, द्वितीय वर्ष

संसार में कोई मक्खियों से तंग है तो कोई मच्छरों से । खटमलों के तो नाम मात्र से ही बहुत से लोग घबरा उठते हैं । मंसूरी जाते समय देहरादून में एक ही रात काटी किन्तु यह आयु भर भूलने का नहीं । क्या मजाल है रात भर आँख लगी हो या हाथों से खुजलने की परेड बन्द हुई हो । इसीलिए उधर लोग चारपाई पर नहीं होते ।

किन्तु खटमलों से अधिक मुझे अपने मित्रों से डर लगता है । खटमल तो खून ही चाटते हैं किन्तु ये कम्बख्त दिमाग ही चाट जाते हैं । चारपाई छोड़ने पर खटमलों को पीछा छुड़ाया जा सकता है किन्तु इन मित्रों से जान बूझने के लिये तो दुनियाँ ही छोड़नी पड़ती है और फिर भी लगा रहता है कि कहीं मरने पर भी इतकी आत्माओं अपनी आत्मा का मिलाप न हो जाय ।

मेरे एक मित्र हुआ करते थे या ऐसा कह लीजिये कि भी हैं किन्तु इस समय तो आँखों से ओभल है और आँख ओभल तो पहाड ओभल ! इसलिए परमात्मा की आत्मा को शान्ति दे, बड़े उदारचित्त व्यक्ति थे । अपनी भूले-भटके सिनेमा जाने का नाम ले लिया तो छाया तरह साथ चले आते और फिर घन्टों बैठकर अभिनय क्या करते, गाने गाते, न स्वयं सोते न सोने देते । रात बारह बजे तक भीगुर की तरह भनभनाया करते । दिन दिन नए नए गीत लिखने का आदेश देते और रेडियो ट्यून पर सुनाने के स्वप्न देखा करते । क्या मजाल है कि उनके पास एक भी पुस्तक हो । कहलाने को तो विद्यार्थी । परीक्षा के दिनों में पढ़ने के लिए पुस्तक उठाने का मन्व्य करता तो वह श्रीमान जी के पास होती । श्रीमान जी को हूँडना भी आसान काम नहीं था, न जाने उस वृक्ष की जड़ में सिर दिये पड़े हों ।

श्रेणी में यदि किसी विद्यार्थी की योग्यता से मित्र तंग प्रभावित हो जाते हैं तो इस का फल उसे सदा ही चटा मिलेगा । कभी किसी विषय में यदि आप प्रथम : जायँ तो आप ऐसी विकट स्थिति में फंस जायेंगे कि

छुटकारा असम्भव है । मित्र लोग मुँह पर तो भले ही आपकी प्रशंसा करें परन्तु आप की अटुपस्थिति में आप को गालियाँ दिये बिना न रहेंगे । सम्भव है यह भी कहने लगे “इसे कुछ भी आता नहीं, वस किताबी कीड़ा है ।” ऐसे लोगों को दूसरे की आँख का तिनका तो बहुत खटकता है परन्तु अपनी आँख का शहतीर दिखाई तक नहीं देता । परीक्षा आने पर वही मित्र आप से कहेंगे “हमें यदि उत्तीर्ण होना है तो आप ही के आसरे पर । इस के अतिरिक्त और कोई आशा उत्तीर्ण होने की नहीं ।”

यदि आप किसी कालिज के पत्र के सम्पादक हैं तो आप के मित्र वरसाती मेंढकों की तरह स्वयं ही उगने शुरू हो जायेंगे । इनको अपने छपे हुए नाम पढ़कर अत्यन्त प्रसन्नता होती है । लिखना तो क्या जानें ये बेचारे पर अपनी मित्रता बार-बार स्मरण करा कर ये अपना नाम अवश्य छपवायेंगे । और इन्हीं के नाम को चमकाने के लिये बेचारे सम्पादक को लिखना भी स्वयं पड़ता है । समय चाहे उसके पास हो या न हो पर क्या वह अपने मित्रों के लिए इतना सा काम भी नहीं कर सकते ?

जहाँ तक वस चले मित्र आप के हर क्षेत्र में घुसने का प्रयत्न करेंगे । यदि आप अपने मित्रों को रोज़ की खाई हुई चपातियाँ गिन कर नहीं बता सकते तो इस का अर्थ यह हुआ कि आप मच्चे दिल से मित्रता निभाना नहीं जानते । यदि आप भूलकर एक-आध प्रेम की कविता लिख दें तो आप के मित्रों को आप के प्रेम-रोग में फँसे होने का विश्वास हो जायगा । जब तक आप अपनी प्रेयसी (चाहे वह कल्पित ही क्यों न हो) का नाम नहीं बतायेंगे तो आपकी मित्रता में किसे सन्देह नहीं होगा ? इसके विपरीत यदि आप कुछ अच्छे और स्वच्छ विचारों वाले हैं तो आप को “भवत जी” अथवा “कूप मंडूक” या “बन्दर क्या जाने अदरक का स्वाद” आदि उक्तियों से सुशोभित किया जायेगा ।

अब आप ही बताइये कि आप ऐसे मित्रों से सम्बन्ध रखना चाहेंगे अथवा.....

# मैं लहर हूँ ! ↘

मैं लहर हूँ !

मैं विकल हूँ क्योंकि—  
सीमा से बँधी हूँ।  
तोड़ कर कूलों के बन्धन,  
मैं चली स्वच्छन्द होकर !  
पर, विवश हो लौट आई  
फिर बँधी कूलों से निष्ठुर !

मैं लहर हूँ !

लहर होकर सिन्धु की सीमा छोड़ दूँ ?  
यह न मुझसे हो सकेगा !

गीत हूँ मैं !

मैं विकल हूँ क्योंकि—  
लय से बँधी हूँ !  
छोड़ कर लय के ये बन्धन,  
मैं बढ़ी तब शून्य पथ पर  
पर विवश हो लौट आई  
और सुरों ने बांध डाला !

गीत हूँ मैं !

गीत होकर, गान से नाता तोड़ दूँ ?  
यह न मुझसे हो सकेगा !

प्रीत हूँ मैं !

मैं विवश हूँ क्योंकि—  
भावों से बँधी हूँ !  
तोड़कर जीवन के बन्धन,  
मैं चली निष्प्राण तन में  
पर, विवश हो लौट आई  
भावना से पूर्ण मन में !

प्रीत हूँ मैं !

प्रीत होकर, भावना से मुँह मोड़ लूँ ?  
यह न मुझसे हो सकेगा !

कुमारी विमला रावत

बी०ए० (द्वि० व०)

## सम्वाददाताओं से तुलसीदास की भेंट

सुरेशकुमार शिवानी वी० ए० तृतीय वर्ष

एक दिन सुबह मैं 'कल्पना-युग की यात्रा' नामक पत्र के लिए आए दृश्य लेखों को पढ़ रहा था कि उसी पत्र 'दिलबहार' नामक दैनिक पत्र के सम्वाददाता श्री उदसीलाल आंख मलते हुए मेरे पास आये मानो किसी की आंखों का स्वागत नमक मिर्च से किया हो। वह नाहक नमस्ते हुई और मैंने पूछा—कहिये कैसे भुबहु-दृश्य दर्शन दिए ?

वह आश्चर्य भरी दृष्टि से मेरी ओर अपनी ऊंट की एक फीट लम्बी गर्दन करते हुए बोले—“अरे ! मैंने मालूम नहीं कि 'रामचरित-मानस' के सुविख्यात चरित्र तुलसीदास रीकेट से देहली में आये हुए हैं और 'सुननीब' होटल में ठहरे हुए हैं।”

मैं हक्का-बक्का हो उनकी बात सुनता रहा और वह मेरे नीचे वजे होटल पर पहुँचने की कहकर जहाँ पर कि तुलसीदास से भेंट होनी थी, एक गेट पास देकर चले गये।

मैंने करीब नौ बजे सुननीब होटल पर पहुँचने का गोष्ठी का आयोजन होटल के एक साउंड प्रूफ में किया गया था। स्टेज पर बैठे महाशय के गले में फूलों की बनी रंगविरंगी बड़ी-बड़ी गोलियों की माला लगी थी, माथे पर बड़ा त्रिपुंड जो कि सम्भवतः नेल का लगा था और जिसकी सुगंध हम सब लोगों के कानों में मीठा-मीठा दर्द पैदा कर रही थी। यह महाशय अपने सामने रखा हुआ हक्का गुड़गुड़ा रहे थे और उनके चौरों में 'कौन आया मेरे मन के द्वारे पायल की चाल लिये .....' गीत भी गुनगुनाते जा रहे थे। महाशय को देखकर मैं बड़ा हैरान हुआ और अपने

साथ लाये बाबा आदिम के जमाने की घर में रखी राम-भक्त तुलसीदास की फोटो से इन महाशय की आकृति मिलाने लगा। कुछ देर बाद स्टेज पर बैठे इन महाशय का कुछ-कुछ चेहरा फोटो से मिल जाने पर फोटो को जेब में रखकर मैं यथा स्थान बैठ गया।

करीब सवा नौ बजे सभापति उदसीलाल ने 'थिर-कते बोल' नामक संगीत पत्र के सम्वाददाता श्री 'भंकारलाल' 'नई किरण' नामक दैनिक पत्र के सम्वाददाता श्री तीतर भक्त, प्रथम किला के सम्वाददाता श्री चप्पलसिंह, 'नव वेला' के सम्वाददाता श्री कुक्कुटराम, 'गरजती वाणी' की सम्वाददाता के साथ मेरा भी परिचय कराया।

फिर सभापति महोदय ने घड़ी की ओर घूरते हुए कहा कि अब हमारी सभा का कार्यक्रम आरम्भ होता है। यह सुनकर फिल्मी गीत में मग्न तुलसीदास चौक से उठे और तनकर बैठ गये।

सर्वप्रथम तुलसीदास से कुक्कुटराम ने अपना परिचय देने को कहा।

हुक्के का एक जोरदार कश लगाकर तुलसीदास बोले—भाई, यों तो आपको हमारी वेष-भूषा और हर-कतों को देखकर मेरी वास्तविकता पर आश्चर्य हो रहा होगा। पर आश्चर्य की क्या बात ? जीवन में प्रगति और परिवर्तन करते रहना ही मैं जीवन का लक्ष्य मानता हूँ। जैसा कि आप सब लोग जानते हैं कि मेरा जन्म बुरे ग्रहों में हुआ था। अतः अपने बुरे ग्रहों में पैदा होने का प्रायश्चित्त करने के लिए इस दोहा 'लगी लगन छूटे नहीं जीभ चौंच जरि जाय'.....से प्रेरित होकर तन-मन-धन से

राम नाम का गुणगान कर 'राम-भक्त' का डिप्लोमा ले लिया। परन्तु अब 'जैसा देश वैसा भेष' वाली कहावत के अनुसार अपने में परिवर्तन करके एक अप-टू-डेट के रूप में उपस्थित हूँ।

तीतर भक्त ने प्रश्न करते हुए तुलसीदास से पूछा— कि क्या आप अब भी चन्द्र लोक में कुछ लिखने का कार्य करते हैं या और कुछ कार्य करते हैं ?

जी नहीं ! अंगड़ाई लेते हुए तुलसीदास ने जवाब दिया। अब वहाँ मेरा कार्य सुबह-शाम एक घंटा यहाँ से पहुँचे हुए लोगों का इण्टरव्यू लेना और उनकी योग्यतानुसार लोअर या अपर डिवीजन में भेजना है। सीनियर मोस्ट होने के नाते चन्द्रलोक की प्रधान रक्षिका श्रीमती 'नयन सुख' ने मुझे यह काम सौंपा है। शेष समय में 'दिलरूबा' पर गीत बजाकर समय काटता रहता हूँ या जब कभी मेरे मित्र फसड्डीलाल या मियां फिस्सू आ जाते हैं तो चौपड़ या शतरंज की बाजी भी लग जाती है।

उदासीलाल ने फिर क्षमा माँगते आश्चर्य-युक्त नेत्रों से प्रश्न किया कि आपको किस प्रकार के गीत पसंद हैं ?

तुलसीदास ने रूमाल से मुँह पोंछते हुए कहा— वैसे तो आजकल गीतों का युग है, पर भाई जान, (स्टेज पर जोर से हाथ पटकते हुए शमति से बोले) मुझे तो वही गीत पसंद हैं जो दिल की ओवर हालिंग कर सकें।

थिरकते बोल के सम्पादक भंकारलाल ने सामाजिक रूप रेखा के विषय में कुछ विचार प्रकट करने को कहा।

मुँह का धुँआ उगलते हुए तुलसीदास ने जवाब दिया भाइयो और एक बहिन ! चन्द्रलोक में दो डिवीजन हैं— अपर डिवीजन और लोअर डिवीजन। अपर डिवीजन जो कि राम नाम की मर्यादा भर निभाने के लिए है। राम भक्तों के लिए सुरक्षित है और इसकी संचालिका हैं 'गर्जना देवी।' अभी तक जो भी महानुभाव इस डिवीजन में पहुँच सके हैं उन्होंने हमारे यहाँ की प्रधान संचालिका 'कर्णप्रिय' से यह कह कर कि यहाँ पर मोर्डन फॅसेलिटीज

नहीं हैं हमको लोअर डिवीजन में भेज दीजिये। वे लोअर डिवीजन में आ गए हैं।

लोअर डिवीजन काफी पापूलर हैं। यहीं पर मालोग रहना पसंद करते हैं क्योंकि यहाँ पर सभी आधुनिक चीजें—चिल्ड्रन पार्क, स्वीमिंग पूल, होटल, बलव, पत्रादि मौजूद हैं। शंकर जी भी यहीं पर पार्वती के एक एयरकंडीसन फ्लैट में रहते हैं। कठोर अनुशासन के लिए यहाँ की संचालिका हैं कर्कशा देवी।

'प्रथम मिलन' के सम्वाददाता श्री चप्पलसिंह तुलसीदास ने कर्कशा देवी का परिचय देने को कहा।

यह सुनकर तुलसीदास हंस पड़े हा .....हा .....हा .....हा .....हा !! आपने भी किसका परिचय पढ़ लेकिन फिर भी भाई चप्पलसिंह के अनुरोध पर कर्कशा देवी का परिचय देना ही पड़ेगा। लीजिए तो सुनिश्चित कर्कशा देवी का परिचय।

चन्द्रलोक के लोअर डिवीजन की संचालिका का ऊँचाई साढ़े तीन फीट, वजन ढाई मन, रंग कोयले का भी लजाने वाला, चेहरा एकदम गोल और लाल वर्ण युक्त आँखें धनुष के समान तिरछी हैं। आप कमर का अंदाजा इसी बात से लगा लीजिए कि जब वे चलती है तो उनके सिर की चार चोटियाँ इस प्रकार उछलती हैं जैसे सिर पर रखे भरे घड़े का पानी तेज चलने पर छलकता है।

ठहरिये ! ठहरिये !! कहकर अपनी ओर ध्यान आकर्षित करते हुए उदासीलाल ने कहा—भाइयो, रंग के बारह बजने को है और तुलसीदास से हुई मुलाकात का हाल भी प्रेस में भेजना है इसलिए सभा वखास्त होती है कष्ट करने के लिए हम सबकी ओर से तुलसीदास का धन्यवाद।

चलते समय गरजती बाणी की सम्वाददात्री श्रीमती पीयूषिका ने तुलसीदास से पूछा कि आपके दर्शन कब होंगे ? (शेष पृष्ठ १३ पर)

# बिन्दी

योगेश्वर प्रसाद (प्रेम विज्ञान)

“बिन्दी”, कितनी थिरकन, माधुर्य और भंकार है इस नन्हे से शब्द में। केवल इसके बाह्य पर दृष्टिपात करने वाले की अपेक्षा इसे आश्रय देने वाला अधिक गहराई में जा सकेगा।

इसका प्रचलन अपनी जन्मभूमि में ही है। नव वधू जब वर गृह में प्रवेश करती है तो सास आदि के कुछ पूछने पर सुरम्य बदन को इस प्रकार उठाती मानो मुकुल विकसित हो रहा हो! उस समय उसके ललाट पर गोल, छोटे से टुकड़े में ही तो उसका अटल सुहाग झलकता है।

बिन्दी का वास्तविक अर्थ लिया जाए तो सुहाग का चिन्ह ही सर्वोचित होगा। “उसके माथे का सिन्दूर पुछ गया” ऐसा हम प्रायः पढ़ा करते हैं। बिन्दी और सिन्दूर का निकट सम्बन्ध ही तो है। यदि सिन्दूर वैधव्य का शत्रु है। तो बिन्दी को उसकी सहभागिनी समझिये। यहाँ पर ‘येयिस्थमित्रम् न हि तस्य दूरम्’ सोलह आने ठीक बैठता है।

एक युग था जब भारत की वीर ललनायें अपने इस सुहाग-बिन्दु की रक्षा-हेतु प्राणों का त्याग कर देती थीं। कैसी कर्तव्य परायणता और अदम्य साहस का परिचय देती थीं वे। देश की रक्षा हेतु सर्वस्व परित्याग करना उनके लिए केवल क्रीड़ा मात्र था। यदि उनका सुहाग-

बिन्दु किसी दुराचारी के द्वारा पोंछ दिया जाता तो वे स्वयं ही शत्रु का सामना करती हुई वीरगति को प्राप्त हो जाती थीं। इस कार्य में भी असफल हो जाने पर वे सतीत्व की रक्षा हेतु अपने को जीवित ही अग्नि में समर्पित कर देती थीं। हमारा इतिहास इस बात का साक्षी है।

किन्तु शोक ! आज बिन्दी का महत्व नहीं रह गया है। पाश्चात्य सभ्यता ने इस बेचारी पर प्रहार किया। फलस्वरूप यह आहत हो गई। इसके नन्हे से शरीर से रुधिर बह चला और आधुनिक नारी के ओठों पर आकर जम गया। (अर्थात् बिन्दी का स्थान लिपिस्टिक ने ले लिया)। अपनी पड़ोसिन की ऐसी दुर्दशा देख इसके पड़ोसी (गहने आदि) घबरा गए। बिन्दी ने तो शत्रु का सामना प्राणों का मोह न रखते हुए किया किन्तु इन बेचारों ने तो प्राण बचाने का यत्न किया। अत्यधिक यत्न के बाद इन्होंने सुनार को अपना इष्टदेव माना और उससे अपने प्राणों की रक्षा के लिए विनती की। इस इष्टदेव ने इन्हें अन्य रूप प्रदान कर प्राणदान दिया (अर्थात् इन गहनों आदि का स्थान आज ‘लाकेट’ आदि ने ले लिया है)। हाय ! आज यह वैभवशालिनी बिन्दी मृत्यु की अन्तिम घड़ियाँ गिन रही है। वंद्य भी अब जवाब दे चुके हैं। कोई नहीं जानता किस समय इसका प्राण-दीप बुझे !

सम्वाददाताओं से तुलसीदास की भेंट

(पृष्ठ १२ का शेष)

मुस्कराते हुए तुलसीदास बोले—बहिन यों तो मैं चाहे जब आ सकता हूँ पर अच्छा हो आप तब बुलावें जब कि दिल्ली में बहुत सुन्दर गीत प्रधान फिल्म चल रही हो।

इतना कहकर तुलसीदास रौकेट में बैठ गए। हम लोगों ने टा-टा की और राकेट उनको लेकर चन्द्रलोक चला गया।

हास्य रस की कविता :

## ‘नेताजी बनने का नुसखा’

हातमसिंह वर्मा प्रेप ‘आर्ट्स’

खुद गरजी की जड़ दो तोले, इससे दूनी चोर बज़ारी ।  
रिश्वतखोरी का सत खालिस, आधा तोला लो मक्कारी ।  
जातिवाद का कुस्ता लेलो, लेकिन असली पाकिस्तानी ।  
छाल रपाकारी की ताज़ा, नौ माशा ले लो शैतानी ।

खालिस्तानी गुद्दारे की छत पर इसे सुखा लेना ।  
खतराये इसलाम खरल में, फिर इसको पिसवा लेना ।  
अमरीकी डिसटिल्ड के छीटे, हल्के हल्के इस पर मार ।  
सैक्यूलरीजम चासनी इसकी, ढाई बार करो तैयार ।

बेईमानी की धीमी-धीमी, अग्नि में इसे पकालो ।  
सभी बराबर की हों, फिर इसकी बारह गोली बनवालो ।  
हिस्स के प्याले में, बेशर्मी का थोड़ा सा शर्वत लेकर ।  
गोली एक निगल जाना तुम बापू जी की जय कहकर ।

पन्द्रह अगस्त, छब्बीस जनवरी, जैसे मीके पर जाना ।  
बदन साफ तो रखना ही, कुर्त्ता रोजाना धुलवाना ।  
परिक्रमा तुम करो हमेशा, जाकर राजघाट के द्वार ।  
चाचा नेहरू की जय बोलो कम से कम ढाई सौ बार ।

देश भवित का दम भरना तुम, लेकिन बिलकुल भूठी हो ।  
साष्टांग नित करो दण्डवत, पंत साहब की कोठी को ।  
नुसखा तो साधारण है, पर है परहेज कठिन थोड़ा ।  
सब मत बोलो कभी भूलकर, रोओगे यदि वह तोड़ा ।

तीन साल तक ठीक इसे तुम अगर निभाते जाओगे ।  
‘वर्मा’ सत्य कहता हूँ प्यारे, एम-एल, ए बन जाओगे ।

# मोहिनी

लेखक—हीरा वल्लभ तिवारी 'उन्मत्त'

“अतीत के जिन गहरे घावों को कमल की कोमलता अपने करों से सहला रही थी, उनको स्मृति-पथ से आकर मोहिनी ने एक गार पुनः उकसा दिया है। भरे फफोले फूट पड़े हैं। कमल की कोमलता जर्जरता में परिवर्तित हो गई है और मोहिनी की स्मृति मुझे अपने आप में भयभीत करने लगी है। समझ नहीं आता कहाँ इस दौड़ का अन्त होगा ?”

मैं, मेरा अपनापन और मेरा एकाकीपन इन तीनों से निर्मित है मेरा जीवन। पर यहीं पर इति नहीं, इसके ओट में कुछ 'और' भी है। सोचता हूँ यह 'और' कब और क्यों मेरे जीवन में आया ? पर सोचना सोचना ही रह जाता है। उत्तर स्वयं प्रश्न बनकर मुझे उलझा जाता है। इसी उलझन में आज तक उलझता आया हूँ। सुलझाने का न तो प्रयत्न ही किया और न आवश्यकता ही समझी। कल जब कमल के घर से लौटा तो बचपन के एक मित्र मिल गए, मित्र क्या मिले कि मुझे जड़ से ही हिला गये। मित्र ने तो सहज में ही कह दिया— “मोहिनी, जब भी ससुराल से आती है तो नदी पर के मैदान पर खड़ी होकर उन्मत्त सी बिखरे पत्थरों को उठाकर अपनी छाती से लगा लेती है। गाँव वाले कहते हैं उसे घाटी का भूत लगा है।” कौसी विडम्बना है ! मोहिनी को भूत लग गया और मेरा भविष्य खो गया और वर्तमान हम दोनों पर अट्टहास कर हँस रहा है। सोचता हूँ यह सब एक उलझन सा बन गया है। इसीलिए इसे स्पष्ट करना ही होगा। जीवन के बाइस वर्षों की स्मृति मोहिनी की कहानी के साथ प्रज्वलित करनी होगी।

मोहिनी और मैं आस-पास के गाँव के रहने वाले थे। सीमा केवल कल कल निनाद करती हुई राम गंगा थी।

इसी के पास हम दोनों गाय चराने आया करते थे। यहीं हुआ था हमारा परिचय। साथ में मोहिनी की और गायों का भी परिचय। मोहिनी की अवस्था लगभग नौ साल थी और मेरी ग्यारह साल। परिचय के बाद मेरे नंने पाँव में काँटा चुभ गया। मैं पीड़ा से कराह उठा। मोहिनी ने हड़बड़ाते हुए मेरा पाँव अपनी गोद में रख लिया और काँटा निकालने लगी। काँटा निकल गया। तभी बोली वह “कितने गन्दे हैं तेरे पैर ? धोता क्यों नहीं ?”

“धोता तो हूँ।”

“देख तो, फूट कर चीरे पड़ गये। जूता क्यों नहीं खरीद लेता ? और देख, कितने गन्दे हैं तेरे कपड़े ? क्या तेरी माँ तेरे कपड़े नहीं धोती ? मेरी माँ तो रोज मेरे कपड़े धोती है।”

“मेरी माँ तो है ही नहीं।” गम्भीर होकर मैं बोला।

“तो क्या तेरी माँ नहीं है ?” आश्चर्य से उसने पूछा।

“नहीं मैंने उत्तर दिया। उसके बाद उसने कुछ नहीं पूछा मैंने ही सब कुछ बता दिया। इस तरह बीता हमारा प्रथम परिचय, क्षण भर बाद हम खेल में लीन हो गये। थोड़ी देर पहले का मातृ-वियोग, दुख न जाने कहाँ लुप्त हाँ गया। हमारे खिलखिलाहट से गूँज रही थी सारी



घाटी। इसी तरह बीत रहे थे दिन।

एक दिन मोहिनी को न जाने क्या सूझा? नदी किनारे घाटी के बालू पर घर बनाने लगी। मैं भी अपने पुरुषत्व का अभिमान लेकर नदी की ओर बढ़ा और दो मछलियाँ पकड़ लाया। उछलते हृदय से मोहिनी को दिखाने दौड़ा। लीन थी मोहिनी अपने कार्य पर। “मोहिनी, देखो तो मछलियाँ मार लाया हूँ” मैं बोला। “तो मैं क्या करूँ?” विरक्त सी होकर मोहिनी ने उत्तर दिया, मेरा सारा उत्साह जाता रहा। तभी बोली वह फिर—“तू मछलियाँ मारता है न, इसीलिए तेरी सौतेली माँ तुझे पीटती है।”

“अब नहीं मारूँगा अराधी सा मैं बोला। मेरे अल्प ज्ञान ने मोहिनी के महा ज्ञान को स्वीकार कर लिया।

“भूटा, रोज ही तो ऐसे कहता है।”

“भगवान की कसम, तेरी कसम, अब नहीं मारूँगा।”

“नहीं मारेगा न? तो फेंक दे इन्हें पानी में और पत्थर इकट्ठे कर।”

“पत्थर! वह किस लिये? मैंने पूछा।

“देखता नहीं घर बना रही हूँ। तेरी सौतेली माँ तुझे पीटती है न, एक दिन घर से भी निकाल देगी। फिर कहाँ जायेगा? चुपके से यहीं आ जाना। ठीक है न? खिलखिला कर हँस पड़ी मोहिनी, ऐसा कहते कहते। गूँज उठा सारा वन प्रान्त।

“और तू” मैंने पूछा।

“मैं, मैं भी यहीं आजाऊँगी। उत्तर दिया उसने। आज भले उस उत्तर के अर्थ का अनर्थ मैं कर लूँ परन्तु उस समय का हमारा ज्ञान वहीं तक सीमित था, इसीलिए तो मोहिनी ने ऐसा उत्तर दिया।

पर मैं अपनी शरारत से बाज नहीं आया। एक लात मारी मकान पर। बालू का मकान ढह गया। मकान क्या गिरा, मोहिनी का संसार मिट गया। भयकर मुद्रा बना रूठ गई मोहिनी। क्षण भर सारा वातावरण मौन हो गया। मैं अपराध स्वीकार करते हुए बोला—“मोहिनी

माफ कर दे; अब नहीं करूँगा?”

“कुछ उत्तर नहीं दिया उसने! अचल, निशा सी गम्भीर बनी रही वह।

“सच कहता हूँ, अब के माफ कर दे। आगे कभी नहीं करूँगा।” फिर भी नहीं बोली वह। बिल्कुल नहीं बोली।

“तो मुझसे नहीं बोलोगी, मत बोलना, कभी मत बोलना तू बोलोगी तो तब भी नहीं बोलूँगा मैं” चिढ़कर मैं बोला—

“तो क्यों तोड़ा तूने मेरा घर?” गुस्से से वह बोली।

“घर तो मेरा था, तूने ही तो कहा था।”

“पर बनाया तो मैंने था तू तोड़ने वाला कौन था? अब बना दे वैसा ही।”

“वैसा ही, ले अभी ले, फिर बोलोगी तो ज़रूर न?”

“पहले बना वैसा ही”—उसने हाथ नचाते हुए उत्तर दिया।

और बनाने लगा मैं मकान। बिखरे पत्थर इकट्ठे किये। मोहिनी बैठी रही सुनसान सी पास पड़े पत्थर पर। मकान बनने को तैयार था दिखाया मैंने मोहिनी को, देखते ही बोली—“तुझे घर बनाना आता भी है? बड़ा आया कहीं का कारीगर। दरवाजा एक ही क्यों रखा? मैंने तो दो रखे थे और बुनियाद क्यों नहीं रखी?”

तो क्या पहले बुनियाद रखनी पड़ती है?” अच्छा यह खराब हो गया। इसे बिगाड़कर दूसरा बनाता हूँ।

“नहीं रहने दे अब, देरी हो गई।”

“पर मुझसे बोलोगी तो ज़रूर न?” मैंने पूछा, उत्तर में एक हल्का सा मुक्का पड़ा मेरी पीठ पर। दौड़ पड़ी फिर मोहिनी। मैं भी सब कुछ भूल कर पीछा करता रहा उसका। इस तरह बीत रहा था हमारा बचपन।

और तब एक दिन अनजाने में कह बैठा उससे—  
“मोहिनी, कल बाजार जा रहा हूँ, बोल तेरे लिए क्या लाऊँगा?”

‘मेरे लिए, मेरे लिए चूड़ियाँ, बिन्दी, रंग, धमेले, और जलेबी ले आना।’

“बस ?”

और क्या, पैसे कहाँ से आयेंगी तेरे पास ?

“पैसों की चिन्ता न कर, पिता जी को दिए हैं मैंने, मागूँगा उनसे।” उसके बाद हम दिन भर खेलते रहे। मोहिनी मुझे अपनी चीजों की याद दिलाती रही और मैं बाजार के सपने देखता रहा।

दूसरे दिन बाजार गया। दुकानों पर लटकी चूड़ियाँ, धोतियाँ, धमेले, बिन्दी, जलेबी न जाने क्या क्या खरीदता रहा मैं अपनी मोहिनी के लिये। पर कल्पना में। यथार्थ में पिताजी ने एक कौड़ी भी नहीं दी। शाम को निराश घर लौटा। हृदय चीत्कार कर रहा था। मोहिनी को कैसे मुँह दिखाऊँगा, उसको क्या कहूँगा ? रातभर यही सोचते रहा, रोते रहा। पिता जी मेरी छोटी सौतेली बहन के लिए लाये थे सब कुछ। वह अनजान मुझे दिखा कर बोली—दादा, देखो तो पिता जी क्या क्या लाए हैं मेरे लिए। जी में आया सब कुछ छीनकर मोहिनी को दे दूँ। पर कुछ न कर सका। रोते रहा, रोते रहा।

दूसरे दिन मैं नहीं चाहता था कि मैं गायों को खोलूँ पर माँ की फटकार ने बाध्य किया मुझे। मेरे कदम आगे नहीं बढ़ रहे थे। हृदय फफक कर रो रहा था। जी चाहता था कि मोहिनी को अपनी सूरत तक न दिखाऊँ। क्या कहेगी वह ? यदि उसने बोलना छोड़ दिया तो ? तभी देख लिया मोहिनी ने मुझे आते हुए। दौड़ते हुए आई, बोली बड़ी बड़ी आँखें दिखाकर—ला मेरी चीजें। मौन था मैं, उत्तर तक देने को न था। फिर बोली वह—“देता क्यों नहीं,” उसने दोनों हाथ मेरी फटी जेबों में डाले, कुछ न निकला वहाँ। सहम गई एक बार फिर वह। दूर खड़ी हो गई मुझसे। एक बार फिर मनाने का प्रयत्न किया मैंने—“कल लाऊँगा मोहिनी।”

“कहाँ से लायेगा कल ? तुनक कर, आँखें भर कर उत्तर दिया उसने।”

“कल जरूर लाऊँगा, कहीं से भी लाऊँ।”

“जरूर लायेगा न।”

“हाँ” फिर आरम्भ हो गया हमारा खेल। मान गई वह मेरी बात। याद दिलाते रही मुझे। पर मेरे हृदय में प्रश्नों की झड़ी लगी थी। कहाँ से लाऊँगा ? पैसे कहाँ से आयेंगी। पर लाना तो जरूर होगा। नहीं तो फिर रूठ जाएगी मोहिनी। आखिर शाम हुई मोहिनी ने आती बार फिर याद दिलाई। फिर टीस सी उठी मेरे हृदय में। अन्त में वही किया मैंने जो हर व्यक्ति बुरी परिस्थितियों में करता है। पिता जी की जेब से एक रुपया निकाल कर बेतहाशा भागा, दुकान की ओर। पर हा दुर्दैव। पकड़ा गया मैं। पिता जी न जाने कहाँ से आ टपके। देखते ही क्रोध से बोले, “यह क्या खरीद रहा है ?”

क्या उत्तर देता निर्जीव सा खड़ा रहा।

“बोलता क्यों नहीं, किसके लिए हैं ये ?”

“कुछ भी नहीं बोला मैं, काँप उठा हृदय में।”

“एक चपत पड़ी गाल पर, आँसू साथ ही निकले आँखों से। फिर न जाने कितनी चपतें पड़ीं। अन्त में बतला ही दिया मैंने—“मोहिनी के लिए।”

“मोहिनी कौन है ?” पूछा पिता जी ने।

“परिचय दिया मैंने उसका। बस क्या था ले गये पिता जी मुझे उसके घर। मोहिनी के पिता जी हुक्का गुड़ गुड़ा रहे थे। गरज पड़े पिता जी। लोगों का जम घट लग गया। बुलाया गया मोहिनी को। छुई मुई सी अपने आप में सिकटी, भय से काँपती आई वह। देख न सका मैं उसको दृष्टि उठा कर।”

“क्यों री छोकरी क्या मँगाया था इस छोकरे से ? हमारे घर में क्या कमी थी ? गरजते हुए पूछा उसके पिता ने।”

“मैंने तो कुछ नहां मँगाया था बाबा” क्षीण, काँपती आवाज में उत्तर मिल।

“तूने ही तो कहा था, चूड़ियाँ लाना, बिन्दी लाना।  
अपने अन्तरतम की हाहाकार को रोककर तथा अनिश्चित  
भय से भयभीत होकर कह गया मैं यह वाक्य। बस क्या  
था, बूढ़े ने आव देखा न ताव, मारी फर्शी की तली  
मोहिनी पर। एक चीत्कार भयावह चीत्कार, गिर पड़ी  
वह धरती पर। मेरा १२ वर्षीय जीवन अपने प्रति घृणा  
से भर उठा। मेरा हृदय हाहाकार कर उठा। स्वयं को

न देख सका, मोहिनी को न देख सका। हृदय, घृणा,  
क्रोध से भर उठा। जी में आया पास पड़े पत्थर से,  
मोहिनी का सर फोड़ दूँ। अपने पिता जी का सर फोड़  
दूँ। पर कुछ न कर सका। पिता जी के वज्र समान हाथ  
को भकभोर कर भागा। भागता रहा, भागता रहा,  
आज भी भागता आ रहा हूँ।



## मेरा जीवन संघर्ष

बलदेवकुमार सेठी 'पुष्प'  
वी०एस०सी [तृतीय वर्ष]

मैं गलती का इक पुतला हूँ, बस गलती करता आया हूँ;  
मुस्कान भली मैं चाहता हूँ—पर हर दम रोता आया हूँ;  
हर बात के पीछे गलती पर, बस दुःख को गाता आया हूँ,  
हर गलती को मैं सोच सोच कर, भूत में खोता आया हूँ।  
कभी भविष्य न जान सकूँ, पर रोना सोचे आया हूँ—  
हाँ भूतकाल को पकड़ पकड़ कर, वर्तमान में लाया हूँ;  
हर सुख को स्वयं ही ठुकरा कर, मैं दुःख को लेता आया हूँ  
हर खुशी में भी मुस्कान छोड़ कर, मैं तो रोता आया हूँ।  
सोने को मैं छोड़ छोड़ कर, कोले चनता आया हूँ,  
हर मोती को बस ठुकरा कर, मैं कंकर चुनता आया हूँ;  
हर कली को देख के मुरझाते, मैं हर दम रोता आया हूँ,  
छोड़ कर सेज पुष्पों की, मैं कंटक पर सोता आया हूँ।  
बदनाम करो न 'पुष्प' मुझे—मैं ऐसे करता आया हूँ,  
ये मुस्काते वे खुश होते, मैं आँसू पीता आया हूँ;  
मुस्कान मुझे कुछ याद नहीं कभी होठों पर भी लाया हूँ—  
हाँ गलती का इक पुतला बन, मैं गलती करता आया हूँ।

अध्यक्षः  
मनोहरो विद्यालंकारः

सम्पादकः  
मामचन्द्रः

## अनुक्रमणिका

|                                           |                      |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| (१) सम्पादकीयम्                           | मामचन्द्रः           |
| (२) स्वतन्त्रभारते संस्कृतभाषायाः स्थानम् | राजेन्द्रो भारद्वाजः |
| (३) अरक्षितस्तिष्ठति देवरक्षितः           | पुरुषोत्तमलालः       |
| (४) सुभाषितानि                            | देवबाला              |

## सम्पादकीयम्

अस्य वर्षस्य 'देश' पत्रिकायाः प्रथमोऽङ्को विद्यते भवतां समक्षम् । सर्वतः पूर्वमस्य नववर्षस्य नवछात्राणां स्वागतं कुर्मो वयम् । पत्रिकायाः संस्कृतविभागे कतिपया एव रचना विद्यन्ते । पत्रिकायां स्थानाभाव एवात्र कारणम् । व्यं संस्कृतछात्रा भवतां सेवायामेतानि स्वल्पान्येव संस्कृतप्रसूनानि अर्पयामः । अर्धविकसितानि मुकुलितानि वा इमानि प्रसूनानि देश पत्रिकायाः प्रत्येक कर्णं सुगन्धमयं कर्तुं स्यात् न पारयेयुः परमेकं कर्णं तु दिव्यसुगन्धेन सुसंस्कृतं विधातुं पारयन्ति इति निर्विवादमेव ।

हर्षावहोऽयं विषयो यदत्र देशबन्धुमहाविद्यालये गतवर्षे एव स्थापिता संस्कृतपरिषत् प्रतिदिनं प्रगतिपथं प्रयाति । परिषदियं विद्यार्थिषु प्राचीनभारतीयसभ्यतां साहित्यं च प्रति रुचिं जनयितुं यतते । अस्याः प्रयत्नोऽस्ति यदत्र संस्कृतस्य कार्याणि समधिकं समुन्नतिं प्राप्नुयुः, संस्कृतभाषायाश्च समधिकः प्रचारः स्यात् । सितम्बर-मासस्य तृतीयतिथौ बुधवासरे संस्कृतपरिषद एका

गोष्ठी अभवत् यस्यां छात्रा निबन्धकथासमस्यादिभिः हर्षैः स्वरचनाः पठितवन्तः । गोष्ठ्याः समस्त एव पुरोगमः देववाण्यामेवाभवत् ।

भारते अद्य देशस्य समाजस्य चोन्नत्यै श्रीवृद्धये च संस्कृतभाषाऽत्यावश्यकी वर्तते । इयं भारतवर्षस्य सुष्ठु श्रेवधिः वरिष्ठश्च सन्निधिः । विश्वसाहित्यस्य सर्वप्राचीन-ग्रन्थाः, धर्माधर्मप्रतिपादकाश्चत्वारो वेदाः, ब्राह्मणग्रन्थाः, गौरवभूतानि षड् दर्शनशास्त्राणि, पुराणानि, स्मृतिग्रन्थाः, भगवद्गीता, रामायणं, महाभारतं शाकुन्तलं चेत्यादिभिः साहित्यरत्नैः समलंकृता नो देववाणी । संस्कृतभाषैव भारतीयसंस्कृतिं सभ्यतां च रक्षितुं समर्था न काप्यन्या भाषा । अतो भारतस्य गौरवाय आर्यं संस्कृतेश्च रक्षणाय अस्याः प्रचारः प्रसारश्च सर्वैरेव कर्तव्यः ।

अन्ते वयं प्रभुं प्रार्थयामो यत् भारते भातु भव्या भारती, देशश्च समुन्नतिं प्राप्नोतु ।

## स्वतंत्रभारते संस्कृतभाषायाः स्थानम्

(निबन्धकः -- राजेन्द्रो भारद्वाजः)

आंगलानां शासनकाले आंगलभाषैव राज्यभाषासीत् । राज्यसभामु न्यायालयेषु महाविद्यालयेषु विद्वद्भव्यवहारेषु च सैव भाषा प्रयुज्यमाना व्यराजत । अधुना गतेषु विदेशीयशासकेषु, अधिगते च स्वातंत्र्ये का वाणी राष्ट्र-भाषा पदवीमलंकुरुतामिति समस्यायां समुपस्थितायां हिन्दी भाषैव तत्स्थानेऽभिषिच्यतामिति शासकैः स्थिरीकृतम् । अस्य निर्णयस्य मूलभूता युक्तिस्त्वेषा निगद्यते यद् हिन्दी सर्वासां प्रान्तीयभाषाणां सरलतमा बहुसंख्यैर्जनैर्मतृभाषात्वेन व्यवहियमाणा च वर्तते इति । यद्यपि तत्त्वतः प्रबलेयं युक्तिस्तथापि प्रयोगेऽस्या अनुभूयन्ते काश्चन दुर्विधाः । उत्तरभारतीयानां विशेषतः उत्तर-प्रदेशीयानां हिन्दीभाषायां मुलभाधिकारत्वात्तेऽनायासेनैव तस्यां भाषायामाधिपत्यमधिगत्य तानि तानि राज्यपदानि लीलयेवाधिरोढुं समर्था भवन्ति । तदपेक्षया बंगवैश्या कालिगाः दक्षिणात्याश्च प्रभूतं प्रयासं कुर्वन्तोऽपि स्वस्व-मातृभाषातो हिन्दीं कठिनतरामनुभवन्तस्ताम् प्रत्यरुचिं प्रकटीकुर्वन्ति । उत्तरप्रदेशीयानां कृते एकैव भाषाऽधिकारप्रदा लोकयात्राकरि च, इतरप्रान्तीयानां कृते पुनर् भाषाद्वयाध्य-यनं परमावश्यकं इत्येतादृशीं दुर्व्यवस्थां दृष्ट्वा मात्रा अन्ये च केचन आंगलभाषामेव राज्यभाषात्वेन प्रवर्तमाना-मभिनन्दन्ति स्वदेशाभिमानिनस्तु विदेशीयभाषा प्राधान्य-मसहमाना दृढमत्र विप्रतिपद्यन्ते ।

आविर्भूतायां चैतस्यां विषमस्थितौ यदि पक्षपात-राहित्येन चित्येत संस्कृतभाषैव पुनरपि देशे सुव्यवस्थां आनेतुं क्षमा । तस्या हि समानं सर्वेषु प्रान्तेषु आत्मीयत्वम् । राष्ट्रभाषात्वेन नियतीकृतायां तस्यां सर्वैर्जनैर्विशेषं भाषाद्वयं अध्येयं स्यान्न च स्यात् कापि विषमा परि-स्थितिः ।

अत्र केचिद् गीर्वाणवाणीविद्वेषिणः प्रत्यवतिष्ठन्ते । तेषां कृते संस्कृतभाषाया राज्यभाषाकरणं सर्वथाऽसंभवन्-यतः सुरभारती मृतप्राया, अतीव कठिना व्यवहारायोन्-च । परन्तु नैतद् वचनं क्षोदक्षमम् । एतस्य समयस्त्व-बीजन्तु तत्समर्थकानां संस्कृतानभिज्ञत्वम् । संस्कृतभाषा-विरोधे ये त्रयो हेतव उपात्तास्ते क्रमशो विचार्यन्ते—

मृतप्राया संस्कृतभाषा इति ये मन्यन्ते तावद् ग्रीक भाषाया लैटिनभाषायाश्च प्लक्षद्वीपे परिस्थितिं दृष्ट्वा तयोः साम्येन संस्कृतभाषामपि उपरतामाकलयन्ति । तेषां मतन्तु वैदेशिकैरेव संस्कृतज्ञैरिनाकृतं वेदितव्यम् ।

कदाचिद् विन्टरनिट्सनामा संस्कृतभाषापण्डितः शर्मण्यो भारतवर्षमागत्य शान्तिनिकेतनारव्ये विश्व-विद्यालये मुद्राराक्षसं नाम नाटकं प्रयुज्यमानमपश्यत् । तत्र च प्रेक्षकारणां तं तं रसविशेषमनुभवतामुत्साहादिभाव-विशेषान् प्रकटयतां रसचवर्णानन्दं निरीक्ष्य, महाविद्वानो उद्घोषयत् यज्जीवत्येव संस्कृतभाषा भारतवर्षे । मैक्डोनाल महोदयोऽपि स्पष्टं लिखितवान् स्वकीये संस्कृतसाहित्ये-तिहासे—

“पश्यत, संस्कृतभाषैषा क्रैस्तवाब्दारम्भाद्बहुभ्यः शतकाब्देभ्यः प्रागिवाद्यापि परस्सहस्रैर्ब्राह्मणैर्विद्वद्भाषैव भाष्यते । तथा ग्रन्थकार्येऽपि न खल्वेषा नोपयुज्यते पुरेवाधुनापि । अनुदिनमवतार्यन्ते ह्येतद्भाषामयाः परश्शता ग्रन्था पत्रिकाश्च” इत्यादि ।

काठिन्यमपि संस्कृतभाषाया विचारमात्रमेव काचिदपि भाषा भूयो भूयः श्रवणेन मुहुर्मुहुर्भाषणेन अविरलेन चाभ्यासेन सम्यगधिकृता भवति । यदा च कस्याश्चिद् भाषाया धनोपार्जनक्षमता तदैव सा भाषा लोकैः सोत्साह-

अधीयते । अन्यायश्चायं विहितः सुरभारत्या सह यस्या  
अध्ययनाय केवलं होरामात्रपरिमितः सार्धहोरामात्र  
परिमितो वा कालः प्रतिसप्ताहं नियतीक्रियते विद्यालयेषु ।  
न च शासनतोऽनिवार्यरूपेण संस्कृतस्याध्ययनं व्यवस्था-  
नितम् । धनोपार्जनेऽपि नास्त्येवोपादेयताऽस्या भाषायाः ।  
अधुनापि यदि तावानेव कालः संस्कृतभाषाध्ययने दीयते  
दावानागलभाषायाः कृते प्रयुज्यते, राज्याधिकारपदोपलब्धये  
चानिवार्यं चेद् भवेदस्या अध्ययनमवश्यमेव सापि भविष्यति  
नादृशी एव सुलभा सरला रुचिरा च यादृश्यागलभाषा  
हिन्दीभाषा वा ।

व्यवहारयोस्वन्तु सुरभारत्या निर्विवादम् । तस्यां  
बन्धु वर्तन्ते बहुविधानि पारिभाषिकाणि व्यवहारयोग्यानि

पदानि । नवीना अपि शब्दा यथा भाषान्तरेषु तथा संस्कृत-  
भाषायामपि निर्मातुं संग्रहीतुं च शक्यन्ते ।

अन्यच्च गीर्वाण्यां राष्ट्रभाषापदेऽभिषिक्तायां भवि-  
ष्यति भारतवर्षस्यैकशृङ्खलावद्धत्वं पारस्परिकेर्ष्याविच्छेदः  
स्वभाषाभाषित्वं च । यावन्न सम्पत्स्यत एतत् तावदस्मद्  
देशस्य भाषासमस्या तथाविधैव प्रवर्तिष्यते यथाविधा  
साऽद्यत्वे वर्तते । अस्मिन् विषयेऽस्मच्छिष्टा नेतार एव  
अग्रेसर भवितुमर्हन्ति ते चेत् संस्कृतं प्रति बद्धादरा इतरे  
ऽपि जनाः संस्कृताध्ययनाय रुचिं दर्शयिष्यन्ति ।

उक्तं हि भगवता कृष्णेन—

यद्यदाचरति श्रेष्ठस्ततद्देवेतरो जनः ।  
स यत्प्रमाणं कुरुते लोकस्तदनुवर्तते ।

## सुभाषितानि

(संग्रहकर्त्री—देवबाला बी० ए० प्रथमो वर्षः)

१. न्याय्यात्पथः प्रविचलन्ति पदं न धीराः ।
२. यो ददाति दरिद्रेभ्यो धनं पुण्यं स विन्दते ।
३. पुष्पात् पुष्पं भ्रमन् भृङ्गश्चिनोति लवशो मधुः ।
४. अनुवतमप्यूहति पण्डितो जनः ।
५. भिन्नरुचिर्हि लोकः ।
६. सर्वमत्यन्तं गहितम् ।
७. कार्यं वा साधयेयम् शरीरं वा पातयेयम् ।
८. आशा हि दुःखस्य कारणम् ।

अथ सुजनप्रशंसा

( १ )

वदनं प्रसादसदनं  
सदयं हृदयं सुधामुचो वाचः

करणं परोपकरणं,  
येषां, केषां न ते वन्द्याः ॥

( २ )

न भवति, भवति च न चिरं  
भवति चिरं चेत् फले विसंवादी ।  
क्रोधः सत्पुरुषाणां  
तुल्यः स्नेहेन नीचानाम् ॥

अन्योक्तिः (चन्द्रः)

प्रथमदिवसचन्द्रः सर्वलोकैकवन्दलः ।  
स च सकलकलाभिः पूर्णचन्द्रो न वन्द्यः ॥

अन्योक्तिः (क्षमा)

प्राजन्मसिद्धं कौटिल्यं खलस्य च हलस्य च ।  
सोढुं तयोर्मुखाक्षेपमलमेकैव सा क्षमा ॥

( ३ )

## अरक्षितस्तिष्ठति देवरक्षितः

(कथाकारः—पुरुषोत्तमलालः विज प्रेम् आर्ट्स)

रामतारणनामा एका सुजनः कर्णपुरे कस्मिंश्चित् कार्यालये कार्यं करोति स्म । तस्यैका भार्या एका कन्या चास्ताम् । एकदा कार्यालयात् निवृत्य तेन दृष्टं—यत् तस्य भार्या कन्या च सानन्दं एकं पत्रं पठन्त्यौ वर्तते । तेनोक्तम्—“कस्यास्ति इदं पत्रं, का वार्ता चास्ति ?” कन्योवाच मम मातुलस्य विवाहोऽस्ति । अस्माभि तंत्र गन्तव्यमेवास्ति इति तेन लिखितं साग्रहम् । रामतारणेन इयं वार्ता स्वीकृता ।

रामतारणः सप्तदिनानामवकाशं प्राप्य सपरिवारं लोहगन्त्रीविश्रामस्थले गत्वा यथासमये धूम्रयानं प्राविशत् । धूम्रयानेन तत्र मध्याह्नकाले यातम् । धूम्रयानात् अवतीर्य ते तत्रातिष्ठन् यतस्तस्य श्वशुरस्य गृहं तस्मात् स्थानात् अत्यधिकं दूरमासीत् । शकटमन्तरेण तत्र यातुं किञ्चिदपि साधनं न पर्याप्तम् । अतः रामतारणेनैकः शकटवाहकः आनीतः । प्रकृत्यैव विनम्रः, सुशीलः, सरलहृदयश्च स सम्पूर्णां कथां तस्मै न्यवेदयत् ।

शकटः शनैः शनैः चलन्नासीत् । रामतारणः निज-भार्या कन्याञ्च विविधानि दृश्याणि अदर्शयत् । शकट-वाहकः एकस्याः नद्यास्तीरं प्राप्य शकटमस्थापयत् । नद्यां जलधाराः तीव्रगत्या अवहन् । जलधाराः वीक्ष्य शकट वाहकेनोक्तम्—यन्मयैषा नदी न उत्तीर्णा, अतः अहम-धुनैव कञ्चित् सम्बन्धितं नेतुं इमं निकटस्थं ग्रामं यामि । रामतारणेन तस्य वचः स्वीकृतम् ।

शकटवाहकः किञ्चित् कालानन्तरं केनचिदपरेण

नरेण सह प्रत्यागच्छत् । यमराजेन सदृशं विशालकण्ठ अपरं नरमवलोक्य रामतारणः तस्मादबिभेत् । शकट-वाहकस्तस्य मित्रञ्च उपागत्य तमकथयताम् यत् यान्यप्य-भूषणानि रूप्यकारिण च तव पार्श्वे सन्ति तानि आवाञ्च-यच्छ । अन्यथावां त्वां असिना सह हनिष्यावः । रामतारण-निजप्राणरक्षायै सर्वाण्याभूषणानि ताभ्यामददान् आभूषणादिकं गृहीत्वा तौ चौरौ अकथयताम्—“यदि च जीविष्यसि तर्हि अस्माकं हानिं कर्तुं यतिष्यसे, अन्-आवां त्वां हत्वा नद्यां क्षिपावः ।”

एवमुक्त्वा उभौ असि तं दर्शयन्तौ तस्य समीपमगच्छ-ताम् । रामतारणः तस्य भार्या कन्या च निजप्राणात् रक्षितुं उच्चैः शब्दैः विपद्-विदारणं भगवन्तं मधुम-नमस्मरताम् । दिष्टया एका विचित्रा घटना तत्राभवत् प्रभोः प्रसादात् शकटस्य द्वौ वृषभौ चौरौ उपगम्य विद्युद्भ-आक्रमणमकुरुताम् । तीव्रैः विपाराप्रहारैः च उभौ चोन्-आहतौ भूत्वा भूमावपतताम् । सहसा इमां अद्भुतघटन-वीक्ष्य रामतारणः तस्य भार्या कन्या च किंकर्तव्यविमूढ-भूत्वा पाषाणवत् स्तब्धाः अभवन् ।

किञ्चित् कालानन्तरं कतिपयाः अन्ये नराः तत्र-गच्छन् । तैः एषः भीषणः दृश्यः सविस्तरः पृष्ठः रामतारणः सर्वा घटनां न्यवेदयत् केनचिदपरेण शकटेन च निजभार्याकन्याभ्यां सह गन्तव्यं स्थानं प्रत्यायात् न्यायाधीशः न्यायालये चौरौ शतं रूप्यकं पञ्चवर्ष-कारागारञ्चादण्डयत् ।

सयत्मेवोक्तम्—“अरक्षितः तिष्ठति देवरक्षितः ?”

