

DESH



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DESHBANDHU COLLEGE
KALKAJI, NEW DELHI

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Printed at the Mahajan Press, Connaught Place, New Delhi and Published by
Shri Radha Krishna Sud M. A. for Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi



**Dr. A. N. Banerji, M. A., Ph.D. (London),
Principal (1958-1961).**

D E S H

Vol. X

July—December, 1961

Nos. 1 & 2

CONTENTS

Page

Editorial	...	S. Gopal & R. Batra	2
Poems	4
Sarojini Naidu : The Peoples' Poet :	...	Shri Radha Krishna Sud	5
Einstein's Theory of Relativity and its Philosophic Implications-(II)...		Shri Adarsh Deepak	9
Ground Level	...	R. Batra	19
Attending a History Class	...	Vijay K. Kumar	21
How the Snake got his Poison	...	Parbhat Kumar Sood	22
Newton's Third Law of Motion	...	Iqbal Bahadur Singh	24
Clouds of War	...	Vijay Marwah	25
The most interesting Person I ever Saw	...	Sushma Sahni	26
The College Bell	...	Kussum Nangia	27
Science and Religion	...	Ashok Kumar Ambwani	28
Hope	...	Malika Malik	30
Self-Help	...	Ajay Bhalla	31
Sound	...	Rajat Batra	32
Public Opinion	...	Aruna Dutta	32
Time Bomb	...	Suresh Gopal	33
Pandu Khade	...	Goutam Banerjee	35
Two Poems	...	Shri J. K. Jain	37
Two hours before College	...	Saroj Aagrani	39
Life's Recompense : a poem	...	Goutam Banerjee	40
Humour of a Buffoon	...	K. J. Murli Kumar	41
Radiation and Heredity	...	Shri V. N. Pasricha	43
Musings of a Mute	...	Sujata Varma	47
Some pages from my Diary	...	Shri J. K. Jain	49
About Ourselves	54

Supplements :	Hindi	Sanskrit	Punjabi	Sindhi	Urdu
Pages :	39	5	6	10	16

EDITORIAL

Suresh Gopal and Rajat Batra

'Desh' takes this opportunity to welcome new students, who are already our old friends, and who, we hope, have the same love and respect for their alma mater as we do.

This year we hope to bring out two issues of our magazine. For 'DESH' to be successful it is essential that the students, especially, the new ones, show a keen interest in its welfare. Every magazine from time to time, needs to be injected with fresh blood, which is provided to it by new entrants. They can be especially helpful in achieving this end. They can contribute articles embodying new thoughts, new feelings, new insights.

When young people come to a college for the first time after leaving school, they are, normally speaking entering upon a new era in their life. It follows that they should observe everything around them in the minutest detail with unprejudiced atten-

tion. It is a recognised fact, that old students generally form attachments and enmities, and hence are likely to give a coloured account of everything they see or hear. This in no way means that we are trying to belittle the old students. It is they only who can help, guide and put on the right path new members of this fraternity.

A word now about the student indiscipline would not be out of place. It has become almost a matter of form for those of us who have grievances to voice them in a manner that hardly befits the student community. Instead of approaching their teachers and the Principal who are there to promote their interests, the first thing they do is go on a strike. Luckily our university has not been so far bitten by the Strike-bug, but, unfortunately this tendency seems to be manifesting itself in our ranks. If we wish that our university should not fall a victim to shabby

politics, we must nip this monstrous tendency in the bud.

So far we have dwelt on general indiscipline. As the saying goes, 'Charity begins at home', so too does discipline begin at home! The behaviour of our friends in the college canteen, play-fields, and in public buses is nothing to be proud of. They exhibit certain unwelcome tendencies which are not in keeping with the accepted norms of decent and civilized behaviour. The new students are prone to feel that this display of misbehaviour is a valuable mark of their independence. Actually it is very harmful for them; and then it undermines college prestige which is a sacred duty of each one of us to guard jealously.

The old and new students should join hands to make our college a model institution. That may serve as an example for students of other colleges.

A word about the college library.

We have a well-stocked library, but the present system of issuing books is rather unsatisfactory. We feel that the system of demand-slips involves a waste of time and energy and should be discontinued in favour of the open-shelf system. This will enable us to select books after looking through them properly instead of drawing them by just seeing the often misleading titles from the catalogue. It is hoped that the Staff will support the students' request.

Finally, a few friendly words to the new entrants to our college. 'Friends, this is your own college, your battle-ground, your own Waterloo. It is upto each one of you individually as well as collectively to develop your personality, your outlook on life and things in general. Do not be a prey to false notions and false glories, but instead have high ideals. Build yourselves up to responsible adult citizens of your country.' So, with this parting shot, we extend our most cordial welcome to you once again.

Poems*

(i) A BALLAD OF NEED

The nations fight
like children over bricks.
Possession is the power to give
what your own neighbour's gift
to make time's meaning tall.

.....

I ask no heaven, Angels, none,
but chiefly my need.
Make pride my humbling urgency
to heal the hands that bleed :
make want my gnawing wisdom that
I tell the bread from stone

and love no God but my own brother
latched within his bone.

One dispensation's all I ask
now as time is called.
Grant me no God that I may make
the want of man my world--
the want of man freed from a God
who's named but to betray--
that my own need may burn my flesh
and all my deaths away.

(Robin Skeleton)

(ii) MUSIC AND WORDS

No human singing can
Express itself without
Words that usurp the sounds
That pour forth from the throat.
But when the music ends
There lie within our minds
Thoughts that refuse to fit,
That will not sing or scan
Or alter what they mean.

Some meaning that no word
Can catch is finely caught,
That music is a state
Where truth is overheard.
But we are wrong, are wrong:
Thoughts still are shaped of hard
Unalterable stuff
We think we can forget
If we sing loud enough.

Yet we believe in song

(Elizabeth Jennings)

* Reproduced for the benefit of our budding writers of English Verse.



The College Union Inauguration

Shri N. Sanjiva Reddi,
President All India
Congress Committee,
being escorted to the
dais by Dr. A. N.
Banerji, Principal,
and Roop Lal, Presi-
ent of the Union.



Shri N. Sanjiva Reddi
at tea after the
inauguration



The Sindhi Society

A scene from the one-act
play : **Tea Party.**

A scene from the one-act
play : **Interview**



Sarojini Naidu : The Peoples' Poet*

By Shri Radha Krishna Sud

IN his tribute to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu paid in the Lok Sabha on the day after her death Jawahar Lal Nehru called her a person of great brilliance whom any number of epithets and adjectives might be applied. One of these might well be : The Peoples' Poet. Amongst the qualities mentioned by him were vitality and vividness, zest and fire, an indomitable spirit, light-heartedness, good cheer and above all, the human approach from the artistic and aesthetic point of view—that is, the point of view full of compassion and understanding of humanity and its failings and virtues. Vitality, vividness, zest for life and fire, the human approach, the love of beauty—these she had. And she had also the gift of song and imagination. The result of this rare combination was that her whole life became a poem.

Before she came to espouse the cause of the freedom of the people of India she loved the poetry of them. The poetry of earth is ceasing never, said Keats. To Sarojini the poetry of the Indian people and the land was never dead. She liked the people for their simple, unsophisticated ways, their colourful and songful living in the lap of Nature, their love of fun and festival, their unshaken faith in life's transience, soul's immortality

* With the courtesy of AIR, Delhi.

and Fate. No wonder their bondage moved her to action. The makers of music are the shakers of the world. A breath of their inspiration is the life of each generation. **

She was conscious of her destiny from the beginning. In her poem : *Death and Life* ; she rejects the offer of Death to give her peace ;

Thy gentle pity shames mine ear,
O Death, am I so purposeless a thing,
Shall my soul falter or my body
Its poignant hour of bitter suffering,
Or fail ere I achieve my destined deed
Of song or service for my country's need

She must attune her emotions to the service of her country. What greater

** *We are the music-makers
And we are dreamers of dreams
... ..
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.
... ..
A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation.*

(O'Shaughnessy)

natural background in her poems. The henna, gulmohur, nasturtium, golden cassia, the champak, the Asoka blossom and finally, the lotus—the sacred and sublime flower—all these come in for their due share of praise. The henna-leaf is a must for the maidens :

The tilak's red for the brow of a
bride,
And betel-nut red for lips that
are sweet;
But, for lily-like fingers and feet,
The red, the red of the henna-tree.

The gulmohur and the nasturtium flowers appeal to her eye with their ravishing, dazzling blaze of colour. The champak is sweet to smell. The cassia is all gold. The Asoka is linked with the myths of yesterday :

If a lovely maiden's foot
Treads on the Asoka root,
Its glad branches sway and swell,
So our Eastern legends tell,
Vivid clusters golden-red
To adorn her brow or bed
Or her marriage bower.

The faith of India is the faith of her simple people. Life is transient; the soul is immortal; Fate is supreme; life is selfless action; love never dies; death and life are bound in an eternal cycle . . . these are the few crumbs of faith these people pick up from folklore and scriptures and hold on to with all sincerity. To them festivals and seasonal gatherings are occasions for fun and laughter, for song and dance, for display of physical prow-

ess and dalliance. Myth, religion and history are ransacked for recitation to the great delectation of all and sundry. The songs of worship, the love songs and the patriotic songs are equally popular. Their hearts leap with joy as they hear the poet recite lines, such as the following from *Awake* :

Waken, O Mother! thy children
implore thee,
Who kneel in thy presence to
serve and adore thee!
The night is aflush with a dream
of the morrow,
Why still thou sleep in thy bond-
age of sorrow?
Awaken and sever the woes that
enthrall us,
And hallow our hands for the
triumph that calls us!
Are we not thine, O Beloved, to
inherit
The manifold pride and power of
thy spirit?
Ne'er shall we fail thee, forsake
thee or falter,
Whose hearts are thy home and
thy shield and thine altar.
Lo! we would thrill the high stars
with thy story,
And set thee again in the fore-
front of glory.

Even the love songs of Sarojini are in the popular tradition of Zauq and Ghalib. But for the foreign medium they would be on the AIR as often as those we listen to. I mention three: *The Offering*, *Love's Guerdon* and *Devotion*. These represent three different stages in a lover's existence. Here are the lines from *The Offering* :

Were beauty mine, Beloved, I
would bring it
Like a rare blossom to love's glow-
ing shrine ;
Were a dear youth mine, Beloved,
I would fling it
Like a rich pearl into Love's
lustrous wine.

Were greatness mine, Beloved, I
would offer
Such radiant gifts of glory and of
fame,
Like camphor and like curds to
pour and proffer
Before Love's bright and sacri-
ficial flame.

And here are five lines from
Love's Guerdon :

Fierce were the wounds you
struck me, O my Love,
And bitter were the blows !
Sweeter from your hands all
suffering

Than rich love-tokens other com-
rades bring
Of crimson oleander and of rose.

And these lines are from *Devotion* :

Strangle my soul and fling it into
the fire !
Why should my true love falter
or fear or rebel ?
Love, I am yours to lie in your
breast like a flower,
Or burn like a weed for your sake
in the flame of hell.

It is true to say that Sarojini describes not only the people of India in flesh and blood but also their heart and soul. In effect, she says in her poems : "This is my country, India, and these are my countrymen, the Indians, whom I love and about whom I sing. "And we who read and recite them say in reply : "Sarojini is our Poet : the Peoples' Poet—a part of our national heritage."

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY AND ITS PHILOSOPHIC IMPLICATIONS--(II)

By Shri Adarsh Deepak, M. Sc., Lecturer in Physics

(II) The Predictions and their Implications

[*Synopsis of Part I : The Theory and Its Postulates : published in the last issue of "Desh" Jan—June, 1961.*

IN 1905 when Albert Einstein gave his celebrated Theory of Relativity he started a revolution in Physics, especially in our ideas of space and time. The revelation that the absolute laws (of Aristotle and Newton) must give way to the concept of relativity

came when Michelson and Morley decided to experimentally detect ether, the hypothetical medium in which light was supposed to travel. But when to everyone's disbelief their experiment failed to detect ether, old physics was put into a

great dilemma. It was then that Einstein gave a simple, soul-satisfying answer in his Special Theory of Relativity, which is based on the two fundamental postulates :

First, the velocity of light has a constant value.

Second, ether, and hence absolute motion (or absolute rest) cannot be detected. All motion is relative.]

The Predictions & their Implications

The important predictions of the Special Theory are explained below; those which exhibit the relativity of measurements are explained with the help of a simple physical experiment incorporating the two postulates.

Let us assume that space-pilots Al and Ben start on a space-flight in their respective rockets, A and B which have identical measuring instruments such as yardsticks, clocks, spring balances and telescopes and contain similar benches, candles and bricks (see figure 4), denoted by words A and B.

When still at rest on earth, the length L of the benches A and B, the duration T for which the candles A & B burn and the mass M of the two bricks are exactly the as same observed by Al and Ben both.

Prediction I : "Effect of Length Contraction" : It shows relativity of dimensions.

Now suppose the rockets A and B are travelling in space with a relative velocity v with respect to each other

Then the mathematical results of the Special Theory of Relativity predict that if Al measures bench B's length it appears to have shrunk to the length L' , which is given by

$$L' = L \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}} \text{---(Prediction I)}$$

Where L is B's original length, and C is the velocity of light.

For example, if benches A and B were each 20 feet long when at rest (figure 4), now when separating at a relative velocity of say 161 000 miles second (which is $\frac{1}{10}$ of C), B's apparent length as measured by Al, from relation (I) should be 10 feet only. Only at rest ($v=0$), $L = L' = 20$ feet.

Similarly, Ben finds that his own bench is 20 feet long, but it is bench A's length that appears half, i.e. 10 feet. Thus each finds the others length as shortened in the direction of motion. This reciprocity

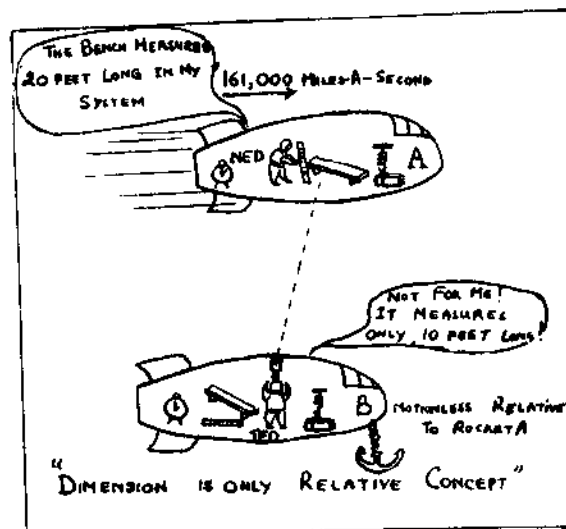


FIGURE 4.

shows that length is a relative concept. This is known as the "Effect of length Contraction" and can be simply stated: "Whenever one observer is moving with respect to another, whether approaching or separating it appears to both observers that everything about the other is shrunk in the direction of motion (by a

factor $\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}$). Neither observation

notices any effect in his own system." It is this reciprocity, a necessary consequence of relativity theory, that is so difficult to understand.

The explanation for the above reciprocity of measurement is that as a result of the ultra-fast motion in which it participated the bench B shrank, but Ben could not notice this contraction because his 'measuring' yardstick also shrank by the same fraction.

The contraction effect is noticeable only for relative velocities, v , comparable to velocity of light, and not on earth where the speeds are too small.

Now if $v = c$, length reduces to zero and body becomes two dimensional. This "Contraction Effect" is still sometimes called the Fitz-Gerald Contraction and is adequately expressed in the famous limerick:

"There once was a man named Fisk
Whose fencing was exceedingly brisk;
So fast was his action,
That the Fitz-Gerald Contraction
Reduced his rapier to a disc."

DESH

Prediction II : "Effect of Time Dilation" : It shows the relativity of time.

Assume that at this instant rockets A and B are alongside, their clocks read the same time 12.00 p.m.

After some time, if A reads his own clock and compares with Ben's clock, he will be surprised to find that Clock B appears to be running slower; In fact all movements of B appear slower, the candle B thus lasts longer. This is exactly what the Special Theory predicts, the time intervals T' of Clock B as read by A being given by the relation.

$$T' = T \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}} \text{---(Prediction II)}$$

where T is A's own time.

In illustration 4 where v is 161,000 miles/second, A would find that when his own clock reads one hour (1.00 p.m.) then by relation (II) clock B reads only 12.30 p.m., the latter seems to be going only half as fast. Reciprocally, Ben finds that when his own clock reads 1.00 p.m. Clock A reads only 12.30 p.m. ! To him it is clock A that is going slower. Thus each finds the other slower. The effects of motion on each others times are same. This reciprocity slows the relativity of "duration".

Thus the "Time Dilation Effect" simply states: "If two observers are

moving at a constant velocity relative to each other, it appears to each that the other's time processes are slowed down". Other's candle lasts longer and breathing, digestion etc. seem sluggish.

Thus the idea of Kant and Newton regarding absolute time, (like absolute space), is erroneous. The rate of flow of time is not the same for everyone, but it flows at different rates for two observers having relative motion with respect to each other.

Prediction III : "*Mass Increase with Velocity*".

If both the bricks A & B have identical mass m on earth then when moving relative to each other, to Al mass of B appears to have increased to m' , the two being related by equation.

$$m' = \frac{m}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}} \quad \text{---(Prediction III)}$$

m is called the "rest mass" of B.

On the other hand, Ben thinks that it is A's mass that has increased to m' while his own remains the same.

If v is 161,000 $m/sec.$, Al finds that brick B's mass is doubled to 20 lbs and Ben thinks that it is A's mass that is doubled. This reciprocity of measurement again shows that mass is a relative concept.

Thus the Special Theory states that the faster the object moves relative to

an observer, the greater its mass seems to the increase.

Prediction IV : "*Mass and Energy Equivalence*"

The one result of the Special Theory that had the most far-reaching effect on our age is the prediction that a small amount of matter is equivalent to an enormous amount of energy. Thus if a mass m of any substance is completely converted into energy, the energy E obtained is given by the relation.

$$E = mc^2 \quad \text{---(Result IV)}$$

where C is the velocity of light.

For example, one pound of coal is equivalent to energy generated by all power stations in U.S.A. in one month! But this energy can be liberated by nuclear processes (as in atomic reactor or an atom bomb) and not in ordinary burning at home where the process is purely chemical.

Prediction V : "*The Maximum Possible Velocity is C*".

Perhaps the most astonishing prediction of the special Theory is that there is a certain velocity beyond which nothing can go—the limit being the velocity of light, C .

Suppose we can somehow make v greater than C , say $v = 2C$. Then in results (I) and (II), we get a square root of minus 3—which is a purely imaginary number, which therefore makes length and time both imaginary

i.e. the object itself does not exist. This result is summed up in the famous limerick.

“There once was a young woman
named Bright
Who could travel faster than
light.
She set out one day
In an Einstein way
And returned on the previous
night”.

The impossibility of such a black magic performance is summarized by the conclusion that “nothing exceeds velocity of light.”

Further, the result (III) predicts that mass would become infinite when $v = C$. Thus an object could never even travel as fast as light, because the mass would become infinite, which means that an infinite amount of energy would be required even to move it; infact, all the energy in the universe plus much more may not be enough.

Hence the conclusion : “nothing can move with a speed that equals or exceeds the velocity of light, which is the maximum possible velocity.”

This natural law Einstein made the corner-stone of his Theory.

An Interesting Situation : “When $v = C$ ”.

When the rocket's speed equals C , then relation (I) gives $L = 0$, i.e., lengths in the direction of motion shrink to zero. Objects and the

pilot become two-dimensional ! Life then goes on in two-dimensions ! Like wise, Time is arrested altogether ($T = 0$ from formula II). This is how an observer outside sees the aviator in the rocket. The aviator himself detects nothing unusual; he does not perceive he has stopped moving. He is merely waiting for the next moment. That time is arrested means he does not know that the next instant is a long time coming.

A Journey into Space: Suppose the aviator sets out in his rocket-ship, fully provisioned, on a space trip to the star Arcturus, some 33 light years away from the earth, and travels with nearly the velocity of light.

He will arrive at Arcturus 33 years later according to earth-time, but the aviator feels no more aged than when he started. He has yet to feel hungry.

Now suppose he starts on his return journey. When he arrives on the Earth, he has yet to think of his first meal. But to his surprise, he is received by his children who are much more aged than he, now 66 years older and his wife long dead because of old age ! A funny situation, indeed ! Infact, so long as he travels with the speed of light he has immortality and eternal youth !*

* [Such a journey however can only be imagined. In practice its chances are slight. Why so? That is clear only when dealing with the General Theory of Relativity.]

Prediction VI : The Idea of Simultaneity of Time".

It leads us probably to the most profound philosophic interpretations of ideas of future, past, causation, free-will etc. and points us towards the need of a four-dimensional picture of the world.

The second aspect of Time that the Special Theory emphasized was that "time is different for different observers at different positions not necessarily moving relative to each other. In other words, the dates (meaning fixed points in time) are different, since the rate of time processes are the same for each as there is no relative velocity between the observers.

To illustrate this idea, suppose an explosion occurs on star M on March 20, 2000 A.D. (see figure 5). All dates

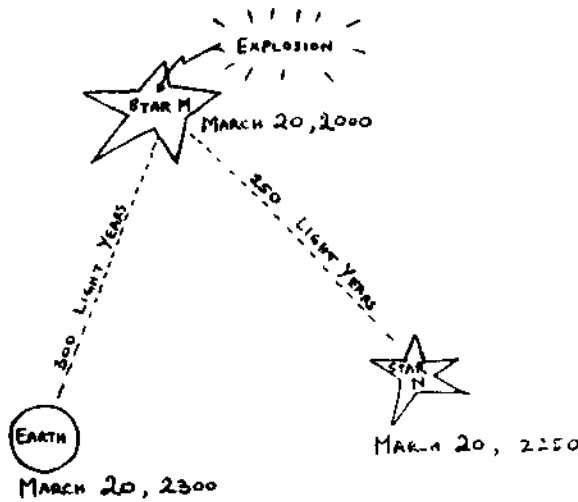


FIGURE 5

refer to the earth's calendar. We on the earth, can see the explosion only 300 years later, while an observer on star N can see the event 250 years later.

Thus a single event of the explosion is not simultaneous to three different places, for each the event occurs at different times. Before Relativity Theory came, the distance between two different positions was determined merely by laying off the distance with a measuring tape. Time never entered into measurement because it was considered same at the two positions. We have just seen this is not true; time is different at two different positions. So strictly speaking, cognizance must be taken of this fact by including time in the space measurements.

Time had to be included in our

DISTANCE IN

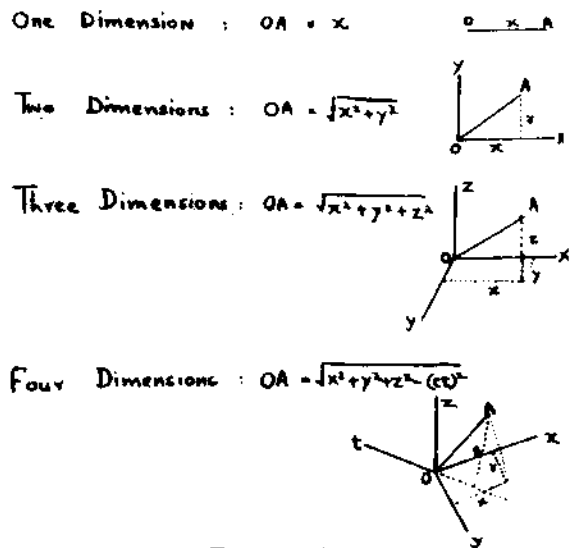


FIGURE 6

mathematical expression for distance between two points O and A. (figure 6). It was found mathematically that time entered into the distance formula as if it were a 4th dimension. That is why time is actually called the 'fourth dimension'. when we amalgamate time with three dimensions of space it does not imply that there is no distinction between space and time; but it simply redefines the nature of the two more clearly. Thus for high velocity systems time behaves like space.

And with the amalgamation of space and time we enter into the "four-dimensional world", also called the "*space-time continuum*" or merely "*space time*."

Space-Time Continuum or Four-Dimensional World of Minkowski

The insight into the "four-dimensional world" is the philosopher's first great probe into the universal reality that exists behind what our senses have become accustomed to experiencing on the earth.

Let us first examine the *philosophic* implications of Einstein's idea of relativity.

To every observation there are two parties—the observer and the observed. "Einstein's achievement consists essentially in this that he succeeded in separating far more completely than hitherto the share of the observer and that of external nature in things we see happen. We know that the perception of an object by an

observer depends on his own situation and circumstances; for example, distance makes it appear smaller and dimmer. But we make an allowance for this almost unconsciously in interpreting what we see. But it now appears that the allowance made for the motion of the observer has hitherto been too crude — a fact so long overlooked because in practice all observers share nearly the same motion, that of the earth. Physical space and time are now found to be closely bound up with this motion of the observer; and only an amorphous combination of the two (called the 'space-time') is left inherent in the external world. This recent view clearly reveals the underlying unity of the main phenomena"*

We try to eliminate, by habit, our share in the observation and thus form an impersonal picture of the external world. In case there is motion we can make allowance for it by certain laws framed by Newton, based on the idea of absolute space and time. But when motion is comparable to speed of light then this allowance is crude. To make the exact allowance we have to replace the absolute concepts by the principle of relativity which requires new laws of motion. This new dynamics was characterized by Einstein in terms of the constancy of velocity of light.

To arrive at objective reality it is necessary to eliminate the observer. Such a conception of the world is possible in the world of four-dimen-

* Eddington— *Space, Time and Gravitation*'

sions, which requires our minds not to distinguish space and time as separate, but view them as amalgamated. Relativity Theory emphasizes that in ordinary life the observer and the observed are strongly linked. Thus all measurements such as length, time etc. refer to relative knowledge of the world.

The four-dimensional world is due to Minkowski. Einstein showed the relativity of the familiar quantities of physics (time, space etc). Minkowski showed how to recover the absolute by going back to their four-dimensional origin and searching more deeply. The four-dimensional view of the world is the synthesis, sought by the relativists, of the appearances seen by observers having all sorts of positions and (uniform) motions.

In such a world each action is called an 'event', which implies a given instant at a given place. It will be represented by a point in the 4-D world where its nature is absolute. The extension between two such points is called an "interval" between the two events. This "interval" is an absolute quantity, intrinsic in the external world, whereas 'length' and 'duration', the components of 'interval' in our ordinary world, are relative. "Interval" has an absolute significance in nature independent of the observer. The moment an observer is installed in the space time continuum, it resolves its absolute "interval" into space and time separately (like lime added to milk would separate fat particles and water.)

Illustrating the Four-Dimensional World

To have an image of time as a fourth coordinate of space consider the "Time House", where time-coordinate is shown as a clock which marks time-distances. "Yesterday"

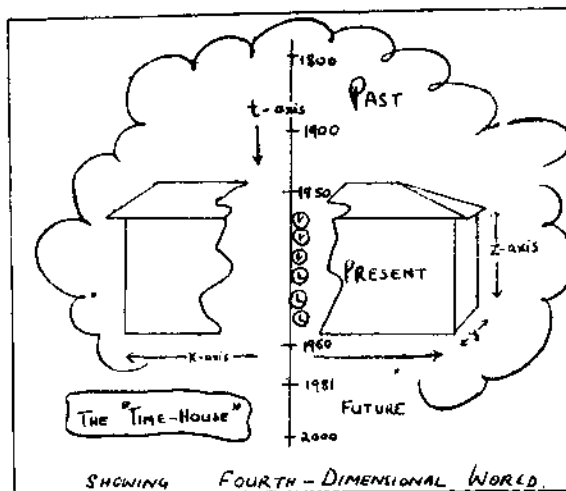


FIGURE 7

cannot really be depicted in "Time House" except by Einstein's imaginary t-axis. Although yesterday certainly was there—just as "today" or the present moment is there "now" for a short finite time duration. Yet, where is yesterday? Physically, it is nonsense to ask this question, except to say that it is somewhere on the t-axis. And the t-axis is imaginary.

Does time Exist ?

We know that time, which we are incapable of perceiving with our senses, exists. The very reason why bodies, indeed space itself, have existence as we know it, is that they exist in time. If they did not exist,

for a certain time, they would not exist at all. The 3-dimensional space thus has its existence and movement in the fourth-dimension, time,—without which it could have no being. Time exists but its coordinate is imaginary.

Simultaneity in Space-Time : Determinacy and Causation.

When trying to understand simultaneity in space-time continuum, we are led to the important questions about future, past, determinacy, causation and free will.

(i) Absolute Past & Absolute Future

The theory of four-D space-time provides an "absolute past" and an "absolute future" in accordance with common requirements.

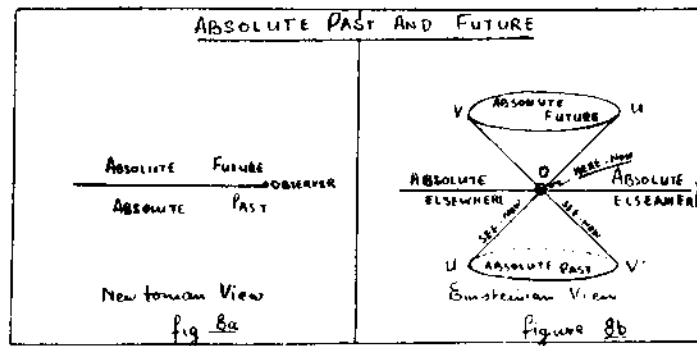
The Past here implies "all those events which we could know or hear at least in principle". The Future comprises "all events which we could influence at least in principle". These definitions are independent of motion or other properties of the observer both in the Newtonian and the Einsteinian

theory with the following difference : In the former, we assume that past and future are separated by an infinitely short time-interval, called the present moment (fig. 8a); in the latter they are separated by a finite time interval (called the "absolute elsewhere", its length depending on distance from the observer (fig. 8b.)

(ii) **Absolute Elsewhere** : It is the time interval between two instants — one, at which a light signal has to be given from the point of occurrence so that it may reach the observer at his instant of observation ; and the other at which a signal, given by the observer at the instant of observation, reaches the point of occurrence to influence it. This finite time-interval between the two instants is the present time" for the observer at the time of observation. It is represented by the neutral wedge (fig. 8b)

(iii) The Simultaneity of Events :

Thus space-time is divided into three zones with respect to an event O. Zone U'OV' belongs to Absolute Past, Zone UOV, to absolute Future; Zone UOV' is neither past nor



future, simply "elsewhere", which is not exactly Absolute Present. The Present is restricted to a point Here-Now. The "simultaneity" of events at different places has no absolute meaning. For one observer all events along line OX are simultaneous. This line of simultaneous events would lie in different directions for different observers. The denial of *Absolute Simultaneity* is a natural complement to denial of *absolute motion*. The latter asserts that one cannot find out what is the same place at two different times; the former, that we cannot find same time at two different places. It is curious that philosophical denial of absolute motion is readily accepted; whilst the denial of absolute simultaneity appears to many people revolutionary.

(iv) **Causation & Free will***

"The division into past and future is closely associated with our ideas of *causation* and *free will*. In a perfectly *determinate* scheme the past and future may be regarded as lying mapped out (like distant parts of space). It means that events do not happen; they are just there and we come across them. We can be aware of an eclipse in the year 1999, very much as we are aware of the dark side of the moon. Thus our knowledge of things *where* we are not and of things *when* we are not is essentially the same—an inference (sometimes a mistaken one) from brain impressions, including those from memory, *here and now*.

* Eddington—*Space, Time and Gravitation*

So if events are determinate, there is nothing to prevent a person from being *aware* of an event before it happens (only that he does not have the capacity to foresee); and an event may even *cause* other events previous to it. A detached observer would see (if he is capable) some events apparently causing events in their future, others apparently causing events in their past—the truth being that all are linked by determinate laws, the so-called causal events being merely conspicuous foci from which links radiate. Thus, as Omar Khayyam said :

The Moving Finger writes ; and,
 having writ,
 Moves on; nor all thy Piety and
 Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a
 Line.

The recognition of an absolute past and future seems to depend on the *possibility of events* which are not governed by a determinate Scheme. An example of such an indeterminate event would be that "a king ran away after his country was attacked"—this would however be termed *causality* and not *causation*. Since physics does not attempt to cover such indeterminate events (i.e. causality), the distinction of absolute past and future is not directly important for physics, but it is merely of interest to show that the theory of four-dimensional space-time provides an absolute past and future, in accordance with common requirements, although this can usually be ignored in official applications to physics'.

GROUND LEVEL

By R. Batra, B.A. 1st year.

WHEN I returned to school at the beginning of the term, it was revealed to me that I had been allotted a room on the ground floor. My only worry at the moment was that I would have to keep my room tidy and keep my door shut always. But experience has shown that it was not so simple as all that. The only way to live on the ground floor and still remain sane was to learn to regard pain and pleasure as synonymous such as the stoic philosophers in Ancient Rome did. It does take some tough learning though.

The population of the ground floor, as you may have shrewdly guessed, is considerably more than one, and therefore I do not wish to claim that my experiences are in any way unique. I do have a feeling though, that my sweet disposition helps me attract more troubles than I would in case I curbed the unpredictable workings of my "sweet disposition." Let me give an example. Anyone who chances to enter my room cannot overlook the presence, among other things, of at least half a dozen satchels containing anything from a pair of swimming trunks to the latest edition of Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary. Though anger smoulders in my heart at the sight of these eyesores, I only pile them in a corner and wait for their owners to come and claim them. Now, a few days ago one of my tormentors, who was looking for an open *luggage office*, found my

room securely locked. He, therefore, proceeded to deposit the article in another room, belonging to an equally dear friend of his. On returning to collect his property he was informed that it had been thrown out of the rear window, in accordance with the standing instructions of the house-master on the subject of foreign objects found in his rooms. A hurried search by the owner revealed his property about fifty yards down stream in a drain. That the drain was dry testifies only to the prevailing weather conditions and not by any means to the sweetness of the person who flung the satchel out.

It is the more forgetful and improvident ones among the first floor and second floor dwellers that make life on the ground floor an insupportable burden. Either they forget to comb their hair before coming downstairs, or they omit to take their handkerchiefs, or could you please call so and so. Once they are let in, one finds that there are a large number of wishes that have to be fulfilled. And since one like myself is usually at the lower rungs of the ladder of seniority in the school, all these wants have to be ungrudgingly met.

One is apt to find, at least I have found, that the oppressor's field of action is considerably widened if he happens to belong to the same class as oneself. I find his books strewn all over my room, and as he is never

in possession of a satchel, I have to carry them for him. He also borrows for an undefined period any of my toilet articles, with the exception of my tooth-brush. My feeling about this parasite is identical to what a condemned man must feel about his executioner. And he has, very much like the executioner, an air of amused tolerance and well-bred boredom.

Then there are the visitors—sight-seers from town. They naturally hesitate to go upstairs. They have impinged on my life only once, but that single soul-searing experience has cast its shadow on my life ever since. It was a quiet Saturday afternoon (quiet, because the radiogram in the common-room was out of order), and I was enjoying a cool siesta, clad in nothing more than a pair of drawers. I was disturbed by loud alien sounds in the corridor. A moment later the door opened a little, a head popped in, saw me, and withdrew itself. I had just had time to grab a dressing gown, when the door opened again. This time the whole person entered, followed by a horde of others. There were people of both sexes and children of all ages. I had only one design now, and that was to disappear. That I did, I am afraid, in a somewhat undignified manner through the open window. What must have happened after that can only be judged from the state in which I found my room when an hour later I returned to the spot and with infinite caution inserted my head tentatively through the window. Every thing had been examined with the thoroughness and eye for detail of a Scotland Yard Officer.

The entire contents of my room were piled up in the centre forming a structure not unlike a model of the Pyramid of Cheops.

At what must have been five or six O' clock on a Sunday morning, I was awakened by some determined pounding on my door. On opening it I found that it was some fellow who wanted to know the time! All my obscene vocabulary came out like a river in spate, and the fact that he was a class-mate also helped. I had just finished the first paragraph of my observations and was drawing breath for the second when the senior in the adjoining room, who had been disturbed, directed me, not very politely, to ease.

My waking hours are blessed with the "melodies" that continuously emanate from the common-room. My room, you see, adjoins the common-room. Perhaps this would be quite pleasant, were it not for the fact that some senior students keep the volume knob turned full so that the music reaches their rooms at the far end of the corridor. My room, not being at the far end gets the blast.

If, therefore, on a moonless night, you find someone with head bowed, heading for the nearest cliff, you will have to strain your imagination very little to realize that it is me. You see, even hurling himself out of an upstairs window is not open to a ground floor dweller.

ATTENDING A HISTORY-CLASS

By Vijay K. Kumar, B.A. IInd. year.

THERE goes the bell, and it is my History class. As we were coming out of the previous class room, I said to my partner, "let us cut history today." He replied, "Can't! I need to sleep." But it was a trouble to me, because the professor, who was supposed to be my well-wisher, saw to it that I was always attentive in the class.

I was feeling hungry. I went to the canteen, had some grub, and when I came back, my professor said, "Why are you late?" I at once replied, "The class started before I got here."

Anyhow, I managed to get in. While coming in to the room, I winked at my sleeping but smiling partner in the corner, who was probably dating his friend (in his dream).

I had hardly seated myself when the professor fired his first question, "Vijay, can you tell me the year when America got her Independence?"

I replied, "1876, Sir."

He asked the same question from a boy, sitting two seats away from me, who answered correctly.

And then he said, "Vijay, can you tell me, how far you were from the correct answer?"

"Only three seats, Sir," I replied.

The professor got red with anger and started giving a lecture to the students.

A few minutes later I felt as if somebody was pulling me, and when I looked around, I saw my sleeping partner trying to pull me towards him. I woke him up and asked him the reason of doing this illegal work. He told me in tears that actually he was trying to wish his friend good night. I only smiled at his reverie.

This professor knew that I had taken up philosophy as one of the subjects. He said, "All philosophers are fools. May I ask the philosophers in this class to stand up?"

When no one stood up my sleeping partner, who was still caught up in his dream, stood up.

The professor was amazed. He said, "Are you a philosopher?"

My sleeping partner replied in the most innocent tone: "Not exactly, sir". Actually I can not bear you standing all alone by yourself."

You can guess the result yourselves. My sleeping partner was promptly ordered to disappear from the class!

Now the professor was bent upon turning me down. He said, "When George was your age, he had become a working surveyor." From somewhere

came the reply, "And when he was your age, Sir, he had become the President of the United States."

By this time, the professor's anger had reached its combustion point. Ten students were turned out of the class. I opened up the window near to me, and when I was called to leave the class, I had already vanished.

For a few seconds he behaved as if the ground had slipped from beneath his feet. Later a search party was organized under his Presidentship to dig me up wherever I was. But he could never find me as I was sipping hot coffee in a restaurant where a sign board was hanging: "PHILOSOPHERS NOT ALLOWED" written on it.

"HOW THE SNAKE GOT HIS POISON"

By Parbhat Kumar Sood, B. Sc. IInd year.

(WHEN I was in school, I went on a tour around Asia. In Japan (Tokyo) I met my Pen-friend who was very anxious to see me. I spent about three nights there. At night we used to relate stories to each other. One story which he narrated to me was strange and very interesting. Here I reproduce it for the amusement of my friends.)

A very long time ago the snake used to be a harmless creature, no more deadly than a squirrel or a lizard. At that time the most feared animal on the earth was the mangoose. The mangoose was huge and powerful and, what was more, he possessed a bag of poison, which made his bite fatal. For this reason everyone trembled at the sight of him and did his best to keep out of his way, But despite this the mangoose managed to kill a couple of dozen men and beasts every day.

As time went on the mangoose became more and more powerful and

soon the various tribes of men and animals found themselves fast diminishing. At last one day all the tribes assembled together and held a council. "Good Lord" exclaimed Man as he looked around and counted the number present. "At this rate our race will soon vanish from the earth. Something must be done to stop the mangoose from his wicked killings"

"You are right", agreed the Lion, "something has to be done pretty fast or else all of us will be soon extinct."

"But," asked everyone in a chorus, "what can be done: Not one of us can possibly stand up against the mangoose and battle with him." At this everyone stopped and sighed and and looked gloomier than ever.

It was then that the Snake slithered to the front and spoke, "Cheer up, brethren," he cried "I shall fight the mangoose and vanquish him before nightfall tomorrow!"

Everyone looked amazed. "Ha, ha, ha the Lion began to laugh. "He thinks he is a great warrior and can battle with the mangoose".

"Yes", said the Tiger on a tone of open disbelief, "How can a slim little fellow like you dare to raise his head in front of the terrible mangoose".

The Snake raised his hood high and winked, "Strength, my friends, he replied, "is not every thing. Cunning also counts. I rely on my brains, not brawns for victory," he said.

"Well, you have our good wishes," the assembled crowd cried, "Go and try your luck."

With this the meeting broke up, everyone promising to gather again at the same place the following night to hear the results of the Snake's efforts.

Next morning the Snake went and quietly hid himself near the mangoose's dwelling place and waited, for he said to himself :

"It is best to tackle him on a full stomach as with the pangs of hunger beating inside him he might not be in a mood to listen to reason."

When the Mangoose returned and stretched himself to go to sleep, the Snake boldly slithered out of his hiding place and approached him.

"Hush, what are you doing here?" the Mangoose grunted and made to get

up to kill him, but the Snake assiduously backed away." I had come to warn you of a plot against your life," he called out. "But if you are going to be unfriendly, I shall go away."

"No, wait," ordered the Mangoose. "I shall not say anything to you. Tell me what the plot is ; who is presumptuous enough to think that he can harm me ?"

"All the tribes of men and beasts have joined forces," the Snake replied, "and will surely succeed in harming you if you are not forewarned. I meant to help you by informing you of their plot, but I do not like your attitude."

"I am sorry," the Mangoose said more humbly. "I did not mean to frighten you. Come and tell me of the plot."

"Oh, no !" the Snake replied shrewdly "I am scared of you. I shall stay and tell you about the plot on one condition. You must give me your poison bag to hold in my hands while I talk to you."

"Impossible !" shouted the Mangoose, "How dare you ask for my poison bag !"

"Very well", shrugged the Snake, "I shan't tell you then."

"My poison may harm you if you touch the bag," the Mangoose reasoned. But the Snake was adamant and refused to divulge his secret till the Mangoose produced the bag from

his mouth and gave it to him. The Snake took it and quickly swallowed it.

"This was the plot, my friend," he then informed the Mongoose, "I promised to steal your poison bag and render you helpless. And you need not try and harm me now because I can kill you with my bite. "And before the Mongoose could recover from the shock of what had happened the crafty Snake was gone !

That night the Snake appeared at the meeting place as had been planned and triumphantly told of his victory. Everyone was delighted. "And now," said one of the animals, "give us the poison bag so that we can destroy it and be free of this terror for ever." But the cunning Snake realized he

had got hold of a powerful weapon. "Nothing doing," he replied. "I am keeping the poison bag."

"We shall have nothing to do with you in that case," the other threatened. "Never mind," the Snake hissed. "But you will fear me all right !"

So from that day the Snake became an outcast. This is also the reason why the mongoose has become the snake's mortal enemy and fights him to get back his poison whenever he comes across him. Since the poison originally belonged to the mongoose he is also the only animal whom the snake bite does not affect, for he knows of a certain root which he can eat and make himself immune to the poison, if he is bitten.

NEWTON'S THIRD LAW OF MOTION

By Iqbal Bahadur Singh, B. Sc. (Final)

A boy was not satisfied with Newton's third law of motion, according to which 'Actions and reactions are equal and opposite'. The law can be roughly summarized in this way : If you press a body with some force, the body also presses you with the same force.

Once he was travelling by a train. In order to make water, he went towards the latrine. He turned the bolt of the door and pushed it. To his surprise, the door pushed him back. He again applied a great force on the door again but the door again

pushed him back as before. He got prepared for the final attack. He suddenly pushed the door with all the physical power he could muster. The door closed with such a thrashing force that he fell ten yards away. He was very pleased to find that there was before him on almost flawless instance illustrating Newton's third law of motion.

Do you also agree with him ?

[Answer : No. He ignored the possibility of an other man's presence inside].

CLOUDS OF WAR

By Vijay Marwah, B. Sc 1st year.

THE greatest problem facing the brave new world of sputniks, rockets and supersonic planes, is not whether Russia reaches the Moon first or America but whether man can re-win some of the essential humanity, he has lost in this age; whether he can conquer the mutual distrust, suspicion, fear, malice, intense nationalism; or in short, whether he can kill the germs of cold war, which are apt to devour up the whole human civilization. The second world war has ended but love and affection, peace and prosperity still remain a mirage. The world today is sitting on the verge of a volcano and it is bound to be blown up if steps are not taken to stop the rot created by unsocial and damaging elements in our society.

Today the world, like a magnetic needle is swinging between two poles. On one side lofty ideals are placed, summit conferences are held to maintain a permanent and everlasting peace while on the other hand the two Blocks are glowering at each other, threatening war and pulling each other's leg. Today one country calls for an open sky inspection and the other rejects it and then one of them sends her planes to fly in the other's territory. This sort of feeling is deep-rooted in the minds of not our people only but also our leaders. Had there been real quest for peace the two Blocks would have settled the disputes by peaceful methods. The gloom is once again encircling

the earth and the agents of Satan are hovering over the earth to annihilate the whole society. Military pacts, like NATO, Cento or Seato cannot maintain world peace, they may, however, add fuel to the fire.

Restlessness, lack of faith, ennui and misunderstanding assail the minds of our people today. Feelings of universalism, honesty and sincerity have vanished high in the air. Thus we see that pre-war atmosphere has been re-created and sweet breeze has been changed into detestable gale. Population and employment problems are gnawing at the heart of humanity. Modern man is like a stray dog, who is moving hither and thither knowing not where to go. The theory of "Get together" and "Love your Nation" has evaporated.

All the problems may be solved and all the troubles removed if with the advance of science and technology we throw away the old, barren pattern of thoughts and the ideas of "universalism" or "Internationalism" are planted deep in our minds. If we want to be saved from the ashes and the sparks of atom or hydrogen bombs, we must follow the philosophy of "World Integration" and petty ideas of racialism, linguism, casteism and chauvinism should be given up. We must develop an optimistic outlook towards life and try to attain a high level of International intelligence.

Feelings of universal brotherhood are to be fostered among us. So long our outlook on life is not made sober and creative the lost humanity will continue to remain adrift and there would not be any possibility of global peace. In the words of Dr. S. Radha-

krishan, "No body can predict the future of modern man : whether he is to survive or become extinct in the event of global Nuclear war". Man must overhaul the entire structure of modern power-politics otherwise he should get ready to welcome *his end*.

THE MOST INTERESTING PERSON I EVER SAW

By Sushma Sahni, Pre-Medical II year.

WHEN I think of the most interesting person I ever saw, I remember my teacher Mrs. X of the Lady Larding School. She looked interesting because she was different from other teachers.

I can easily recollect her entering the main gate of the school at a leisurely pace about half an hour after the first bell. It was her special privilege because she managed to get her first period always vacant. She would then occupy an easy chair and relax in it in the staff room and invite any teacher for a chit-chat till the bell rang.

Being more interested in talking than in attending the class, she would enter the class room ten minutes late and send a girl to fetch the attendance register, mean while yawning and looking towards the class in a strange sort of way. She probably didn't recognize us or may be she did and didn't like it. Taking the roll call was a long process for her because after calling out every two names she would feel her hair to ensure that

it was securely tucked up.

After the roll call she used to look at the watch to ensure that half the period was already over. Then the teaching started. "Take out the books, girls," she said. "Which lesson are we doing? Aah," she asked with sleepy eyes and a yawn. "You Indu start reading," always asking the same girl to read. After Indu had read a few lines, Shobha, Monica or Manju would ask the meaning of some word. That atonce would spoil her mood and she would start scolding, "You girls, you are getting lazy and will not prepare the lesson. Asha you go and get the dictionary." Waiting for the dictionary gave a relief to the tense moments and the girls could shoot side glances and smile, taking care not to strain the nerves of the over-worked scholar-lady. The dictionary would come and the teacher would get busy with the difficult process of finding out the word in the dictionary. At this juncture, the bell would always come to her rescue.

She considered herself an autho-

city on dress. "Look, look, look," she would say pointing out towards another teacher, "How funny! The colour of her blouse doesn't go with her pink sari." Oddities in her own dress were always described by her as the latest fashion in the city.

This reminds me also of her professed taste in music. She gave her performance only once when everybody smiled on the sly, and finally she came out of her inspired reverie and showed disgust with her audience, which had no ears for the latest in music.

She did not like knitting and hated it as much as she did the

lipsticks and painted faces, otherwise she wouldn't have washed her face six times in six hours. She was only meticulous about her own complexion, not about other people's.

One interesting thing about her was her charming parochial nature; she was broad-minded and provincial at the same time. Whatever criticisms she might have levelled against anyone she was only too eager to withdraw them if she came to know that the individual concerned happened to be born in her part of the world. She had romantic and nostalgic longing for everything belonging to the province of her birth.

THE COLLEGE BELL

By Kussum Nangia, B. Sc. II year.

AH! Here goes the bell. 'Ding-dong-ding-dong.' A gift par-excellence of Father Time heralding at the college a day of dull and monotonous routine. Perhaps no one has ever bothered to know when a bell first began to toll in the world. I am myself quite ignorant about it, but any way I believe that the day must have been the one on which God created the voluptuous and wily doll for our grandsire Adam to play with. How could such an occasion pass unnoticed! I am sure the bells must have tolled in Heaven and Hell alike for who could possibly slight such a marvellous creation of God. Anyway that was about the bells that tolled a long time ago. Now-a-days the bells

ring in temples, churches, towers, streets, tram-cars, offices, schools and colleges. But all the same the way a bell rings in the college and the stir it creates, has no equal and only a few parallels.

In the college, the silvery ding-dong of the bell arouses the sleepy-eyed students from their respective postures and places, making them move with jerks, like bodies being resurrected. But there is another species of students who react in a different way to the chime of the bell. The moment they hear it go, they rush to the class-rooms. Seeing them running on such occasions, it won't amount to much exaggeration

to say that they could outstrip "Bobby" Morrow or a Ray Norton any day, if only instead of the tracks they had the corridors to run and the tape to be breasted was not a tape but a class room. But then again there is the romantic guy, deeply absorbed in romantic propensities, who wends his way unwillingly to the class room at at the sound of the bell, though it is only to get the attendance. The ringing of the bell also puts an end to the chattering and muttering of many a gibberish soul. And as none of the student has any faith in Chesterton's saying: "An inconvenience is an adventure, rightly considered" what a cruel and exasperating inconvenience the bell consigns to everyone of them!

It is only once in a while (excepting Saturdays) that the college bell may ring down the closing of the college, but alas that too is only for a day or so at the most. And what is a day after all—a few hours left after

writing of lab. records and reports in which one is supposed to eat, drink (not alcohol, of course), play, sleep and even study! The day flees away on wings and close on its heels dawns the next day amid the chimes of the college bell. Ring it must and ring it will, in fair weather or foul.

But for all that, the college bell remains something of a necessity and of unrivalled importance to a college. On what ground will a college stand without a bell? If a bell were not to ring in a college, where would the boys and girls be? Not in the college, any way! Hence no bell, no college and thereby no pursuit of studies or spread of education; then who shall look after Our Five Year Plans! So let's hope, the college bell will go on ringing in fair or foul weather, and in good and bad days, for all times to come. And let's not forget the chap who first conceived the idea of striking a metal piece with a mallet.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

By Ashok Kumar Ambwani, Prep Arts

IT is often thought and believed that there is fundamental contradiction between Science and Religion. The two are considered at variance in their aims and purposes. Science is represented as something whose sole aim is material aggrandizement and creation of weapons of mass destruction. On the otherhand religion is considered as something which pre-occupies itself with finding harmony with

God and not caring for the material welfare of mankind. Both these views are incorrect because they take a narrow and distorted view of the aims and purposes of both science and Religion.

In fact the prime objective of Science as well as Religion is the Service of mankind in the widest sense of the term. It is no fault of

Science or of Religion that the persons who pursue and practice them apply the scientific or religious principles and precepts wrongly. The real defect lies in the bases and prejudices of individuals who see a contradiction in Science and Religion. For how can the inventions of the scientists which restore vision to the blind, hearing to the deaf and legs to the lame, be ignored by a man of Religion or condemned by him as not useful? Similarly Religion can inspire the men of Science to undertake researches which would result in discoveries that eliminate many an ill of humanity.

Science is that branch of knowledge which unveils nature and peeps into the mysteries of the Universe. On the otherhand, Religion is that phenomenon of human nature that searches for God. It includes faith in the existence of the Supreme Being. Though the scope of Science and that of Religion are different, yet in the realm of thought one crosses the region of the other.

Science has revolutionized Religion. Before its advent Religion had complete authority over the mind and heart of man. But with the passage of time it has lost its former supremacy and degraded itself into blind faith and superstition. Science has done one good thing to religion—it has shaken its basis of superstition. It has induced a spirit of scientific inquiry in the matter of Religion.

The West is regarded as the home of Science. There is a notion that a

struggle between religion and science is going on in the West. Darwin, who put before the world the theory of evolution of man, was treated with contempt. Religion wanted to crush this theory, but truth ultimately triumphed. This triumph has been a vindication of science.

Gone are the days when people did not know anything about the "Maid Servant": Electricity; when their knowledge was limited to a little circle. But now they have mastery over nature through scientific inventions and it has produced an impression that there is no God, or heaven. Man's innate reverence for religion has received a rude blow at the hands of meddling Science.

Science deals with concrete facts while religion deals with unknown entities. Science follows the path of reason, while religion pursues the path of meditation and belief.

By understanding the concept of life we observe that neither science nor religion alone can discover the truth. Religion, uncontrolled by Science, may lead us astray and make us superstitious. On the otherhand, Science without religion will make us dogmatic, so we require both in the march of life.

Truly speaking science has rationalized religion. The scientific discoveries have proved how vast and mysterious nature is; but more mysterious is He who created it. To seek Him we should pursue religion—but Religion divorced from Science.

H O P E

By Malika Malik Prep. Arts.

HUMAN beings are never satisfied with their present position. We have all sorts of powers, desires and instincts which keep us busy throughout our lives. Because of these powers we remember our past and imagine our future. That strange power which we call remembrance always looks back at bygone days and entertains us in our loneliness. But there is also a power which brings forward-looking thoughts into our minds. That power is known as 'Hope'.*

Hope plays a very important part in life. Living in the castles of hope we think of far distant times and are so absorbed in it that we begin to soar higher and higher in imagination. Without hope our lives would be tasteless, because our joy would be so limited. Life is often a struggle and a bitter experience, but it is hope alone which makes it truly enjoyable. We may be dying of hunger, but we

hope for rich food, and that hope makes us live. Hope is our best friend in misfortune. When every one else leaves us in a tight corner hope consoles us. If we had no hope in life, then our lives would be without purpose. Hope solves difficulties, encourages hard work, and exhorts us to work harder still.

Life takes strange courses. Sometime the journey of life is colourful; sometime desolate and barren. But there is always the hope that we will turn the corner and get something for our sincere efforts. In hope of success, students burn the mid-night oil. In the hope of a beautiful picture, an artist even forgets himself. Harsha, the great king of India, said he would be willing to give away every one of his possessions except hope. Without hope life is impossible. Hope sustains life. Life is hope and hope is life itself.**

* "Hop , like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cleers our way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."
(Goldsmith)

** Hope, like a cordial,
innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, atonce,
inspirits, and serenes ;
Nor makes him pay,
his wisdom for his joys.
(Young)

SELF-HELP

By Ajay Bhalla, B. Sc. I year.

“GOD helps those who help themselves”, says an old and well-tried proverb. But we must know the clear meaning of “self-help”. We, human beings, must learn self-help and to live by the sweat of our own brow. It develops the body as well as the mind. It teaches a man to drink out of his own cistern, eat his own sweet bread and not to hang on to the labour of other people.

Schools and colleges provide only the foundation of culture. But one's life must be built on these cultural foundations by one's own efforts. Mere theoretical education has least value as compared with the practical we receive daily in every busy haunt of man. To quote Bacon: ‘Studies teach not their own use, but there is a wisdom without them won by observations’. For experience of life teaches the lesson that a man can perfect himself only by practical work rather than by book-reading. It is life not literature, action not study, character not biography, that is the essence of an individual's worth. Book-learning ignores this important aspect of education and makes individuals hangers-on of the labour of other people. On the other hand, book-learning is not forbidden to the individual so long as self-help and bodily labour count, for all national greatness and prosperity depend on the way people help themselves.

Once a cartman had to pass through a swamp. His cart got stuck in the mud. He tried his very best to extricate it but could not. Then he prayed to God to come to his aid. But his conscience delivered him a message as from some heavenly being. The message was that nothing would succeed but self-help. The cartman must put his own shoulder to the wheel and then alone help could be sought and given. He did so and the wheels of the cart were soon out of the mud. He had not to wait for his God's help. The moral which this incident illustrates is that dependence is a curse and self-help is the best help. Self-help teaches us to stand on our own legs and act independently. Every man has to do his task. Living upon other's charity leads to loss of virtue and prestige. Self-help is the only way to be happy, great and successful in life. A lion is said never to feed on others' kill. So it is not at all good to bank upon others. Self-help must be cultivated by every-one at an early stage of life. Children should not be spoon-fed. They, too, should be properly directed and guided to help themselves. Without self-help a man is a straw which is at the mercy of every wind. So we should never lose courage however big the obstacles may be. We should always keep in mind the word “self-help”.

SOUND

By Rajat Batra, B. A. I year.

I love all sounds—the songs at morn and eve ;
Of sweet-tongued birds in many a mingled tune ;
The beetle's drone at night, and hum at noon ;
Of bees who from the flowers honey thieve ;
The roar of oceans when they wildly heave ;
Flutter of golden crops to be reaped soon ;
The serenade of night wind 'neath the moon ;
And voice of summer streams that wasting grieve.

There's music within each sound, harsh or sweet ;
'Tis heard in clatter loud of tramping hoofs ;
In every vale-born echo it is found ;
In peal of temple bells too it doth beat ;
It falls from the rain's patter on the roofs ;
It lies in silence—silence too is sound.

PUBLIC OPINION

By Aruna Dutta, Pre-Medical II year.

IN these days of democracy much importance is given to public opinion. As a matter of fact I feel that public opinion is not properly appreciated by most of the people, especially in orthodox countries like India,

It may be noted that if the public is not properly educated it cannot form correct opinions about the problems of the State or society. To illustrate my point of view I refer to a parable.

Two sparrows were sitting on a tree. One of them was very happy but the other was extremely sad. The

sparrow which was gay asked the other sparrow why she was unhappy. The latter replied that while flying over a shop in the street that morning she had heard the shopkeeper shouting that he was prepared to sell a sparrow for two pice only, and that had had a very depressing effect on her. She was pained to learn that her market value was so little. The gay sparrow at once rejoined that God had declared in many religious books that He cared more for a sparrow than for an elephant. Did that not show the Creator of the world loved their community? Why should they worry about the opinions of some people. No opinion should

perturb their peace of mind. This statement may be pure fiction but the comfort which this parable provided to the sad sparrow, who would otherwise have died of a broken heart, was immense.

Let it not be deemed that one should be absolutely indifferent to public opinion. After all the voice of the people is said to be the voice of God. It plays a very major part in reforming some of our bad manners. It is always profitable for all classes of people to respect the opinions of their neighbours, and kith and kin; but all this does not mean that one should be a slave to every form of public opinion. The right course should be to respect public opinion on all vital matters (social and political and so on) that concern the society of which one is a member. To be ignorant

about this aspect of public opinion is to denote a lack of enlightened self-interest as well as interest in others. That is bad from every point of view.

Public opinion can, however, be ignored or passionately denounced, according to the merit of the case, if it happens to be based on prejudice, non-reason, bigotry and selfishness. In such cases it becomes the moral responsibility of the enlightened citizens to put up a vigorous opposition to it and save his fellow beings from going the way of political mischief or self-injury or both.

Otherwise a sound, well-informed public opinion can become the best defence of democracy, both against internal abuse as well as against external aggression—in whatever form it comes.

'TIME BOMB!'

By Suresh Gopal, B. Sc. II year.

THE mechanism of a time-bomb has been set in motion. It is only a question of a few months or even a few days before the world comes to grief. The time-bomb is ticking away fast.

The time-bomb—BERLIN, came into being in August, 1945. It can be called a by-product of the World War II. The Allies—Britain, the U S. A. and the U.S.S.R.—of the World War II. had agreed to divide Germany and Berlin between themselves. It was agreed to give France also a share in

the loot.

The agreement was arrived at the Potsdam Conference of 1945 attended by Winston Churchill, Josef Stalin, and Franklin Roosevelt. They agreed that on cessation of hostilities Berlin, as also Germany, would be divided into four zones—each zone to be administered by one power. In an agreement of May 1949 the three Western Powers, namely, Britain, France and U.S.A. agreed to merge their zones of Germany and form the present Federal Republic of Germany, popularly

known as West Germany, whereas the Soviet Zone is known as the German Democratic Republic or East Germany. Both these parts were granted full independent status only in May 1955. The four-power status of Berlin is still maintained.

Berlin lies in the heart of East Germany. The nearest point of contact with West Germany is Bonn, the capital of West Germany which is 110 miles away. West Berlin, i.e. part of Berlin administered by the Western Powers, is linked to West Germany by means of air-corridors and road and rail paths running through East Germany, over which free right of passage to any of the four powers was agreed upon. In 1948, under orders from Stalin the land access routes were closed to the Western Powers. There followed a massive air-lift, under the direct command of General Lucius Clay of the U.S. Army, in which literally everything from troops to coal for the people of West Berlin was carried by air into West Berlin. The "Blockade of Berlin" by Russia was a complete failure.

The Western Powers have made Berlin a prestige issue. The economic, cultural and social life of the people of West Berlin has registered a phenomenal increase in recent years. They have never enjoyed such prosperity at any time. On the other hand, the people of East Berlin still face great difficulties in securing consumer goods and other articles of daily use. The life of East Berliners compared to the life of West Berliners is very drab. Many East Berliners

would go daily to work in the Western part of the city. Consequently, there is great unrest among them. Many people flee daily to West Berlin and seek refuge there.

In 1959, Mr. Krushchev threatened to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany. The implications of this treaty are very deep. As the Western Powers did not and still do not recognise the independent status of East Germany, a separate peace treaty between East Germany and Russia would force them to recognise the independent status of the former, because then they would have to negotiate with East Germany about the free movement of traffic and goods through East Germany, which at present is granted by the Potsdam Treaty.

Recently, Mr. Krushchev has gone one step further in his threat by closing the borders of East Berlin with West Berlin, and declaring that he would definitely sign a peace treaty with East Germany by the end of 1961. Demobilisation in the Soviet Army has been stopped. Nuclear testing by Russia has been resumed. The Western Powers have retaliated by saying that they will not be brow-beaten by these intimidating tactics of the Soviets. Instead, they would go to the defence of West Berlin if any liberty of the people was curtailed or if they were attacked. The two sides are poised menacingly against each other. But, let us not be pessimists. Let us hope that better sense will prevail in the end, and that the ticking of the time-bomb will be stopped well in time. In this case, it is a question of "Now Or Never"!

PANDU KHADE

By Goutam Banerjee, B. Sc. I year.

Champion! Buck up! Champion! Hey! who is that new fellow? He seems to be an Indian! It's strange!

These were the words which were heard on the race-course. The horse who ran in the 'Derby race' was 'Champion' and its Jockey—a twenty four years old Indian.

Surely, it is a matter of surprise. The first Indian who participated in the English Derby race was Pandu Khade. Pandu Khade is a renowned Indian Jockey in the present world of horsemanship.

On a pleasant day in the year 1921 this universally popular Jockey was born in the village Banvra of Kolhapur in the family of a stable-keeper. His father was the stable-keeper of Maharaja Rajaram. Although he received love and affection from his father yet he was deprived of the same from his mother who had died when he was very young.

At the age of eleven Pandu began to earn his living by spinning cloth and at that time this eminent horseman earned one and a half annas daily. But fate had something else in store for him. Pandu was to become a jockey and when in the year 1936 Maharaja Rajaram appointed him a worker in his stable, it was the beginning of Pandu's life of today.

The latent talents in Pandu be-

came visible to the king who decided to make a skilled horseman of Pandu. During this period many people were interested in race-course but one scarcely had the idea of making an Indian a Jockey. The Maharaja was the first person who had thought that way. But he was not one of those men who did not succumb to their thought. In the year 1933 Pandu Khade was admitted to an apprentice-school of the Western India Turf Club. After keeping him under the care of well-known coaches, such as C. H. Nathmoor and N. D. Bhonsle, for about a year the Maharaja arranged to send Khade to Australia. But as ill luck would have it the Maharaja died and the fortune of Pandu remained suspended for a time.

After three full years his fortune took a different turn and Pandu secured the opportunity of serving under the care of the famous Jockey, Wallace Sibrit. Sibrit was reputed for having raced in all the race courses of the world. Sibrit was a very short-tempered man. He paid more attention to the tactics of winning a race than to winning the race by mere trying. Whenever Pandu won a race Sibrit never hesitated to punish him for the slightest mistake in his manner of racing. All the credit for which Pandu is leading a celebrated life today goes to Sibrit.

In the year 1945 Pandu Khade became known to the Maharaja of

Baroda who took Pandu with him to England. That was the first chance when an Indian Jockey could take part in an English horse race. In England Khade took part in about twenty horse-races and stood first in one of them. Here he became the lucky Jockey of the horse 'Champion'.

In reality the fortune of Khade was becoming apparent now. He got the opportunity of going to America from England with the horse of Pratap Singh and presented himself in two horse-races. And, after two years, that is in the year 1947, the stars of Khade seemed to smile at him and he began to progress with the utmost speed. On his return to India the same year he got the championship in horsemanship by competing in the Poona Horse Race. In the following year victory seemed to stretch its hands and grasp him with readiness. In the Indian Derby race of 1950 Pandu played so well that he almost reached the peak of fame. Khade also won the Derby Race of the years 1956 and '57. By attaining the championship five times in Bombay, twice in Poona and once in Bangalore he has made a record. In the history of horsemanship Khade is the first Jockey who has had the championship for four continuous years. Uptil today he has won about 570 races among which the Chatrapati Rajaram Maharaj Cup is of the highest importance to him.

Pandu Khade, who holds a high position in the field of Horse-racing, leads a peaceful life at home. He remains busy by participating in horse

races in different parts of the country and therefore hardly gets time to participate in affairs at home. Nevertheless, he finds time, somehow or other, for his wife and children,

Pandu has a blind faith in God and religion. His home is beautifully decorated with pictures of the Lord and before embarking upon a certain project he would first recommend himself to God.

But even among all this happiness he has not forgotten the benefits given to him by Maharaja Rajaram. He has opened a School in the name of the Maharaja in his village. Although the school has recently been started all the same there are about 400 students studying in that school, 25 percent of them are being given free education. For the popularization of the school, Khade is trying his best and has collected a large sum of money for that.

We can barely find even one jockey like Pandu who has such high regards for his motherland and for dissemination of knowledge.

To Khade skill in his profession and in life is of equal and unique importance.

Simple-minded Khade believes that he can work not only to fulfil his own purpose but also with a desire to be good to others. We pray for a long and happy life for Pandu Khade and earnestly hope that the future horsemen of India would maintain all the records set up by him.

TWO POEMS

By Shri J. K. Jain, M. A., Lecturer in English.

(i) HOW LONG ?

I have stood, I have waited
to dissolve into the melody
of your presence
my Ego that struts, isolates,
tightens its grip on me.
You, who have disturbed me
day and night,
with joy, with anguish,
(as though compelled by Necessity);
Have understood the impulse
behind the solitary movement
Of my finger ;
Looked deep into my
Saddening or brightening eye.
It's you,
my dear, dear companion !
It's you I need
to drink to the lees
the cool air flowing
Over a landscape tranquil,
with its parched lips
Slaked by a celestial shower ;
to enjoy the Pastoral Symphony
Or Onkar's melodious ease ;
Or gaze at the veil
that half-conceals, half-reveals,
a mellow moon
Sailing on a January night.
I'll, all alone,
grapple with the ache
raging in my soul ;
Or, like Moses, toil through
burning sand or barren stone.
But, to enjoy
without you to share my joy !

(ii) TWILIGHT IN CONNAUGHT PLACE

This is the place no one belongs to,
the no man's land. The queuing throngs,
the scuttling feet, all impatient
to get back home. The restaurants are full
Of coffees, how-do-you-do's smart, chatter,
the cynical laughs that clatter
and come to nothing.
The wheels howl like dogs at night.
The parrots with their trailing green
tails
protract their mad chorus to eternity.
The trees and the tall buildings
look on stunned.

O for an island of silence !
where one could recline and think ?
Is there no rocket to the land
of thought ? Only the rushing wheel,
the wheel that gets inside, paralyses
the mind, the spirit
into a passive dial
to record its revolutions.

The Day at the moment of extinction
is pouring out his gold, his crimson.
Hardly a mystery
for the wheel, the wheel
incarnated within.

TWO HOURS BEFORE COLLEGE

By Saroj Aagrani, Pre.-Medical I year.

IT is the time a few hours before I leave for my college. Our house at this time is in a real state of confusion. We all get up quite late ; hence the mad scramble for everything.

The morning usually starts with the cook running from here to there asking who wants what for breakfast. Finally when everyone has decided the poor cook has so much to do that he thinks it better not to ask any questions next time but do what he likes.

Once some time back when Ajit, my brother, was still tied to Mum's apron strings, we heard a tremendous crash from upstairs. Naturally worried Mum called out :

"Ajit, what are you doing up there?"
"Nothing Mum," came a calm reply.
"What was that noise ?"
"What noise, Mum ?"
"Whatever it was, stop doing whatever you were doing."
"I was brushing my teeth, Mum. Shall I stop it ?"
"Really !"

Once everyone was waiting for breakfast. Mum and I were discussing my new dress. Usha, my sister, was having a last minute check up in History and Dad was reading the morning news. Ajit had been given a pile of comics to keep him quiet, when there came a thin cloud of smoke.

"Toast is burning." Some one screamed. By having peace for some time we all, including the cook, had forgotten about the toast. There was a mad scramble to the side-board. By the time everyone was out of each other's way and the toast saved, there was nothing much left out of it.

While eating breakfast there is always one grumble about the egg or tea tasting terrible. During this period Ajit once asked Dad:

"Daddy were you a boxer before getting married ?"

"Why, son ?"

"Daddy, your nose is crooked. Boxers usually have such noses."

Poor dad ! Never did he feel so humiliated before.

After breakfast there is a mad rush for everything. Chairs are screeched back. Usha and Ajit rush from here to there looking for their books.

"Where is my pen ?" Usha shouts.
"How would I know ?" Ajit replies.
"You had it."
"I did not."

The pen is promptly found in Ajit's bag who, having borrowed it, had forgotten to return it.