# ਐਡੀਟੋਰੀਅਲ

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ਨਵੇਂ ਸਾਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਨਵੀਆਂ ਨਵੀਆਂ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਲਈ 'ਦੇਸ਼' ਅਜ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਫੜਿਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਮੈਗਜ਼ੀਨ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਰ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਲਿਖਣ ਦਾ ਯਤਨ ਕੀਤਾ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਜੇ ਕੋਈ ਇਸ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਮੀ ਰਹਿ ਗਈ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ, ਤਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਦੂਸਰੀ ਵਾਰ ਪੂਰੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਠੀਕ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਜਤਨ ਕਰਾਂਗੇ।

ਇਸ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਤੇ ਕਵਿਤਾਵਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਟੋਪੇ ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਕਈ ਹੋਰ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਰਖੀਆਂ ਗਈਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਹ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਅੱਡ ਅੱਡ ਵਿਸ਼ਿਆਂ ਤੇ ਲਿਖੀਆਂ ਗਈਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਹਨਾਂ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਵਿਚ ਕੇਵਲ ਹਸਾਣ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਖੁਸ਼ ਕਰਨ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਹੀ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਦੀਆਂ, ਸਗੋਂ ਇਹੋ ਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਮਿਲਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਕੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕਈ ਨਸੀਹਤਾਂ ਤੇ ਸਬਕ ਮਿਲਦੇ ਹਨ। ਇਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਕੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਅਕਲ ਦੂਣੀ ਚੋਗੁਣੀ ਕਰ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਾਂ।

ਆਖਰ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਭੈਣ ਭਰਾਵਾਂ ਦਾ ਮੈਂ ਧੰਨਵਾਦੀ ਹਾਂ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਕੇ 'ਦੇਸ਼' ਦੇ ਸਫਲ ਹੋਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਹਾਇਤਾ ਦਿਤੀ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਸਾਹਿਤ ਦੀ ਵੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੈ। ਕੁਝ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਕੁਝ ਕਾਰਨਾਂ ਕਰਕੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਛਪ ਸਕੀਆਂ, ਮੈਂ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਯਕੀਨ ਦਿਵਾਂਦਾ ਹਾਂ, ਕਿ ਅਗਲੀ ਵਾਰੀ ਛਪ ਜਾਣਗੀਆਂ।

ਇਸ ਪ੍ਰਕਾਰ ਮੈਂ ਪ੍ਰਿੰਸੀਪਲ ਅਤੇ ਮਿਸਟਰ ਰਾਧਾ ਕ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਨ ਸੂਦ ਅਤੇ ਪ੍ਰੋ: ਸੀ. ਐਲ. ਕੁਮਾਰ ਦਾ ਅਤੀ ਧੰਨਵਾਦੀ ਹਾਂ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ 'ਦੇਸ਼' ਦੇ ਸਫਲ ਹੋਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਹਿਯੋਗ ਅਤੇ ਸਹਾਇਤਾ ਦਿਤੀ ਹੈ।

ਮਦਨ ਮੋਹਨ ਕੋਸ਼ਲ





# ਕਿਸਮਤ

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ਇਕ ਪਿੰਡ ਵਿਚ ਰਾਮ ਲਾਲ ਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਇਕ ਤਰਖਾਣ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਸੀ। ਉਹਦੀ ਇਕ ਲੜਕੀ ਸੀ, ਜਿਸ ਦਾ ਨਾਂ ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਸੀ। ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਬੜੀ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਸੀ। ਪਿੰਡ ਦੇ ਮੁੰਡੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਹੈਲਨ ਦੇ ਖਿਤਾਬ ਨਾਲ ਪੁਕਾਰਦੇ ਸਨ। ਪਰ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਨਾਲ ਉਹਦਾ ਚਾਲ ਚਲਨ ਵੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾਲ ਮੁਕਾਬਲਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੀ ਕਰਦਾ। ਉਹ ਕਦੀ ਵੀ ਅਪਣੇ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਦੇ ਪੁਛੇ ਬਗ਼ੈਰ ਘਰੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਨਿਕਲਦੀ। ਉਹ ਬੜੇ ਨਰਮ ਸੁਭਾ ਵਾਲੀ ਤੇ ਚੰਦ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਸੀਤਲਤਾ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਭਰੀ ਹੋਈ ਸੀ। ਉਹਦੀ ਉਮਰ ੧੮ ਸਾਲ ਦੀ ਹੋ ਗਈ, ਪਰ ਰਾਮ ਲਾਲ ਗ਼ਰੀਬੀ ਦੇ ਕਾਰਨ ਉਹਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਦੀ ਨਾ ਕਰ ਸਕਿਆ।

ਦਿਨ ਲੰਘਦੇ ਗਏ, ਅਤੇ ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ੨੦ ਸਾਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਹੋ ਗਈ। ਉਹਦਾ ਜੋਬਨ ਗੁਲਾਬ ਦੇ ਫੁਲ ਵਾਂਗ ਖਿੜ ਆਇਆ। ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਜਾਪਦਾ ਸੀ, ਜਿਵੇਂ ਉਸ ਦਾ ਜੋਬਨ ਫੁਲ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੋਵੇ। ਉਹਦੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਚੋਂ ਇਕ ਅਨੋਖੀ ਝਲਕ ਡੁਲਦੀ ਸੀ। ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਦੇ ਦਿਲ 'ਚ ਲਖਾਂ ਖ਼ਿਆਲ ਆਂਦੇ ਜਾਂਦੇ। ਕਦੀਂ ਕਹਿੰਦੀ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਖ਼ੁਦ ਹੀ ਸ਼ਾਦੀ ਕਰ ਲਵਾਂ, ਪਰ ਫੇਰ ਗ਼ਰੀਬ ਪਿਤਾ ਦੀ ਇਜ਼ਤ ਦਾ ਖ਼ਿਆਲ ਆਉਂਦਾ।

ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਘਰ ਦੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਇਕ ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨ ਦਾ ਘਰ ਸੀ। ਉਸ ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨ ਦਾ ਇਕ ਅਹਿਮਦ ਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਲੜਕਾ ਸੀ। ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਇਸ ਲੜਕੇ ਦਾ ਚਾਲ ਚਲਨ ਚੰਗਾ ਸਮਝਦੀ ਸੀ ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਨੇ ਅਹਿਮਦ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਪਿੰਡੋਂ ਨਿਕਲ ਜਾਣ ਦੀ ਚਾਲ ਬਣਾਈ, ਤੇ ਉਹ ਇਕ ਹਨੇਰੀ ਰਾਤ ਪਿੰਡੋਂ ਨਿਕਲ ਗਏ ਅਤੇ ਆਗਰੇ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ। ਅਹਿਮਦ ਕਹਿਣ ਲਗਾ ਕਿ ਤੂੰ ਸਟੇਸ਼ਨ ਤੇ ਬੈਠ, ਤੇ ਮੈਂ ਅਪਨੀ ਭੂਆ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਲ ਆਵਾਂ। ਅਤੇ ਉਹ ਇਕ ਕੰਜਰੀ ਕੋਲ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜੋ ਬੁਢੀ ਹੋ ਚੁਕੀ ਸੀ, ਉਸ ਦੇ ਪਾਸ ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਨੂੰ ੬ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਰੁਪਏ 'ਚ ਵੇਚ ਦੇਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਫਿਰ ਵਾਪਸ ਸਟੇਸ਼ਨ ਤੇ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਭੂਆ ਜੀ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਤੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਘਰ ਆਣ ਲਈ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ, ਅਤੇ ਉਹ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਇਸਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਧੋਖੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਾ ਕੇ ਅਪਨੀ ਭੂਆ (ਕੰਜਰੀ) ਕੋਲ ਲੈ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਅੱਧਾ ਘੰਟਾ ਠਹਿਰਣ ਦੇ ਬਾਦ ਉਹ ਬਜ਼ਾਰ ਜਾਣ ਦਾ ਬਹਾਨਾ ਕਰਕੇ ਉਥੋਂ ਭੱਜ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਅਪਣੇ ਪਿੰਡ ਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜਿਥੇ ਕਿ ਇਸ ਗਲ ਦੀ ਆਮ ਚਰਚਾ ਹੋ ਰਹੀ ਸੀ।

ਕੰਜਰੀਆਂ ਕੋਲ ਹਰ ਕਿਸਮ ਦੇ ਲੋਕ ਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਹਾਲੀਂ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਨੇ ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਦਾ ਸਾਥ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਛੱਡਿਆ। ਜਦ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਇਸ ਗਲ ਦਾ ਪਤਾ ਲਗਾ ਤਾਂ ਬੜੀ ਰੋਈ, ਪਰ ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਉਥੇ ਇਕ ਆਦਮੀ ਆਇਆ ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਨੇ ੮ ਰੁਪਏ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਨੂੰ ਅਧੇ ਘੰਟੇ ਲਈ ਖਰੀਦ ਲਿਆ, ਪਰ ਹਾਲੀਂ ਤਕ ਉਸਦਾ ਧਰਮ ਕਾਇਮ ਸੀ। ਜਦ ਸੁਸ਼ੀਲਾ ਉਸ ਆਦਮੀ ਦੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਗਈ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਰੋਨ ਲਗ ਪਈ ਤੇ ਸਾਰੀ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਦਸੀ। ਉਹ ਆਦਮੀ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਦਾ ਬੜਾ ਗੂਹੜਾ ਦੋਸਤ ਸੀ। ਉਹ ਬੜਾ ਸ਼ਰਮਿੰਦਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਤੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਉਥੋਂ ਕੱਢ ਕੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਫਿਰ ਉਸਦੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਕੋਲ ਪਹੁੰਚਾ ਆਇਆ।

ਲਾਇਕ ਸਿੰਘ

ਟਰਾਂਸਲੇਟਰ—ਜਗਦੀਪ ਸਿੰਘ

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## ਤੱਪੇ

ਮੈਂ ਮੰਨਿਆ ਤੂੰ ਬਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ।  
ਕੀ ਹੋਇਆ ਸੋਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਮੈਂ,  
ਇਹ ਤੇ ਰਿਸ਼ਤਾ ਵੇ ਯਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ।

ਮੁੰਡੇ ਕਾਲਜ ਦੇ ਪੜ੍ਹਦੇ ਨੇ।  
ਕੋਠੇ ਤੇ ਤਕ ਸੋਹਣੀਏ,  
ਮੀਆਂ ਬੀਵੀ ਪਏ ਲੜਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਪਿਆ ਕਲਜੁਗ ਆਂਦਾ ਏ।  
ਦੇਖੋ ਪੈਰੀਂ ਹੱਥ ਲਾ ਕੇ,  
ਮੀਆਂ ਬੀਵੀ ਮਨਾਂਦਾ ਏ।

ਦੋ ਦਾਨੇ ਅੰਗੂਰਾਂ ਦੇ।  
ਸਚੀ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਦਸਾਂ,  
ਮਜੇ ਤੇਰੀ ਘੂਰਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਪਏ ਜਾਨ ਦੇ ਲਾਲੇ ਨੇ।  
ਮੇਰੀ ਨਜ਼ਰਾਂ 'ਚ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਹੋ,  
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਾਲੇ ਨੇ।

ਸੋਹਣੀ ਜਹੀ ਇਹ ਅੱਖ ਨੀ।  
ਕਿੱਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਦਾ ਮੈਂ ਤਕਦਾ,  
ਇਕ ਵਾਰੀ ਵੀ ਤੂੰ ਤਕ ਨੀ।

ਖੰਭ ਵਿਕਦੇ ਨੇ ਮੋਰਾਂ ਦੇ।  
ਅੱਖਾਂ ਨਾ ਮਾਰ ਸਾਨੂੰ,  
ਅਸੀਂ ਆਸ਼ਕ ਹਾ ਹੋਰਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਨਰੇਸ਼ ਅਨਜਾਨ

# ਧੋਖੇ ਬਾਜ਼

ਜੇ ਕਰ ਸੀ ਤੂੰ ਧੋਖਾ ਦੇਣਾ,  
ਕਾਹਨੂੰ ਅੱਖੀਆਂ ਲਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਸੁਤਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਜਗਾ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੇ,  
ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਢਾਈਆਂ ।

ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਗਲਾਂ ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ ਰਹੀਆਂ,  
ਨਾ ਕਢੀਆਂ ਨਾ ਪਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਵਾਂਗ ਪ੍ਰਾਹੁਣੇ ਪਾਇਆ ਫੇਰਾ,  
ਨਾ ਰੀਝਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਲਾਹੀਆਂ ।

ਮੇਰਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਖੁਵਾਰ ਤੂੰ ਕੀਤਾ,  
ਲੋਕਾਂ ਭੰਡੀਆਂ ਪਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਸ਼ਰਮ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਾ ਆਈ ਤੈਨੂੰ,  
ਤੂੰ ਜਦ ਤੀਉੜੀਆਂ ਪਾਈਆਂ ।

ਕਲ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਬਲਕ ਵਿਖਾ ਕੇ,  
ਅਜ ਤੂੰ ਘੂਰੀਆਂ ਪਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਤੂੰ ਗੈਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਅੱਡੇ ਚੜ੍ਹ ਕੇ,  
ਮੇਰੀਆਂ ਅੱਲਖਾਂ ਲਾਹੀਆਂ ।

ਤੀਰ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਦਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੇ,  
ਦਿਲ ਨੂੰ ਡੋਰੀਆਂ ਪਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਕਿਉਂ ਫਿਰ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੀ ਘੋੜੀ ਰੋਕੀ,  
ਖੁਦ ਜਦ ਅਖੀਆਂ ਲਾਈਆਂ ।

ਜੇ ਕਰ ਸੀ ਤੂੰ ਧੋਖਾ ਦੇਣਾ,  
ਕਾਹਨੂੰ ਅੱਖੀਆਂ ਲਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਸੁਤਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਜਗਾ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੇ,  
ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਢਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਮਦਨ ਮੋਹਨ ਕੋਸ਼ਲ



# ਗੋਦੜੀ ਦਾ ਲਾਲ

ਅਸਮਾਨ ਉਤੇ ਕਾਲੇ ਕਾਲੇ ਬੱਦਲ ਇਉਂ ਘੱਤੀ ਜਾ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ, ਮਾਨੋਂ ਗਲਵਕੜੀ ਪਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਬੇਤਾਬ, ਉਤਸਕ ਹੋਣ। ਅਜਿਹੇ ਬਰਸਾਤ ਦੇ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੂਰ ਦੁਰਾਡੇ ਤੋੜੀਂ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਮਾਰਿਆਂ, ਹਰ ਪਾਸੇ ਹਰਿਆਵਲ ਹੀ ਹਰਿਆਵਲ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆ ਰਹੀ ਸੀ। ਕੋਣ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਮੰਦ ਭਾਗੀ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ, ਜਿਸ ਦਾ ਦਿਲ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਭੀ ਪ੍ਰਸੰਨਤਾ ਨਾਲ ਗਦ ਗਦ ਨਾ ਹੋ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ।

ਪਰ.....ਆਹ !! ਸੋਹਣ ਸਿੰਘ, ਸੁਨੱਖਾ ਗਭਰੂ, ਜਿਸਦੀ ਅਜੇ ਮੁਛ ਮਸੇਂ ਮਸੇਂ ਫੁੱਟੀ ਸੀ, ਅਜਿਹੇ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਭੀ ਛੋਟੇ ਜਿਹੇ ਦਰਖ਼ਤ ਦੇ ਹੇਠਾਂ ਬੈਠਾ ਹੋਲੀ ਹੋਲੀ ਹੋ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੀ। ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਉਹ ਡਰਦਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਕਿਧਰੇ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਉੱਚੀ ਰੋਣ ਦੀ ਅਵਾਜ਼ ਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਰਾਹਗੀਰ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਦੁਖ ਨਾਲ ਮਜ਼ਾਕ ਨਾ ਕਰੇ, ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਉਹ ਕੁਝ ਦਿਨ ਪਹਿਲੋਂ ਹੀ ਕਲਾਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਮਝਾਏ ਗਏ ਉਪਦੇਸ਼ ਨੂੰ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਭੁਲਿਆ, ਕਿ—“ਸੁਖ ਮੈਂ ਬਹੁ ਸੰਗੀ ਭਏ, ਦੁਖ ਮੈਂ ਸੰਗ ਨ ਕੋਇ ॥” ਉਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਕਿ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਦੁਖ ਨੂੰ ਫਰੋਲਿਆ ਜਾਏ, ਮਜ਼ਾਕ ਉਡਾਣ ਲਈ। ਉਹ ਜਾਣਦਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ “ਜਿਸ ਤਨ ਲਾਗੇ ਸੋ ਤਨ ਜਾਣੇ.....।”

ਉਹ ਇਵੇਂ ਹੀ ਨਾ ਜਾਣੇ, ਕਿੰਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਤਕ ਇਕੱਲਾ ਮੋਤੀਆਂ ਜਿਹੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਂਸੂ ਆਪਣੇ ਸੁੰਦਰ ਤੇ ਭੋਲੇ ਚੇਹਰੇ ਉੱਤੇ ਵਗਾਂਦਾ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ, ਜੋ ਕਿਧਰੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਦੀ ਲੰਘਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਇਕ ਰਹਿਮ-ਦਿਲ ਪੇਂਡੂ ਇਉਂ ਰੋਂਦਿਆਂ ਤਕ ਕੇ ਪਸੀਜ ਨਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਤੇ ਚੁਪ ਨਾ ਕਰਾਂਦਾ। ਪੇਂਡੂ ਨੇ ਉਸ ਪਾਸੋਂ ਰੋਣ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਪੁਛਿਆ, ਤਾਂ ਸੋਹਣ ਇਕ ਲੰਮਾ ਤੇ ਠੰਡਾ ਸਾਹ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਬੋਲਿਆ—“ਮੇਰੇ ਹਮਦਰਦ ਸਾਥੀ ! ਕੀ ਲੈਣਾ ਜੇ ਮੇਰਾ ਦੁਖ ਪੁਛ ਕੇ ? ਬਹੁਤੇਰੇ ਇਸ ਰਾਹ ਤੋਂ ਮੁਸਕਾ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਹੀ ਧੁਨ ਵਿਚ ਮਸਤ ਲੰਘ ਗਏ। ਤੁਸੀਂ ਕਿਉਂ ਦੁਖੀ ਦੇ ਦੁਖ ਨਾਲ ਦੁਖੀ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹੋ।” ਪਰ ਪੇਂਡੂ ਦੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਵਿਚ ਗਭੁੰਦ ਲਹਿਜੇ ਅਗੇ ਸੋਹਣ ਨੂੰ ਝੁਕਣਾ ਹੀ ਪਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਇਉਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਰਾਮ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਕੀਤੀ:—

“ਓ ਮੇਰੇ ਦੁਖ ਦੇ ਸਾਥੀ ! ਅਸੀਂ ਛੇ ਭੈਣ ਭਰਾ ਹਾਂ। ਮੇਰਾ ਪਿਉ ਇਕ ਗ਼ਰੀਬ ਦੁਕਾਨਦਾਰ ਹੈ। ਹੁਣ F. A. ਤਕ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਨਾ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਕਰ ਕਰਾ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਨੂੰ ਤੋਰੀ ਰਖਿਆ। ਪਰ ਹੁਣ ਗ਼ਰੀਬੀ ਦੇ ਹਥੋਂ ਤੰਗ ਆ ਕੇ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰਨ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਬੰਦ ਕਰਵਾਣੀ ਪਈ। ਭਾਵੇਂ ਮੈਂ ਬਹੁਤੇਰੇ ਇਧਰ ਉਧਰ ਝੱਖ ਮਾਰੇ ਕਿ ਕਿਧਰੇ ਛੋਟਾ ਮੋਟਾ ਕੰਮ ਲਭ ਜਾਏ, ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਹੱਥ ਮੋਕਲਾ ਹੋਵੇ, ਪਰ.....ਕਿਥੇ ? ਹੁਣ ਤਾਂ ਅਕਲ ਅਤੇ ਹਿੰਮਤ ਭੀ ਜਵਾਬ ਦੇ ਗਈ.....।”

ਪੇਂਡੂ ਆਪਣੀ ਚਾਦਰ ਨਾਲ ਜੋ ਮੋਢੇ ਉਤੇ ਸਿੱਟੀ ਹੋਈ ਸੀ, ਸੋਹਣ ਦੇ ਵਗ ਰਹੇ

ਆਂਸੂਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਮੂੰਹ ਤੋਂ ਪੁੱਝ ਕੇ ਬੋਲਿਆ:—

“ਕਾਕਾ ! ਏਡਾ ਨਿਆਸਰਾ ਤੇ ਨਿਮੋਝੂਣਾ ਨਾ ਹੋ। ਜੇ ਧੈਦਾ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ, ਉਸ ਲਈ ਰਿਜ਼ਕ ਦਾ ਭੀ ਢੋ ਢੁਕਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਨੇਕ ਕੰਮ ਵਿਚ ਤਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਰੱਬ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਬਹੁੜਦਾ ਹੈ। ਫਿਰ ਤੇਰੇ ਜਿਹੇ ਭੋਲੇ ਭਾਲੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਲਈ ਤਾਂ ਪਿਆਰੁਏ ਸਦਾ ਹੀ ਤਰਸਦੇ ਹਨ। (ਇਕ ਪੱਲ ਟੁਕ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਸਿਰ ਦੇ ਸਫੈਦ ਵਾਲਾਂ ਵਲ ਤਕ ਕੇ) ਵੇਖ ਕਾਕਾ ! ਮੈਨੂੰ ਧੌਲੇ ਆ ਗਏ ਹਨ। ਕਈਆਂ ਪਤਣਾਂ ਦਾ ਪਾਣੀ ਪੀਤਾ ਹੈ। ਕਈ ਪਿੰਡਾਂ ਤੇ ਸ਼ਹਿਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਖਾਕ ਛਾਣ ਮਾਰੀ ਹੈ, ਪਰ ਤੇਰੇ ਜਿਹਾ ਨੂਰੀ, ਡੋਲਾ ਪੁੜ ਕਥਰੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਡਿਠਾ। (ਮੁਸਕਾਹਟ ਤੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਾਲ) ਕਾਕਾ ! ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪੁੱਝ ਬਣਾ ਲਵਾਂ ਤੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਰੀਝ ਪੂਰੀ ਕਰ ਲਵਾਂ ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਤੇਰੀ ਮਰਜ਼ੀ ਦੇ ਮੁਤਾਬਕ ਪੜ੍ਹਾ ਭੀ ਦੇਵਾਂ, ਤਾਂ ਕੀ ਤੂੰ ਇਹ ਮਨਜ਼ੂਰ ਕਰੇਂਗਾ ?”

ਸੋਹਣ ਸਿੰਘ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਤੇ ਅਚੰਭੇ ਨਾਲ ਪੇਂਡੂ ਦੀਆਂ ਅੱਖੀਆਂ ਵਿਚ ਤੱਕਣ ਲਗਾ, ਮਾਨੋਂ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਆਖੇ ਗਏ ਸ਼ਬਦਾਂ ਉਤੇ ਯਕੀਨ ਨਾ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਹੋਵੇ, ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਪੁਸ਼ਟੀ ਲਈ ਅੱਖੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਡੂੰਘਾਣ ਨੂੰ ਨਾਪਦਾ ਹੋਵੇ।

ਪੇਂਡੂ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਇਉਂ ਬੌਂਦਲਾ ਤੱਕ ਕੇ, ਉਸ ਦੇ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਾਲ ਘੁੱਟ ਕੇ ਬੋਲਿਆ:—

“ਪੱਝ ! ਮੇਰੇ ਪਾਸ ਦੌਲਤ ਤਾਂ ਬਹੁਤੇਰੀ ਹੈ, ਪਰ ਉਸ ਦਾ ਵਾਲੀ ਵਾਰਸ ਸਿਰਫ ਮੇਰਾ ਇਕ ਛੋਟਾ ਭਰਾ ਤੇ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਦੋ ਬੱਚੇ ਹਨ। ਮੈਂ ਬੜੀ ਦੇਰ ਤੋਂ ਇਕ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਮੁੰਡੇ ਦੀ ਭਾਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੀ, ਜੋ ਮੇਰੇ ਮਨ ਤੇ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਉਤੇ ਛਾ ਜਾਵੇ ਤੇ ਭਾ ਜਾਏ। (ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ) ਉਹ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਹੈਂ ਕਾਕਾ ! ਮੇਰੀ ਸੰਪਤੀ ਦਾ ਭੀ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਮਾਲਕ ਬਣੇਂਗਾ। ਪਰ ਜੇ ਮੇਰਾ ਪੁ.....ੜ੍ਹਾ।”

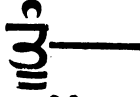
ਅਜੇ ਪੇਂਡੂ ਗੱਲ ਭੀ ਪੂਰੀ ਨਾ ਕਰ ਪਾਇਆ ਸੀ, ਕਿ ਸੋਹਣ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਭਰੇ ਆਂਸੂਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਛਲਾਂਗ ਲਾਂਦਾ ਦੇਵੇਂ ਬਾਹਵਾਂ ਪੇਂਡੂ ਵਲ ਵਧਾ ਕੇ ਉਸਦੀ ਝੋਲੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਉਲਰ ਪਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਪ੍ਰਸੰਨਤਾ ਨਾਲ ਪੁਕਾਰ ਉਠਿਆ—“ਓ ਮਹਾਨ ਪਰਉਪਕਾਰੀ ਤੇ ਰਹਿਮ ਦੇ ਸਾਗਰ ! ਮੰਸਾਰੀ ਜੀਵਾਂ ਲਈ ਸੁਨਹਿਰੀ ਉਪਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਧਰਮ ਪਿਤਾ ! ਜਿੰਨਾ ਮਾਨ ਮੈਂ ਤੁਸਾਂ ਉੱਤੇ ਕਰਾਂ, ਥੋੜ੍ਹਾ ਹੈ। ਤੁਸੀਂ ਤੇ ਕੋਈ ਗੋਦੜੀ ਦੇ ਲਾਲ ਹੋ !! ਅੱਜ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁਰਦਾ ਸਰੀਰ ਵਿਚ ਉਹ ਜਾਨ ਪਾਈ ਹੈ, ਜੋ ਅਨਹੋਣੀ ਤੇ ਨਾ-ਮੁਮਕਿਨ ਸੀ।”

ਨਾ ਜਾਣੇ ਉਹ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਪ੍ਰਸੰਸਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਕੁਝ ਆਖੀ ਜਾਂਦਾ, ਜੇ ਉਹ ਸੋਹਣ ਨੂੰ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਾਲ ਟਿੱਕ ਨਾਲ ਘੁੱਟ ਕੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਘਹ ਚਲਣ ਲਈ ਨਾ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ।

ਜੀ. ਐਸ. ਮਸਿਕ

ਕਲਾਸ ਬੀ. ਏ. (ਪਹਿਲਾ ਸਾਲ)





ਬਲਦੇਵ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੇਠੀ (ਪੁਸ਼ਪ)

ਬੀ. ਐਸ. ਸੀ. ਤੀਜਾ ਸਾਲ

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਨ ਤੋਂ ਪਿਆਰੀ ਲਗੇਂ ਤੂੰ,  
ਚੰਦ ਵਾਂਗੂੰ ਭੋਲੀ ਸ਼ਕਲ ਤੇਰੀ,  
ਤਨ ਕੋਮਲ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਫੁਲ ਹੁੰਦਾ,  
ਕੋਇਲ ਤੋਂ ਮਿਠੀ ਗਲ ਤੇਰੀ ।

ਆ ਵੇਖ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਖਿਲੀ ਤੇਰੀ,  
ਹੁਣ ਕਲੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹਾਂ ਪੁਸ਼ਪ ਹੈਂ ਤੂੰ,  
ਇਹ ਚੰਦ ਸਿਤਾਰੇ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੇ—  
ਪਰ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਪਿਆਰੀ ਲਗੇਂ ਤੂੰ ।

ਪਰਮਾਣ ਅਗਰ ਪਈ ਮੰਗਦੀ ਹੈਂ,  
ਅਖਾਂ ਮੇਰੀਆਂ ਵਿਚ ਤਕ ਲੈ ਤੂੰ,  
ਵਸਿਆ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਵੀ ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ ਹੈ,  
ਉਥੇ ਸੂਰਤ ਉਹਦੀ ਤਕ ਲੈ ਤੂੰ ।



## ਐਨਕ

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ਅਜ ਕਲ ਹਰ ਇਕ ਆਦਮੀ ਦੀਆਂ ਅਖਾਂ ਤੇ ਐਨਕ ਲਗੀ ਹੋਈ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਇਸ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਕਿ ਪ੍ਰਸਿਧ ਪ੍ਰੋ: ਵੋਲਟੀਅਰ ਦੇ ਕਹਿਣ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਕਿ ਪ੍ਰਮਾਤਮਾ ਨੇ ਨਕ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਐਨਕ ਦਾ ਭਾਰ ਉਠਾਣ ਲਈ ਦਿਤੀ ਹੋਈ ਹੈ। ਐਨਕ ਦੇ ਕਈ ਲਾਭ ਹਨ। ਇਹ ਸੁੰਦਰਤਾ ਨੂੰ ਦੂਣਾ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਪ੍ਰਸਨੈਲਟੀ ਨੂੰ ਵਧਾਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਆਦਮੀ ਪੜ੍ਹਿਆ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਤੇ ਸਮਝਦਾਰ ਮਲੂਮ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਭਾਵੇਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੀ ਇਕ ਅਖ ਅੰਨ੍ਹੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਵੀ ਹਰੇ ਚਸ਼ਮੇ ਨਾਲ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਧੋਖਾ ਦੇ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਪਰ ਕਈ ਤਾਂ ਖਾਹ ਮਖਾਹ ਐਨਕ ਲਗਾ ਕੇ ਅਪਣੀ ਸੁੰਦਰਤਾ ਖਰਾਬ ਕਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਉਦਾਹਰਣ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਇਕ ਸੁੰਦਰ ਲੜਕੀ ਨੂੰ ਲਉ ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਰਬ ਨੇ ਗੁਲਾਬੀ ਗਲ ਤੇ ਸ਼ੀਸ਼ੇ ਦੀ ਟੁਕੜੀ ਵਰਗਾ ਮਥਾ ਦਿਤਾ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਜਿਨਾਂ ਚਿਰ ਉਹ ਲੜਕੀ ਨਕ ਤੇ ਅੱਖ ਤੇ ਸ਼ੰਕਰ ਵੀਕਲੀ ਦੇ ਕਾਰਟੂਨ ਵਾਂਗ (— —) ਦੋ ਲਕੀਰਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਣਾ ਲੈਂਦੀ— ਚੈਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਅਸਲ ਵਿਚ ਐਨਕ ਇਕ ਬੁਰੀ ਬਲਾ ਹੈ। ਕਿਧਰੇ ਗੁਮ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਸ਼ਾਮਤ ਹੈ। ਅਤੇ ਜੇ ਐਨਕ ਲਗਾਨ ਵਾਲਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਵੇਲੇ ਐਨਕ ਉਤਾਰਦਾ ਹੈ, ਤਾਂ ਸ਼ਕਲ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਕਾਰਟੂਨ ਵਰਗੀ ਦਿਖਾਈ ਦੇਂਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਬਲਵੰਤ ਸਿੰਘ

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## \*\*\*ਬੁਢੇਪਾ\*\*\*

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ਢਲ ਗਈ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਤੇ ਬੁਢੇਪਾ ਆ ਗਿਆ,  
ਜੋਬਨ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਚੋਂ ਕਨੀਂ ਖਸਕਾ ਗਿਆ ।

ਛੱਡ ਗਏ ਨੇ ਸਾਥੀ ਕਰਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਮਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ,  
ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਪਛਾਣੇ ਬੁਢੜੇ ਵਿਚਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ ।

ਕੰਨ ਦੰਦ ਅਖੀਆਂ ਜਵਾਬ ਦੇ ਗਈਆਂ ਨਕਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ,  
ਉਠਣਾ ਮੁਹਾਲ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਬੇ ਸਹਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ,  
ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਪਛਾਣੇ ਬੁਢੜੇ ਵਿਚਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ ।

ਪੁਤਰ ਜਵਾਨ ਕੋਲ ਦੀ ਓਹ ਲੰਘਦਾ,  
ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਬੁਢੜੇ ਨੂੰ ਮਹਿਲਾਂ ਤੇ ਚੁਬਾਰਿਆਂ ਚੋਂ ਉਠਾ ਦਿਓ ।

ਬੁਢੜੇ ਦਾ ਮੰਜਾ ਢਾਰੇ ਹੇਠ ਡਾਹ ਦਿਉ,  
ਬੁਕ ਏਕ ਭਰਦਾ ਚਬਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ,  
ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਪਛਾਣੇ ਬੁਢੜੇ ਵਿਚਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ ।

ਘਰ ਦੇ ਸਰਾਧਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਖੀਰ ਖਾਂਵਦੇ,  
ਬੁਢੜੇ ਨੂੰ ਢਾਰੇ ਹੇਠ ਪਏ, ਬਾਰਾਂ ਵਜ ਜਾਂਵਦੇ ।

ਢਾਰੇ ਹੇਠ ਪਿਆ ਏਢਾ ਰੋਟੀ ਮੰਗਦਾ,  
ਪੁਤਰ ਜਵਾਨ ਕੋਲ ਦਿਉਂ ਲੰਘਦਾ ।

ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਭੇਜਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਰੋਟੀ ਨੂੰ, ਕਨ ਨਾ ਖਾਹ ਤੂੰ ਸਾਡੇ,  
ਨਿਕੀ ਜਹੀ ਨੇ ਦਿਤੀ ਆ ਕੇ ਰੋਟੀ,

ਅਰੋਂ ਲੈ ਗਿਆ ਕੁਤਾ ਚੁਕ ਕੇ,  
ਹੁਣ ਕੋਣ ਪੁਛੇ ਬੇ ਸਹਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ,  
ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਪਛਾਣੇ ਬੁਢੜੇ ਵਿਚਾਰੇ ਨੂੰ ।

ਦੇਵਿੰਦਰ ਸੂਦ ਬੀ. ਏ. (ਫਸਟ ਈਯਰ)

★★  
★★

### نيڪيٽا جو ساهس

نيڪيٽا جو نالو ڪنهن نه ٻڌو هوندو! چون ٿا ته نيڪيٽا جو پٽا وجراس پيو، پر هميشه هو. هڪ دفعي هن خيال ڪيو ته هڪ پارسي يڪه ڪريان جنهن ڪري منهنجو نالو چونڌاري وڃي وڃي. هن يڪه ڪيو ۽ ٽڪڙا به پراهمڻن کي پنهنجي سڄي ملڪيت ڏيئي ڇڏيائين. پر ڪم ڪم سبب اڃا به ڪي به هميشه رهيا ٿي جن کي ٽڪڙا به ڏيڻ لاه فقط ٽي يون ڪالون ۽ نه ٽيڻ جهڙو. ال وڃي پڇيو هو. وجراس ٽاڻي چيٽا به ٻڌي ويو. نيڪيٽا پيءُ کي ڳڻي ۽ پر ٿورو ڏسي ڪانس سبب پڇيو ۽ دان به ڏيڻ لاه ڀان آڇيو. پٽس اڳي ئي چيٽا به چور هو، وري جو هن جي هيءُ اڃا هوندي آهي ٻڌائين ته اڳوڻو به بگڙ جي ويو. نيڪيٽا جي وري ويٺي ڪرڻ ٿي، ڪاوڙ وڃان چيائين، ”مان توکي به ڏيڻو ڪي اونه ڪريان ٿو.“ نيڪيٽا پيءُ کي ڪاوڙ ڪندو ڏسي ڏکي ٿيو. پر پوءِ گهر ڇڏي به ڏيڻو ڏانهن وائو ٿيو. به ڏيڻو ڪيڏانهن ٻاهر ويو هو جنهن ڪري نيڪيٽا کي پريسا ٿي ڏينهن سندس انتظار ڪرڻو پيو ۽ اهي ٿي ڏينهن هن

اڀواس وڪيو. به ڏيڻو ڏانهن واپس موٽيو ڏانهن دروازي وقت هڪ به هميشه ٻالڪ کي ڏسي وائڙو ٿي ويو. حال احوال دلچسپ ٿي نيڪيٽا جو ساهس ڏسي به ڏيڻو ڪي عجب به لڳو ته خوشي به ٿي. به ڏيڻو ڪي نيڪيٽا کي ٽن ڏينهن جي اڀواس جي بدلي به ٿي ڏيڻو ڪيا. گهڻي به بدل ڪالون، به ڏيڻو ڪي صلاح ٿي هن وو وٺڻ قبوليا. به ٿيون وو هو ته سندس پيءُ، جو ڀان کي ڏکي سمجهي و هو هو سو، سڪي ٿي.

به وو هو ته سر ٿي، ڪيئن حاصل ڪجي ۽ سر ٿي، به ٻڌايو چوڻ آهي وغيره جي ٻاري به احوال ملي.

ٽيون ڏوڏ هو ته موت ڪالون جيڪي وهي واپري ٿو پنهنجو ستارو ملي.

به ڏيڻو ڪي نيڪيٽا کي پوين ٻن ورن گهرڻ جي بدوان ڏيا جا سڀ سڪه ۽ عيش عشرت وٺڻ لاه چيو، پر نيڪيٽا پنهنجي هوڏ ٿي قائم رهيو.

به ڏيڻو ڪي ٻالڪ جي دريڻو ڏانهن دل جي سڀاڻي ۽ اسوارو گهڻي ٿي خوش ٿيو ۽ ڪيس گهريل ڪيان ڏانهن. اهڙو ساهسي هو نيڪيٽا!





### جڳرشن ورداڻي

## عشق مجازي ۽ شاهه

چون ٿا ته شاهه صاحب جڏهن ويهن ورهين جو هو، تڏهن عشق جي چنگ سندس چولي پيئي. سندس پريست ڪوٺڙيءَ جي خالداري شخص مرزا مغل بيگ، جي ڏيءَ سان بجهي ويئي. مرزا مغل بيگ جي ڪتب جو شاهه صاحب جي پيءُ شاهه حبيب سان مرديءَ جو رستو هو ۽ منجهس ڪافي وشواس هو. بيماري سيماريءَ جي حالت ۾ شاهه حبيب کان ٺوٺو ٿيو وٺندا هئا. هڪ دفعي مرزا مغل بيگ جي حسين ڏيءَ بيمار ٿي پيئي. شاهه حبيب کي ماڻهو موڪليو ويو ته هو پاڻ عليل هو، جنهن ڪري هن پنهنجي پٽ شاهه عبداللطيف کي موڪليو. جيتوڻيڪ مرزا مغل بيگ جي زال جي عالم ۾ ڌارين کي اچڻ جي اجازت نه هئي، پر سيدن کان پردو ڪوٺيو هو. جڏهن شاهه عبداللطيف مرزا جي گهر پهتو ته چوڪريءَ کي ڀانڱي ڏيئي لڳل ٿيائين. ڏسڻ شرط سندس اندر ۾ ڪو به ڳوٺ جو پهري کان چوي ويو. چوڪريءَ جي آڱر پنهنجي هٿ ۾ جهلي چيائين ته ”جنهنجي آڱر سيد جي هٿ ۾، تنهنجي لاءِ لهر آ، سوڏو.“

مرزا ۽ سندس مائت هيءَ ڏسي ڪرم ٿي ويا. باهران نه ٻڙ ڪرڻ نه باقياتون، پر پوءِ شاهه کي ٿيائين ڪيائون. شاهه حبيب کي ايتري عزت نه ڏيڻ لڳا جيڪا کيس اڳ ۾ ڏيندا هئا. لاچار ٿي، سيدن کي ڪوٺڙيءَ مان لڏي وڃڻو پيو. پر انهيءَ اتفاق شاهه جي دل ۾ بيماريءَ ۽ بيماري پيدا ڪري ڇڏي. هڪ ڏهاڙي سندس دل جي شاعراڻي شمع الهيءَ عشق جي آلي سان پري پيئي هئي. محبوب جي فراق ۾ جي وڻڻا نه اٿائين سي جيڪر پٿر کي به ٻڙڪهاري ڇڏين. سون نه اڳيئي هو پر هيٺ ٻيٽن ۾ پٽجي پيو ۽ سندس شعر ڳوڙهو بڻجي پيو. عربيءَ واري سچ ڳوٺ آهي ته مجازي عشق حقيقي عشق لاءِ ’پل‘ مغل آهي.



پر ٻيڪشا ورتي ويئي هئي. شايد مولڪي به  
پر ٻيڪشا ڏيئي ٻولندي. ها. مان ڏهن ٻنڊيس  
۽ هميشه جي گهٽيءَ کان چٽي ٻولنديس.

اهو سوچي هو ۽ ٻي واري ڪري به ويئي  
۽ دروازو اندران بند ڪري ڇڏيائين.  
ڪري به لڪهڻيءَ جي مورتي اڳيان ٻول  
هئي. لڪهڻيءَ جي مورتي اڳيان ٻول  
ڏيئي جي روشنيءَ ۾ بهڪي رهي هئي.

جوش جي اندر ڪيس اهو به خيال نه ٿيو  
نه هو ڪو ڪرپوئي هئي ۽ پاڻ سان گڏ  
ٻئي جهو جي به هتيا ڪري رهي هئي.  
هو مورتي کي مخاطب ٿي چوڻ لڳي ۽  
”تون نالي به لڪهڻيءَ آهين ليڪن تون  
غريبن جي دشمن آهين. تون شاهوڪارن  
وقت تي وسين ٿي. تنهنجي ڪري ئي مون  
کي آخر هتيا ٿي ڪرڻي پوي!“ ائين چئي.

ڏيڻو کڻي ڪهڙن کي کڻي ٿو ڏانهن.  
ٿوري وقت به ٿو ڪيس وڇڙي ويئي ۽  
هو بههوش ٿي لڪهڻيءَ جي مورتيءَ اڳيان  
ڪري پئي. سندس سر به جو ڪهڙو حصو  
نه چلي ويو هو پر وري به خوش نصيبيءَ جي  
ڳالهه هئي نه گهٽ به گهٽ مڙو ڪالو ۽

لڪهڻيءَ کيس پنهنجن چوڻن به چاه ڏئي هئي!  
رام ٻاهر شهر به ڏياريءَ جي رولڻ ڏسڻ  
ويو هو. گهر موٽيو نه ڪيس خبر پيئي نه لڪا  
نه پر اهوڏيا (گهر) کي آڏو لڳي هئي ۽  
سيتا مالا (ساوٽري) پاڻ ساڙي پاڻ کان ۽  
مائنن کان ڪلڪ لائون هو.

ڏياريءَ جي اهميت کي نظر انداز ڪري،  
ڪوڙي شان رکڻ لاءِ اسين ڏياري نه برابر  
ٿا ملهائون پر هن ڏياريءَ ۽ هن ڏياريءَ  
به ڪهڙو نه فرق آهي!



موڪليو هو. کين وسعت هجي ها نه ضرور  
موڪلين ها پر وٺڻ پيو ڪو نه هو. سندن  
ڏن هو سندن ڏيئي ساوٽريءَ جا هنن  
اڳڙي پيٽ ڪئي هئي.

سنجها جو وقت هو جو ساوٽريءَ جي  
سس پٽڻ ۽ پاراڻا ڏيڻ شروع ڪيا، ”مٿن  
پهنڪن سڄي ڏينهن به ڪجهه به نه موڪليو  
آهي. پاڙي به ورتل ماءُ کي پٽ جي ساهرن  
مان هڪ گني، به ٿالهه مٺاين جا ۽ نوڪرو  
باروت جو آيو آهي. هوڏانهن ستوهه ماءُ

کي پٽ ساهرن مان به ڪما مٺاين جا، ها ويا  
روڪ ۽ لڏي ڪڪي لاه چانديءَ جي  
ٿالهيءَ وٺي ۽ چمچا آيا آهن ۽ هيڏانهن  
اسين لڏڪا آهيون جن کي نه مٺائي، نه  
روڪ ۽ نه باروت ئي آيو آهي. مٿن مائٽن  
جي ڏينهن کي به سوڻ لاءِ پاءُ پرائي ڪجهه  
نه ڪجهه موڪليندا آهن پر هتي نه بهه.

اولدهه لڳي پيئي آهي. اهڙي ڏيئي پر ٿالهي  
هٿن نه ڪنهن پنگيءَ يا مڇيءَ سان ڪري  
پر ٿالهن ها. ”ساوٽريءَ پاڻ کي جهلڻ جي  
ڪوشش ڪئي ليڪن جهلي نه سگهي. هو  
ڪاوڙ ۽ غصي به ٿر ٿر ڪندي رهي هئي.

”ها مان پنگيءَ مڇيءَ سان شادي ڪرڻ جي  
لائق هيس؟ ڇا منهنجن مائٽن جو ملهه مٺائيءَ  
جي ڪمي ۽ باروت جي ٿو ڪري برابر  
آهي؟ ڇا اڄ ڏياري آهي جنهن ڏينهن ئي  
پنگوان رام سيتا کي ساڪر ڪري اهوڏيا  
موٽيو هو. اها سيتا جنهن لاه هن ۽ لڳهه  
سر جي بازي لڳائي هئي ۽ سون جي لڪا  
کي جلائي خاک ڪري ڇڏيو هو؟ برابر  
آهي نه هڪ خيس ڏوٻڻ جي ٿو ڪڍي  
پنگوان رام سيتا کي لڳائي ڇڏيو. سيتا جي

معصوم بالڪ. ڇا هيءُ آهي اها شادي جنهن لاءِ هر استري تڙٽندي آهي، واهائيندي آهي ۽ ٽپ ڪندي آهي؟ ” وري هڪ آس، ” الائي ساھ، اڪيستانين هوندا؟ ڪجهه چيائون ته ڇا ٿيو؟ ٽيڪ به نه مائٽن سمان آهن. ” اهڙيءَ طرح من به ڄاڻي آئي، منهن تي مشڪ پوري، هولي گذاري آئي. هينئر ٿياريءَ جو ٽڙ آيو هو. ها، اها ٿياري جنهن ٽيپهن پڳوان وار، پاءُ لڳو ۽ سیتا مانا کي ساڄ ڪري، چوڏهن سال بهواس ڪائي، پنهنجي وطن ايوڙيا وريو هو. انهن چوڏهن ورهين جي عرصي ۾ هن پنهنجي استري سیتا کي وڃايو هو ۽ سر جي بازي لڳائي، کيس هڪ ڪري، پنهنجي ديس واپس آيو هو. چوڏاري خوشيون ٿيون هيون ۽ ديب جليا هئا ۽ آئسبازي جلائي ويئي هئي. الهيءَ جي ياد ۾ اڄ به ٿياري وڏي ڌار ڌور سان ملهائجي رهي هئي، چوڏاري خوشيون مڏائجي ويون هيون. سهڻا والديڪا وڪاهجي رهيا هئا. منهن جا ٽالھ ڏاڍا وڪاهجي رهيا هئا. ڪٿي ڪٿي ڪرن جي ٽيپن جي جهر مر هئي ته ڪٿي بجلي ٻيپن جي. مطلب ته غريب کان شاهوڪار ٿاين سڀ پنهنجي پنهنجي وقت آهر ٿياري ملهائي رهيا هئا. لکميءَ جي پوڄا ٿي رهي هئي. ها، لکميءَ جي پوڄا! ۽ هوڏانهن ساوٿري ڪوئيءَ جي ڪنڊ ۾ روئي رهي هئي. ها، هو پنهنجي قسمت تي روئي رهي هئي ڇو ته سندس مائٽن ٿياريءَ تي منانيءَ جو ٽالھ ۽ روڪ لائو ڪونه

پنهنجي وچن جي پالنا لاءِ پيءُ تي جوابدار هو ۽ نه پٽ! ٽيپرون چٽيون پيءُ نه پنهنجي اڪلائڻ جي ذميواري پٽ جو ڪٿي؟ اهو ڪٿي جو انصاف آهي؟ رار الهيءَ ڪري ٽيپي لپيءَ جي پرواه نه ڪري سهڻي زال روئي هئي، جنهنڪري سندس مائٽ نه فقط منجهانئس ناراض هئا پر زالن سان به، جنهن سندس پٽ کيسو هو. گهٽ وڌ نه هونءُ ئي ڳالهائيندا هئس پر وڏن ٽيپهن تي طعن ٿيڪن سان چلائڻ ۾ ڪسرتي ڪونه ڇڏيندا هئس. ” ڪل مائٽن جي ٽيءَ کي پنهنجي سولهن جو ڪيڏو نه پالو آهي! لپي پيٽي پيٽي، پر ڪڪ پڇي به اڏ نه ڪري. ڪٿي به هزار آئي آهي! هولي آئي آهي ته مائٽنس چار گهر به نه موڪليا آهن جو ڪٿي سوڳ ڪڇي يا اهڙي پاڙي ۾ ٽن وٺجن. ٽيءَ ڪڍي در پائي ڇڏيائون. ” هوليءَ جو سهڻو، جنهن تي ڪرشن مهرراج گوپهن سان هولي کيلي ۽ جنهن ٽيپهن چوڏاري خوشيءَ جو وايو منڊل هو، اهو ٽيپهن ساواريءَ جو رڙڙ رنگ ۾ ئي لپري ويو. هو سوچڻ لڳي، ” اهڙي شادي ڪرڻ کان نه ڪناري وٺان ها ته بهتر. هر جوان استريءَ جي دل ۾ شاديءَ جو نالو ٻڏي خوشيءَ جون لهرون اٿنديون آهن. سندس هر انگ ۾ ڪٽڪٽائي ٿيڻ لڳندي آهي. هو مڪڙ جون ماڙيون اڏيندي آهي. ٽيپهن جو به سڀا لهندي آهي ته شادي ڪري هو پنهنجي واه جي وائي بڻي ۽ پٽيءَ جو پيار پائي هو ٽولي نه سمائي ۽ سندس گهروٽ سندس پر ۾ هوندو ۽ سندس ڪوڏ ۾ کاهيندڙ هوندو هڪ

# ھوءَ ڏياري ۽ ھيءَ!

ساو ٿريءَ کي پر ٿئي انون مهڻو ٿيو هو . ھوليءَ جو ڏڻ جڏهن ٿين ڪري لنگھائڻي آئي تہ مٿان ڏياريءَ بہ اچي سس ڪندو . ساو ٿريءَ جو ڪو به ڪم ڪونهي ھيءَ جڏهن ڪري رام مٿس موھڪ ٿي ، مائٽن جي آڳاٽو جو انگھن ڪري ، ساڻس شادي ڪئي . رام جون بہ وڏيون ڀينرن اڃا ڪنواريون ويٺيون ھيون . شڪل جون سالورون ھيون جنھن ڪري کين اڀرائڻ لاءِ ڪو تيار نہ ھو . پوءِ بہ لنگھيءَ جو ساٿ ھجڻ ھا تہ شايد

ھيلنائين شينھن ڪلھي چڙھي چڪون ھجن ھا ، پر لنگھيءَ بہ لڳڻ ڏسي ئي ساٿ ڏئي . اھوئي سبب ھو جو رام جي مائٽن جي مرضي ھئي تہ رام کي پر ٿائڻي ، هزار وٺي ، ڏيڻ کي ڏيئي ڪٽي اڪلائجي . ليڪن رام نہ اڳڙي ھرڪ ھاري ويندو ھو ، سو ڪٿان ئي مڃي ؟ اھو سچو ڪم جو زمانو لنگھي ويو ، جڏھن رام پيءُ جو وڃڻ پاڙڻ لاءِ چوڏھن ورھين بہ ويو ھو . ڪلچر جي سموري

( آڏل صفحہ ۷ کان )

ھنديءَ جي خيال موجب ” منڊي جي ملڪ ۾ وڃي ، تہ ھڪ ٺڪر ورائي ڪلھي ئي رکجي . ” ايتري قدر جو سنڌي اسڪولن ھوادي بہ سنڌي پنھنجن ٻارن کي انگريزي يا ھندي اسڪولن ۾ پيا وھارين .