Dad looks for his files which he had left at a certain place the night before and finds them under the bed. What a place! Then there are hurried good-byes said. When every body leaves I always hear Mum sigh with relief. I

can say that I always leave home a few minutes after everybody does. No wonder a guest once remarked that it was the maddest house he had ever visited.

LIFE'S RECOMPENSE

By Goutam Banerjee, B. Sc. I year.

Your name, your fame, your worldly
possessions
Are but cow-dung in this mortal
world—
And are of no use.
Your intellect, your ego, all your good
qualities
Await that eternal refuge—
Which ye call Death.

What you are, who are you ?
What for ye came, whither shall ye
go ?
Can you come with a ready-made
answer ?
Is there any foregone conclusion ?
Surely not !

You forget, you falter, you sin ;
Your vision is coloured—
Infatuation, greed, jealousy and
contempt
Reign supreme.
You are befooled with the mirage
Of your own insatiable hankerings !

You dream of rubbish, nonsense
Which you get not.
Know ye not that all your glory,
Your deeds will mingle in dust
At last ?
From the moments of your birth
Till the very minutes of your death
What achievement you leave behind ?

Science ! Religion ! Medical Aid !
Are all mute spectators
Against that clarion call !
You lament. You suffer
The pangs of separation.
It makes you weak and remorseful.
But is there any way out ?
Any outlet ? No ! Ye helpless
creatures !

From the very minutes of your birth
Your fate is sealed.
There is no escape from it.

So, you, oh blind friends
Acquire virtue
In the form of charity !
Lead a pious and honest life.

Your good deeds, your nobleness alone
Will pay you in the long run.

'God helps those who help themselves'.
It is correct in the truest
Sense of the term.
Help the poor, your sick, destitute,
Hungry brethren,
For the same soul
Dwells in all.

"Arise, awake, till the
Goal is not reached".
Fear not, Great Soul!
You have the Power
To revolutionize the world.

Shake off the nervous complex,
Wake up from your lugubrious
slumber,

Choose the right path,
Act according to the dictates
Of your conscience!
If your brain and heart
Are in conflict
Follow the Heart
And you won't be wronged.

Courage, determination,
And, above all, a strong will,
Are all that are wanted.
For the word "Impossible"
Is written in the dictionary of fools.

HUMOUR OF A BUFFOON

By K. J. Murli Kumar, B. Sc. II year.

IT was only a few months since I married Sheila, a pretty gal or, (I must face facts) a young woman, or, to be more gentlemanlike—a pretty, young lady who was in the middle of her glorious teens; a just-blossomed (take it in any way you want) graduate from the cosmopolitan university of Delhi. Any college boy would have called her—as a swell piece of... you know what we would have called her. May be you all know that I have always sorta gone well with the sweeties. I've got that sorta something that they like and even though I am as ugly as a couple of bullpups, still it is that sorta ugliness that makes a gal go for you because she likes to think that after people

have looked at your mug and gasped, they'll look at her and breathe a sigh of relief. So you needn't wonder how I picked up that swell one of top class. For you educated guys. I may, as well, compare her with that Greek beauty, Helen, who, you may recall, launched a thousand ships. That's about my wife's looks and now let us come to the interesting part of her having been very unorthodox and modern in her college-days.

We fixed up a flat in the Defence Colony, a nice two-bedroomed house which was further beautified by my wife's modern tastes of superior interior decoration. The very first evening of our Privy Couple's life I

returned from the office just to sniff a sort of funny, unusual smell coming from the kitchenette. I sat down on the settee and slowly unlaced my shoes and walked around to my room to change. I find that I am cordially received by my wife, who had probably heard my footsteps and was looking for the visitor. She burst out, the moment she saw me, "I've a new savory for your tiffin—Guess what?" She hands over to me a plate of—well, I don't know whether I should call it a solid or a liquid. It aint a solid for I can see small stream-like ends to the piece; neither can I call it a liquid 'cause it was handed to me in a flat plate. Well, well, well! Maybe it's something semi-solid or semi-liquid or maybe it's best I leave it for the chemists to invent a new name for a substance in a transitionary stage between a solid and a liquid. I tried to guess with some names of savories, I've heard of, but for everyone of them, she replied, "Better luck next time, honey. Come on try more"; till, at last, my vocabulary of dishes approached zero and I gave up. She gave it a funny name (or should I call it very modern one; which I fail to recall.

After trying hard to cut it with the spoon, she had offered, I asked her, "where did you pick up this hard-grease?", at which she got sorta offended and walked back, with a frown to the kitchen. My curiosity to find the inventor, the composition, and the method of preparation grew fast, as time passed on. Inevitably, I walked towards the kitchen and after a formal apology, which seemed

to satisfy her, I asked, politely this time, "who taught you to make such a thing anyway?". Seeing my plate empty she beamed out, "you did like it, didn't you?" (So my friends, I admit the truth that I threw that mess out of the window en route to the kitchen. Little does she know about this.) To cool her down and make her talk I had to be pally and so, said "(Boys! was it nice or was it not?) Truly, I've never tasted one of its class before". (Actually, I had never tasted one of its class and pray to God to keep me away from 'em for all the time to come.) "I am sorry I offended you, darling. Take it all as a joke and forget about it now." She seemed buttered enough and said that she picked it up from one of those awful radio broadcasts. In my mind, dear friends, I can assure you, that I was doing nothing but cursing the Broadcasting authorities for having shot out such a terrille dish on a wavelength which could be so easily picked up by my wife.

This sort of making (or shall I say developing) new dishes every evening became a habit for my wife and I had no other alternative but to accept them with a grin; lest she should get offended. (oh! not that I care much for her anger.) One fine evening, I must add, a very fine evening, I was trying hard in my mind to find a way to clear up the new dish in my plate when my friend, my very best friend, Vijay came along. I must add that he's a very very ... good friend, The one and only one who knows the right time to come. I offered him, without the slightest

hesitation, and/or apologies, my plate. He, as usual, being modest and very formal (or did he already know about my wife's eccentric dishes?) refused to take it. But this time I forced him to take it (lest I should have had to eat it up after his departure). His visit, on this occasion was very short. You, my friends, and I are the only ones who know the reason but dear friends, my wife didn't even bother to dig it up. Surely, between you, me and the lamp post, I admit that no one can, stand any more of cordiality after eating the dishes my wife cooks.

The inventions, if I may call my wife's dishes so, increased rapidly along with the latest developments in Science; for she started making more dishes picking some from the Sunday newspapers and some from the T. V. cook's program? I would very much it was called "cook's program". Time came, at last, when I could stand no more of her inventions, discoveries or whatever may be the correct name, and I yelled at her "No More!!! Please! Have

mercy on me! No More."...At this instant, I found myself up from nice sleep and my elder brother by my side. He said, "Ya, Murali, no more of that sleep. Be up and get ready for your college. You admitted it just now. No more. Come on." [Little does he know of the situation in my dream.]

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EPILOGUE

Caught gazing at the "Just Married" snaps in a weekly, my friend said, "Too late, Murali, to think of them. Try and pick out one of the many unmarrieds." Down on my bed, late at night,—“my place and time of sweet thoughts and dreams”—I recalled my friend's words and started thinking about one of the up-to-date modern girls as my wife. I am ignorant as to when I sank into the luxurious cushions of sleep, but friends, you all know what happened. Who knows that it was all up in a dream; would'nt it come in reality!

RADIATION & HEREDITY

By Shri V. N. Pasricha, M. Sc.

SINCE the beginning of history life of man has been shadowed by the fear of war. Since the end of the Second World War man's fear of war has been considerably heightened by the invention of nuclear bombs. These bombs have immense destructive power but their after-effects,

usually called the-fall outs, are far more devastating, and are likely to linger for a long period causing untold sufferings not only to the present generation but to many later generations of the survivors. World attention is being increasingly focussed upon the dangers to the human race

of misused atomic energy and there has been a lot of hue and cry from various quarters of the world against the test explosions by various leading countries of the world*. These explosions pollute the atmosphere by increasing its radioactive contents. This radioactivity has not yet reached dangerous limits but goes on increasing with each explosion.

The phenomenon of radioactivity is spontaneous and uncontrollable. We have various natural radioactive materials on the earth, which go on disintegrating by themselves emitting alpha, beta and gamma radioactions which harm the body tissues. Various artificial radioactive substances have been prepared in many atomic plants of the world and these are much more powerful than the natural ones. A nuclear explosion also results in the production of many artificial radioactive substances in the atmosphere. These substances have a fixed life of radioactivity which cannot be cut short. One of such substances is an isotope of carbon, C 14, which has a life of 8070 years. Man is thus increasing the overall radioactivity on and around the world whereas it is impossible at present to diminish this activity. The radiations on the earth thus go on increasing and so also their detrimental effects on living beings.

A living being, animal or plant, consists fundamentally of cells. The nuclei of cells are complicated pro-

* *At the time of submitting this article Russia has exploded 19 bombs, and America 3 bombs within a very short period after a long lapse of inactivity.*

teins consisting of thread-like structures called chromosomes in which are lodged the physico-chemical packages, the basic hereditary materials, namely, the genes. A gene is a giant molecule made up chiefly of a chemical substance called deoxyribonucleic acid. These genes are related to various traits in the living individual. In each nucleus they occur in pairs, one coming from either parent. A number of pairs of them may be responsible for a particular trait in human beings. The genes do not mix up, not lose their character when passed on to the next generation in the act of reproduction. I will make this clear by a simple example in plants. A purely tall plant will have two genes for tallness, and a purely dwarf one two for dwarfness (TT and tt respectively). If tall and dwarf plants are crossed the resultant generation will be all tall, with genic combination Tt, as genes of tallness dominate over dwarfness. The plants of this generation are not purely tall, for they are tall outwardly, but inwardly carry a gene for dwarfness. If these plants are crossed among themselves, the genes for tallness and dwarfness will segregate in the subsequent generation so that we will again have purely tall and purely dwarf plants. In this way the genes retain their individuality and have the basic property of extreme precision in self-duplication form for generations.

Usually the genes are stable chemical structures but by some agencies like heat, X-rays and radioactive rays there is interference in the chemical arrangement of their molecules. Any

Each change in a gene is called mutation, and it is a failure in precision in the fundamental property of self-copying. If such a change occurs in the reproduction cells of an individual there is likelihood of a new species in the next generation. However over 99 per cent of these mutations are harmful and the offsprings in the next generation do not survive. In one percent of these mutations a new type of offsprings, entirely different from their parents, are possible. This is how evolution has been taking place in the world, mutations constituting the raw material for evolution. The favourable mutations, when they occur, increase the adaptive fitness of the organism to meet the requirements of the environment and enable it better to survive and leave a larger progeny behind. The new mutant genes thus became a permanent character and the process is called natural selection.

Radiations are directly responsible for causing mutations in the cells of living beings. Apart from their direct effects like cancer, burns and leukemia, we are concerned here with their effects on reproductive cells which govern the heredity. The radiation dose received by an individual is measured in terms of Rontgen. (1r) is that much amount of radiation which produces 10^{17} ionisations in the human body. Apart from radioactive rays from bombs another type of radiation called cosmic rays has been showering on the earth since time immemorial. They originate in the interstellar space and are attracted by

the earth's magnetic field. These rays too ionise the body tissues and have been the principal cause of mutations in all living beings. In a period of thirty years the total dose of radioactivity due to this natural phenomenon is of the order of 4.7 r for the human body. This is called the back-ground radiation and the human body has been standing this much dose without ill effects. It is interesting to note that effects of these radiations are cumulative, that is, they go on adding up with time, irrespective of the source. Nuclear explosions at the present rate will amount to a dose of only 0.3 r in 30 years. This does not seem very startling at the outset.

Scientists are of firm opinion that fall-outs from bombs will not produce as much harm as results from wearing wrist watches with Radium-coated dials! This is rather a startling revelation but true, for experiments have shown that an individual can get as high a dose of radioactivity as 26 r in 30 years by wearing such a watch day and night. This is really a potentially harmful magnitude. Similarly a person going to a dentist or a doctor for regular X-ray check-up may get a doze of 3 r in 30 years which again is ten times stronger than the effects of radiations from bombs. Both these practices should be discouraged vehemently for the good of mankind because, apart from causing injuries to the individual, the radiations from the dial or the X-rays will produce deleterious mutant genes in the reproductive cells and the effect will be propagated in the coming genera-

tions. There is no safe limit or threshold of activity for an individual in one's life time but a dose of 5 r in 30 years is considered pretty safe and of this nearly 4.4 r is contributed at sea-level due to background radiation, that is the cosmic rays.

A great radiation hazard in the case of man lies in the fact that by increased mutation rate due to increased radioactive dose unfavourable mutations (not necessarily mortal) would accumulate in such high frequencies that they would endanger the very survival of our species. We are thus interfering with the natural selection. The mutations caused by these radiations are not likely to result in overall monstrosities or freaks in our species although a few abnormal and strange creatures may be born.

Individuals working in atomic plants, X-ray and nuclear laboratories, high power radio and television laboratories are exposed to the dangers of radiation to a very great extent. A dose of 30 to 60 r would undoubtedly double the mutation rate in man. The amount of radioactivity from nuclear bombs appears to be small but it might increase and it should be borne in mind that it is shared by the whole world population of 2.8 billion. The

small harmful effect will thus add up to a tangible amount of genetic damage, particularly when the population is fast increasing. Besides causing mutations the radiation may produce chromosome-breaking and this too has deleterious hereditary effects. It has further been found that the ionising radiations have profound effect on the brain and the central nervous system. Two Russian scientists submitted a report to the United Nations Second International Conference on peaceful uses of atomic energy, stating that children are mostly affected by these radiations and their intelligence is impaired to a certain degree. We do not yet know the exact correlation between intelligence and heredity but it is likely that we might be rendered too stupid after many years.

In the words of Linus Pauling, the Nobel Laureate, mankind is undergoing a process of slow butchering. Carbon-14 released by various test explosions will produce a million seriously injured children, and will produce minor hereditary defects in many millions. We are the custodians of the human race and have the duty of protecting the pool of human germ-plasm against wilful damage. The nuclear test explosions should definitely be banned so as to be on the safer side.

MUSINGS OF A MUTE

By Sujata Varma, 1st year English Hons.

IT was only half past nine. Still half an hour more for the bell to go. Mini sat quietly in a corner of her class room, rocking her chair in an absent-minded way. She sat there quite unaware of the strikingly sweet picture she presented of herself, with her pretty oval face cupped in her beautiful hands, and her dark eyes wandering through the length and breadth of the class room.

She could see the naughty Maya and her group, admiring a cartoon on the black board. In a shrill voice Maya was passing her witty comments and the other girls burst out laughing. She turned her gaze to the window, from where she could catch sight of the blazing sun peeping through the leaves of the coconut palms. Sudha was sitting there on the window seat, almost hidden by a big group of excited girls. She was singing some of the popular tunes to the admirers around her. Mini's eyes were resting on two girls standing near the door. They were exchanging some secrets in soft undertones; they were also giggling.

Mini wondered whether she would ever translate her thoughts into speech. In the serenity of the night when the full moon smiled in the sky she had been aware of her heart leaping in some unknown joy. She had known moments when her heart had overflowed with emotions. But would she ever speak those feelings aloud? Would she ever shout and

shriek in excitement like Maya? Would she ever sing her joyous feelings aloud like Sudha? Would she ever succeed in disclosing the secret chambers of her heart to some friendly ears? She felt a sudden pang of grief, because she knew very well that the answer to all these questions was a simple 'No' She would never shout or speak or sing. Yes.....she was d...u...m...b.....

It was true—her tongue failed in unfolding the contents of her mind; it was true that she lacked speech. But she did not lack a pair of large dark eyes and they really needed no translating into any other language. "The flame of the mind itself was there, burning brightly or going out in the darkness, shining steadily like the moon or flashing like restless lightning on all quarters of the sky". The language of those eyes "was endless as the sea, clear as the sky and filled with light and shadow".

How sympathetically and desperately her teachers had tried to understand her language! Mini pondered. The image of her loving mother arose before her eyes. How tenderly she had tried to alleviate her suffering! Mini had to admit that her life was not totally dark..

The girls were now running to their places. The bell had gone and they could hear the footsteps of the teacher out in the corridor.

O, today we are going to read a story written by Tagore. Mini remembered, a sad story about a sad girl—Subha—

Radha was asked to read the story aloud in the class. A mysterious silence followed as Radha, pouring out all her emotion in that husky voice of hers, started reading the story slowly.

Mini sat with her eyes fixed on Radha's face. Slowly and slowly she was transported into another land, and was soon engulfed in it. She found herself confronted with a girl who was as desperate, as lonely, and as sad as she herself was. 'Subha' was also a dumb girl like Mini, who had no language other than the trembling of her lips. Mini's lips too trembled like a leaf in answer to her thoughts and she too had large dark eyes like 'Subha'.

In the silent wailing of Subha's heart, she heard the echo of her own troubled heart. She could understand the language of Subha's eyes, because that was her own language. Her own reflection, as she beheld it in Subha, grew bigger and bigger before her eyes. Something happened to her at that moment, very strange and very new. She found herself choked with a tide of emotions. She became conscious of something which was trying to escape from her throat. Suddenly before she herself could believe, the words came out of her mouth "Subha"

The sweet sound of her voice still lingered in the air. The whole class looked unbelievably at Mini—the owner of that sweet voice..... Yes, it was true, the story had worked a

miracle in Mini. She could now speak and shout and cry. Her friends came running to her and they danced around her in great joy. They congratulated her and embraced her lovingly. Her teacher ran to the telephone to convey the good news to her parents. O, at that moment Mini felt that all the joy was hers!

She was still being hugged and patted by her friends when her mother arrived. The traces of misery were no longer there in the welcoming face of her mother. One could see the tears of joy glistening in her eyes.

In a minute Mini was in her mother's arms.

"Darling child, my precious me; I knew God won't be so cruel to you, I knew this would happen some day ... some day", her mother whispered to her

Mini opened her eyes with a jerk. She was not in the crowded class room, not in her mother's arms..... She was in her own room, in her own bed with the half-finished story book on her lap.

She started at the sound of the clock on her bed-side wall. It was 2 o' clock in the night.

"It was all a dream, nothing more than a tormented soul's imaginary vision of happiness, nothing but the musings of a mute!!", Mini's heart whispered to herself bitterly.

Tears ran down her cheeks. The moon, half-hidden in a mantle of clouds peeped at her with sympathy. A cool breeze came running through the window and caressed her gently.



The Sindhi Society

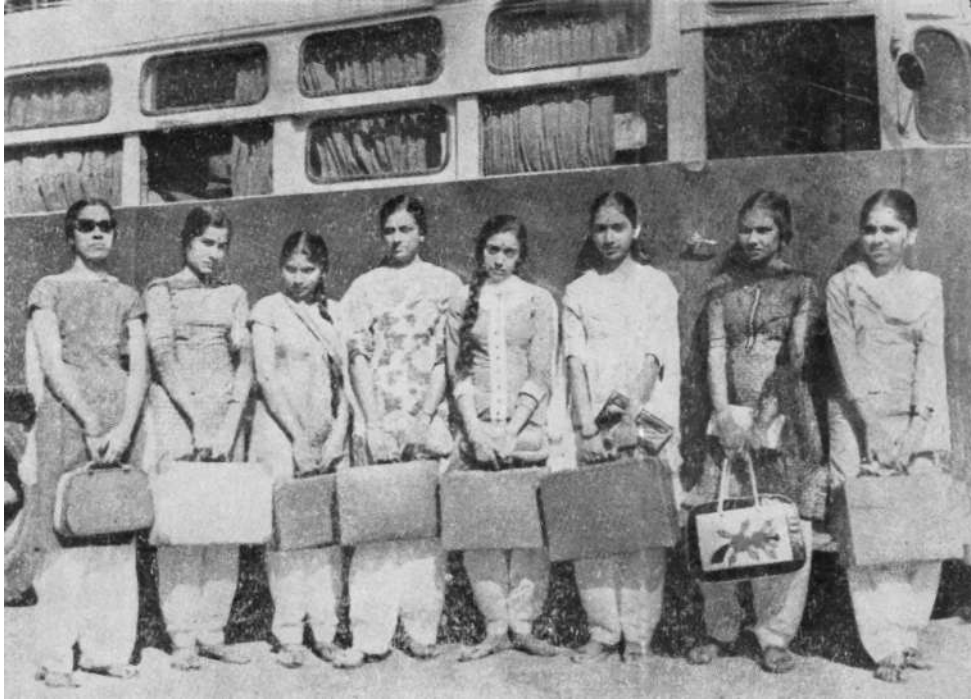
Prayer to Bharat Mata



Shri R. L. Gursahani, Chief Guest,
delivering the Presidential Speech
at the Annual Function of The
Sindhi Society.



The History Association



Women-Members on a tour to Agra, Fatehpur Sekri and Mathura.



Members at the Taj at Agra

Some Pages From My Diary*

Shri J. K. Jain M. A., Lecturer in English

IN the previous issue I brought you as far up as Rishikesh sharing with you my experiences on the way.

From Rishikesh we went to Rudraprayag passing through Srinagar (not the capital of Kashmir). This part of the aesthetic pilgrimage was the bitterest ordeal that we faced. It was hideously hot throughout. The boiling fluid crept through the leaking shoes into our feet and made us feel wretched. The straw hats and the dark goggles afforded but scanty protection against the fury of the sun. This hot severity was accentuated by the ugly forms which were Nature's apology for hills. They evoked the solumn images of old hags with faded locks, fossils not even suggestive of past glory and putrefying carcasses. It was somewhat like Eliotean Wasteland :

A heap of broken images, where
the sun beats
And the dead tree gives no shelter,
the cricket no relief....

Then there were swarms of all sorts of people, packed like frightened animals into buses and trucks, crammed into Dharamshalas where dust and filth and flies enjoyed unchallenged sway, and lying huddled together helter-skelter on the road side. These

*Continued from the last number : Vol IX,
3-4.*

human creatures, drawn mostly from villages and depressed classes, in their deep concern for the next world, were religiously indifferent to things like good food, cleanliness and privacy without which no civilized or decent living is possible. But the present life can be sacrificed for joys on the other side of eternity, can't it be ?

Next, there were litters of parasites in a white guise—the so-called 'pandas', fattening on the hard-earned money of the poor, ignorant and credulous masses. Deoprayag was their habitat. They appeared on the scene of their operations all of a sudden (apparently from nowhere) brandishing rusty scrolls of names of generations and smart umbrellas. They had divided the entire country among themselves and apparently reigned securely in their territories. The moment the fleet of buses stopped, the pilgrims were assailed and taken charge of by their 'holinesses' who looked after the various parts of the country they belonged to. On learning the name and the address of the bewildered victim, the *panda* would produce the page bearing the names of his forefathers, his neighbours (and sometimes even his own) with an agility which beat me hollow. The aspiring one then paid his benefactor to have himself put down in the illustrious company, if he is not already there.

The food we had to swallow to avoid starvation was bad par excellence. The miserable 'Chholas', fried in God knows what were too much for any man of any taste to bear. You must be exceptionally lucky if you escaped dysentery or some such trouble as a result of the 'poories' and other stuff you are compelled to fill your gnawing tummy with.

It was only a bright hope (that springs eternal in the human breast) of aesthetic raptures we would experience at Badrinath, Kedarnath and in the Valley of Flowers, which made us endure such conditions, though a desire to go back was already forming in our minds. At Rudraprayag, we got a tolerable room to spend the night in. When we got up in the morning, we found the compound covered with bodies, living ones, of course. So many had poured in during the night! Many, many more were expected. When I went to the lavatory, I was greeted by an awful stench that pervaded there. It appeared as if that little bit of ground had been used for that purpose from pre-historic times without ever being cleaned. Centuries of filth lurked in every corner. One required super-human power of endurance even to stand there. You can very well imagine the condition of an ordinary mortal like me whose quota of that power is much below average.

The rudeness of the priest-in-charge, caused by our reluctance to 'donate' as much as he wanted unnerved us still further. It was, how-

ever, the fateful visit to the bus stand which precipitated our decision to abandon the trek. From there we learnt that we might be held up for days together because large parties of pilgrims had booked all the buses in advance. The prospect of spending days together at that place filled us with horror.

We were not sustained by any religious zeal to accept hardships as penance without which the 'Beatific Vision' is impossible. It was astonishing to see large numbers of pilgrims old and young, ill-clad and ill-fed (perhaps the right kind of appearance for such a venture), with their backs bent double under the heavy loads tramping long and arduous distances, enduring privations, that appear both unnecessary and obnoxious to the 'healthy', civilized modern man. This sight led me to reflect on the meaning of such pilgrimages. It is, no doubt, true that they are a wonderful opportunity to people for travel, adventure and experience and also that they bring together people from all parts of the country on a common goal and thus promote 'unity in diversity', brotherhood and—what is most important—a sense of identity. It is impossible not to be impressed when one cares to know that these expeditions were undertaken (perhaps oftener) even before the modern means of communication were made available. But when I analyse the nature of their moral and spiritual impact, I cannot help feeling disappointed. One would expect that these holy journeys help the believers become better human beings, kind,

sympathetic, forgiving, sensitive, and rise, in a real sense, above their petty degraded selves and take life itself as a sacred voyage on the ocean of eternity. But more often than not, they turn into a meaningless ritual, performed unintelligently and give the common people the false satisfaction of being religious, i.e., formalistic (even with a vengeance) for the time the sacred expedition lasts, which encourages them to settle back, on returning, into their pitiful, self-centred 'worldly' existences without being troubled by any such thing as a tender conscience. By this frank analysis, I do not mean to suggest that this part of the wonderful attempt of Hinduism to organize the entire life of its followers round a common spiritual objective should be scrapped. Because, for that matter, we will be compelled to abolish all institutions and that will result in perfect chaos. It is a strange irony of human nature that if we keep the institutions, we become patternised and regimented and tend to lose our vitality, 'suppleness', and freedom. If we do away with them, we are shipwrecked and lost in utter confusion. Human life is a strange dilemma. Its duality is so painful. It has its grandeur and nobility; it has its wickedness and depravity—its God and Satan, Othello and Iago. It compels us to love it and work ceaselessly for the realization of its highest possibilities; it compels us to give up hope, embrace despair and even death. Normal human intelligence feels perplexed, unable to solve this riddle: what is it that lies at the heart of things—Absurdity, Malice, Playful

Capriciousness, Divine Lila or Wisdom ?

I am sorry for this liberty (or licence, if you like it that way) to my mind that keeps on roving. I was talking about the lack of religious fervour in us.....We retraced our steps and came down to Hardwar.

Our journey was not however, without its moments of glory. For quite sometime the Ganges remained with us, like a faithful companion. She raised our spirits by her charming antics. She would disappear for a little while and re-appear all of a sudden. She would shrink into a petty stream and then expand once again. She would lift herself into Hesseian symbol (see 'Siddhartha' by Herman Hesse) and, then come back to its everyday, material self.

Then, there was an exquisite spot on the way from Rishikesh to Srinagar. I know that I should not be forgiven for not knowing its name (but what's there in a mere name ?) This was a genuine oasis in that wilderness, a shady haunt among the Arabian Sands'. It had trees with green leaves and cool shades, a brook flowing energetically. In the vast landscape stretching before us, we could see terraced fields, fascinating green trees, growing sporadically though. It came as an intense relief, like the fleeting ecstasy of spiritual illumination that visits a seeker, who is groping in darkness, and leaves him all the more distressed.

Above all, I cannot forget the few

moments that I spent at the confluence of Alakhnanda and Mandakini at Rudraprayag. The two streams appeared to have fallen in love at first sight. They were locked in a passionate embrace and, in the maddening raptures of the union, were roaring with delight. I had refreshing dips in their cool waters. In the evening when they glistened in the soft moonlight, I listened to the untutored strains of a flute, played on by a rustic youth (a swain) whom I had picked up just by chance. He was one of the race of the hardy people who, though engaged in a hard struggle for mere subsistence, retain their zest for life and take some time off to abandon themselves spontaneously to its gay rhythms.

.....

At Hardwar we relaxed for a few days at 'Shantiniketan', a tolerably good hotel. Our hotel looked kindly out to 'Har Ki Pairhi', the glory of Hardwar. Here the Ganges is divided into two branches. In the shallower part, people take the sacred bath which is supposed to cleanse them of all foulness. Men and women, of all ages and all kinds, gather here in large numbers to bathe in the baptismal water. It was frightening to see one's fellowmen wanting desperately to purify themselves by means of a physical act and going back beaming with the notion that they have fulfilled their highest moral and religious responsibility. Superstition loomed large in its crude form.

It is in the evening that this place

reveals its manifold appeal. Men and women repair here for all sorts of purposes—social get-together, fun and entertainment, sight-seeing, a pleasant stroll and religious upliftment. The banks of this fairly long stretch of the Ganges are well developed, full of parks and shops catering sweets, fruits and pungent *chauts*. Here is a strange meeting of the medieval and the modern, the religious and the secular. Temples in the traditional style lie by the side of modern constructions, the electric bulbs with earthen lamps. Smart, modern dressing styles displaying the curves of the human body hobnob with traditional modes, designed to hide those contours. The fashionable a-religious sort confine themselves to the places of eating and parks quite contented with a stroll; the religious sort sit round their pastors in small groups and hold community prayers ('kirtans'). The inspired ones can be seen dancing in a frenzy of religion and thus paying their special homage to the Lord. The *kirtans* last for hours together. I think they are the most wonderful form of worship that we have evolved. In the rhythmic rise and fall of the instruments and human voices, it becomes quite possible to forget ordinary sorrows and joys and be transported into higher realms on the waves of music. If only my half-educated friends, in their enthusiasm for modernity did not sneer at them! I feel every effort should be made to preserve it as a vital part of our daily life.

Late at night, when the din and noise has died down, with your feet

dangling in the cool water, you can gaze at the star-lit firmament and perceive the mighty harmony existing between the human spirit and Nature and enter into a silent communion with your Self for the whole place radiates holiness. And then your heart goes out to the tiny flames floating serenely on the expansive waters of the Ganges.

Here I discovered an interesting character. He was a 'Baba' with the standard appearance that is enough to raise a person in the holy estimation of the masses : saffron robes, long hair (not quite unlike that of La Belle Dame Sans Merci), and a venerable beard. His individuality was established by his exceedingly small and fragile frame, eyes buried deep in their sockets, a shaggy face and conspicuous cheek-bones. I was quite amused to find him singing ghazals to the accompaniment of an ancient sitar, perhaps the most important item in his patrimony. He formed the centre of an assortment of people ranged round him in a circle. A half clean, half dirty rag was spread before him on which his admirers threw coins to express their appreciation of his music. He played variations of the same tune. His repertory consisted of only those lyrics which could fall to the sitar-accompaniment. I must confess that after being deprived of music for such a long time, I was filled with delight though there was nothing extraordinary about his music. I overflowed with gratitude. In my excitement, I took out a one rupee note and with a smile hurled it in the direction of the *Baba*. He

paid me back with a few more ghazals, a gracious smile and even a wink. I knew I had struck an understanding with him. After he had finished, I went up to him and invited him to my room. Next morning he appeared punctually. Mr. Pasricha asked him to render a poem of his own but his skill failed him. Then I sang a ghazal in my eminently unmusical manner, and requested him to reproduce it on the sitar. His performance was no better. We decided not to embarrass our artist any more and rested content with whatever he gave. Now the glory faded away from both his voice and instrument. He did, however, more than make up for the failure of his art by allowing me a frank glimpse into his mode of living. I came to learn that he and his companions spent most of their time in bouts of smoking, drinking and harlotries. He also told me about the tricks they employed to cheat the simple-minded people into believing that they possessed supernatural powers and could perform miracles. That was how they earned their livelihood. Yet I could not be hard on that poor chap, though I burned with indignation against their tribe. There was a strange intensity in his eyes, a pleasing warmth on his face and a fervour in his soft voice that made me feel that he was basically a decent sort. This sight of a hollow life, the ruins of humanity, left me more pained than angry.

We left Hardwar for Simla; for 'fresh woods and pastures new'.

(To be concluded)

ABOUT OVERSELVES

'The prophet's mantle, ere his flight
began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to
man."

Thus wrote Campbell in his poem : *Pleasures of Hope*. Little did we know in July, 1960, that in July, 1961 admissions to the college would establish an all-time record. Last year when we were a little over 1000 we remarked that we had touched the peak figure and could under no circumstances contain more. But look at the wonder of wonders : we are 1100 strong. It may seem to an outsider that we must have opened our doors to every caller. No ; believe it or not, we turned back quite a few. If we had not we would have faced the same situation as did Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputians when he awoke after his sleep of over 9 hours. We are, in a way, glad that our prophecy did not come out to be true; we would have been literally swamped with students. Notwithstanding the consequential inconvenience to the older population the new entrants are welcome to the fold with the usual greetings and good wishes. We hope they, in their own turn, will wish the same to their seniors.

Staff

In another direction, however, our prophecy has come true. Old and well-established traditions have been kept up with full vigour and

faith. Members of the Staff have brought honour to the college and comfort to themselves.—the latter, of course, conjugal and filial. Shri S. K. Goyal, Lecturer in Economics, has been awarded the degree of Ph. D. by the Delhi University for his thesis : *Some Aspects of Co-operative Farming in India with special reference to the Punjab*". Shri K. C. Kanda, Lecturer in English, returned to his post after taking the M. A. degree (for his thesis on the Poetry of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, 1840-192) from the Nottingham University. Shri C. L. Nahal, Lecturer in English has been awarded the degree of Ph.D. by the Nottingham University for his thesis on D. H. Lawrence. He will be back by the end of November, 1961. We congratulate these three gentlemen for the distinction won by them. Three distinctions in one year are more than we could have bargained for.

In the domestic sphere Members of the Staff have not been any the less ambitious and successful. Shri D. S. Mann, Lecturer in Physics and Shri P. S. Dabas, Lecturer in Hindi, have been blessed with sons—we mean one each. Shri S. P. Malhotra, we learn from sources above suspicion, laid the foundation of a happy life before he flew to the land of multiple temptations. It was most probably very wise of him, for does not the Bible say : O Lord ! send us not temptations : we are weak and may not resist them. In acting thus, he was

following a senior colleague in the Department. What we do not relish is the hush-hush manner and the consequent evasion of a hearty feast. This has happened a second time, and we fear may become a tradition. We are, however, very glad that Shri C. P. Malik is not following either of the two: he has got himself betrothed and is going to be married before the month of November runs out. "Quick work," said Lord Nelson to Hardy and so do we. We wish him all happiness in his married life. We cannot but commend this healthy rivalry to other younger members of the Staff in other Departments.

Members of the Staff have maintained their export quota. Shri S. P. Malhotra has gone to the University of Chicago in U.S.A. for higher studies in Chemistry. Shri C. P. Malik, too, is contemplating to leave for research at the University of Harvard in the States. He would have accompanied Shri S. P. Malhotra but for Cupid's delay-action arrow and Hymen's call.

Shri Adarsh Deepak, Lecturer in Physics, left us to join the Staff of the K. M. College, Delhi. He was a gentleman of various interests and talents and we are really sad to lose him.

Mrs. Manik Khanwaiker, Lecturer in Botany, has left to take up a job nearer home in the I. C. S. R office on the Rafi Marg. How great is our loss we discovered only the other day when she sang in the music concert in the college hall. She has a melodious voice.

Miss Aruna Bhattacharya, Lecturer in English, stayed with us for a brief spell of 3 months. She was the 'Spirit of Delight' and her presence in the Staff room made it ring with sweet, mild laughter'

We extend our heartfelt condolences to Shri V. P. Girdhar, Lecturer in Economics, on the sad demise of his revered father. May the departed soul rest in peace !