پر اڃان بہ وقت ويو ڪولھي . اسپين ھيٺر بہ گھڙوئي ڪجهہ ڪري سگھون ٿا ، جيڪڏھن اسپين ڪميشن ٿي ، مٿيڊوساري سنڌي نوجوانن ۾ جوش جا ڳايون ، سنڌي سماج کي سنگھٽ ڪريون ۽ انقلاب جي لهر جا ڳايون تہ سنڌي قوم وري اڳيون اوج حاصل ڪري سگھي ٿي . ھمڪ ڪرڻ اسانجو ڪم آھي پوءِ پنڳوان اسانجي پالڻيھي مدد ڪندو . ” ھمڪ مردان مددي ھدا . ”

منھنجو وس واڪا ڪرڻ ٻڌڻ ڪم پوڄ جو .

ٿا وڃن . اڄ ڪلھ جا نوجوان ، انت شڪت ۾ مشغول سي تعليم تي ايترو ڌيان نٿا ڏين . اسانجي سنڌي ٻوليءَ جي پويان بساھ ڪٽي رھي آھي ، سو بہ الڪري . اسپين پنھنجي سنڌيت کي وساري ويندا آھيون . اسپين سمجھون ٿا تہ جيڪي آھي سو انگريزن وقت ئي آھي . الڪري سندن ٻولي طوطي وانگر ٿا وٺيون ۽ بالدر وانگر سندن رھڻي ڪھڻي جو لٽل پيا ڪريون . ايتري قدر جو پوشاڪ ۽ مھالدين مان بہ اسپين پنھنجن سندن کي لٽا سڃاڻي سگھون ، پر جڏھن کين سنڌيءَ ۾ ڳالھائيندو ٻڌندا آھيون ، تڏھن اڇاڪ واک مان نڪري وڃي ” اڙي ! ھيءُ بہ سنڌي آھي ! ” پر ھيٺر تہ ڪي سنڌي پالڻي سنڌي سڏائڻ ۾ بہ پيا شرم ڪن .



وڃائون ته منڙي ماڻھو پڻ وڃائون! اهو ته ٿيو نسورو ورتو. گھائل کي وڌيڪ گھائڻ. آزاديءَ کي حاصل ڪئي ٻارنهن سال ٿي چڪا آهن ۽ انهيءَ عرصي ۾ سنڌي کي قدر نهي ٿي وينا آهن، پر گھڻن جي آڙڪ حالت اڃان خراب آهي. روٽيءَ ٺڪر آدميءَ کي ڪڏن ڪرڻون ڪرڻ لاءِ مجبور ٿو ڪري. ”بڪر بچڙو ٺول، دانءَ ديوانا ڪري.“ نتيجو اهو لکتل آهي جو سنڌين ۾ بچڙين عادن اچي گهر ڪيو آهي ۽ وقت پري ڪونهي جڏهن سنڌين جو فالو نشان به منجهي وڃي.

اڄ اسين جڏهن پنهنجي سنڌي سماج کي ڪنهن ٿا سان ٿا ڏسون ۽ اتي وڃي ٿا ڪريون ته ڏسڻ ۾ ٿو اچي ته سنڌي سماج هڪ بيمار هستي ٿي لڳي. هڪ بيمار وانگر جنهن کي ڇوڏاري بيمارين گهرو ڪري موت جي بستري تي لٽائي ڇڏيو هجي، سنڌي سماج به ٿي لٽي ٿي، نقصن ۽ نفاق جي گھڻن کان گھائل ٿي پويان پناهه کڻي رهي آهي. هڪ ٻئي کي نه سهڻو، هڪ ٻئي جي ڪلا ڪرڻ ۽ ڇوڏيل کي ڪيرائڻ اسانجو پيشو ٿي چڪو آهي.

ٺهڪاڻو، ٺهڪاڻو، اسانجي سنڌي ڀائرن ۽ پيئرن ۾ نقصن جو مرض تمام وڏي ويو آهي. سادگيءَ کي طلاق ڏيئي، ٻاهرين ديڪان ديڪيءَ کي کڻي ايندو اٿن. ڇو لدا آهن ته ”هڙو سڪئي، لوڏ گھڻي.“ هتي به ساڳي ڪار آهي ان ڪٿي لاءِ مهتاج، نه به هر ڪو ڇڻ جا چمت چئي ٻاهريون شان ضرور رکي.

هوڏانهن وري تعليم به موڪلڻي چڪي آهي. ڌارين ڌارين جي لهه وچڙ ۾ اچڻ ڪري، دلڻ پٺڻ بيمو بڻائي، تعليم کي ٽرڪ ڪندا

وڃائون ته منڙي ماڻھو پڻ وڃائون! اهو ته ٿيو نسورو ورتو. گھائل کي وڌيڪ گھائڻ. آزاديءَ کي حاصل ڪئي ٻارنهن سال ٿي چڪا آهن ۽ انهيءَ عرصي ۾ سنڌي کي قدر نهي ٿي وينا آهن، پر گھڻن جي آڙڪ حالت اڃان خراب آهي. روٽيءَ ٺڪر آدميءَ کي ڪڏن ڪرڻون ڪرڻ لاءِ مجبور ٿو ڪري. ”بڪر بچڙو ٺول، دانءَ ديوانا ڪري.“ نتيجو اهو لکتل آهي جو سنڌين ۾ بچڙين عادن اچي گهر ڪيو آهي ۽ وقت پري ڪونهي جڏهن سنڌين جو فالو نشان به منجهي وڃي.

اڄ اسين جڏهن پنهنجي سنڌي سماج کي ڪنهن ٿا سان ٿا ڏسون ۽ اتي وڃي ٿا ڪريون ته ڏسڻ ۾ ٿو اچي ته سنڌي سماج هڪ بيمار هستي ٿي لڳي. هڪ بيمار وانگر جنهن کي ڇوڏاري بيمارين گهرو ڪري موت جي بستري تي لٽائي ڇڏيو هجي، سنڌي سماج به ٿي لٽي ٿي، نقصن ۽ نفاق جي گھڻن کان گھائل ٿي پويان پناهه کڻي رهي آهي. هڪ ٻئي کي نه سهڻو، هڪ ٻئي جي ڪلا ڪرڻ ۽ ڇوڏيل کي ڪيرائڻ اسانجو پيشو ٿي چڪو آهي.

آزاديءَ کانپوءِ ٿي لٽي ٿي، جو مرض ٺڪڙو وڏي رهيو آهي. ”جهڻ ٿڌ، ٺيڻ وڏ.“ هڪڙي طرف پاڪستان ۾ پنهنجو اکر نڪرڻ لاس ڪري آهين ته ٻئي طرف ٿي لٽي

### ڪھاري رتہا ھيراننداڻي

## ”منهنجو وس واکا، ٻڌڻ ڪم ٻروچ جو“

اسان کي پنهنجي سڀيتا هٿي، ٻولي هٿي  
 ساهتيه هو۔ اسانجي سنڌ جي موهن جي  
 دڙي ۾ ئي ڀارت جي پراچين سڀيتا جو  
 جنم ٿيو۔ اها سنڌڙي ئي هئي جنهن شاه،  
 سامي، سچل، بيدل ۽ بيڪس جهڙا درويش  
 شاعر پيدا ڪيا جنهن رشي ديارام،  
 ساڌو ھيرانندا، ديوان لاراءِ ساڌو واسواڻي ۽  
 ۽ ٻيڪس ڪنور رام جهڙا مهاڀر ش پيدا ڪيا ۽  
 جنهن ڊاڪٽر چونڊرام، هاساندا پمداسڻي ۽  
 وير ڪلاڻي جهڙا دانش ٻيڪس پيدا ڪيا۔  
 اهڙي سنڌ جي منڙي ٻوليءَ کي اڃا تسليم  
 نه ڪيو ويو آهي جنهنڪري ڪيترا ٻاڪ  
 پنهنجي ٻوليءَ جو رس وٺڻ کان مھروم  
 رهجي ويا آهن۔

جيءُ، ” اها ٻولي وڌان ۾ ڪو به وڌي  
 وڃي آهي، جو ڪو به اهڙو ڀارت جو ٺڪرو  
 ڪولهي جنهن جا رهندڙا اها ٻولي ڳالهائيندا  
 هجن۔“ لڪوئي وري ويلڊور ٿي سنڌيءَ  
 ۾ پروگرام ٿو وڃي۔ لڳاتار ڪوشش  
 ڪالووه هيٽر بمبئيءَ تان هر چنڊو ئي صرف  
 اڌ ڪلاڪ لاءِ سنڌي پروگرام ٿو ويندو  
 آهي۔ پر ڇا، جي سنڌين سنڌ وڃائي نه  
 سنڌي ٻولي به وڃائين؟ پر جي منڙو ماڪ

۱۵ آگسٽ، ۱۹۴۷ تي هندوستان آزاد  
 ٿيو۔ اسين غلاميءَ جي اولده مان نڪري  
 آزاديءَ جي روشنيءَ ۾ آياسين۔ چوڌر  
 خوشيون مناڻون ويون ۽ اسين ايندڙ سالن  
 جي انتظار ۾ اڳين سورن کي وساري ويناسين۔  
 اسانجي اڳيان هڪ نئين دنيا ۽ هڪ روشن  
 آئينده ٿري آيو۔ پر.....

اسانکي پنهنجي جنم ڀوميءَ کي ڇڏڻو پيو۔  
 ڌن ڀدارت تان به هڪ ڪنوسين ۽ هند ۾  
 اچي ڪٽو ڪٽو ٿي ويناسين۔ ڪنهن کي  
 خواب خيال ۾ به ڪو نه هوندو آزاديءَ جي  
 ديو مهاکاليءَ جو پيانڪ روپ ڌاري  
 اسان سنڌين کان اهڙي قرباني طلبيندي!

هندوستان ۾ اچي اسين ڪولي ڪولي ۾  
 پکڙجي ويناسين۔ اسان کي پنهنجي منڙي  
 گڏيل ڪٽمبي واري جيوٽ جي به ٻه  
 ڇاڙهي پيئي۔ ڀاءُ ڀاءُ کان جدا ٿي ويو،  
 ماءُ ڌيءُ کان ۽ پيءُ پٽ کان۔ سڀ پنهنجي  
 قسمت تي ورتي رهيا آهن۔ شادي مرادي  
 ۽ ڏک سک ۾ هڪ ٻئي جا پاڻي ڀائيوار  
 ٿي لڳا سگهون۔ انسوس، ڇا مان ڇا ٿي  
 پيو۔ آزاديءَ کان اڳ ۽ پوءِ جو تصور ڪري  
 اسانجي اکين ۾ پاڻي ٿري ٿو اچي۔

ٺي اچي ويو: ” به هوا، به رامين، به چاند ٺي،  
ٺيري لڪ ادا ٺي لغار هه. “

اهو ٻڌي رما جا طاق لڳي ويا. ڇا  
چندو جو مطلب اهو هو؟ چندو ڏانهن  
ٺهاري واڙي ٺي چيائين، ” معاف ڪجو،  
اوهان مولڪي غلط سمجهيو آهي. مون نه  
ٺوهان کي پاڪ جي روپ ۾ ڏٺو هو، ڏٺو  
ٺي، ڏسان ٺي، ڏسنديس ۽ ڏسندي  
وهنديس. “

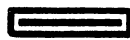
چندو چون ٻه ٻه ويئون نه. ڇهه به  
ويئون. هو ڏري گهٽ زمين ٺي ڪرڻ ٺي  
هو. رما ڏانهن ٺهاري چيائين، ” نه ڇا،  
اهو منهنجو وهه جو مان ٺوڪي پنهنجي  
پريتما جي روپ ۾ پسي وهيو هوس؟ “  
” نه ڇا، اهو منهنجو وهه اڪتو جو  
مان ٺوهانڪي پنهنجي پاڪ جي روپ ۾  
پسي رهي هيس؟ “ رما ٺڪڙو چئي ويئي.  
رما جو اهو جواب ٻڌي چندو سچ پچ  
چريو ٺي پيو. هو تمام ٺيزي سان ڊوڙ  
لڳو ۽ کلو ڦاڙي چوڻ لڳو: ” وهه، وهه،  
وهه..... وهه، وهه، وهه..... “

رما ڊوڙي جيئن کيس جهلڻ چاهيو  
ٺيئن هو ۽ پٺو ٺي کائي ڪري پيئي ۽  
هوڏانهن ويڪا پئي جي پيوائڻي ٺي ارمان  
ڪندي، سر ٺوڪو روائي ٺي ويئي.

ٺوڙ ٻڌي چيو، ” شاعر صاحب، هڪ کيس  
نه ٻڌايو ” چندو دل ٺي دل ۾ خوش ٺيسڻ  
لڳو ( ويچارو چندو!) ۽ چيائين، ” ڇا  
سچ پچ کيس جي ابتري شوقين آهيئن! نه  
ٻلا ٻڌ، دل کولي ٻڌ، ڪن کولي ٻڌ. “  
” چندو سان چانڊاڻ ڪڏ، جيئن قول سان سرهاڻ ڪڏ ۽  
هيو سان هاڪاڻ ڪڏ، جيئن آب سان آلاڻ ڪڏ ۽  
دل چويئي مان به ٺوسان سدا ڪڏ جي وهان ۽  
بل به هڪڙو ڪهڙو ٺيان ڌار ٺوڪان، ڪڏ وهان “

( دلگهر )

چندو ٺي مڪندي رما ڏانهن سندس  
وائي وٺڻ جي خيال کان ٺهاريو. رما  
مڪندي چيو، ” پاڪل ٺيڪه. مان به  
جهڪر ائين ٺي چوان. “ چندو کي اهو ٻڌي  
ڪجهه عجب لڳو. کيس چيائين: ” ڇا؟  
مون نه ٻڌو! “ رما وري به ساڳيو جواب  
ڏنو. چندو کي سندس ڪمن ٺي اعتبار ٺي  
نه پئي آيو. ڏهين به ڪجهه همڪ ٻڌي  
چيائين: ” رما، ڇا سچ ائين ٺي آهي؟ مون به ٺومان  
اهڙي ٺي اميد پئي رکي. “ رما ورائيو: ” ٺوهان کي  
ٺي ڇا ويو آهي؟ مان سچ ٺي نه چوان  
ٺي. ڇا مون مان ابتري به اميد نه  
رکندي؟ “ چندو جي همڪ هيٺ ٺيئن ٺي  
وڏي ويئي. رما جي لفظن باهه ۾ گهه جو  
ڪم ڪيو ۽..... ۽..... چندو جي چهن



انسان به ڪهڙو لاءِ عجيب آهي جو هو  
 ڪنهنجي مرڪب کي صرف مرڪب کي لاءِ  
 سمجهي ڪري ان کان ڪجهه وڌيڪ ئي  
 سمجهي ٿو! ۽ چندر ڇا انسان لاءِ هو؟  
 ٿورن ئي ڏينهن ۾ چندر ۽ رما جي ڏيندڙ  
 وڌي ويئي ۽ پوءِ ٽن سندن ٽڪڙيون ٽڪڙيون  
 ملاقاتون ٿيڻ لڳيون ۽ انهن ملاقاتن جو نتيجو  
 لکتو پنهني جي وچ ۾ پيار جو وهندڙ! پر  
 چندر رما کي پنهنجي ۽ ..... جي رويي ۾  
 ڏسڻ لڳو ۽ رما چندر کي پنهنجي .....  
 جي رويي ۾!!

آر ٿار جو ڏينهن هو. چندر ڏينهن  
 چندر ۽ رما سامهون جبل تي جو مندر هو.  
 اوڏانهن وڃڻ جو پروگرام ٿيو هو. صبح ٿيو.  
 چندر مقرر ڪيو ٿي پهتو. پر رما اڃا ڪو به  
 آئي هئي. چندر جي دل ۾ سهسهن شڪ  
 ڇا ڳڻ لڳا. ڇا هوءَ نه ايندي؟ جي نه اچي  
 نه؟ انهن سوچي رهيو هو جو ٺيڪ وقت  
 کيس سامهون رما ايندي نظر آئي. چندر  
 ڪجهه اڳتي وڌيو ۽ رما جي ڀرسان پهچي  
 چيائين، ”ايتري دير؟ مان نه بهي بهي  
 هيٺ ڪو موٽي رهيو هوس جو تون اچي  
 ويئين.“ نه هلون؟ ”رما مشڪلي جواب  
 ڏنو، ”مون کي الزام ٿوري دير ئي ويئي.  
 مان پاڻ سوچي رهي هيس بهي بهي ٿڪي  
 پيا هوندا. هار نه هلون.“ بهي جبل ڏانهن  
 رخ وڪيو. هڪ ٻئي سان چڙچا ڪندا، هڪ  
 ٻئي کي ڪٽائيندا، هو اڳتي وڌڻ لڳا. مندر  
 وٽ اچي پهتا. مندر مان موٽي چوٽاري  
 نظارو ڏسي، هو ٿوري ساڄي پاسي لاه اچي  
 رخ جي ڇانو هيٺان ويٺا. ٿوري دير لاه  
 ٻئي شانيدار رهيا. آخر رما مان جي مهر

روپ اختيار ڪيو. ريڪا ڳري ڪندا ٿي  
 ويئي. سندس سڄي سولهن ناس ٿي ويئي.  
 ويتر جو چندر ڏانهن خاص ڌيان نه ڏيندو  
 هو تنهن به آئي باقي به سندس دل کي  
 وڌيڪ ئي ڏکيو ڪيو. ڳڙي ۽ جهڙو مرض  
 ڪولهي ۽ خوشي ۽ جهڙي خوراڪ ڪولهي.  
 جي خوشي نه هجي نه سلو جو مرض ڪٿي  
 ٿو ڇڏي. ڊاڪٽرن جو جواب ڏنو نه. مشڪل  
 مرض سان ڪم پيو آهي. اهو نه هائي  
 ٿڌهين ئي چندر جو جڏهن سلو جو ڪهڙو  
 الدران ئي اندران مريض جي جسم کي کائي،  
 سندس رت جو سي هميشه لاه کيس لندڙ  
 ڪرائيندو. ويڃاري ريڪا! اڄ سندس  
 اڀاڳو - ريڪا جهڪڻ لڳي ۽ چندر؟

هو دل تي دل ۾ خوش ٿيڻ لڳو. چوڻي  
 چري آهي، پاڳل آهي ..... نه، نه، .....  
 چوڻي مس آهي، ..... نه، نه، .....  
 چوڻي الڙي آهي، ديواني آهي ..... نه،  
 نه، ..... چوڻي چري آهي، پاڳل آهي،  
 مس آهي، الڙي آهي، ديواني آهي ۽  
 شايد انکان به ڪجهه وڌيڪ، چوڻي مس  
 آهي! چندر جوان هو ۽ شايد ٺهڻ ڪري ئي  
 چري هو، پاڳل هو، مس هو، الڙو هو،  
 ديواني هو ۽ شايد انکان به ڪجهه وڌيڪ!

چندر آفيس وڃي رهيو هو. اڄ کيس  
 دير ٿي ويئي هئي. هن بس سٽاپ تي پهچڻ  
 شرط تي اتي ايندڙ هڪ ڪماريءَ کان پڇيو،  
 ”ڇا بس هلي ويئي آهي؟“ ان ڪماريءَ  
 موٽ ۾ مشڪلي چيو، ”نه، خبر ناهي نه.  
 ڇو اڃا تائين نه آئي آهي.“ بس الزام ئي  
 چندر مس ٿي ويو. ايتري تبديل جو  
 ڪارڻ هو ڪماريءَ جي موٽ ۾ مشڪل!



و شدو هو ٿو اٿي

### غلاط فوهي !

چندر شاعر هو. پنهنجي ٻر ٽيما ويڪا ٿي کيس وڃيندو هو، هو ويڪا جي سولهن ٽي مس هوندي هئي بنيان چريو هو. قد وٺي کي آخر سندن گرههستي پسند هئي. ويڪا جي پاڳي-ويڪا چمڪي لڳي. چندر جي ويڪا سان شادي ٿي. شاعر جي آوازن جا گل بهڪي لڳا. هن چئن چاهيو پئي اٿن ٿيو. سندس اميدن جو سورج چمڪي

لڳو ۽ چمڪي لڳو ان سان گڏ چندر جو هڪڙو ڇوڙو ٻڙهي چوڙو هوشيءَ سان وقت گذاري لڳو. پر، پر، پر..... قد وٺي کي شايد ٻيو ڪجهه ٿي منظور هو! ويڪا کي سلهه جي بيماري ٿي هئي. چندر، سندس پريتر، ائين سمجهي ته ڪا خاص ڊپ جي ڳالهه ڪانهي، ان ڳالهه ڏانهن خاص ڌيان نه ڏنو، پر سلهه اڪرو

( آدل صفحہ ۲۰۰ )

ڪاليج ۾ امتحان ۾ پهريون نمبر ايندو ٿو شاگرد کي العام ڏنو ويندو آهي، جيئن شاگرد ۾ ٻڙهي لاءِ شوق پيدا ٿئي ۽ منجهس چٽلپٽي جو مادو رهي.

شروعات ۾ ڪاليج ۾ شاگردن جو تعداد ٻين ڪاليجن جي ڀيٽ ۾ گهٽ هو. پر هر سال آهستي آهستي شاگردن جو تعداد ايترو نڪرڻ وڌو ته رهيو جو اڄ ڪيترن شاگردن کي داخلا لاءِ نا اميد ٿيڻو پوي. ان لاءِ اسانجي پرنسپال صاحب داد لهڻو.

مان ڪجهه وقت لاءِ ”سنڌي ساهتيءَ“ جو سيڪريٽري ۽ پرنسپال هوس ۽ وقت به وقت سوسائٽيءَ جي ڪم ڪار لاءِ وٺس ويندو هوس. هڪ دفعي جي ڳالهه آهي ته پرنسپال صاحب اسان جي دعوت تي سنڌي سوسائٽيءَ جي سالاني ميٽنگ ۾ جلوه افروز ٿيو ته هن صاحب پنڌاپو ته مان ڄاڻو ڪراچيءَ ۾ هوس ۽ الهيءَ نالي سنڌي آهيان پر هڪڙو آهيان جو سنڌيءَ ۾ ڳالهائي نٿو سگهان. تنهن هوندي به هڪ جملو سنڌيءَ ۾ ڳالهائين، ”پنهنجو نالو ڇا آهي؟“ اسان سڀني کي ٿوري ڪل اچي ويئي. شل ٿي کيس خوش رکي.

هي صاحب سڀيءَ جو لهر دل، خوش مزاج ۽ شاگردن جو همدردي ۽ هڏ ٽوڪي هو. شاگردن کي صحيح اصولي ۾ تعليم ڏيڻ سان گڏوگڏ هن ۾ انتظام ٿوڪڻ، والد واند، صرف مباحثي، ڊراما وغيره لاءِ شوق ۽ چاهه پيدا ڪرڻ تي خاص زور ڏيندو هو. پاڻ به ڊرامي ۾ ڀارت ادا ڪندو هو ۽ ٻين شاگردن کي به انساڻ ڏياريندو هو. هن ڪاليج ۾ ٻڙهي، والدین، ڊيٽس (Debates) ۾ شاگردن لاءِ خاص العام رکيل آهن. منهنجي خيال موجب ٻئي ڪنهن به ڪاليج ۾ امتحان ۾ ايندو ٿو پهرين نمبرن کي العام نه ڏنو ويندو آهي، پر اسان جي



### گهاري گيدائي هامتائي

## اسان جو پرنسپيال

پر پانگ کي چست ڪرڻ پڻ . وڏو پڙهڻ سان دل ٿيا ۾ ڪو به هلي سگهيو پر ان سان گڏ چست ۽ تڙ ٿائي پڻ ڪهي جا راندين ڪرڻ ۽ ٻين سان وٺي ملي هلڻ مان ئي ملي سگهيتي . پارتين يا پڪڙڻ تي گهڻو ڪري شعر پڙهي ٻڌائيندو هو . ويٺي ويٺي وري اهڙيون مزيدار ڳالهيون ٻڌائيندو هو جو کلي کلي اولڏا ٿيندا هئاسين . هو چوڪرن سان چوڪرو، چوڪرين سان چوڪري ۽ پروفيسرن سان پروفيسر ئي هلندو هو . جيڪڏهن ڪنهن شاگرد کي ڪا شڪايت هوندي هئي ۽ وٽس ويندو هو ته هو پڪڙڻ ان کي دور ڪرڻ جي ڪوشش ڪندو هو .

هيتر هو ڪاليج کي ڇڏي دهلي يونيورسٽي ۾ وائيس چانسلر جو سيڪريٽري ٿي ويو آهي .

پڳوان ڪندو نه جيئن هن جي ٽينهن ۾ ڪاليج ٿيو ٿيو اڳتي پڻ انهن وٽ ڪندو رهندو .

دش بندو ڪاليج ۾ ڪل ٽي سال پڙهيس پر انهن ٽن سالن ۾ مون پرنسپيال هر پيچيدرا مان گهڻو ڪجهه پرايو . ڪاليج جو هو پرنسپيال هوندي به انهن نه ٽيڪاري ٽيندو هو نه هو ڪو پرنسپيال هو، پر شاگردن جو دل ڏوسه هو .

هو صاحب ڪاليج جي هر ڪنهن ڳالهه ۾ پاڻ وٺندو هو . پر ٽي دفعا نه ڪاليج جي ڊوائس ۾ به پارٽ ورتائين . سڄي پڇ نه هيڏي عمر هوندي به پارٽ اهڙي نه ڪاميابي سان ادا ڪندو هو جو اسين نوجوان شاگرد وائڙا ٿي ويندا هئاسين . ڪاليج ۾ جڏهن سالهينون رانديون ٿينديون هيون تڏهن به هو پارٽ وٺندو هو . راندين ۾ وري سڀني پروفيسرن ۽ پرنسپيال جي نوڙي ۽ راند يا ڊوڙ پڇائڻ جي شرط ٿيندي هئي ، جنهن ۾ هو هميشه کٽندو هو .

هو اسان کي هميشه اها صلاح ٽيندو هو ته توهان ڪاليج ۾ وڏو پڙهڻ ڪو نه ٿا اچو

### شري سلو سڀاڻي

## پرنسپيال ته هوڙو!

جي جهڪ نظر ايندي . دش بندو ڪاليج جي وجود ۾ اچڻ تي هن صاحب کي پهرين پرنسپيال مقرر ڪيو ويو . ( ٽو صفح ۳ )

منهنجي خوش سمجهي آهي جو مان منهنجي بهاري ۽ محبوب پرنسپيال صاحب لاءِ به اکر ناميد ڪري رهيو آهيان، جنهن مان سندس شخصيت، شاگردن لاءِ بهار ۽ همدرد ٿي

# ديش

( سنڌي وپاڳه )

پروفيسر سمنداس جهانگيرائي - ريش چنڊ - درا - رچو

سمچاد ڪ: - پروفيسر سمنداس جهانگيرائي [ سهاڪ: - گهاري رڌما هيرانندائي

## سمچاد ڪي وپچار

نوٽائي، اشوڪ، شيام، گوپند، گولٽي، ميران نوٽائي، وديا ۽ امريءَ ڪمال ڪري ڏيکاريو. وقت جو سپاڻي پروفيسر نارائنداس ملڪاڻي هو.

سها جو پهرين ميڙ ۱۱ آڪٽوبر ۱۹۵۸ تي ٿيو. جنهن ۾ سشيل مسند ”مولڪي پون ٿا پور پنوهان جا“ دلسوز آواز ۾ ڳايو، پشوا پهلا جاڻيءَ ”ڪارڪا ڏجانءِ پرينءَ کي پيغام ويندي ويندي“ واکيءَ ٻڌايو، نلسي اڃاڻيءَ سنڌي ڀڄڻ ۽ پر هلاڪ سنڌي ڪافي ڳائي، وديا چونڻاڻيءَ جي مذاقي واقعي ”منهنجو لڪ ڪم ٿي ويو“ ڪافي ولد زابو ۽ لال نارائڻيءَ جي مذاقي ڪهاڻيءَ ۽ چڱو لک لالو.

هن سال لاهه هينيان عهديدار چونڊيا ويا آهن. پروفيسر سمنداس جهانگيرائي صلاحڪار

ٿلسي اڃاڻيءَ - پريو بدلت

لال ڏاڻيءَ - سيڪريٽري

اشوڪ ڊاڻيءَ - جائنت سيڪريٽري

سريچند اڃاڻيءَ - (عيوضي بي. اي ۽ بي. ايس سي ڪلاس)

پرو هلالاد - عيوضي (پريو بيميدڪل ڪلاس) (رڌما هيرانندائي)

اميد آهي تہ اڳين سالن وانگر هن سال به سها زور شور سان ڪم ڪندي ۽ ڪاليج جي اندر توڙي ٻاهر سنڌين جو شان بلند ڪندي.

## مخزن ۽ اسين :- مخزن جو هيءَ

خاص پڙچو پڙسيو هڙ پيشو ڏرا جي لالسي سان ڪڍيو ٿو وڃي. سندس رهڙيءَ هيٺ ڪاليج چڱو وڌارو ڪيو آهي. شاگردن جو تعداد شروع ۾ ۷۰ کن هو، سو وڌي وڃي ۷۰۰ ٿيو آهي. پوليورسٽي امتحالن ۾ به اسانجي شاگردن چڱو نالو ڪڍيو آهي، جنهن لاهه صاحب ڪيرون لهڙيون.

سندس جاءِ سندس جهڙي ئي ودوان ۽ آزمودگار شخص پڙي آهي ۽ اهو آهي اسانجو نئون پڙسيو ڊاڪٽر پندر جي. اسين هن صاحب جي آڃيان ٿا ڪريون.

## سنڌي سڀا :- گذريل مارچ مهيني ۾

سها جو سالانو جلسو وڏي ڌار ڌور سان ملهائيو ويو. سڀ کان پهرين گولٽيءَ ۽ وديا هڪ دوڪانو ڳايو، جو حاضرين کي ڏاڍو وڻيو. پر انڊيا ناٽڪ پيش ڪيا ويا. شري گوپند مالهيءَ جو ناٽڪ ”لاڏلي“ ۽ پروفيسر ملڪاڻيءَ جو ”ٽي پارٽي“ جن ۾ مکيه اداڪار هئا نلسي اڃاڻي، ميران بندلاڻي، اشوڪ بندلاڻي، شيام رام ڪيائي، گوپند لڪر، وديا چونڻاڻي، گولٽي چانڊواڻي، امريءَ خالصا ۽ ميران نوٽائي. تنهن کان پوءِ گولٽي چانڊواڻيءَ هڪ دلسوز واکيءَ ٻڌايو.

## ڀڄڙيءَ ۾ ”جهولسي جهولسي لال“

ڳايو ويو جنهن ۾ نلسي، دشمني

# غزل

از دی این پسر بچہ زیبا

چڑھتا ہے جو مانند قمر ان پہ شباب اور  
بر بادِ تمنا پہ وہ کرتے ہیں عتاب اور  
اے شوخ نظر اتنی نہ کر دینا شتاب اور  
بتلاے بنا رخ سے اٹھا دینا نقاب اور  
دل جان سے نظروں سے اداؤں سے پلا دو  
ممکن ہے یہاں پھر نہ میسر ہو شراب اور  
وہ دیکھے کہیں اور۔ میں سمجھوں میری جانب  
اچھا تھا جو رہتا یوں نہی کچھ دیر سراب اور  
کیوں کیجئے پامال مجھے اے بت نازک  
یہ خانہ خراب اس سے بھی کیا ہوگا خراب اور  
اک بار جو عاشق کی طرف جھول کے دیکھ  
بیٹھا ہے وہ کرنے ترے جلوؤں کا حسا۔ اور  
کیا خوب قیامت میں ہو اک ایسی کتاب اور  
جناحی میں ترپوں انہیں اتنا ہو ثواب اور  
اظہارِ محبت پہ یوں ٹوکا تو نہ ہوتا ؛  
ہم غیر سہی غیر سے کر لیتے حجاب اور  
دیکھی کبھی ہوتی شبِ غم گر میری زیبا  
کرتے نہ دُعا رب سے دراز ہو یہ حجاب اور

# غزل

از وی ابن پسر بیچہ زیبا

چشم حسین میں اٹھی ہے موجِ شباب دیکھ

کوئی ٹھٹھک گیا ہے تجھے بے حجاب دیکھ

ایسے جلا کے خاک نہ کر پُر غرور حسن

میری طرف نہ دیکھ مرا اضطراب دیکھ

واقف نہیں ہیں غم سے یہ نادانِ اہلِ حُسن

دل میرا دیکھ اس میں غم بے حساب دیکھ

رسوا کیا ہے ہم کو محبت نے بار بار !

باقی ابھی ہے غم کے اٹھانے کی تاب دیکھ

وہ اور میں جو مانا کریں گے شکستِ عشق

دل مانتا نہیں ہے تجھے کامیاب دیکھ

عادت نہیں جانے میں کیوں مسکرا دیا !

ساتی کو دیکھ دعوتِ جام و شراب دیکھ

قریباً کبھی کسی نے تھا زاہد بتا دیا

لیکن محلِ پڑے تجھے زیرِ نقاب دیکھ

ہوئے اس کے پاس گئے اور اپنے روکے ہوئے پائے  
کو چھوڑ کر پھٹ پڑے اور لگے شوکت کو وہاں ہی بھرے  
بازار میں کوسنے : پہلے تو شوکت میاں کی لٹی پٹی ہوئی  
یہ دیکھ کر ہم پھولے نہ سمائے۔ لیکن کچھ دیر بعد جب اس  
نے گدھے کی طرح منہ پھاڑ کر منہ شروع کر دیا تو ہم ،  
جیران کہہوا کیا۔

اللہ اللہ کر کے شوکت میاں کا منہ بند ہوا۔ اور  
اپنے بھاڑ جیسے منہ کو بند کر کے حضرت فرمانے لگے۔  
”کہو میاں یہ اپنے چہرے کو ماڈرن آرٹ کا پلڈرٹ  
کیوں بنا رہا ہے“

اتنا سننا تھا کہ ہمارے چہرے کی کچی ہوئی کھال  
اپنی اصلی حالت پر آگئی اور ہم نے شوکت میاں کے سامنے  
جیل کے اکبر اور اپنی بیوی اور فاتحے کی گردان شروع کر دی  
جیل ٹھیک کہتا ہے : ”شوکت میاں نے کہا۔

ہم نے اتنا ہی سنا اور اتنا سنتے ہی ہمارا حال بے حال  
ہو گیا۔ یہ دیکھ کر بے جاے شوکت کا رنگ فق ہو گیا۔  
اور نکادہ ہم پر پھینٹے دینے اور ہلوا کہنے کچھ دیر تو ہم  
شوکت کی بدعوا سی کا مزہ اچھلتے رہے اور جب دیکھا کہ اب  
شوکت رو دینے کی حالت پر آ گیا ہے تو ہم نے اسے سلام  
کیا اور عارضی بیوی اٹھا کر گھر کو چل دیئے۔

ابھی ہم نے گھر میں عارضی بیوی کو رکھا ہی تھا کہ  
چھوٹی رضیا بھانگی ہوئی آئی اور کہنے لگی : ”ابا جان !  
ابا جان ! امی جان ! پڑوسن کے ساتھ پڑوسن کی بہن کے  
بیٹے کی بیوی کی بہن کے لڑکے کے گھر ڈنر پر گئی ہوئی  
ہیں“

اتنا سننا تھا کہ ہمارا دماغ گھوم گیا۔ اور ہمارے  
دماغ نے بھی اکبر کو ایک عظیم اور زمانے ساز شاعر  
لیا۔ آہ ہمارے منہ سے بے اختیار نکل پڑا : -

ڈنر سے تم کو کب فرصت یہاں فاتحے سے کربالی  
چلو بس ہو چکا ملنا نہ تم حالی نہ ہم خالی

## از سنیل کمار جی۔ اے فائیل

پار کر گیا۔ اور ہم اپنے پارے کو نہ دکھاتے ہوئے  
جمیل کو مخاطب کر کے کہنے لگے۔

”اجی اکبر تو بالکل وہابیات آدمی تھا“  
اتنا کہنا تھا کہ جمیل ایک دم ایسے بولا جیسے ٹرک کا  
ٹائر پھٹ گیا ہو۔ اور کہنے لگا۔

”رفو بھائی اگر آپ کا یہی خیال ہے تو میں کہوں گا کہ  
اللہ تعالیٰ نے آپ کو بھیجا ہی نہیں دیا۔ جناب آپ نے  
نامعقولیت کی انتہا ہی کر دی ہے۔ اتنا کہہ کر جمیل میاں  
اکبر اکبری گردان ٹرک سے اسیسے سوئے جیسے سورج  
بچکنے پر لائٹ ہاؤس کی تھی“

ہم نے جب اپنے لئے نامعقول کا ایڈجکٹیو سنا اور  
جمیل کو سوئے ہوئے دیکھا تو بہارا غصہ سا تو میں آسمان  
کو پار کر گیا۔ اور آٹھویں پر پہنچے ہی لگا تھا کہ ہمیں فالتے کی  
اور بیوی کی یاد آگئی۔ اور ہماری نظر اس طرح گھڑی پر پڑی  
جیسے رات کو آٹو کی نظر اپنے شکار پر اور جب ہم نے دیکھا کہ  
ہماری گھڑی سات بج رہی ہے تو ہم اپنی عارضی بیوی کو اٹھا کر  
اپنی دل کی ملکہ سے ملنے کو اپنے گھر روانہ ہوئے۔

بھوک کے مارے ہماری انہریاں آپس میں سرد  
جنگ کر رہی تھیں اور ہم انہیں بچہ شیش کے بارے میں  
بتلاتے ہوئے اور جنگ نہ کر نیکی تاکید کرتے ہوئے ہونٹوں  
کے آگے سے بھل رہے تھے کہ کسی نے ہم کو:-

”ابے اور تو کے بچے“ کہہ کر بڑے پیار سے مخاطب  
کیا۔ ہم نے اپنی عارضی بیوی کو روکا تو دیکھا کہ شوکن میاں  
منہ میں پان کی گھوڑی دبلے ہوئے ہمیں ایسے تیلے ہاتھ  
بلا ہلا کر کہنے کے لئے کہہ رہا ہے۔

ہم نے بیوی اور فالتے کی گردان کو روک کر میاں  
کو بوطھی عورتوں کی طرح کو سنا شروع کر دیا اور کہتے

”ہاں! تو بھائی صاحب میں کہہ رہا تھا کہ اکبر کے چور  
کا شاعر اس جہان فانی میں نہ کوئی ہوا ہے اور نہ کسی کے  
ہونے کی امید ہے اس جیاد و اندیش اور صاحب نظر  
شاعر ہندوستان پیدا کر سکے ناممکن۔ اجی جناب یہ تو ہو  
ہی نہیں سکتا۔ اکبر اکبر تھا اور اکبر اکبر ہی رہے گا ہمیشہ کے  
لئے جب تک فلک پر چاند اور سورج ہے تب تک  
زمین پر اکبر ہے۔“

”رفو بھائی اکبر ایک لکا ہوا آم تھا جہاں جاتا تھا  
وہاں ایک مٹھا اس پھیل جاتی تھی۔ اور جب وہ شعر کہتا  
تھا تو ایسا مزہ آتا تھا جیسے کہ آدمی آم چوس رہا ہو“

جمیل ہمیشہ کی طرح ترنگ میں آ کر اکبر کے قصیدے  
پڑھ رہا تھا۔ اکبر نہ ہوا مانو شاہجہاں کی نور جہاں ہوئی کہ  
جس کے سوائے کوئی بات ہی کہنے کو نہیں تھی۔ اور جمیل  
تھا کہ اکبر کی رٹ لگائے ہوئے تھا اور ادھر ہم تھے کہ روٹی  
روٹی اور بیوی بیوی کی مالا جب رہے تھے۔ جمیل تو مانو  
روٹی کے بدلے شہم کھا کر آیا تھا اور اٹھنے کا نام ہی نہ  
نہیں دیتا تھا۔

ہاں تو رفو بھائی میں کہہ رہا تھا کہ اکبر جیسا زمانہ سار  
شاعر آج تک کوئی نہیں ہوا۔ اس کے ہر شعر سے زمانے  
سازی کی خوشبو آتی ہے جناب آپ نے اس کی شاعری  
کو پڑھا نہیں۔ اگر پڑھا ہوتا تو آپ مجھے عشق  
کراٹھتے۔ رفو بھائی سچ کہتا ہوں اور تم کھاتا ہوں ہونے  
والی کلن کی اماں کی کہ اکبر نے جب لکھا ہے

ڈنر سے تم کو کب فریبت یہاں فالتے سے کب ظالی  
چلو بس ہونچکا ملنا نہ تم جنالی نہ ہم خالی  
اور میں نے جب پڑھا تو ہونوالی کلن کی اماں کو طلاق  
دے دیا۔ اتنا سننا تھا کہ ہمارا پارا ایک سو اٹھ کو بھی

چلا جاتا ہوں بہنستا کھیلتا موجِ عبادت سے : اگر آسانیاں ہوں زندگی دشوار ہو جائے

فکران  
نثری کے۔ سی کانڈا  
ڈیش  
ایدیٹر  
منگت رام شرر

دیش بندھو کالکاجی نئی دہلی کا علمی اور ادبی خزینہ

## حرفِ اول

آج جبکہ میں یہ ادارہ لکھنے کیلئے قلم اٹھاتا ہوں تو میری انگلیوں میں ایک لہزش سی پیدا ہو گئی ہے۔ بڑے دنوں سے یہ خواہش تھی کہ اردو سیکشن کا مدیر بنوں تاکہ آپ لوگوں کی خدمت کرنے کا موقع ملے مگر اب جب موقع ہاتھ آیا ہے تو میرے پاؤں ڈنگا رہے ہیں۔ ڈرتا ہوں کہ میں اپنے فرض کی ادائیگی میں پورا نہ اتر سکوں۔ مگر جناب کا ٹٹا صاحب کا دستِ شفقت میرے سر پر ہے اور ناظرین کا تعاون میرا ساتھی ہے۔ کیسے ہو سکتا ہے کہ میں اپنی ذمہ داری کو سرانجام نہ دے سکوں مگر مجھے زیادہ رجائیت پسند بھی نہیں بننا چاہیے۔ پہلے مدیر صاحب کو ان صفحات کو پیراستہ کرنے میں جو دفعیں پیش آتی تھیں وہ اب بھی میرے سامنے کھڑی ہیں۔ مضامین نگاروں کی کمی ہماری سب سے بڑی مشکل ہے اور اس مشکل کا حل محض آپ ہی کر سکتے ہیں، جب تک آپ اس پھلواری کیلئے بیچ اور پودے ہیما نہ کریں گے میری باغبانی رائیگاں ہی رہے گی۔ پرنسپل ہر شے چھدرھا جب کے چلے جانے پر ہم لوگ کچھ ادا اس ہو گئے تھے ہمیں ڈرتا تھا کہ ان کے بعد یہ صفحات کس پیری کی حالت میں پڑ جائیں گے مگر ہماری خوش قسمتی ہے کہ ہمارے نئے پرنسپل ڈاکٹر نیرجی صاحب بھی اردو ادب کے فیض سرورست ہیں اور ادب شناس ہیں۔ گوا بھی مجھ ان کے ساتھ ملاقات کرینا شرف حاصل نہیں ہوا۔ تاہم انکے چہرے سے میں یہ قیافہ لگا سکا ہوں کہ وہ بھی ہلکا رہنمائی اور حوصلہ افزائی میں کوئی دقیقہ فرو گذاشت نہ کریں گے۔ میں آپ سب کی طرف سے ڈاکٹر نیرجی صاحب کو خوش آمدید کہتا ہوں اور دُعا کے بدلے صرف یہ شعر لکھنا چاہتا ہوں۔

جان تجھ پر نثار کرتا ہوں پد میں نہیں جانتا دُعا کیا ہے  
کالج کی فضا دن بدن پر ہارنا رہی ہے اس کی عمارت میں ایک عظیم اضافہ ہو رہا ہے۔ طلباء کے اعداد و شمار بھی سات سو کے لگ بھگ پنج گئے ہیں اور کالج کی سبھی سرگرمیاں زور و زور پر ہیں۔ ایکشن کا جوش تو آپ نے ملاحظہ فرمایا ہی ہے۔ امید ہے کہ اس جوش کے ساتھ ایکشن جیتنے والے ساتھی اپنے فرائض کو پورا کرتے رہا کریں گے۔

(منگت رام شرر)

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*Editor-in-Chief*

Shri Radha Krishna Sud

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*Note* :—Presidents of Clubs and Societies are requested to send in the news of their activities by 31st January, 1959.

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# DESH

**Annual Number**



**कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते**

**D'SH BANDHU COLLEGE,**  
KALKAJI, NEW DELHI.

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## EDITORIAL

*By Sarita Ajmani, B.A. III Year*

'Ring out the old and ring in the new'. This is the message of the dying year to the 'new-born babe', the year 1959. A new year is merely a milestone on the road leading to Eternity. It does not only mean the changing of the calendar; it also brings new hopes, new promises and new tasks to do. Usually at the end of the year we take stock of our achievements and failures, and prepare ourselves for the accomplishments of the things still undone. In a vast and ancient country like India, where the Sovereign Republic is just nine years old, there is more of looking ahead. India achieved her independence about twelve years back. Since then she has been striving to build up her economy on a sound footing. The initial stage was the First Five Year Plan which was launched in May, 1951. The Second Five Year Plan started its journey in 1956, to carry out the tasks which could not be completed in the First one.

The 'India-1958' Exhibition which was inaugurated by the Prime Minister on October 8, was organised to give the people "an opportunity to look back on the ground that has been covered and to have an idea of the distance that remains to be traversed before we reach the goal". It provided a vivid panorama of the economic

progress of the country since independence. It was organised on an all-India basis. It revealed how we had progressed by rapid strides in more than one field, and of this we are legitimately proud. But we have to cover a long distance yet to reach our goal.

Descending to the lower planes of our individual lives, we, too, should spend some time in self-introspection at the beginning of the new year. Looking back at the texture of the last year we'll find a chequered pattern of failure and success, error and achievement, regret and rejoicing. We should carefully calculate our credits and debits, so as to make a proper budget for this year. Man learns as much by his blunders as by his victories, provided he has a desire to mend himself. Our examinations coming at the dawn of the new year have, in fact, done much of this calculation for us, and we know where we stand. Let us not curse our fate or lose our heart if our expectations have been deceived. Only we should not repeat our errors. Nothing worth the name is even achieved without struggle. And struggle, though it appears very odious at its face value, is another name for joy perennial. You cannot afford

to join the Lotos Eaters of Tennyson who drowsily sang, "Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil". Ulysses should be your guide who has rightly urged you "to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield".

By the time this magazine reaches your hands, you'll be well within the grips of your annual examination. Let me wish you, my readers, all success in your attempts.

Incidentally, I am reminded that this happens to be my last chance of

conversing with you as your Editor. Before I relinquish my office, let me extend my sincere thanks to all contributors to these pages, for without their co-operation I could not have successfully done my job. I'll be failing in my duty if I do not express my sense of gratitude to the worthy Staff-editors, Shri R. K. Sud and Shri K. C. Kanda, whose valuable advice has always guided my pen. Adieu !

## SWEETNESS & LIGHT

By Shri R. P. Budhiraja, *M. Sc.*

The use of these two words together immediately reminds one of the name of the famous English Essayist, Matthew Arnold. Yes, in my mind, also, these two words were associated with that great English humanist. But of late another personality also has become intimately associated with these two finest words in the human vocabulary. And that is the person of late Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. Belonging to two different generations as we did, I never had the good fortune of having seen him from close quarters. Unfortunately I knew little about the deeds either of this veritable source of sweetness and beacon of light during his life time.

Speech after speech from our national stalwarts was entering into my ears at the Ram Lila Grounds on the evening following the day of the sad and untimely demise of Maulana Sahib. I do not know how words affect the activity of the hormonal glands. I think physiologists have still to discover the precise relationship between the two. If they have already discovered it, I do not know. Well, as the words of the leaders of the various political parties were getting down my throat, they choked it. As if to relieve this choking, my eyes wetted. Each leader depicted a new facet of the personality of the great

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Read (1) Azad : India wins Freedom. (2) Kabir : Azad, a memorial volume, (3) Desai, Mahadev : Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. (4) Gaffar; Mohd Abdul : Asar-i Abul Kalam Azad (5) Maulana Azad : a homage (Ministry of Information and Broadcasting). (6) Maulana Azad : Speeches.

man from his or her personal associations with Maulana Azad.

And what happened within me as these words dinned into my ears? One moment as Mrs. Aruna Asaf Ali spoke, the Maulana appeared to me as the emancipator of Indian womanhood; nay of women everywhere where they did not enjoy equality with men. A few moments earlier I had a glimpse of Maulana Sahib as Abul Kalam, the versatile writer, when Mr. Gurmukh Singh Musafir narrated his literary tastes and accomplishments. And just a little earlier a picture had flashed before my mind's eyes of Azad—a free man, free of all petty religious fanaticism, free of any fear that bent any ordinary person before the English terror. This was when Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammed spoke telling the huge gathering what he had inherited from his preceptor. Next to my inward eye the person of the Maulana appeared as a symbol of integrity as the leader of the Communist Party gave his impressions about the deceased soul. But what gave my imagination its food for several days were the two sentences from the speeches of Dr. Rajendra Parshad and Mr. Nehru.

Rashtrapatiji had remarked that an epoch had come to a close with the passing away from our midst of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. What is the significance of this word "epoch"? I could not fully grasp it on the spot. I kept thinking for several hours after the meeting had come to an end. This mysterious word haunted me on my way back from the meeting as

I stood at the spot where the mortal remains of the great man now lie buried. I feel that I now understand, at least partially, the implication of this remark. This has become possible only when I have tried, of course, in imagination only, to live in the era of the Khilafat Movement. The Maulana was the symbol of the fervent spirit of brotherhood prevalent between the two major communities during that phase of our national struggle for freedom. One can well imagine how the Maulana's personality gave sustenance to Indian nationalism—nationalism inspired by common culture, the Indian culture, rather than based on religion—during the darkest phase of the forties of this century when communalism reached its summit. In this age of domestic and international rifts Maulana's illumined soul shone forth keeping the spirit of reason, which I call Sweetness and Light, alive not out of a sense of necessity but as a natural accompaniment of gentlemanliness.

Mr. Nehru called the Maulana the "bridge" linking the old with the new. Yes, he was a rare product of the synthesis of what was good in Indian culture and the progressive ideas of the modern times. I feel only Mr. Nehru can convey precisely to his audience such difficult ideas in such homely terms. The reason is that Mr. Nehru has the clearest historical perspective. He has as clear an insight into the past human history as a foresight of the future. The present Indian foreign policy could be the product of only such a man of vision. From what I gathered from

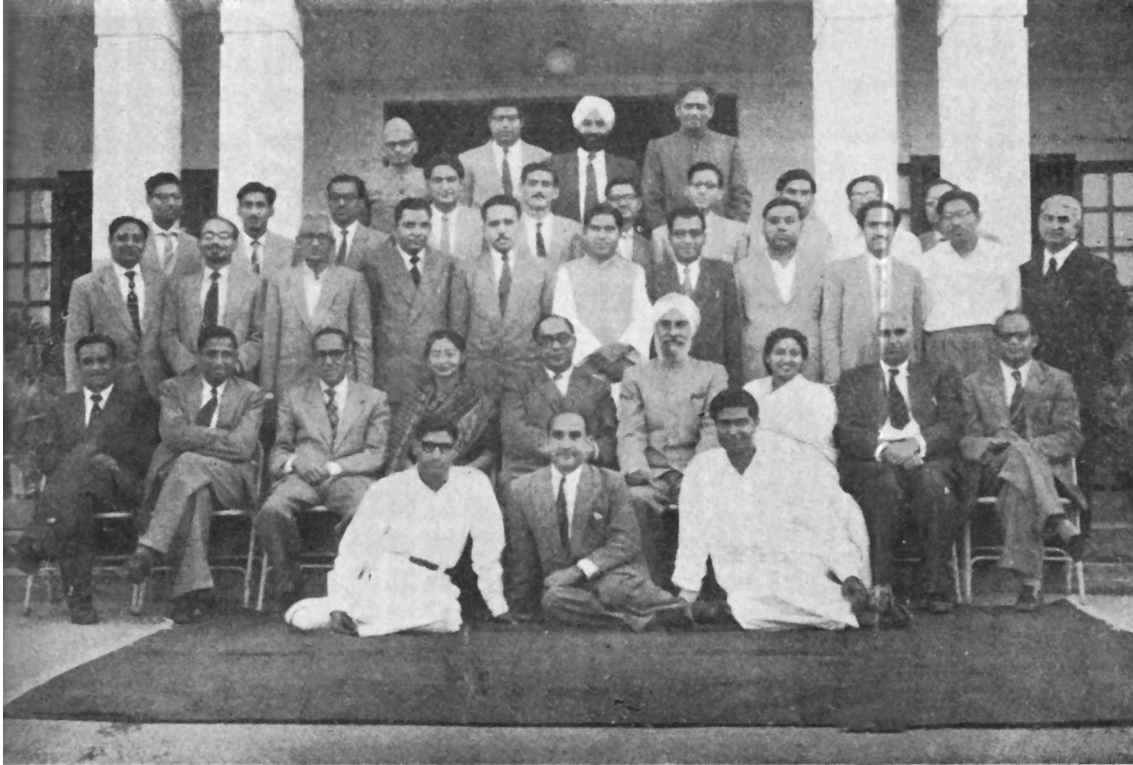
the Prime Minister's speech I interpreted that the Maulana's life had influenced Panditji's mould of mind. When great minds remain in contact over long years this mutual interplay of influences is natural and very healthy. I feel Maulana's living example must have helped in the formation of Mr. Nehru's catholicity of outlook and in retaining it undimmed during the darkest hour when the communal frenzy had crossed all bounds. The genius of the greatest of the Moghul Emperors gave us a synthesis of the Hindu and the Muslim cultures. This synthetic product is what we call the Indian culture. Maulana Azad, amongst others, is an architect of, what I may call, the next higher stage of man's cultural evolution. To call it "Modern culture" will be most inappropriate, because in the popular mind modern culture is associated more with materialism than with the realm of spirit.