We are sorry to hear the sad news of the death of Ruchi Ram, a peon in the office. Our sympathies go to his family.

College Office

Shri M. L. Rustogi and Shri R. C. Gupta joined the College as Accountant and Senior Clerk respectively. Shri P. P. Tyagi, who has been working as Senior Clerk, resumed his duties in the library.

Elections

Elections of the office-bearers of the College Union, the U.N.S.A and of Supreme Councillors were held in August, 61. Canvassing was brisk. Candidates and their supporters did not spare pains and money to boost their 'horses' and hopes. All available places : walls, corridors, black-boards, idle-stacked furniture were pressed into service for display of posters and slogans. Scented cards and leaflets were distributed galore till the college was converted into a perfumery. The atmosphere was reminiscent of the triumphal march of the Roman conquerors or Browning's Patriot:

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path
like mad :

the smell of rose, jasmine and many other flowers impregnated the surroundings of the college with fragrance. Counting of votes was an ordeal and the manner and the speed with which it was done deserves praise. Shri D. S. Bhalla and Shri R. C. Pillai did a commendable job, indeed. Following are the results of the elections :-

(a) The College Union

Adviser : Shri D. S. Bhalla
President : Roop Lal B. Sc. Hons Maths. III
Vice-President : Vas Dev B. A. I
Secretary : Madan Satya B. Sc. III
Asstt. Secretary: Ram Lal B. A. Hons. II
Representatives :Subodh Saxena B.A. (Pass and Hons) and B.Sc. III
 Subhash Kuckreja B.A. (Pass and Hons) and B.Sc. II
 Jang Bahadur B.A. I (Pass and Hons) and B.Sc. I
 Ashok Chadda Pre-Medical I and II
 Janak Raj Qualifying (Arts and Science)

(b) The U. N. S. A.

Adviser : Shri R. C. Pilli
President : Kalyan Jain B. Sc. Hons. III

Secretary : Satish Khanna Pre-Med. II
Representatives : Chandra Prakash B.A. II B. A. (Pass and Hons)
 Ramesh Mittal B.Sc. I B.Sc. (Pass and Hons)
 Prem Lal Nahar Prep Arts Qualifying (Arts and Science)

(c) The Supreme Council (University Union)

1. Kalyan Jain B. Sc. Hons. III
2. Deepak Khosla B. A. Hons. III
3. Sneh Sharma B. A. III
4. B. N. Swaroop B. Sc. III
5. Uma Dogra B. A. III
6. Sneh Prabha B. A. III
7. J. N. Malik Prep. Arts
8. Inder Oberoi B. A. II
9. Savita Nagpal B. A. Hons III
10. Chander Mohan

The College Union

Inaugurating the College Union Shri N. Sanjiva Reddy, President of All India Congress Committee, made a forceful plea for proper understanding of the role of Student Unions as an instrument of education and training of the youth. Disagreeing with some recent uncharitable criticism of Student Unions and the view that they are superfluous and redundant, Shri N. Sanjiva Reddy made an appeal to the student community that they must have a broad outlook and should not quarrel over trifles, showing indecency on their part by creating disturbance while the function is going on.

He remarked, "I welcome all these Unions as they are the training grounds for our youth whom we expect to take up the burden of responsibility of the coming generations". The function was a grand success.

After a week a Hindi Prize Freshers' Debate was organized by the Union. Only those students took part who spoke for the first time on the college stage or who had never won any prize in a Hindi debate in this college. The aim of this debate was to give an opportunity to those students of the college whose talents are hidden due to their non-participation. About eleven teams took part and the function was a grand success. Yog Rag got the first prize, Mohini Raina and Ayay got the 2nd prizes.

The subject of the debate was, विद्यार्थियों को राजनीति में भाग नहीं लेना चाहिये!

The U. N. S. A.

The U. N. S. A. was inaugurated on 9th November, 1961 by Shri R. K. Nehru, Secretary General, Ministry of External Affairs. Mr. Nehru addressed the members of the Association. In his scholarly and charming address Mr. Nehru threw light on the functioning and success of the U. N. He also gave a clear picture of the role our country is playing in maintaining world peace. He also acquainted the students with their world duties and the efforts they shall have to make for maintaining friendship and fraternity among the peoples of the world. He also praised

and told of the necessity of such Associations. After the inauguration there was a small variety programme, too, in which S. P. Sharma, Tejpal, Vijay K. Kunal, and Hira Lal took part. The function was a great success.

The Philosophical Discussion and Recreation Group

Adviser : Mrs. M. Thomas

President : Dinesh Joshi B. A. III

Secretary : Padma Avadhani B.A. III

Members of the Philosophical Discussion Group paid a visit to the National Museum. As the weather was uncertain the group was rather small. But that did not detract from the enjoyment of the occasion. It is planned to have a series of useful talks in winter.

The History Association

Following students have been elected to various offices of the History Association for the year 1961-62.

Adviser : Shri B. B. Saxena

President : K. Ganesh B.A. II

Vice-President : K. Dewan B.A. II

Secretary : Raj Kumar B.A. I

Joint Secretary : B. S. Mittal Prep.

Representatives : Param Pal Singh
B. A. III

P. S. S. Raghavan

B.A. (Pass & Hons) II

Kiran Sharma

B. A. (Pass & Hons) II

Kanchan Khanna Prep.

The Association went on a Picnic-cum- historical trip to the Qutab on Sunday, the 1st of October, 1961. Shri B. B. Saxena, the Adviser, explained the significance and architectural style of the various monuments. The programme included songs, poems, Qawalis and tit-bits. A delicious lunch and tea were served to the participants.

The Association organized a historical trip to Agra, Fatehpur Sikri and Mathura during the Autumn vacation.

The Sindhi Literary Society

Following students were elected office-bearers of the Society for the year, 1961-62.

Adviser : Shri S. M. Jhangiani
President : Pushpa Davani
Secretary : Tikam Chabria
Joint Secretary : Lakhmichand Tewani
Representatives : Jagdish Motwani
Hari Kirtani
Ishwar Narani
Thakur Bhatia
Gopi Khemani

The first meeting of the Society was held on 6th October, 1961. Pushpa Davani presided. Dhani Lalwani and Asha Bijlani's Sindhi songs were the high lights of the meeting.

The Society organized a picnic at the Buddha Jayanti Park on 29th October, 1961. It was attended by a record number of members. The

credit for the successful organization goes to Pushpa Davani, Premi Bhambhani, Kiku Motwani, Shaku Raisinghani, Dhani, Asha Bijlani, Asha Ramsinghani, Gopi, Tikam, Lakhu Sudhakar, Hari Kirtani, Nari Daryani Sunder, Nari Gulrajani, Ramchand, Tulsi Harjani, Ashok Raisinghani, Kishin Vazirani and host of others.

Champa Bhatia of Pre-Medical II year class participated in the Debate organized by the Sindhu Samaj, Delhi, and won the first prize. Our congratulations.

The Bengli Literary Association

The first Meeting of the General Body of the Bengali Literary Association was held on 12th Aug. 1961. The annual report for the last year was read out by the outgoing Secretary, Dilip Saha, and the annual budget of the Association was discussed by the outgoing Treasurer, Madan Bannerji. The following office-bearers have been elected for the academic year, 1961-62 :

President : Dr. A. N. Banerji
Adviser : Shri A. K. Poddar
Secretary : Ratna Lahiri
Joint Secretary : K. B. Bagchi
Treasurer : Purnima Chatterji

The Hindi Parishad

Following students have been elected office-bearers of the Hindi Parishad for the year, 1961-62.

Adviser : Shri O. P. Kohly
President : Subhash Verma
 B.A. II
Vice President : Chandra Mohan
 B. A. II
Secretary : Gopal Arora B. A. II
Joint Secretary : Kul Bhushan Bhasin
 B. A. I

On 19th of September, 61. The Annual Inauguration function of the Parishad was held. Shri Gurudatta, the famous Hindi novelist, delivered the inaugural address. Hindi songs and recitation of poems were the important items of the programme. Aridaman, Veena Dar, Purnima, Nag Laxmi and Kalyan Jain gave Hindi songs and recited poems.

The Sanskrit Parishad

The Annual elections of the Sanskrit Parishad were held on the 23rd August, 61. The following office-bearers were elected for the year, 1961-62.

Adviser : Shri M. L. Choudhry
President : Malti
Vice-President : Ravindra Sharma
Secretary : Champa
Joint Secretary : Kaushalya
Representatives : Jagadish Sood B. A. III
 Chetan Prakash
 B. A. II
 Chand B. A. I
 Kanta Qualifying Arts

The first meeting of the Sanskrit Parishad was held on 9th Sept. 61. Dr. N. N. Chaudhuri, Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Delhi University, presided and Dr. R. V. Joshi was the chief guest. Purushottam Lal Vij spoke in Sanskrit explaining the importance of Sanskrit in the present times. Shashi Prabha sang a melodious song in Sanskrit from the "Gita Govinda". In the end Dr. N. N. Choudhuri gladly remarked that in this college the Sanskrit Parishad was very active. He gave advice to the students to try to speak in Sanskrit and in order to achieve fluent speech to read easy and interesting Sanskrit books, such as the 'Hitopadesha' and the Pancha Tantra.

The Social Service League

The following were appointed office-bearers of the League for the year, 1961-62.

Adviser : Shri S. M. Jhangiani
President : Ramesh Vohra
Vice-President : Vasdev Gursahani
Secretary : Rajat Batra
Joint Secretary : Jagdish Sood
Members of Ved Ahuja
the Executive : Tripta Sehgal
 Raj Nayar
 Sudershan Gugnani
 Ramesh Sethi
 V. P. Saxena
 Ramesh Grover
 Ishwar Navani

The League helped the College

Union and the Science Association in maintaining discipline at their functions.

A few badges received from the Motilal Nehru Centenary Committee (through the College Union) were sold to students.

A party of students led by Shri S. M. Jhangiani and consisting of Ved Abuja, Tripta Sehgal, Sushma Sahni, Krishna Khushalani, Sunita Vats, Kamlesh Bhutani and Sudershan Malik, Ramesh Vohra, Vasdev Gursahani, V. P. Saxena, K. J. Murli Kumar, K. Ganesh, C B Mehta and Lajpat Rai visited the Cheshire Home. They distributed fruit and sweets to the inmates and entertained them with songs, tit-bits and a few games of carrom.

The League also sold a few Greeting cards for the benefit of the

Cheshire Home.

Sports and Physical Education

Notwithstanding the obvious handicaps practice in Cricket, Badminton, Foot-Ball, Hockey, Athletics and Table-Tennis has been regular. Our teams participated in the above mentioned games in the University tournaments. Our women's Badminton team did well this time and went up to the semi-finals. But our Cricket team did not fare well and lost in the very first round. Competitions in Football, Hockey, Athletics and Badminton are yet to be held and we hope to do well, especially in Athletics.

Inter-class tournaments, which are a regular feature of the college, will be started from the month of November, 61. Physico-medical test of students will start very shortly.

Following students have been appointed office-bearers for the various games for 1961-62 session.

Cricket	Captain	Dipendar Pardhan
	Secretary	Surinder Kumar
Hockey	Captain	Harjit Singh
	Secretary	
Foot-ball	Captain	Gian Parkash
	Secretary	Sumir Gangoli
Volley-ball	Captain	...
	Secretary	Krishan Kumar
Badminton	Captain	Deepak Khosla
	Secretary	Saryjit Singh
	Joint Secretary	Brijinder Anand
Table-Tennis	Captain	Davinder Kakar
	Secretary	Subhash Kukreja
Net-Ball	Captain	Surjit Chopra
	Secretary	Harwant Mago
Athletics	Captain	Narinder Singh
	Secretary	Kanwal Nain Bahl

हिन्दी-विभाग

अध्यक्षा :

श्रीमती राजकुमारी प्रसाद, एम० ए०

सम्पादक :

पुरुषोत्तमलाल विज

अनुक्रमणिका

सम्पादकीय	(गद्यगीत) ...	पुरुषोत्तम लाल विज	२
गीतों को देवी रूठ गई	(कविता) ...	चमन, मैथ० ऑनर्स	३
नीलिमा भाभी	(कहानी) ...	कु० शशि प्रभा	४
पथभ्रष्ट वृक्ष	(गद्यगीत) ...	पुरुषोत्तम लाल विज	७
काश्मीर	(कविता) ...	कल्याण जैत	६
अच्छे दादा	(कहानी) ...	श्री पूर्णसिंह दबास	१०
सुख का स्वरूप	(कहानी) ...	महेश्वर प्रसाद	१४
टर्न दोहावली	(कविता)	प्रेमलाल खाण्डपुर	१५
दीदी	(कविता) ...	योगेश चन्द्र शर्मा	१६
नयी सभ्यता नया रंग	(नाटक) ...	सविता नागपाल	१८
मैं उसको बरदान कहूँगा	(कविता) ...	हातिम सिंह वर्मा 'प्रेमी'	२३
विद्रोही	(नाटक) ...	जगमोहन	२४
प्रतिशोध	(कहानी) ...	वेद 'कान्त' हिन्दी	२६
पैरोडियाँ और ध्यंग्य	(कविता) ...	ओम गुप्ता	३०
अपूर्व-मिलन	(गद्यगीत) ...	कमल 'नीर'	३१
फिर मिलेंगे	(कहानी) ...	वीर सिंह	३२
जाग जनगरा जागरण ले	(कविता) ...	रवीन्द्र शर्मा	३५
खुदा बचाए इस ऑनर्स से	(कहानी) ...	जनक खोसला	३६
सत् की ध्याख्या	(लेख) ...	डा० रामदत्त भारद्वाज	३८

सम्पादकीय

(पुरुषोत्तम लाल विज)

'देश' के प्रिय पाठको !

'देश' का एतद्वर्षीय प्रथम अंक आपके समक्ष है। सम्पादक के पावन पद पर प्रतिष्ठित होने के निमित्त सर्वप्रथम मैं नवप्रवेश-प्राप्त छात्र एवं छात्राओं का हार्दिक स्वागत करता हूँ जिन्होंने इस 'भारती-निकेतन' में उच्च शिक्षा प्राप्त करने के उद्देश्य से स्कूल की चार दिवारी को भी सहर्ष त्याग दिया। मुझे पूर्ण विश्वास है कि नवागत छात्र एवं छात्राएँ 'देश' पत्रिका की प्रगति की दिशा में विशेष रूप से प्रयत्नशील रहेंगे और अपना महत्वपूर्ण योगदान देकर इसे आशातीत सफलता प्रदान करेंगे।

प्रस्तुत अंक में कविता कहानी, गद्यगीत, निबन्ध एवं हास्य रस सम्बन्धी लेख प्रकाशित किए गए हैं। मेरा प्रयत्न यही रहा है कि आपको सुन्दर एवं स्वस्थ सामग्री प्रदान कर सकूँ। कुछ रचनाएँ दोषपूर्ण होने के कारण पत्रिका में स्थान प्राप्त न कर सकीं। प्रकाशित रचनाओं को मैं अत्यधिक महत्व तो नहीं दे सकता तथापि प्राप्त रचनाओं में यही सर्वाधिक स्वस्थ एवं उपयुक्त थीं। अप्रकाशित रचनाओं के लेखकों के आक्रोश एवं असन्तोष के प्रति मुझे पर्याप्त सहानुभूति है। किन्तु इस 'पर्याप्त' सहानुभूति होने के बावजूद भी रचना न छपने पर लेखक सम्पादक के प्रति अपने अन्तःकरण में अनेक कटु धारणाएँ बना लेता है और सम्पादक को 'पक्षपाती' 'अन्यायी' और न जाने किन-किन उपाधियों से विभूषित करता है। वस्तुतः ये धारणाएँ निराधार एवं भ्रान्तिमूलक हैं। अप्रकाशित रचनाओं के लेखकों को निराश न होना चाहिए। उन्हें अपनी असफलता को निराशा का मूल नहीं बनने देना चाहिये क्योंकि जब व्यक्ति का मन किसी प्रकार की निराशा से एक बार आक्रान्त हो जाता है तब वह धीरे-धीरे अपनी मानसिक संतुलन और दृढ़ता (Mental-stability) खो देता है। बुलबुले के समान प्रतिकूलता, दुःख और उद्वेग उसे पर्वत-सदृश दीख पड़ते हैं। नैराश्य के अधिक दिनों तक रहने से शरीर का बल, प्रतिभा, बुद्धि का विकास, आन्तरिक आह्लाद और आध्यात्मिक सामर्थ्य नष्ट-भ्रष्ट हो जाते हैं। अतः व्यक्ति को चाहिए कि वह अपनी असफलता से निराश न होकर किसी भी प्रकार से अपने लक्ष्य की ओर अग्रसर रहे।

वस्तुतः मानव कभी पूर्णता को प्राप्त नहीं कर सकता तथापि उस दिशा में सतत प्रयास अनिवार्य है। निरन्तर प्रयत्नशील व्यक्ति धैर्य, बुद्धि एवं उत्साह के साथ कार्य करने के कारण अन्त में सफलता को प्राप्त कर ही लेता है। सफलता ऐसे व्यक्ति के चरण स्पर्श करने में कदापि संकोच न करेगी।

समुद्र में एक गोता लगाने पर यदि मोती हाथ न आये तो यह कहना सर्वथा अनुपयुक्त होगा कि समुद्र में मोती नहीं हैं। बार-बार गोते लगाकर मोती ढूँढने पर अवश्य सफलता मिलेगी। यदि मानव का प्रथम प्रयास निष्फल हो तो अधीर न होना चाहिये। निरन्तर प्रयत्न करने से सफलता का देदीप्यमान भास्कर मानव की उन्नति में चार चाँद लगा देगा।

संसार में अनेक कवि, कहानीकार एवं उपन्यासकार अपनी कीर्ति के कारण अजर अमर हैं। परन्तु कोई भी जन्मजात कवि (Born-Poet) अथवा जन्मजात उपन्यासकार (Born-novelist) नहीं था। उन्होंने भी अनेक असफलताओं के काले बादलों से अपने अरमान बहते देखे, जिन के पानी से उनके स्वर्णिम स्वप्न धोये गये पर वे अपने लक्ष्य से विचलित नहीं हुए। प्रारम्भ में उनकी रचनाएँ इस योग्य नहीं थी कि जनता उनका मान करे। जनता की दृष्टि में वे असफल थे। इसी असफलता ने उनको बाध्य किया। एकाग्रमन से परिश्रम में तन-मन जुटाकर अन्त में ऐसा लिखा कि सब उनकी कवित्व-शक्ति की भूरि-भूरि प्रशंसा करने लगे। यदि वह असफलता न देखते तो इस प्रकार विश्वविख्यात कदापि न बन पाते।

अन्त में मैं अपने थोड़े शब्दों में 'देश' के प्रिय पाठकों का हार्दिक धन्यवाद करता हूँ जिनका महत्त्व कही उनसे भी अधिक है, जिन्होंने अपनी अमूल्य भाव-रश्मियों से 'देश' के पृष्ठों को उद्भासित किया है। मुझे आशा है कि आगामी अङ्क के लिए विद्यार्थी अधिक सुन्दर, स्वस्थ एवं भावपूर्ण रचनाएँ प्रेषित कर 'देश' को विभूषित करने में अपना महत्वपूर्ण योगदान देंगे। 'देश' आपका है। आप ही ने इसका निर्माण किया है और आइये, आप ही इसकी भाव-भूमि में विचरण करिए !

गीतों की देवी रूठ गई

(चमन, मंथ० आनर्स, तृ० वर्ष)

कैसे लिखूँ मैं गीत मधुर, गीतों की देवी रूठ गई ।
 कैसे गाऊँ मैं गीत अमर, जब स्वर से वीणा रूठ गई ॥
 तुम क्या जानो, क्या पहचानो, मेरे गीत सलोने होते हैं ।
 मच कहता हूँ विश्वास करो, मेरे स्वर मनमोहक होते हैं ॥
 अब क्यों कहते हो गाने को, जब लय ही लय से टूट गई ।
 गीतों की देवी रूठ गई—

मैं क्या लिखूँ किस पर लिखूँ, कुछ समझ न मेरी आता है ।
 वीणा के बेधम तारों पर अब, हाथ न सधने पाता है ॥
 जी कहता है मर जाऊँ अब, जब प्रीत हमारी टूट गई ।
 गीतों की देवी रूठ गई—

नीलिमा भाभी

(कुमारी शशि प्रभा, बी० ए०, अन्तिम वर्ष)

आज भइया की अचानक मृत्यु के बाद न जाने क्यों रह रह कर नीलिमा भाभी की याद आ रही है। जिन्हें स्वर्गलोक को गये पूरे पंद्रह वर्ष बीत चुके हैं पर उन की याद मानस-पटल पर इस प्रकार खुद गई है, मानो यह घटना कल ही घटी हो।

उस समय मैं शायद अठारह वर्ष का नवयुवक था जब कि हमारे आंगन में पहली बार शहनाई गूँजी थी। और भइया विनोद के पीछे नीलिमसी सुन्दर नीलिमा भाभी ने हमारे आंगन की चह चहाहट को गुंजायमान कर दिया था। सुहाग रात बीती, सुहाग रात के साथ हर्षोल्लास में पूरे छः मास गुजर गये। पूरे घर पर भाभी का राज्य छा चुका था। वह सुन्दर सम्राज्ञी अपने सुहृद् हाथों से अपने राज्य को सम्भालने में अपने को पूर्ण समर्थ बनाने में प्रयत्नशील थी।

“भाग्य की विडम्बना”। एक दिन मैंने देखा कि बापू भइया को बहुत बुरी तरह से डांट रहे थे। कुछ शब्द मेरे कानों में मी पड़े,

“आखिर कब तक हम तुम्हें इस तरह बैठे बैठे खिलाते जाएंगे। बड़े आए हैं लाटसाहब सरकारी नौकरी नहीं करेंगे, कोई अपना व्यापार करेंगे। कहां से आएंगे पैसे व्यापार चलाने के लिए। मैं तो फूटी कोड़ी भी देने का नहीं। हां। कान खोल कर सुन लो। पढ़ाने लिखाने में जो खर्च किया था, वह क्या थोड़ा था।”

निराश ‘भइया’ वापिस अपने कमरे में लौ आए और पलंग पर बेसुध हो गिर पड़े। यह बा भाभी के कानों में भी पड़ चुकी थी।

एकाएक भइया ने अपने माथे पर शीतल स्पष्ट को अनुभव किया और उन्होंने आँखें खोल का देखा कि नीलिमा भाभी पलंग की पाटी पर बैठे उनके बालों को सहला रही है।

“नीलम !
“विनोद !

और भइया के कपोलों पर दो अश्रु बूंदें लुझ पड़ी।

“छी-छी आप रोते हैं।” यह कहते हु भाभी ने अपने आंचल से उन की आँखें पों डाली।

“मुझे अपने सिद्धान्तों का हनन करना होगा आखिर मुझे सरकारी नौकरी ही करनी पड़ेगी।”

“नहीं नहीं मैं आपके सिद्धान्तों का हनन नहीं होने दूंगी। जी जान से आपकी सहायता करूंगी।”

“पर यह कैसे होगा नीलम। पैसे के बिना किस प्रकार मैं अपने सिद्धान्तों पर दृढ़ रहूँगा।”

नीलिमा भाभी उत्साहित-सी उठी और अपने सन्दूक से गहनों की पेटी निकाल लाई और भइया

के सामने ला रख दी। उस समय भाभी की कलाइयों में केवल सुहाग की चार लाल चूड़ियों और गले में मंगल सूत्र के अतिरिक्त और कुछ न था।

“इन्हें ले जाइये।” यह कहते हुए भाभी ने अपनी पलकों नीचे झुका लीं।

पांच मिनट तक भइया भाभी की ओर एकटक खिन्ने रहे और एकाएक चिल्ला उठे—

“नहीं नहीं नीलम! मुझ से यह न होगा। बुम्हारी ये सूनी कलाइयाँ मुझ से नहीं देखी जानी।”

“पर ये कलाइयाँ सदा सूनी रहेंगी। जब आपका व्यापार चल निकलेगा तो यह मेरी बाहें कोहनी तक चूड़ियों से भर जाएँगी।” यह कहते हुए भाभी ने भइया की ओर बड़े गर्व से देखा।

पर यहाँ भी भाग्य ने साथ नहीं दिया। एक एक कर के सब गहने समाप्त हो गये। व्यापार का जो आगे बढ़ने का नाम न लेता था। जब अन्न में भाभी ने अपने गले का मंगल सूत्र भइया के हाथों में पकड़ाया तो वह न सह सके और उसी गन न जाने कहाँ चले गये। सुबह घर में कुहराम मच गया। पर केवल भाभी ही थी जो एक कोने में बैठी निर्वाक्-सी न जाने क्या सोच रही थी। मैं बीरे से भाभी के पास गया—
“भाभी”

उन्होंने मेरी ओर देखा और फिर तजर झुकाली, मानो वे कुछ जानती ही न हों कि यहाँ क्या और क्यों हो रहा है, फिर मैंने उन को एक बार फिर जरा जोर से पुकारा—

“भाभी”

“गिरीश” और वे धुटनों में मिर को दबा कर धधक कर रो उठीं।

“रोओ मत भाभी, भइया जरूर लौट आएंगे।”

“हां” इतना संक्षिप्त सा उत्तर दे वे पुनः न जाने किस सोच में डूब गईं।

“भाभी! उठो धैर्य रखो! तुम्हारा प्यार उन्हें अवश्य खींच लाएगा।”

... .. चुप

“भाभी” मैं जरा जोर से बोला—“बोलो भाभी बोलो—तुम चुप मत रहो।”

और वे मुझे एक टक देखती रहीं। मानो उन्होंने कुछ सुना ही नहीं।

“इस तरह मत देखो भाभी! उठो धीरज धरो। भइया जरूर लौट आएंगे।”

वे ओठों में कुछ बुद बुदाई और फिर एकाएक निश्चिंत और विश्वास भरे स्वर में बोल उठीं—

“हां-हां, वे जरूर लौट आएंगे, चाहे कब भी आएँ चाहे कब भी आएँ।” कहते हुए वे उठ कर अपने कमरे की ओर चली गईं। मैं भी उन के पीछे पीछे चल दिया। मैंने उन के कमरे में झाँक कर देखा कि भाभी अपने कमरे को पौछने में संलग्न थी। अपने काम में ऐसी जुट गई थीं मानो कुछ हुआ ही नहीं।

भइया की खोज के लिए समाचार पत्र में उन का चित्र दिया गया। थाने में रिपोर्ट दी गई, यहाँ तक कुओं-तालाबों में ढूँढा गया पर उन का पता न लगा। अन्न में निराश हो कर बैठ रहे। पर भाभी निराश नहीं हुई। वे रोज नई नई चालों द्वारा भइया की खोज करती।

मुझे ऐसा लगता कि भाभी पागल हो जाएगी पर नहीं उन्होंने ने बड़े धीरज से काम लिया। उन के भइया उन्हें मँके लिवा ले गये। पर वहाँ उन का जी न लगा। माँ की बीमारी की खबर पा वह वहाँ से भाग आई और माँ की सेवा में इस प्रकार जुट गई मानो उन के साथ कभी कुछ हुआ ही नहीं। पर उन की निष्काम सेवा भी माँ को नहीं बचा सकी।

माँ की मृत्यु के बाद बापू भी बहुत दिनों तक जीवित न रह सके। मैं और भाभी उस पार की चारदिवारी में ऐसे निर्वाक थे मानो इस घर में भूतों का वास हो। मेरा जी उस घर में न लगता। भाभी से बात करने जाता तो भाभी मेरी बातों को सुनती और कभी कभी गम्भीरता से कोई उत्तर दे देती। मुझे वह दिन याद आ जाता जिस दिन हमारा यह आँगन भाभी की हंसी से खिल उठा था—तो क्या भाभी फिर उस तरह कभी न हंस सकेगी, तो मैं सिहर उठता, मेरा रोम रोम काँप उठता।

भाभी अब सारा काम अपने हाथों से करती थी और सारा दिन काम में जुटी रहती। यहां तक कि महाराजिन को भी छुट्टी दे दी गई थी। मैं अपना कोर्स पूरा कर के सरकारी हस्पताल में सरकारी डाक्टर बन चुका था। भाभी के आग्रह करने पर मैंने सुनन्दा से विवाह कर लिया था।

आज भइया को घर से गये पूरे दस साल बीत चुके थे। मैं और सुनन्दा किसी गम्भीर विषय के तर्क वितर्क में सलग्न थे कि एकाएक द्वार की थप थपाहट ने हमें चौंका मा दिया। द्वार खोलने पर भइया को खड़ा देख मैं प्रसन्नता से चीख उठा—

“भइया”

और वह मुझ से लिपट गये। हम दोनों भाई न जाने कितनी देर तक प्रेमाश्रु बहाते रहे। अपनी आँखें पौछते हुए मैंने देखा कि भइया के पीछे एक महिला लगभग तीन वर्षीय बच्चे को अंगुली से पकड़े खड़ी है। मुझे समझते देर न लगी।

“यह तुम्हारी भाभी है। भइया ने मेरी ओर देखते हुए कहा।

“नमस्कार भाभी” मैंने अपने हाथ जोड़ दिए। तब तक सुनन्दा वहाँ पहुँच चुकी थी। उन सब को सुनन्दा पर छोड़ मैं नीलिमा भाभी के कमरे की ओर दौड़ा।

“भाभी भइया आए हैं।

“सच।” वह हड़बड़ा कर उठ खड़ी हुई।

“हां। पर।”

“पर क्या भइया?” एकाएक चौंक कर मेरी ओर देखती हुई बोली।

“उन के साथ एक बच्चा और उस की माँ भी है।”

“माँ और बच्चा?” अपने नारीत्व का अपमान वह न सह सकी। पलंग पर औंधी गिर धधक कर रो पड़ी।

मैं उन्हें उसी दशा में छोड़ नीचे आया तो देखा कि वे लोग अपना सामान आदि रख अपने नहाने धोने की तैयारी में लगे थे और सुनन्दा उन के भोजन के भोजन के इन्तजाम में। भोजन समाप्त के पश्चात् सुनन्दा नई भाभी को तो ले बाग दिखाने चली गई। भइया माँ और बापू के चित्रों की ओर देखते हुए बोले— “गिरीश! तुम कितने भाग्यशाली हो कि माँ और बापू की सेवा कर सके।”

(शेष पृष्ठ ८ पर देखिये)

पथभ्रष्ट वृक्ष

(पुरुषोत्तम लाल विज, बी० ए० ऑनर्स, अन्तिम वर्ष)

जीवन के उषाकाल के बीत जाने पर उन्मत्त जवानी फूल-फूल कर हँस रही थी, बुढ़ापे के बने पर फूट-फूटकर रो रही थी। शंशव के खो जाने पर भी उसके मुख पर चिन्ता की क्षीण रेखा प्रवेश न कर पायी थी किन्तु बुढ़ापे के 'पाने' में वेदना का अथाह सागर उमड़ आया था। 'पाने' में ही तो उत्थान है, सुख है, हर्षोल्लास है। 'पाना' — बुढ़ापे का — हाय ! हाय !!

जीवन का अर्थ है प-त-न। यह सूखा पेड़ इनका प्रत्यक्ष प्रमाण है। मन्द मन्द समीर जो कभी इसे गति प्रदान किया करती थी—अपनी प्यारभरी पुलक से पुलकित किया करती थी—आज इसके लिए काल-सहश हो गयी है। इस ने अपनी विकराल चेष्टाओं द्वारा वृक्ष के दो चार बचे-खुचे बने भी धराशायी कर दिए। विशालकाय वृक्ष कृमगात, श्री-विहीन, कान्तिशून्य, पत्र-पल्लवरहित मुखा-सा, नंगा-सा खड़ा है — अनाथ बालक के नमान उपेक्षा का पात्र बना हुआ।

वायुमण्डल को मतवाली तान से गुञ्जायमान करती हुई कोयल आयी, वृक्ष की ओर उपेक्षा एवं गद्यगीत से अभिप्राय भावप्रधान गद्यात्मक रचना से है। गद्य-गीत में साधारण गद्य-काव्य की उपेक्षा गति और लय कुछ अधिक होती है और पक्तियों का विन्यास भी कुछ कुछ गीतों का सा होता है।

—(सम्पादक)

अवहेलना की दृष्टि से देखा — कुछ देर मँडराकर ऊँचे स्वर में उसने गाया— 'कुह-कुह' ! और फिर चली गयी कहीं दूर — वृक्ष पर तरस न खाते हुए।

कुछ दिन पूर्व यह वृक्ष ही उसका सर्वस्व था — यही उसका बसेरा था—यहीं उसने काम-क्रीड़ाएँ की थीं — किन्तु आज उसे उस पर बैठने में भी अपमानजनक लज्जा का अनुभव हो रहा था। वह नीरस, नष्टप्रायः, हतश्री वृक्ष उस सरसा, यौवनोन्मत्ता, नग्ही-सी सरस सुरीली तानवाली कोयल के लिए क्या उपयुक्त है ? कदापि नहीं ! और हवा में तैरती हुई मादक, किन्तु तिरस्कार भाव से पूर्ण ध्वनि आयी — 'कुह-कुह'। नीरस वृक्ष के नेत्रों में अश्रुप्रवाह उमड़ आया — अनियन्त्रित वेग से बूँदे गिर पड़ी— 'टप-टप'।

उस सूखे पेड़ की इन नग्ही बूँदों को किसी ने देखा ? कदाचित् नहीं।

प्रेमी-युगल नगर के कोलाहलमय वातावरण में स्वच्छन्दता पूर्वक विहार करने में असमर्थ कभी इस वृक्ष की छत्रछाया में सर्दी, गर्मी एवं वर्षा की परवाह न करते हुए 'भोर भये' तक प्रेम-संगीत अलापा करते थे — वृक्ष को ही अपने प्रथम प्यार का द्रष्टा मानते थे और इस वृक्ष के असाधारण महत्त्व को स्वीकार करते थे — आज उपेक्षा भरे स्वर में उसे 'अशुभ' कहकर तिरस्कृत करते हैं।

अस्थिर-अजरमात्र किसे प्रिय हो सकता है ? पत्रपल्लवविहीन किसे अपनी ओर आकृष्ट करेगा ? श्रान्तपथिक आया । अपनी फटी-पुरानी गुदड़ी को वृक्ष के तने की ओट में रख कर बैठ गया पर उसे बड़ी बेकली अनुभव हुई । जिस हेतु उसने वृक्ष की शरण ली वह पूरा न हुआ तो वहाँ बैठने से लाभ क्या ? छाया न हुई तो वृक्ष की सार्थकता ही क्या ? भुंभलाहट एवं रोषपूर्ण मुद्रा में वह उठ बैठा । गुदड़ी उठायी और चल पड़ा वहाँ से—वृक्ष की ओर धरणा-भरी एक दृष्टि डालकर । अनाथ वृक्ष मौन ही रहा । वह अपनी वेदना किस से कहे ! कौन है जो उसके क्षुब्ध हृदय की करुण पुकार सुने ? वह लज्जा और पीड़ा से नमस्तक-सा ग्लानि के गर्त में जा गिरा । उसका दुःखी हृदय रो उठा — अतीत की स्मृतियों में खो गया । अतीत

की विगत धड़ियाँ उसके स्मृति-पट पर ताजा हो गयीं ।

कभी वह अपने वैभव पर, रूप-सौन्दर्य पर मुस्कराया था— खिलखलाया था—इठलाया था, कभी उसकी रूप-श्री अनायास ही प्राकृतिक प्राणियों को अपनी ओर आकृष्ट कर लेती थी; पर आज तो वह अपनी दीन-हीन पिछड़ी हुई दशा को देख कर हत-बुद्धि-सा सिसकियाँ भर रहा है । आज उसका मस्तक नत हो गया ।

सन्ध्या की धूमिल छाया सूखे पेड़ की सूखो डालियों पर अठखेलियाँ कर रही है, पर वृक्ष अतीत के स्मृति-पथ पर चलते-चलते मानो पथभ्रष्ट-सा हो गया है ।

पृष्ठ ६ का शेष

“यह श्रेय मुझे नहीं, नीलिमा भाभी को है ।” एकाएक मेरे मुँह से निकला ।

“नीलिमा को ? वह कहाँ है ?” उन्होंने ने चौंकर पूछा ।

“ऊपर अपने कमरे में ।

“क्या वह यहीं हैं ? अपने मायके नहीं गई ?”