Yes, a flame has been extinguished. It was a big flame. The smoke its extinction has produced has been much; it is in the form of sighs of grief all over the country. But such flames light others before they get extinguished. Therein lies the secret of progress in this unending story of man's cultural evolution in the unending striving of man to attain perfection. Man has a lesson to learn from the life-story of Maulana Azad.

Man's story is a long narrative of conflicts. Man's conflict with himself, Man's conflict with man, and Man's conflict with Nature. It is the role of History to deal with the second one of

these conflicts, namely, the social conflicts. A survey of human history is instructive. More than that, study of History gives hope. The inherent virtue in man has contrived to make man not only survive through all the deadly conflicts of the past but to add to the richness of human life. The primitive tribes quarrelled amongst themselves. Necessities of evolution taught man to live in larger and still larger social groups. This process of social evolution has not come to an end. Indeed, we are passing through a very crucial stage of it at the present moment. We are in what may be called the stage of "Chauvinism" of this long evolutionary process. Dim glimpses of the next stage, that of 'Internationalism', are visible. A study of the past human endeavour gives me confidence that man's ingenuity will enable him to attain perfection and avert catastrophe with which the nuclear fission may bring this story of mankind to an abrupt end.

We in India have a lesson to learn from the life of Maulana Azad at this particular juncture of our national history when narrow loyalties to linguism, provincialism and casteism threaten our national unity. On the international plane, man's reason, I am confident, will prevail upon both the power blocs and the two sides will come to not only a workable compromise but to a positive co-operation. The reason for this optimism is simple. Both the sides are constituted by men. With the spread of sweetness and light of reason through education, the world will merge into a single

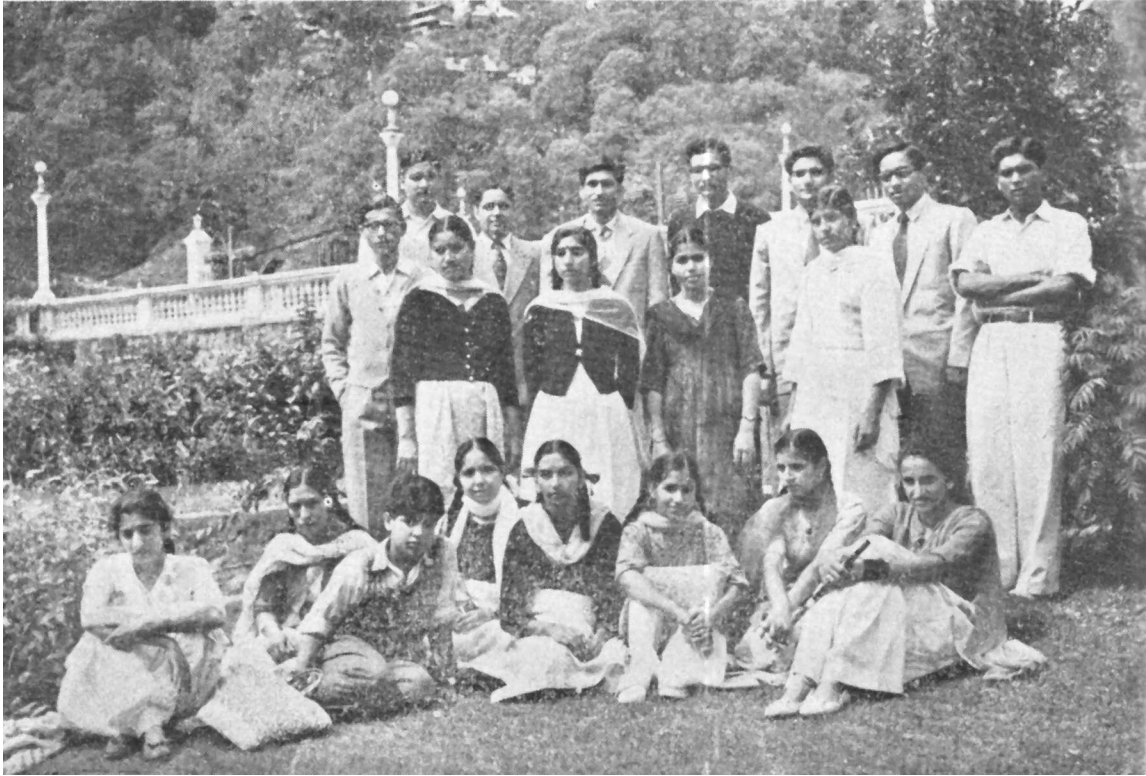


The Staff

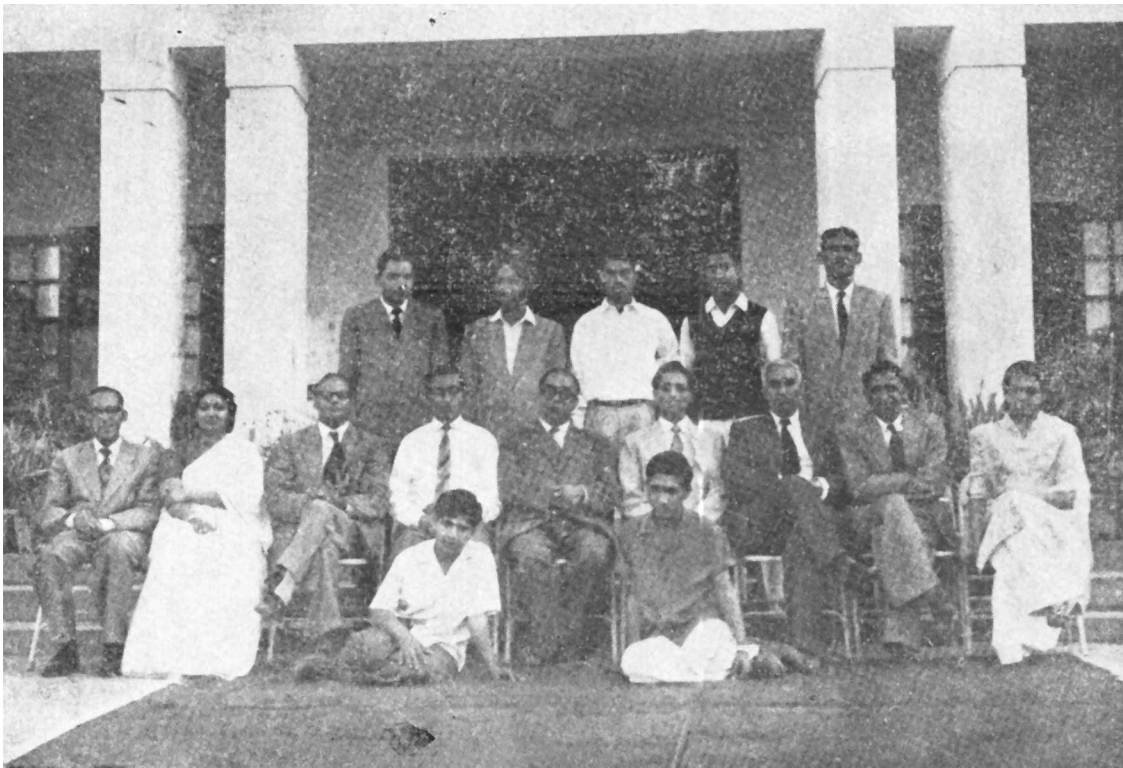


The Editorial Board





Students of Botany : Trip to Nainital for plant collection



The Union Executive

human realm before either power embarks upon an experiment of human annihilation because of some imaginary fears from the other side, or, for upholding a false sense of national prestige. Maulana Azad rose

above the momentary passions of his ordinary fellowmen because Reason was his only guide. Shall we follow his legacy ? Will Sweetness and Light guide man ? I hope they will.

## “YOUTH FESTIVALS”

*By Vishno Motwani, B. A. II Year*

Editor designate (English Section)

‘Youth Festivals’ are a recent-day growth.

And since their dawn, they have been becoming increasingly popular with the youth-folk of various countries. The reason for this is not far to seek. The root of the rapid growth and increased popularity of the ‘Youth Festivals’ lies in their advantages and uses.

‘Youth Festivals’ bring about an emotional integration of the different people of the different communities of a country. They tend to or rather directly unite them in a serene system of citizenship. They bring about that harmony and co-ordination among the different people which is really a part and parcel of the progress that a country makes. This co-ordination is analytical and results in national unity in diversity.

‘Youth Festivals’ can help a lot in exciting a sense of discipline and duty in the minds of youth. They

work as an outlet for their extra energy which is the real cause of the germ of mischief in youth. They teach the young (as even the old) how to behave in a way which will be liked and honoured by all. They make them as punctual as a clock is. They teach them how to cultivate the team-spirit. They make them actually imbibe a spirit of ‘give and take’, ‘live and let live’, which is so very usefully required in life. They make them learn a lesson of self-help and service to others.

Besides this instructive value, Youth Festivals have a great entertainment value also. They provide us with a refined sort of entertainment coming from the educated people from various universities of the country.

‘Youth Festivals’ are very useful in developing the artistic phase of the students. They provide them with a healthy and constructive kind of competition. They can manufacture

talented dancers, silver-tongued singers and master-musicians. They can produce very great names in various games and sports. To some they can be a faithful friend and a good guide in choosing a career. One can earn a good name as a dancer or an actor through this medium of 'Youth Festivals' and then dancing or acting may become the life-line of one's career.

Again, 'Youth Festivals' are instrumental in developing one's personality. They make one smart, sociable and skilful. They widen the circle of one's friendship and can make one, if one tries, the centre of that circle.

International 'Youth Festivals' can bring about a sense of one 'Brotherhood of Humanity' in various nations of the world. They can teach us the basic principles of 'Humanity'—Humanity at large. They can bring various nations nearer and nearer. The various members of a 'Youth Festival' may be considered as ambassadors of peace and goodwill from different countries of the world. They can thus be very useful in creating an atmosphere of positive understanding between various

nations. They can help to solve world-problems and the solution offered through their medium will be first-class. They can help to promote international relations in trade, economy etc. etc. They bring permanent peace and happiness in this world and close the chapter of world-war for ever. They can thus make this world a better place to live in.

As against the advantages of 'Youth Festivals', there are also disadvantages of them. A lot of time is wasted by the students in preparing for the 'Youth Festivals'. The students have to forego their studies, which at this stage are more important than 'Youth Festivals' for them. In fact, they study nothing for weeks and weeks together, which results in severe mental strain on them later on under the heavy pressure of which they know not what to do and what not to do.

But these disadvantages are more than balanced by the advantages derived from 'Youth Festivals' and there is much scope for them if properly availed of and understood.

## FINE ARTS

*By Ashit Sanyal, B.Sc. II Year A*

The ancient Rishis of India defined art as Satyam, Shivam and Sundaram. The root of the word 'chitra' is *chit*. Whatever manifests the *chit* before us is a picture.

It has been proved from the excavations by the archaeologists that man used to draw pictures even thirty thousand years ago. It is clear from this that man has tried to express

himself in the medium of lines for a long time which resulted in art. Every art has its own medium and style. As the medium of song is tune and the medium of literature is language, the medium of art is colour and line.

Starting from the arts in the Altamirian caves till the recent paintings of Pit Mandrian or Jamini Roy, we find three distinct modes. The first one has the predominance of rhythm, in the second beauty is prominent and the third one is realistic. In a good picture all these three things, more or less, are present. But in some finishing depends upon rhythm, in some on beauty and in some on realism. Some examples may be cited to clarify it. The Chinese pictures lay stress on rhythm, the Indian art of Ajanta and Ellora Caves emphasises beauty and the European art starting from the Renaissance and till the middle of the 19th Century is realistic. Amongst the realistic artists we can quote names of Leonardo-de-Vinci, Michael Angelo, etc.

In the ancient literatures of China, rhythm has been considered as the main part of art. Okakura has defined it as 'rhythmic vitality'.

Now comes the question, what is rhythm. Rhythm is the natural movement from one thought into another. There is a general dynamic rhythm in the varied forms and colours in nature. This is the rhythm of nature. We can divide rhythm into two parts : (1) Dynamic, e.g. the movements of a running deer have

the dynamic rhythm; and (2) Static, e.g. the outline of a resting deer has static rhythm.

Plants and animal forms are beautiful because of their suggestion of movement. The outline of a tree expresses a rhythm resulting from certain organic impulses, the impulse to grow and reach out toward sun rays, the impulse to maintain its equilibrium and the necessity of resisting the movement of the wind. It has not tried to be beautiful. It has only wanted to live. Yet the result is something perfectly harmonious and immensely satisfying.

Now let us see what is beauty. "In fact, forms in the external sense are without beauty and without ugliness. Truly speaking, there is nowhere a thing as beauty and ugliness except in our mind". (Rabindranath Tagore). We appreciate a thing when we see human qualities in it. We see both by our mind and eyes. Whatever we see by our mind are the human qualities. What we see with our eyes is Nature. Seeing is complete when we combine the both.

The exact reproduction of Nature is not art. That is photography. Suppose I have seen an object and I thought it to be 'beautiful' for certain reasons. It may not be beautiful to others or its appeal of beauty may be due to some other cause. Then, not to exactly reproduce my thought but to develop it by lines, colours and forms is art.

“Art is not truth, it is not nature; it is a pattern or rhythm of design that we impose on nature”. (P.Thoere).

The transmission of pleasure from one to others is art. “God created man with some softness, some beauty; and said, ‘I shall not give more, create yourself’. This fulfilment of oneself is art ..Artist expresses his feeling with his own forms. What God could

not do, he does it”. (Rabindranath Tagore).

So the modern Art is in search of rhythms and experimenting on new forms and that is why Impressionism, Cubism and lastly modern art came into existence.

“Art can be expressed only ; it cannot be explained”.

## TRAVELLING THIRD

*By R. N. Jauhari, B. A. II Year*

You, especially the upper class travellers, will laugh at my choice of this subject: ‘Travelling Third’. But, be sure, I have much to say about it. I often travel third and I like it. My choice is made in the face of all the discomfort and odium. I am not ignorant that third class does not provide the same comforts as are available in higher classes. I also know how the ‘high class passengers’ snap their fingers at the third class passengers. Yet I would not change my mind, comfort or no comfort, dignity or no dignity. I would not relinquish my favourite mode of travelling. Travelling third is both an adventure and a revelation. A few hours spent in a third class compartment is like plunging into the thick drama of life; or better still, reading ‘the very book of life’.

A railway journey rouses me as nothing else can. It is like a red letter day in my life. It quickens my pulse, fills me with unwonted animation, a feeling which invariably excites mirth and laughter in some of my friends who can find nothing in a railway journey to excite their enthusiasm. Travelling with them is an eventless, unexciting affair for the simple reason that they prefer to travel in higher classes. Their passage is booked and the seats reserved beforehand. They simply go and occupy them, spread their beddings, lie there in their night suits (like aristocrats) with pipes in their mouths and with files of newspapers and periodicals; reading one of them for some time and then asking a fellow passenger, “what do you do, eh ? ” and if they find that he is of a lower status they turn their nose. And then except saying ‘Good Morning’ or

'Good Evening' they sit like snobs. So, this monotonous travelling is an unenterprising experience : it is like investing money in a less risky job.

But third class travelling to me, is an expedition led into the enemy territory in the teeth of fierce opposition. I have a taste of stiff enemy resistance as I approach the ticket window, which is so thickly garrisoned on all sides that its actual location is hard to find. All that is visible is a lot of bareheaded or turbaned bipeds pushing and elbowing one another. The most intrepid breach-fighter would quail to plunge in such a formidable fighting. And yet girding my loins, I begin to burrow my way in to enemy lines. The struggle is hard and unique. Nobody strikes me openly, yet every moment come violent pushes, which like the rhythmic tremors of an earthquake rock the compact mass of these combatants. Everybody is hitting me below the belt. Inch by inch, I gain ground imperceptibly. Till panting and bearing, with a sleeve torn or a shoulder bruised, I reach near that 'pigmy arched-way' from where I can get that tangible fruit of my hard labour (2"x1") yellow strip of cardboard; I mean the ticket. I can now beat a hasty retreat, or should I call it the end of my victorious march and fly into the hands of my companions as a

20th century Jason who has captured the "Golden' Fleece'.

But this 'capturing' is like winning half the battle. The main stronghold of the enemy is yet to be stormed. Boarding the train is the main problem. I arrive at the platform much earlier than many others. The train steams in roaring like an angry lion. I approach the nearest carriage when its roar stops. 'No room here, the other compartment is quite vacant', or when the people want to be a bit snaky, the universal shout is : 'this is the Military car...go to the next'. And with these universal slogans, like a young man who hunts for a job throughout the length and breadth of the country but everywhere finds the name-plate : 'No Vacancy', I have to march from one end of the train to the other. This strong opposition disheartens me but whistle and the green flag put heart into me. And, inspite of the angry looks of the passengers, I open the door of the nearest carriage and get into it with my hand-bag. Once I am in, everybody cools down, for now I am one of the members of their family... and then the train steams out. I would not lay thicker paint on my picture ; the colours are glowing enough to reveal how rich a spectacle of life a third-class travelling is—a spectacle different from the upper class travelling.

## A VISIT TO BOGOR, THE BIGGEST BOTANICAL GARDEN IN ASIA

By Nirmal Chandra *Pre-Medical, II Year*

Bogor is a small town, about 40 kilometers from the city of Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia. Both, trains and opplets i. e. station wagons, go to Bogor from Djakarta. It is very interesting to go there in an opplet. The opplets generally take one and a half hour to reach there.

On Sunday, the 6th July, 1958, my Indonesian friend, Mr. Otto Abdurahman, my father and I started for Bogor at 8 A.M. The sun was shining on that day, thought it was the rainy season in Indonesia. The sky was free from any clouds. It was really a nice day that we had chosen.

The way to Bogor is rather very nice. There is one good tarred road, which leads to Bogor. In the way I saw the big gardens of rubber trees (*Ficus Elastica*). There could be seen the scars of tapping on every rubber tree. These scars are made on the stems of the rubber trees to get the rubber juice out of them. I also saw one rubber refining factory in the way, near one rubber garden. The cocoanut groves along the roadside were very charming. I also saw rice fields in the way. The soil of the fields there, is of brick-red colour and it is very fertile. That soil does not require any manure. The potato fields in the way also attracted my attention, because the potato plant was about five feet in height. These plants yield

very good varieties of potatoes. There were also many Papaya gardens along the roadside. The size of Indonesian papayas is very big. Each papaya roughly weighs 5 seers.

The place was very hilly and the road had lots of bends and sharp curves. Our opplet was going at a very high speed; sometimes 110 kilometers per hour. On the way we also came across a terrible scene. There was a collision between a lorry and an opplet. The opplet was broken into pieces and the lorry was lying overturned on the road and the police was investigating the matter. Our opplet driver also stopped his opplet there for five minutes. Then we proceeded again looking at the indescribable scenery along the roadside. There was running a small river along one side of the road. The river has its source in the volcanic hills of Bogor and it goes to Djakarta city. We also saw the volcanic hills of Bogor at a very long distance from our opplet. I noticed that the tops of the volcanic hills were not pointed at the apex but were flat. This flat top showed these hills were volcanic. These volcanic hills at present are calm and inactive. Our opplet also passed through the heart of the small town of 'Tjrebor'. In that town I saw many varieties of kites being sold at many shops. Those paper-made kites were of many colours and shapes. There was a great

rush of traffic on the road because it was a Sunday and many people were going to Bogor.

We reached Bogor at 10 A.M. We left our opplet there and entered the Botanical garden of Bogor. Admission was by ticket. The garden is the biggest botanical garden in Asia. It includes trees and plants from all over the world. There was a heavy rush at the entrance to the garden. The garden is situated at the backside of President Soekarno's palace. The palace of the President is also very beautifully built. It includes very big lawns, on which thousands of deer, kept by the President, live. The deer are very rare in Indonesia and there is a ban on hunting them.

The garden at Bogor is a very attractive place for Botanists. One can find almost all plants of the world there. When we entered the garden, I came across many varieties of *Pardanus*. One specie from Java especially attracted my attention. The *Pardanus* in India is known as *Keora*. The plant was standing on many leg-shaped sticks, which are known as stilt roots. It was a big plant without any visible stem.

I saw there many varieties of Ferns. The ground was full of Ferns. There were also some tree Ferns and they were very high.

I found there one tree bearing red fruits which appeared to be very beautiful. They were the fruits of a huge tree of *corocaryum* from Ambor Islands of Indonesia. I also collected

one red fruit of that tree. There were many lofty trees growing very closely. There was a keen struggle for existence between various trees, creepers and small plants. Many Orchids, Ferns and other parasites were growing on the stems of big trees.

There was running one river across the garden. The river was shallow, because it was not raioing. I touched the water of the river and it was ice cold. There was also one bridge on the river.

In the garden I found many varieties of cocoanut palms, Date palms, *Carcinia*, *Banpiria*, *Ficus*, *Smilax*, *Tirospora*, Orchids, *Glorioosa* and insectivorus plants. All the trees were labelled with their names and places of origin. I saw in the garden many varieties of bamboos. Some of the bamboo plants were having tough prickly hair on their stems. These hair were poisonous. They cause swelling on the skin, if touched by the human bodies. My Indonesian friend warned me about this.

I will also like to describe some aquatic plants, which I saw in some of the lakes there in the garden. The lakes were full of aquatic vegetation. I especially observed the lotus flowers. The flowers of Lotus were variously coloured. I liked the blue lotus very much. There was a plant in the lakes, which had got, I believe, the biggest leaves in the plant kingdom. These leaves were of the shape of a big circular plate with curved edges. It was the plant of the giant waterlily. I plucked one of the lily



flowers, growing in the lake. I saw in it how petals are modified into stamens. I also noticed one plant, growing on the banks of the lakes. It was of *Equistum debile*. It is also common in Assam area in India. The above-mentioned plant grows in damp areas. This plant has also got some economic importance. The stem of this plant is impregnated with silica. The plant is dried, burnt and its ash left behind, containing silica. It is used for cleaning diamonds and gold ornaments.

I was also amused to see some wonderful varieties of Banana. I saw one type of Banana called Fan Banana. It has got its leaves arranged in a fan-like manner. There I also noticed one specie of Banana, in which the stem was very big in diameter. Bananas ripen inside the stem and the flowers also grow inside it. When the Bananas have ripened the stem bursts to disperse the seeds. This type of Banana has got seeds. There were also some species of Banana which produce seeds and not good fruits. Their seeds are also able to germinate to produce new plants. The best variety of Bananas is known as 'Pisarg Radja' in Indonesia.

Then we visited one big glass house. Many Orchids with beautiful flowers were growing in that glass house. Inside it there were many varieties of Cactus.

The garden affords a very good place for picnics. We had taken some food with us. All the food was cooked in the Indian method. My Indo-

nesian friends liked the Indian food very much. We had to take some rest after taking the food as we had walked for about five miles. The garden is very big, covering 4 miles of area.

When we again started on our legs to watch the rest of the garden, I wanted to see the 'Pafflesia' flower. It is the biggest flower in the plant kingdom, but I was unable to see it, because its smell is very offensive, so my friend advised me not to go too near it.

The garden is very shady and dense. It affords good hiding place for various types of insects and snakes. I saw one Indonesian who had caught a very big scorpion with the help of a stem of a creeper. The scorpion in Indonesia is called 'Kala'. I also saw one crab in the grass.

There were many hills in the garden. Its surface was not plain. While coming out of the central part of the garden I saw a big rope like creeper. It was climbing on a very high tree. We left the garden at 3 P.M. and then we visited the town of Bogor. We could not see the whole of the garden due to its large dimensions. In the market of Bogor we purchased Bananas which were about 10 inches long and I also saw one banana, which was, in fact, a combination of two Bananas.

We left Bogor in opplet at 3-30 P.M. We reached Djakarta at 5 P. M. We had a very fine time on that day. The garden impressed me

by the calm and cordial environments of the village. All was quite still except the crowing of the cocks and the musical sound of the bells of the bullocks. The way to the field was long and uneasy and we had to ascend a steep hill. The morning breeze was cool and the landscape around bathed in the golden rays of the rising sun which cast an enchanting spell upon me. Such a grand and glorious sight met my gaze that all the exertions and fatigue vanished into the thin air. The morning was still and charming and the stately monarch of the sky clad in its resplendent robes of crimson and gold, was just peeping over the peak of the yonder hill. The men, women and children were basking in the sun ; even the animals and the birds seemed to be vying with one another in singing hymns of praise to their Lord and Maker.

Day after day, Bapuji and his men toiled patiently and after about six months, one could see from the top of the hill a bumper harvest. The crop was cut and sold and preparations were made for the next crop. One day, Bapuji made me sit beside him and told me that he had saved some money that year and wished to send me to the city for education. The news was a delightful surprise for me.

I went to Ahmedabad and got admitted into a good school. Soon I impressed my teachers and I won a scholarship. Every year in my holidays, I would go to my sweet village and my father would be extremely happy for he was convinced beyond

doubt that I was a devoted son and did not waste a single pie of his hard-earned money. Year after year passed and I reached the Matriculation class.

One day after my classes were over, I got a horrible letter. It was not written by Bapuji but by my sister, Rani, who wanted me to come home immediately for my dear dear father had passed away ! My mind was filled with strange ideas. What was I to do now ? Should I construct a third home after the destruction of the second ? Should I go to a place where the only person on the earth loving me, had died ? These and similar thoughts possessed me and for a couple of minutes I lay unconscious on my bed. On recovery I realized that it was my duty to help the only person left to love me : my sister Rani.

On reaching home, I found a crowd of people talking sadly among themselves. My sister came running to me and burst into tears. Tears ran down my cheeks when I saw that innocent girl mad with sorrow. "Ramu", she sobbed at last, "Bapuji has not died but he has been killed". "Killed !" I shrieked perplexed : "who killed him and why ?", I asked excitedly. "The landlord killed him for not paying the tax at the proper time," was the answer. I was white with rage and my eyes turned red as fire, but a group of seven young villagers took me aside and tried to calm me, though in vain. I asked them about the landlord and they told me that he was a very wealthy man who was cruel to the poor villagers and would kick them

into the mouth of death for delaying the payment by a single day. I made friends with the villagers and after having promised that they would stand by me through thick and thin, I took them with me to the palace of the landlord.

I succeeded in breaking into the house without being noticed by the watchmen. Room after room I crossed slowly and silently with a long naked knife in my right hand till I reached the room where the Seth was lying in an arm chair. He was alone. My heart was electrified by positive and negative charges of joy and fear. Standing on the door I took an oath that until I had avenged the death of my father, I would not return home. Fully determined, I advanced till I got hold of him from the back and warned him immediately. "If you cry out, you are a dead man". Seeing my revengeful face and that long knife in my hand, he was fear-stricken. "What do you want?" he asked gasping "Your life", I said smilingly.

All the blood left his cheeks and his legs began to totter. I told him my name and that I was the son of the man over whose dead body he had laughed heartily. He was puzzled and at once fell at my feet to beg pardon. He pleaded that he never did that purposely and that he would never harass any villager in future if I spared his life that day. But I was in no mood to forgive till he uttered the words, "I shall give all the wealth that I have to you if you leave me." These words tempted me. I did not want wealth for myself but for the

poor villagers whom he had been exploiting. Moreover, I did not want to commit a murder and so I told him finally to give me all the money he had in his treasure and that if he called for help, the knife would not hesitate to pierce through his body.

He had emptied enough of his treasure into a bag when suddenly he fell into a loud roar of laughter. I was surprised and on looking at him, I shuddered, for he had got a revolver in his hand. I was unnerved but soon gathered courage and hit upon an idea. I looked surprisingly in a corner and cried aloud "Bapuji". The Seth was surprised at the word and looked there for about two seconds and in the meanwhile I chopped off his right hand, as a result of which the revolver fell about eight yards away. Then we fought hand to hand and after about fifteen minutes' struggle I was able to overpower him and with the knife I had recently secured, I killed him.

Next I took the bag and the knife and after feeling sure that I had left no clue to my presence, I escaped as safely as I had come. Joining the group of villagers, who felt terrified to know the story, I and my sister Rani fled from the village at midnight. Since then we have never rested peacefully but have become birds of passage, plundering and killing the rich people. Service to the majority (poor) is our goal and we risk our lives and open fire on the police to see that we are doing what our conscience permits. We kill only when there is no other way out. We plunder only those

people who persecute the poor, suck their blood and thrive at their cost ; those who go on adding to their treasures while thousands of their fellowmen hardly get a square meal a day. Fully conscious of the risk we are running, we have vowed that till the last drop of blood is left in our bodies and the last breath on our lips, we will continue to protest against injustice and do all we can to neutra-

lize riches and poverty. There is no mystery as great as misery and no virtue as noble as sympathy. Ask the old widow living in the village and she will tell you that Ramu and his party are the symbols of goodness, honesty and charity. The blessings of the poor are our greatest rewards, greater than a bag of silver, gold or jewels. How better can a man serve his countrymen ?

## MY ANSWER PAPER

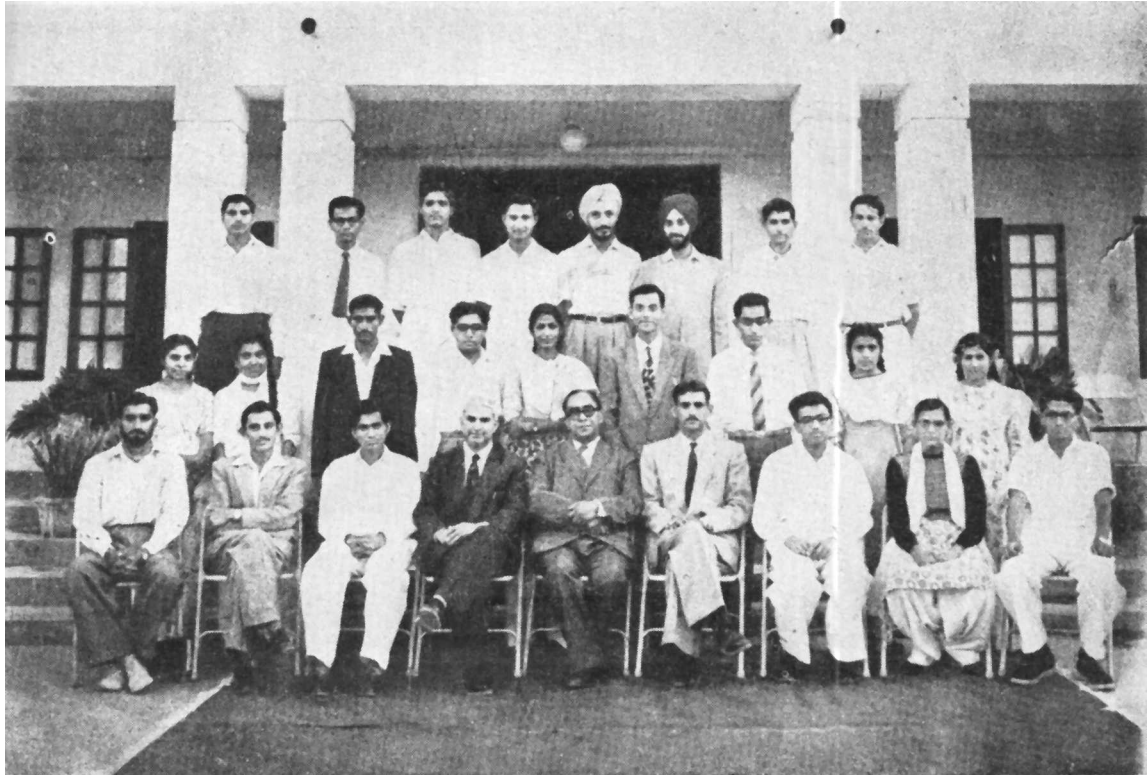
*By Arvind Kumar Sachdev B. Sc. 1 Year*

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I stepped out of the examination hall after attempting the chemistry paper. Out of six questions I had done only one question properly, and for the rest I had simply wasted paper. I was dreaming of the time when the result would be out and there would be shower of rebukes on me. When others came to know about it a sally of harsh words would flow towards me : "You Truant, I know what you have been doing all the time. You must be ashamed of yourself".

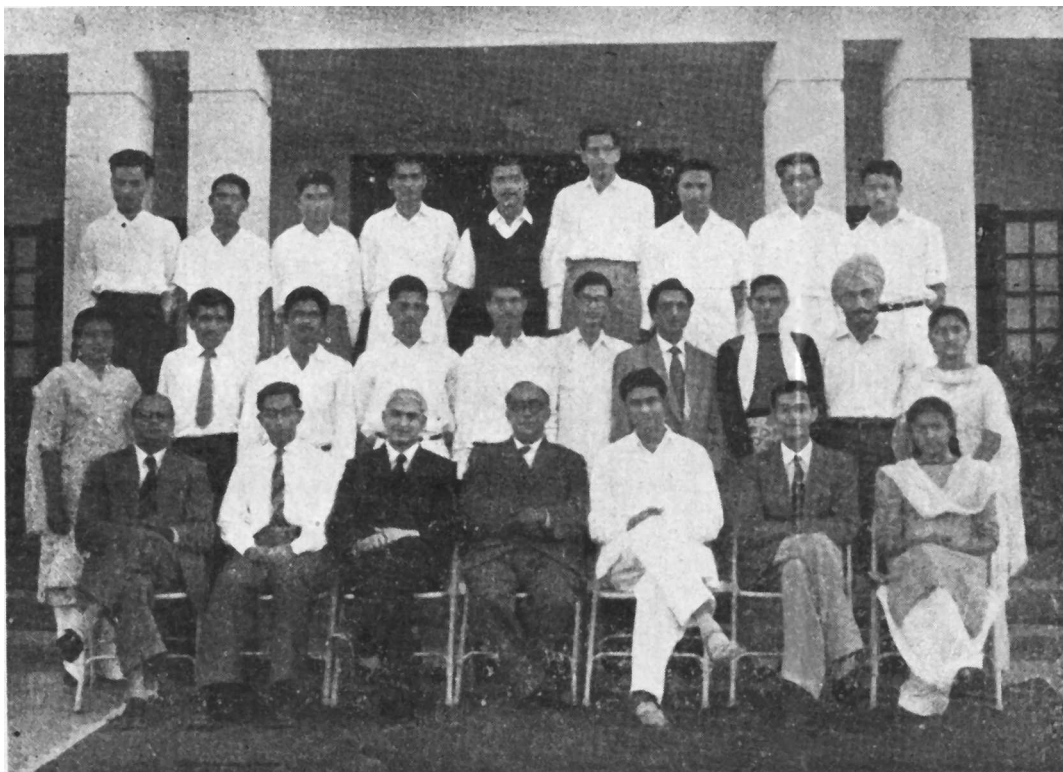
Time weighed heavily on my head as I waited for the return of answer books. It was 2nd February. The College had reopened after the winter holidays and chemistry answer books were to be returned in the 6th period.

With a fluttering heart I entered the room. The teacher was already there. He took out the answer books and said, "The marks are awarded out of 66 and the answer books are arranged in the ascending order of marks".

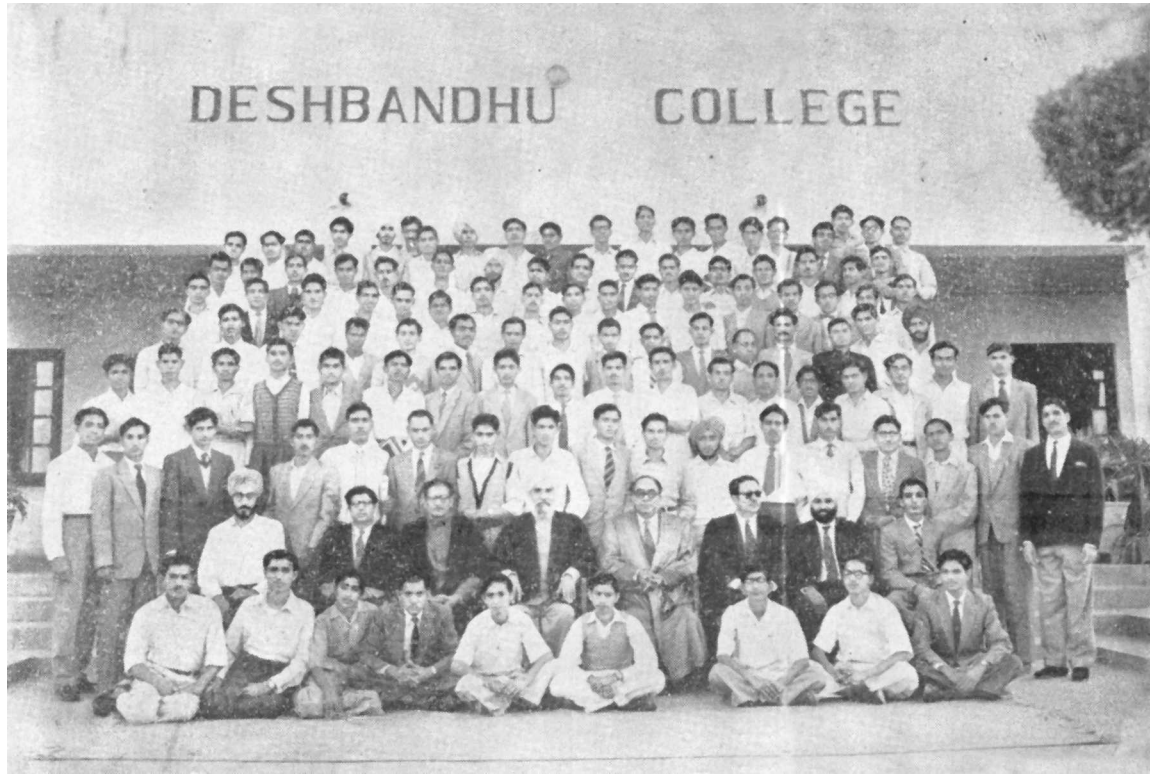
Distribution of papers began. Firstly there were boys with zero and they formed the first eleven of our class. "Subhash zero, Puri 3, Mahinder Singh 5, Satish 7, Meena 9, Bala 11" and so on. The marks were increasing but my paper had not come. "Anand 12, Rajpal 16, Brij 18, Sethi 19, Mahesh 20". The marks reached the pass level but what about my paper? So it meant I had passed; I began to console myself with the idea. "Surinder Lal 25, Chandra 26, Usha 27, Arun Bhatia 29, Datta 30, Bahl 31". The



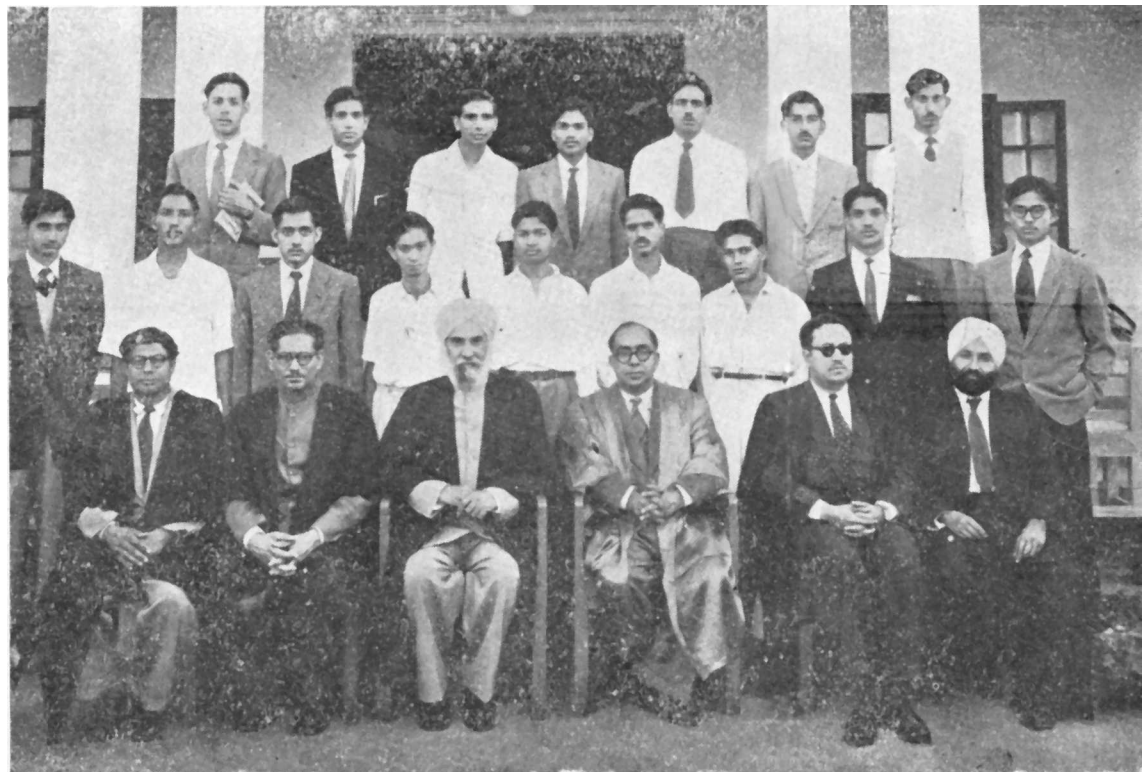
Inter-Class Tournaments Winners : B. A., Classes 1958-59



The Office-bearers



Principal, Staff and Prep. (Evening) Class



Principal, Staff and Prize-Winners (Evening Classes)

marks were increasing but where was my paper?

There were six or seven answer books left. So I had obtained some position in the class. I began to think about my paper. "Yes, I wrote three pages on catalysis, two on its characteristics and one on second order reaction and its numerical. The idea that my paper was not good must be wrong".

There were three answer books more. It was definite that I was first,

second or third. I was busy with my own thoughts. "I will go and ask Mummy for a prize". There were two answer books lying there. The upper one was not also mine and the teacher gave it saying "45". There was one answer book left and it must be mine.

I picked myself up and marched towards the table. The teacher looked at me and whispered something. All my hopes dashed to the ground when I heard: "Arvind, I am really sorry your paper is not yet marked".

## WHY IS THE SEA SALTY

*By Prabhat Kumar Sood Qualifying (Science)*

(Last Year when I was in School I went on a tour round Asia. In China I met my Pen-friend who was very anxious to see me. I spent about two nights there. At night we used to relate stories to each other. One story which he narrated to me was quite interesting and strange. Here I reproduce it for the amusement of my friends.)

Long age in China there lived King Chiang, who was known far and wide for his kindness to strangers who came to visit his country.

One day this kind king received a present of a pair of millstones. They were intended to be useful and they

were by no means pretty. As a matter of fact these two ugly stones were worth more than all the treasures of the royal castle. To tell the truth, they could produce everything for which their owner had taken a fancy. They could grind out silver, gold, diamonds, and other precious stones, as well as great quantity of love, happiness, joy and peace. But the stones were of no use to King Chiang because none of his people was strong enough to rotate them. Not even his strongest warriors were able to grind out anything between them.

One day King Chiang was out riding when he noticed by the roadside two women, very tall and hefty,

with broad shoulders and stout limbs. "These are the women to work for me", said the King, and he stopped to ask them to go with him to the palace. The King took them at once to the room where the millstones were kept. "You seem so very strong, I am sure you must be able to revolve these millstones", said the King. "Oh yes", said the women in a breath. "What shall we grind for you, King Chiang?" "Grind out gold," said the King. "Gold, gold, in a glittering heap. "That we will", said the women and with their stout arms they set to work without delay. In a few minutes there were many glittering heaps of yellow gold on the floor. King Chiang's eyes began to shine with surprise and joy and when the women paused to rest their arms, he cried eagerly, "Grind more, grind more!"

Night and day for many weeks the King kept the strong women working without a break except to take a hurried meal. At last they grew so angry that they stopped; and as King Chiang was asleep, they changed their task and began to grind out armed

men in great numbers. Before long there was a strong army at their command. King Chiang was taken in his sleep and killed, and the millstones were carried down to the seashore. There a ship was seen riding at anchor, and the women went on board with the millstones and the armed men. As they sailed merrily away, it occurred to the leader of the man that it would amuse the ship's company to set the millstones going. So he called the women and said to them. "Salt is good; grind out salt, and we will sell it at the nearest town." So the women ground salt in glittering heaps, as white as snow and when the warrior leader saw them his eyes glistened, and greed took hold of him. "Grind on, grind on", he cried. The women worked hard all the day and when they tried to stop, the warrior leader cried in angry tone, "Grind on! We brought you here to work, and not to rest. Grind on, you lazy women, grind on!" Then the women went to work again and ground so quickly that the weight of the salt sank the ship to the bottom of the sea. And there they seem to be grinding still, for the sea water is full of salt, and has been salty since that day.



# MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A RESTAURANT

*By Sharmishta Gupta, B.A. II Year*

Everybody must have visited some restaurant or the other. By some restaurant I don't mean the cheap restaurants like the Gogia's or the Frontier, which stand in front of our College. No, never like that. By a restaurant I mean the fashionable restaurants like the Gaylords, the Wengers or the Kwality, which are very famous in New Delhi. There, while taking anything, you have to be very careful about manners and etiquette. I had once been the victim of such niceties. It was a very amusing experience. Two years ago, when I was in the Qualifying class, I got an invitation from the University students to attend a party, which was given in honour of the students of the University responsible for the creation of the U.N.S.A. (The United Nations Students Association) branch in Delhi. The party was at the Gaylords at 4-30 P.M. We reached the restaurant punctually and took our seats. Frankly speaking, this was my first visit to a big restaurant like the Gaylords. I was completely ignorant of the English table manners and had never before used the knife and fork. The party began at the exact time. We were a group of twenty one students, six girls and fifteen boys.

When the party started, everybody took his and her plate and fell to the eatables with knives and forks. I was standing still and was merely watching how the other used their implements. When everybody had taken his or her plate, I too was given one. Everybody had his and her share, but I was nervously watching and doing nothing. It was now my turn to partake of a dish that was 'shown' to me. A student told me to take my share. But I did not see that, you know. Nervousness so overpowered me that I felt dazed and unconscious, sinking helplessly in the chair. This fainting fit lasted for half an hour. Everybody stopped eating and attended to me. After half an hour I regained my mental equipoise and then I was asked the reason why I had fallen senseless. But, as all of you can imagine, I had to tell that I was feeling dizzy and had remained in sick-bed for four days before that. I was sent back to my house in a Taxi. Reaching home I relaxed on a bed and heaved a sigh of relief. Since then I have been to the Gaylords, the Wengers and the Kwality and attended many parties, but when I remember my first experience, I laugh and shudder simultaneously.

# TONGUE TWISTERS

By Surinder Pal, *B. Sc. I Year*

I had always been under the impression that tongue twisters, or tricky sentences, are deliberately created by certain types of intellectuals to amuse themselves at the expense of others. But what I heard in Delhi the other day, in one of the shops, convinces me that most of them must come about by sheer accident.

In this particular instance a lady asked the shopkeeper, "Does this shop stock short socks with spots?"

Tongue twisters are very useful in teaching us how to speak carefully, and are supposed to be able to cure such defects as stammering, lipping and other speech difficulties.

A lady is known to have been cured of stammering by practising: "The sun shines on shop signs."

I know of a friend of mine who was cured of his lipping by repeatedly saying the following: "She sells sea shells on the sea shore". and "The sixth sheik's sixth sheep's sick".

To make her mouth small, a girl was once told to purse her lips and say: "Fancy Finch fried five floundering fish for Francis Fowler's father".

The would-be radio announcers are required to recite difficult twisters for tests.

If you can say the following twisters quickly and correctly three times, then you are in the wrong profession and should have been an announcer in the All India Radio :

"The seething sea ceaseth and thus the seething sea sufficeth us".

"A big black bug bit a big black bear, made a big black bear bleed blood".

"She stood on the balcony, inexplicably mimicking him, hiccuping and amicably welcoming him in".

"The other day our teacher wanted six long slim, slick, slender, saplings to be planted near the Cafe".

And now if you are still in a mood to *twoungue* your *tist*, (I mean twist your tongue), repeat quickly the following name of one of my friends :

"Alugkumari Punnaiwaner Sankaralingar Karuppaiah Jayarakshahan Nadar".

# THE GRADUATES

*By Veena Puri, B. A. III Year*

Almost everybody is familiar with the above expression. The fact is that the world is crowded with graduates and yet everybody loves to be one. It is said that when there is too much of a thing, it loses its value. But graduates though too many in number, have not lost their significance. The more they grow in number, the more honoured they feel. Well, they deserve this much prestige, at least.

The word has become so popular that in most of the newspapers their names appear in block letters. They have not played any miracles; it is true. Again they have not done anything extraordinary and then all of them have not beaten the University records. Yet it is a great surprise that their names ('Graduates') appear in the newspapers, on reading which they feel exultation at the first sight. Here is the secret of their name being so often used in the newspapers. There is a job vacant and only graduates are eligible to apply. The days of matriculates have gone. Ask a Lower Division Clerk his qualifications and you will be astonished to know that he is a graduate. Such is the glory of graduates that they are serving all people in all departments, in all spheres and in all circumstances. Graduates have become so prominent among the masses that sometimes, in far advanced countries, even the sweepers are graduates. How ready the graduates are to serve everybody.

So much about their presence in offices and institutes. Now comes their role in being vagrants. They are really so reprobate as to become idlers. But their fate and, moreover, the stamp of being graduates makes them travel from place to place like letters. The only difference is that a letter bears an address over it and reaches its destination but the graduates roam aimlessly, though in search of their destination. They are participants in aggravating our problem of unemployment to a menacing extent. Some of them do get jobs and become the best servants of the people as said above. But the residue feel the low jobs below their ranks and prefer being idle to doing an insignificant job. Still most of them are not given jobs. So again the names of graduates appear among the unemployed. Somehow, you come across the word here again.

But the most interesting part of the story comes when most of the graduates open big shops in order to be called big businessmen. They may prove to be broken reeds in this sphere but it is better to bear losses and remain big businessmen at the same time.

Oh! I could not forget to tell you that the graduates are the best entertainers. When they don't get any job they are often seen making merry. They believe in the saying: "Eat, drink and be merry." Cinema halls,

theatres, parks, entertainment shows, exhibitions—all are haunted by graduates. You see them and come across them in everyday life. So it is no use my telling you how they feel about this world when they don't get their desires fulfilled or how they enjoy themselves when frustrated with

unemployment. So no use my introducing them to you. You all know about them. You live among them, talk to them and find them in almost every sphere of life. Moreover, most of you are struggling hard to join their community. At least, I am.

## ON THE ROUND TOUR

*By* Shri S. P. Kapoor, M.A., Lecturer in Economics

It was in September, 1958, when I conceived of a trip to the west and the south of India, during the winter vacation. Luckily, the Ministry of Education offered a facility by granting railway fare at the students' concession rate for as many as thirty students and three teachers. I requested Mr. B.B. Saxena to grapple with the All India Railway Time Table and he started looking into the multitude of train timings and connections, right from the 15th of September, to be able to chalk out a detailed programme. We wanted to get the maximum out of the limited amount of money we could contribute and the limited time at our disposal. Hence our anxiety to so plan our departures and arrivals as to be able to spend most of the nights in the trains and day time in sight seeing was understandable. That made Mr. Saxena's task still more difficult. Plan after plan had to be drawn and

cancelled and it made me run about for advice from those who had the experience of organizing such big tours.

One has really to run an obstacle race to finalise arrangements for the kind of trip we had. Writing letter after letter for lodging and permission to visit factories, filling diverse forms exerting different influences and attending numerous offices such as those of the Ministry of Education, the University of Delhi, Central Rates, the Chief Commercial Superintendent and the Divisional Superintendent, Northern Railway, the A.G.C.R., the New Delhi Treasury Office, the State Bank of India, the Station Superintendent etc., etc. formed a tiring prelude. At long last, thanks to Dr. A. N. Banerji's kind help, the mileage and railway fare certificate was obtained, the grant secured, the amount drawn, the railway concession

had, the travellers' cheques procured and a full compartment with sleeping berths reserved. Thus, the party was ready to leave for Bombay on the 15th of January.

We left Delhi with plenty of warm clothes ; it was only a burden to carry them, as we were not able to use even a sweater except for a day at Ootacamund during the entire trip.

Who would forget the reception accorded, the help extended and the hospitality shown to the party by the members' relatives and friends at different places ? Who will not remember the stay in the Khalsa College, Bombay, the Maharaja College and the Maharani College at Mysore, and the B.S.G.H.Q. right on the sea shore at Madras. The visits to the Hanging Gardens, the Aquarium, the Elephanta Caves, the Juhu Beach, the Aery Milk Colony, the Andheri film Studios and the meeting with Dev Anand and Waheeda Rehman on the sets, the Veihar Lake, the Victoria Gardens, the Jehangir Art Gallery and the Museum at Bombay, the Central water and Power Research Station at Poona, the National Defence Academy at Khadakvasla, the Cubbon Park, the Museum, the Vidhan Sanda, the Emporium, the Lal Bagh, the Government Porcelain factory, the Indian Institute of Science, the Hindustan Machine Tools, the Indian Telephone Industries and the Hindustan Aircraft Factory at Bangalore, the Sandal Oil Factory, the Chamundi Hill Temple, the Summer Palace, the Lahta Mahal, the Maharaja's Palace, the Jaganmohan

Palace Art Gallery, Shringa Patam (Tipu Sultan's Capital), the K. R. S. Dam and the Varindaban Gardens at Mysore, the Government Botanic Gardens, the Nawan Nagar Palace and the Lake at Ootacamund, the Staff Services College at Wellington, the Theosophical Society Gardens with the biggest and historical Banyan tree, the Zoo, the Moore Market, Spencer's Departmental Stores, the temple and the Light House at Madras, the Banaras of South Kanjivaram and the exquisite stone carvings at Mahabalipuram—all these are simply unforgettable. Who did not enjoy the ride in double deckers and electric trains and boats and motor launches and the luxury buses chartered at Bangalore and Madras ? Who did not say "No" to 'doeshas', Sambar and Idli and the ready made tea or coffee served in glasses even in the best restaurants; and who did not have the craving for 'chapaties' characterised as the 'Bombay Meal' ?

The Aquarium at Bombay is a living specimen of marine life, its variety and beauty. The National Defence Academy at Khadakvasla is simply wonderful. The Varindaban Gardens with the playing of scores of fountains and colourful illuminations are undoubtedly a paradise on the earth. The valleys on the way from Mysore to Ootacamund with sandal and cinchona trees, tea and coffee plantations are more picturesque than even the valley of Kashmir. Shopping in the "Bhindi" and 'Chore' bazars at Bombay was exciting. Sitting for hours together in the air-conditioned

dining car from Madras to Delhi was like travelling in a higher class without ticket. Spending as many as four consecutive nights in the train from Bombay to Mysore was, however, trying and taxing.

On my part, I may not forget the students' whims in the matter of food and the time spent in feeding them. We had to eat anywhere and everywhere, anything and everything. We often had the Gujrati meal, the Bombay meal and, of course, plenty of South Indian meals.

It was a venture to take some girls with the party, who were a class in

themselves, nay each one of them a class by herself. Mrs. Thomas played an important role in chaperoning them.

Anyway ! all is well that ends well. On the whole, the tour went off very well—no mishap; not even a difficulty which could not be surmounted. It was, indeed, an ordeal; a novel experience of great stress and strain, both physical and mental, but it was, full of thrills too—in particular, the thrill of having conducted the biggest tour our college students have ever had so far. It was great education.

## THEY HAD COME . . . . .

By Dylan Thomas

They had come from the place on the coral hills  
Where the light from the white sea fills the soil  
with ascending grace.  
And the sound of their powers makes motion as  
steep as the sky,  
And the fruits of the great ground lie like leaves  
from a vertical flower.  
They had come from the place; they had come  
and had gone again,  
In a season of delicate rain, in a smooth  
ascension of grace.



The trip to the West and the South of India :  
Members at Poona



The Annual College Picnic at the Lodi Gardens



Sukhbir Singh :  
Best Athlete of the College seen in action in Broad Jump



Three - legged Race in action



# Through the Mind's Eye

By Mrs. Mrinalini Thomas, Lecturer in Philosophy

I am not going to give you a minute by minute account of our tour but to give you what were the highlights of the trip as far as I, one individual, am concerned. I have a highly visual imagery which has always been a source of delight to me. At will I recall beautiful sights, mostly landscapes that have charmed and delighted my 'inward eye', whenever I am waiting for a bus, or am waiting .....I recall these pictures as a child shifts his slides in his toy View-Master and summons up the picture he wants to see. Thus a friend's garden, when the peach blossoms were all out in Lahore, is a constant companion as lovely, dainty, and even more vivid in colour than if I had one of Van Gogh's many paintings of blossoms before my eyes. Another picture I can often call up is that of Nanga Parbat across the valley from Gulmarg, blazing white cone against a bright blue September sky. From this trip, too, I brought away a few more lovely pictures to enrich my library of visual imagery and add slides to my mental View Master.

One of the best is a view of the temple EK Ambarnath at Kanchipuram seen from the bus, as we left Kanchipuram en route to Mahabalipuram, just like the pictures we see in an art collection. Imagine to yourself first the

vivid emerald green that belongs to rice fields, with a contrasting red earth around, purple rocks in the distance crowned with temples, cocoanut palms gracefully waving in the slight breeze and in the midst of all this colour; the four gateways of the temple, standing out proudly, so heavily encrusted with deep rich sculptures that their brown convolutions stand out clearly against the blue sky even from a distance. I liked the cross-country trips in the buses best, with the different views of the countryside we visited. There were many such bus trips, one from Poona to Kharakvasla, one from Mysore to Seringapatnam, a trip in Madras, and the best from Madras to Conjeevaram (or Kanchipuram).

We saw three temples in Kanchipuram. I cannot remember them in their entirety. It was between 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. when 'the God' is resting and so we could not see the lingam which is said to be made of sand. These temples are places of worship today and should be approached with a spirit of reverence—for we should respect the faith of others. And, surely, we should respect the superb craftsmanship of the sculptors, who are no more, for nothing approaching the grace, liveliness and plasticity of the sculptures can be

equalled by modern artists and sculptors. Most of the sculptures in 'Ek Ambar Nath, were of dance poses, such as our living Bharat Natyam and Kathakali dancers show us today. Parvati and Shiva are often shown as a loving couple and the sweetness and tenderness of the pose, Parvati seated on one knee of Shiva, is indescribable. However, irreverent thought, dare I say I do admire his stamina for the sculptured Parvati, not like Chughtai's cardboard ladies, is very much alive, well rounded, thin waisted and wide hipped like the beauties dark but comely we saw all round us in south India.

At the Kailashanath temple we saw a much older temple. It was small. I vividly remember walking around its sculptured walls depicting the story of the Ramayana, but, alas, they appeared grotesque rather than beautiful to me, for their faces were wide and different looking. The artists must have tried to make his gods look super-natural by slightly distorting their faces in contrast to their limbs. What spoiled this visit was that the Pujari arrived and insisted that we should see the lingam. We demurred, but he told us he could tell us a great deal in Hindustani about the temple. It was amusing to see him wrestle with the enormous temple lock which required a special technique to open; but no sooner had he accomplished this feat he rushed us to the holy of holies, lit a temple lamp, and immediately he stretched forth his hand. He deserved the scorn with which he was treated. Not all priests were like this one. Some knew a great deal about their temples and were content with the mite we could offer.

The third temple, Jasartha Perumal, was very heavily ornamented, each sculpture having an elaborate frame around it. This gave every relief a heavy and highly ornate look. The sculptures here were of a great variety: animals, dance poses and erotic sculptures. We did not go inside this temple, although this was a Vishnu temple—the other two were Shiva temples.

We went by bus from Kanchipuram or Conjeevaram, (no time to look at saris and no money either) to Mahabalipuram. We arrived just as the light was fading so we went rushing to that most justly famous rock carving known as Arjun's penance. Some say it depicts the Descent of the Ganges. On a slightly pinkish rock is a 'densely populated composition of scores and scores of figures of men, animals, a family of elephants and snakes. There is a cleft in the rock in which are carved the Nagas. There are Gods and Goddesses, Apsaras with "attenuated" forms and most wonderful elephants at the base, which I particularly noticed. When I look at pictures of these rock carvings now I am surprised at the rich variety and prolific number of carvings, but the mind cannot retain them all in the way that the camera does. I vividly remember a most realistic cow and calf which we all noticed in the next chaitya. We also visited the raths, temples carved out of stones just lying on the shore, and the large animals, lion, bull, elephant, large block of stone of which it is said: "No more perfect forms of animal realisations are to be found anywhere in the sculpture of the eastern world".

It was a pity we did not have more time for Mahabalipuram for this is the beginning of Pallava temple-building. Soon later architects were to lift the blocks of stone and show the temples standing apart and reaching to the skies as we had seen in Conjeevaram.

Best of all the excursions we made was, as far as I am concerned, the trip to the Elephanta caves. The launch ride itself across the harbour of Bombay was exhilarating. The boys and girls enjoyed it and were astonished at the saltiness of the sea. The sea at Bombay is of a lovely blue and of a majesty good to remember and visualise again.

When we got to the cave I was amazed at its fine proportions. It is ninety feet, with six rows of six pillars. 'The pillars are of Dravidian style with high square bases growing into a round channelled neck surrounded by a cushion'. There are ten enormous and spectacular carvings of the legend of Shiva. The figures are of an unimaginable grace and I was astonished at their size, for though I had often looked at photographs of the sculptures, photographs do not give an idea of their proportions nor of the skill of the artists in depicting expressions. Expressions in stone ! It is a marvel to see how infinite is the variety of facial expression. The panel depicting the wedding of Shiva to Uma is particularly remarkable in this way and one of the most interesting is that of "the Descent of the Ganga". The most inspiring is the panel depicting the Saivite Trinity, which is the middle panel in the centre of the hall. The three gigantic heads

are the "perfect embodiments of the iconographic concept they signify". On the left is "the skull-crowned head of "Agharo Bairava", Siva the destroyer, with his fierce expression and martial locks and moustache and a huge, wonderfully carved naga as his symbol; balancing this face on the right, is Uma or Sakti, whose soft feminine expression symbolises gentle protectiveness (peace and beauty). The lotus is her emblem. Confronting the sight-seer is the central figure of Shiva, the creator, "the impassive and august serenity of the Supreme Shiva made manifest". This is truly superb creation. His meditative forehead, the eyes half closed and the expression of his face, which is of an indescribable peacefulness, are most beautiful. At the base is the carving of a pomegranate, the symbol of creation. It is a sublime picture to remember and to re-visualise for always.

I was lucky to meet the curator of the Museum, who made this visit much more illuminating than it would have otherwise been, by explaining the sculptures to me.

These excursions were the best, the most valuable moments for me. There were others valuable for the information we got, and the generous hospitality we received. I found the Central Water and Power Research Station, which Mr. C.P. Saxena, Mr. B.B. Saxena's brother-in-law, took us round, very interesting and informative. Here they have models of all the water problems all over India and study them to find the solutions. He took us over to the model of the Jumna and showed us what suggestions had been given to

make our impure water purer. It is too technical a subject for me to elaborate. We enjoyed his and his wife's most lavish hospitality. At Bangalore, Shashi Suri's uncle also asked us to his home and spent hours with us going over H.M.T. We highly appreciated his kindness. In his home I found some scented geranium which I had been looking for, for years. "Durga Daulat", Tippu's Summer Palace with its gay bold paintings as also the pillars of his Mausoleum will always be something to remember. And, also, that combination of water and light that makes the soft enchanting fairy like loveliness of Brindaban gardens. Nor, can I forget the handsome and gentle people of Mysore, and their charming hospitality to us at Maharani's College. I was lucky to be able to join their Republic day celebrations. I have not mentioned the Defence Academy at Khadakvasla which is built so lavishly on modern lines. Their Cadets' mess is a splendid hall with wood panelling with a frieze of dancers of the world and its "parquet" dance floor. Another happy memory

is of the boy who beguiled the tedium of a long train journey by singing verses from the Ramayana. Nor can I forget, but remember gratefully, the unfailing good temper of our silver-haired leader, Mr. Kapoor; else the strain of continuous travel would have been, indeed, burdensome.

I discovered from this trip that boys and girls must be taught to look for and appreciate beauty. otherwise "having ears they hear not and having eyes they see not". Appreciation of all the beauties of Nature, the skill of craftsmen and artists and good and noble thoughts and conversation can immeasurably enrich life. We must look for beauty and wrest it from the increasing ugliness and mundaneness of our lives and I suggest that all should treasure the short moments when life is perfect and re-live them through any form of imagery, which suits them, be it visual, auditory, Kineasthetic, Gustatory or Olfactory Even if we cannot be artists, writers or painters we can all be artists in living.

## —\*—

# Rama, The Lord

Dr. R. Bharadwaj M.A., Ph.D.

*Lecturer in Hindi*

I bow to Rama, Godhead Supreme,  
 Beyond all cause, in bond to whose  
 Illusion lies the cosmos whole :  
 Of Brahma, gods and demons—ye know.  
 By dint of His the all appears  
 As true as the snake in a rope,  
 His lotus feet sole are the bark  
 To cross the ocean of this world.

—The "Rām-Charita-Mānasa", I, 6

# *About Ourselves*

The term under report, as always before, has been a period of intense activity on the part of students and teachers, in the fields of sports and studies both. The dawn of the New Year found our students caught in the grip of the House Examination for which they had to thank themselves. It continued till the middle of January when we broke for the belated winter-recess. The months of February and March witnessed a number of functions and farewell feasts organized by different societies and classes. But the shadow of the approaching April examination did not allow this mood of abandon and gaiety to override the academic interests of the college. Our students, the more serious lot, could be seen assiduously pouring over their books or seriously attending the extra lectures to complete or to revise their courses of study. Those who believed in alternating spasms of work with play turned out in 'swarming numbers' on the annual picnic day at the Lodi Gardens. They proved—if any proof was needed—that the best way of preparing for the annual examinations is to greet them with the rollicking fun of the annual picnic. Thus we saw an interesting race between the curricular and the extra-curricular activities during the current session. The picnic was a great success and we hope that a similar success will meet our students in the coming

examinations. Our best wishes are with them.

Below we give brief reports of the activities of the various societies and clubs in the college.

## **The College Union**

It was reported earlier that Principal Harish Chandra Silver Medal, instituted by the Union in the name of Shri Harish Chandra Ex-Principal of the College, would be awarded every year to the best student actor of the college. On the suggestion of Shri Harish Chandra it has been now decided to award it to the best student of the college. The suggestion has been adopted by the Executive of the College Union.

Harish Kapur and Yoginder Kumar were elected to the Executive Committee of the Delhi University Students' Union.

During the Dusehra holidays Harish Kapur and Puran Chand Arora represented the college at the Symposium on Gandhian Philosophy held in Mehrauli. They acquitted themselves well.

Under the guidance of Shri D. S. Bhalla, the Adviser, the Union organized the following Prize Functions during the session under report.

The names of the prize-winners are given against the respective items.

- I. Extempore Speeches in English
  1. Daya Bhatia
  2. B.K. Sethi
- II. Prize Debate in Hindi
  1. Hira Ballabh Tiwari
  2. Gargi Gupta
- III. Extempore Speeches in Hindi
  1. Hira Ballabh Tiwari
  2. Rajinder Kumar
- IV. Recitation Contest
  - English : 1. Ashit Sanyal
  - Hindi : 1. Hira Ballabh Tiwari
  - Urdu : 1. Deepak Gill
  - Panjabi : 1. Anjan

The highlight of the session, however, was the Sixth Annual Inter-College Debate in English for the Deshbandhu Trophy. It was held on Monday, the 23rd of February, 1959, in the College Hall. As many as six teams participated. The St. Stephens' College team won the trophy for the third year in succession. Its members bagged the first and the second prizes as well. Prof. A.N. Puri of the Hindu College, Delhi, Dr. R.C. Gupta of the K.M. College and Mrs. Ghosh, Principal Summer Fields School, Kailash, were the judges. The trophy and the prizes were awarded by Mrs. Banerji.

The Annual Picnic of the college was held this year in the Lodi Gardens on 8th March, 1959. Because of the restrictions imposed by the Central Government on large scale parties we could not give our students a regular lunch as had been the practice during

the past many years. We had to content ourselves with fruits, dry fruits and tea. What we missed in 'food' we amply made up for by roaming over the extensive gardens, listening to songs and poems and playing games galore. Our students and members of the Staff established that *esprit de core* for which our College is famous. There was not the least complaint : no indiscipline, no quarrels and no vulgarities. The credit goes to the Adviser, Shri D. S. Bhalla, and the team of students and Staff who cooperated with him in making the day unforgettable.

### **The Political Science Association**

The Association arranged a mock session of the United Nations General Assembly on the 13th of February, 1959. It discussed the present day world situation. Shri V.N. Khanna, the Adviser, acted as the President of the Assembly. Vishino Motwani, acting as the delegate of the U. S. S. R., got the first prize. The second prize was shared by Mangat Ram, the delegate of Pakistan, and Hira Ballabh Tiwari, the delegate on India.

Earlier in the session the members attended a Seminar on Parliamentary Democracy in Asia, in the Central Hall of the Parliament, organized by the Indian Bureau of Parliamentary Studies.

Shri V. N. Khanna is, the source of inspiration to the members.

### **The Sindhi Literary Society**

A meeting of the Society was held on the 23rd of December, 1958, in which Prahlad, Pre-Medical I Year,

recited a poem and Ashok Badlani read out an original short story. A prize Essay-Contest was held. The first prize was awarded to Vishino Motwani, B.A. II Year and the second prize went to Krishna Khushalani, Pre-Medical I year.

The Annual Day of the Society was celebrated on the 25th February, 1959. Dr. A.N. Banerji, the Principal, was the Chief Guest. Addressing the members Dr. Banerji, in his short but illuminating speech, referred to Mohenjodaro and Harappa civilizations and hoped that Sindhi would contribute its due share to the cultural growth of India. Sindhi songs were the highlight of the function. Prahlad, Sushila, Herdevi Kanal and Tulsi Ahtani participated in the singing.

### **The Punjabi Association**

In consonance with our tradition of catholicity the Punjabi Association has been added to the existing number. It was inaugurated by Dr. Banerji. In welcoming Dr. Banerji to perform the inauguration, Shri Baldev Mitter, Lecturer in Chemistry, gave a brief account of the aims and objects of the Association. The function was followed by a variety programme in Punjabi. It was presided over by Shri C.L. Kumar, Head of the Department of Chemistry. It included folk songs, poems, Heer and the Bhangra dance. Shri C.L. Kumar, Shri Baldev Mitter, Shri S.P. Kapur and Dr.A.C. Mehta—whose soul still lingers in the college—delighted the audience with their songs. Shri Baldev Mitter is the President.

### **The Hindi Parishad**

The Parishad held an Inter-class

Trophy Debate in Hindi to celebrate its Annual Day. Shri Ramdhari Singh Dinkar, M.P., the renowned Hindi poet, presided. The trophy was won by B.A. II Year class. The first prize was shared by Hira Ballabh Tiwari and Sushma Paul. The second prize went to Amrit Lal Gupta. Shri Dinkar recited his poems to the delectation of the audience. It was a regular treat to listen to him.

### **The Sanskrit Parishad**

The Sanskrit Parishad has worked very efficiently during this term. Its first function was a debate in Sanskrit on the topic "In the Opinion of this House Sanskrit should be the National Language". In its second meeting held on the 6th February, 59, the Parishad had a mixed programme of short-stories, essays, songs and puzzles etc. Rajindra Kumar Marwah and Rajindra Bhardwaj participated in the Inter-College 'Essay-reading contest' held in Hans Raj College in January, 1959.

The Annual function was celebrated on the 2nd of March, 1959. Shri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, speaker of Lok Sabha, presided. The items included a variety programme. A dialogue in Sanskrit on the basis of the Raghuvamsa of Kalidas between the lion and King Dilip was presented by Rajindra Kumar Marwah and Sushma Tandon. Rajindra V. Bhardwaj read out a paper in Sanskrit on "Theism of the Gita". Ved Prakash sang a beautiful lyric on love between Krishna and his beloved Radha. In the end, Shri Ananthasayanam Ayyangar gave an illuminating and instructive talk and

held the interest of the House for nearly an hour. Emphasizing the importance of Sanskrit, he said that this language is one of sacred thoughts and spiritual values and a perfect food for the soul. He explained that Sanskrit is the mother of most of the Indian languages and it is necessary to learn it to comprehend truly the Indian culture and civilization. He stressed that the study of Sanskrit should be made compulsory atleast in schools. The function was very successful and Shri Ayyangar wrote the following :—

“The pupils, both boys and girls, were able to pronounce Sanskrit words well and some of them even developed an aptitude to speak in Sanskrit. The programme was well arranged. The Sanskrit professor, Mr. Chowdhary, has a good command of the language”.

“I wish the strength of students in the Sanskrit class will grow and that everyone in the college will take Sanskrit as one of the languages soon”.

Miss Sushma Tandon and Shri Rajindra V. Bhardwaj were adjudged for the first and second prizes respectively for their contributions to the Annual function.

### **The Science Association**

A paper-reading contest was held on 9th February, 1959. The following topics were discussed :—

1. Chemistry in Industry. 2. The World is made of Atoms.
3. Living and non-living. 4. Protozoa.

Out of the seven students who took part in the contest Dixit and Sanyal were declared first and second respectively.

Three scientific films : ‘A stand for Atoms’, ‘Gift of Green’ and ‘Streptomycine’ were screened in the College Hall. on 17th February.

The Association arranged a Botanical excursion for the special benefit of Botany students. As many as 35 students and 5 teachers enjoyed the sight of the glamorous Moghul Gardens, the Nizamud-din Nursery and the Zoological Gardens.

The Annual function of the Association was held on 4th March, 1959, and was presided over by Prof. P. Maheshwari, Head of the Department of Botany, University of Delhi. He delivered an interesting talk on ‘Food and Population.’ Light refreshments were served after the talk.

### **The Department of Botany.**

A Botanical excursion to Nainital was arranged by the department in September, 1958, especially for the benefit of B.Sc. students. The party, consisting of fifteen students was led by Shri S.M. Sehgal and Shri Chander Parkash. The party stayed at Nainital for about a week and made valuable collection of plants, both for the museum and the herbarium. At Nainital students were taken to all nearby places of Botanical interest. Trips to Sat Tal, Bhim Tal and Cheena peak were, indeed, memorable.



A local Botanical excursion was organized on 22nd Feb., 59, to Rashtrapati Bhavan Gardens, the India Gate and the Hamayun Tomb nursery. A varied collection of angiosperms and algae was brought. The array of multicoloured flowers at the Nursery and the Rashtrapati Bhavan was a real treat. Thirty five students and five staff members accompanied the party.

### **The Planning Forum**

The Forum has successfully completed the work of socio-economic survey of Delhi University students entrusted to it.

The Forum arranged a 4,000 miles long tour to the West and South of India. A party of 21 students and 3 teachers, under the over all charge of Shri S. P. Kapur, assisted by Mrs. M. Thomas and Shri B.B. Saksena, set out on this educational tour on the 15th of January, 1959, and returned to Delhi on the 1st of February. The important places visited included Bombay, Poona, Bangalore, Mysore, Ootacomund and Coonjeevaram. It was a big venture and thanks to the organizers it was a great success. Shri S. P. Kapur deserves to be congratulated on this remarkable achievement.

### **The Bazam-e-Adab.**

The Bazam-e-Adab held its annual function on 13th March, 1959. It included a 'Tamseeli Mushaira' as actually held in the court of the last Moghul King, Shah Bahadur Shah Zafar. It was a colourful programme presented on a stage aptly set and

befittingly decorated. An attempt was made to recapture the atmosphere of Zafar's Delhi and the roles of Ghalib, Zauq, Nasir, Momin, Dagh, Shaifia, Aazurda, Tashna, Salik and Zafar were beautifully portrayed by Shri Baldev Mitter, Mangat Ram, Yoginder Kumar, Harish Kapur, K.C. Jain, G.S. Mamik, Rajinder Kumar, Devindra Singh, Vinod Bhalla, and Puran Chand Arora respectively. Raghbir Singh and Ravindra Chopra of B.A. I Year class acted as 'Chobdars'.

The programme was planned, prepared and presented by Shri K. C. Kanda, President of the Bazam-e-Adab. He acted as 'Mir-e-Mushaira' and conducted the proceedings in highly ornate and chaste Urdu, reminiscent and redolent of the Moghul days. He was in his element and did not let the Mushaira flag even for a minute. Our heartiest congratulations.

Dr. A.N. Banerji in his concluding remarks expressed his appreciation for the function which, he said, was one of the best functions of the year. He assured the lovers of Urdu that Urdu would not be allowed to die in this college, though it would have to shed its Persian tinge and come close to the masses.

### **The Staff**

There have been a couple of changes in the Staff of the college. Shri Mandhata Ojha, Lecturer in Hindi, and Dr. A. C. Mehta, Lecturer in Chemistry, left the college to take up service in the Hindu College, Delhi, and the University of Delhi, respectively. Shri Ojha has been attracted

nearer 'home' and Dr. Mehta by the lure of higher research in Chemistry. We wish both the gentlemen success in their new jobs. We are very sorry to lose them but we know we could not have retained them with ourselves. Shri Ojha's place has been temporarily filled in by Shri Roop Narain. We heartily welcome him to our fraternal fold.

### **The Department of Physical Education.**

The construction of the new Science Block being in progress we were greatly handicapped in the matter of playing grounds. However, practice in cricket, volley-ball, net-ball, deck-tennis, badminton, and table-tennis has been kept up satisfactorily. The Cricket and badminton clubs deserve a special mention as they were active throughout the year. A number of friendly matches were played in which the participants displayed their 'talent' against seasoned players. Radhe Shyam Khanna won the championship of the Badminton team in Open Singles. The college title in Singles was, however, won by Satish Bharti who is the best player of the college. Surinder Kumar, B. A. III Year earned a name for himself and the college when he scored a century in the Inter-college Cricket Tournament held at the University Grounds.

A Staff vs. Students Festival Cricket match was played on 28th February. It was a great fun: girl-students bowled to the members of the Staff. Amongst the participants were Dr. Banerji, the skipper of the Staff team,

Shri C.L. Kumar, Shri Kaushel Kumar, Shri S. P. Kapoor, Shri I. S. Kapur, Shri D.S. Man and Shri R.L. Kakar.

A pucca cement badminton court has been made. Another similar court is to be built in the near future. We are entertaining hopes for a tennis court as well.

The Inter-class Tournaments, a regular annual feature, were held in the months of October and November. The championship was won by B.A. classes.

The 7th Annual Sports were held on 19th and 21st of February. A large number of students, both boys and girls, took part in them. Dr. Banerji declared the meet open. Sukhbir Singh was adjudged the best athlete from amongst the boys and Chitra Vohra from amongst the girl-students.

### **The Physico-Medical Examination.**

Students of the college were given a physico-medical examination by the College doctor and the Director of Physical Education, Shri D.S. Chaudry. Those who were found to be suffering from serious defects were advised to undergo the necessary medical treatment and their guardians were informed accordingly.

### **College Colour Awards**

S. S. Kumar and Surinder Kumar have been awarded the COLLEGE COLOUR in Athletics and Cricket respectively. Our congratulations.

## The Fine Arts Society

In the Arts Exhibition held under the auspices of the Delhi University Student's Union the following students submitted entries :—

Ashit Sanyal : 'Where shall I hide'—  
a painting in water pastel  
colours.

'Tabalchi' : a painting.

S. Jai Kumar : 'Iron Pillars' : a photograph.  
'Whispering in Wilderness' : a photograph.

'Tabalchi' and 'Iron Pillar' were highly commended.

'Where shall I hide It' and 'Whispering in the Wilderness' won prizes. Our congratulations.

The Annual Hobbies Exhibition scheduled to be held on 28th March, 1959, to coincide with the Annual Prize-giving, was a success.

## The Annual Prize Distribution

The Annual Prize-giving function was held on the 28th of March, 59. Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Delhi, presided, and gave away the prizes and certificates.

Dr. A.N. Banerji in his Annual Report mentioned that the college had since its inception been making steady progress in almost all spheres of activity. It became a constituent college and as such was now entitled to be placed on the list of colleges, affiliated to the

University of Delhi, to receive grant-in-aid from the University Grants Commission. The number of students admitted to the day and evening classes was 694 and 121 respectively. Honours classes were started in Hindi and Mathematics. The new Science Laboratories for the B.Sc. classes were ready. The college results were satisfactory. The college library and the hall were too small for the numbers on the rolls. More lecture rooms must be put up at an early date to house the new Honours classes in the Social Sciences and English. Progress in sports had been hindered for want of watering facilities, so very essential for maintenance of play-grounds and lawns. Notwithstanding the handicaps inherent in the distant location of the college the College Union and other literary and cultural societies had a very busy programme throughout the year.

Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao expressed his satisfaction with the progress that the college had made during the year under report and remarked that he had no doubt it would continue to grow and serve the needs of the students in the years to come. In particular, he was pleased with the integrated programme of studies, extra-mural activities and sports on which emphasis was laid in the college. Passing the examination was not the real aim of college education. Students must build up their character and develop all the latent faculties with which they had been endowed by Nature. They must know India—her Past and her Present—and strive to serve her with head and heart. They should emulate the example of Swami Vivekananda—one of the truest sons of India. They should read his works and supplement them with the writings

of Tagore, Radhakrishnan and Nehru ; rather than waste their precious time in reading trivial works of fiction. The subjects which they study must be mastered so that in later life they could make a practical use of them. For this purpose they must keep up their study of them even after leaving college. They must not only acquire the habit of reading good books but also retain it. The torch of knowledge that they light at the Alma Mater they must feed and cherish and not allow it to languish and

die out. Their stay at college provided them with opportunities to develop themselves physically intellectually and socially. It is nothing short of criminal neglect on their part not to avail themselves of them.

The function came to an end with the singing of the National Anthem by girl-students of the college.

The function was well-organized and a great success.

# *Prize Winners for 1958-59*

## ACADEMIC PRIZE WINNERS

| Roll of Honor (Academic) | Qualifying Class |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| Atom Parkash             |                  |
| Vinod Kumar Sud          |                  |
| Suek Prabha              |                  |

### B.A. III Year

| Roll No. | Name               | Subject   | Marks | Position. |
|----------|--------------------|-----------|-------|-----------|
| 21       | Ratna Hira nandani | Aggregate | 1214  | First.    |
| 21       | „                  | Sindhi    | 250   | First.    |
| 21       | „                  | Maths.    | 402   | First.    |
| 25       | Sarita Ajmani      | English   | 344   | First.    |
| 2        | Veena Puri         | History   | 328   | First.    |

### B.Sc. III Year

|     |                        |           |      |        |
|-----|------------------------|-----------|------|--------|
| 11  | Ramesh Chander Kanda   | Aggregate | 1104 | First. |
| 2   | Subhash Chander Sekhri | Physics   | 393  | First. |
| 11  | Romesh Chander Kanda   | Chemistry | 336  | First. |
| 156 | Swarn Bala Anand       | Botany    | 325  | First. |
| 156 | „                      | Zoology   | 306  | First. |

### B.A. II Year

|    |                |           |      |        |
|----|----------------|-----------|------|--------|
| 37 | Vishno Motwani | Aggregate | 1239 | First. |
| 37 | „              | English   | 364  | First. |
| 37 | „              | Sindhi    | 270  | First. |
| 5  | Saundarya Adya | History   | 329  | First. |

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| Roll No. | Name                | Subject  | Marks | Position. |
|----------|---------------------|----------|-------|-----------|
| 12       | Rajinder Kaur Behar | Pol. Sc. | 351   | First.    |
| 8        | Vimla Devi Rawat    | Sanskrit | 416   | First.    |
| 1        | Karuna              | Maths.   | 425   | First.    |

### B.Sc. II Year

|     |                     |           |      |        |
|-----|---------------------|-----------|------|--------|
| 39  | Padma Sehgal        | Aggregate | 1108 | First. |
| 39  | "                   | Physics   | 390  | First. |
| 39  | "                   | Chemistry | 411  | First. |
| 161 | Navnit Kumar Sharma | Botany    | 300  | First. |

### B.A. I Year

|    |                |           |     |        |
|----|----------------|-----------|-----|--------|
| 47 | Madhu Bala     | Aggregate | 632 | First. |
| 47 | "              | Hindi     | 120 | First. |
| 47 | "              | Sanskrit  | 201 | First. |
| 8  | Raghubir Singh | English   | 171 | First. |
| 8  | "              | Economics | 183 | First. |
| 57 | Davinder Singh | History   | 153 | First. |

### B.Sc. I Year.

|     |                      |                   |     |        |
|-----|----------------------|-------------------|-----|--------|
| 4   | Suresh Chand Jain    | Aggregate         | 559 | First. |
| 4   | "                    | Maths.            | 212 | First. |
| 4   | "                    | Chemistry         | 161 | First. |
| 4   | "                    | Physics           | 186 | First. |
| 4   | "                    | Hindi subsidiary  | 67  | First. |
| 156 | Chandra Rai Singhani | Sindhi subsidiary | 52  | First. |
| 156 | "                    | Botany            | 172 | First. |

### Prizes in General Knowledge.

|                  |     |                        |      |         |
|------------------|-----|------------------------|------|---------|
| Qualifying Sc.   | 109 | Ashok Kumar Trikha     | 115  | First.  |
| Qualifying Arts. | 212 | Gobind Kumar Bhatia    | 114  | Second. |
| B.Sc. II Year.   | 4   | Lakshman Gupta         | 112) | First.  |
| B.Sc. II Year.   | 176 | Toby Nairan            | 112) |         |
| B.A. I year      | 28  | Subhash Chander Chopra | 111  | Second. |

### Pre-Medical I Year.

|   |                |           |     |        |
|---|----------------|-----------|-----|--------|
| 1 | Har Devi Kanal | Aggregate | 396 | First. |
| 1 | "              | English   | 86  | First. |
| 1 | "              | Physics   | 101 | First. |

| Roll No. | Name                 | Subject   | Marks | Position. |
|----------|----------------------|-----------|-------|-----------|
| 1        | Har Devi Kanal       | Biology   | 105   | First.    |
| 26       | Nirmal Kanta Kaushak | Chemistry | 123   | First.    |

### Pre-Medical II Year.

|    |                     |           |          |                                                             |
|----|---------------------|-----------|----------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | Sudershan Anand     | Aggregate | 880      | First.                                                      |
| 1  | "                   | Biology   | 208      | First.                                                      |
| 1  | "                   | Chemistry | 265      | First.                                                      |
| 41 | Manjit Singh        | English   | 175      | First.                                                      |
| 32 | Desh Bhushan Wadhwa | Physics   | 238      | First.                                                      |
| 46 | Indra Doraiswamy    | English   | 101, 150 | For standing Ist in the whole class in the Dec. 1958, Exam. |
| 46 | "                   | Biology   | 101/150  |                                                             |

### B.Sc. II Year

|     |                     |        |         |     |
|-----|---------------------|--------|---------|-----|
| 161 | Navnit Kumar Sharma | Botany | 166/300 | Do. |
|-----|---------------------|--------|---------|-----|

### B.A. (Hons.) I Year.

|     |                |                  |         |        |
|-----|----------------|------------------|---------|--------|
| 103 | Sushma Nagrath | Maths. (Hons.)   | 740     | First. |
| 131 | Sushma Paul    | Hindi. (Hons.)   | 462     | First. |
| 131 | "              | Political Sc.    | 122/200 | First. |
| 101 | Sneh Prabha    | Hindi Subsidiary | 63      | First  |

### Qualifying Science & Arts.

|     |                     |             |     |        |
|-----|---------------------|-------------|-----|--------|
| 102 | Vas Dev             | Aggregate   | 431 | First  |
| 227 | Manju Mathur        | Aggregate   | 415 | Second |
| 227 | Manju Mathur        | English     | 128 | First  |
| 7   | Om Parkash Narula   | English     | 118 | Second |
| 33  | Kalyan Chand Jain   | English     | 118 |        |
| 308 | Usha Lata Gosain    | Hindi       | 65  | First  |
| 227 | Manju Mathur        | Hindi       | 60  | Second |
| 207 | Rajinder Bhardwaj   | Sindhi      | 60  | First  |
| 102 | Vas Dev             | Mathematics | 96  | First  |
| 227 | Manju Mathur        | Mathematics | 96  |        |
| 212 | Gobind Kumar Bhatia | Mathematics | 95  | Second |
| 102 | Vas Dev             | Physics     | 71  | First  |

| Roll No. | Name                   | Subject.   | Marks. | Position. |
|----------|------------------------|------------|--------|-----------|
| 7        | Om Parkash Narula      | Physics    | 68     | Second    |
| 15       | Man Mohan Kapur        | Chemistry  | 72     | First     |
| 85       | Jagdish Chander        | Chemistry  | 72     |           |
| 93       | Madan Kumar Satya      | Chemistry  | 71     | Second    |
| 102      | Vas Dev                | Add. Maths | 98     | First     |
| 224      | Vijay Lakshmi Malhotra | Civics     | 56     | First     |
| 227      | Manju Mathur           | Civics     | 53     | Second    |
| 212      | Gobind Kumar Bhatia    | Economics  | 57     | First     |
| 224      | Vijay Lakshmi Malhotra | Economics  | 56     | Second    |
| 308      | Usha Lata Gosain       | History    | 57     | First     |
| 227      | Manju Mathur           | Psychology | 57     | First     |
| 251      | Parshotam Lal Vij      | Sanskrit   | 78     | First     |
|          |                        | Sanskrit   | 78     |           |

### College Union

|                                              |                                     |           |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| <b>Entempore Speaking Contest in English</b> | (iv) Naresh Anjan                   | (Punjabi) |
| (i) Dava Bhatia B.A. III Year                |                                     |           |
| (ii) C. K. Sethi B.Sc. III Year              |                                     |           |
| <b>Entempore Speaking Contest in Hindi</b>   | (i) H. B. Tiwari                    |           |
| (i) H. B. Tiwari B.A. III Year               | (ii) Gargi Gupta                    |           |
| (ii) Rajinder Marwah B.A. II Year            |                                     |           |
| <b>Recitation Contest</b>                    | <b>Sindhi Essay Competition</b>     |           |
| (i) Ashit Sanyal (English)                   | Vishino Motwani B.A. II Year        |           |
| (ii) H. B. Tiwari (Hindi)                    | Roll No. 37 First                   |           |
| (iii) Miss Deepak Gill P.H. II Year (Urdu)   | Miss Krishna Khushalani P.M. I Year |           |
|                                              | Roll No. 29 Second                  |           |

### College Colour

#### S.S. Kumar Athletics Surinder Kumar Cricket Men's Events.

1. Sukhbir Singh

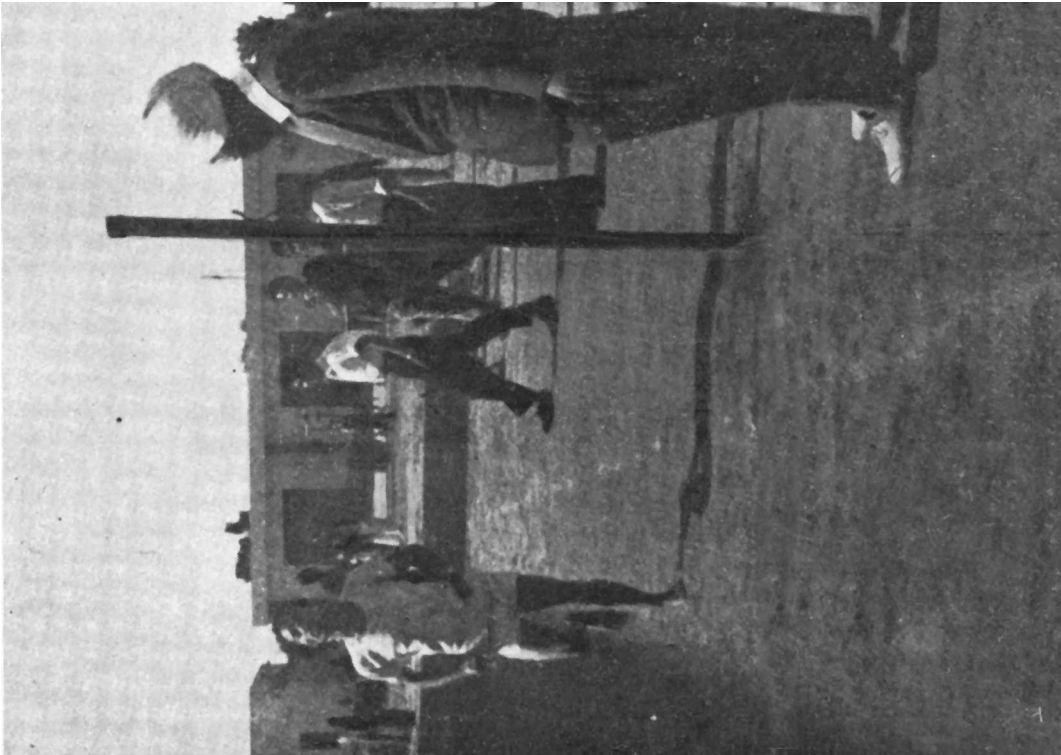
#### Athletics

First in 100 Meters (New College record)  
 First in 200 Meters.  
 First in 400 Meters.  
 First in Broad Jump.  
 First in Hop-Step Jump.  
 2nd in Putting the Shot.  
 2nd in 1500 Meters  
 All round best athlete  
 from amongst boys.





Discus throw : Jagdish Chander



Kishori Lal in 1500 Meters (a new college record)



The Sanskrit Parishad Annual Day  
Shri Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, President



The Tamseeli Mushaira (Darbar-i-Zafar)

|                    |                                                                                                      |
|--------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. Jagdish Chander | First in Hammer Throw<br>First in Discus Throw<br>First in Putting the Shot.                         |
| 3. S.S. Kumar      | Second in 100 Meters.<br>Second in 200 Meters.<br>Second in 400 Meters.<br>Second in 800 Meters.     |
| 4. Preet Singh     | Second in High Jump.<br>Second in Pole Vault.<br>Second in Hop-Step & Jump.<br>Second in Broad Jump. |
| 5. Kishori Lal.    | First in 1500 Meters (new College<br>record.)<br>First in 800 Meters.                                |
| 6. Dilbagh Singh   | First in Pole-Vault                                                                                  |
| 7. Om Parakash     | First in High Jump.                                                                                  |
| 8. Ishwar Kaul     | First in Javlein Throw.                                                                              |
| 9. Rattan Singh    | 2nd in Javilin Throw.                                                                                |
| 10. Gulshan Kumar  | Second in Discus Throw.                                                                              |
| 11. Dharam Singh   | Second in Hammer Throw                                                                               |

#### **Women's Events.**

|                  |                                                                                                                                                            |
|------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Chitra Vohra  | First in High Jump.<br>First in Discus Throw<br>Second in 50 Meters.<br>Second in Broad Jump.<br>All round best Athlete of the year from<br>Girls amongst. |
| 2. Kawaljit Kaur | First in Broad Jump.<br>First in Obstacle Race.<br>Second in 100 Meters.<br>Second in High Jump.                                                           |
| 3. Karuna        | First in 100 Meters.<br>First in 50 Meters.<br>Second in Obstacle Race.                                                                                    |
| 4. Sushma Paul   | Second in Cricket Ball Throw.                                                                                                                              |

#### **Junior Staff Race.**

|                  |         |
|------------------|---------|
| 1. Tara Chand    | First   |
| 2. Hoshiar Singh | Second. |

### Administrative Staff (Handicap Race).

|                    |                               |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. R.C. Mehtani    | First.                        |
| 2. Gian Chand      | Second.                       |
| 1. Milan Joshi     | First.                        |
| 2. Surinder Shaney | Second.                       |
| 3. Raman Kakar     | First in Staff Children Race. |

### (Teaching Staff) Musical Chair Race.

|               |         |
|---------------|---------|
| 1. C.L. Kumar | First.  |
| 2. D.S. Mann  | Second. |

### Table-Tennis

|                      |                                                                                        |
|----------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Men's Singles        | Ishwar Kaul—Winner<br>R.V. Raghuvan—Runner-up.                                         |
| Men's Doubles        | Mohinder Nagra & Ishwar<br>Kaul—winners.<br>V.N. Paricha & Kuldip Singh—Runners<br>up. |
| Mixed Doubles.       | Mohinder Singh & Meena—Winners.<br>Kumud Chadda & Raksha Kapur—<br>Runners-up          |
| Lucky-Doubles.       | Mohinder Singh & Ramesh Chander—<br>Winners.<br>Ishwar Kaul & Kamal—Runners-up.        |
| Men's Singles        | Satish Bharti—Winner<br>Ramesh Chander—Runner-up                                       |
| Men Doubles          | Satish Bharti and Ramesh—Winners<br>D.S. Chaudhry and Harish Kapoor—<br>Runners-up     |
| Mixed Doubles        | Satish Bharti and Nirmala—Winner<br>Chandru Motwani and Deepak Gill—<br>Runners-up     |
| Lucky Doubles        | Satish Bharti and Kanwal—Winners<br>R.S. Khanna and Harish Kapoor—<br>Runners-up       |
| Men's Singles (open) | R.S. Khanna—Winner<br>Om Parkash—Runner-up                                             |
| Women's Singles      | Nirmal Vishwanath—Winner<br>Chitra Vohra—Runner-up.                                    |

# List of Prize Winners : Societies

## 1. Dramatic Club

Inter-class One Act Play Competition Trophy—B.A. classes

## 2. Hindi Parishad

- (a) Debate : First Prize —Manju Mathur  
Second ,, { Amrit Lal Gupta  
Sushma Paul  
(b) Extempore First Prize —Sushma Paul  
(c) Inter-class Debate : Trophy—B.A. II Year  
First Prize { Sushma paul  
Hira Ballabh Tiwari  
Second ,, —Amrit Lal Gupta

## 3. History Association

- Debate : First Prize —V.K.S. Sodhi  
Second ,, —A.K. Trikha

## 4. Planning Forum

- Debate : First Prize —V.K.S. Sodhi

## 5. Pol. Sc. Association

- U.N. Mock Session : First Prize —Vishino Motwani  
Second ,, { Hira Ballabh Tiwari  
Mangat Ram

## 6. Sanskrit Parishad

- Annual Programme : First Prize —Sushma Tandon  
Second ,, —Rajendra V. Bharadwaj

## 7. Science Association

- Paper Reading Contest : First Prize —Dixit  
Second ,, —Sanyal

## 8. Sindhi Society

- First Prize —Vishino Motwani  
Second ,, —Krisha Khushlani

# Evening Class Prize Winners

## 1. Academic Prizes.

| Roll No. | Name                 | Subject     | Position |
|----------|----------------------|-------------|----------|
| 1.       | Harbans Lal, Khuttan | English     | First    |
| 3.       | A.P. Chopra          | Hindi       | Second   |
| 15.      | Mohinder Kumar       | Mathematics | First    |
| 15.      | Mohinder Kumar       | Economic    | Second   |
| 15.      | Mohinder Kumar       | Aggregate   | First    |
| 32.      | Sis Ram Ahlwat       | Civics      | First    |
| 32.      | Sis Ram Ahlwat       | Aggregate   | Second   |
| 35.      | Jai Pal              | History     | Second   |
| 36.      | Gurdas Ram           | English     | Second   |
| 37.      | Ram Lakhan           | Hindi       | First    |
| 40.      | Inder Singh, Gambhir | Civics      | Second   |
| 45.      | P. Shankar           | History     | First    |
| 45.      | P. Shankar           | Civics      | Second   |
| 93.      | Valaiti Lal          | Economics   | First    |

## 2. Union Prizes.

|     |                |                   |        |
|-----|----------------|-------------------|--------|
| 3.  | A.P. Chopra    | English Debate    | Second |
| 5.  | Narinder Paul  | Hindi Debate      | Second |
| 45. | P. Shankar     | English Debate    | First  |
| 60. | Ramesh Chander | Hindi Debate      | First  |
| 76. | Om Parkash     | Vocal Light Music | Second |
| 98. | Roshan Lal     | Vocal Light Music | First  |

## “कलाकार तथा अनुभूति”

मानव-मन स्मृतियों का सागर है, चंचल, मदमाती, बलखाती लहरों की भाँति स्मृतियाँ, मनस्-शक्ति से टकरा कर शब्द विशेष की सीमा के अन्तर्गत अपने अस्तित्व की छाया छोड़, नाम रूम जगत् में अपूर्ण अनुभूति के काल्पित संवेगों की गति में, नित्य प्रायः उथल-पुथल मचाये रहती हैं, स्मृतियों की इस अनन्त अन्तर्क्रियाओं का फल ही मानव है। क्योंकि मानव में मन होने के कारण वह मनुष्य कहलाता है और मन स्मृतियों द्वारा निर्मित है। मनस्-शक्ति के तीनों भेदों—चेतना, अर्द्धचेतना तथा उपचेतना के अन्तरिम में भी स्मृतियों का क्रिया-व्यापार अनन्त तथा अनारम्भित गति से चलता रहता है। उपचेतना से अर्द्ध-चेतना उससे चेतना में आकर स्मृति, मनुष्य के मन को सदैव क्रिया में लगाये रहती है।

क्षण भर को भी मन मौन नहीं रह पाता, सदा अतीत के नामरूप, शब्द सीमा के बंधन में सीमित, अपूर्ण अनुभूति को भविष्य के सुखद रूप की चित्रमय कल्पना में डुबो कर नित्य प्रायः मनुष्य को वर्तमान के परे रखने के प्रयास में लगा रहता है। मन का यह कार्य माया के नाम से पुकारा जाता है, माया “मैं” का जन्म देती है जिसमें मनुष्य के समस्त कर्म अभिनिहित रहते हैं। जब तक मनुष्य में व्यक्तित्व है तब तक “मैं” है। इस मैं के चारों ओर उसके हृदय की अन्य शक्तियाँ घूमती रहती हैं जिनमें “इच्छा” शक्ति प्रमुख है। यही इच्छा शक्ति नाम रूप व्यक्तित्व को अंहवादिता की परिधि में ले जाकर स्मृतियों की डोरी से बाँध कर मनुष्य को पूर्ण अनुभूति से परे रखती है।

इसलिये पूर्ण अनुभूति प्राप्त करने के लिये सर्व प्रथम “मनोनास्ति” करना पड़ेगा। अब प्रश्न उठता है “मनो नास्ति” कैसे होगा? इसके लिये सर्वप्रथम मनुष्य को स्मृतियों से परे होना होगा, स्मृतियों से परे मन तभी हो सकता है जब वह मौन हो जाय, फिर मन मौन कैसे हो? इसके लिये मनुष्य को नाम रूप जगत तथा शब्द के परे होना पड़ेगा। यदि मनुष्य का मन शब्द के परे हो जाय

तो अतीत तथा भविष्य का अस्तित्व उसके लिये समाप्त हो जायेगा। जहाँ केवल वर्तमान ही मनुष्य के मन की परिधि में रह जाय तो मनुष्य का “अहं” नहीं रहेगा। “अहं” नहीं रहने के उपरान्त वह अपने चारों ओर के वातावरण को पूर्ण रूप से अनुभव कर पायेगा। ऐसी स्थिति में उसका मन शब्द के परे होगा। इसी स्थिति में वह अलौकिक आनन्द प्राप्त कर पायेगा। यह सत्य है। मनुष्य की यही स्थिति सन, वित्त, आनन्द से युक्त है, साहित्य में यही सत्य, शिव तथा सुन्दरम है। यदि मन की ऐसी स्थिति में जहाँ मन के होने पर भी उसका अस्तित्व समाप्त हो जाय, कलाकार अनुभूति प्राप्त करता है और बाद में शब्द लोक तथा वास्तविक जगत् में आकर उस अवर्ष्य अनुभूति को स्मृति की तूलिका से रजित कर तथा कल्पना के बल से उसमें अहीत अनुभूति का सत्य रूप अभिव्यक्त करने का जो प्रयास करता है वही कलाकार की अनुपम कृति है। चाहे वह संगीतकार हो या चित्रकार लेखक हो या कवि, कला के सजीव सृजन के लिये उसे ऊपर लिखित साधना करनी ही पड़ेगी। शब्द-जाल में कला का सृजन नहीं हो सकता। अपूर्ण अनुभूति में सत्य शिव तथा सुन्दरम का अस्तित्व नहीं रहता। साधना के बिना कला का सृजन नहीं हो सकता। भाव-जगत के द्वारा सत्य का संदिग्ध रूप ही दृष्टिगत होगा। इसलिये कलाकार बनना सरल कार्य नहीं। कहने को तो सभी अपने आप को कलाकार कहते हैं। जिसे थोड़ा सा बात बतंगड़ बनाना आगया, जिसे नाम मात्र को स्वरों का जान होगया और जिसे कहने को रेखाओं की पहिचान होगई वही अपने आपकी आज के युग में महान् लेखक संगीत तथा चित्रकार समझने लग जाता है और अपना विज्ञापन करने में तनिक भी संकोच नहीं रखता। परन्तु एक वास्तविक कलाकार इन बातों से परे रहता है। उसका मुख्य उद्देश्य अनुभूति प्राप्त करना होता है, जिसके लिये वह साधना में लगा रहता है, विज्ञापन में नहीं।

हीरा वल्लभ तिवारी “उन्मत्त”

# डाक्टर हरित

[ हीरा वल्लभ तिवाड़ी उन्मत्त ]

डाक्टर हरित, सेनेटोरियम के माने हुये डाक्टरों में से हैं। वे मरीजों के आत्मीय, कर्मचारियों के श्रद्धापात्र तथा साथी डाक्टरों के उपहास पात्र हैं। सबसे बड़ी विशेषता उनमें उनका मिलनसार स्वभाव तथा अपने जीवन के प्रति उदासीनता है। मरीजों के दुःख-सुख में भाग लेना, उनके साथ घंटों बैठकर बातें करना, तरह-तरह के किस्से, कहानियाँ सुनाना तथा उनको आर्थिक सहायता प्रदान करना उनके जीवन का व्यवसाय सा बन गया है। परन्तु न जाने क्यों जीवन के प्रति उन्हें विरक्ति सी है। प्राणी-मात्र पर दया करने वाले डाक्टर हरित, न जाने क्यों अपने जीवन के प्रति क्रूर हैं ?