“नहीं वह आप की प्रतीक्षा में जीवित हैं ।”

“मैंने सोचा था, वह यहाँ से चली गई होगी ।” यह कहते हुए भइया सोच में डूब गये । सारा दिन उदास रहे । मैं एक बार भाभी के कमरे में झाँक कर देख आया, वह अब भी झोँधी पड़ी सिसक सिसक कर रो रही थी । मैंने उन्हें छेड़ा नहीं ।

रात को बहुत यत्न करने पर भी मुझे नींद नहीं आ रही थी । भइया भी अपने कमरे की गैलरी में टहल रहे थे । एकाएक भाभी के कमरे

से निकले दिलरुवा वादन के स्वर ने हम दोनों को एक साथ चौंका दिया । उस के साथ यह स्वर फूटा —

“आज सजन मोहे अंग लगालो,
जनम सफल हो जाए ।”

भइया भाभी के कमरे की ओर बढ़े । गान की समाप्ति के साथ ‘नीलम’ और उस के साथ (विनोद) की दर्दनाक चीख ने मुझे चौंका दिया और मैं उठ कर भाभी के कमरे की ओर भागा । देखा, कि धधक धधक कर रोते हुए भइया की गोद में निर्जीव भाभी का सिर रखा है । भइया बीच बीच में कह उठते — “मुझे क्षमा कर दो नीलम ! मुझे क्षमा-कर दो ।” और भाभी का वह दिव्य चेहरा शान्ति और मुस्कराहट से ऐसे चमक रहा है मानो कह रहा हो — “स्वामी ! मैंने आप को क्षमा कर दिया, क्षमा कर दिया ।”

- : काश्मीर : -

(कल्याण जैन, बी० एस० सी० आनर्स, तृ० वर्ष)

काश्मीर है हमारा अंग काश्मीर है,
काश्मीर प्राण और हिन्द यह शरीर है ।

देख लो जिधर उधर बहार ही बहार है,
भूमते मधुकरों की मस्त सी कतार है,
वायु वह बही कि पुष्प पुष्प पर खुमार है,
मस्तियों में शस्त हर नदी का आर पार है,

पात मस्त भूमते,
वृक्ष गगन चूमते,

भील में इधर उधर है बाग नित्य घूमते,

हरा धरा में रंग भरा,
हो रहा हृदय हरा,

और सप्तरंग पर भूलती समीर है,
काश्मीर है हमारा अंग काश्मीर है ॥

प्रकृति के अंक बीच प्यार का दुलार है,
पक्षियों के गान की मधुर मधुर पुकार है,
स्वर्ग की परी का बाग बाग में विहार है,
वाह ! काश्मीर तुझपे विश्व यह निसार है,

प्रकृति दुलारती,
आरती उतारती,

खूबसूरती के साथ है तुझे संवारती,

फुहार से निकल पड़ी
मोतियों की फुलभड़ी

जोड़ जोड़ मोतियों का दिल बना ये नीर है
काश्मीर है हमारा अंग काश्मीर है ॥

बोल मस्त, दोल मस्त, मस्त है समस्त हवा,
मीत को बुला रही विरहिनी प्रीत-भीत गा,
गा रहा है कण्ठ और नयन रहे डबडबा,
गोरियों के प्रेम गीत, प्राण दान की दवा,

चांद भी लजा रहा,
भील में समा रहा,

पोछनें को निज कलंक, डुबकियां लगा रहा

इस धरा पे स्वर्ग तू
हिन्द का है वर्ग तू

हिन्द का रहेगा तू, पाषाण पर लकीर है
काश्मीर है हमारा अंग काश्मीर है ॥

हाथ रख के वक्ष पर ये ले रहे हैं हम कसम
मिट सकेगी न कभी चली जो आ रही रसम
हिन्द से करे जो वैर हम करें उसे भसम,
दुश्मनों पे टूटते हैं एक दम मिला कदम,

जो समक्ष डट गया,
वह वहीं पे कट गया,

या निदान प्राण होंगे, या वह राह से हट गया,

वार तुझपे जो करे,
वीर कर से वह मरे,

वीर पूत हिन्द के हैं हिन्द सबसे वीर हैं
काश्मीर है हमारा अंग काश्मीर है ॥

★ अच्छे दादा ★

(श्री पूर्ण सिंह डब्रास, एम० ए०)

भाषण जारी था ".....और इस बात को हम हरगिज बर्दाश्त नहीं कर सकते। हिन्दू-हिन्दू हैं और मुसलमान-मुसलमान। मुसलमान शासक रहे हैं हिन्दू शासित। हमारे बुजुर्गों ने जब से हिन्दुस्तान की जमीन पर पैर रखा तब से आज तक हम हकूमत करते आए हैं। लेकिन आज हम को दबाया जा रहा है, हमारा गला घोंटा जा रहा है, हमें काफिरों के हाथों में सौंपा जा रहा है। अंग्रेज हों चहे हिन्दू, या दुनिया की कोई और ताकत हो, हिन्दुस्तान की शाही-कौम के साथ खिलवाड़ नहीं कर सकती। मुसलमानों को हिन्दुओं के नीचे नहीं दबा सकती। पाकिस्तान बनेगा और बनकर रहेगा। भाइयो! तय्यार रहो तुम्हारी आजादी खतरे में है। तुम्हें अंग्रेजों के नीचे से निकाल कर हिन्दुओं के नीचे धकेला जा रहा है। आजादी के भुलावे में दूसरी गुलामी सौंपी जा रही है!!"

एक नहीं, दो-चार नहीं, महस्रों और लाखों भाषण हुए। साम्प्रदायिकता का विष उगल कर माधारण जनता की सहानुभूति प्राप्त की गई। जनता को दो वर्गों में विभाजित कर दिया गया। साम्प्रदायिकता ने जन-शक्ति या लठ-शक्ति पाकर अपने हाथ मजबूत किए। मौसमी लीडरों की भुजाएँ फड़की। दो वर्गों में टकराहट हुई। नियंत्रण न किया गया न हो सका। दो अथाह मानव सागर एक दूसरे को हड़पने के लिए हिल्लोलित हो उठे। हृदय-भूमण्डल में कम्पन हुआ। भयंकर गर्जन-तर्जन एवं भीषण रव हुआ। हड़प तो न कर सके परन्तु संघर्ष-जन्य गगन चुम्बी लहरों में उछल-उछल कर

जिन अनेक जल-करणों को एक दूसरे में ममाविष होना पड़ा, उनकी करुण कहानी भी कम हृदय स्पर्शी नहीं।

लगभग दस वर्ष बाद की बात है। सागर कष के शान्त हो चुके थे परन्तु उनके अन्दर में कुछ अवयव, संघर्षजन्य पीड़ा से, अब भी करुण क्रन्दन कर रहे थे। यह था विछुड़े जल-करणों का दुख, निगाश्रितों की करुण चीख पुकार तथा आहतों की पत्थर पिघला देने वाली वारणी। यह सब कुछ था तो धीमा परन्तु इतने दिन बाद तक भी स्पष्ट स्वर में सुना जा सकता था।

बरसात का मौसम था। खूब पानी बरसा। सड़क के दोनों ओर के खेत पानी में डूबे हुए थे परन्तु कहीं कहीं उस में बाहर भाँक रहे थे। आकाश काली घटाओं से आच्छादित था। सड़क में कुछ दूर एक गांव दिखाई दे रहा था। गांव से एक पगडंडी यहां पर सड़क से आकर मिलती थी परन्तु जल-मग्न होने के कारण दिखाई नहीं दे रही थी। सड़क पर बनी पुलिया पर मेला ढीला कुरता पहने एक बालक बैठा हुआ था। नीचे एक जाघिया पहन रखा था और शेष पैर बिल्कुल नंगे थे। सिर के सफाचट बाल कुछ बड़े होकर अब दिखाई देने लगे थे। लालिमा से एकदम रहित बड़ी-बड़ी गोलाकार आंखें अपनी श्वेतता को बाहर भाँक-भाँक कर प्रकट कर रही थी। दाँतों पर पीलापन छाया हुआ था। समग्र रूप से देखने पर मुख कृति बुरी नहीं थी परन्तु मुरझाई हुई अवश्य थी और ऐसा लगता था मानो किसी ने उस पर उदासी पोत रखी हो।

लगभग, बारह वर्षीय बालक कभी आकाश की ओर देखता कभी अपने चारों ओर। कभी अनमने भाव से पानी भरे खाली खेतों की ओर देखता तो कभी-कभी गांव की ओर ताकने लगता। ऐसी स्थिति में सारी निस्तब्धता को भंग करती हुई एक आवाज बालक के कानों में पड़ी-

“क्रेटा ! तुम कौन हो और यहां क्या कर रहे हो ?” एक यात्री का स्वर था।

बालक ने प्रश्न मुना लेकिन प्रश्न कर्ता को उत्तर शीघ्र न मिला। सम्भवतः उत्तर निश्चिन एव एक टुक नहीं था। प्रश्न का उत्तर देने से पूर्व, बर्बस ही, विविध भावों से परिपूर्ण एक लम्बी दास्तान बालक के मस्तिष्क में घूमने लगी। यह कोई नई न होकर बालक की चिरपरिचित गाथा थी जो उसके कोमल हृदय को प्रायः आन्दोलित करती रहती थी। बालक ने यात्री की ओर देखा। उसकी आंखें कुछ टिमटिमाई और कई बार भौंहों की ओर खिंची। सम्भवतः वह अपनी आन्तरिक टीम को दबाकर बोलने का प्रयास कर रहा था।

“दादा की गह देख रहा हूँ” बालक का उत्तर था।

“तुम्हारे दादा कौन हैं और तुम कहां से आए हो ?” यात्री ने पूछा। बालक फिर कुछ देर मौन रहा। लगता था उसकी कहानी शीघ्र ही बाहर नहीं निकलेगी। सम्भवतः वह बाहर फूट पड़ने को बहुत समय से दिन-रात घड़ी-घण्टों व्याकुल रही थी परन्तु उपयुक्त श्रान्त के अभाव में थक कर भीतर ही जम गई थी। अब उसे बाहर निकालते समय गला अवरुद्ध होता था। वह गले को जोर से पकड़े हुई थी। बालक ने एक दार्शनिक अन्दाज से निस्तब्ध वायु मण्डल में चारों ओर दृष्टि घुमाई। उसे पता नहीं चल रहा था क्या बताऊँ

और क्या उत्तर दूँ।

‘पाकिस्तान से आए हैं।’ आखिर एक आंतरिक भावात्मक संघर्ष के पश्चात् वह बोल ही उठा।

‘पाकिस्तान से ? कैसे आए ?’ यात्री ने पूछा।
‘रेल में’

‘पाकिस्तान में किम जगह रहते थे ?’

‘लाहौर में’

‘रेल गाड़ी से कहां उतरे ?’

‘स्टेशन पर’

‘कौन से स्टेशन पर’

बालक चुप रहा। उसे केवल यही पता था कि जहां रेल रुकती है उसे स्टेशन ही कहते हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त उसका कोई व्यक्तिवाचक नाम भी हो सकता है इसकी कल्पना उसने नहीं की थी और न तो उसकी बुद्धि ही कभी इतनी सजग हुई थी कि ऐसी बात जाने। सजग होती भी कैसे ? विगत जीवन (जिसे जीवन कहना ठीक नहीं लगता) की घनीभूत पीड़ा ने उसकी जिज्ञासा-वृत्ति का मूलोच्छेद कर दिया था। जिज्ञासा एवं ज्ञान-पिपासा मुख में होती हैं। शोक समस्त जिज्ञासाओं, बौद्धिक विलासों एवं चंचलताओं को समाप्त कर व्यक्ति को जड़ बना देता है। विगत की स्मृति ही उसकी समस्त चेतना को आच्छादित किए रहती है। बालक की परिस्थितियों ने उसे इस योग्य नहीं छोड़ा था कि वह किसी से किसी वस्तु के विषय में कुछ जानना चाहता। उसे केवल इतना पता था कि दादा उसे लेकर कहीं मोटर और कहीं रेल में सवार हुए थे। कहीं-कहीं पैदल भी चले थे। किसी स्टेशन पर उतरे थे और फिर दोनों यहां तक पहुंच गए थे और इस समय पुनिया पर बैठा

टूटे फूटे शब्दों में किसी अपरिचित को वह अपनी कहानी सुना रहा था।

बालक ने सुना था, और उसकी अपनी धुंधली स्मृति भी कुछ कुछ इसी बात का समर्थन करती थी, कि सन् ४७ से पहले उनका सारा परिवार दिल्ली के एक मुहल्ले में रहता था। मां-बाप चाचा-चाची एवं दादा आदि से युक्त भरा-पूरा परिवार था। कई बच्चे थे जिनके साथ वह एक आंगन में खेला करता। इसके उपरान्त दिल्ली ही नहीं समस्त भारत में नर-संहार का भीषण तूफान लिए सन् ४७ आया। मानव दो वर्गों में बंट कर जंगली पशुओं की तरह एक दूसरे पर भपटे। इस संहार-यज्ञ में बालक के मां-बाप की आहुति दे दी गई। चाचा-चाची, दादा तथा कुछ अन्य शेष परिवार ने असहाय बालक को लेकर लाहौर का मार्ग अपनाया। यहाँ आने पर दूसरी मौत तैयार मिली—भुखमरी। बालक को वे दिन याद थे जब चार-पांच वर्ष की अवस्था में ही उसे प्रायः दिन में एक बार भोजन करके संतोष करना पड़ता था। बेकारी और भुखमरी के उन दिनों में बालक चाचा चाची को भार लगा। वह उन दोनों की ओर देखना और रोया करता था। उन्हीं को अम्मां और बापू कहा करता परन्तु शीघ्र ही उसे पता चल गया था कि उसके मां बाप कहीं अन्यत्र जा चुके थे। बालक के कोमल हृदय में अज्ञात-सी टीस उठती लेकिन उसका कोई उपचार नहीं था। बालक को वे दिन भी अच्छी तरह याद थे जब चाचा बिना बात उसे ताड़ने लगा और बालसुलभ जगण्य अपराधों का बहाना ले ले कर चाची डंडों से उनका प्रायश्चित्त करने लगी, यह स्थिति दिन प्रति दिन बढ़ती गई और प्रतिदिन कई-कई बार पिटाई का नम्बर आने लगा। अश्रु-निर्भर-प्रवाहित बालक के लिए दादा की गोद

ही एक मात्र शरण स्थल थी और शरण देने के बदले दादा को भी जली कटी सुननी पड़ती थी। दादा बहुत कहा करते कि बालक मुझे बहुत प्यारा है, तुम सब से प्यारा है, यह मेरे खून का कतरा है जिगर का टुकड़ा है, परन्तु बूढ़े की सब कही अनसुनी हो जाती और स्थिति में कोई अन्तर न पड़ता। दादा एकान्त में बैठ कर बालक की दुर्दशा पर आंसू बहाया करते थे।

बालक कहे जा रहा था—दादा ही मुझे प्यार करते हैं। सचमुच वे बहुत अच्छे हैं। कह रहे थे वह जो गांव दिखाई दे रहा है वहाँ तेरे 'ताये' का लड़का रहता था। वह लोहे का काम किया करता। पाकिस्तान नहीं गया था वह। दादा उसी का पता लेने गए हैं। कह गए हैं—बेटा मैं पता लगा कर अभी आया। ज्यादा पानी है तू साथ चलकर क्या करेगा। अगर वह नहीं मिला तो मैं अभी आया वरना वही आकर तुझे ले जाएगा। सचमुच दादा बहुत कमजोर हो गए हैं वरना मुझे पानी में से गोदी उठाकर ले जाते। दादा मुझे इसी गांव में मेरे ताये के लड़के पास छोड़ने आए हैं। कहते थे मेरे बेटे यहाँ तुझे कोई नहीं मारेगा। खूब खेलना कूदना। काम भी नहीं करना होगा। यह कहते कहते बालक के मुखमण्डल पर एक अज्ञात सी आभा प्रस्फुटित हो उठी। वह प्रश्नकर्त्ता से पूछ बैठा—

‘क्या सचमुच यहाँ मेरी पिटाई नहीं होगी?’

सुनने वाला इस अप्रत्याशित प्रश्न से चौंका जैसे नींद में कोई डरावना स्वप्न देख कर जगा हो। कोई उत्तर सोचने से पूर्व ही उसके मुँह से निकल पड़ा—‘हाँ बेटा यहाँ तुझे कोई कुछ नहीं कहेगा।’

इतने में मोटर का भोंपू सुनाई दिया। यात्री कुछ सम्भला और जल्दी में बालक से पूछा कि

बुझे हो तो कुछ पैसे ले लो कुछ खा पी लेना। बच्चे ने केवल नकारात्मक सिर हिलाया। यात्री ने आगे हाथ बढ़ाया। मोटर रुकी और वह सवार हो कर चलता बना।

बालक बैठा रहा। दादा अभी तक नहीं आए। कुछ लगी हुई थी। बूढ़े पड़ रही थीं। बालक चारों तरफ देख रहा था। शाम होती जा रही थी। केवल एक ढीला कुरता पहने दुबला पतला बालक। बारिश। ठंडी हवा। खाली पेट।

बहुत देर तक निरंतर कीचड़ और पानी से संघर्ष करने पश्चात् बूढ़े दादा जब गांव में पहुँचे तो पता लगा कि उनके सम्बन्धी को शहर के किसी मिन में नौकरी मिल गई थी और वे कई मास पूर्व गांव छोड़ कर शहर में जा चुके थे। दादा हताश निराश एवं असहाय थे। सोचा शहर में जाकर पता निकालेंगे, कोई न कोई जानकार तो मिल ही जाएगा। पानी में लकड़िया टेकते दादा वापिस लड़क की ओर बढ़ रहे थे। ठण्डी हवा चल रही थी, फिर भी दादा हाँफ रहे थे। सड़क पर से शहर के लिए दिन छिपने के बाद तक भी मोटरें मिल सकती हैं, यह गांव वालों ने बताया था। दादा जल्दी-जल्दी कदम उठा रहे थे।

लड़क की यह पुलिया काफी दूर से दिखाई देती थी। गांव की तरफ जाते समय दादा बहुत दूर तक मुड़-मुड़ कर अपने लाडले को पुलिया पर बैठा हुआ निहारते गए थे। पुलिया साफ नजर आने लगी। दादा ने अपनी छोटी-छोटी आंखें फाड़-फाड़ कर पुलिया को घूरा। लड़का दिखाई नहीं दिया।

बालक ने दादा की बहुत प्रतीक्षा की। दिवस का अवसान समीप था। बालक बेचैन था। बैठे-बैठे चारों ओर की जलप्लावित पृथ्वी को देखने

के सिवाय उस निस्तब्धता में समय व्यतीत करने का कोई और साधन उसके पास नहीं था। अंतरिक्ष से टक्कर मार कर उसकी दृष्टि वापिस आ जाती थी, बालक पर आक्रमण हुआ भुख का, ठंड का, वर्षा का। अम्मा-बाबा की काल्पनिक आकृतियां मस्तिष्क में घूमने लगीं। चाचा की ताड़ना और चाची द्वारा पिटाई के दृश्य दिखाई देने लगे। सर चकरा गया। दादा अभी तक नहीं आये, कानों में मायं सयं की ध्वनि गूँजी, दादा ! दादा !! की जोर की चीख निकली और बालक पुलिया से नीचे लुढ़क गया।

सांस धीमी-धीमी चल रही थी। बालक अचेत था। कई घण्टे बीतने पर बालक चेतना को किसी गर्म-गर्म वस्तु के स्पर्श का अनुभव हुआ। वह दादा के हाथों पर था। दादा के वात्सल्यपूर्ण स्पर्श ने कुछ चमत्कार किया। बालक की आंखें कुछ खुलीं। मन्द स्वर सुनाई दिया—

‘दादा तुम आएँ ? बहुत देर की तुमने दादा ! दादा तुम बड़े अच्छे हो’ स्वर बन्द हो गया और आंखें भी। दादा ने बाल का माथा चूमा। उनकी आंखों से अश्रुधारा प्रवाहित थी।

‘बेटा तुम कैसे मिर पड़े ?’ दादा का प्रश्न था।

परन्तु उत्तर देने वाला अपनी वाणी एवं दृष्टि को सर्वदा के लिए बन्द करके दूर जा चुका था। आकाश शोक में आंसू बहा रहा था। पुलिया के नीचे वेग से भंवर बनाकर बहता पानी उसी के रंज में छटपटा रहा था।

बालक को हाथों में लिए बूढ़े दादा अडिग खड़े थे। उनके कानों में जोर-जोर से बालक के अंतिम शब्द गूँज रहे थे—

‘दादा तुम बड़े अच्छे हो।’

+ सुख का स्वरूप +

(महेश्वर प्रसाद, बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष)

इस कथन में किञ्चित् मात्र भी सन्देह नहीं कि मनुष्य सदैव आनन्द और सुख की खोज में लगा रहता है। वस्तुतः पशु भी सुख के लिये लालायित रहते हैं। सुख के प्रति मनुष्य की अनिवार्य और मार्वाभौम रूप से रुचि है। जीवन का लक्ष्य आनन्द-प्राप्ति है। वही कर्म औचित्य की सीमा में आते हैं जो सुखोपलब्धि में सहायक होते हैं। सुख एकमात्र वाञ्छित ध्येय है और सुख ही नैतिकता का मापदण्ड है।

अब प्रश्न उत्पन्न होता है—'सुख क्या है?' और 'सुख का स्वरूप क्या है?' मनुष्य की तृप्त इच्छाओं से उत्पन्न सन्तोष की भावना ही सुख है। सुख का स्वरूप भावनात्मक है और वही भावना नैतिकता का आदर्श बिन्दु है। सुख प्रदान करने वाले कर्म प्रेरणा एवम् आदर्श नैतिक दृष्टि से सुन्दर और सत्य कहे जायेंगे। परन्तु सुख से तात्पर्य ऐन्द्रियिक सुखों से कदापि नहीं है। इन्द्रिय सुख क्षण-भंगुर, प्रत्यक्ष, तीव्र और सजीव होता है। शीघ्र ही नष्ट होने वाले तीव्र सुख को जीवन का लक्ष्य ध्येय मानना भूल है। भौतिकता से सटे रहना जीवन का लक्ष्य नहीं है। भूत तमस में खोये विश्व को अन्तर्पथ दिखाने वाला सुख ऐन्द्रियिक सुख नहीं। भौतिकता से त्रस्त जन मन को अन्तः प्रकाश का संजीवन पिलाने वाला सुख ऐन्द्रियिक सुख नहीं।

प्राचीन समय में कुछ दार्शनिकों ने जीवन का परम लक्ष्य सुख माना है और उसकी प्राप्ति के लिए बुद्धि का अवलम्ब लेने का परामर्श दिया है।

यद्यपि बौद्धिक सुख चिरस्थायी और शांत होता है तथापि बुद्धि का अवलम्ब लेकर जीवन के ध्येय को प्राप्त नहीं किया जा सकता। वासनाओं को शान्ति पूर्वक मुला देने वाला बौद्धिक सुख-जीवन का एकमात्र ध्येय — बुद्धि द्वारा प्राप्त करना कठिन है। क्योंकि इस विश्व के सभी प्राणियों का बौद्धिक स्तर एक जैसा नहीं है। बौद्धिक सुख तो केवल कवियों, लेखकों और दार्शनिकों तक ही सीमित है। सुख का मनोवैज्ञानिक सिद्धान्त (Psychological-theory) और बौद्धिक-सिद्धान्त (Rational-theory) एक अप्राकृतिक सिद्धान्त सिद्ध होता है। वस्तुतः दोनों सिद्धान्तों का मिश्रण मानव के लिये हितकर हो सकता है। दोनों सुख प्राप्ति के लिये कर्म करते हैं। कर्म का बौद्धिक महत्व इस बात पर आधारित है कि सुख प्राप्ति के लिये किन किन उचित सिद्धान्तों एवम् साधनों का अवलम्ब लिया जाय। इच्छा के उत्पन्न होते ही बुद्धि उसके सन्तोष के लिये सक्रिय हो उठती है। सफल इन्द्रिय-जीवन के लिये चिन्तन आवश्यक है। मनुष्य को सदैव विवेकसम्मत और मार्वाभौम सुख की खोज में संलग्न रहना चाहिये।

परन्तु 'सुख' का वास्तव में क्या अर्थ है? अन्तर्चेतनाशून्य व्यक्तियों के लिये इन्द्रिय सुख ही 'सुख' है। स्वाधेवादी-सुख-सिद्धान्त अप्राकृतिक एवम् अव्यावहारिक है। स्नेह, प्रेम और ममता से

(शेष पृष्ठ २२ पर देखिये)

'टर्' दोहावली'

प्रेम लता खाण्डपुर बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष

पुस्तक के बाद आज हमें मिला, मुन्ने का लैटर ।
उठा जल्दी से पैर, लिखने लगे मैटर ॥
ए० बी० सी० डी० पढ़ गए, आए अपने घर ।
पानी को कहने लगे, बाबूजी वाटर ॥
डरता रहता है, उस नारी से नर ।
बात - बात पर ऐंठ कर हो जाती हो टर् ॥
मिनिस्टर की जिस समय आती है मोटर ।
कलक्टर के साथ में भागे इन्स्पेक्टर ॥
बच्चों को लगता नहीं, मास्टर से डर ।
जवा मानी रखती भला, मानीटर की टर् ॥
बाबूजी के सिर चढ़ी, टमाटर की टर् ।
बहुआइन मंगवा रही, आलू और मटर ॥
कैस्टर आइल दे रहे हैं, हमको डाक्टर ।
बैद्यराज चिल्ला रहे हैं, खाओ छोटी हर ॥
चाय बनाने के लिए गर्म किया हीटर ।
दौड़ लगाने लग गया बिजली का मीटर ॥
मिस्टर में घी भरा, खाएं नहीं मिस्टर ।
उनको डेडी का सदा चाहिये फ्रेश बटर ॥
लाखों रुपया खा गए, ट्राम्बे कन्डक्टर ।
पता लगाने के लिए भागे आडीटर ॥
आई गोरी नर्स जब, ले धर्माडीटर ।
छै डिगरी आगे बढ़ा, दिल का टैम्प्रेचर ॥
फिल्म कम्पनी से सभी पहुंच गए एक्टर ।
डापसीन तक बिक गए, फेल हुए थियेटर ॥
बूरी ने कैंसिल किया, फांसी का आर्डर ।
बैट पकड़ कर कोर्ट में नाचे बैरिस्टर ॥
अकस्मात् ही आगई, थाने में कुछ बर ।
कोतवाल कूदें फिरें, ले कर में हंटर ॥
मैनेजर से कह रहे, यूँ कम्पोजीटर ।
अब कैसे कम्पोज हो, निबट गई सब टर् ॥

§ “दीदी” §

योगेश चन्द्र शर्मा, बी० ए० द्वितीय वर्ष

“दीदी! राम कह रहा था कि कल तुम्हारी दीदी की शादी होगी,” कहते हुए पाँच वर्ष की मुन्नी ने कमरे में प्रवेश किया और गले में किताबों का एक छोटा सा भोला लटकाए सीधी कुसुम के पास जाकर रुक गई। कुसुम ने मुन्नी को गोदी में उठा लिया और स्नेह से एक चुम्बन उसके गुलाबी कपोलों पर अंकित कर दिया। मुन्नी फिर बोल उठी — “मैंने तो उससे कहा कि हमारी दीदी बड़ी सीधी है। वह किसी की चीज़ थोड़ी चुराती है। उनकी शादी कोई क्यों करेगा।” गर्व के साथ कहकर मुन्नी ने अपनी कोमल बाहें कुसुम के गले में डाल दीं। एक क्षण मौन रहकर उसने फिर बोलना प्रारम्भ कर दिया — “अच्छा दीदी तुम्हीं बताओ कि तुम्हारी शादी क्यों होगी। मंजु कहती थी कि उसमें बहुत आदमी आएँगे। बोलो दीदी, बोलती क्यों नहीं? मुझ से नाराज हो क्या?” इतना कहकर मुन्नी का चेहरा गम्भीर हो गया। उसके छोटे से मुख पर उसके हृदय की वेदना स्पष्ट झलक रही थी।

कुसुम ने उसे अपने पास बिठा लिया और बोली—“मुन्नी, तो बड़ी जल्दी रूठ जाती है, मैं तो तुझसे कभी नाराज नहीं होती। आज मेरी तबियत ठीक नहीं है।” इस प्रकार बात का प्रसंग बदलते हुए कुसुम ने मुन्नी को एक गिलास पानी लाने के लिए कहा। मुन्नी ने ज्योंही गिलास पानी में डुबोया कि उसकी माँ ने एक घूँसा उसकी पीठ पर दे मारा — “मरी! सारा पानी खराब कर दिया। अब मैं कैसे खाना बनाऊँ? पता

नहीं गिलास जूठा था या सच्चा।” मुन्नी ने अपनी माँ की मार असह्य हो उठी। वह वहीं गिलास छोड़कर कुसुम के कमरे में जाकर मुब्तला लगी।

“क्या हुआ मुन्नी, किसी ने कुछ कहा क्या?” इतना पूछने पर मुन्नी और जोर जोर से सिसकियाँ लेने ली। आज की मार की व्यथ उसे-असह्य हो गई थी। उसके नेत्रों से आसू इस प्रकार बह रहे थे मानों बरसाती नदी तीव्र वेग में बह रही हो। हिचकियाँ लेते हुए वह कहती ब रही थी — “दीदी! अब हम माँ के पास नहीं रहेंगे। वह मुझे रोज मारती हैं।” कुसुम ने उम्न सुनकर व कोमल बालों पर हाथ फेरते हुए कहा — “अच्छा! उनके साथ न रहना। पर अब चुप हम पिता जी के पास रहेंगे।” पिताजी का नाम सुनते ही मुन्नी ने सिर उठाया — “पिताजी नहीं.... वे माँ के कहने पर मुझे मारते हैं दीदी, मैं तुम्हारे पास रहूँगी।”

अंधकार बढ़ रहा था। पक्षियों का चहचहाना समाप्त हो चुका था। कमरे के शांत वातावरण में मुन्नी शीघ्र ही सो गई। परन्तु इस अंधेरी रात की निस्तब्धता में भी कुसुम के हृदय में दुःख का लपटें उठ रही थीं। उसे बार बार वे दिन स्मरण हो रहे थे जब उस की माँ दोनों बहनों से कितना स्नेह करती थी। वह माँ जो पल भर भी मुन्नी को अपनी आंखों से ओझल न होने देती थी मगर इस स्वार्थी जगत में सत्पुरुषों का बसे कहां। जिन्हें जगत चाहता है उन्हें भगवान्

चाहता है। जिस प्रकार एक सुन्दर फूल अधिक समय तक नहीं रह सकता उसी प्रकार कुसुम की माँ भी इन दो निर्दोष, कोमल कलियों को छोड़कर स्वर्गवासी हो गई थी। उसके पिता ने दूसरी शादी की किन्तु इस सौतेली माँ ने उन अर्द्धविकसित कलियों को मसलने की ठानी न कि उन्हें वैसा प्यार रूपी जल देने की जैसा कि उनकी अपनी माँ मरते समय तक देती रही थी।

कुसुम मुन्नी के पास लेटी हुई विचारमग्न थी कि बाहर से आवाज आई "कुसुम, इस छोकरी को खाना-वाना खिला दे। अभी खाना न बनता तो नाक में दम कर देती। आप तो कल चली जाएगी और इस मुँह चढ़ी को मेरी छाती पर छोड़ जाएगी। कठिनाई तो मुझे होगी। तेरा क्या, तू तो अब आराम करेगी।" कुसुम का गला भर आया। माँ के कटुवचनों की इस अकारण वर्षा से अनेक विचार उसके मस्तिष्क में हिलोरे मारने लगे। उस रात वह सो न सकी।

प्रातःकाल से ही आँगन में शहनाई बजनी प्रारम्भ हो गई थी। घर में चहल-पहल थी। आज कुसुम की विदाई थी इसलिए उसकी सहेलियाँ उसे पकड़कर शृंगार के हेतु ले गई थीं। मुन्नी की नन्हीं-नन्हीं सहेलियाँ रंग-बिरंगे फ्राँक पहने इधर-उधर उछल कूद रही थीं। मुन्नी की इच्छा भी नया फ्राँक पहिनने की हुई। किन्तु वह तो उसकी निर्दयी माँ के सन्दूक में रखा था। धीरज और भय के सम्मिश्रण में उसने वह सन्दूक खोला ही था कि पीछे से डाँट पड़ी— "यह क्या?" इससे पहिले की मुन्नी पीछे मुड़कर देखती, उसकी कोमल कमर पर एक डंडा पड़ा। इस अचानक मार से उसका पूरा साँस भी बाहर न निकल सका। मुँह पीला पड़ गया, होंठ सूख गए। वह वहाँ से गिरती-पड़ती, ठोकर खाती कुसुम के कमरे में जा लेटी। न जाने कब वह निद्रा देदी

की गोद में समा गई।

विदाई का समय आ पहुँचा। आज कुसुम पराई होने जा रही थी। कन्या तो होती ही पराया धन है। वह अपनी पहली माँ के चित्र को हाथों में लिये रो रही थी। मानो वह कह रही हो— "माँ विदाई... मुन्नी को अब किसके हाथ सौंपूँ। यह तुम्हारी धरोहर— " उसका गला भर आया। वह सब से मिल चुकी थी। उसके पैर अब बाहर खड़ी मोटर की ओर बढ़ रहे थे परन्तु न जाने वह क्यों इधर-उधर देख रही थी। सम्भवतः उसकी वे अतृप्त आँखें एक बार अपनी प्रिय बहन को देखने के लिये आतुर हो उठे हों। मगर वह न दिखलाई पड़ी। वह अभी कठिनता से दो कदम ही चली होगी कि भीड़ को चीरती हुई मुन्नी "दीदी, दीदी" पुकारती हुई आकर उसके पैरों से लिपट गई। मुन्नी के हाथ में उसकी माँ का चित्र था जो उससे भागते हुए गिर कर टूट गया था। कुसुम की दृष्टि सहसा उस चित्र पर पड़ी। मँले शीशों के टुकड़ों से माँ का वह ममतामय, सुन्दर चित्र भाँक रहा था। मानो मूक भाषा में कह रहा हो— "कुसुम! मुन्नी मेरी धरोहर थी।" कुसुम के मुख से एक चीख निकली— "मुन्नी!" "दीदी! मैं भी चलूँगी।" मुन्नी ने कुसुम का आँचल और कस कर पकड़ लिया। कुसुम के बहते हुए मजबूर आँसुओं ने उसका उत्तर दिया। पिता ने मुन्नी को बलपूर्वक मुन्नी से विलग कर दिया। वह चीख पड़ी— "दीदी!" कार चल चुकी थी। पिता ने बच्ची की ओर देखा। उसकी दशा, उसका सहसा कुम्हलाया चेहरा, सूखे बाल, गंदा व फटा फ्राँक और आँखों से निकल कर गालों पर सूखे जा रहे आँसू देख पिता के नेत्र भर आए।

मुन्नी की आशाओं का एक मात्र केन्द्र-बिन्दु 'दीदी' थी किन्तु आज वह भी उससे अलग हो चुकी थी।

नयी सभ्यता नया रंग

मविता नागपाल, इकना० आनसं तु० वर्ष०

- प्रतिमा : मैंने पहले ही कहा था मां, नीरू को 'कोएजुकेशन' में मत पढ़ाओ—लेकिन मेरी कोई इस घर में सुने भी तो ?
- मां : मुझे भी तो पता चले, आखिर बात क्या है जो तुम इतना चिल्ला रही हो ?
- प्रतिमा : मां ! यह पूछो क्या नहीं हुआ ?
- मां : फिर भी, आखिर कुछ बताओगी भी ।
- प्रतिमा : मां, क्या बताऊं मां नीरू किसी लड़के से प्रेम करने लगी है ।
- मां : नीरूक्या कहा नीरू, किसी...लड़के से प्रेम करने लगी है—यह तुम क्या कह रही हो प्रतिमा ?
- प्रतिमा : हां, मां ! अगर विश्वास न हो तो इधर देखो — यह पत्र पढ़ कर सन्देह नहीं रहेगा ।
- मां : तो क्या तुम्हारा मतलब है कि मेरी नीरू उसे पत्र लिखती है ?
- प्रतिमा : हां मां ! और रात के बारह बजे तक पढ़ने का बहाना किये बेठी रहती है ।
- मां : ओफ प्रतिमा, 'वह' है तो मेरी मानते ही नहीं, मैंने तो पहले ही कहा था, जितना पढ़ लिया है, काफी है। अब तुम्हीं बताओ प्रतिमा, क्या तुम कालेज नहीं पढ़ी तो क्या तुम्हारे अन्दर गृहस्थी चलाने की योग्यता नहीं है ? मेरी तो सम्झ में ही नहीं कुछ आता — पत्र में क्या २ लिखा है प्रतिमा ।
- प्रतिमा : सुनो मां, लिखती है "तुम—तुम जो मेरे जीवन के आधार हो — तुम कहते हो, तुम्हें भूल जाऊं — यह कैसे सम्भव हो सकता है राजन् ! तुम्हारा प्यार क्या सहज ही में भुलाया जा सकता है ? तुमने मुझे प्यार देकर मुझ पर कितना बड़ा एहसान किया है — मैंने मां का प्यार नहीं पाया है राजन्, तुम्हारा प्यार पाकर मैं जी उठी हूँ । अब तो राजन् तुम्हीं मेरे सर्वस्व हो.....मैं तुम्हारी हूँ राजन्, केवल तुम्हारी ।
- मां : (क्रोधपूर्ण मुद्रा में) अभागिन, पत्र..... यह पत्र नीरू ने लिखा है — मां का प्यार नहीं पाया — तो आज तक जो मैंने उसे प्यार दिया, वह प्यार नहीं था —यह नीरू इतनी चालाक हो जायेगी मैं यह न जानती थी । आगे पढ़ प्रतिमा—और क्या लिखा है ?
- प्रतिमा : क्या पढ़ूँ मां, तुम्हें सुन कर अच्छा नहीं लगेगा ।
- मां : पहले कौनसा अच्छा लगा है, तुम पढ़ती चलो प्रतिमा ।
- प्रतिमा : तो सुनो मां, आगे लिखा है — ओफ

राजन्, तुम्हारे प्यार में कैसा जादू है—
जी चाहता है, घर परिवार छोड़ कर
तुम्हारे पीछे पीछे भाग आऊँ।

माँ : बस, बस प्रतिमा — बन्द करो इसे—
बेशर्मा की भी कोई हद होती है, इसने
तो खानदान की इज्जत पर पानी फेर
दिया है। यह राजन् भला कौन होगा,
शायद इसी के साथ पढ़ता होगा (रूआंसे
स्वर में) पर प्रतिमा, मेरी बेटी नीरू ऐसी
कभी नहीं थी—जरूर उसी राजन् के
बहकाने में आ गई है।

प्रतिमा : चाहे बहक गई है, या उसने राजन् को
बहका लिया है — लेकिन माँ, अब तो
भागने की पूरी तैयारी कर चुके हैं।

आ : (चीख कर) भागने की तैयारी, नहीं-नहीं
प्रतिमा, कैसे विश्वास करूँ, मेरी नीरू
ऐसा कभी नहीं कर सकती, ऐसा कभी
नहीं होगा, प्रतिमा, नहीं होगा। उसे
रोको—अभागिन दुनिया के दाव पेंच
नहीं जानती।

प्रतिमा : पर माँ मैं क्या करूँ, अब तो शायद
रोकने का समय भी बीत चुका है। अब
तो छः बज गये हैं माँ और राजन् से
मिलने का समय निश्चित किया गया
नाड़े पांच का।

माँ : क्या पत्र में ऐसा लिखा है ?