अपने बाह्य जीवन को सुधारने का न तो वे प्रयत्न ही करते हैं और न आवश्यकता ही समझते हैं। उनके अस्त-व्यस्त बाल, सीधे-सादे कपड़े, बड़ी हुई दाढ़ी, कमीज और पैंट के टूटे बटन, जूतों के बिना बंधे फीते, समय कुसमय पर खाना, घंटों तक जंगल के वीराने में जाकर पशु-पक्षियों की ओर ताकते रहना और २४ घंटों में १६ घंटों तक सिगरेट पीते रहना ये यद्यपि सब मिलकर उनके सामाजिक जीवन के लिये भद्र नहीं है, फिर भी अपने साथी डाक्टरों द्वारा “पागल” कहे जाने वाले डाक्टर हरित, सामाजिकता के इस खोखले जीवन को संवारने तथा सुधारने का प्रयास नहीं करते।

उनकी आयु लगभग ३५ साल है। उनका रंग गोरा है। स्वस्थ सुडौल तथा सुन्दर सुगठित शरीर आकर्षक है। उनके अधरों में सदैव एक अमिट व्यथा भरी मुस्कान व्याप्त रहती है। उनकी काली, बड़ी-बड़ी आँखों में सदा एक प्रश्न सा तिरता रहता है। उनके स्वभाव में एक

ऐसी मृदुता तथा आकर्षण है कि अपरिचित अनायास ही उनकी ओर आकृष्ट हो जाता है। उनके शब्दों में इतना मिठास भरा रहता है कि सुनने वाला मंत्र-मुग्ध सा उनके पास बैठा रहता है। वे किसी भी नारी के आकर्षण-पात्र बन सकते हैं। परन्तु आश्चर्य है कि सर्व सम्पन्न गुराणों से युक्त डाक्टर हरित, अभी तक कुँवारे ही हैं।

इसीलिये कभी-कभी सेनेटोरियम की नर्सों उनसे पूछ बैठती हैं—“डाक्टर साहब, कब तक रहेंगे कुँवारे ? व्याह कर लीजिये न, घर बन जायेगा।” डाक्टर हरित उत्तर में केवल मुस्करा भर ही देते हैं। उनके सस्मित अधरों में एक हल्की कठोरता आ जाती है और उनके नयन गम्भीर मुद्रा में किसी अज्ञात भय से भयभीत से हो जाते हैं। कभी-कभी उनका नौकर भी कहता है—“बाबू जी, यह तो ठीक नहीं, मैं कब तक आपके लिये रोटियाँ सेकता रहूँगा ?”

“क्यों भोला, जाना चाहते हो तुम यहाँ से ?” डाक्टर साहब पूछते।

“यह मैंने कब कहा बाबू जी, मैं तो चाहता हूँ जनम भर आपके पाँव तले पड़ा रहूँ। पर सच कहता हूँ बाबू जी मालकिन की बड़ी तमन्ना है। मालकिन आ जाती तो घर, घर बन जाता।

“दो दिन में ही तुम्हें बोरिया-बिस्तरा बाँधना पड़ेगा भोला।” डाक्टर साहब हँसकर कहते।

“नहीं बाबू जी ऐसा क्यों होगा ? बड़े घर की लड़की होंगी। आखिर काम तो मुझे ही करना होगा, सच कहता हूँ बाबू जी आपकी सेहत भी ठीक हो जायेगी। आजकल लड़कियों की कमी नहीं। फिर आप जैसे योग्य आदमी को



कौन नहीं देगा। इस फागुन में लगन हैं, आप कहीं बात-चीत तो चलाइये बाबू जी ?”

“अच्छा-अच्छा, एक पैकट सिगरेट तो ले आ और हाँ, एक कप चाय बना दे।” कहकर डा० हरित बात बदल देते और नौकर बेचारा ५ साल से मालकिन के स्वप्न देखता आ रहा है।

डाक्टर हरित केवल डाक्टर ही नहीं अपितु एक मँजे हुये साहित्यकार भी हैं। साहित्य में उनकी अपार रूचि है। कवि पन्त का काव्य उनके अधरों पर है। अंग्रेजी में शेली, कीट्स उन्हें बहुत प्रिय हैं। वे स्वयम् भी कविता, कहानियाँ लिखते हैं। उनकी कहानियाँ कई पत्र-पत्रिकाओं में प्रकाशित होती रहती हैं। उनकी लिखी “मोहिनी” कहानी को कहानी प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम स्थान मिला है जिससे डाक्टर हरित का मान और भी बढ़ गया है। उनकी कवितायें भी कहानियों से कम नहीं। सैनेटोरियम के मरीजों की जवान पर हैं उनकी कवितायें। इसी लिये उनके साथी डाक्टर कइते हैं—“डाक्टर, तुम्हें तो कवि होना चाहिये था। क्यों पड़ गये तुम डाक्टरी के चक्कर में, अब भी कुछ नहीं विगड़ा छोड़ो यह डाक्टरी का भंभट और बिताओ जीवन कलाकारों की भाँति।” डाक्टर हरित से उनकी एक और बड़ी शिकायत है। प्रायः वे कहा करते हैं—“डाक्टर तुमने ये मरीज मुँह लगा दिये हैं। आखिर तुम डाक्टर हो। कुछ तो अपने मान का ख्याल रखो। यह क्या हर समय उनके साथ ही बैठे रहते हो। अब तो वे हमें कुछ समझते ही नहीं। तुम्हें अपने मान की चिन्ता नहीं है तो हमें है। मरीज आखिर मरीज है। यदि उसके हृदय में डाक्टर के प्रति श्रद्धा नहीं रही तो काम कैसे चलेगा।”

डाक्टर हरित यह सब कुछ सुन लेते हैं। परन्तु उनके कार्य में इससे कुछ रुकावट नहीं आती। इसीलिये बेचारे साथी डाक्टर भी मन मार कर बैठे हैं।

इस प्रकार पाँच साल से टी० बी० सैनेटोरियम में कार्य कर रहे हैं डाक्टर हरित। इन पाँच सालों में उनके व्यक्तिगत जीवन के बारे में कोई नहीं जान पाया। उनका

घर कहाँ हैं ? घर में कौन-कौन हैं ? यह किसी को भी पता नहीं। पूछने पर वह स्वयम् बात बदल देते हैं और स्वयम् भी अपनी अतीत की स्मृतियों को भुलाने का प्रयास करते रहते हैं।

परन्तु जिस बात को भुलाने के लिये वह जीवन से संघर्ष कर रहे थे वह आखिर उन्हें एक बार पुनः मूल से हिला गई। कल की घटना ने डाक्टर हरित को जड़ से हिला दिया है। उनके अधरों की अमिट मुस्कान, उनके मुँह की आकर्षक कान्ति न जाने कहाँ विलुप्त हो गई है ? मरीज उनकी प्रतीक्षा कर रहे हैं। परन्तु डाक्टर हरित उन्मत्त से पागलों की भाँति अपने कमरे में चक्कर काट रहे हैं। उनके मुँह पर भयंकर विषाद विद्यमान है। उनके अन्तराल में स्मृतियों का तुमुल युद्ध छिड़ा है। उनके भावों में अकथ वेदना, दुःख तथा करुणा संग्राम मचाये हैं। उनके कमरे की सारी चीजें अस्त व्यस्त पड़ी हैं। सामने टेबल पर एक चित्र पड़ा है जिस पर डाक्टर हरित बार-बार दृष्टि डालते हैं, उठाते हैं और जो मन में आता है पूछने लग जाते हैं। नौकर को बड़ी भारी चिन्ता हो गई है। वह बार-बार कमरे में आकर देख जाता है। बार-बार डाक्टर साहब से पूछता है। पर डाक्टर हरित मानो उसे पहचानते ही नहीं। उनकी आँतों के सामने, उनकी स्मृति में १० साल पहले की रात तथा कल की घटना तूफान मचा रही है। उनके कानों में वे स्वर अब भी गूँज रहे हैं—“वेशमी की भी हद होती है, मुझे उसका रोज यहाँ आना अच्छा नहीं लगता। मुहल्ले भर में मुँह दिखाना कठिन हो गया है। आखिर यह घर है, धर्मशाला नहीं। आज मैं कहे देता हूँ उससे।”

“जरा धीरे-धीरे बोलो बगल के कमरे में बैठा है, मनोज की प्रतीक्षा कर रहा है। सुन लेगा तो ?”

“सुन लेगा तो क्या होगा, क्या कर लेगा ? लुच्चा कहीं का, कल तक तो सड़कों पर भीख माँगता फिरता था दूसरे के बर्तन मलकर पेट पालता था, आज डाक्टरी पढ़ रहा है तो क्या, औकात तो वही है। मैं तो यही समझता था बड़े घर का लड़का है। इसीलिये मनोज को

उसके साथ आने-जाने दिया। पर आज पता लगा है वह डाक्टर पन्त का अपना लड़का नहीं है।” “फिर किसका है?”

“किसी को पता नहीं, किस खानदान का है, किसका लड़का है यह किसी को पता नहीं। लखनऊ में सड़कों पर भीख माँग रहा था, डाक्टर पन्त ने दया की और घर उठा लाये, उसके बाद उन्होंने उसे पढ़ाना शुरू कर दिया। दिल्ली में तो सब उसको उनका ही समझते हैं। पर आज लखनऊ के एक मित्र मिले जिन्होंने ये सब बातें बताईं।”

और तब वे अधिक नहीं सुन सके थे। उनकी आँखों में अँधेरा छा गया था, अपमान के आघात से उनका हृदय तिलमिला उठा था। एक क्षण भी उन्हें वहाँ युग सा बीत रहा था। उनकी आँखों से अंगारे बरसने लगे थे, उनके जी में आया कि कमल के पिता जी का गला घोट दे। परन्तु वे अपने क्रोध को पी गये। क्योंकि जो भी उन्होंने कहा वह सत्य था, इसीलिये अपने सुबद जीवन के प्रति उन्हें घृणा सी हो उठी, वे उठे और चुपचाप दबे पाँव सीढ़ियाँ उतरने लगे, उनके कदम डगमगा रहे थे, उनकी आँखें कुछ कुछ नहीं देख रही थी, दीवार को पकड़ कर वे सीढ़ियाँ उतर रहे थे।

तभी किसी ने पंखे से उन्हें रोक लिया। वह “कमल थी, हिचकियाँ बंधी थीं, मुँह में मुर्दनी छाई थी, क्रोध से मुँह लाल हो रहा था, आँसू की बाढ़ थमे नहीं थमती थी, अवाकसी चिर मौन सी वह उन्हें पकड़े रहीं, उसे यह भी ज्ञान नहीं रहा वह कहाँ और क्या कर रही है। तभी बुदबुदाई वह — “मैंने सब कुछ सुन लिया, अच्छा होता तुम ही बतला देते, पर कोई बात नहीं, मैं आज तक अंधकार में रही, अनजाने में सब कुछ कर गई। हरित मानो निर्जीव थे। वे कमल की पिता जी की बात सहन कर गये थे परन्तु कमल की बात वह सहन नहीं कर सकते थे, तभी कमल फिर बोली—पर मेरे लिये “तुम” हो, हरित, पिता जी ने जो कुछ कहा भूल जाओ, मेरे लिये, मेरी जिन्दगी के

लिये, हमारे प्यार के लिये। कही प्यार इज्जत से बड़ा होता है। बोलो तुम चुप क्यों हो? मैं समाज को ठुकरा सकती हूँ, हरित, तुम्हारा साथ दूंगी, कही तो अभी चलती हूँ तुम्हारे साथ। तुम बोलते क्यों नहीं? क्या यही था तुम्हारा प्यार?” लेकिन वह कुछ उत्तर नहीं दे सके थे। उनके कानों में उसके पिता जी के शब्द घूम रहे थे “औरकात तो वही है” उका हृदय घृणा से भर उठा था, इसीलिये कमल को भ्रूणभोर कर सीढ़ियाँ उतर गया था। पीछे से उसके कानों में यह वाक्य सुनाई पड़ा-जा, अभिमानी जिन्दगी भर तड़पता रहेंगा ‘तेरा मुँह नहीं देखूंगी अब’ और तब उसके बाद वे कमल के यहाँ कभी नहीं गये थे। पर वे कमल को भूल भी नहीं पाये थे, उसको न भुला पाना ही उन्होंने जीवन की साधना बना रखी थी। इसी लिये बाहर से हँस-मुख तथा शान्त दिखाने पर भी उनका हृदय अशान्त का महाभारत बना रहता था, परन्तु उसे वह इन इस सालों से दवाते आ रहे थे परन्तु कल की घटना ने एक बार उन्हें फिर भ्रूणभोर दिया है। कल जब वे एक मरीज से बातें कर रहे थे तो कम्पाउंडर ने उन्हें सूचना दी कि एक ‘सीरियस’ केस आया है। उन्होंने बाहर आकर मरीज को देखा तो अपना अस्तित्व ही खो बैठे, उन्हें विश्वास नहीं हुआ। उन्होंने एक बार पुनः देखा कमल ही थी, केवल ढाँचा रह गया था, आँखें धंस गई थीं, गालों की हड्डियाँ निकल आई थीं, मुँह पीला पड़ गया था, भयंकर आकृति होगई थी, डाक्टर हरित का हृदय चीत्कार कर उठा। वे कुछ नहीं कह सके, कुछ नहीं सोच सके, अपराधी से खड़े रहे। उनका हृदय अपने प्रति घृणा से भर उठा।

उनके सातों स्वर भ्रूणभोर हो गये। वे सब कुछ भूल गये। उनकी चेतना में केवल कमल थी, वे मन ही मन में कह गये-मैंने भुला दिया कमल, सब कुछ भुला दिया, अब तुम भी सब कुछ भुला दो। मुझे क्षमा कर दो”। परन्तु उनके अधर नहीं खुल रहे थे, वे चेतना हीन से निर्वाक कमल को देख रहे थे, तभी नर्स ने उनका ध्यान भंग किया—डाक्टर साहब क्या बात है? आपकी कुछ लगती

हैं क्या ये ? पर डाक्टर हरित ने मानो कुछ सुना ही नहीं, परन्तु कमल ने नर्स का यह वाक्य सुन लिया था, उसने दृष्टि ऊपर उठाई, देखती रह गई। क्षण भर को दोनों की दृष्टि मिली, क्षण भर में दोनों ने नयनों में ही अपनी कहानी कह डाली और तब दोनों ने ही अपनी दृष्टि भुका ली। नर्स यह सब कुछ देखती रही, तभी कमल बोली

सिस्टर, कुलियों से कह दो डोली यहां ले आये, उसके मुँह में असीम कठोरता आ गई थी। “क्यों” ? आश्चर्य से नर्स ने पूछा, “नहीं, सिस्टर नहीं, मैं यहाँ नहीं रह सकती, कभी नहीं रह सकती,” उसकी धँसी आँखों में एक बार फिर बाढ़ आ गई थी, डाक्टर हरित निस्तब्ध से यह सुन रहे थे और नर्स एकटक उनकी ओर देख रही थी।

## वर्षा के दिन

### एक-आभास

[ १ ]

जग की अशिष्टता पर  
व्यथित होकर  
विश्वास खोकर  
नभ भी रो दिया।

[ २ ]

भिक्षुक दौड़ा भीगा-भीगा  
आश्रय माँगा, दुत्कार मिली।  
हाय ! ठिठुर रहा, ज्वरप्रस्त हुआ,  
निःसहाय चला गया

[ ३ ]

दृष्टि गई उसी छोर  
हरित-हरित, हरियाली चहुँ ओर।  
बाजे मृदंग तन-तन नगाड़े घोर-घोर,  
कृषकों का हर्ष - पूर्ण शोर।

कारण ?

इस अविरल फुँहार से—  
सिंच गई वसुन्धरा,  
आशाओं का महल  
पुनः हो उठा खड़ा।

योगेश्वर (प्रेम विशान)

( ५ )

# पुष्प और पराग

(सुरेश चन्द्र विनायक)

- पुष्प :** (अपनी परछाईं पानी में देखकर) पराग, देख मेरा शरीर कितना सुन्दर है। मानों किसी चित्रकार ने पूरी कला मेरे रूप को बनाने में उँडेल दी हो।
- पराग :** अपने आप पर इतना घमण्ड ! तेरा अपना तो कुछ अस्तित्व ही नहीं। तेरी सुन्दरता तो मेरे ही कारण बनी हुई है। यदि तेरे अन्दर न होऊँ तो तेरी ओर कोई आँख उठाकर भी न देखे। बिना पक्षी के घोंसला किसे अच्छा लगता है !
- पुष्प :** दूसरों की प्रतिमा देखकर जलने वाले पराग यदि मैं तुम्हें अपने अन्दर रहने का स्थान न दूँ तो ?
- पराग :** तो तू अपना अस्तित्व ही मिटा बैठे।
- पुष्प :** मेरे ऊपर देख भंवरे और तितलियाँ नृत्य कर रहे हैं और मेरी सुन्दरता पर मुग्ध हो रहे हैं। जानते हो किसलिये ?
- पराग :** मेरे मधुरस के कारण।
- पुष्प :** मेरी सुन्दर-सुन्दर पंखुड़ियों की ओर देख। इनके कारण लोग मुझे बड़ी-बड़ी 'पाटियों' में निमन्त्रित करते हैं और अपने से उच्च आसन पर (मेज़ पर) बिठाते हैं। लोग मुझे देखते ही प्रसन्न हो जाते हैं। सुन्दरियाँ मुझे आभूषणों के स्थान पर ग्रहण करती हैं और गरीबों के तो श्रृंगार का सामान ही मैं हूँ। प्रेमी-प्रेमिका मन के भाव व्यक्त करने के लिये मुझे ही एक दूसरे को भेंट करते हैं।
- पराग :** हाँ हाँ, बांधो अपनी बड़ाई के पुल। पत्थर के भगवान पर भी तो तुम्हें ही चढ़ाया जाता है, यह क्यों भूल गये ?
- पुष्प :** यह तो मेरे लिये गर्व की बात है।
- पराग :** इस प्रकार, क्या तुम लोगों में अन्धविश्वास फैलाकर उन्नति में बाधक नहीं हो ?
- पुष्प :** ..... पराग..... ?
- पराग :** चुप क्यों हो गये पुष्प, बांधो ना अपनी बड़ाई के पुल।
- पुष्प :** मैं तुम जैसे कृतघ्न के साथ बोलना पसंद नहीं करता, जिसने अपने जन्म देने वाले परमात्मा को भुला दिया।
- पराग :** अपने उपकारी को नहीं भूल सकता परन्तु—
- पुष्प :** मैं नास्तिक का साथ पसन्द नहीं करता।
- पराग :** मैं नास्तिक नहीं परन्तु पत्थर का पुजारी भी नहीं, पत्थर के भक्त !
- अभी पराग की बात समाप्त भी न हो पाई थी कि हवा के एक हल्के झोंके ने पुष्प की पंखुड़ियों को अपने कोमल पजे से मसल कर धूल मेंमिला दिया। टूट गई पंखुड़ियाँ बिखर गया पराग।

# जो कुछ करती है करने दो

(नरेश अनजान)

— ० —

तुम ने कर्तव्य निभा डाला ।  
बन्धन से इसे छुड़ा डाला ।  
अब तो अपने पांवों पर यह,

चल सकती है, तुम चलने दो ।  
जो कुछ करती है करने दो ॥

अबला से सबल बनाया है ।  
दुनियाँ का रूप दिखाया है ।  
पूरब पश्चिम उत्तर दक्षिण,

जिस ओर बढ़े, तुम बढ़ने दो ।  
जो कुछ करती है करने दो ॥

जो कर न सके वह कर पाये ।  
अधिकार इसे सब दिलवाये ।  
जिस पथ पर जैसे कैसे अब,

पग धरती है तुम धरने दो ।  
जो कुछ करती है करने दो ॥

अपना इतिहास सुनाया है ।  
पश्चिम का हाल बताया है ।  
इसकी इच्छा जिस सांचे में,

यह ढलती है, तुम ढलने दो ।  
जो कुछ करती है करने दो ॥

( ७ )

## \* नीरव क्रंदन \*

(कुमारी विमला रावत)

इस ओर रहा नीरव क्रन्दन  
उस ओर न जाने क्या होगा !

पूनम की प्यासी राते भी  
इस ओर रही काली अबतक !  
चाँद रहा जब तक नभ में  
संघर्ष किया लहरों ने भी !  
पर, अब तो मौन प्रतीक्षा में  
बीत रहो घड़ियां उनको !

इस ओर प्रतीक्षा मौन रहो  
उस ओर न जाने क्या होगा !

बसन्त मिला जब धरती को  
पतझड़ था मेरे उपवन में !  
वृक्षों की सुरभित बाहों ने  
रो रो कर पात गिराए तब !  
अबतक तो सौरभ आ न सका  
आगे जाने क्या-क्या होगा !

इस ओर रहा नीरव रोदन  
उस ओर न जाने क्या होगा !

गीतों की बात न पूछो मुझ से  
उनसे मेरा नाता टूटा !  
अबतक तो इन गीतों का—  
साधक था मेरा पुलकित मन  
पर, अब तो मौन-तपस्वी मनके—  
साधक ये मेरे अश्रु कण !

इस ओर सदा भीगी पलकें  
उस ओर न जाने क्या होगा ?

# मीरा और उसकी प्रेम-साधना

लेखिका—सुषमा पाल बी. ए.

ग्रानर्स (हिंदी) प्रथम वर्ष

“बसो मेरे नैनन में नन्दलाल ।

मोहनी मूरत सांवली मूरत नैना बने विशाल ।”

संगीत की इस मधुर स्वर-लहरी के साथ गूँजता हुआ यह पद कृष्ण की उस श्रेष्ठ आराधिका का स्मरण करवा देता है जिसने अपना समस्त जीवन केवल आराध्यदेव कृष्ण की भक्ति में ही व्यतीत कर दिया था। बाल्य-जीवन से लेकर कृष्ण-मिलन की अन्तिम वेला तक उसने जो साधना की, जिस माधुर्य रस के स्रोत को प्रवाहित किया वह आज भी हिन्दी साहित्य के प्रेमियों को भक्ति-रस का आस्वादन कराता है। यह आराधिका अन्य कोई नहीं.....मीरा ही है जिसने भक्ति काल के सभी सम्प्रदायों के प्रभाव को ग्रहण कर उसमें अपनी प्रेमानुभूति का समिश्रण करके उसे मर्मस्पर्शी बना दिया।

मीरा कृष्ण-भक्ति परम्परा की सर्वोत्कृष्ट कवियत्री है। हिन्दी साहित्य का कृष्ण-भक्ति का मधुवन इस कलकंठा कोकिला की पीयूष-वर्षिणी स्वर-लहरी से मुखरित हुआ है। जब राजनैतिक-क्षेत्र में ऊथल-पुथल मच रही थी, साहित्य में अनेक प्रगतियाँ चल रही थीं एवं धार्मिक-क्षेत्र में विभिन्न विचारधारायें प्रचलित थीं, मीरा ने अपनी स्वर-लहरी, प्रेम-तन्मयता एवं अटूट-श्रद्धा से उस पुनीत सरिता को प्रवाहित किया जिसमें सूर की क्रीड़ा, तुलसी की दृढ़ता और कवीर की रहस्यात्मकता के साथ-साथ प्रेम का ऐसा पुनीत उन्माद था जो आज भी पाठक के हृदय को द्रवित कर नेत्रों के द्वारा अपना महा प्रभाव प्रत्यक्ष करता है।

मीरा की प्राप्त रचनाओं में ‘नरसी जी रो मोहरो’ ‘गीत गोविन्द की टीका’, ‘राम गोविन्द’, ‘सोरठा के पद’ तथा ‘मीरा के पद’ आदि प्रसिद्ध हैं। वस्तुतः मीरा के फुटकर पद ही अधिक मिलते हैं तथा इनमें ही मीरा की काव्य-कला का पूर्ण दिग्दर्शन हो जाता है। मीरा के इन पदों की संख्या प्रायः दो सौ के लगभग है। मीरा के पदों में राजस्थानी, ब्रज, अवधी, गुजराती तथा खड़ी बोली आदि सभी भाषाओं के शब्द देखने में आते हैं। राजस्थानी उन की मातृ-भाषा है तथा संतों की संगति के कारण एक स्थान से दूसरे स्थान पर भ्रमण करने से उनकी भाषा में अनेक भाषाओं के शब्दों का मिश्रण होगया है। मीरा के इन पदों में उनकी भक्ति-भावना, काव्य-कला एवं अनुभूति के दर्शन होते हैं।

ईश्वर की प्राप्ति के लिये भारत में अतीत काल से जो साधना चली आ रही है वह एक तो गहन अध्ययन के परिणाम स्वरूप वेदान्त के रूप में मिलती है, और दूसरी शुद्ध रागात्मक भक्ति के रूप में। मीरा में रागात्मक भक्ति की प्रधानता है। मीरा के पदों में उस परब्रह्म तथा निर्विकल्प से हृदय का सम्बन्ध जोड़ा गया है। तुलसी के दास्य भाव में दूरत्व है जो सख्य, वात्सल्य और माधुर्य में क्रमशः लुप्त हो जाता है अतः मीरा ने माधुर्य भाव को ग्रहण किया। मीरा ने कृष्ण के उस सौन्दर्य की भक्ति की है जो किसी को भी आकृष्ट कर सकता है मीरा के काव्य में आन्तरिक अनुभूतियों का पूर्ण प्रकाशन हुआ है। गिरिधर गोपाल की ‘मोहनी’ मूरत पर मुग्ध होकर मीरा की समस्त अभिलाषायें और चिन्तन

उसी की ओर आकृष्ट हो जाती हैं। मीरा मधुर वाणी में कृष्ण की जिन लीलाओं का वर्णन करती है उनमें कहीं-कहीं रहस्यवाद भी भलकने लगता है जो भावुक-भक्त की भावना की चरमसीमा है। मीरा के विभिन्न परिस्थितियों में लिखे गए पदों में उसका प्रेममय जीवन पढ़ा जा सकता है। पदों में संीत का लालित्य, भावनाओं का माधुर्य तथा विरह-जन्य करुणा का समन्वय इस ढंग से हुआ है कि वे जड़चेतन में स्फूर्ति दिलाने वाले काव्य का रूप बन गए हैं। मीरा के सभी पद गीति-काव्य के अन्तर्गत आते हैं। अनन्य तन्मयता तथा अनुराग की अत्यधिक व्यंजना के कारण मीरा के पद अधिक प्रसिद्ध हुए हैं। कृष्ण के रूप वर्णन तथा लीलाओं के विभिन्न रूपों में उसके वर्णन-कौशल का ज्ञान होता है। मधुर-संयोग तथा अलंकार-योजना ने उसके काव्य को अधिक चमत्कृत कर दिया है।

### मीरा की प्रेम साधना

प्रेम-साधना मीरा के काव्य की सर्वप्रमुख विशेषता है। काव्य और प्रेम दोनों नारी हृदय की अचल सम्पत्ति हैं अतः प्रेम की आनन्दानुभूति के लिए मीरा का हृदय सर्वथा उपयुक्त था। मीरा ने प्रेम की प्रत्येक अवस्था का दिग्दर्शन कराया है यहाँ तक कि उसका प्रेम रहस्यात्मक प्रेम की कोटि का स्पर्श करने लगता है।

#### प्रेम का स्वरूप :—

मीरा की भक्ति माधुर्य भाव की भक्ति है। माधुर्य का सर्वोत्तम चित्रण पति-पत्नी के प्रेम अर्थात् प्रणय-सम्बन्ध में दर्शनीय है और मीरा ने भी यही भाव ग्रहण किया। माधुर्यभाव के विभाव आदि शृंगार की ही भाँति होते हैं परन्तु शृंगार रस का सम्बन्ध सर्वथा स्थूल शरीर से है जबकि माधुर्य का आत्मा से। गोपिकाओं का प्रेम शृंगारिक था। इस कोटि के प्रेम में अनेक विघ्न-बाधाओं का सामना करना पड़ता है परन्तु प्रेम में तो इतनी तीव्रता होती है कि किसी भी भाँति का व्यवधान उसके मार्ग में सफल नहीं हो सकता। मीरा का प्रेम माधुर्य भाव से युक्त है। विघ्न-बाधाओं को पार करते करते मीरा उस अवस्था को पहुँच जाती है जहाँ उसे किसी की परवाह नहीं। सब की अवहेलना कर वह गा उठती है :—

पग घुंघरू बांध मीरा नाची रे ।  
लोग कहैं मीरा होगई बांवरी सास कहे कुलनासी रे ।  
जहर प्याला राणाजी भेज्या पीवत मीरा हाँसी रे ।  
मीरा के प्रभु गिरधर नागर सहज मिले अविनासी रे ।

#### माधुर्य भाव :—

मीरा की भक्ति माधुर्य की पराकाष्ठा है। मीरा के प्रभु सदैव उसके साथ रहते प्रतीत हैं। प्रभु के साथ एकान्त की कितनी तीव्र कामना है। प्रेम-निवेदन ही उसकी भक्ति का रूप है। केवल गिरधर को ही पति के रूप में मानने वाली मीरा को लोक लाज की भी परवाह नहीं।

श्री गिरिधर आगे नाचूंगी ।  
लोकलाज कुल की मर्यादा या में एक न छाडूंगी ।  
प्रिय के पलंग जा पौड़ंगी मीरा हरि रंग राचूंगी ।

मीरा ने स्थान-स्थान पर इस बात का उल्लेख किया है कि इस प्रेम में उसके कुछ उच्च तथा मौलिक सिद्धांतों के प्रतिपादन के कारण कामुकता का भय नहीं। गोपिकाओं के हाथ श्री कृष्ण बिक गए हैं। मीरा कहती है :—

माई हों गोविन्द लीन्हो मोल ।  
कोई कहे सस्तो कोई कहे मँहगो लीनो तराजू तोल ।



और साथ ही मीरा प्रभु के हाथ विक गई है। वह कहती है :—

में गिरिधर के घर जाऊँ ।

गिरिधर म्हारो साचो प्रीतम देखत रूप लुभाऊँ ।

**विरह की भावना :—**

मीरा को प्रिय मिलन की अत्यधिक उत्सुकता है। वह उसका वियोग सहन नहीं करपाती। कभी स्वप्न में जब प्रियतम दृष्टिगोचर हो जाता है तो उसकी विरह-व्यथा अपेक्षाकृत तीव्र हो जाती है।

आज की बात कहा कहुँ सजनी, सुपना में हरि लेत बुलाय ।

मैं जु उठी प्रभु आदर देन कू, जाग परी पिव ढूँढ न पाय ।

फिर तो मीरा की निद्रा सदा के लिए विलुप्त हो जाती है। परन्तु वह कहाँ तक प्रतीक्षा करे? उसके प्रियतम तो आते ही नहीं। उसके हृदय की पीर कौन हृदयंगम कर सकता है? इस प्रेम की पीड़ा को तो प्रभु के दर्शन ही शान्त कर सकते हैं,—

दरद की मारी बनबन डोलूँ बँद मित्या ना कोय ।

मीरा की प्रभु पीर मिटेगी बँद सांवलिया होय ।

**मिलन**

मीरा का प्रेम निराशामय नहीं है। उसे प्रभु के मिलने की आशा बनी रहती है क्योंकि अल्पकाल के लिए ही उसे वियोग सहना पड़ता है, तथा फिर उसे उसका प्रेमी मिल जाता है। प्रिय के आगमन की तैयारी में मीरा को सम्पूर्ण पृथ्वी आनन्दमय प्रतीत होती है

सुनी हों मैं हरि आवन की आवाज ।

दादर मोर पपईया बोले कोयल मधुरे साज ।

मीरा समझती है कि उसका पति तो उसके पास ही बसता है। वह सांसारिक पतियों की भांति नहीं जिसके विदेश जाने पर पत्र लिखने पड़ते हैं।

जिनका प्रिय प्रदेश बसत है लिख-लिख भेजे पाती ।

मेरा पिय मेरे हिय बसत है न कहुँ आती जाती ॥

मीरा की प्रेम साधना निष्फल नहीं हुई। उसने अपने अमर प्रियतम के दर्शन पाये तथा प्रीतम ने भी उसे गले लगाया।

**रहस्यात्मकता**

मीरा का प्रियतम कोई लौकिक प्रियतम तो है नहीं, अतः मीरा के पदों में रहस्यवाद की भूलक दीखने लगती है। मीरा के पदों में निर्गुण पंथ तथा सूफी मत दोनों के भाव एवं शब्द मिलते हैं। त्रिकुटी, भरोवा, सुन्न-महल, निरंजन तथा सतगुरु का स्थान-स्थान पर प्रयोग मिलता है। प्रेम की पीर का वर्णन भी बड़ा सुन्दर है। यह विरह रहस्यवादियों के विरह के सदृश है। मीरा पति-भाव से उपासना करते हुए भी जानती है कि उसका प्रियतम घट-घट-वासी अविनाशी है। मीरा सुन्न-महल में जाने का इस प्रकार वर्णन करती हैं :—

त्रिकुटी महल में बना है झरोखा तहँ से झाँकी लगाऊँरी,  
सुग्ग-महल में सुरत जमाऊँ सुख की सेज बिछाऊँ री ।  
पिया पलंग जा पौढूंगी मीरा हरि रंग राचूँ री ॥

आत्मा-परमात्मा का मिलन, वियोग, एकनिष्ठा, अद्वैतभाव, सभी का चित्रण मीरा के पदों में उपलब्ध होता है। वस्तुतः यह रहस्यवाद प्रति हृदयग्राही है। मीरा को कृष्ण की लीलाओं से उतना सम्बन्ध न था जितना कि आत्मनिवेदन तथा प्रेमोन्माद से। उसे तो गिरिधर के रंग में रंग कर जीवन सफल बनाना था। मीरा के मर्मस्पर्शी गीत विशिष्ट स्थान अधिकारी हैं। उनमें वह आत्मस्पर्शिनी शक्ति है जो केवल उक्ति-वैचित्र्य अथवा काव्य की कृत्रिमता में नहीं हो सकती। वह तो प्रेम की व्यापक व्यंजना है तथा एक प्रेमी हृदय की वास्तविक भावभिव्यक्ति!

“नवद्वीप की यही प्रेमधारा, जो गीतों में बह रही थी, मिथिला की अमराइयों में घूमती हुई ब्रजभूमि में अपने प्राणवल्लभ के चरण रज का स्पर्श करती हुई, नवीन चेतना एवं प्राण से अनुप्राणित होती हुई राजस्थान की उस पहली प्रेम पुजारिन के आंगन में उतरी।” यह प्रेम-पुजारिन अन्य कोई नहीं मीरा ही है जिसका माधुर्य रस का स्रोत आज भी हिन्दी साहित्य के प्रेमियों को भक्ति-रस का आस्वादन करा आनन्द विभोर कर देता है।

## लोग आपको क्या कहते हैं?

बीना पुरी बी. ए. (तृतीय वर्ष)

जी हाँ आप धनी तो हैं परन्तु क्या आप जानते हैं कि लोग आपको क्या कहते हैं?” इन शब्दों ने धनपाल के गर्व पर पानी फेर दिया। आज तक वे समझते आ रहे थे कि वे धनाढ्य हैं और सब लोग उनका आदर करते हैं। परन्तु यह प्रशंसा तो उनके मुँह पर थी और पीठ पर तो लोग उन्हें न जाने क्या-क्या कहते थे। सुचारुदत्त से उन्हें पता चला कि लोग उन्हें चोर कहते हैं। इतना धन आखिर बिना चोरी के या संध लगाये तो निखटूटू धनपत लाल के पास आ ही नहीं सकता। यह भी नहीं कहा जा सकता कि लक्ष्मी केवल उनका नाम (धनपत लाल) सार्थक करने के हेतु आती है। बस धनपतलाल केवल इसलिये परीक्षा में फेल किये जाते हैं कि परीक्षक लोग अधिक हैं और प्रत्येक अपने-अपने दृष्टिकोण से पर्चों को देखता है और कोई न कोई पुराना विरोध स्मरण कर उन्हें अनुतीर्णता का फल चखाता है।

यह स्वाभाविक ही है कि धनपतलाल अपने से घृणा

करने वालों की ओर छिद्रान्वेषण की दृष्टि से देखें। अतः अत्यन्त खोज पर उन्हें भी कुछ हर्ष होता है कि लोग निर्धन को नीच समझते हैं। जी हाँ, निर्धन को उसकी धनाभाव की अवस्था तथा समाज में नीचा जीवन स्तर ही नीचा बनाने में पर्याप्त है।

निर्धन अपनी निर्धनता का कारण अज्ञानता ही समझता है। वह अपने भाग्य को कोसता है कि वह तनिक भी पढ़ा होता और मस्तिष्क को उन्नत कर सकता तो उसे यह दुर्दिन न देखने पड़ते। परन्तु ज्ञानी को तो एक वही आदर की दृष्टि से देखता है। अधिक खोज करने पर निर्धन को निराशा होती है कि लोग ज्ञानी को अभिमानी कहते हैं। ज्ञानी से तनिक सी बात बिगड़ जाये तो उस पर उसके ज्ञान के अभिमान का नशा चढ़ने की बात कह दी जाती है। अतः ज्ञानी होना भी अभिशाप है।

जब धनी को लोग चोर बतलाते हैं तो निश्चय ही धनी इस संज्ञा से बचना चाहता है। धनपत लाल भी चाहते

हैं कि इस प्रकार की बदनामी से बचा जाये और एक उपाय ढूँढते हैं। वे समझते हैं कि वह लोगों की अपने धन में भाग नहीं देते इसलिये लोग उन्हें कोसते हैं। अतः दान करना ही बचने का एकमात्र साधन रह जाता है। इस क्षेत्र में पदार्पण करते ही धनपत लाल को जैसे सांप ने डस लिया हो, वे पांव पीछे हटाते हैं। परन्तु इस उदार कार्य में तो पीछे हटना ठीक नहीं। फिर भी इन महाशय को न जाने क्या भय है? इसका रहस्य तो दानी ही जानें या धनपतलाल। हाँ हमें इतना अवश्य आभास होता है कि दानी को ठग कहा जाता है। भला धनी लोग दानी कैसे? जिनका हृदय पत्थर का है और पिघलना जानता ही नहीं वह कैसे दानी? निष्कर्ष यह कि वह अवश्य ठगी करता है और उसे छिपाने के लिये दान करता है।

परन्तु यदि लाल धनपत लाल के दान का मूल्य नहीं जानते तो उन्हें वास्तव में हृदय से अनुरागी ही बनने दीजिये। परन्तु धनपत लाल का भाग्य! सबसे स्नेह भाव रखने पर भी लोग उन्हें बिना किसी से पूछे स्वार्थी की संज्ञा देने से नहीं चूकते। बस यही शब्द धनपत लाल को असफल करने के लिये पर्याप्त है। जी हाँ कहा जाता है कि बड़े लोगों की गरज बे मतलब की नहीं होती। धनपत

लाल के प्रेमी होने में अवश्य कोई रहस्य है। वह हृदय में वश्य किसी प्रकार स्वार्थ-साधना चाहते हैं।

धनपतलाल की निराशा उन्हें मन्दिरों में भटकने को विवश करती है। परन्तु उनके भाग्य में तो शान्ति बदा ही न थी। मन्दिरों में दयालु पुजारियों के शब्दों का मूल्य वे स्वयं न आँकते थे। वे यही देना करते कि लोग इनको क्या कहते हैं? स्पष्ट उत्तर है कि लोग इन्हें बगुला भक्त कहते हैं। वे इनके अन्दर गली-सडी मछलियों का मवाद पाते हैं और बाहरी वस्त्रों में बगुले की सी सफेदी। बस लोगों की दृष्टि में त्यागी पुजारी कपटी पक्षी है।

संसार के प्रत्येक क्षेत्र में भ्रमण करके व सब प्रकार के पापड़ बलने के बाद जब धनपतलाल वापस आये तो किसी योगी के मुख से निकले कबीर के इन शब्दों ने उन्हें कुछ शान्ती पहुँचाई—

ऐसी गत संसार की ज्यों गाडर की ठाट।

एक पड़ा जोहि गाड़ में सब जायें तेही बाट।

परन्तु धनपत सोचने लगे कि योगियों को तो बगुले भक्त कहा जाता है। इन्हीं शब्दों से बचने के लिये धनपत लाल योगी के शब्दों का मूल्यांकन न कर सके।

## गीता में आस्तिकवाद

राजेंद्रकुमार मखाह (बी. ए.) द्वितीय वर्ष

भारत की दार्शनिक परम्परा में भगवद्गीता का सृजन एक व्यावर्त्तिक और महान् रूप में हमारे सम्मुख प्रस्तुत होता है। इससे पूर्व स्मृतियों और उपनिषदों में भारत के अक्षय दार्शनिक पुरुष का पोषण हो चुका था। किन्तु एकाङ्गी ज्ञान-मार्ग इतना अधिक प्रसारित हो चुका था कि कर्म-मार्ग का सन्तुलन बिगड़ने लगा था। इसी ज्ञान, योग और कर्म के सन्तुलन को बनाए रखने के लिए गीता जैसे महान् दार्शनिक ग्रन्थ की रचना हुई।

वास्तव में जीवन की प्रत्येक गतिशील शक्तियों में

आस्था का तन्तु होना आवश्यक होता है। यही आस्था और विश्वास, बौद्धिक ज्ञान का आश्रय लेकर सत्य की शोध और उपलब्धि की ओर अग्रसर कर सकते हैं। यही आस्था जीवन को घटन करने योग्य बनाती है, आशा का संचार करती है और हमारे भक्ति मूलक प्रयासों का आधार बनती है। गीता में इसी आस्था पर बल दिया गया है। वह आस्था का भाव भगवान् में अर्पण कर व्यक्ति फल की अपेक्षा न करते हुए अपने मार्ग में संलग्न रहे, यही गीता का मूल स्वर है। यही विश्वास भक्त को पलापल से

उत्पासीन होकर कर्पूरत बनाता है। व्यामोह से जड़ीभूत अर्जुन को कर्म की गति प्रदान करने वाली मूल शक्ति का ज्ञान कराते हुए, भगवान् गीता में कहते हैं

**सर्वधर्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकम शरणं भज ।**

**अहं त्वां सर्वपापेभ्यो मोचयिष्यामि मा शुचः ।**

भगवान् के कहने का अभिप्राय ही यह था कि मुझ में आस्था रखो, तुम्हें कर्म करने की गति अवश्य मिलेगी। यही गीता के आस्तिकवाद का मूल रहस्य है।

गीता में व्यक्त आस्तिक भावना केवल व्यक्ति को सत्र प्रकार से अकर्मण्य बन भगवान्-भगवान् जपने की बात नहीं सिखाती है। यह आस्तिकवाद गतिशील आस्तिकवाद है जिसका अस्तित्व कर्म के बिना कभी सम्भव नहीं हो सकता।

गीता का यह आस्तिकवाद वैष्णव भक्ति का मूलाधार है। इसी कारण वैष्णव भक्ति कर्मरत गृहस्थों के लिए भी सुवर्ण हो सकती है। इसकी उपासना पद्धति में केवल ज्ञानमय चिन्तन नहीं होता, अपने आराध्य देव के प्रति सेवा, भजन-गायन का सयलज प्रयास होता है। अर्चन-बन्धन की विधियाँ भी आस्था से संयुक्त कर्म की ओर संकेत करती हैं।

आस्तिकवाद सिद्धान्त के अनुसार भगवान का अवतारी रूप भी प्रकृत किया जाता है। वह भगवान् विश्व की मंगल-साधना में रत शक्ति के रूप में अवतरित होता है और अपने बाहुव्रज से समाज में फैले हुए अत्याचारों को मिटाता है। यह अवतारवाद गीता में भी स्वीकार किया गया है। भगवान् कृष्ण ने स्वयं कहा है—

**यथा यदा हि धर्मस्य ग्लानिर्भवति भारत ।**

**धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय संभवामि युगे युगे ॥**

यह अवतारी रूप विश्वात्मा से भिन्न वस्तु नहीं होती उसी शक्ति का एक मानव-रूप में समाहित धर्म होता है। इस सत्य का उद्घाटन भी गीता में हुआ है। मोह-विजड़ित अर्जुन के भ्रम को दूर करने के लिए अपने विराट् रूप

का दर्शन भगवान् कृष्ण ने अर्जुन को कराया था। उस समय अर्जुन हाथ जोड़ कर स्तुति करने लगे—“पश्यामि देवांस्तव देव देहे सर्वास्तथा भूतविशेषसघान् ब्रह्माण्मीशं कमलासनस्थमृषींश्च सर्वानुरंगांश्च दिव्यान् । अनेकबाहूदर-वक्त्रनेत्रं पश्यामि त्वां सर्वतोऽनन्तरूपम् । नान्त न मध्यं न पुनस्तवादिं पश्यामि विश्वेश्वर विश्वरूपा ।” गीता की इन पंक्तियों में आस्तिकवाद का सुस्पष्ट व सजीव चित्रण अंकित मिलता है।

आस्तिकवाद के अतिरिक्त ज्ञान और योग मूलक चर्चाएँ भी गीता में यत्र-तत्र हुई हैं। योग मार्गीय अपने सिद्धान्त के अनुकूल गीता में तर्क ढूँढते हैं और उसी को गीता का मूल मन्त्र्य बताते हैं। ज्ञान मार्गीय भी भगवान को व्यक्त रूप से भिन्न एक अविद्युत सत्ता के रूप में व्यक्त हुआ गीता में सिद्ध करते हैं। उनकी पुष्टि के लिए भी गीता में कुछ प्रमाण मिल जाते हैं। किन्तु वास्तव में गीता में व्यक्त इन सिद्धान्तों का गीता के आस्तिकवाद से कोई विरोध नहीं है अतः ये पूरक के रूप में आए हैं। इनकी स्थिति से आस्तिकवाद का महत्व कम नहीं होगा प्रत्युत और पुष्ट होता है।

उपर्युक्त विवेचन के उपरान्त अन्ततः हम इस निष्कर्ष पर पहुँचते हैं कि गीता में वस्तुतः किसी एक सिद्धान्त का प्रतिपादन नहीं किया गया है। उसमें अनेक दार्शनिक सिद्धान्तों की पीठिका वर्तमान है। इन सबका समन्वय करते हुए गीता में अन्ततः आस्तिकवाद की अभिव्यक्ति हुई है। साधना की तीनों दिशाएँ कर्म, ज्ञान और योग इस आस्था के बिना अधूरी ठहरती हैं। यही गीता का मौलिक प्रतिपादन है। ज्ञान भक्ति के बिना महत्वहीन है और यह भक्ति भगवान की मंगलकारी गम्य शक्ति के अभाव में सम्भव नहीं। कर्म की प्रेरणा भी भगवान् में विश्वास और आस्था के फलस्वरूप ही आ पाती है। अतः सम्यक भगवान का व्यक्त रूप किसी न किसी रूप में जुड़ा रहता है। इस मौलिक दार्शनिक स्थापना में निश्चय ही आस्तिकवाद को ही आधार बनाया गया है।

## मरु-गर्जन

“कैटियम” ए. पी. चोपड़ा Prep. Evening (lan.)

गड़दाम ! गड़दाम ! नगाड़ा गूँजा और सारी प्रथ्वी जैसे निद्रा से जाग उठी। प्रातः काल के सूर्य की किरणों पहाड़ों की ओट से निकल रही थीं। पक्षी अपने घोंसलों से निकल कर दूर कहीं उड़े जा रहे थे, जैसे कह रहे हों 'फिर मिलेंगे'। ऐसे समय में:—

“तुम ने डरना नहीं मरना सीखा है,” एक भारी और गर्जदार ध्वनि वायु में फैल गयी। लाखागढ़ के बूढ़े जनैल धूगा राणा अपने सैनिकों से कह रहे थे, “शत्रु तुम्हें कायर समझता है। परन्तु बहादुरो तुम उभे बतादो कि तुम किस मिट्टी से बने हो। तुम्हारी बाहें सुन्दरियों के गले लिपटना ही नहीं जानती, परन्तु बिजली बन कर सातु भूमि के शत्रु पर टूट पड़ना भी जानती हैं। तुम उस खून के पुत्र हो जिसने अपने शत्रु सिकन्दर महान् को जीवन और मौत का पाठ पढ़ाया था। भारत की मिट्टी ने हमें केवल लड़ना ही नहीं सिखाया, परन्तु लड़ कर मरना और मर-मर कर चलते हुए दुश्मन की छाती पर बिजली बन कर टूट पड़ना भी सिखाया है। यदि हम इस स्वतन्त्रता के युद्ध में मर गये तो प्रभु के चरणों में हमारा स्थान है, नहीं तो लाखागढ़ की आन की रक्षा करते हुए स्वतन्त्रता का जीवन !” और तब उत्तर में “सोमनाथ भगवान की जय, धूगा राणा की जय, लाखों आवाजें वायु को चीर कर निकल गईं।

उधर महमूद की सेना सिन्ध को पार कर के हरे भरे खेतों को विरान करती हुई चली आ रही थीं। महमूद चला आ रहा था जीत के नशे में चूर, अपने अरबी घोड़े पर सवार। उसकी तराशी हुई काली दाढ़ी हवा में लहरा रही थी, पगड़ी पर लगा हुआ हीरा अपनी चमक दिखा रहा था ! उसकी सेना में जहां तक दृष्टि जाती थी, मनुष्यों के सिर नजर आते थे। सब से आगे शाही रसाला

था जिसमें घुड़सवार सेना के छः दस्ते थे। पीछे लोहे की टोपियां पहने नेजा-वाज चले आ रहे थे। उसके पीछे ऊंटों की कतारें थीं जिन पर युद्ध-मानव्री तथा साद्य-सामग्री लदा हुई थी। बीच में शाही बैड-नगारे वालों की टोली थी, जिस के पीछे दस्त्र-शस्त्रों में सुसज्जित टुकड़ी चली आ रही थी जिस में पुराने समय के हथियार थे। उनके पीछे ऊंटों का एक दल था जिन पर पानो के डोल लदे थे, जिन को नष्ट करना अपनी जान से हाथ धोना था। इस प्रकार महमूद सोमनाथ के मन्दिर पर आक्रमण करने के लिये लाखा-गढ़ी से बच कर निकल जाना चाहता था। इस तरह महमूद की सेना मरुस्थल में, अपने अभीष्ट से दूर, चली जा रही थी, कि इतने में शाम हो गई। एक अच्छा मैदान देखकर सुलतान ने सेना को पड़ाव डालने की आज्ञा दी।

इधर मरुस्थल के सूर्य की किरणों आग बरसा रही थीं। गर्म हवा के भोंके रेत को उड़ा रहे थे। पक्षी अपने घोंसलों में पड़े हाँप रहे थे। ऐसे समय में एक सांडनी सवार देव-गढ़ से लाखागढ़ की ओर जा रहा है। प्रतीत होता है वह अपने कर्तव्य का बड़ा पूरा है क्योंकि बार-बार वह अपनी जीभ को होठों से लगाकर, उन्हें तर कर रहा था और सांडनी-वह तो जैसे किसी धात की बनी हो। सवार बार-बार उसकी गर्दन पर थपकी दे रहा था और प्यार से कह रहा था “पदमड़ी राणी, मैं जानता हूँ कि तुम बहुत थक चुकी हो। परन्तु हमारा काम भी तो कम नहीं। बापू का संदेश अग्र भीमदेव महाराज के चरणों में पहुँच जाये तो फिर तुम्हें सोने की भाँजरे पहनाऊँगा। और यदि तुम्हें देर हो गई—तो क्या होगा—यह तो शायद यह सवार सोचना भी नहीं चाहता था। और गर्दन फेर कर

साँडनी भी जैसे कह रही थी “मेरे बाँके सवार, तुम्हारे इस शरीर के नीचे यदि जान देकर भी मुझे भगवान भैरव का कार्य करना पड़े, तो मुँह न मोड़ूंगी।”

सोमनाथ के मन्दिर की रक्षा के लिये भीमदेव धर्म-युद्ध की तय्यारी कर रहे थे, और वह संदेश लिये जा रहा था घूगा बापा का कि महमूद गज़नवी आ पहुँचा है, और घूगा बापा उसे रोकने का भरसक प्रयत्न करेगा। घूगा राणा का वेटा सामन्त जा रहा था और कह रहा था। “अभी हाथ ही कहां देखे हैं सुल्तान ने लाखागढ़ियों के।”

अचानक उसने देखा कि घोड़ों पर सवार पांच नज़ाबाज़ उसकी तरफ बढ़े चले आ रहे हैं। कुछ सोचकर उसने तीर कमान कन्धे से उतारना चाहा—लेकिन अगर मैं जरा देर से पहुँचा तो—और जैसे फिर मन में कुछ ठान लिया हूँ, अपने हाथ नीचे कर लिये।

“पकड़ लो इसे, भागने न पाये” घुड़ सवारों के सरदार ने भारी भरकम आवाज में गर्जकर कहा।

“जो मैं धीरपुर के सरदार का एक तुच्छ सेवक हूँ। मेरे स्वामी ने मुझे सुल्तान गज़नवी की सेना को राह दिखाने के लिये भेजा है।”

“हम तुम्हें पहले अपने सुल्तान की खिदमत में ले जायेंगे, वहीं तुम्हारा फँसला होगा।”

“चलिये” चौहान ने कहा। “मैं तो स्वयं शाह गज़नवी के दर्शन करना चाहता हूँ।” और तब वे सब महमूद गज़नवी की छावनी में पहुँच गये। लाखों छोटे-छोटे तम्युप्रों से मैदान भरा पड़ा था, और छावनी के चारों ओर भारी पहरा था।

चौहान को सिपाहियों की निगरानी में छोड़कर, सरदार महमूद के खैमे में पहुँचा और झुककर सलाम करने के पश्चात् बोला, “हज़ूर धीरपुर के राणा ने एक अगुआ भेजा है।”

“उसकी हमें बहुत सख्त जरूरत थी; माबदौलत उसे अभी शरफ़े मुलाकात बखशेंगे!” और चौहान कह रहा था, “अभी हाथ ही कहां देखे हैं सुल्तान ने लाखागढ़ियों के।”

अन्दर पहुँचने पर सब से पहले जिस पर चौहान की दृष्टि पड़ी, वह था महमूद गज़नवी!