प्रतिमा : हाँ माँ, लिखा है—हाँ हाँ राजन् मैं जरूर
आऊँगी — मुझे तुम्हारे पास आने से
कोई नहीं रोक सकता — तुम मेरी
इन्तजार करना राजन्, ठीक साढ़े पांच
बजे, उसी स्थान पर जहाँ हम रोज

मिलते हैं। राजन् मुझ पर विश्वास
करो — क्या कहते हो — परिवार कैसे
छोड़ूँगी कैसी बातें करते हो राजन्—तुम
कहो तो मैं इस दुनिया को छोड़ कर
तुम्हारे साथ चल सकती हूँ — मेरा
बायदा भूटा नहीं हो सकता—राजन्—
प्रतीक्षा करना, मैं आज सब छोड़ छाड़
कर आऊँगी

माँ : (रूआंसे स्वर में) अभागिन ने हमें कहीं
मुँह दिखाने लायक नहीं रखा।
(पिताजी आते हैं)

पिताजी : क्या हुआ है नीरू की माँ, तुम-तुम तो
रो रही हो—प्रतिमा तुम सब चुप क्यों
हो ? आखिर बात क्या है ?
(सिसकती है)

पिताजी : (घबराये हुए स्वर में) आखिर तुम कुछ
बताओगी भी या नहीं ?

प्रतिमा : (सहमे स्वर में) पि . ता . जी., नीरू
कि...सी लड़...के के साथ चली गई है।

पिताजी : (क्रोध से) पागल हुई हो प्रतिमा—नीरू
मेरी बेटी ऐसा कभी नहीं कर सकती —
उसको मैं अच्छी तरह जानता हूँ, तुम्हें
किसी ने बहका दिया होगा।

प्रतिमा : (पत्र देती हुई) यह लीजिए पिताजी,
स्वयं ही पढ़ लीजिये।

माँ : (सिसकियाँ भरते हुए) सुन लिया तुमने,
मैंने तुम्हें कितना कहा था, नीरू को
कालेज में नहीं पढ़ाओ, एक तुम ही जो
मेरी बात मानते ही नहीं—ओफ अब हम
लोगों को मुँह कैसे दिखायेंगे।

- पिताजी : (धबराये हुए स्वर में) प्रतिमा जाओ तो रामू को कहा कि एक टैक्सी ले आये मैं अभी उसे खोजने जाऊंगा, चिन्ता नहीं करो नीरू को मां - नीरू जरूर किसी के कहने में आ गई है ।
- मां : कितनी बार कहा था लड़की सयानी हो गई है, अब उसकी शादी कर दो, पर क्या करूं इस घर में मेरी कोई सुने भी तो ? तुम पर तो नई सभ्यता का रंग चढ़ा हुआ था - अब भुगतो नई रोगनी के नतीजे को ।
- पिताजी : (क्रोध से) यह समय बहस करने का नहीं नीरू की मां - कालेज में पढ़ा कर मैंने कोई गलती नहीं की । हमें समय की गति के साथ साथ अपनी भी गति बदलनी चाहिये, और फिर नीरू पढ़ने में भी तो कितनी होशियार थी ।
- मां : (व्यंग्य से) हां हां, पढ़ने में होशियार थी तभी तो उसने यह गुल खिलाये हैं - और भी लड़कियां हैं जो इसके साथ पढ़ती हैं - इसी को खानदान की नाक कटाने की क्या सूझी ।
(गुनगुनाते हुए नीरू का प्रवेश)
- मां : पिताजी-प्रतिमा (एक साथ आश्चर्यचकित हो कर) तुम नीरू - तुम कहां से आ रही हो ।
- नीरू : (लापरवाही से) आप सब इतने हैरान क्यों हैं-सीधी कालेज से तो आ रही हूँ ।
- पिताजी : छुट्टी तो तुम्हें साढ़े तीन बजे हो जाती है ना - फिर साढ़े छः बजे तक कहां गई थीं ?
- नीरू : पिताजी हमारे कालेज का 'एनु फंक्शन' है इसलिये उसमें हम एक ब्रू प्रस्तुत कर रहे हैं और आज उसी रिहर्सल थी - कल मैंने मां से तो था ।
- पिताजी : (क्रोध भरे स्वर में) इधर आओ न इस कुर्सी पर बैठ जाओ, मैं तुमसे पूछना चाहता हूँ । जो जो पूछूं उस साफ साफ और सही उत्तर देना ।
- नीरू : (कुर्सी पर बैठते हुए) जी पिता... जी पूछिये ।
- पिताजी : यह राजन् कौन है ?
- नीरू : राजन् - कौन राजन् - कैसा राजन् सच पिता जी मैं तो किसी राजन् नहीं जानती ।
- पिताजी : धबराने की कोई बात नहीं नीरू - सच बता दोगी तो मुझे खुशी होगी ।
- नीरू : आप मुझ पर विश्वास कीजिए पिता मैं किसी राजन् को नहीं जानती ।
- पिताजी : (कठोर आवाज में) क्या आज तुम उठ मिली नहीं ।
- नीरू : (टूढ़ आवाज में) जब किसी राजन् को नहीं जानती तो उससे मिलने का सवाल ही पैदा नहीं होता ।
- मां : (चीख कर) एक चोरी करती है, उस यह सीना जोरी - इन चालाकियों अब तू हमें और नहीं चला सकती ।
- पिताजी : इस दिन के लिये तो तुम्हें कालेज न भेजा था - कोई बुरा काम भी करो

उसे सब के सामने कहने का साहस होना चाहिए — आखिर बताने में हर्ज ही क्या है — हम तुम्हारे अपने हैं, पराये तो नहीं ।

नीरू : (रुआँसी होकर) आप लोग जब मुझ पर विश्वास ही नहीं करते तो मैं क्या कहूँ ।

मां : (आवाज़ को कोमल बना कर) बता दे बेटी, राजन् कौन है — तुम कहोगी तो हम उसके साथ तुम्हारा विवाह कर देंगे— लेकिन पहले तुम बताओ भी तो, वह कहां रहता है — क्या करता है —

नीरू : मां, क्या तुम्हें अपनी नीरू पर विश्वास नहीं । ओफ मां, आपकी सौमंघ, मैं किसी राजन् को नहीं जानती ।

पिताजी : (क्रोध पूर्ण स्वर में, नीरू की ओर पत्र फेंकते हुए) तो यह देखो — अब इससे भी इन्कार कर दो कि तुम ने इसे नहीं लिखा - और हां, कान खोल कर सुन लो, कि कल से तुम्हारा कालेज जाना बन्द ।

नीरू : (खूब खिलखिला कर हंसती है)

मां : बस बस नीरू बेशर्मी की भी तो कोई सीमा होती है —

नीरू : ओफ मां — यह पत्र नहीं है — यह तो -

पिताजी : पत्र नहीं है — तो और क्या है — गढ़ो कोई बहाना ।

नीरू : मैं सच कहती हूँ पिताजी, यह तो उस ड्रामे के 'डायलॉग' हैं जो हम अपने

एनुएल फंक्शन के लिये कर रहे हैं । मैं रात को इन्हीं कागजों पर लिख लिख कर याद कर रही थी ।

पिताजी : (आश्चर्य से) क्या कहा — ड्रामे के डायलाग हैं, तो तुमने किसी को पत्र नहीं लिखा न ?

नीरू : नहीं पिताजी — और हां—
(सब के सम्मिलित रूप में हंसने का स्वर)

नीरू : — और सुनिये यह ड्रामा अब नहीं होगा — हमारी सब मेहनत बेकार गई ।

पिताजी : क्यों बेटी, होगा क्यों नहीं —

नीरू : आज प्रिन्सिपल साहब को करके दिखाया, तो वे कहने लगे कि ड्रामा अश्लील है — एक को - एजुकेशनल - इन्सटीच्यूशन का लोगों के सामने यह ड्रामा प्रस्तुत करना ठीक नहीं होगा । स्टूडेंट्स के पेरेंट्स भी तो आने वाले हैं — और मेरे ख्याल में ऐसा ड्रामा करना उचित नहीं ।

पिताजी : (गद् गद् स्वर में) सुनती हो नीरू की मां, मैं न कहता था — हमारी नीरू ऐसी नहीं हो सकती — तुम नई सभ्यता का मजाक उड़ा रही थी न — अब देख लो नई रोशनी के नव युवकों और नव युवतियों को — कैसे स्वस्थ वातावरण में इनका चरित्र निर्माण हो रहा है — कोई दुराव नहीं, कोई छिपाव नहीं — सब शीशे की भाँति साफ — जहाँ चरित्र की दृढ़ता रहती है वहाँ व्यक्तित्व भी

कितना प्रभाव शाली ढंग से विकसित होता है।

मां : उस समय तो तुम भी डर गये थे - अब फिर लगे हो अपनी नई सभ्यता, नई रोशनी के गीत गाने - चलिए, अब चाय पीयें -

प्रतिमा : इधर आओ नीरू, अब रसोई घर चलें अपने हाथों से सब को चाय पिला। तेरे ड्रामे ने तो हृद कर दी आज - घर में ही एक-अच्छा खासा ड्रामा कर दिया। (सब खिल खिला कर खूब जोर से हंसते हैं।)

सुख का स्वरूप

(पृष्ठ १४ का शेष)

दूर रहकर व्यक्ति का अपने सुख का चिन्तन करना असामाजिक तथा अनैतिक है। मनुष्य की इस प्रवृत्ति का निराकरण कर उसके हृदय में परमार्थी भावना का संचार करना सुखोत्पादन में सहायक होगा। यदि आप सुखी रहना चाहते हैं तो सुख की इच्छा हृदय से निकाल दीजिये। क्षमा कीजिये, मैं आपको सांसारिक बातों से दूर रह कर वैराग्य-वादी बनने की प्रेरणा नहीं दे रहा हूँ। मेरे कहने का तात्पर्य यह है कि आप अपने सुख के विषय में चिन्तित न रहिये। आत्म मन्तुष्टि ही परम सुख है।* एकमात्र सुख की खोज करना दुःख का आर्हवान करना है। सुख की इच्छा (ऐन्द्रियिक सुख) दुःख का निमन्त्रण है। आप अपनी समस्त इच्छाओं को मृत्युपर्यन्त पूर्ण नहीं कर सकते। आप सुखी रहना चाहते हैं तो अपनी इच्छाओं का दमन न करके उन्हें कम कीजिये।

'सुख' का स्वरूप स्थूल नहीं। जीवन का ध्येय भावनात्मक ध्येय एवम् 'आनन्द' है। जीवन का उद्देश्य आनन्द प्राप्ति है, 'आनन्द' से तात्पर्य उस

सुख-विशेष से है जिसकी प्राप्ति शान्ति और गम्भीरता से हुई है। मनुष्य की इच्छा पूर्ण होने पर 'स्वान्तः सुखाय' की स्थिति ही आनन्द की स्थिति है। इस आनन्द का वर्णन शब्दों में नहीं किया जा सकता, वह अनिर्वचनीय है। अलौकिक सुख की प्राप्ति ही आनन्दानुभूति है। 'आनन्द' वह भावना है जो विशिष्ट इच्छाओं, भावों को मन्तुष्टि के साथ साथ आत्मा की समग्रता की पूर्ति करती है। वस्तुतः सुखानन्द की प्रभा शारदीय चन्द्रमा की प्रभा के समान है। शारदीय चन्द्रमा की प्रभा के समान ही 'आनन्द' अनिर्वचनीय है। जब हम 'आनन्द' एवम् सुख का सही स्वरूप और अर्थ समझ लेंगे तब ही हम मानवता के हृदय पद्म को पंक मुक्त कर ज्ञान के सुषमासागर में सुरभित देख सकते हैं।

* गोधन, गजधन, वाजिधन और रतनधन खान।

जब आवे मन्तोष धन, सब धन धूरि समान ॥

—कबीर (सम्पादक)

★ मैं उसको वरदान कहूँगा ★

हातिम सिंह वर्मा, 'प्रेमी' बी० ए० अन्तिम वर्ष

शुभ्र चाँदनी विरह घड़ी में,
सब को दुःखित बना देती है।
किन्तु मेरे मन में प्रिय का,
सोई खुशी जगा देती है।
जग पीड़ित मैं आनन्दित है,
इसे आत्म-सम्मान कहूँगा।
मैं उसको वरदान कहूँगा ॥

जग कहता हिम जल जाता है,
पर जल खुद जम कर है जलता।
जलते शलभ दीप दोनों हैं,
पर जग कहता दीपक जलता।
दानी का आभास करे जो,
उसको मैं ऋण दान कहूँगा।
मैं उसको वरदान कहूँगा ॥

भूतल के रजकण प्यासे हैं,
नीर चले जलधर बरसाने।
खिल सुमन लख कर भौरे भो,
लगे हर्ष से गीत सुनाने।
मेघ और साधारण कारण,
सुमन महि उपादान कहूँगा।
मैं उसको वरदान कहूँगा ॥

जिसको पाप समझता है जग,
उसे स्वयं ईश्वर वर जानूँ।
'प्रेमी' बना शत्रु जग में,
पर मैं शत्रु को राम कहूँगा।
जग जिसको अभिशाप समझता,
मैं उसको वरदान कहूँगा ॥

विद्रोही

जगमोहन बी० ए० (आनर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

'कौन?'

'विद्रोही,'

'क्यों?'

'जीने का सहारा न मिला,'

'के?'

'चलते-चलते ठोकर खा गया और लुड़क पड़ा,'

'सच्च,'

'हां—और उसके होंठों से दर्द भरी आह निकल पड़ी,'

'सुनो,'

'कहो'

'बुरा तो नहीं मानोगे,'

'नहीं तो,'

'कुछ सुनाओ,'

'क्या?'

'आपबीती',

'क्यों?'

'सुनने को जी चाहता है,'

'अच्छा'—और अंधेरे में ही उसने गालों पर पड़ी आंसुओं की बूंदों को पोछते कहा—

'जीवन कितना प्यारा होता है, यह तो सभी जानते हैं किन्तु यौवन के बसन्त आने पर तो और ही खिल उठता है, कल्पना का जामा पहन दूर अनन्त दिशाओं तक उड़ना कठिन नहीं—किन्तु सत्य से दूर अवश्य है,'—रुक कर सांस लेते हुए उसने कहा—

'यही खेल जीवन में मैंने भी खेला था,'

'फिर'

'यौवन खिल उठा था, प्रकृति की भीनी-भीनी सुगन्ध की खुमारी में डूबा मस्ती से जीवन के अमांसल चित्र बनाया करता था,'—और रुक कर कहा उसने—'एक दिन जब आसमान साफ था कदाचित् कोई-कोई श्वेत मेघ-खण्ड रुई के गुबारों के समान इधर-उधर घूम रहे थे, मैं चुपचाप प्रकृति का आनन्द लेते हुए कुछ गुनगुना रहा था, कल्पना की गोद में पड़ा-पड़ा दिग्गज-वधु के अरुणाम-अधरो पर किसी की प्रणय-छाप को देख रहा था, तभी मन्द मन्द हास लुटाती हुई पार्यों की भंकार को नीरव वातावरण में भुनभुनाए कोई आगे बढ़ रहा था, कुतूहलवश पूछ बैठा—

'कौन?'

उत्तर तो न मिला पर हँसी कानों में मधुर रस घोलने लगी, मुड़ कर देखा और ठगा-सा रह गया, होठ प्रस्फुटित हां उठे—

'तुम' !

'हां'

'यहां कैसे?'

‘हारे लिए’—कहते-कहते वह कपोलों पर लज्जा
मालिमा ले हँस पड़ी,

‘हँ,’—अविश्वास से मैंने कहा,

‘हाँ,’—धरती पर आँख गढ़ाती वह बोली,

निशा स्वप्न में भी न सोचा था कि.....

...कि मैं इस तरह आ मिलूँगी—बात पूरी करते
ए उसने कहा,

‘हाँ’—उसकी ओर निहारते हुए मैंने कहा—‘जीवन
केवल एकमात्र तुम्हें पाने की लालसा थी और
आज वह जीवन-निधि स्वयं मिल गई, इसे भाग्य
की बात न कहूँ तो और क्या कहूँ?’

‘निशा! नारी जीवन में केवल एक से प्यार करती
है, वही उसका सर्वस्व बनता है, हृदय की प्यास
को बुझाने वह केवल एक ही कुएँ के पास जाती है,
अन्यथा सिर पटक-पटक कर अपने प्राणों का
विमर्जन कर देती है, फिर तुम तो मेरे’.....लज्जा
निगोड़ी ने बात रोक ही ली,

‘निशा’!

‘हाँ’,

‘उधर देखो,’—क्षितिज की ओर संकेत करते हुए
मैंने कहा’

‘क्या’?

‘संध्या अपने प्रियतम की गोद में लज्जांकित कपोलों
को कैसे छिपा रही है।’

‘हँ,’—एकटक उधर देखते हुए उसने कहा,

‘सो गई हो’—उसने कंधों से हिलाते बोला मैं.

‘नहीं तो’—हड़बड़ाती सी वह बोली,

चन्द्रमा देदीप्यमान मुखाकृति पर मनमोहक
हँसी बिखेरते हुए प्रकृति की सुषमा को उत्तेजित
कर रहा था, मन्द-मन्द पवन लतिकाओं के
वक्षःस्थल में प्रकंपन पैदा कर रहा था, भीनी-भीनी
सुगन्ध खुमारी-पान कराने लगी और मैं निशा के
कंधों पर लुडक ही गया, काल-चक्र तीव्र गति से
बढ़ने लगा, ठीक ही तो है उसे रोकना बालू से तेल
निकालने से भी कठिन है, तभी निहाल होते हुए
मैंने कहा—

‘निशा’!

‘हँ,’

‘बुरा तो नहीं लगता,’

‘क्या’?

‘यही चाँदनी रात और तुम

‘उँ-हँ,’—और उसने लज्जाते हुए पलकों को झुका
लिया, हृदय प्रेम-पीयूष से स्निग्ध होने पर खिल
उठा—और अधर अधरामृत पान कर ही उठे।

‘यह क्या’? कृत्रिम क्रोध से वह बोली,

‘प्रणय की प्रथम छाप,’

‘क्यों’?

‘यूँ ही, मन ने चाहा और’

‘अच्छा!’—खिलखिलाते हुए उसने कहा, मैं भी
अपने आप को न रोक सका और वातावरण खिल-
खिलाहट से भर उठा,

इस प्रकार जीवन की यात्रा में कुछ कदम ही

(शेष पृष्ठ ३७ पर)

+ प्रतिशोध +

वेद 'कान्त' हिन्दी (आनर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

रामस्त दिशाएँ मेघान्धकार से युक्त थी। मेघ-माला ने स्वच्छ आकाश पर अपना आवरण चढ़ा दिया था। विद्युल्लता भयंकर रूप से एक छोर से दूसरे छोर तक छिटक कर अपने प्रकोप के आगमन की पूर्व सूचना दे रही थी। पेड़ का पत्ता तक न हिलता था। प्रतिक्षण ऊष्मता इस प्रकार बढ़ रही थी मानों पीड़ितों, आहतों तथा विरहणियों के निकले हुए निश्वासों ने ही गर्मी का रूप धारण कर लिया हो।

रात्रि का द्वितीय प्रहर प्रारम्भ हुआ था। आगरा के होस्टल में रहने वाले विद्यार्थीगण होस्टल से निकल कर आगरा की खुली सड़कों पर घूम रहे थे। इतने में एक सोलह वर्षीया युवती, अपने यौवन के भार से नत हुई, नयनों में अजस्र अश्रुधारा, हृदय में वेदना छिपाये अपने पदचापों से नीरव वातावरण को शब्दायमान करती हुई होस्टल की ओर दौड़ी आरही थी।

उस सड़क पर छात्रों का एक एक समूह भ्रमण कर रहा था। उस षोडशी के पदचाप उनके समीप आकर स्वतः रुक गये। वह भीता मृगी के समान चहुं ओर निहारने लगी और उसके नेत्रों से अश्रुबिन्दु गिर रहे थे टप..... टप..... टप। छात्र समूह में से राजन् ने आगे बढ़कर पूछा— 'आपको कहाँ जाना है' ?

सुमन ने अश्रुओं को आँचल में पोंछते हुए कहा— 'मैं प्रभात नाम के छात्र से मिलने आई हूँ जो यहीं समीप के छात्रावास में पढ़ता है। मेरी

माँ मृत्यु शय्या पर है, मैं उसे बुलाने आई हूँ परन्तु छात्रावास का मार्ग नहीं जानती। राजन् ने कहा— 'चलिये, मैं आपको मार्ग दिखा देता हूँ'।

हिसक पशुओं की आँखों में शिकार करते समय जो स्फूर्ति झलक उठती है, कुछ वैसी ही स्फूर्ति उसकी आँखों में झलक उठी। राजन् ने उसे होस्टल से किसी भिन्न मार्ग पर लेजाकर उसके सतीत्व को खंडित कर दिया। मानवता के आंसु बहे, और नैतिकता का आँचल भीग चला। सुमन की सरल निष्कलंक तथा दीनमूर्ति को देख कर भी उसे अपनी कुटिलता पर लज्जा न आई। वह जलविहीन मीन की भाँति छटपटाती रही। राजन् सुमन की इस दशा को देख कर श्रृगालों की भाँति भाग खड़ा हुआ।

प्रतिभा तो निर्धनता में ही चमकती है, दीपक की भाँति जो अन्धेरे में ही अपना प्रकाश दिखाती है। प्रभात बी० ए० आनर्स (हिन्दी) अन्तिम वर्ष का छात्र था। वह निर्धन था। छात्रवृत्ति के सहारे अपना अध्ययन कर रहा था। परिवार के नाम पर उसकी माँ और एक बहन थी सुमन। सुमन उसकी सगी बहन तो न थी परन्तु उसने बहन के रूप में स्वीकार किया था। सुमन के माता-पिता जब वह तीन वर्ष की थी तो परलोकगामी हो गये थे। प्रभात की माता ने जो उसके पड़ोस में रहती थी उसका लालन पालन किया था। प्रभात की एक सहपाठिनी थी 'निर्मलकान्ता' जो प्रभात की योग्यता से आकर्षित थी और उससे प्रेम भी था। प्रभात और कान्ता दोनों ही एक कमरे में अध्ययन

क्रिया करते थे। कल से उनकी परीक्षा प्रारम्भ होनी थी। जब कान्ता और प्रभात से भी गर्मी न बही गई तो वे दोनों भी एक एकान्त मार्ग पर विचरण करने लगे। सहसा उन्हें किसी प्राणी की आर्त्तवाणी सुनाई दी, भै.....य्या, भै.....य्या। वह आर्त्तवाणी आती और कर्णबेधन करके नीरव बानावरण में विलीन हो जाती थी। कान्ता तथा प्रभात ने भी उस वाणी का अनुसरण किया।

सुमन संज्ञाशून्य तथा क्षतविक्षत अवस्था में धरा पर पड़ी थी! विद्युल्लता रह-रह कर चमक उठती थी। प्रभात ने बिजली के प्रकाश में उसे पहचानने की चेष्टा की परन्तु पहचानना कठिन था, जिस प्रकार किसी पुष्प को मसलने के पश्चात् पहचानना कि यह किस कोटि का पुष्प है। स्मृतियों के बादल कुछ और गहरे हुए उसके भाग्य तथा भावनाओं पर तुषारापात हुआ वह चीत्कार कर उठा। वह सुमन जो उसे ममतामयी तथा स्नेहमयी लगती थी उसकी यह दशा। वह सुमन को उठाए हुए किसी डाक्टर की ओर चल दिया। कान्ता की बलकों तले भी अश्रुओं के बादल धिर आए। कान्ता ने भी साथ चलने का आग्रह किया परन्तु प्रभात ने उसे होस्टल में लौट जाने का आदेश दिया।

प्रायः जब भूतल पर अत्याचार तथा अधर्म की मात्रा बढ़ जाती है तो प्रकृति अपना रोष प्रकट किया ही करती है। आज भी धीर वीर गगन के नेत्र डबडबा आए। आज गगन ने इतना अश्रुपात किया कि सम्पूर्ण पृथ्वी अश्रुजल से निमग्न दृष्टि-गोचर होने लगी। प्रभात ने स्थूल-जलधारा रूपी शिलाओं को बरसाने वाले मेघान्धकार रूपी राक्षस की भी परवाह न की। प्रभात सुमन के खंडित सतीत्व को भुजाओं में थामे हुए उसके कपोलों को अश्रुओं से सिंचित करता हुआ एक डाक्टर के द्वार पर पहुंचा। वह सुमन के अचेतन शरीर को उसके

द्वार पर रखकर अवरुद्ध कण्ठ से पुकारने लगा। बड़ी देर तक पुकारने के पश्चात् डाक्टर साहब बाहर निकले। प्रभात ने कहा — 'डा० साहब मेरी बहन को बचा लीजिये' यह कह कर डाक्टर के चरणों पर गिरकर अश्रुओं से उसका पदप्रक्षालन करने लगा परन्तु डा० का पाषाण हृदय न पसीजा। डाक्टर ने कहा — इस भीषण वृष्टि में बाहर कैसे निकला जा सकता है। इसे कल अस्पताल में लाना' इतना कहकर डा० ने द्वार बन्द कर दिया। प्रभात अब हताश होकर वहीं बैठ गया। इतने में सुमन बुदबुदायीं— माँ..... मर..... रही..... है। इतना कहकर वह पुनः अचेत हो गई।

जब समाज मानव की अवहेलना कर देता है तो मानव को उस करुणा-निधान की करुणा का अवलम्बन लेना ही पड़ता है। प्रभात सुमन को वहाँ इस विश्वास पर छोड़कर कि प्रातः डा० अवश्य उसका इलाज कर देगा, वह अपनी स्नेहमयी माँ की ओर दौड़ा। वहाँ जाकर देखा तो स्नेहनीड़ नष्ट हो गया था और उसकी माँ उसके नीचे दबकर मर चुकी थी। उसका मन अब समाज के प्रति घृणा से भर चुका था। वह सुमन के अपमान को उसी भाँति नहीं भूल सका जैसे साँप अपनी चोट को नहीं भूलता। उसने अब दृढ़-संकल्प कर लिया था कि वह अपनी बहन की दुर्गति करने वाले से प्रतिशोध लेगा। न जाने क्या सोचकर वह होस्टल की ओर चल दिया। होस्टल में उसे कान्ता से जात हुआ कि सुमन की दुर्गति करने वाला राजन् था। उसने कहीं से तेज छुरे का प्रबन्ध किया और राजन् के कमरे में पहुंचकर प्रभात ने उसके वक्षस्थल में छुरा घोंप दिया। राजन् चिल्लाया अन्य विद्यार्थीगण भी उम घटनास्थल पर पहुँच गये और प्रभात पकड़ लिया गया। प्रभात को न्यायाधीश के निर्णय के अनुसार

एक वर्ष की कैद हुई और राजन् को अस्पताल में भिजवा दिया गया, जिसके बंध जाने की सम्भावना थी।

देव भी कितना निष्ठुर है कि वह सन्तप्त प्राणी को क्रूर तथा आततायी समाज की अधिकाधिक यातनाएँ सहने के लिये जीवित ही रखता है। अस्पताल में सुमन का इलाज होने लगा। कुछ दिन पश्चात् सुमन जब स्वस्थ हो गई तो उसे अस्पताल से छुट्टी मिल गई। इस असीम विश्व में उसका कोई पथप्रदर्शक न था। वह माँ के घर की ओर गई वहाँ उसने स्नेह-नीड़ को धराशायी पाया। पड़ोसियों से उसे माता के देहान्त तथा भाई के जेल जाने की सूचना मिल चुकी थी। वह कहीं आश्रय चाहती थी। परन्तु कहीं भी उसे आश्रय न मिला।

ऐसी विषम वेदना उसने अपने जीवन में कभी न सही थी। इस प्रकार भटकते हुए उसे कई साल बीत गए। उसे कई स्थानों पर आश्रय मिला भी तो जब उन आश्रयदाताओं को सुमन की कलंकता का पता लगता था, तो वे उसे निकाल देते थे। इसी प्रकार भटकते हुए कई मास व्यतीत हो गये। गत वर्षों की भाँति इस वर्ष भी यमुना में बाढ़ आई थी। आगरा के समीपवर्ती गाँव जल-निमग्न हो गये थे। वह अब आत्महत्या का विचार कर यमुना की ओर चलदी क्योंकि उसका विश्वास था कि जन्म लेने पर मृत्यु का आलिगन करना ही पड़ता है। सायंकाल का समय था और सूर्यदेव पुष्पों तथा फूलों पर अन्तिम प्रसाद की स्वर्ण वर्षा कर रहे थे। उस समय वह यमुना में जाकर कूद पड़ी। यमुना तट पर एक साधु बाबा की कुटिया थी। उसने किसी रमणी को जल में कूदते देखा। वह साधु यमुना में कूद कर उसे निकाल लाया और तट पर डाल दिया। अतीत की धुंधली

रेखाएँ उभरने लगीं। जब वह चेतनावस्था में आई तो वह साधु कहने लगा — बेटा! आत्मघात करना घोर पाप है। जीवित रहने की चेष्टा करो। अभी तुमने देखा ही क्या है इस असीम विश्व में। सुमन की आँखें डबडबा आईं, कण्ठ अवरुद्ध हो गया वह कुछ कहना चाहकर भी कुछ न कह सकी।

न जाने विधि सुमन के साथ कैसी क्रीड़ा कर रही थी। वह साधु कोई साधु न था अपितु साधु के नाम पर कलंक था। वह एक व्यापारी था। उसे पता था कि नारियाँ अपने सामाजिक जीवन से तंग आकर तथा मृत्यु के लिये विवश होकर प्रायः डूमी घाट पर आत्महत्या करने आया करती थीं और वह जाकर वेश्यालय में बेच दिया करता था। सुमन को भी यह आश्वासन देकर कि वह तुम्हें शरण दिलाने जा रहा है इस वेश्यालय में जा कर बेच दिया।

अपने जीवनाकाश में सूर्य की भाँति प्रभात भी अकेला था। प्रभात कैद से छूट गया क्योंकि उसकी कैद की सजा समाप्त हो चुकी थी। उसकी दाढ़ी बहुत बढ़ गई थी। समाज के निर्मम आघातों के कारण उसका मस्तिष्क भी कुछ विकृत हो गया था। प्रभात के हृदय में सुमन के प्रति अगाध श्रद्धा थी। पापाण प्रतिमाओं की पूजा तो पत्र-पुष्पों से होती है किन्तु वह सुमन की उपासना आँसुओं से करता था। उस ने सुमन की खोज करने के लिये काफी छान बीन की परन्तु उसका कोई पता न चला। इधर कान्ता भी प्रभात के लिये शोकातुर थी। उसने भी प्रभात को पाने के लिये क्या-क्या यातनाएँ नहीं सही? प्रभात बचपन से ही बाँसुरी बड़ी मधुर तथा सुरीली बजाया करता था। अब भी वह कभी अत्यधिक शोकातुर हो उठता तो बाँसुरी बजाया करता था। एक दिन कान्ता ने भी

इनकी बांसुरी सुनी तो वह उसे पहचान गई, उसे अपने घर ले गई और वहीं उसकी सेवा करने लगी। आज पन्द्रह अगस्त का दिन था। कार्यालयों

भी अवकाश था। सुमन अब बहुत मधुर गाने बजा नृत्य करने लगी थी। उसकी धूम उसके रमिकों तक पहुंच चुकी थी। आज बड़े गण्य-माण्य राजन् वहां पर उपस्थित थे। इन में राजन् तथा उसके साथी भी थे। प्रभात अब अतीत की स्मृतियों को विस्मृत करने के लिये मद्यपान करने लगा था और आज स्वतन्त्रता का उपहास करने के लिये मद्यपान कर नगर की गलियों में घूम रहा था। सुमन को किसी के द्वारा यह भी ज्ञात हो गया था कि राजन् नामक व्यक्ति तथा उसके साथी वहां उपस्थित हैं। वह राजन् जो उसे इस नरक-दण्ड में धकेलने का मूल कारण था उपस्थित है। रात्रि के लग भग प्रातः चार बजे तक नृत्य-गान का क्रम चलता रहा। अन्त में मद्य के नशे में चूर राजन् सुमन को अंक में लेना ही चाहता था कि सुमन ने उसे पैर की ठोकर मार कर धकेल दिया। जब नारी का अपमान किया जाता है तो वह चण्डी का उग्र रूप धारण कर लिया करती है। सुमन का हृदय ज्वालामुखी के विस्फोट की भांति प्रति-जोध की ज्वाला से धधक उठा। राजन् तथा उसके साथियों से प्रतिशोध का सुअवसर जान कर उन पर तेजाब डाल दिया। सारी महफिल में और मच गया। राजन् तथा उसके साथियों का मुख तेजाब से जल जाने के कारण विकृत हो गया था। पुलिस को सूचना मिली तो वह सब को गिरफ्तार कर के ले गई।

दूसरे दिन कचहरी लगी। कान्ता तथा प्रभात उपस्थित थे। न्यायाधीश ने उसके विगत जीवन तथा यह सब कर्म करने के लिये पूछा तो सुमन ने बड़े साहस के साथ कहना प्रारम्भ किया—जब मैं

मर गई, भाई जेल चला गया, तो मैंने समाज से दया की भीख मांगी तो उसने पतिता तथा कलंकिनी समझ कर ठुकरा दिया।

नारी संसार की सम्स्त बुराइयों को अपने आंचल में छुपाती है मगर फिर भी समाज ने उसे जीने योग्य नहीं रहने दिया। उसे न जीवित रहने पर विवश किया जाता है और न मरने ही दिया जाता है। सुमन ने कहा—'समाज ने मेरी अवहेलना की अब मैं उसकी अवहेलना करती हूँ। स्त्री भी क्या चीज है वह पल भर में तुम पुरुषों का सब कुछ छीन लेती है—धन, मौत, ईमान और भगवान् भी। समाज ने मुझे शरण न दी लेकिन अब मैं इन शरणागतों को शरण देती हूँ। उसके नेत्र आंसुओं से भर आए, जो मुर्झाए हुए कपलों को सिक्त करने लगे। प्रभात ने भी जब सम्पूर्ण घटना सुनी तो उसकी खोई हुई स्मृति कुछ पुनः लौट आई और उसने उच्च स्वर से पुकारा—'बहन' परन्तु सुमन ने इसका कोई प्रत्युत्तर न दिया। अब वह भग्नावशेष रह गई है, और देवतुल्य भाई को भग्नावशेष में तो नहीं बसाया जा सकता। न्यायाधीश तथा जनता के न चाहने पर भी मुख्य न्यायाधीश को दण्ड देना ही पड़ा क्योंकि कानून की दृष्टि में अपराध था। सुमन को एक वर्ष का कारावास मिला। राजन् तथा उसके साथी पूर्व ही दण्ड पा चुके थे फिर भी राजन् को दो वर्ष का कारावास मिला। जनता की पलकें अश्रुप्लावित थी। नारी का दुर्बल तथा कोमल हृदय इस आघात तथा अपमान को न सहन कर सका और कठघरे से निकलते ही उमसे ठोकर खाई और उसके प्राण पखेरू उड़ गये।

सुमन का दाह-संस्कार किया गया। विकराल लपटें उठ-उठ कर इहलोक के अत्याचारों तथा (शेष पृष्ठ ३१ पर देखिये)

पैरोडियाँ और व्यंग्य

संग्रहकर्ता— ओम गुप्ता (हिन्दी आनर्स) द्वितीय वर्ष

“मानस हौं तों वह कवि चोंच,
बसौं सिटी लंदन के किसी द्वारे ।

जो पशु हौं तों बनो बुलडाग,
चलौं चढ़ि कार में पूछं निकारे ।

पाहन हौं तों थियेटर हाल कों,
बैठे जहां ‘मिस’ पांव पसारे ।

जो खग हौं तों बसेरौ करौं,
किसी ओक पै टेम्स नदी के किनारे ।”

(चोंच)

“नेता ऐसा चाहिए, जैसा सूप सुभाय ।
चंदा सारा गहिरहै, देय रसीद उड़ाय ॥”

“यह घर थानेदार का खाला का घर नाहीं ।
नोट निकारै पग धरै, तब बैठे घर मीहि ॥”

(चोंच)

“टका हर्ता, टका कर्ता, टका मोक्ष प्रदायका:
टका सर्वत्र पूज्यन्ते, विन टका टकटकायते ।”

(भारतेदुं कालीन व्यंग)

“देखिए यह सीन कितना ग्रेंड हूं,
देह है या साइकिल स्टेड है ।

हो भले सूरत हमारी इण्डियन,
दिल हमारा मेड-इन-इंगलैंड है ॥”

(वेघड़क)

-: अपूर्व-मिलन :-

कमल 'नीर', बी० ए० (आनर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

सिंदूर भरी मांग, कुंकुम से रञ्जित भाल,—
लिपस्टिक से रंगे होठ आखिर
क्या है यह सब !

शृङ्गार ! किसके लिए !!—नायक क्षुब्ध हो
उठा ।

सुसज्जित, सुशील, स्निग्ध चेहरा घूँघट में
अपनी निधि समेटे प्रतीक्षा में था कौन !
कब आए, और ले ।

नाना प्रकार के हाव-भावों में कुशल, वह,
कटाक्ष चांचल्य को रोके और भ्रू-संचालन की
प्रवीणता का प्रदर्शन किये बिना ही सहम गई ।
अधखुले नेत्रों से उस अयाने को कौंधने लगी जो
उसकी रति-पिपासा को समझ न पाया था ।
उज्ज्वलवसना, दिव्याभरण - विभूषिता,
स्वर्णकान्ता, रात्रि भर विहाग में डूबी उन्मना
हो रही ।

ऊषा की किरण उठी, उसके साथ ही उठ पड़ी
वह । उदधि-छोर पर क्षितिजांगना सिंदूर, कुंकुम
से अनुरञ्जित बैठी प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी ।
कुछ क्षण बाद दिवाकर ने आकर उसे अंक में भर
लिया और वह हो गई । धवलवसना यह
देख एक सिसकी भर ही सिसक सकी, किन्तु नायक
कुछ न समझ सका । उसके लिए तो यह रात्रि का
अवसान और दिवस का आगमन था ।

सन्ध्या आई । इस बार स्वर्णकान्ता से न रहा
गया । भकभोरा उसको, सन्ध्या के अरुणिम
शृङ्गार को लक्षित कर । देखते ही देखते सुधाकर
का आलोक दूर दिगन्त तक छा गया, सन्ध्या उसमें
विलीन हो गई ।

तदनन्तर चन्द्रवदना की उत्कट लालसा भी
पूर्ण हुई; कपोल पर की छाप, मलिन वस्त्र, अस्त-
व्यस्त विशृंखलित अलंकरण उस
अपूर्व मिलन के सूचक थे ।

अपने शत्रु के लिए अपने मन की भट्टी को इतना गर्म
न करो कि वह तुम्हें ही भुन कर खा जाय ।

—शेक्सपियर (सम्पादक)

प्रतिशोध

(पृष्ठ २६ का शेष)

पापों का सन्देश गगन तक पहुँचाने के लिये मचलने
लगी । आज पुनः गगन की आँखें डबडबा आईं
और उसने इतना अश्रुपात किया कि मानो सुमन के

कलंक को धोकर ही चैन लेंगे । कान्ता तथा प्रभात
भी अश्रुपात करते हुए चल दिये क्रूर तथा आततायी
समाज से दूर किसी अज्ञात दिशा की ओर ।

“ फिर मिलेंगे ”

वीर सिंह बी० ए० हिन्दी (आनर्स) तृतीय वर्ष

‘पता नहीं इस दुष्ट से भगवान् कब पीछा छुड़ा-येगा’, बड़बड़ाते हुए और माथे से पसीना पोंछते हुए रामसिंह ने मेरे आफिस में प्रवेश किया।

‘क्यों रामसिंह ! आज इतने उतावले और हड़बड़ाये हुए क्यों हो ?’ मैंने रामसिंह से हंस कर पूछा।

‘बात वही पुरानी है इन्स्पेक्टर साहब ! इस जग्गा ने नाक में दम कर रखा है। रोज एक दो रिपोर्ट इसकी आयी ही रहती हैं। हमने अपना भरसक प्रयत्न कर लिया किन्तु वह कभी पकड़ में नहीं आया।’

‘क्यों ! आज भी उसने कहीं डाका डाला है ?’

‘हां बाहर एक सेठ जी खड़े तोंद पीट रहे हैं। कहते हैं कि जग्गा और उसके साथी अभी मेरा घर लूट कर जंगल की ओर गए हैं। अगर आप कहें तो मैं अभी कुछ जवानों को लेकर उसको घेरने का प्रयत्न करता हूँ।’

‘नहीं रामसिंह, इस तरह जग्गा पकड़ में नहीं आयेगा। अब वह काफ़ी दूर निकल गया होगा अब वह वैसे भी सावधान होगा। इस शेर को तो कभी हम ही पकड़ेंगे। अच्छा, रामसिंह तुम सेठ को अन्दर बुलाकर रिपोर्ट दर्ज करो।’ कहकर मैंने घड़ी की ओर देखा शाम के ५ वज्र चुके थे। मैंने दरवाज़ से गाड़ी की चाबी, मेज पर रखा हैडबैग लिया और गाड़ी स्टार्ट करके घर की ओर चल पड़ा।

मैं इसी चिन्ता में था कि किस प्रकार इस जग्गा को पकड़ा जाए। यदि एक बार भी जग्गा मेरे सामने आजाए तो फिर उसे जिन्दा नहीं लौटने दूँ। तमाम इलाके में इसने अपना आंतक जमा रखा है। लोगों को दिन-रात चैन नहीं पड़ती, उन्हें हर वक्त इस डाकू का डर बना रहता है। लोग हम पर व्यंग कसते हैं ‘अजी पुलिस की कमजोरी है वरन् इस जग्गा की क्या हिम्मत की डाका डाले।’ आखिर यूँ कब तक ये बातें सुनते रहेंगे। कब तक जनता को हम अपनी आंखों से रोता देखते रहेंगे। इलाके में शान्ति तो रखनी ही पड़ेगी।

यूँ सोचते २ मैं घर पहुंचा। कार गैरिज में खड़ी की और ऊपर के कमरे में जाकर धड़ाम से कुर्सी पर गिर पड़ा। तभी नौकर ने आकर मुझे एक चिट्ठी थमाते हुए कहा, ‘साहब ! एक आदमी घोड़े पर आया था, यह चिट्ठी दे गया है।’

‘घोड़े पर आदमी’ और ‘चिट्ठी’, ये दो शब्द सुनकर मेरा मन चिट्ठी को पढ़ने के लिए और भी उतावला हुआ। मैंने भट से लिफाफा खोला और चिट्ठी पढ़ी—

‘इन्स्पेक्टर साहब,

इन दिनों आप मुझसे मिलने के लिए बड़े उतावले रहते हैं। लो मैं स्वयं ही आपको मिलने का एक अवसर देता हूँ। कल दोपहर ठीक बारह बजे आप मुझसे अपने मकान के उत्तर में जंगल में नाले पर मिलें। मैं आपका वहाँ इन्तजार करूँगा। परन्तु शर्त यह है कि आप अकेले और निहत्थे आयें

मैं भी अकेला और बिना किसी हथियार के ही आऊंगा। आशा है आप इस शर्त का पूर्ण रूप से पालन करेंगे।

—जग्गा "

जिस प्रकार शिकारी जाल में फंसते हुए शिकार को देखकर खश होता है तथा अन्धे को दो आंखे मिलने पर खुशी होती है कुछ उसी प्रकार की खुशी का मुझे उस समय अनुभव हुआ। फिर कुछ झंकाएँ भी होने लगी—क्या उसने मुझे निहत्थे बुलाकर मुझ पर ही तो जाल नहीं फैलाया है? नहीं, जग्गा, बेशक डाकू है किन्तु क्या वह इतना बया गुजरा होगा कभी नहीं।

दूसरे दिन प्रातः काल से ही जग्गा से मिलने को उत्सुक था। दस बजते ही जग्गा से मिलने की तैयारी में लग गया। जल्दी से स्नान कर खाता खाया। साढ़े ग्यारह बजे मैं वर्दी लगा ही रहा था कि नौकर ने कहा—“हज़ूर घोड़ा तैयार है।” मैं कमर में पेटी बाँधते हुए घोड़े की ओर चला। मोचा जेब में पिस्टल डाल लूँ, जग्गा को क्या पता लगेगा। किन्तु अधिक देर न सोच पाया और खाली हाथ ही घोड़े की पीठ पर बैठकर निश्चित स्थान की ओर बढ़ा।

मैं ठीक ग्यारह-पच्चपन पर नाले पर पहुँच गया। घोड़े को एक वृक्ष से बांध दिया और स्वयं एक पेड़ की छाया में खड़ा हो गया। दोपहरी की लू धाय २ चल रही थीं। पक्षी तक वहाँ न था और मैं वहाँ इन्तजार कर रहा था—प्रेयसी का नहीं, एक डाकू का। बारह बज कर पाँच मिनट हो गये, जग्गा अभी तक नहीं आया। मेरा शरीर पसीने से लथ-पथ हो गया। सहसा मुझे घोड़े की टाप सुनाई दी और थोड़ी ही देर में जग्गा और उसका घोड़ा पसीने में तर और हाँफते हुए मेरे सामने खड़े थे।

“माफ करना! इन्सपैक्टर साहब, मुझे थोड़ी देर

हो गयी। आप को काफी तकलीफ हुई होगी। मुझे बड़ी ख़ुशी हुई है कि आपने मेरी शर्त का पालन किया और अकेले तथा बिना हथियार लिए मुझसे मिलने आये हो। मैं आपके सामने खड़ा हूँ आप मुझसे अच्छी तरह मिल सकते हैं।”

मैं जग्गा का मुहँ ताक रहा था। सोच रहा था क्या यही वह कुख्यात डाकू है जो पुलिस को चुनौती देता रहा है? जग्गा के ये शब्द—“मैं आपके सामने खड़ा हूँ, आप मुझसे मिल सकते हैं”। मुझे जले पर तमक छिड़कने के समान लगे। सोचा कितनी बड़ी भूलकी। यदि घर से पिस्टल और रस्सी ले आया होता तो अब इसका काम तमाम कर देता।

“क्यों इन्सपैक्टर साहब क्या सोच रहे हैं? आप तो मुझसे मिलने के लिए आए थे न,” कहकर जग्गा ने भट से घोड़े को हेड़ लगा दी।

सोचने विचारने का अवसर तो घर में पड़ी चारपाई पर ही हुआ करता है। ऐसे अवसर पर तो तुरन्त निश्चय करना पड़ता है। चंगुल में आए हुए शिकार को इस प्रकार हाथों से निकलता देख मेरा खून खौल उठा। मैं अधिक नहीं सोच सका और भट से अपना घोड़ा जग्गा के घोड़े के पीछे लगा दिया।

जग्गा इस समय मुझसे चार-पाँच फर्लाङ्ग आगे जा चुका था। मेरा घोड़ा भी कई दिन से ‘स्तब्ल’ में लातें फटकार चुका था अतः शीघ्र ही हवा से बातें करने लगा। भाड़ियों, खाइयों और नालों को पार करते हुए हम न जाने किस निश्चित स्थान पर परस्पर टक्कर लेने जा रहे थे। हम लगभग ग्यारह-बारह मील दूर आए थे। न जग्गा ही रुकने का नाम लेता था और न मैं ही पीछे मुड़ने लगा था।

सहसा मैंने देखा कि जग्गा का घोड़ा गिर पड़ा है और जग्गा उसे उठा रहा है। जब मैं अधिक समीप पहुँचने वाला ही था तो जग्गा पैदल ही दौड़ने लगा। मैंने देखा कि सामने काफी बड़ा नाला है जिसे जग्गा का घोड़ा फाँद न सका और उसका पैर टूट गया। मैंने अपने घोड़े को हेड़ मारी और वह सरपट नाला पार कर गया।

जग्गा के सामने एक बहुत बड़ा तालाब आगया और किसी ओर दौड़ने का अवसर न जान कर वह सीधा तालाब में घुस पड़ा।

मैं तालाब के किनारे पर पहुँचा और सोचा कि क्या करना चाहिए? किन्तु अबकी बार मेरी दृष्टि जब तालाब में पड़ी तो देखता हूँ कि जग्गा ने हाथ-पैर हिलाने छोड़ दिए हैं और पानी में हाँफ रहा था। सहसा वह पानी की ऊपरी सतह से ओझल होगया और वहाँ पानी के बुलबुले उठ रहे थे।

किनारे पर खड़ा मैं देख रहा था कि मेरा दुश्मन अब कुछ ही क्षणों में प्राण गवाने वाला है। सुबह जब लोगों को जग्गा के मरने की खबर मिलेगी तो वे कितने खुश होंगे। मैंने घोड़े को घर की ओर मोड़ा! किन्तु घोड़े की लगाम मेरे हाथों ने खींच ली। मेरी आत्मा ने मुझे विश्वास कर दिया कि मैं उल्टा घूमूँ। मुझे लगा कि जग्गा की जिन्दगी अभी भी मेरे हाथों में है मैं चाहूँ तो उसे अभी

पानी से निकाल कर बचा सकता हूँ। अपनी आँखों के सामने एक ऐसे आदमी को, जिसे मैं बचा सकता हूँ, मरते हुए मैं नहीं देख सका। मेरी अन्तर्भावना ने मेरी कर्तव्य भावना पर विजय पाई और मैं वहीं सहित पानी में कूद पड़ा। जहाँ पर पानी में बुलबुले उठ रहे थे, वहाँ पहुँच कर मैंने डुबकी लगायी और जग्गा को कन्धे पर रखकर किनारे पर लाकर लिटा दिया। थोड़ी देर में जग्गा को होश आया। वह मेरी तरफ देखकर हंस पड़ा।

“क्यों कैसी तबियत है जग्गा?” मैंने पूछा।

“ठीक है इन्स्पेक्टर साहब आप मुझे बन्दी बना सकते हैं।”

नहीं जग्गा मैंने तुमसे प्रण किया था कि मैं बिना किसी हथियार या रस्सी के तुझसे मिलूँगा। मैं तुमसे मिलने के लिए आया था, इसलिए मैं तुम्हें इस समय बन्दी नहीं करूँगा।” मैं खड़ा हुआ और घोड़े पर चढ़कर घर की ओर चल पड़ा।

जग्गा ने हाथ हिलाते हुए कहा, “नमस्ते इन्स्पेक्टर साहब।”

‘नमस्ते’, ‘फिर कभी मिलेगे जग्गा’, मुस्कराहट के साथ निकले मेरे ये शब्द वायु में मिलकर गूँज उठे।

१. मनुष्य के चमड़े का वर्ण उमकी मनुष्यता का मापदण्ड नहीं है।

—शरच्चन्द्र

२. बच्चों का हृदय कोमल थाला है, चाहे इसमें कंटीली भाड़ी लगा दो, चाहे फूलों के पौधे।

—प्रसाद (सम्पादक)

जाग जनगण जागरण ले

रवीन्द्र शर्मा बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष

सूर्य की उस लालिमा से
रात्रि की उस कालिमा से
अब उजाला हो चला है ॥

उठ चली है रात्रि, अपना आवरण ले,
खिल चुके हैं पुष्प जनगण जागरण ले ।
उड़ चले पक्षी सभी निश्चिन्त हो,
देखकर उस कालिमा से लालिमा को ।
उठ, अरे मानव उजाला हो चला है ॥

आ रही है कुछ घटाएँ काल की-सी,

बन अरे ! अब धैर्यशालो ।
उठ अरे ! कुछ कर दिखा ।
तिमिर का आँचल उठा ।
अब उजाला हो चला है ॥

कर रहीं हैं कुछ दिशाएँ ।
है, इशारा काल का ।
सजग करती हैं घटाएँ ।
जो न अब तक है उठा ।

उठ ! अरे मानव बहुत तू सो चुका है ॥

सूर्य की उस लालिमा से ।
रात्रि की उस कालिमा से ।
अब उजाला हो चला है ॥

खुदा बचाए इस ऑनर्स से *

जनक खोसला हिन्दी (ऑनर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

अजी आप भी कहेंगे यह क्या उल्टी-गंगा बहा दी ? लोग तो उत्कण्ठित रहते हैं ऑनर्स में प्रवेश पाने के लिए और यह कौन सिर फिरी है जो कह रही है कि 'खुदा बचाए इस ऑनर्स से'। अरे इतने उतावले न होइए, अभी आप की समझ में आजाएगा कि कभी-कभी सिर फिरे लोग भी मार्के की बात कह देते हैं। प्रत्येक मानव के मन में कोई न कोई आकांक्षा विद्यमान रहती है। मैं भी मानव होने के नाते कई अभिलाषाएँ रखती हूँ। यह भी मेरी एक, तुच्छ कहिए या उच्च, अभिलाषा ही थी कि मैं हिन्दी ऑनर्स करके 'जरनलिजम' करूँ। मेरे प्रेम के अंक कुछ कम होने के कारण मुझे किसी निकट के या महिलाओं के विद्यालय में स्थान प्राप्त न हो सका। मानव अपनी अभिलाषा की पूर्ति के लिये, गन्तव्य स्थान तक पहुँचने के लिए क्या नहीं करता। मैंने भी इस अभिलाषा की पूर्ति के लिए पन्द्रह-सोलह मील दूर 'को-एजुकेशनल' (Co-Educational) विद्यालय में पढ़ना स्वीकार कर लिया क्योंकि सिर पर धुन सवार थी न, ऑनर्स करने की। अनेक प्रयत्नों के उपरान्त ऑनर्स क्लास में स्थान प्राप्त हों ही गया, मैं अत्यन्त प्रसन्न थी कि मेरे नाम के साथ बी० ए० ऑनर्स लगेगा। परन्तु मैं मंजिल की राह में आने वाली कठिनाइयों से अपरिचित थी।

आप भी विस्मित होंगे कि जब ऑनर्स में सीट मिल गई तो क्या कठिनाई है। अजी साहिब सुनिये तो किसी कार्य का आरम्भ ही पर्याप्त नहीं, उसके अन्त तक भी पहुँचना चाहिए। अन्त भला सो

भला। आप भी कहते होंगे कि यदि ऑनर्स मिल जाय तो वे दिन-रात एक कर देने का प्रयत्न करेंगे फिर क्या कठिनाई है। अजी परिश्रम से तो मैं भी नहीं घबराती। घबराती हूँ लोगों के तानों-बानों से जो की इन्सान का मन तोड़ देते हैं।

'ऑनर्स ले लो तो आपका साहित्यिक पुस्तकों को छोड़ अन्य जगत से नाता ही नहीं रहता।' यह मैं नहीं कह रही बरन् मेरी अन्य बहनों तथा भाइयों का कहना है। किसी ऑनर्स के विद्यार्थी के पास कोई असाहित्यिक पत्रिका देख ली, चाहे वह कितनी भी उपयोगी क्यों न हो तो बस कहना प्रारम्भ कर दिया 'ऑनर्स के विद्यार्थी को मैगज़ीनस से क्या काम?' भला इन से पूछिये यदि कोई अन्य पत्रिकाएँ पढ़ कर अपना ज्ञान बढ़ाना चाहता है तो इन्हें क्या कष्ट है? क्या अपना ज्ञान साहित्यिक क्षेत्र तक ही सीमित रखना पर्याप्त है? और सिनेमा जगत् का तो नाम लेना या सुनना भी उसके लिए भारी अपराध है। माना कि अधिकांश फिल्मों विद्यार्थी के मस्तिष्क को विकृत कर देती हैं। परन्तु क्या बूट पालिश, भाभी, राम राज्य, जागृति, सिन्दूर जैसे अनेक शिक्षाप्रद चित्र दर्शनीय नहीं थे। कहा जाता है कि चलचित्रों में नग्न प्रेम प्रदर्शित किया जाता है परन्तु क्या ऐसा प्रेम उपन्यासों में नहीं प्राप्त होता कवि की बाणी से नहीं प्रस्फुटित होता। यदि एक विद्यार्थी उपन्यास पढ़ सकता है तो सिनेमा जाने में क्या हानि है?

अजी और सुनिये, कहा जाता है कि रेडियो

*लेखिका तभी सन्तुष्ट होगी यदि आप लोग 'ऑनर्स' में एडमिशन लेना बन्द कर दें।

(संपादक)

सुनना विद्यार्थी की राह में एक बाधा है। कहिये यदि रेडियो सुनने से आपका मस्तिष्क थोड़ा स्वस्थ हो जाये या आपका मन बहल जाये तो रेडियो ने क्या अपराध कर दिया जो बेचारे पर गालियों की बौछार आरम्भ कर दी जाय। माना कि रेडियो में अधिकांशतः चलचित्र के गीत प्रसारित किये जाते हैं। परन्तु क्या कवियों की कविताओं में हमें वही ध्वनि ध्वनित होती नहीं दिखाई देती।

इस प्रकार कहा जाता है आनर्स के विद्यार्थी को सिनेमा नहीं जाना चाहिए, रेडियो नहीं सुनना चाहिए, असाहित्यिक पत्रिका नहीं पढ़नी चाहिए। घर में हो या कालेज में, बसमें हो या बस स्टॉप पर साहित्य के विद्यार्थी के हाथ में कोई न कोई उच्च स्तर की साहित्यिक पुस्तक होनी चाहिए।

अजी और तो और, आनर्स के विद्यार्थी को अधिक बोलना नहीं चाहिए। उसे गम्भीर होना चाहिए। और जो बेचारे मेरे जैसे अधिक वाचाल हों वे सुनें लोगों के ताने। फिर तो प्रोफेसरज भी

कहने लगते हैं, "वैसे तो शरारती (Students) कालेज का शृंगार हैं परन्तु आनर्स के विद्यार्थियों को शरारतें करना शोभा नहीं देता।"

कोई पूछे इनसे कि हमने आनर्स लिया है अपना ज्ञान बढ़ाने के लिए न कि गले में फाँसी डालने के लिए, कि यह काम करना, वह नहीं करना, यहाँ जाना, वहाँ नहीं जाना।

इतने प्रतिबन्धों के रहते हुए भी क्या आप आनर्स में प्रवेश पाने के इच्छुक हैं? यदि हैं तो आपको अपने सीने पर पत्थर रख कर चलना होगा। सम्भल कर चलिए कहीं आप भी मेरी तरह यह न कह बैठें, "खुदा बचाए इस आनर्स से।" अन्त में मैं इन शब्दों में आपसे विदा चाहती हूँ—

"मेरे दूटे हुए दिल से कोई तो आज यह पूछे कि तेरा हाल क्या है? सदा आजाद रहते थे हमें मालूम ही क्या था कि 'आनर्स' क्या बला है?"

(पृष्ठ २५ का शेष)

चल पाये थे कि शहनाइयों के चीत्कार में मेरा रुदन विलीन हो गया, कल्पना के पंख कट गये, नेत्रों के अधाह समुद्र में प्रणय की नाव डूब गई किन्तु डूबते-डूबते भी पतवार की छपाक से अश्रु-सलिल परकोट सीमा का अतिक्रमण कर ही बैठे।

'फिर'—दुःखी मन से अपरिचित ने पूछा,
'फिर क्या, आशाओं पर तुषारापात होते देख मन बावला हो उठा, संसार की प्रत्येक वस्तु से विद्रोह कर उठा और आज मैं चीख-चीख कर संसार से कहता हूँ — मैं विद्रोही हूँ — मैं विद्रोही हूँ — जिसे संसार के खोखले समाज ने विद्रोह करने पर विवश किया,' — भावावेश से उसका गला रुंध गया, हृदय के तीव्र उफान ने गला जकड़ लिया, खाँसी का गुबारा बढ़ने लगा और प्यासे अधर चिलाने लगे — 'पानी — पानी —'

'पानी पिओगे'—अपरिचित बोला,

'हाँ—बुझते हुए कहा उसने,

'अभी लाया'—कहते-कहते अपरिचित पानी के लिए भागा, किन्तु साँसें रुक गई, शरीर निर्जीव सा लुडक गया, वायु संवेदना का गीत गा-गा कर उसके चारों ओर मंडराने लगा किन्तु वह था मौन चुपचाप पृथ्वी की गोद में पड़ा हुआ अनजान नगर का वासी।

'पानी'—अपरिचित ने उसे हिलाते हुए कहा,

तभी सहसा विजली कौंधी और उसका निर्जीव चेहरा खिला हुआ किन्तु साँसों से रहित, मौन प्रकृति की गोद में, जहाँ आत्मा शरीर से विद्रोह कर भाग गई, शेष रह गया था अस्थि-पंजर मांस-लोथड़ों में लिपटा हुआ।

सत् की व्याख्या

(डा० रामदत्त भारद्वाज एम० ए०, पी० एच० डी०, डी० लिट्०)

गीता का दृष्टिकोण

नासतो विद्यते भावो नाभावो विद्यते सतः ।

उभयोरपि दृष्टोऽन्तस्त्वन यो स्तत्त्वः दशिभिः ॥२, १६॥

अर्थात् असत् का भाव नहीं, सत् का अभाव नहीं (अथवा असत् से भाव नहीं) होता, ज्ञानी पुरुषों ने दोनों ही सत् और असत् का अन्त देखा तो है ।

गीता के १४ वें अध्याय में सत्त्व, रज और तम व्याख्या की गयी है । सत्त्व, रज, तम ये तीनों ही प्रकृति के गुण हैं, जिनमें सत्त्व गुण प्रकाश करने वाला, निर्मल सुख और ज्ञान के संग से बाँधता है, सुख में लगाता है और ज्ञान को उत्पन्न करता है, जैसा कि इन वचनों से स्पष्ट है : सत्त्वं रजस्तम इति गुणाः प्रकृति—सम्भवाः (१४, ५); तत्र सत्त्वं निर्मलत्वात्प्रकाशकमनामयम्, सुख सङ्गेन बध्नाति ज्ञान सङ्गेन चानघ (१४, ६); सत्त्वं सुखे संजयति (१४, ६); सत्त्वात्संजायते ज्ञानं (१४, १७)

गीता के १७ वें अध्याय में “ॐ तत्सत्” की व्याख्या करते समय ‘सत्’ पर भी इस प्रकार प्रकाश डाला गया है :—

सद्भावे साधुभावे च सदित्येतत्प्रयुज्यते ।

प्रशस्ते कर्मणि तथा सच्छब्दः पार्थ युज्यते

॥१७, २६॥

यज्ञे तपसि दाने च स्थितिः सदिति चोच्यते ।

कर्म चैव तदर्थाय सदित्येवाभिधीयते ॥१७, २७॥

अश्रद्धया हुतं दत्तं तपस्तप्तं कृतंच यत् ।

असदित्युच्यते पार्थ न च तत्प्रस्थो नो इह ॥१७, २८॥

अर्थात् ‘सत्’ शब्द का प्रयोग ‘सद्भाव’ ‘साधुभाव’ और प्रशस्त कर्म में भी किया जाता है । यज्ञ, तप और दान में जो स्थिति है वह भी ‘सत्’ है । ‘तत्’

अर्थात् परमात्मा के अर्थ किया हुआ कर्म सत् है और अश्रद्धा-पूर्वक किया हुआ हवन, दान, तप और कर्म असत् है जो न इस लोक में और न मरने के पश्चात् लाभदायक है । सत् = भला, असत् = बुरा ।

गीता के दूसरे अध्याय में ‘सत्’ शब्द का जो प्रयोग हुआ है वह तो ‘भाव’ ‘अस्तित्व’, ‘सात्त्विक’ अथवा ‘विद्यमानता’ के अर्थ में प्रतीत होता है और उसे ‘सत्ता’ का पर्याय ही समझना चाहिए ।

अन्य अनेक अर्थ

‘सत्ता’ शब्द भी निम्नलिखित अनेक अर्थों में प्रयुक्त होता है :—

१—साँस लेना (जीवित रहना, वृद्धि पाना);

यथा: उस उद्यान में एक पेड़ है (उगना, बढ़ना)

२—स्थिति अथवा अवस्था, यथा: कोने में छड़ी है (खड़ी); मेज पर छड़ी है (पड़ी)

३—स्पर्श अथवा गोचरता, यथा—सिनेमा के पर्दे पर देखने वाले व्यक्ति वास्तव में नहीं होते (अर्थात् वे स्पर्श-गम्य नहीं)

४—वेदना या अनुभव यथा: रोगी के शिर में दर्द है अर्थात् वह शिर में दर्द का अनुभव कर रहा है ।

५—जाति-बोध । यथा: रीछ होता है, चींटी है, अर्थात् इन जन्तुओं की एवं अन्य पदार्थों वा वस्तुओं की परा अथवा अपरा जाति की चर्चा से अभिप्राय है ।

६—उद्देश्य-विधेय का संयोजन मात्र, यथा:— यह आम मीठा है, अर्थात् = आम + मीठा ।

७—अहंकार अथवा स्वतश्चेतना (Self Consciousness), यथा: मैं हूँ, सोऽहम् ।

८-भूत, भविष्य और वर्तमान, यथा : कबीर १६वीं शताब्दी के कवि थे, आजकल चीन-सीमा का झन चल रहा है; कुछ समय पश्चात् भारत अधिक उन्नत हो जायगा ।

९-आरोप, यथा : चाकू अच्छा है । चाकू वास्तव में न अच्छा होता है न बुरा । हम अपने अभिप्राय की पूर्ति अथवा अपूर्ति के अनुसार उस पर अच्छे-बुरे गुणों का आरोप कर देते हैं ।

१०-तादात्म्य, यथा :-यह वही नदी है जिसे मैंने तीन वर्ष पूर्व देखा था । नदी तो वही है यद्यपि वह तीन वर्ष में अपने पूर्व स्थान से दो मील हट गयी है । यह वही बच्चा है जिसे मैंने पन्द्रह वर्ष पूर्व देखा था । 'वही' बच्चा है यद्यपि आकार से वह पहचानने में नहीं आसकता । तादात्म्य तो म्यान-विशेष अथवा गुण-विशेष की स्मृति पर अवलम्बित रहता है ।