“हँ! तो तुमको हमारे मित्र धीरपुर के राणा ने भेजा है। क्या नाम है तुम्हारा!” चौहान ने बड़े मान से कहा “जी मुझे सामन्त चौहान कहते हैं।”

“बेहतर! तो कल तुम पच्चीस हजार की सेना का दल लेकर खाना हो जोशो। सोमनाथ की सरहद में दाखल होते ही मुझे खबर कर देना।”

“जी हज़ूर” कहकर सामन्त सिपाहियों की निगरानी में बाहर चला गया।

चूंटियों की तरह बल खाती हुई सुल्तान गज़नवी की सेना बढ़ी जा रही थी, और उनके आगे था सामन्त चौहान। अचानक साँडनी ने आगे की तरफ उछल कर खिलबलाना आरम्भ कर दिया। मरूस्थल में दूर सामने से काले गर्द का रेत का तूफान उड़ा आ रहा था। “ओह भगवान” सामन्त अपने दिल में बुड़बुड़ाया और फिर जैसे उसने कोई प्रण ठान लिया हो।

“कहां लिये जा रहे हो हमें” अचानक एक शब्द गूँजा।

“हूँ” घुणा-पूरित दृष्टि से चौहान ने मुस्कराते हुए व्यंग किया, “भगवान सोमनाथ के चरणों में, और कहां?”

साँडनी भी जैसे सवार के इशारे को समझ कर, जान की वाज़ी लगा कर दौड़ रही थी।

और अचानक ही “तड़ाख-ताड़ाख”। ‘मेरे अल्ला!’ ‘बचाओ खुदा’ की आवाज़ें रेत की सुनसनाहट में गुम हो गईं जो कि तूफान के साथ आकर सुल्तान की सेना के लिये मौत का संदेश ला रहीं थीं। रेत के भत्रकड़ आग बनकर हाथी घोड़ों और सैनिकों के सिरों पर मंडेरा रहे थे।

सूर्य ढल रहा था और मृत सिपाहियों के अस्त्रों पर अपनी किरणों से कर रहा था श्रृंगार। मौत ने जैसे मैदान में काली चादर बिछा दी हो, लाखों लाखों पड़ी हुई थीं, जिनमें हाथी, घोड़े और मानव-शिरों की कोई गिनती ही न थी। — और —

इन सब के बीच में पड़ा हुआ था, हमारा साँडनी सवार, चौहान घूगा-कुल भूषण पदमड़ी राणी की गर्दन पर सर रखे। उसके चेहरे पर मुसकराहट नाच रही थी, जैसे कह रही हो “सुल्तान अभी तुम ने हाथ ही कहां देखे हैं लाखा-गढ़ियों के।” और यही मरु गर्जन लाखों मृत्यु की गोद में पड़े हुए शवों के लिये मृत्यु का कारण बनी।

अध्यक्षः  
मनोहरो विद्यालंकारः

सम्पादकः  
मामचन्द्रः

## अनुक्रमणिका

- (१) सम्पादकीयम्
- (२) राज्ञो घोषणा
- (३) ऋतुराजः कुमुमाकरः
- (४) प्रह्लिकाः

मामचन्द्रः  
राजेन्द्रो भारद्वाजः  
पुरुषोत्तमलालः  
सुषमा पाल

## सम्पादकीयम्

“संस्कृत नाम दैवी वागन्वाख्याता महर्षिभिः” । या भाषा संसारस्य सर्वासु भाषासु प्राचीनतमा सर्वोत्कृष्ट साहित्यसंयुक्ता च वर्तते । अनेकेषु वर्षेषु व्यतीतेष्वपि यस्या माधुर्यं औदार्यं च नाद्यापि विकृतम् । या भाषा भारतवर्षस्य धर्मस्य संस्कृतेश्च वाहिका वर्तते । या च संसारस्य अनेकासां भाषाणां जननी । सैव भाषा साम्प्रतं दुर्दशामापन्ना । कतिपया एवास्य ज्ञातारः सन्ति । किं बहुना संस्कृतभाषायाः पठनमपि सुदृष्ट्या नावलोक्यते । इदं सर्वं वैक्ष्य कस्य सहृदयस्य स्वातं न दूयतेतराम् । निश्चितमिदं यदार्यसंस्कृतेः जीवनधारणाय आर्यजातेश्च जागरणाय अस्याः समुन्नतिरवश्यं विधेया । संस्कृत-भाषायाः पठनं सर्वैरेव भारतीयैः अनिवार्यरूपेण करणीयम् । समयेऽस्मिन् संस्कृतशिक्षणसंस्थानां महानभावः इति नितरां खेदस्यावसरः । समस्ते भारते-वर्षे केवलं एक एव वाराणस्यां राजकीयसंस्कृतविश्व-विद्यालयो वीदृश्यते । हर्षस्य विषयोऽयं यद् द्विवर्षपूर्वं कुरुक्षेत्रे एकः संस्कृतविद्यालयः स्थापितोऽभूत् परं संस्कृत-

भाषायाः प्रचाराय भारतस्य प्रधाननगरेषु अनेकेषां एवं-विधानां संस्कृतविश्वविद्यालयानां स्थापना आवश्यकी । विश्वविद्यालयेषु संस्कृतस्य विद्यार्थिनां उत्साहं वर्धयितुं छात्रवृत्तीनामपि प्रतिष्ठा कार्या । संस्कृतभाषायां बहूनि हस्तलिखितानि पुस्तकानि अप्रकाशितानि सन्ति । यदि तानि पुस्तकानि प्रकाशितानि भवेयुः तदा नूनं संस्कृत-साहित्यं सुवृहत् महत्वपूर्णं च भवेत् अत एव तेषां पुस्तकानां-प्रकाशनं अतीवावश्यकं वर्तते । प्राचीनपुस्तकानां सुलभ संस्करणानां प्रकाशनमपि परमं आवश्यकमस्ति । सुलभ-संस्करणैः विना ग्रंथरत्नान्यपि लोकप्रियतां प्रसिद्धिञ्च न प्राप्नुवन्ति । समधिकमूल्येन निर्धनाः जनाः तानि पुस्तकानि क्रेतुं न शक्नुवन्ति । अत एव समधिकप्रचाराय वेदो गनिष-त्पुराणेतिहासग्रन्थाणां अल्पमूल्येन प्रकाशनं आवश्यकम् । साम्प्रतं भौतिकरसायनादिविज्ञानानां कालः परं विषयेष्वेव न दृश्यन्ते संस्कृतभाषायां ग्रन्थाः । अत इमान् विषयान् विषयीकृत्यापि ग्रंथरचनाः कार्याः ।

हर्षविहोऽयं विषयो यदत्र देशबन्धुमहाविद्यालये

गंतवर्षे एव स्थापिता संस्कृतपरिषद् तत्रभवतां अशेषशास्त्रतत्वानुशीलननिर्मलमतीनां सरस्वतीसरसीराज-हंसानां श्रीमतां नरेन्द्रनाथचौधरीमहाभागानां परामर्शोराशीर्वादेश्च प्रतिदिनं प्रगतिपथं प्रयाति । परिषदियं छात्रेषु छात्रामु च स्वीयां संस्कृति साहित्यं च प्रति प्रीतिं जनयितुं यतते । अस्याः परिषदः नानाधिवेशनेषु छात्रा नानाविधाः स्वरचनाः पठन्ति संस्कृतभाषायां च वक्तुं अभ्यस्यन्ति । गतवर्षम्बरमासे संस्कृतपरिषद एका गोष्ठी अभवत् यस्यां “संस्कृतभाषा राष्ट्रभाषा भवितुमर्हति न वेति विषयमधिकृत्य वादविवादोऽभूत् । परिषद अपरा गोष्ठी फरवरीमासे अभवत् यस्यां छात्राः समस्याकथा-निबन्धादिरूपा नानाविधाः स्वरचनाः अपठन् । अन्ते च संस्कृतस्य माहात्म्यं गौरवञ्च प्रदर्शयद्भिः श्रीमद्भिः डाक्टररामदत्तभारद्वाजैः प्रतिपादितं यत् संस्कृतभाषा राष्ट्रभाषायाः पदे समारोहो समर्थः । परिषदो वाषिष्ठाधिवेशनं मार्चमासस्य द्वितीयतिथौ लोकमभाया अध्यक्षाणां विद्वन्मौढिमण्डनानां श्रीमतां अन्तःशयनम आश्रमरमहोदयानां साभापत्ये समजनि । तत्र नानाविधे

पुरोगमे तावत् अधो निर्दिष्टाः केचन विशेषतः समुल्लेख-मर्हन्ति । कविकुलगुरुकालिदासप्रणीतस्य रघुवंशमहाकाव्यस्य द्वितीयसर्गतः दिलीपसिंहयोः संवादमाश्रित्य सुषमा-राजेन्द्रयोर्मध्ये एकः संवादोऽभूत् । राजेन्द्रभारद्वाजेन “गीतायामास्तिकवादः” इति विषयमवलम्ब्य एको निबन्धो वाचितः । वेदप्रकाशो जयदेवप्रणीतगीतगोविन्दात् राधाकृष्णसम्बन्धिनीं मुजलितां गीतिमगायत । अन्ते च श्रीमद्भिः समापतिमहोदयैः समुपस्थितानां नितरां मनोहारि स्वभाषणं दत्तम् । भवद्भिः प्रतिपादितं यत् संस्कृतभाषा समस्तानां उत्तरभारतीयभाषाणां उत्पत्तिभूमिः । राष्ट्रभाषाहिन्दीभाषायां चाधिवश्यं प्राप्तुं स्वीयां संस्कृति सभ्यतां च सम्यगधिगन्तुं संस्कृतस्य ज्ञानं नितान्तमावश्यकम् । सभापतिवर्यैः स्पष्टीकृतं यदियं संस्कृतभाषा आत्मनः पूर्णं भोजनं, सा च मानवमात्रकल्याणाय धर्मस्य नीतेश्च उपदेशं वितरति । इदमपि अधिवेशनस्य वैशिष्ट्यमासीत् यत् समस्त एव पुरोगमः संस्कृतभाषायामेव समजनि ।

अन्ते वयं भगवन्तमिदमेव प्रार्थयामो यत् सरस्वती श्रुति मर्हती महीयतां देशश्च समुन्नतिं लभताम् ॥



## राज्ञो घोषणा

( कथाकार :— राजेन्द्रो भारद्वाजः )

आमीत् कश्चिन्नरपतिः । तस्य मत्स्यभक्षणो महती रुचिरवर्तत । विद्यमानेष्वपि विविधेषु सरमेषु खाद्यपदार्थेषु मत्स्यं विना नाभवत् तस्य कदापि प्रीतिस्तृप्तिश्च । तस्य मत्स्यभक्षणरसिकता सार्वजनीनाभवत् ।

अथैकदा कश्चिद् धीवरः कंचित् महाकायं सुस्निग्धं दर्शनीयं च मत्स्यं कुनश्चिदादाय राज्ञे तस्मै न्यवेदयत्, “भो स्वामिन् ! मत्स्यप्रियो भवान् इत्येतद् विज्ञाय अद्भुतोऽयं मत्स्योऽनौकिकास्वादः भवनां कृते महता परिश्रमेण गृहीत्वा समर्प्यते, देवः प्रसीदतु गृह्णातु च तमिति ।” क्षितिपतिस्तस्य मात्स्यकस्य स्वस्मिन् तादृशीं भक्तिं दृष्ट्वा तं मत्स्यं स्वीचकार तस्मै धीवराय च रूप्यकशतचतुष्टयपरिमितं पारितोषिकं ददौ ।

पारितोषिकं गृहीत्वा स मत्स्याजीवोऽजीव हृष्टो निर्जगाम । एदद् दृष्ट्वा अनुदारहृदया एतावद् द्विविण्मयं असहमाना महिषी राजानं प्रोवाच, “भोः स्वामिन् ! क्षुद्रस्यैकस्य मत्स्यस्य कृते एवावत् धनं धीवराय भवता प्रदत्तं नाहमभिनन्दामि, केनचित् प्रकारेण तत् सर्वं धनं धीवरात् प्रतिग्रहीतव्यमिति ।”

तस्य एतद् वचनं श्रुत्वा राजापि कैवर्ताद् धनप्रत्याहारो कृतमतिर्बभूव । स मार्गेण यान्तं धीवरं पुनराकारयामास धीवरोऽपि प्रत्यागत्य भूर्गतिं प्रणनाम । राजा च युक्तिपूर्वकं तस्मात् धनमाह्नुं कामस्तमपृच्छत्, “भो महाभाग ! मत्स्योऽयं पुमान् वा स्त्रीवेति ।”

मात्स्यकः प्रत्यभापत्, “देव ! नायं पुमान् न च स्त्री । अस्य एकस्मिन्नेव शरीरे योपित्वं पुंस्त्वं च मिलिते वर्तते । अयं एकाक्येव अण्डानि प्रयच्छति इति ।”

चातुर्यपरिपूर्णां उत्तरं एतन्निश्चय्य अतीव संतुष्टो राजा रूप्यकाराणां चत्वारिशतानि पुनरपि तस्मा अयच्छत् । एतद् दृष्ट्वा ईर्ष्या दह्यमानहृदया महिषी तस्माद् वराकाद् धनं आच्छेतुं कमपि उपायं चिन्तयन्ती अतिष्ठत् । कंचिद् अध्वानं गतस्य मत्स्यहारस्य हस्तात् रूप्यकं भूमौ न्यपतत् । तदन्वेपणो च धीवरोऽसौ महान्तं समयमयापयत् अनल्पं परिश्रमं चाकरोत् महिषी अपि दूरात्तत् सर्वमवलोकयन्ती स्वामिने न्यवेदयत्, “नाथ ! नायं पामरः एतावन्तं भवत्प्रसादं अर्हति । एकैव मुद्रा अस्य हस्नात् भ्रष्टा, तस्या कृते अधमोऽयं कियन्तं आयासमनुभवति, कियन्तं च समयं स्वकीयं क्षपयति, अतः प्रतिग्रहीव्यं अस्मात् तत् सर्वं धनमिति ।” महिषीं प्रसादयितुं धीवरः पुनराकारितो नृपतिना प्रोक्तश्च, “भोः कृपण ! एतावत् धनं प्राप्यापि तत्रैकस्यां मुद्रायां इयती प्रसक्तिः अनुचितं खल्वेतत् इति ।”

मात्स्यकः प्रतिबभाषे, “देव ! न ममासक्तिर्मुद्रायाम् । रूप्यकस्यैकस्मिन् पार्श्वे विद्यते भवतो लोकवद्यां प्रतिकृतिः अन्यस्मिन् च वर्तन्ते भ्रन्नामाक्षराणि इत्याकलय्य मैतत् रूप्यकं पांसुषु मलिनं भवतु मा च पथिकानां पादस्पर्शनं परिहीयमाणमहत्त्वं भवतु इत्येव तदन्वेपणं आयासितोऽहं यापितवान् महार्धमपि महान्तं स्वसमयमिति ।”

एतत् श्रुत्वा हर्षपरिपूर्णाङ्घ्रान्तेन भूपेन मत्स्याजीविने तस्मै मुद्राणां अन्यदपि शतचतुष्टयं प्रदत्तं तदनन्तरं नराधिपौऽसौ स्वराज्ये घोषणामेनामकारयत्—

“नानुरुध्यानि नारीणां वचांसि स्वहितेच्छुभिः ।

राज्ञीप्रज्ञानुरोधेन महम्मद्द्रविरां गतम् ॥”

एतां घोषणां श्रुत्वा तां चानुरुध्य तत्रत्याः पुरुषाः नारीवचनेषु अदत्तादराः सुखभाजो बभूवुः ।

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## ऋतुराजः कुसुमाकरः

(निबन्धकः पुरुषोत्तमलालः)

संप्राप्तोऽयं शोभनः पुष्पसमयः । अस्मिन् समये सन्ततः समन्ततः हर्षोल्लासयोः राज्यं दरीदृश्यते । अस्य आगमनं सर्वेषां प्राणिनां पशूनां च कृते उल्लासं जनयति । सर्वे साह्लादाः सानन्दाश्च भवन्ति । नाधुना ललाटन्तपः सूर्यः तपति न च सुशिशिरः समीरणः सरीसर्पिः । शिशिरे च ये वृक्षाः पत्रपल्लवहीनाः भवन्ति, यानि च पुष्पाणि शोभं याति तत्समस्तमेव नवजीवनं लभन्ते । वृक्षाः सपल्लवाः सपत्राः सफलाः सपुष्पाश्च शोभन्ते । प्रदिशश्चनस्रो जीवन्ति । सुरचिरं नूतनं नवीनं च सर्वं भाति । उपवनेषु नानाविधानि अरुणानि धवलानि, पाटलानि च पुष्पाणि विक्रसन्ति । पलाशेषु रक्तकोरकाः विभान्ति । हरितेषु क्षेत्रेषु सपीताः सर्पपाः शोभन्ते, आम्रवृक्षेषु मञ्जर्यः मन्दं मन्दं दोलायन्ते । वनेषु सारंगाः इतस्ततः सोल्लासं कूर्दन्ते, पिकाः सुमधुरं कूजन्ति, भृंगाः समदं गुञ्जन्ति, कलिकारसं च पिबन्ति । प्रभुदिताः गावः सानन्दं रेभन्ते । हस्तिनी हस्तिनं प्रति गण्डूपजलं क्षिपति । हंसश्च एकस्मिन्मेव पात्रे स्वप्रियया सह मधु पिबति । निर्मले चाकाशे सायं प्रातः गच्छन्तः नानाविधाः पक्षितबद्धाः खगाः शोभन्ते ।

पुरा जनाः अस्य मधुमासस्य पूजामकुर्वन् । स्त्रियश्च कामदेवस्य पूजां कुर्वन्ति स्म यतो हि वसन्तः कामस्य सखा मन्यते । यदा च कामदेवः सवसन्तः समायाति तदा तस्य प्रभावोऽभूतपूर्वो भवति । युवकानां युवतीनां च हृदयेषु विलासः जायते । स्त्रिभिः पतिराकांक्ष्यते । यदि कस्याश्चित् पतिः विदशे स्यात् तर्हि तस्याः विरहोऽपह्नो भवति । कन्याः कन्याभिः बालकाः च बालकैः सह कन्याः बालकैः बालकाश्च कन्याभिः वा सह सुमनोहरामु वाटिकासु भ्रमन्ति, गायन्ति आनन्दमनुभवन्ति च ।

सत्यमहो अभिहितं नानाविधपुष्पप्राचुर्यात् अयं समयः पुष्पसमयः । अपरिमितमाधुर्येण चैयं ऋतुः मधुमास इत्युच्यते । अमन्दानन्दसन्दोहकरः वसन्तः सर्वासु ऋतुषु श्रेष्ठः अत एव ऋतुराजः इत्यभिधीयते ।

मधुमासस्य सौन्दर्यं वस्तुतस्तु अवर्णनीयम् । तं च कवयः निजलेखिन्या वर्णयितुं न पारयन्ति । अतः अयं वसन्तः मूकगुडवदवर्णनीयोऽस्ति ।

आयातु आयातु पुनरायातु सुरम्योऽयं पुष्पसमयः, ।

## प्रहेलिकाः

( सुषमा पाल, बी. ए. आनसं प्रथमो वर्षः )

साहित्ये प्रहेलिकानां विशिष्टं स्थानम् । वस्तुवैचित्र्येण, सरलशब्दप्रयोगेन, विशिष्टलेखनपद्धत्या, विरोधाभासवर्णनेन च प्रहेलिकाः छात्राणां मनोरंजनं कुर्वन्ति तेषाञ्च बुद्धि तर्कशक्तिञ्च वर्धयन्ति । अनेनैव हेतुना आसां समाधाने प्रायशः छात्राणामभिर्हिः दृश्यते । काश्चन प्रहेलिकाः संस्कृतसाहित्यात् संगृह्य अधोलिखिताः मया । यः कोऽपि स्वबुद्धयैव आसां प्रहेलिकानां शुद्धमुत्तरं दास्यति स अवश्यमेव प्रशंसाभाक् भविष्यति ।

- (१) कृष्णमुखी न मार्जारी द्विजिह्वा न च सर्पिणी ।  
पंचभर्त्री न पांचाली यो जानाति स पण्डितः ॥

- (२) अपदो दूरगामी च साक्षरो न च पण्डितः ।  
अमुखः स्फुटवक्ता च यो जानाति स पण्डितः ॥
- (३) सीमन्तिनीषु का शान्ता, राजाऽभूत् को गुरोत्तमः ।  
विद्वद्भिः का सदा वन्द्या, तत्रवोक्तं न बुध्यते ॥
- (४) वृक्षाग्रवासी न च पक्षिराजः,  
त्रिनेत्रधारी न च शूलपाणी ।  
त्वग् वस्त्रधारी न च सिद्धयोगी,  
जलं च विभ्रति न घटो न मेघः ॥
- (५) तातेन कथितं पुत्र ! लेखमेकं लिखाधुना ।  
न तेन लिखितो लेखः पितुराज्ञा न लङ्घिता ॥
- (६) न तस्य दिनतस्यान्तो मध्ये यस्तस्य तिष्ठति ।  
तवाप्यस्ति ममाप्यस्ति यदि जानासि तद् वद ॥



## ਐਡੀਟੋਰੀਅਲ

ਸਾਡਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਇਕ ਅਥਾਹ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਹੈ। ਜਿਸਤਾਂ ਇਕ ਇਕ ਕਤਰਾ ਕਰਕੇ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਬਨਦਾ ਹੈ ਉਸੇਤਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਸਾਡਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਰੂਪੀ ਕਤਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਬਨਿਆਂ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੈ। ਸਿਆਣੇ ਆਦਮੀ ਕਰਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਆਦਮੀ ਆਦਮੀ ਦਾ ਕੈਂਦਰ ਹੈ। ਮਨੁੱਖ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਨਸ ਜੀਵਨ ਕਈ ਜੁਨੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹਿਨ ਤੇ ਪਿਛੋਂ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਉਹਦੇ ਇਹ ਫਰਜ਼ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੇ ਕੰਮ ਆਵੇ ਜਿਸਦੇ ਕਾਰਨ ਉਹ ਨੂੰ ਆਵਨ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਸਮੇਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਯਾਦ ਕੀਤਾ ਦਾਵੇ ਤੇ ਉਸਦਾ ਮਾਨ ਇਜ਼ਤ ਵਧੇ। ਸਮਾਜ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਦਾ ਸਬ ਤੋਂ ਸੋਖਾ ਤਰੀਕਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਪਨੀ ਵਾਣੀ ਦੁਵਾਰਾ ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਵਾਣੀ ਨੂੰ ਰਸਾਲਿਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਅਖਬਾਰਾਂ ਆਦਿ ਵਿੱਚ ਛਪਾਕੇ ਅਪਨੇ ਚੰਗੇ ਚੰਗੇ ਪਵਿਤ੍ਰ ਖਿਆਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੁਨਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਸਾਮਨੇ ਰਖੇ ਤੇ ਲੋਗ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਅਸੂਲਾਂ ਤੇ ਚਲ ਕੇ ਲਾਭ ਉਠਾਵਨ। ਇਸਤ੍ਰਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਹਰ ਇਕ ਆਦਮੀ ਦੇ ਚੰਗੇ ਚੰਗੇ ਖਿਆਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਨ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਤੇ ਹਰ ਇਕ ਆਦਮੀ ਅਪਨੇ ਵਿਚਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਵਟਾਂਦਰ ਕਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਮੈਗਜ਼ੀਨ ਆਦਿ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਕੰਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਹੀ ਉਦਾਹਰਨ ਹਨ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਬ ਨੂੰ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਕੁਝ ਨਾਂ ਕੁਝ ਹਰ ਵਾਰੀ ਲਿਖ ਕੇ ਇਸ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਛਪਵਾਣ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਯਤਨ ਕਰੀਏ ਜਿਸ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਅਸੀਂ ਕਈਆਂ ਦੇ ਨਵੇਂ ਤੇ ਨਵੇਂ ਪਵਿਤ੍ਰ ਵਿਚਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਨ ਲਵਾਂਗੇ ਤੇ ਸਬ ਤੋਂ ਵਡੀ ਗੱਲ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਤੇ ਇਸ ਦੇ ਸਾਹਿਤ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਵੀ ਕਰ ਸਕਾਂਗੇ। ਸੱਚ ਹੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਕਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਜੀਨਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਾਂਉਦਾ ਜੇ ਅਪਨੇ ਲਈ ਹੈ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਦੂਤਰਿਆਂ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਜੀਨਾਂ ਚਾਈਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਛੇਕੜ ਵਿੱਚ ਮੈਂ ਫਿਰ ਇਕ ਵਾਰੀ ਸਾਰੇਆਂ ਭੈਣ ਭਰਾਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਉਤਸ਼ਾਹ ਦੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਕੁਝ ਨਾਂ ਕੁਝ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਤੇ ਇਸ ਦੇ ਸਾਹਿਤ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਯੋਗ ਦੇਣ। ਇਸ ਵਾਰੀ ਕਈਆਂ ਭੈਣ ਭਰਾਵਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆ ਕੁਝ ਕਾਰਨਾਂ ਕਰਕੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਛਪ ਸਕੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਦੂਸਰੀ ਵਾਰ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਇੱਛਾ ਪੂਰੀ ਕਰਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਯੋਗ ਦੇਵਾਂਗੇ।

ਅੰਤ ਮੈ ਪ੍ਰਿੰਸੀਪਲ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਅਤੇ ਪੋ: ਰਾਧਾ ਕ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਨ ਸੂਦ ਅਤੇ ਅਪਨੇ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਦੇ ਅਧਕਸ਼ ਸ਼੍ਰੀ ਸੀ. ਐਲ. ਕੁਮਾਰ ਦਾ ਅਤਿ ਧਨਵਾਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਜਿਨਾਂ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਸਫਲ ਹੋਣ ਵਿਚ ਯੋਗ ਦਿਤਾ ਹੈ।

ਮਦਨ ਮੋਹਨ ਕੋਸ਼ਲ  
(ਬੀ. ਏ. ਸੈਕਿੰਡ ਈਅਰ)

# ਕਿਵੇ ਮੈ ਜਾਂਵਾਂ

ਤਾਰੇ ਟਿਮਟਿਮਦੇ ਨੇ  
ਪਲਕ ਅਖਿਆਂ ਦੇ  
ਵਪਕੀਆਂ ਖਾਓਂਦੇ ਨੇ  
ਯਾਦ ਤੇਰੀ ਨੂੰ ਪਈ ਬਧਓਂਦੇ ਨੇ  
ਨਾਲੇ ਨੀਂਦ ਵੀ ਪਏ ਲਿਆਂਦੇ ਨੇ  
ਉਤੋਂ ਰਾਤ ਪਈ ਨਸੀ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਮੇਰੀ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਧੜਕ ਵਧਾਉਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਮੈਨੂੰ ਨੀਂਦ ਦਾ ਲੋਭ ਦਿਖਾਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁਖ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਰਮ ਨੂੰ ਲਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਏ  
ਕਿਵੇਂ ਮੈਂ ਜਾਂਵਾਂ

ਤੇਰੀ ਯਾਦ ਪਈ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਕਲਪਾਉਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਉਹ ਸਵੇਰ ਮੁੜ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ ਚੋਤੇ ਆਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਜਿਹੜੀ ਮੇਲ ਕੇ ਜੁਦਾ ਕਰਾਉਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਇਕ ਪਿਆਰ ਦਾ ਗੀਤ ਸੁਨਾਓਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਕਿਵੇਂ ਭੁਲ ਜਾਵਾਂ !  
ਤੇਰੀ ਯਾਦ ਪਈ ਗਲਾਂ ਸੁਣਾਉਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਗਲਾਂ ਗਲਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਰਾਤ ਪਈ ਪਾਉਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਹੁਣ ਆ ਵੀ ਜਾ ਇਹ ਬੁਲਾਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਤੇਰੇ ਇੰਤਜ਼ਾਰ ਚ ਪਈ ਕੁਮਲਾਉਂਦੀ ਏ  
ਕਿਵੇਂ ਮੈਂ ਜਾਂਵਾਂ

Kalyan Chand Jain (Prep. Sc.)  
ਕਲਆਨ ਕੰਦ ਜੈਨ

## ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਐਸੋਸਿਏਸ਼ਨ ਦਾ ਜਨਮ

ਇਸ ਦਾ ਜਨਮ 14 ਨਵੰਬਰ, 1958 ਦੇ ਸ਼ੁਭ ਦਿਹਾੜੇ ਸਾਢੇ ਸਤਿਕਾਰ ਯੋਗ ਪ੍ਰਿੰਸਿਪਲ ਸਾਹਬ ਦੇ ਸ਼ੁਭ ਹੱਥੋਂ ਹੋਇਆ। ਸ਼ਾਮ ਨੂੰ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਕ ਸ਼ਾਨਦਾਰ ਪ੍ਰੋਗ੍ਰਾਮ ਹੋਇਆ, ਮੁਖਯ ਭੋਟਾ “ਭਾਂਗੜਾ” ਸੀ ਜੋ ਕਿ ਬੜੀ ਸਲਾਹੀ ਗਈ। ਪ੍ਰੋਗ੍ਰਾਮ ਕੋਈ ੧॥ ਘੰਟੇ ਦਾ ਸੀ, ਜਿਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਗੀਤ ਟੱਪੇ, ਕਵਿਤਾਵਾਂ, ਜਿੰਦਵਾ, ਹੀਰ, ਜੁਗਨੀ ਆਦਿ ੨ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਪੇਸ਼ ਸਨ। ਮਾਨਯੋਗ ਪ੍ਰੋ: ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ, ਪ੍ਰੋ: ਕਪੂਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਅਤੇ ਹੋਰ ਮਾਨਯੋਗ ਪ੍ਰੋ: ਸਾਹਿਬਾਂ ਨੇ ਅਪਨੀ ਕਵਿਤਾਵਾਂ ਆਦਿ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਨਿਹਾਲ ਕੀਤਾ।

ਰੱਬ ਕਰੇ ਏ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਐਸੋਸਿਏਸ਼ਨ ਚੜ੍ਹਦੀਆਂ ਕਲਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹੇ !

G. S. Mamik  
ਜੀ ਐਸ ਮਮਿਕ

# ਤੇਰਾ ਹੁਸਨ

ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ।  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ॥

ਸੁਨ ਕੇ ਤੇਰੀ ਮਿੱਠੀ ਬੋਲੀ ,  
ਵੇਖ ਕੇ ਤੇਰੀ ਸੂਰਤ ਭੋਲੀ ,  
ਦਿਲ ਮੇਰੇ ਨੇ ਬੋਲੀ ਬੋਲੀ ,  
ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਫੜੇਂ ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰ !  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ।  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ॥

ਵਾਲ ਮੇਰੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਸੁਨੈਰੀ ,  
ਨਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਪੇਂਡੂ ਨਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਸੁੰਹਰੀ ,  
ਸਵਰਗ ਦੀ ਤੂੰ ਪਰੀ ਠੈਹਰੀ ,  
ਮੇਰਾ ਤੂੰ ਤਾਂ ਜਾਨ ਪਿਆਰ !  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ।  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ॥

ਵੇਖਕੇ ਤੇਰਾ ਹੁਸਨ ਜਵਾਨੀ ,  
ਵੇਖ ਕੇ ਤੇਰੀ ਅੱਖ ਮਸਤਾਨੀ ,  
ਖੂਨ ਮੇਰੇ ਦਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਪਾਨੀ ,  
ਕਾਨੂੰ ਕਰੇਂ ਖੁਵਾਰ !  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ।  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ॥

ਚੁੱਰਾ ਤੇਰਾ ਵਾਂਗ ਗੁਲਬਾ ,,  
ਵੇਖ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦਾ ਲਗਾ ਜਲਾਬ ,  
ਆਸਕ ਤੇਰਾ ਵਾਂਗ ਨੁਵਾਬ  
ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਆਕੇ ਲੈ ਲੈ ਮਾਰ !  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ।  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ॥

ਵੇਖ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਮੈਂ ਦੂਰੋਂ ਆਏਆ ,  
ਸਚ ਮੁਚ ਤੂੰ ਰਾਹੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਫਾਇਆ ,  
ਮੂੰਹ ਤੇ ਜੁਲਫ ਜੇ ਘੇਰਾ ਪਾਏਆ ,  
ਜਿਵੇਂ ਵੰਨ ਤੇ ਬਦਲ ਆਏਆ ,  
ਵਾਹ ! ਵਾਹ ! ਮੈਂ ਜਾਂਵਾਂ ਬਲਹਾਰ !  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ।  
ਗੋਰੀਏ ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਕਰੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ॥

Madan Mohan Kaushal (B.A. II yr)  
ਸਦਨਸੋਹਨ ਕੋਮਲ (ਬੀ. ਏ. ਮੈਕਿੰਡਯੀਅਰ)

# ਅਜ਼ਾਦੀ ਪਿਛੋਂ ਅਜ਼ਾਦੀ

ਇਕੋ ਵਾਰ ਅਜ਼ਾਦ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਏਨੇ,  
ਟੁੰਡੇ ਲਾਟ ਦੀ ਰਹੀ ਪਰਵਾਹ ਕੋਈ ਨਹੀਂ।  
ਰਾਜਾ ਬਣ ਗਿਆ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਾ ਹਰ ਬੰਦਾ,  
ਕੁਝ ਵੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਕਹਿਣ ਦੀ ਵਾਹ ਕੋਈ ਨਹੀਂ।

ਭੁਲ ਗਏ ਆਦਰਸ਼ ਸਾਵਿਤਰੀ ਦਾ,  
ਕਰਨੀ ਸੀਤਾ ਦੀ ਉਕੀ ਭੁਲਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ।  
ਜਿਹੜੀ ਸਾਹਿਬਾਂ ਨੇ ਪਿਉ ਦੀ ਪਤ ਲਾਹੀ,  
ਦੇਵੀ ਪਰੇਮ ਦੀ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਬਣਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ।

ਕਿਸੇ ਅਥਰੀ ਮੋਹਣੀ ਦੇ ਗੀਤ ਉਤੋਂ,  
ਲਾਜਪਤ ਦੀ ਲਾਜ ਕੁਰਬਾਨ ਹੁੰਦੀ।  
ਜਲਸਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਵਜ਼ੀਰ ਦਾ ਹੋਵੇ ਭਾਵੇਂ,  
ਵਾਰਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਦੀ ਹੀਰ ਪ੍ਰਧਾਨ ਹੁੰਦੀ।

ਏਸ ਗੁਰੂਆਂ ਅਵਤਾਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਅੰਦਰ,  
ਸਮਾਂ ਹੋਰ ਹੀ ਰੰਗ ਵਿਖਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਏ।  
ਭਗਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਸੁਖਦੇਵ ਦਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਪਿਆਰਾ,  
ਦੇਸ਼ ਰਾਂਝਿਆ ਦਾ ਬਣਦਾ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਏ।

ਮੰਮੀ ਪਿਕਨਿਕ ਦਾ ਆਪ ਪ੍ਰਬੰਧ ਕਰਦੀ,  
ਡੈਂਡੀ ਹੋਟਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਬਿਲ ਪੇ ਕਰਦਾ।  
ਕੁੜੀ ਹੀਰ ਦਾ ਪਾਰਟ ਅਦਾ ਕਰਦੀ,  
ਮੁੰਡਾ ਰਾਂਝੇ ਦਾ ਪਾਰਟ ਪਲੇ ਕਰਦਾ।

ਲੱਤਾਂ ਕਬਰ ਵਿਚ ਪੈਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਚਲ ਸਕਦੇ,  
ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਉਢਾਰੀਆਂ ਲਾਂਵਦਾ ਏ।  
ਬੁੱਢਾ ਸੱਪ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗਰਾਂ ਮਸਤ ਹੋ ਕੇ,  
ਗੀਤ ਨਾਗਿਣ ਦੀ ਫਿਲਮ ਦੇ ਗਾਵੰਦਾ ਏ।

ਮਾਪੇ ਰਾਤ ਦਿਨ ਸੁੱਖਣਾਂ ਸੁਖਦੇ ਨੇ, ਪਰਲੋ ਆਵੇ ਤੇ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੂਢਾਨ ਆਵੇ,  
ਸਾਡੇ ਹਕ ਵਿਚ ਰੋਬਾ ਨਿਆਂ ਹੋਵੇ। ਪਰੋਗਰਾਮ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਚੋਂਜ ਕਰਦੇ।  
'ਮਿਸ ਇੰਡੀਆ' ਧੀ ਜੋ ਚੁਣੀ ਜਾਵੇ, ਆਪਣੀ ਲਾਡੋ ਦਾ ਡਾਨਸ ਵਿਖਾਣ ਖਾਤਿਰ,  
ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਦਾ ਵਰਡ ਵਿਚ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ। ਆਪਣੇ ਖਰਚ ਤੇ ਮੀਟਿੰਗ ਅਰੋਂਜ ਕਰਦੇ।

ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੀ ਬੇੜੀ ਵਿਚ ਪਾਏ ਵੱਟੇ,  
ਦਰਦਮੰਦ 'ਰਾਜ' ਮਲਾਹ ਕੋਈ ਨਹੀਂ।  
ਆਗੂ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਹੀ ਉਲਟੇ ਪੈ ਰਾਹ ਗਏ,  
ਦਿਸਦਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਬਚਣ ਦਾ ਰਾਹ ਕੋਈ ਨਹੀਂ।

ਰਾਜ ਕੁਮਾਰ

(ਬੀ. ਐਸ. ਸੀ. (ਪਹਲਾ ਸਾਲ)  
Rajkumar, B. Sc. I yr.

## ਅਨਮੋਲ ਰਤਨ

- (1) ਸਾਡਾ ਨਿਸ਼ਾਨਾ ਸਚਾਈ ਹੋਣਾ ਚਾਹਿਦਾ ਹੈ ਨ ਕਿ ਸੁਖ। (ਸੁਕਰਾਤ)
- (2) ਸਚਾਈ ਦੀ ਖੋਜ ਵਿਚ ਅਸਫਲਤਾ ਦਾ ਸਵਾਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ। (ਗਾਂਧੀ)
- (3) ਸਚਾਈ ਇਕ ਬਲਦੇ ਦੀਵੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਹੈ ਜਿਸਨੂੰ ਹਨੇਰੇ ਵਿਚ ਛੁਪਾਇਆ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਾ ਸਕਦਾ।  
(ਟਾਲਸਟਾਏ)
- (4) ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੋਵੇ। (ਵਿਕਟਰ ਹਾਯੂਰੋ)
- (5) ਕਿਸੇ ਭੇਦ ਨੂੰ ਲਭਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਿਆਨਪ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਇਸਨੂੰ ਕੋਲ ਰਖਣਾ ਦਿਆਨ-  
ਤਦਾਰੀ ਹੈ। (ਵਿਲੀਅਮ ਪੈਨ)
- (6) ਚੰਗੇ ਕੰਮ ਨੂੰ ਕਰ ਲੈਣਾ ਹੀ ਓਸਦਾ ਇਨਾਮ ਹੈ। (ਐਮਰਸਨ)
- (7) ਜੋਸ਼ ਵਾਲੇ ਅਤੇ ਭੜਕਾਉ ਕੰਮ ਤੋੜ ਤਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਨਿਭਦੇ--ਚੁਪਚਾਪ ਕੀਤੇ ਜਾਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਉਸਾਰੂ  
ਉਦਮ ਹੀ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਦੀ ਚੋਟੀ ਤੇ ਪੁਜਦੇ ਹਨ। (ਗਾਂਧੀ)
- (8) ਪਰੇਮ ਪਾਪਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਸੁਧਾਰ ਦੇਂਦਾ ਹੈ। (ਗਾਂਧੀ)
- (9) ਮੈਂ ਮੁਲਕ ਫਤੋਹ ਕਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਪਰ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਨਾਲ ਮਿਤਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਣਾ ਸਕਦਾ। (ਨਿਪੋਲੀਅਨ)
- (10) ਵੱਡੀ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਮੁਸੀਬਤ ਵਿਚ ਪ੍ਰਮਾਤਮਾ ਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਰਖੋ ਪ੍ਰਮਾਤਮਾ ਸਾਥ ਦੇਵੇਗਾ।  
(ਗੁਰੂ ਨਾਨਕ)

(ਪ੍ਰਹਿਲਾਦ ਸਿੰਘ, ਪਰੇਪ ਆਰਟਸ)  
Prahlad Singh. (Prep. Arts.)

# ‘ਦੀਵਾਰ’

‘ਣੀਲਮਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਆਵੇਂਗੀ?’ ਰਾਜੂ ਦੀਆਂ ਅਖਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਤਰਲਾ ਸੀ। ‘ਨਹੀਂ ਰਾਜੂ ਮੈਂ ਕਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਵਾਂਗੀ, ਤੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ ਕਹਾਂਦੀ ਏ, ਜੇ ਤੂੰ ਹੁਣ ਆਈ ਤੇ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰੀਆਂ ਲਤਾਂ ਤੋੜ ਦਿਆਂਗੀ। ਰਾਜੂ ਹੁਣ ਹਾਡਾ ਇਹ ਛੁਪ ਕੇ ਮਿਲਣਾ ਜਲਦੀ ਹੀ ਖਤਮ ਹੋ ਜਾਏਗਾ ਕਿਯਾਂਕਿ ਸਾਡਾ ਛੁਪ ਕੇ ਮਿਲਣਾ ਸੱਭ ਨੂੰ ਖਲਦਾ ਹੈ। ਜਿਸ ਵੇਲੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਅਮੀਰ ਸੀ ਉਸ ਵੇਲੇ ਇਹ ਮਿਲਣ ਸਭ ਨੂੰ ਅੱਛਾ ਲਗਦਾ ਸੀ ਪਰ ਹੁਣ ਅਸੀਂ ਗਰੀਬ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਹਾਂ ਇਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਅੱਜ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਦ ਮੈਂ ਕਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਵਾਂਗੀ। ਤੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ ਕਹਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਤੇਰਾ ਮੇਰਾ ਵਿਆਹ ਤਾਂ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ, ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਦਾਜ ਵਿਚ ਵੀਹ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਰੁਪਿਆ ਦੇਵਾਂ। ਏਨੇ ਕਿੱਥੋਂ ਲਿਆਵਾਂ?’ ਇਹ ਕਹਿਕੇ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਰਾਜੂ ਦਾ ਉੱਤਰ ਸੁਣਿਆਂ ਜਲਦੀ ਨਾਲ ਉਹ ਕਮਰੇ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਨਿਕਲ ਗਈ।

ਰਾਜੂ ਜਿਸ ਵਕਤ ਅੰਦਰ ਵੜਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਵੇਖਿਆ ਕਿ ਉਧਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਪਿਤਾਜੀ ਨੂੰ ਕਹ ਰਹੀ ਸੀ, ਕਿ ਅੱਜ ਇੰਦ ਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਵੀਹ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਰੁਪਯਾ ਦੇਣ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਤਿਆਰ ਹੈ। ਰਾਜੂ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਪੁਛ ਕੇ ਗਲ ਪੱਕੀ ਕਰ ਦੇਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਏ। ਇਹ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਰਾਜੂ ਅੱਗ ਬਬੂਲਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਤੇ ਕਹਿਣ ਲਗਾ, “ ਮਾਂ ਤੇਰਾ ਰਾਜੂ ਹੁਣ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਰਹੇਗਾ ਬਲਕਿ ਇਹ ਪੈਸਾ ਹੀ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਰਹੇਗਾ।”

ਇਹ ਕਰਕੇ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਕਮਰੇ ਵਿਚ ਚਲਾ ਗਇਆ। ਕੁਝ ਦੇਰ ਬਾਦ ਉਸਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਆਈ ਤੇ ਵੇਖਦੀ ਹੈ, ਕਿ ਰਾਜੂ ਦਾ ਜਿਸਮ ਅੱਗ ਵਗ ਜਲ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ, ਤੇ ਉਹ ਬੇਹੋਸ਼ ਪਿਆ ਹੈ।

ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਕਈ ਡਾਕਟਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਇਲਾਜ ਕਰਾਯਾ ਪਰ ਰਾਜੂ ਦਾ ਬੁਖਾਰ ਨਾਂ ਟੁਟਿਆ। ਨੀਲਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਰਾਜੂ ਨੂੰ ਵੇਖਣ ਤੇ ਬੜਾ ਦਿਲ ਕਰਦਾ ਸੀ ਪਰ ਉਹ ਉਸਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਡਰਦੀ ਸੀ।

ਰਾਜੂ ਦੇ ਮਾਂ ਪਿਉ ਨੇ ਉਸਦਾ ਬੜਾ ਇਲਾਜ ਕਰਵਾਉਣ ਦੇ ਬਾਦ ਇਹ ਡਿੰਦੇਰਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਵਿਚ ਪਿਟਵਾਇਆ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਨੂੰ ਠੀਕ ਕਰਵਾ ਦੇਵੇਗਾ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਮੂੰਹ ਮੰਗਿਆ ਇਨਾਮ ਮਿਲੇਗਾ।

ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਵਿਰ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਘਰ ਇਕ ਸਾਧੂ ਆਇਆ ਤੇ ਉਸ ਨੇ ਰਾਜੂ ਦੇ ਮੂੰਹ ਉਤੇ ਕੁਛ ਮਲਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਪਾਣੀ ਦੇ ਛਿਟੇ ਮਾਰੇ ਤੇ ਕੁਝ ਦੇਰ ਬਾਦ ਰਾਜੂ ਠੀਕ ਹੋਣਾ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਹੋ ਗਇਆ।

ਰਾਜੂ ਦੇ ਮਾਂ ਪਿਉ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੁਸ਼ ਹੋਏ ਤੇ ਸਾਧੂ ਨੂੰ ਕਹਿਣ ਲਗੇ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਆਪਣਾ ਇਨਾਮ ਮੰਗੇ। ਸਾਧੂ ਨੇ ਜੁਆਬ ਦਿਤਾ ਕਿ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਗਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਲੜਕੇ ਦੀ ਮੰਗ ਪੂਰੀ ਕਰੋ। ਇਸ



ਤੇ ਵਿਚ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਰਾਮੂ ਨੂੰ ਪੁਛਿਆ ਕਿ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਕੀ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਏ ? ਉਸਨੇ ਜੁਆਬ ਵਿਚ ਕਿਹਾ ਕਿ 'ਮੇਰਾ ਨੀਲਮਾ ਨਾਲ ਵਿਆਹ ਕਰ ਦੇਵੇ ।'

ਉਸਦੇ ਮਾਂ ਪਿਉ ਸੋਚੀਂ ਪੈ ਜਾਏ ਤੇ ਕਹਿਣ ਲਗੇ ਕਿ ਜਿਸ ਨੀਲਮਾ ਤੇ ਤੂੰ ਇੰਨਾਂ ਮਰਨਾ ਏਂ, ਉਹ ਤੇਰੀ ਖਬਰ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈਣ ਆਈ ।

ਇਹ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਨੀਲਮਾ ਨੇ ਸਾਧੂ ਦਾ ਵੇਸ ਹਟਾ ਦਿਤਾ । ਜਿਸ ਵੇਲੇ ਉਸਦੇ ਮਾਂ ਪਿਉ ਨੇ ਇਹ ਦੇਖਿਆ ਤੋਂ ਹੱਕੇ ਬੱਕੇ ਰਹਿ ਗਏ ਅਤੇ ਕਹਿਣ ਲਏ ਕਿ "ਧਨ ਹੇ ਨੀਲਮਾ ਤੂੰ !"

Davinder kaur, Arora,  
pre-medical II nd year.  
ਦਵਿੰਦਰ ਕੌਰ ਅਰੋਰਾ

## ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਭੇਟਾ

ਵੇ ਸੋਣੇ ਪ ਠੀਆ,  
ਵਹਿੰਦਾ ਰਹੀਂ ਹੋਲੇ ਹੋਲੇ  
ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੀ ਕੀ ਏ ?  
ਦਸਦਾ ਰਹੀਂ ਹੋਲੇ ਹੋਲੇ ।  
ਰਗ ਰਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੁੱਝ ਵਸਦਾ  
ਜੁਜਰਾਤ ਦਾ ਸੋਹਣਾ ਦਿਲ ਵਸਦਾ,  
ਇੱਕ ਪਿਆਰ ਦਾ ਜੋੜਾ ਵੀ ਵਸਦਾ,  
ਕਿਉਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਸਦਾ, ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਵਸਦਾ ?  
ਤੇਰੀ ਲਹਿਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਿਓਂ ਤੇਜ਼ਾ ਏ  
ਤੇਰੀ ਫਰਤੀ ਕੈਸੀ ਸੋਹਨੀ ਏ,  
ਤੇਰੇ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਾਹਦੀ ਭੇਟਾ ਏ ?  
ਤੈਂਨੂੰ ਮਿਲੀ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਭੇਟਾ ਏ ।

ਏ ਪਾਣੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਜੇ,  
ਇੱਕ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਅਮਰ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਜੇ ।  
ਦੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਮਿੱਠੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਜੇ,  
ਕਿਸੇ ਹੁਸਨ ਦੀ ਏ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਜੇ ।  
ਓ ਦਰਿਆਵਾ ਤਹੀਂ ਓ ਦੱਸ ।  
ਕੀ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਭੇਟਾ ਲਿੱਤੀਆ,  
ਕਿਸੇ ਖਿੜੀ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਦੀ,  
ਕਿ ਤੂੰ ਭੇਟਾ ਲਿੱਤੀਆ ?  
ਸੁਣ ਲਵੇ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਮੈਂ ਦੱਸਾਂ  
ਕੀ ਇਸਨੇ ਭੇਟਾ ਲਿੱਤੀ ਜੇ  
ਸੋਹਣੀ ਇੱਕ ਜੋੜੀ ਇਸਨੇ ਜੀ  
ਸੋਹਣੀ ਮਾਹੀਵਾਲ ਦੀ ਭੇਟਾ ਲਿੱਤੀ ਜੇ ।

ਪਿਆਰ ਅਮਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜੇ ਸੱਚਾ ਹੋਵੇ,  
ਦੇਸ਼ ਅਮਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜੇ ਸੱਚਾ ਹੋਵੇ,  
ਹਰ ਕੱਮ ਅਸਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜੇ ਸੱਚਾ ਹੋਵੇ,  
ਇਨਸਾਨ ਅਮਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜੇ ਕਰ ਸੱਚਾ ਹੋਵੇ ।

G. S. Mamik (B. A. I. year)  
ਜੀ. ਐਸ. ਮਮਿਕ (ਬੀ. ਏ. ਫਸਟ ਈਅਰ)

# ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਕਲੀ

(੧)  
ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਮਟਕਾ  
ਕੱਛ ਵਿਚ ਗਾਗਰ,  
ਮਿੱਠਾ ਨੈਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ  
ਆਸ਼ਾ ਸਾਗਰ,  
ਲੈ ਲੱਜ ਨੂੰ  
ਕੋਮਲ ਮੋਢੇ  
ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਵੇਖੋ---  
ਕਲੀ ਖਿੜੀ !

(੩)  
ਉਹ ਇਠਲਾਂਦੀ  
ਪਰ ਸਰਮਾਂਦੀ,  
ਛੁਪ ਘੁੰਘਟ ਵਿੱਚ  
ਉਹ ਮੁਸਕਾਂਦੀ,  
ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ ਲਈ—  
ਛੜ ਕੇ ਬਾਬੁਲ ਨੂੰ  
ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਵੇਖੋ—  
ਕਲੀ ਖਿੜੀ !

(੨)  
ਖੇਤਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਵੇਖੋ---  
ਧਾਨ ਪੱਕੇ,  
ਹੋਠਾਂ ਤੇ ਇਕ---  
ਮੁਸਕਾਨ ਪਕੇ,  
ਇਹ ਛੋੜ ਮਜ਼ਹਬ  
ਦੇ ਕੰਡੇ ਨੂੰ  
ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਵੇਖੋ---  
ਕਲੀ ਖਿੜੀ !

(੪)  
ਹਾਂਣੀ ਦਾ ਹੱਥ  
ਵਟਾਨ ਲਗੀ,  
ਜੀਵਨ ਦਾ ਰੱਥ  
ਚਲਾਨ ਲਗੀ,  
ਕੰਡੇ ਤੇ  
ਪੱਥਰ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ,  
ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਕੋਮਲ  
ਕਲੀ ਚਲੀ !

ਬਲਦੇਵ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੇਠੀ "ਪੁਸ਼ਪ" ਬੀ. ਐਸ. ਸੀ. (ਤੀਜਾ ਸਾਲ.)  
Baldev kumar Sethi "Pushp" III. year



هوا. وانگين ۽ ڇمڪندڙ سرون (Glazed tiles) پڻ گهڻي ڀاڱي مهلائين ۽ مقهرن ۾ ڪم اينديون هيون.

واپار جون حالتون تسلي بخش نه هيون. هڪڙو ته رستا پٽڙيل ۽ ڏاڪن سان ٻريل، ٻيو ته گهڻي مڪحول ۽ ڏاڍو. الهه هوندي به سنڌونديءَ جي ذريعي ڪيترن شهرن جو پاڻ ۾ واپار هلندو هو. جهڙوڪ بکر، ڪنڊيارو، سيوهڻ ۽ نصرپور. سنڌ جو سوئي ڪوڙو ولايت ۾ ويندو هو ڇاڪاڻ ته انگلنڊ ۾ اڃان هينري اللابل (Industrial Revolution) شروع نه ٿيو هو. الهه ڪالسواه ٿئي کان اڻن جا قاعلا افغانستان ۽ ايران ويندا هئا. مطلب ته سنڌ ڪڏي ترقي پسند پرڳڻو ليکيو ويندو هو. سنڌ مان اير، سوئي ڪوڙو، ساڪ جو ڪوڙو، لوط، شورو، آفيم، مڇي ۽ جهڙو ٻاهر موڪليو ويندو هو. انگلسوءَ اُڀر سنڌ ۽ اوڀر سنڌ جو پڻ پاڻ ۾ جهجهور واپار هلندو هو. اُڀر سنڌ مان ڪپهه ۽ اير لوڙ سنڌ ۾ موڪليو ويندو هو ۽ اُتان وري ڇانور، مڇي، جهڙو وغيره اُڀر سنڌ ۾ ليا ويندا هئا. شورو انگريزن کي گهڻوئي ڪوٺيو هو ڇاڪاڻ ته اُتان تان چر مڙيو ٺهندو هو. شورو انگريزن ڪرڻ جو ڪارخانو انگريزن شاه بندر ۾ وڌو. اير بويڪ، سن ۽ سيوهڻ ۾ ملندو هو. سنڌ جو جهڙو خاص هو. بويڪ هڪ انگريز سنڌ جي جهڙي جي خاص ساواھ ڪئي آهي ۽ اُن زماني ۾ اهو سنڌي جهڙي جي نالي سان مشهور هو.

(هلندڙ)

مال سنڌ ۾ چڱي ٿئي وڪڻندا هئا. سوڌي ڪارڻ سڀني، ويهون وٽيون ويا ڇهن بنگال ٿي، رڪي مالڪ من. سنڌ جا واپاري لوڪ، لالاچي، ڪوڙو، آهدار موني ۽ ٻيو ڪجهه مال ٻيڙين رستي ٻاهر موڪليندا هئا.

ٿر، قنڌار، پارچ، پائيم پائون ڪوٺيون قيمت سنڌيون، ٿر ۾ ٿاڪيائون. سون ۽ چانديءَ جو واپار به سنڌ ۾ ناميارا صراف ڪندا هئا.

لڪا، لڪا ڪن، لڪا لڪا جي اوهر يا سڻي سون لڪا جو، سڪ نه سامونڊين. چوماسي پوري ٿيڻ تي ۽ آڙه جي آڙو لڪي ٿي وٽجارا ۽ سنڌور کي ڪشميون ۽ ڏوٻڙيون سانجھي ٿيسون ٿاڻهن روانا ٿيندا هئا.

”اڳي اُڙهر، سامونڊين سڙه سڻاھيا“ واپارين وٽجارين جي حالت سنڌين ڏوٻڙن آھڻ تي ڪھل جوڳي هئي. سامونڊي ڏاڪن جو خاص ڊپ هو. فرنگي ڏاڪو پڻ شھ جي زماني ۾ مشهور هو!

”معلم ماڳ نه اڳئين، ڦلنگي منجهه ٿريا، ملاح! ٺنهنجي مڪڙيءَ، اچي چور چڙھيا، جتي ڏينگه ڏريا، ٿئي آڙي ٺنهنجي.“

لاري بندر ٿئي کان ۴ ميل اڏو هو. اهو ڏوٻو گاديءَ جو هنڌ هو پر واپار جو ڊوڪو هو. ٿئي جون لوانگيون، بالڪيون ۽ ٻه ٿيئي گاڏيون ڪنهن نه ٻڌيون هونديون! ٿيو وڏو شهر هو، ٿيڻ ميل وڪر ۾ ٿي ميل ٿيڪه، ٿي ڪجهه مڪان سرن جا ٺهيل

قاضی بہ انہی کے نام پر خاصہ پھرو و نندا ہوا۔  
 کڈھین نہ ذاتی ہمہ کٹھ یا لکے ۽ کن  
 کھٹھ جی بہ سزا ذاتی ویندی ہتی۔ ہوس  
 جی سزا آہر ڈوہن یا سیاسی ہدوی لاء  
 مقرر ہتی۔! جالورن جی چوری نہ والسد مثل  
 ہتی۔ خاص کی دیوالی کورٹون کولہ  
 ہون مگر قاضی زمین ۽ جائداد جا کہس  
 فیصل کندا ہوا۔

### ارتگ حالت

ایست الہیا کہہ پی ۽ جی دفتر مان سند  
 جی حالتن ہی روشنی ہوی ٹی۔ ۱۶۳۵ع پر کہہ پی ۽  
 داہل پر آہیس کولی چاکاٹ جو کہس سند  
 جو کہڑو ۽ لیر کہندو ہو۔ نھنکالساوا سند  
 مان کین مال (Cargo) ایران ۽ ہین ملکن لاء  
 پٹ ملندو ہو۔ ۲۷ سالن کالہوہ کن سپہن  
 کری ۱۶۶۲ع پر کہہ پی ۽ سند جو دفتر  
 سمیٹہو۔ وری ۱۷۵۸ع پر کہہ پی ۽ سند پر  
 آہیس کولی ہک نہ شورپی (Saltpetre)  
 جی واپار لاء، بہو اولی کہڑو آر ہندوستان  
 ۽ اہالستان پر وکٹھ لاء ۽ ٹیون سند جو  
 نسلی چوپانو مال، گایون ۽ پگا ہندوستان پر  
 ہین ہندن ٹی وکٹھ لاء۔ کہہ پی ہندو دلالن  
 معرفت مال خرید گندی ہتی۔ کندیاری،  
 نئی، دیہلی ۽ لصر پور پر سوئی کہڑی  
 جو واپار ٹیہندو ہو۔ سندی وٹجارا لاری  
 بندر کان مال غر، ران ۽ بہڑین پر پرائی، رگو  
 ہندوستان پر پڑنساورن پر وکٹھدا ہوا۔ اتان  
 مال وٹی وری اچی سند پر وکٹھدا ہوا۔  
 سدی جو واپار۔ شاہ جی رسالی پر  
 سند جی وٹجارن جو نہ کر ٹیل آہی۔ سند  
 جا واپاری سند جو مال ولایس ۽ ولایس جو

کلوڑن پندھی حکومت وچائی ۽ انہن  
 جی جگہ ٹی نالہرن ۱۸۰۳ع پر سند جو  
 واڈون سندھالیون۔ ناپورن وری ہندن ۽ غیر  
 بلوچین سان ظلم کیا جنہن کری سندن  
 حکومت بہ گھٹو وقت جتاہ نہ کیو ۽ لیمت  
 ۱۸۴۳ع پر انگریز نالہرن جی حکومت جو  
 اس آندو۔

شاہ عبداللطیف جی زمانی پر مہلن جی  
 حکومت ہولدی بہ کلوڑن جو و صوبیدار  
 جی حیثیت پر کافی اثر ہو۔ سرکار زمین  
 جی پیداش جو ٹیون حصو لیل طور ویندی  
 ہتی، اٹکالساوا کیتڑون مکانی لیلون جن  
 جو الدار ۵۰ کان بہ ہتی ہو، مختلف ہندن  
 ٹی وصول کیون ویندیون ہون۔ سرکاری  
 لیل اناج جی صورت پر ورتی ویندی ہتی  
 ۽ سرکار اناج کنو کری لیلام کندی  
 ہتی۔ کلال کان کنہار لاء ہرہک کان  
 پیداش یا کمانی ٹی لیل ورتی ویندی  
 ہتی۔ جاگیردار ۽ ٹیکیدار بہ گھٹن ٹی زمین  
 جون لیلون زوری ۽ عوام کان اگاڑ پندا ہوا۔  
 مہانن کان مچھن ٹی لیل ورتی ویندی ہتی۔  
 لیل نہ ڈیٹھ جی حالت پر پولیس ۽ لشکر جی  
 وسیلی کافی ظلم کیو ویندو ہو۔ پولیس  
 جو الدار نام ٹورو ہولدو ہو۔ ہک شہر لاء  
 ہک لزن پولیس وارا پورا سمجھیا ویندا ہوا۔  
 پرائی اصول پتالڈ ہرہک کونٹ یا مہلی  
 جی ماٹھن ٹی فرض ہو نہ مچھر کولھی نہن  
 یا نہ پڑین۔ مکہ پولیس عملدار ہو  
 کونال، جو نہ رگو ڈوہن کی بکڑ ہندو ہو  
 بہ سزا پٹ ڈیندو ہو۔ قران جی قانون پتالڈ  
 مچھر کی سزا نہ لیلی ویندی ہتی۔ مفتی ۽

### ڊاڪٽر گو بلند سنگھ ھنسڪاڻي

## شاھہ جي ڏينھن جي سنڌ

ھو. مغلن جي حڪومت جو دارو مدار ھو سنڌ جي جاگيردارن ۽ مولوين تي. بادشاھ ٽيڻ کان اڳ ۱۶۳۸ع ۾ اورنگزيب ملتان جو گورنر مقرر ٿيو. انهيءَ ڪري هن جو سنڌ سان چڱو سڀند رھيو. اورنگزيب راج ڪڍي سنڀالڻ کان پوءِ اھو راج شروع ڪيو. سنڌ جو رھاڪو سنڌ جو گورنر مقرر ڪيو وڃي.

يار ھمد ڪلھوڙو ۱۷۰۱ع ۾ سنڌ جو ناظر مقرر ٿيو ۽ هن جي وفات کان پوءِ ۱۷۳۶ع ۾ نور ھمد ڪلھوڙو سنڌ جو صوبيدار ٿيو. ۱۷۴۰ع ۾ نادر شاھ سنڌ تي ڪاهي آيو ۽ سنڌ وري ايران جي ھٿ ھيٺ رھي. ۱۷۵۰ع ۾ احمد شاھه دورانيءَ جي حملي ڪري سنڌ انھالن جي آڱ ۾ وڃي. ڪلھوڙو ڇوڪرو ٿيڪ قانوني طور ٻين حاڪمن جي ھٿ ھيٺ ھو پر در حقيقت سنڌ جا مالڪ ھو. پنھنجي خود مختياريءَ کي رٽڪ ڏيڻ لاءِ ڪلھوڙن آيو سنڌ جي گاديءَ جو ھنڌ بکر مان ٿيرائي خداھاد ڪيو ۽ اوڀر سنڌ جي گادي ٺٽي بدوان حيدرآباد ڪئي.

۱۷۳۶ع کان ڪلھوڙن جي طاقت جو سنڌ ۾ چڱو نه ڏاڪو پئجي ويو. ايسٽ انڊيا ڪمپني، ۱۷۶۰ع ۾ غلام شاھ ڪلھوڙن تي سنڌ جو راجا ڪري سڏيو. ڪلھوڙو مغلن جو راجپتي سرشتو ھلائي پيدا رھيا. ڪلھوڙن جو مقصد ھو مغلن ۽ بلوچن کان خود مختيار ٿيڻ. بلوچن سان اڻھڻ ڪري

ساھتھ آھي ٽن حالتن جي پيداش. ليڪڪ جي شخصيت، سماج جون حالتون ۽ زماني جو واڌو منڊل. ساھتھ، سماج ۽ ملڪ جو عڪس آھي، پر وڏا ليڪڪ زماني جي سوال کان اڳتي وڌي ناهي ۽ ٻيو ادي مسئلن تي ٻڌل روشني وجهن ٿا. شاھ جو ڪلام سنڌ جي شاعريءَ جي چوڻي آھي مگر ان شعر سمجھڻ لاءِ ڪجهه سنڌ جي تواريخ، آرٽڪل ۽ سماجڪ حالتن ۽ لوڪ ڪھاڻين جي جانچ جي ضرورت آھي. هن ليڪڪ ۾ شاھ جي وقت ۾ سنڌ تي روشني وجهڻ جي ڪوشش ڪئي اٿس. شاھ جي زماني ۾ سنڌ جي حالت ڪهڙي ھئي؟ ان جي جانچ ڇٽن ھنڌن پئجي سگھي ٿي. پھريون سنڌ جي تواريخ نويسن مان جن سنڌيءَ ۾ ڪتاب لکيا آھن، ٻيو نه مغلن جي تواريخ جا حوالا، ٽيون ايسٽ انڊيا ڪمپنيءَ جي لکڙ ھ. ۽ چوٿون فرنگي مسافرن جا ليڪا. انھن ٽن کي ٽولھن سان ۱۷ ۽ ۱۸ صديءَ جي سنڌ جي خاصي خبر پوي ٿي.

### سنڌ جي سياسي حالت

مغلن جي تواريخ ٻڌائي ٿي ته اڪبر سنڌ ۱۵۹۲ع ۾ فتح ڪئي ۽ سنڌ ملتان صوبي جا ٻه ڊويزن ٿي مغلن جي ھٿ ھيٺ رھي. اُڀر سنڌ جو مڪي شھر ھو بکر ۽ اوڀر سنڌ جو مڪي شھر ھو ٺٽو. مغلي سياسي سرشتي پٽالڙو سنڌ جو انتظام ھلندو

ڳرادي ٿي رهي، پر شالتيءَ کي وشواس هو :-

هو چوئڻي، ٿن م چو، واٽن ورائي،  
اڳر اڳرائي هو ڪري، خط س، کان،  
پاند و پائي، و و ڪنهن وارو ڪهڻي.

هڪ ڏينهن سوڻو ڏسي من کيس چيو  
” شالتي، مان ڏسي رهيو آهيان ته امان  
اڳي ڏاڍو ٺڪ، ٿي ڪري. پنهنجي  
مجهڙي مرض آهي. مان دعان بدلي،  
ڪرايان. ” شالتيءَ جواب ڏنو، ” امان ته  
پاڻ مولڪي پائيندي آهي. مولڪان ڪا  
غلطي ٿي ويندي آهي ته پيٽ چائي ڏي  
سهڙهي سهڙهي پائيندي آهي. ههه، وڏي آهي  
۽ کيس هر وقت حق آهي ته پنهنجي فائدي لاءِ  
جهڪي وٺيس سو ڪري. مولڪي سندس  
خلاف ڪار، شڪايت ڪولهي. ” هئي  
وکر جواب ٻڌي موهن ڏنگ رهجي ويو.  
شالتيءَ جي سون شلانا ۽ صبر ڏسي  
سندس دل ۾ شالتيءَ لاءِ پيار اچون مارڻ  
لڳو. هو شالتيءَ ٿن گهوريو قران ٿيڻ لڳو.  
هو ڏانهن اها گفتگو شالتيءَ جي سس نه  
لڪي پئي ٻڌي.

سندس اکيون ڪليون ۽ اندر جو اندر  
۾ پاڻ کي وقت لعدت هڻڻ لڳي. هن مھوس  
ڪيو ته شالتي سچ پچ شالتيءَ جو سروب  
آهي، جنهنجو قدر ڪرڻ گهرجي. الهيءَ  
کا پوره هو شالتيءَ کي پنهنجي پيٽ چائي  
وانگر هلائڻ لڳي ۽ اٺي وٺي اڳيان شالتيءَ  
جي ساراه ڪرڻ لڳي ته ٿنهن ته ههڙي!  
شالتيءَ جي شانس ساه ۽ صبر لوڙ ڪي  
سرڙ ۾ بدلائي ڇڏيو.



چالديءَ جو چوڪو اکين جي عرصت  
جهڪي ڪيو ڇڏي! ڏيئي لپتي عيون کي  
نه ڏڪيو ڇڏي! لالهي سان لاريءَ جو ملهه  
ٿي ٿو نه ايمان! اهو آهي لئدارالط  
جو چوڪو!

آخر شادي ڪر سان ٿي گذري ۽  
شالتيءَ پنهنجو گهر ڇڏي اچي ساهرو گهر  
وسايو. شالتيءَ ۽ موهن ٺڪ ۽ شالتيءَ  
سان وقت گذارڻ لڳا، پر شالتيءَ جي  
سس جي دل جي شالتيءَ تي موهلائي  
ويئي! هن کي موهن جي شاديءَ ۾ ڏيئي  
لپتي جو نه ملي هئي! جيتوڻيڪ وڪيل  
صاحب پنهنجي طرفان ڪو گهٽ ڪونه  
ڏنو هو، پر اچڪلهه گهر ٺهڻ ڪي ڏيئي  
لپتي جيتري گهڻي ملي اوتري ٿوري!  
پوءِ موهن ماڻه ٻڌي چوڻي؟ پوري ڏيئي لپتيءَ  
جي نه ملڻ ڪري هو شالتيءَ کي ڏري  
ڏري ٿي ٺڪ ڪرڻ لڳي، ليڪن شانس  
هجي شالتيءَ کي جو هو سهڪجهه شالتيءَ  
سان سهڻي رهي. ايتري قدر جو مٿس  
کي نه ڪجهه نه پڙائيندي هئي. ههه  
پاڻ کي اٽس ڏيندي هئي :-

جهڪي ڏانهن، سر سر ڏيئي سڏ ڇڏو!  
۾ چو چئائون، ايءُ ٻيڻ ڳڻيو سڄڻين.  
موهن سڀ ڪجهه ڏسندو هو ۽ دل تي  
دل ۾ شالتيءَ جي صبر جي ساراه ڪندو  
هو، پر اهو سڀ ڪيستائين؟ آخر جڏهن  
موهن شالتيءَ کي ايتراون اڪليفون سهڻي  
۽ شانس ڏنو تڏهن هن مھوس ڪيو ته  
اهو شالتيءَ لاءِ ٺڪ نه هو، جو ههه  
اندرني اندر ۾ سرر پنهنجي ٿي رهي ۽

### گداری شانتا اسرائی

## ننهن ٿو هوڙي !

آهن لہ ” گهرت گدوار راضي لہ کيا ڪريگا  
 قاضي ” سو چڏهن موهن کي شانتی پسند هئي  
 لہ ٻاره بٽس لہ ڪيئن ڪري؟ شادي موهن  
 کي ٿي لہ ڪرڻي هئي! هن ڏيئي ليتي لہ ان  
 لہ هڪ ڪميو جو شانتا جي پيءُ ڏيئي ليتي  
 ڏيئي کان پنهنجي مڃو وري ڏيکاري. هن  
 وڏو ٻڪرو ۽ مڙيو منڊي ڪوشی سان ڏيئي  
 ڪيو جو موهن جي پيءُ قبول ڪيو ۽ چيو  
 لہ هلاءُ جهڙي هئي شانتی تهڙو هو موهن.

پلا موهن جي پيءُ کي ان کان وڌيڪ اهو  
 ڇا ڪهندو هو؟ (دائيمند) شانتی (دل جي  
 شانتی) کان وڌيڪ ماڻهو کي اهو ڇا  
 گهرجي؟ شانتی سان ئي لہ سڀ ڪجهه ملي  
 ٿو. ساڌو سندس لہ شانتی جي تلاش لہ  
 پٽڪندا رهندا آهن.

شاديءَ کان اڳ ڪو ٻارهن ماڻهو ڏينهن  
 هو، سو موهن جي دل ٿي لہ شانتی سان  
 گڏ ساڻهجي جو چڪر هڻي اڃان موهن  
 شانتی جي ماءُ پيءُ کان موڪل ورتي ۽  
 ٺاه جو گهٽ ڦرڻ لکنا. ڳالهين ڪندي  
 شانتی موهن کان پڇيو لہ ” توهانجي  
 پيءُ ڏيئي ليتي لہ ان هڪ ڇوڪرو آهي؟“  
 موهن جواب ڏنو لہ ” منهنجو پيءُ  
 ڏيئي ليتي لہ جي پر خلاف آهي. شانتی  
 اهو ٻڌي هوب ٻيڻي ويئي هن زمالي  
 لہ اهڙو ڪهڙو امر موهي آهي جو ايندڙ  
 لکهيءَ جو لڙو ڪري! ماما جو موه  
 ماءُ جي مامتا کي لہ ماس ڪيو ڇڏي!

بمبئيءَ ۾ هڪ وڪيل رهندو هو جنهن  
 کي شانتیءَ نالي هڪ ڪيڏي ڏي  
 هوندي هئي. شانتیءَ جو پڙهڻ سان ڏاڍو  
 چاهه هوندو هو جنهن ڪري اهو اي جادي  
 پاس ڪيائين ۽ اهو اي پاس ڪرڻ کانپوءِ  
 چڏهن هره لوڪري ڪرڻ لڳي، ٿڌهن  
 سندس مائٽن جي چوراڪورا وڌي. وڪيل  
 صاحب خيال ڪيو لہ ليدگر وڌي ٿي  
 چڪي آهي ۽ تنهنڪري سندس اڪلاءُ  
 ۾ ڏاڍو پوڻ لہ گهرجي.

شانتیءَ جو جهڙو هو الو، تهڙائي هئي  
 شانتیءَ جي ڏاريءَ صورت لوڙي صورت ۾  
 سهڻي هئي ۽ انهيءَ ڪري سڀني کي ڏاڍو  
 وڻندي هئي. گهرو ڪم ڪار ۾ يا سهڻو  
 پوڻ ۾ لہ هوشيار هئي. ڪنهن گهر جهلائڻ  
 جو ڪريءَ ۾ جي ڪڻ هڻڻ ڪونهن، سي سڀ  
 منجهس هئا.

وڪيل صاحب جي پاڙي ۾ ئي موهن  
 نالي هڪ وڏو گهرائو ڇوڪرو رهندو هو.  
 موهن شانتیءَ کي چاهيندو هو، پر کيس  
 هو لہ شانتی کيس پيار ڪري ٿي الانهي  
 لہ پر تنهن هوندي لہ هن همت ٻڌي ۽  
 وجهه وٺي ماءُ جي اڳيان شانتیءَ جي ساڻه  
 جا لڙڪا لڙيا. مائٽس جي دل سر ڪئي لہ  
 تنهن هجي لہ اهڙيءَ هن مڙس سان ڳالهه  
 چوريءَ. هوڏانهن اوچتو شانتیءَ جي پيءُ  
 موهن جي پيءُ کي شانتیءَ جي ٻانهن وٺڻ  
 چيو لہ هن لہ ڪري ها ڪئي. پر چوڏا

### رباعيات ” شانت “

؟- ريم ڀيالا-و

انف ڇاڳ غريبن کي ٿون ڇائيءَ سان لڳاءُ ،  
انف جلد الهن وٺڻ کي ٿون پر ڇاهُ ،  
انف ڇاڳ ٿو کي ٻار جو ڀيالو مان انڀاريان  
دشمن جي هجي، د-و-ست اهيءَ کي نه بڻاه!

#### دهنجي مسڪراهن

سندويءَ جي چهن تي نه وڃي کين هلائج ،  
اکڙين ۾ وڃي ڪنهن جيءَ ٿا کين گهمائج ،  
ڳال تي جن جي ڳوڙها جڻن ماڪ جا موٽي  
وڃ وڃ وڃي مسڪاهن دهنجي کين ڏکلائج!

#### ڪرم ڪر

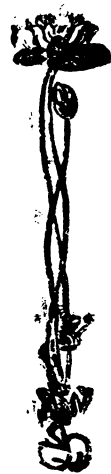
ڏيئا ۾ ڪورن ڏن نه ڇي ٿا رهن ،  
اڀاڳ جي وس ٿي جي سختيون ٿا سهن ،  
صد ٻار ٿيندو بهتر موط سندن جهيڙ کان  
جو هٿ ٻڌان هيءَ ريءَ جهيڙي ٿا مرن!

#### پر ڀر - ڏگ - ري

ڳالھ هجي نه هجي، هتي ٻاڻيون ٿين ٿيون ،  
ٻيڪي ڪم ڇو نه هجن، ٿا ٿيون ٿين ٿيون ،  
هن ٻار جي لڪريءَ ۾ نه ڇانڻ ڇو  
اس ٿيڙ هجي ٻل، پر ساڻيون ٿين ٿيون!

#### گويت ۽ آنسون

اڀ - و - ڇڙي ٻر والا جهنن تي اچن ،  
پر ڀر سو ڇڙي جهنن تي پر ڀري گڏ ٿين ،  
گيمس سو ڇڙي ڳاڙڻ سان ٿي جهنن جي  
پر ڀر جا سخت ٻڙ ٻي آنسون وهائڻ!





## سپڀاد ڪي و پڇڀار

ڪجهه ڀاڱ لاءِ :-  
 ”دش“ جي سنڌي وڀاڳ جو هي  
 چوٿون سال آهي. شاگردن جي هڪس ۽  
 اٺوڪ چاهه اسانڪي ڪاميابي جي واڌ،  
 ئي پهچايو آهي. هن سال جو ٻيو ڀڙو  
 توهانجي هٿن ۾ آهي.

خوشيءَ جي ڳالهه آهي ته هن سال  
 گذريل امتحانن ۾ سنڌين چڱو نالو ڪڍيو  
 آهي. هر ڏيوي ڪم ٻر ٻيڀڀاڪل ڪلاس  
 ۾، وشو موٽوڻي ۽ وٽا هيراندڻي بي-اي جي  
 ٻئين ۽ ٽئين سالن ۾ بهريون نمبر آيا آهن.  
 اسين ڪين سنڌن ڪاميابيءَ تي هٻارڪون  
 ٿا ڏيون. هنن جي هوشياريءَ غير سنڌين  
 ۾ سنڌين جي چڱي عـوٺ وڌائي آهي.  
 هيٽر ۾ گهڻا شاگرد ٻولي ورسٽيءَ جي  
 امتحانن لاءِ وڃي رهيا آهن. اسان جون  
 شپ ڪامڀائون ساڻن آهن ۽ اميد ٿا وڪون  
 ته هو نه صرف لڪلڪهي ٻار ٻوڏا ٻر  
 بهريان لاهـر ڪڍي سنڌين جو ليڪ نالو  
 روشن ڪندا.

### سنڌي ساهتي ۾ سڀا :-

اسانجي ننڍڙي ساهتي سڀا هيٽر ستين  
 سال ۾ ٻيهر ٻاڻو آهي افسوس جي ڳالهه.  
 آهي، جو هن سال ڪن عهدبندارن جي  
 سستيءَ سبب سڀا جو ڪارڊ ٻنٽي ٻنٽي  
 ويو آهي. اسين ڪاليج ۾ اٿي ۾ لوڻ مغل  
 آهيون ۽ الهيءَ ڪري ضروري آهي ته

ٻاڻ ۾ ميل ميلاب ڪري سنڌين جو ڳاٺ  
 ارڇو وڪون، خاص ڪري جڏهن پڪين ۾  
 ۾ اهو انگ آهي :-  
 وار ڪيو وٺن، ٻرڪ لاءِ چڏين ٻاڻ ۾  
 ٻيو پڪيڙن، ساهتيان مينڪ گهڻو  
 (شاه)

هن سال سڀا جي طرفان ۲۶ آڪٽوڀر  
 ئي اوڪلا طرف، شيل جو ٻر بند ڪيو ويو.  
 ٿورن چڏن هوندي ۾ سڇو ڏهنن چڱو  
 هڙي ۾ گذريو. منجهند جي وقت رانديون  
 ڪيون ويون، جنهن ۾ مڪيه هيون مندڪ-  
 منڊي ۽ ٻارسل والده. نمهنڪا سواه نلسي اجڻائيءَ،  
 ٿال ٿاواڻيءَ، سر ٻچند، وشي موٽوڻيءَ ۽  
 ٻين پنهنجن ٿونڪن ۽ ڪهاڻين سان ڏيو  
 وڌايو.

۱۵ نومبر ئي هڪ ساهتيڪ هيڙ ڪيو  
 ويو، جنهن ۾ اشوڪ بدلاڻيءَ ۽ ٻر هلاڪ  
 ٻارڪ ورتو. ٻر هلاڪ سريلي آواز ۾ سنڌي  
 شعر چيو جو ڏايو وٺيو. هنڪاچوه هضمون  
 جي چٽاٻيٽي ۽ ساليان چاسو ٿيڻو آهي جو  
 اميد ته اڳين سالن وانگر ڌام ڌور سان  
 ملهائو ويندو. هڪس ڪرڻ اسانجو ڪم  
 آهي ۽ ٿل ڏيڻ ايشور جي :-  
 سڀئي سڃان جي، ڪر حوالي ڪم  
 ئي ٿيڻن ناسير ۾ لاهي غم وهر،  
 قادر سان ڪرم، حاصل ڪري حاج ٿو.

وٽا هيراندڻي

# ديش

( ديش بندو ڪاليج مخزن )

سمادڪ:

پروفيسر سننداس جهانگواڻي

سهاڪ:

رقم ۱۸۳ هيراننداڻي

[ ۴ : ال ]

اپريل ۱۹۵۹

[ اڪ : ۲ ]

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آڪٽو ڪانو ڪچ، ماڻڪن هورت لڳ!  
ياي ه يايو سچ، آچيندي لڳ مران!  
( شاه )

## بچی اڑ گیا پریت لگا کے

### از اشک بلوچ پرپ سائنس

کی ماں کچھ دیر تک تو دیکھتی رہی۔ آخر میں اُسے رامو کو شہر نوکری کی تلاش میں بھیج دیا۔ لاجو نے رامو کی لاکھ منتیں کیں پر اُسے ساتھ کیسے لے جانا شہر میں نہ جانے کہاں رہے گا۔ کیسی نوکری ملے گی۔ وہ لاجو کو کہاں لے گا۔ کسی طرح دلا سے دیکر رامو شہر چلا گیا۔ اور لاجو کبھی رہ گئی۔ روپے پیسے سے تنگ ہوتے ہوئے بھی بڑھیا نے لاجو کو کبھی تکلیف نہ دی۔ وہ لاجو کو دیسے ہی سچا سنوار کر رکھتی جیسے وہ نئی دلہن بن کر آئی تھی۔ رامو کی چھٹی ہوئی تھی۔ اُس نے لکھا تھا کہ اُسے نوکری مل گئی تھی۔ اور وہ ہولی سے ایک دن پہلے گاؤں آئے گا۔ اور لاجو کیلئے پاؤں کا پتھو اور لال چوڑیاں لائے گا۔ لاجو کیلئے ایک ایک دن کا ٹٹا مشکل تھا پر وقت کنتہا ہی گیا۔ رامو کے آنے کا دن آ گیا۔

لاجو بہت ہی سویرے اٹھ گئی۔ آج وہ بے حد خوش تھی۔ آج رامو نے آنا تھا۔ وہ اُس کے لئے کیا لایا تھا؟ لاجو کو اس کا کوئی دھیان نہ تھا۔ اُسے تو صرف اس بات کی خوشی تھی کہ آج اُس کے رامو نے آنا تھا۔ لاجو سچ کچھ کر دوانے پر بیٹھ گئی۔ سویرا جوان ہونا ہوتا دوپہر میں بدل گیا، پر رامو نہیں آیا۔ پیروں کے سائے نیچے ہو چلے اور اُن ہی کے ساتھ ساتھ لاجو کا دل بھی ڈوبنے اترنے لگا۔ سویرا اپنی سرخ انگلیوں سے فلک پر عجیب نقاشی کر رہا تھا۔ اور لاجو گھٹنوں پر سر رکھے سوچ میں بیٹھی تھی۔ گاؤں بھر میں چاروں طرف تاریکی چھانی ہوئی تھی۔ جیسے طوفان سے پہلے خاموشی۔ گاؤں بھر میں شور مچا ہونے لگا۔ کچھ لوگ کندھے پر بلاش اٹھائے رامو کے گھر کی طرف آ رہے تھے لاجو کا بھوم بھوم بکھرنے لگا۔ اور جب وہ لاش رامو کے دروازے پر رکھی گئی تو اُس کا کلیجہ بیٹھ گیا۔

لوگوں نے بتایا کہ جس گاڑی میں رامو آ رہا تھا وہ پٹری سے اتر گئی تھی۔ اور رامو اسی حادثہ میں مارا گیا تھا۔ بڑھیا بیٹے کی چھاتی پر سر پٹک پٹک کر رو رہی تھی۔ پر لاجو ایک کونے میں چپ چاپ گم سم سمی بیٹھی تھی۔ جیسے کہ وہ خواتینے فانی سے کہیں دور چلی گئی ہو۔ بڑھیا اٹھی اور لاجو کے دونوں ہاتھوں کی چوڑیاں توڑیں۔ سوچ (بقیہ صفحہ ۲ پر)

رامو کاؤں کا مینچلا جوان تھا۔ جوڑا بھرا ہوا سینا۔ اونچا ماتھا۔ لمبی ناک۔ نیلی بڑی بڑی آنکھیں۔ عمر ہوگی ہی کوئی بیس بائیس سال۔ زندگی رامو پر کافی ہیراں تھی۔ باپ حالانکہ چھوٹی عمر میں چل بسا تھا مگر اس کی ماں نے کھتی باری بھالی تھی اور اُس کے پاس بھگوان کا دیا سب کچھ تھا۔ رامو گاؤں کے سچے جوانوں میں سے تھا۔ جسم کثرتی تھا۔ تمام جب اُمو ملنے کا کرتا نہیں کر اور کندھے پر لٹھ رکھ رکھاؤں میں آ کر کاتا ہوا جانا تو بٹنے کتنی کھڑکیاں میں سے منتظر آنکھیں اُسے دیکھتی رہتیں۔ اور وہ تھا جیسے اُسے پیار و محبت سے کوئی واسطہ ہی نہ تھا۔ نہ جانے کتنے دلوں میں اُس کے پیار کا آگ بھڑک چکی تھی، پر اُسے کسی کا خیال نہ تھا۔

ماں کا اکلوتا تھا۔ جوان ہو چکا تھا، اور بڑھیا کے دل میں بھی کسی نئے سنے مگھلنے سے کھیلنے کی تساجاگ اُٹھی تھی۔ اُس نے دور دور کے گاؤں تک رامو کی بھوک تلاش کی۔ اور آخر اُسے رامو کے لائق ہونے ہی گئی۔ رامو جو سب سے شادی کے بھینٹ سے دور رہنے کو کہتا تھا خود جگر کرنا باندھ لیا گیا۔ لاجو آئی، نئی نویلی دلہن بن کر۔ دل میں جوانی کے اٹتے ہوئے اور مانوں کا خزانہ چھپائے۔ سہمی سی۔ شرمائی سی۔ بڑی بڑی شرمیلی آنکھوں میں مدھوشی رہنے اور درامان آنکھوں میں مدھوش ہو کر بھوسنے لگا۔ وہی رامو جو دن بھر دوستوں کی ٹولیوں میں گاتا، بھومتا رہتا تھا۔ اب کئی کئی دن تک گاؤں والوں کی نظری نہ آتا تھا۔ یار دوست طعنے مارتے اور رامو کو اُنکی کوئی پرواہ نہ تھی۔ اس کی دنیا سمٹ کر لاجو تک ہی رہ گئی تھی۔ وہی رامو جو دوستوں کو شادی سے دور رہنے کی صلاح دیا کرتا تھا۔ اب سب کو اپنا گھر آباد کرنے کی صلاح دیتا تھا۔ رامو اپنی لاجو میں کھو گیا تھا۔ پر تقدیر تو اپنا تانا بانا اُن رہی تھی اُسے رامو کی خوشی سے کوئی سروکار نہ تھا اور قسمت کی ٹھوکرنے اس سال ماہوں کی کالی گھٹاؤں کو نہ جانے کہاں پھینک دیا تھا۔ نئے نئے پودے پھوٹ پڑے تھے پر کلائے ہوئے جیسے مسموم پتھر ماں کے بغیر کس نیتیں اور دعائیں مل سکتے رہے لیکن بادل نہ برہمستے تھے نہ برسے۔ کھیتوں پر مردنی سی چھا گئی۔ اور ساری فصل مٹی میں مل گئی قصبہ بھر میں تھپ پڑ گیا۔ دہقان دانے دانے کو تھماج ہو گئے۔ رامو

# بے چارہ راجو

از سینل کمار بنی۔ لے فائیل

جگر کا ٹکڑا کہنے کے لئے بھی تیار تھی۔ لیکن راجو کے لئے یہ سیب ایک سننا تھا۔  
وقت گذرتا گیا۔ اور راجو گالیاں سننا گیا۔ اور ماں بھی گالیاں سناتی گئی۔ اب راجو روتا نہیں تھا۔ کیونکہ اب اس کی آنکھیں بھی خالی جیبوں کی طرح تھیں جن کے اندر کچھ بھی نہیں ملتا تھا۔ راجو نے بھی ماں کی مشقت کا خیال کیا تھا۔ اس کو ماں پر رحم آتا تھا۔ اور اپنے اوپر بغت بھجنا تھا۔ مگر پھر بھی ہر روز کی ڈانٹ ڈپٹ اس کو ناگوار تھی۔ ماں کی شفقت اور محبت اس کے لئے محض خواب ہو کر رہ گئی تھی۔ اس کی آنکھوں کے سامنے ماں کا چہرہ غصہ اور گالیوں سے تنا ہوا ہی لکھو ماکرنا تھا۔ اس کی آنکھوں میں ماں کی موت تھی۔ مگر گالیوں میں لپٹی ہوئی۔ اس کے چاروں طرف گالیاں ہی گالیاں تھیں۔ روٹی بھی ایک گالی تھی اور زندگی بھی ایک گالی۔ جو اپنی وقعت کھو بیٹھی تھی۔ اس نے ماں کا پیار دیکھا تھا تو صرف گالی میں۔ مگر اب اس روز مرہ کی خوراک سے ماں کو ساہو چلا تھا۔

کہتے ہیں کہ بھگوان کے گھر دیر سے اندھیر نہیں۔ اور ایک دن نیلی پھرتی والا اس پر نہر بان ہو گیا۔ راجو کے گھر میں چھانے ہوئے اندھیرے کو ختم کرنے کے لئے اس نے راجو کو نوکری دلادی۔ راجو خوش تھا۔ اس آدمی کی طرح جس نے بڑھاپے میں بیٹے کا منہ دیکھا ہو۔ اور راجو سے بھی بڑھ کر خوش تھی، اس کی ماں۔ اب راجو ہر مہینے اس کی ہتھیلی پر سوا سو روپیہ رکھ دیا کرتا تھا۔ اب وہ راجو کو گالیاں نہیں دیتی تھی بلکہ دعاؤں کا ذخیرہ لگا دیا کرتی تھی۔ راجو نے ماں کا پیار دوسری شکل میں دیکھا۔ اس کی آنکھوں میں سمائی ہوئی ماں کی موتی ایگالیوں میں غلطان نہ تھی۔ بلکہ دعاؤں سے محظ اور محبت سے متور تھی۔ راجو کی زندگی اب ایک گالی نہیں تھی (باقی صفحہ ۸ پر)

”نکما! نکھٹو! بے ایمان!!! گھر میں سارا دن گھسا رہتا ہے، جیسے اس کے باپ نے حکمال نکا رکھی ہے۔ میں سارا دن مرتی رہوں۔ اس کے لئے اور اس کے باپ کے لئے روٹی کماؤں اور یہ بے شرم بنا چون و چرا کے اسے کھائے، اور ڈکار بھی نہ لے، اس حرام خور کو بتیس دفعہ سمجھا یا کہ میں بوڑھی ہو چکی ہوں، اب میرے سے کمایا اور کھلایا نہیں جاتا۔ آج بڑے کس لئے ہوتے ہیں؟ جو بیٹا بڑھا پے میں بھی شکہ نہ دے سکتا ہو وہ بیٹا نہیں کم ذات ہے کم ذات! اور یہ مشنڈہ گھر میں بیٹھے باتیں سنتا رہتا ہے۔ پر ماننا کرے اسے گولی لگے۔ یا مجھے ہی موت آجائے۔“

راجو کی ماں ہمیشہ کی طرح راجو کو کوس رہی تھی اور گالیاں نکال رہی تھی۔ اور راجو ہمیشہ کی طرح سر جھکاتے آنسو بہا رہا تھا۔ روز کسی نہ کسی بات پر جھگڑا ہوتا، اور راجو کو گالیاں سننی پڑتیں۔ پھر گھر میں سارا دن تانتی رہتی۔ ہر کوئی ادا اس رہتا۔ مانو کسی کی موت ہوگئی ہو۔ آج بھی راجو نے جیب چائے میں اور دودھ ڈالنے کو کہا تو اس کی ماں بھڑک اٹھی۔ اور وہ چپ چاپ گالیاں سننا رہا۔ جیسے وہ گالیاں سننے کے لئے ہی پیدا ہوا ہو۔ اور ماں گالیاں سننے کے لئے۔ اور پھر اچھے لڑکوں کی پہچان بھی تو ہی ہے کہ وہ ماں باپ کی گالیاں پر ساد سجدہ کر رکھائیں۔ اور چون تک نہ کریں۔ میٹرک پاس کرنے کے بعد دفتروں کی خاک چھانتا راجو کا ہر روز کا معمول تھا۔ لیکن پھر بھی اسے نوکری نہ ملی۔ بے چارہ سارا دن بیدل تلاش معاش میں گھومتا اور گھر میں ماں کی گالیاں سننا۔ ماں کو ایسے راجو کی کوئی ضرورت نہ تھی جو کماؤ نہ ہو۔ اسے ایسے راجو کی ضرورت تھی جو سوا سو روپیہ لگا کر ہر مہینے اس کی ہتھیلی پر رکھ دیا کرے۔ اور تب تو وہ ”میرالال، آنکھ کا تارا،



رنگین وغیرہ تے اس میدان میں طبع آزمائی کی تھی۔ مگر افسوس کہ اُن کی ظرافت زیادہ تر ذاتی عناد و فساد میں صرف ہو جاتی تھی اور بسا اوقات سنجیدگی اور متانت سے گذر کر فحش کی سرحدوں کو چھو لیتی تھی۔ مرزا غالب میں یہ بے راہ روی کہیں نہیں ملتی اُن کی ظرافت ایک شریف فن کار کی ظرافت ہے جس نے کبھی کسی پر کچھ نہیں اُچھالا۔ اس ظرافت میں ایک لطافت ہے، جو پھول کی خوشبو کی طرح روح افزا ہے۔ عامیانہ مذاق رکھتے والے شاید غالب کی ظرافت سے مطمئن نہ ہو سکیں کیونکہ غالب نے ہتھیار نہ سیکھا تھا صرف زیر لب مسکراتا ہی اُن کے لئے کافی تھا۔ زندگی کے نازک مرحلوں پر اور انتہائی پریشانی کے موقعوں پر جب اور لوگ رو پڑتے ہیں تو غالب صرف مسکرا دیتے ہیں۔ تعزیت کے نازک موقعوں پر بھی وہ ظرافت کو بڑی کامیابی سے نبھاتے ہیں۔ مثلاً وہ لکھتے ہیں: "کسی کی موت پر وہ روئے جسے خود نہ مرنا ہو" اسی طرح وہ محبوب کے غم میں مرنے کے بھی قائل نہیں۔ وہ محبت میں مصری کی کبھی بنا پسند کرتے ہیں نہ کہ شہد کی لکھتی۔

اُن کے اکثر اور بیشتر خطوط اس شوخی تحریر ڈوبے ہوئے ہیں۔ ایک بار کسی نے اُن کے ایک شاگرد امراؤ سنگھ کی دوسری بیوی کے مرنے کا حال بڑے دردناک پیرائے میں لکھا اور کہا کہ بیچارہ تیسری شادی نہ کرے تو اور کیا کرے۔ مرزا اس کے جواب میں لکھتے ہیں:-

"امراؤ سنگھ کے حال پر اس کے واسطے رحم اور اپنے واسطے رشک آتا ہے اللہ! اللہ! ایک وہ ہیں کہ دو دو بار ماں کی پیریاں کٹ چکی ہیں اور ایک ہم ہیں کہ ایک اوپر پچاس برس سے جو پھانسی کا پھندا گلے میں پڑا ہے تو نہ پھندا ہی ٹوٹنا ہے نہ دم ہی نکلتا ہے۔ اس کو سمجھاؤ کہ بھائی تیرے بچوں کو میں پال لوں گا۔ تو کیوں بلا میں پھنستا ہے؟" اسی سلسلے میں مجھے روشن دہلوی جو عصر حاضر کے ایک مذاہبہ شاعر ہیں اُن کی ایک ریاضی یاد آ گئی جس میں اُنھوں نے غالب کے مذکورہ بالا خیال کی ترجمانی کی ہے۔ پڑھئے اور لطف اٹھائیے!

پہلی بیوی مرگئی۔ تھی گر چہ من بھائی ہوئی!  
دوسری پھر تیسری جنت کی شیدا تھی ہوئی  
غیر نے کی جو تھی شادی میری قسمت دیکھئے  
ایک ہی آئی ہے وہ بھی جان کو آئی ہوئی

ان مثالوں سے آپ پر بخوبی ظاہر ہو گیا ہو گا کہ غالب ستم رسیدہ ہونے کے باوجود دل گرفتہ یا افسردہ طبیعت شخص نہ تھے۔ اُنھوں نے زمانے کے سرد و گرم کھنٹے ہنٹے چکھا تھا۔ اور اس لئے اُن کے لئے دنیا ایک "بازیم" اطفال سے زیادہ وقعت نہ رکھتی تھی۔ اُن کی زندہ دنیا اور ظرافت اُن کو تلخی میں بھی شیرینی کے مزے دے دیا کرتی تھی۔ اور اُن کی تحریروں اور تصنیفوں کو ناول اور ڈراما سے زیادہ دلچسپ بنا دیتی تھی۔ اور یہ ایسی خصوصیت ہے جس کی تقلید کا بہ حال ہے۔

اب تک میں نے جو ظرافت کی مثالیں دی ہیں وہ مرزا کی حیات یا نثری تصانیف میں تھیں۔ عام طور پر لوگ غالب کو ایک عظیم شاعر کی حیثیت سے جانتے ہیں۔ لہذا اُن کی شاعری میں ظرافت کی نمود دکھانا اچھی بات ہے۔ ورنہ مضمون تشنہ رہ جائے گا۔ غالب کے ایک بہت بڑے نقاد عبد الرحمان بھونری نے اُن کے کلام میں ظرافت کا فقدان بتایا ہے۔ وہ لکھتے ہیں:- "غالب کی طبیعت میں رحم ہے اور وہ انسانی کمزوریوں پر لب آسا نہیں ہنستے۔ بلکہ چشم آساروتے ہیں" ہماری حقیر رائے میں رحم دلی اور ظرافت دو متضاد چیزیں نہیں۔ جیسا کہ پہلے کہا گیا ہے غالب نے کسی کی بھوی اپنی زبان آلودہ نہیں کی۔ مگر خار زار سستی کو گلزار بنانے کے لئے ظرافت کے پھول ضرور کھلائے

# غالب کی طرفت

(از شہری کرشن چندر کا نڈا)

مرزا غالب کی شاعری کا سرسری مطالعہ کرنے کے بعد ہم لوگ جھٹ اُسے الہم پرست شاعر کہہ دیتے ہیں مجھے یاد ہے کہ خود میں نے جب بی۔ اے کے امتحان کے لئے دیوان غالب پڑھا اور اس پرچیدہ چیدہ سوال منتخب کئے۔ تو سب سے اہم مرتبہ اُس کی قنوطیت کو دیا تھا۔ یہ ٹھیک ہے کہ مرزا کا کلام سوز و گداز سے لبریز ہے۔ انہوں نے زندگی کی تلخیوں کو برداشت کیا تھا۔ فاقہ مستیوں کے رنگ دیکھے تھے۔ اور قید حیات اُن کے لئے بند عم کا ہی وہ سرانام تھی۔ مگر اس کے باوجود رنج و غم کے یہ چرچے غالب کو مغلوب نہ کر پائے، اُن کی طبعی طرفت اور شوخی یا اس و حرمان کی اس تاریکی میں بھی بجلی کی طرح جھلکتی رہی۔ اور یہی وجہ ہے کہ اُن کا کلام موضوع کی درد انگیزی کے باوجود ایک شگفتگی رکھتا ہے اور نارین کی دل شکنی کی بجائے اُن کی دل کشی کا باعث بنتا ہے۔ مولانا حالی نے تو اُن کو حیوان ناطقہ کہنے کی بجائے حیوان ظریف کے نام سے پکالا ہے۔ اور اپنی کتاب ”یا دگار غالب“ میں جا بجا اُن کی بزلہ سخن کی طرف اشارے کئے ہیں۔ اور بہت سے لطائف بھی پیش کئے ہیں۔ چند اقتباسات ملاحظہ ہوں:۔

کسی نے مرزا سے پوچھا کہ حضرت ارتقہ مونت ہے یا مذکر؟ آپ نے کہا کہ ”بھیا جب رتھ میں عورتیں بیٹھی ہوں تو مونت کہو اور جب مرد بیٹھیں تو مذکر سمجھو“

مرزا کی کتاب ”قانع برہان“ پر کسی ایک لوگوں نے اعتراض اٹھائے۔ مولوی امین الدین کی کتاب ”قانع قانع“ گالی گلوچ پر آڑا آئی۔ کسی نے مرزا سے کہا کہ حضرت آپ نے اس کا کچھ جواب نہیں لکھا۔ مرزا نے کہا ”اگر کوئی گدھا تمہارے لات مارے تو کیا تم بھی اس کے لات مارو گے؟“

اسی سلسلے میں ایک دن مرزا کو ایک گننام خط ملا۔ جس میں اُن کے کسی مخالف نے سوائے فحش و دشنام کے اور کچھ نہ لکھا تھا۔ اس میں ایک جگہ ماں کی گالی بھی لکھی تھی۔ مرزا مسکرا کر کہنے لگے۔ ”اس اُٹو کو گالی دینی بھی نہیں آتی۔ بڈھے یا ادھیڑ آدمی کو بیٹی کی گالی دیتے ہیں۔ کیونکہ اس کو جو رو سے زیادہ تعلق ہوتا ہے۔ بچے کو ماں کی گالی دیتے ہیں کہ وہ ماں کی برابر کسی سے مانوس نہیں ہوتا۔ یہ تو مساق جو بہتر برس کے بڈھے کو ماں کی گالی دیتا ہے۔ اس سے زیادہ کون بیوقوف ہوگا؟ ایک صحبت میں مرزا میر تقی میر کی تعریف کر رہے تھے۔ شیخ ابراہیم ذوق بھی موجود تھے۔ انہوں نے ستودا کو تیر پر ترجیح دی۔ مرزا نے کہا ”میں تو تم کو تیر ہی سمجھتا تھا۔ تم تو ستودا کی نکلے“

ایک شخص نے اُن کے سامنے شراب کی نہایت مذمت کی اور کہا کہ شراب خور کی دُعا قبول نہیں ہوتی۔ مرزا نے کہا۔ ”بھائی جس کو شراب میسر ہے اس کو اور کیا چاہیے۔ جس کے لئے دُعا ملے گی“

یہ اور اس قسم کے بہت سے لطائف حالی نے اپنی کتاب میں درج کئے ہیں جن سے غالب کی بزلہ سخن اور حاضر جوابی کے ثبوت ملتے ہیں۔ اُن کی تقریر و تحریر دونوں میں طنز و ظرافت کا زبردست عنصر چھپا ہوا ہوتا ہے۔ جو آج تک باعثِ لطف و سرور ہے۔ اُن کی طرفت ایک امتیازی شان رکھتی ہے۔ اُن سے پہلے ستودا، انشا اور