११-किसी पदार्थ के अनुभव की आसन्न और आगत पुनरावृत्ति, यथा :-यह पेड़ है = यह पेड़ पेड़ पेड़ पेड़..... (अज्ञात संख्या तक आवृत्ति)

१२-मन का अभ्यास जिसके कारण वह अपने मनोभावों को मन के भीतर अथवा बाहर किसी पदार्थ की ओर संकेत करता है । यह बहुविध है, यथा :-विकल्प, भ्रान्ति, स्वप्न, व्यवहार ।

१३-आविर्भाव अर्थात् अव्यक्तावस्था से व्यक्तावस्था की प्राप्त करना, अथवा तिरोहित वस्तु का प्रकाश में आना ।

१४-सविकल्प और निर्विकल्प प्रत्यक्ष का अन्वय । यथा यह पेड़ है; वह आम है । 'यह' और 'वह' निर्विकल्प प्रत्यक्ष के द्योतक हैं और 'पेड़' और 'आम' सविकल्प के । 'है' इन दोनों का अन्वय-मात्र है ।

यद्यपि 'सत्' अथवा 'सत्ता' शब्द उपर्युक्त अर्थों में प्रयुक्त होता है, तथापि दार्शनिक-चर्चा में वह

अन्तिम तीन अर्थों में से किसी एक अथवा अधिक में प्रयुक्त होता है ।

व्युत्पत्ति

'सत्' शब्द से तीन भाववाचक संज्ञाएँ बनी हैं—सत्ता, सत्य और सत्त्व । यद्यपि ये सभी शब्द पर्याय रूप से प्रयोग में शिथिलता से आते रहे हैं, फिर भी 'सत्ता' का अर्थ भाव' (Existence) से; सत्य का 'सचाई' तथा अथवा (Truth) से; और सत्त्व का 'भला' वा 'अच्छा' से ही है । अंग्रेजी कोशकार कहते हैं कि 'is' की उत्पत्ति संस्कृत के 'अस्' से, 'was' की वस्' से और 'be' की 'भू' धातु से हुई है; और संस्कृत के वैयाकरण 'सत्' की उत्पत्ति 'अस्' से बताते हैं ।

मेरी धारणा

इस विषय में मेरी निजी धारणा भिन्न है । मेरा विश्वास है कि ध्वन्यात्मक 'श्वस्' से 'वस्' की उत्पत्ति हुई और 'वस्' से अस् की समयाभाव से मैं अपने विचारों का विस्तार नहीं करना चाहता । मैं यह नहीं मानता कि 'सत्' की उत्पत्ति क्रिया-सामान्य 'अस्' से हुई है । मेरी धारणा है कि आरम्भ में 'सः तत्' यह वाक्य था और यह संधि-नियम के अनुसार 'सतत्' हो गया तथा भाषा विज्ञान के नियमों के अनुसार बीच के तकार का लोप होने से 'सत्' शब्द बन गया । मूल वाक्य एक और 'सत्' रहा दूसरी ओर उसका रूप 'सतत्' अर्थात् 'सतत' भी बना रहा । 'सत्' और 'सतत' प्रायः एक से अर्थ में प्रयुक्त होते हैं । 'सतत्' इस वाक्य में 'सः' [परब्रह्म का द्योतक तथा निर्विकल्प प्रत्यक्षमात्र है, और 'तत्' व्यक्त ब्रह्म का सविकल्प प्रत्यक्ष । इन दोनों प्रकार के प्रत्यक्षों के अन्वय-मात्र को 'सत्' अथवा 'सत्ता' कहते हैं और इस अन्वय का निषेध 'असत्' है, ऐसी मेरी धारणा है । सत् और असत् परस्पर सम्बद्ध हैं; ऋग्वेद में भी बताया गया है: सतो बन्धुममति निरविन्दन् ।

संस्कृत-विभाग :

अध्यक्ष :
मनोहरो विद्यालंकार :

सम्पादिका
कुमारी जगदीश सुद

विषयानुक्रमशिका

(१) सम्पादकीयम्	कुमारी जगदीश सुद
(२) भारतीयसंस्कृति :	पुरुषोत्तमलाल :
(३) सद्भावनायाः फलम्	कुमारी जगदीश सुद
(४) सहसा विदधीत न क्रियाम्	कुमारी जगदीश सुद
(५) सूक्तिमुधा	कुमारी सत्या नन्दा

सम्पादकीयम्

विद्यते देशपत्रिकायाः अस्य वर्षस्य प्रथमोऽङ्को भवतां समक्षम् । पत्रिकायाः संस्कृतविभागे काश्चन एव रचनाः विद्यन्ते, परं तपस्विन्याः अस्याः देववाण्याः स्वल्पांशोऽपि समस्तं 'देशं' सुरभिमयं कर्तुं पारयति इति नात्र कस्यापि सन्देहः ।

षड्विंशं अखिलभारतीयं संस्कृतसाहित्य-सम्मेलनं कलिकातानगरे सम्पन्नमभूत् । सम्मेलनस्य उद्घाटनभाषणं कुर्वता भारतराष्ट्रपतिराजेन्द्र प्रसादमहाभागेन प्रोक्तम् यद् संस्कृतमेव ईदृक् साहित्यं वर्तते यस्मिन् भारतस्य आत्मनः प्रतिबिम्बः दृश्यते । भारतप्रधानमन्त्री श्रीनेहरूमहोदयः स्वसंदेशे कथितवान् यत् 'संस्कृतभाषा भारतीय-संस्कृतेराधारशिला । अत एव अस्याः सर्वतो विकासः सर्वात्मना कर्तव्यः येन संस्कृतेः दीपशिखा सर्वदा प्रदीप्ता स्यात् । केन्द्रीयगृहमन्त्रालयस्य मंत्री श्री दानारमहोदयः समभाषत यद् भारतराजधान्यां 'केन्द्रीयसंस्कृतानुसन्धानसंस्थानम्' संस्थाप्येत येन उच्चसंस्कृतशिक्षायाः प्रचारः, संस्कृतेः अनुसन्धान-

कार्यस्य च प्रोत्साहनं भवेत् । संस्कृतभाषा जनतायाः भाषा स्यात् । हर्षस्य विषये यद् भारतसर्वकारेण एतत्संस्थापनार्थं बेलामसं भूमिप्रदानमपि स्वीकृतम् । अयमपि परमाह्लादसं विषयो यत् संस्कृतभाषायाः प्रोत्साहनतः भारतसर्वकारेण कतिचित्कार्याणि समारब्धानि संस्कृतसम्बन्धविषयेषु भारतसर्वकाराय मन्त्रणं दातुं 'केन्द्रीयसंस्कृतमण्डलस्य' स्थापनं अभूत् । अप्राप्याणां ग्रन्थरत्नानां लोकप्रियाणां संस्कृतपुस्तकानां च मुद्रणार्थं एका योजना सम्प्रति सञ्जीक्रियते । केन्द्रीयसंस्कृतमण्डलस्य समत्या द्वादशस्यः सुयोग्यसंस्कृतपत्रिकाभ्यः विषयवस्तूनां स्वीयस्तरस्य च परिष्कारार्थं दत्तानि अनुदानानि । भारतशासनस्य संस्कृतसम्बन्धिते इमां उदारतां अतिशयं प्रशंसन्तो वयं संस्कृतानु-रागिणः आवागमहे यदेतत् भारतसर्वकारस्य संस्कृतप्रोत्साहनं सहायताकार्यञ्च उत्तरोत्तरं सर्वाधिष्यते ।



ਅਧਿਕਾਰ :

ਪ੍ਰੋ: ਸੀ. ਐਲ. ਕੁਮਾਰ
(Prof. C. L. Kuma:)

ਐਡੀਟਰ :

ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੂਦ
(Parbhat Kumar Sood)

ਜੁਲਾਈ ਦਸੰਬਰ 1961



ਤਤਕਰਾ



1. ਐਡੀਟੋਰੀਅਲ	ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੂਦ
2. ਐ ਸਾਥੀ	ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੂਦ
3. ਸੰਤਰੇ ਚੁਰਾਣ ਦਾ ਫਲ	'ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ'
4. 'ਚੰਨ ਨੂੰ ਤਕ ਕੇ !'	ਸੁਬੰਧ ਸਕਸ਼ੇਨਾ
5. ਅਨਮੋਲ ਮੋਤੀ	ਅਰੁਣ ਕੁਮਾਰ
6. 'ਅਧੂਰੀ ਖਾਹਿਸ਼'	ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੂਦ
7. 'ਲਤੀਫਾ'	ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਕੁਮਾਰ

ਐਡੀਟੋਰੀਅਲ

ਇਸ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਸਾਥੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਵਿਭਾਗ ਦਾ ਪਰਿਚਯ ਕਰਾਵਾਂ, ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਨਵੇਂ ਆਏ ਸਾਥੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਸਵਾਗਤ ਕਰਦਾ ਹਾਂ।

ਸਾਡੇ ਨਵੇਂ ਸਾਥੀ, ਜਿਹੜੇ ਨਵੀਆਂ ਨਵੀਆਂ ਆਸ਼ਾਵਾਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਕਾਲਜ ਵਿਚ ਆਏ ਹਨ; ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਮੈਂ ਈਸ਼ਵਰ ਨੂੰ ਪ੍ਰਾਰਥਨਾ ਕਰਦਾ ਹਾਂ।

‘ਦੇਸ਼’ ਰੂਪੀ ਹਾਰ ਦਾ ਇਕ ਮੋਤੀ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਕੋਲ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਮੋਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਹਰ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਸਜਾਨ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕੀਤੀ ਜਾਣੀ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਵਾਰ ਦੋ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ, ਕੁਝ ਕਵਿਤਾਵਾਂ, ਕੁਝ ਹੱਸਨ ਦਾ ਸਾਮਾਨ ਅਤੇ ਕੁਝ ਨਸ਼ੀਹਤ ਦੇਣ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਰਖੀਆਂ ਗਈਆਂ ਹਨ। ਆਸ਼ਾ ਹੈ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਮੋਤੀ ਸੁਚਾ ਲਗੇਗਾ ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਚਮਕ ਨੂੰ ਵਧਾਨ ਲਈ ਵੱਧ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਧ ਲੇਖਕ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਦੇਣ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਯਤਨ ਕਰਨਗੇ।

ਇਹ ਦੇਖਿਆ ਗਿਆ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਵਿਭਾਗ

ਅੰਤ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਂ ਸ੍ਰੀਸੀ. ਐਲ. ਕੁਮਾਰ ਅਤੇ ਸ੍ਰੀ ਆਰ. ਕੇ ਸੂਦ ਦਾ ਧੰਨਵਾਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ‘ਦੇਸ਼’ ਦੀ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਲਈ ਅਪੂਰਵ ਸਹਾਇਤਾ ਦਿਤੀ।

ਧੰਨਵਾਦ !

ਵਿਚ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਰੁਚੀ ਘਟਦੀ ਹੀ ਜਾ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਭਗਵਾਨ ਨੇ ਲਿਖਣ ਦੀ ਕਾ ਪ੍ਰਦਾਨ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਕੁਝ ਨ ਕੁਝ ਲਿਖ ਕੇ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਸਭਿ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਯਤਨ ਕਰਨ ਗੇ।

ਕਈ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਹ ਸਕੀਆਂ ਇਸ ਲਈ ਮੈਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਮਾਫੀ ਮੰਗਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿ ਇਹ ਮੋਤੀ ਇਨਾ ਛੇਟਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਇਸ ਵਿਚ ਕੁਝ ਚੁਣੀਏ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਹੀ ਸਮਾ ਸਕਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ।

ਅੰਤ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਛੋਟਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਛੁੱਟਾਂ ਦਾ ਧੰਨਵਾਦ ਹਾਂ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਲੇਖ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਨੂੰ ਸਫਲ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਵਿ ਸਹਾਇਤਾ ਦਿਤੀ। ਮੈਨੂੰ ਪੂਰੀ ਆਸ਼ਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਗਲੇ ਪ੍ਰਚੇ ਲਈ ਵਧ ਤੋਂ ਵਧ ਕ੍ਰਿਤੀਆਂ ਆਉਣਗੀਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਇਹ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕੀਤ ਜਾਏਗੀ ਕਿ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਭਾਗ ਵਿਚ ਕੋਈ ਕਮੀ ਨ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਏ।

ਐ ਸਾਬੀ

ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੂਰ, ਬੀ. ਐਸ. ਸੀ. (ਦੁਜਾ ਸਾਲ)

ਐ ਸਾਬੀ ! ਸਾਬ ਤਾਂ ਚਲ ਕੁਝ ਦੂਰ !
ਇਹ ਬਾਜ਼ੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦੀ,
ਖੇਡ ਨਾਂ ਬਣੇ ਇਸ ਜਗ ਦੀ,
ਸੋਚਦਾ ਸੋਚਦਾ ਕੀ ਕੁਝ ਸੋਚਾਂ,
ਥਕ ਥਕ ਕੇ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੀਂ ਦੂਰ ।
ਐ ਸਾਬੀ ! ਸਾਬ ਤਾਂ ਚਲ ਕੁਝ ਦੂਰ ॥
ਬਿਖੜੇ ਰਾਹਾਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਡਰਾਇਆ,
ਮੰਜ਼ਲ ਦੂਰ ਦੇਖ ਕੂੰ ਘਬਰਾਇਆ,
ਹਰ ਰਾਹ ਵਿਚ ਕੰਡੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ,
ਕਿਉਂ ਵਿਚ ਜਾਣ ਤੇ ਹੈ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰ ।
ਐ ਸਾਬੀ ! ਸਾਬ ਤਾਂ ਚਲ ਕੁਝ ਦੂਰ ॥
ਐ ਸਾਬੀ, ਸੁਣ ਫਰਿਆਦ ਮੇਰੀ,
ਇਕ ਦਮ ਨਹੀਂ ਛਡਨੀ ਯਾਦ ਤੇਰੀ,
'ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ' ਅਧਵਾਟੇ ਹੀ ਸਾਬ ਛੱਡ ਬਹਿਨਾ,
ਨਹੀਂ ਕੋਈ ਪਿਆਰ ਦਾ ਦਸਤੂਰ ।
ਐ ਸਾਬੀ ! ਸਾਬ ਤਾਂ ਚਲ ਕੁਝ ਦੂਰ ।

ਚੰਨ ਨੂੰ ਤਕ ਕੇ !

ਸੁਬੋਧ ਸਕਸੈਨਾ, ਬੀ. ਐਸ. ਸੀ. (ਫਾਇਨਲ)

ਚੰਨਾਂ ਤੇਰੀ ਚਿਟੀ ਚਾਨਣੀ ਜੋ,
ਧੋਖਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੇ ਰੋਹਰੇ ਦਾ ਲਾ ਜਾਂਦੀ,
ਮੱਥੇ ਡੁਲਕਦਾ ਤਕ ਕੇ ਨੂਰ ਤੇਰਾ,
ਫੁੱਟੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੀ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਆ ਜਾਂਦੀ,
ਆਤਮ ਛੋਹ ਤੇਰੇ ਕਿਸਮੀ ਪੋਇਆਂ ਦੀ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਸੁ ਕਲੇਜੇ ਨੂੰ ਪਾ ਜਾਂਦੀ,
ਸਸਰੇ ਪਣ ਦੀ ਆ ਸਮਾ ਕੇ,
ਮਘਦੇ ਨੂੰ ਹੋਰ ਮਘਾ ਜਾਂਦੀ,
ਚੰਨਾਂ, ਵੇ ਚੰਨਾਂ, ਜਾਂ ਬਦਲੀ ਹੇਠ ਆਜਾ,
ਕਿਉਂ ਤਤੜੇ ਨੂੰ ਹੋਰ ਤਾਭਿਨਾ ਏਂ,
ਸੁਟ ਸੁਟ ਕੇ ਚਿਟੀਆਂ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਰਿਬਮਾਂ,
ਐਵੇਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੀ ਯਾਦ ਦੁਆਨਾ ਏਂ ।

ਸੰਤਰੇ ਚੂਸਣ ਦਾ ਫਲ

‘ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ’ ਬੀ.ਐਸ.ਸੀ. (ਆਨਰਜ਼) ਦੂਜਾ ਵਰ੍ਹਾ

ਇਕ ਦਿਹਾੜੇ ਬਾਗ਼ ਦੀ, ਚਾ ਸੌਰ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਚੜਿਆ।
ਕਈ ਕਿਆਰੇ ਘੁਮ ਕੇ, ਜਦ ਫੁਲਦਾਰ ਕਿਆਰੀ ਵੜਿਆ।
ਕੁਝ ਨੀਅਤ ਹੋ ਗਈ ਖੋਟੀ, ਕੁਝ ਸੰਤਰੇ ਚੁਰਾਏ।
ਕੁਝ ਉੱਚੇ ਛੁਪ ਕੇ ਖਾਏ, ਕੁਝ ਜੋਥ ਵਿਚ ਸਨ ਪਾਏ।
ਸੰਗਤਰੇ ਚੁਰਾ ਕੇ ਜਦ, ਮੈਂ ਘਰ ਨੂੰ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਸਾਂ।
ਸਫਲਤਾ ਆਪਣੀ ਉਤੇ, ਮੈਂ ਗੀਤ ਗਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਸਾਂ।
ਤਦ ਮਾਲੀ ਉੱਚੇ ਆਇਆ,

ਸੰਗਤਰੇ ਚੁਰਾਨ ਦਾ ਉਸ ਮਜਾ ਦਖਾਇਆ।
ਸੀ ਛਮਕੀ ਕੱਲ ਉਸਦੇ, ਉਸ ਮੇਰੇ ਤੇ ਵਰਾਈ।
ਸਰੀਰ ਮੇਰੇ ਉਤੇ, ਉਸ ਤੌੜ ਕੇ ਦਿਖਾਈ।
ਇਸ ਕੰਨ ਨੂੰ ਪਕੜ ਕੇ, ਉਸ ਕੰਨ ਨੂੰ ਦਬਾਇਆ।
ਜਿਵੇਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਸੀ ਉਸਨੇ, ਰੇਡੀਓ ਚਲਾਇਆ।
ਜਦ ਰੇਡੀਓ ਮੇਰੇ ਦੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਉਚੀ ਹੋਈ,
ਅਖਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਨੀਰ ਧਾਰਾ ਗੰਗਾ ਬਹਿ ਕੇ ਚੋਈ।
ਤਦ ਮਾਲੀ ਤਰਸ ਖਾਧਾ, ਤੇ ਜਾਨ ਮੇਰੀ ਛੱਡੀ।
ਜਾਨ ਛੁੜਾ ਕੇ ਬਟ, ਘਰ ਨੂੰ ਲਗਾਈ ਅੱਡੀ।
ਹੁਣ ਬਾਗ਼ ਦਵਾਲੇ ਫਿਰਦਾ, ਅੰਦਰ ਮੈਂ ਜਾਵਾਂ ਕਿਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ।
ਹਨ ਸੰਗਤਰੇ ਤਾਂ ਮਿਠੇ, ਪਰ ਖਾਵਾਂ ਕਿਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ।
ਚੋਟੀ ਨਾ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ ਕਰਸਾਂ, ਹੈ ਅਕਲ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਆਈ।
ਮਾਲੀ ਦੀ ਮਾਰ ਨੇ, ‘ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ’ ਅਕਲ ਹੈ ਲਿਆਈ।

ਅਨਮੋਲ ਮੋਤੀ

○ ਅਰੁਣ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੂਦ ○

1. ਭਲਾ ਅਤੇ ਬੁਰਾ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਨ ਵਾਲੇ ਹਰ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਦੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਜੱਜ ਤੇ ਗਵਾਹ ਦੋਨੋਂ - ਮੌਜੂਦ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ।
2. ਭਾਸ਼ਣ ਦੇਣਾ ਮਹਾਨ ਗੱਲ ਹੈ।
ਪਰ ਰੁਪ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਵੀ ਵੱਡੀ ਮਹਾਨਤਾ ਹੈ — ਟੈਗੋਰ
3. ਜਿਵੇਂ ਇਕ ਛੋਟੇ ਜਹਾਜ਼ ਨੂੰ ਡੁਬਾ ਦਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਇਸੇ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਇਕ ਪਾਪ ਉਸ ਪਾਪੀ ਦਾ ਨਾਸ਼ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ।
4. ਸਚਾਈ ਮੇਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦਾ ਹਰ ਸਾਹ ਹੈ — ਗਾਂਧੀ
5. ਵਿਦਿਆ ਪਰਖ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਵਿਚ ਪ੍ਰੀਖਿਆ ਦੇ, ਰਾਗੀ ਪਰਖ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਵਿਚ ਤੋੜਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
ਵਿਰ ਅੱਗ ਦੇ ਸੋਨੇ ਦੀ ਪਤਖ ਹੁੰਦੀ, ਕੱਲਾ ਪਰਖ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਵਿਚ ਜੋੜਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
ਅਕਲ ਵਿਚ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਦੇ ਪਰਖ ਹੁੰਦੀ, ਜਵਾਨੀ ਪਰਖ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਵਿਚ ਮਰੋੜਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
ਪ੍ਰਤਾਤ ਉੱਚਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਪਰਖ ਹੁੰਦੀ, ਪਿਆਰ ਪਰਖ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਵਿਚ ਵਿਛੋੜਿਆਂ ਦੇ।

— ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਸੂਦ

ਆਪਣੀ ਖਾਹਿਸ਼

“ਕਹਾਣੀ”

ਦੋ ਕੁ ਵੱਜੇ ਸਨ। ਦੁਪਿਹਰ ਦਾ ਵੇਲਾ ਸੀ। ਆਸਮਾਨ ਉੱਤੇ ਬਦਲ ਛਾਏ ਹੋਏ ਸਨ, ਤਿੰਨਾ ਸੁਹਾਵਣਾ ਦਿਨ ਸੀ।

“ਨੀ ਕੁੜੇ ਰਾਜਿੰਦਰ! ਵੇਖੀ ਬਾਹਰ ਕੌਣ ਹੈ।” ਰਾਜਿੰਦਰ ਦੀ ਮਾਤਾ ਜੀ ਨੇ ਮੁਲੀਆਂ ਵਾਲੇ ਪਰਾਂਉਠੇ ਦੀ ਝਰਕੀ ਦਹੀਂ ਵਿਚ ਡਿਉਂਦਿਆਂ ਹੋਇਆਂ ਕਿਹਾ।

ਰਾਜਿੰਦਰ ਅੰਦਰਲੇ ਕਮਰੇ ਵਿਚ ਆਪਣੇ ਕਪੜੇ ਇਸਤਰੀ ਪਈ ਕਰਦੀ ਸੀ; ਆਪਣੀ ਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਬਾਹਰ ਆਈ ਤੇ ਦਰਵਾਜ਼ਾ ਖੋਲਿਆ।

“ਮਿਸਟਰ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਤਾਰ ਹੈ ਜੀ।” ਡਾਕੀਏ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਕਾਲੀ ਐਨਕ ਠੀਕ ਕਰਦਿਆਂ ਕਿਹਾ।

ਤਾਰ ਦਾ ਨਾਂ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਰਾਜਿੰਦਰ ਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਪਰਾਂਉਠੇ ਦੀ ਝਰਕੀ ਦਹੀਂ ਵਿਚ ਹੀ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਬਾਹਰ ਆ ਗਈ।

“ਕੀ ਗਲ ਹੈ?” ਉਹਨੇ ਰਾਜਿੰਦਰ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਪੁਛਿਆ। “ਭਰਾ ਜੀ ਨੇ ਦਸ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਦਾ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਇਨਾਮ ਜਿੱਤ ਲਿਆ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਬੰਬਈ ਦੇ “ਇਲਸਟ੍ਰੇਟਿਡ ਵੀਕਲੀ ਤੋਂ ਆਈ ਹੈ।” ਰਾਜਿੰਦਰ ਦਾ ਮੁਖੜਾ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ ਦੱਗ ਦੱਗ ਕਰ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੀ।

ਇਹ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਉਸਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਚਿਹਰਾ ਇੰਝ ਖਿੜ ਪਿਆ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਕਾਲ ਕੋਠੜੀ ਵਿਚ ਦਸ ਸੌ ਕੋਡਲ ਪਾਵਰ ਦਾ ਬਲਬ ਜਗ੍ਹਾ ਦਿਤਾ ਹੋਵੇ। ਕੁਝ ਚਿਰ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਕੁਝ ਨਾ ਬੋਲ ਸਕੀ ਤੇ ਕਦੀ ਤਾਰ ਵਲ ਵੇਖੇ ਤੇ ਕਦੀ ਆਪਣੀ ਧੀ ਵਲ। ਕੁਝ ਮਗਰੋਂ ਉਹ ਬੋਲੀ “ਜਾ ਰੁਲਊ ਨੂੰ ਡੇਜ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਨੂੰ ਕਾਲਜੋਂ ਬੁਲਾ ਲਿਆਵੇ। ਤੇ ਫੇਰ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਨੂੰ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਡੇਜਾਂਗੀ, ਥੜੇ ਖੁਸ਼ ਹੋਣਗੇ ਉਹ ਇਹ ਖਬਰ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ।”

ਬੜੀ ਦੇਰ ਬਾਅਦ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਕਾਲਜੋਂ ਘਰ ਵਾਪਸ ਆਇਆ, ਉਹ ਬੜਾ ਖੁਸ਼ ਸੀ, ਹੁੰਦਾ ਵੀ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਾ? ਇਕ

ਕਾਲਜ ਵਿਚ ਪੜ੍ਹਦੇ ਮੁੰਡੇ ਨੇ ਦਸ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਦੀ ਮੋਟੀ ਰਕਮ ਕਮਾ ਲਈ ਸੀ।

ਆਪਣੀ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਕਹਿਣ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਜਿੱਧਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਜੀ ਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਖੁਸ਼ਖਬਰੀ ਦਸਣ ਲਈ ਗਿਆ। ਉਸ ਦੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਮਹਿਕਮੇ ਵਿਚ ਹੈਡ ਕਲਰਕ ਸਨ। ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਦਫਤਰ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਘਰੋਂ ਕੋਈ ਇਕ ਮੀਲ ਦੀ ਵਿਚ ਤੇ ਸੀ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਸਾਈਕਲ ਨੂੰ ਹਵਾ ਵਾਂਗ ਉਡਾਈ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੀ। ਪਰ ਉਸਦੇ ਮਨ ਵਿਚ ਖਿਆਲ ਇਸ ਤੋਂ ਵੀ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਤੇਜ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ ਜਾ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ। ਉਹ ਮਨ ਹੀ ਮਨ ਵਿਚ ਕਹਿ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੀ:

“ਹੁਣ ਲਵਾਂਗਾ ਬਦਲਾ ਉਸ ਬਲਦੇਵ ਦੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ। ਕਿਵੇਂ ਸੁਵਿੰਦਰ ਨੂੰ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਘਲਿਆ ਸੁ? ਕਿ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਪੁਛ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਵਜੇ ਪਾਰਟੀ ਤੇ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੈ, ਸੁਵਿੰਦਰ ਨੇ ਇਹ ਗਲ ਜਾਣਕੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਦੋਸਤਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਪੁਛੀ। ਉਹ ਜਾਣਦਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਪਾਰਟੀ ਤੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੋਇਆ ਗਿਆ ਤੇ ਤੇ ਜਾਣਕੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਬੇਇਜ਼ਤੀ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੈ।

ਹੁਣ ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਦਿਆਂਗਾ ... ਇਕ ਸ਼ਾਨਦਾਰ ਪਾਰਟੀ ਤੇ ਬਲਦੇਵ ਪਿਆ ਸੜੇਗਾ।”

ਇਹ ਖਿਆਲ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਦੇ ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ ਆ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ ਜਦੋਂ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਦੇ ਦਫਤਰ ਪੁਜਾ। ਇਹ ਖੁਸ਼ਖਬਰੀ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਉਸਦੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਦੀ ਕੋਈ ਹਦ ਨ ਰਹੀ। ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੀ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਾ? ਇਹ ਖਬਰ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਹੋਰ ਕੰਮ ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਕਲਰਕਾਂ ਨੇ ਵਾਰੋ ਵਾਰੀ ਪਿਉ ਪੁੱਤ ਨੂੰ ਵਧਾਈ ਦਿਤੀ। ਇਸ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਵਿਚ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਦੇ ਪਿਤਾ ਜੀ ਨੇ ਉਸ ਦਿਨ ਦੀ ਛੁਟੀ ਨੈ ਲਈ ਤੇ ਘਰ ਵਾਪਸ ਆ ਗਏ।

ਰਾਜਿੰਦਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਸਹੇਲੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਹੋਰ ਆਂਢ ਗੁਆਂਢ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਘਰ ਵਧਾਈ ਦੇਣ ਨੂੰ ਆ ਗਏ।

ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਦੇ ਕੁਝ ਦੋਸਤਾਂ ਵੀ ਇਹ ਖਬਰ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਣ ਆਏ। ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੋਸਤਾਂ ਨੇ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਕਿਹਾ ਕਿ ਪਾਰਟੀ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਹੋਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਨੇ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੀ ਪ੍ਰੋਗਰਾਮ ਬਣਾਇਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਸੀ ਤੇ ਉਹ ਬਟ ਮਨ ਗਿਆ।

ਦੂਜੇ ਦਿਨ ਦੁਪਹਿਰ ਦੀ ਛਾਕੇ 'ਇਲਸਟ੍ਰੇਟਿਡ ਵੀਕਲੀ' ਵਲੋਂ ਚੈਕ ਵੀ ਆ ਗਿਆ ਤੇ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਪਿਉ ਪੁੱਤ੍ਰ ਬੈਂਕ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਰੁਪਿਆ ਕਢਾ ਲਿਆਏ।

ਉਸ ਰਾਤ ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਨੂੰ ਕਾਫ਼ੀ ਦੌਰ ਤਕ ਨੀਂਦ ਨ ਆਈ ਉਸਦੇ ਮਨ ਵਿਚ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਖਿਆਲ ਉੱਠ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ ਕਿ ਕਿਹੜੀ ਕਿਹੜੀ ਚੀਜ਼ ਪਾਰਟੀ ਵਿਚ ਹੋਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਖਿਆਲਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਡੁਬਿਆਂ ਹੀ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਨੀਂਦ ਆ ਗਈ।

ਜਦ ਸਵੇਰੇ ਉਠਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਸਿੱਧਾ ਅਲਮਾਰੀ ਵਲ ਗਿਆ ਜਿਸ ਵਿਚ ਉਹਨੇ ਸੂਟਕੇਸ ਵਿਚ ਰੁਪਏ ਰਖੇ ਹੋਏ ਸਨ। ਜਦੋਂ ਅਲਮਾਰੀ ਖੋਲੀ ਤਾਂ ਉਥੇ ਸੂਟਕੇਸ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ। ਇਹ ਵੇਖਕੇ ਇਕ ਦਮ ਉਸਦੀ ਚੀਖ ਨਿਕਲ ਗਈ। ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਪਿਛਲੇ ਪਾਸਿਓਂ ਕੰਧ ਪਾੜ ਕੇ ਸੂਟਕੇਸ ਕੱਢ ਲਿਆ ਸੀ।

ਉਸ ਦੀ ਚੀਖ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਟੱਬਰ ਤੇ ਆਂਢ ਗੁਆਢ ਉਥੇ ਇਕੱਠੇ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਤੇ ਇਹ ਖਬਰ ਪਹਿਲੀ ਖਬਰ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਤੇਜ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ ਫੈਲ ਗਈ।

ਗੁਰਦਿਆਲ ਦੁਪ ਸੀ, ਭੁੰਗੀ ਸ਼ੰਚ ਵਿਚ ਡੁਬਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਸੀ। ਉਹਦੇ ਬਦਲਾ ਲੈਣ ਦੀ ਖਾਹਿਸ਼ ਪੂਰੀ ਨ ਹੋ ਸਕੀ।

ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਸੂਦ
ਬੀ.ਐਸ.ਸੀ. (ਦੁਜਾ ਸਾਲ)

ਇਕ ਲਤੀਫਾ

‘ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ’

ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਇਕ ਕਾਲਜ ਵਿਚ ਮੀਟਿੰਗ ਹੋਈ ਸੀ। ਮੀਟਿੰਗ ਵਿਚ ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਇਕ ਮੁੰਡਾ ਅੱਖ ਤੋਂ ਕਾਨਾ ਸੀ ਤੇ ਦੂਜਾ ਸੁਜਾਖਾ ਸੀ, ਸੁਜਾਖੇ ਦੀ ਪਤਲੂਨ ਗੰਭੇ ਤੋਂ ਪਾਟੀ ਹੋਈ ਸੀ। ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਮੀਟਿੰਗ ਵਿਚ ਕਾਨਾ ਉਠ ਕੇ ਬੋਲਿਆ:—

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਅਸੁਨ ਹੈ, ਪਾਟੀ ਪਤਲੂਨ ਹੈ,
ਹੰਡਦਾ ਹੰਡਾਈ ਜਾ, ਗੀਤ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਦੇ ਗਾਈ ਜਾ।

ਮੀਟਿੰਗ ਵਿਚ ਬੈਠਾ ਸੁਜਾਖਾ ਚਿੜ ਗਿਆ ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਉਸ ਨੇ ਕਿਹਾ :—

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਅਲੱਖ ਹੈ, ਕਾਣੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਅੱਖ ਹੈ,
ਸੁਰਮਚੂ ਫਿਰਾਈ ਜਾ, ਗੀਤ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਦੇ ਗਾਈ ਜਾ।

× ×
× ×

خوشي نيم ؟ سمجهه ٻئي نه ٻالهي بي
اندرو لاريديس پر مارا ٻالهي اهڙو نه گرم
هو چڻ نه چانه جو ٻالهي هو !! لاچار ٻالهي
بي آج اجهانم .
ڏي اهي ويسس ئي . ويسس ڪانهو
اسانجا پوي نه هئا الڪري ڪتاب ڪشي
وڃي بس ۾ ويسس . هي پگوان ا هتي نه
چوڪرن جي اڪ اڪ هئي !! سڪول ۾ نه
ماليتر هيس جنهنڪري چوڪرن تي رعب
وڪندي هيس پر ڏنر نه هتي منهنجي
دال نه ڳرندي تنهنڪري ”ملي نه مانءُ
ملي نه مانءُ“ ڪري ويهي رهيس . پلا
”جتي پڇڻ ناهي جاء ، تي پڇڻ ڪم وريام
جو.“ ليکڪ سان گهر اچي بهتيس .
ڪنن کي هڪ لائي اونه ڪم نه وري
ڪاليج وڃڻ جو نالو نه وٺنديس . جڏهن
مائن سان ڳالهه ڪم نه هئو ٿي ويا .

جي ! ”سان اوکي اڳڙي ڇهه نه نه
پر تون آهن لبتو سو اسانجي ڪئي
ٻڌين . اڃا هاڻ نه مٿو ٺاهي جو ڏلو !!
سو ڪيئن وڃانهو . وڃي پڙهه .“ و
سچ ڇهه آهي نه ”پنهجي ڪئي جو
وڃي ، اڪو طيب .“

پلا سچي ڏينهن جي جا اڪل هيا
ملي ۾ سُر نه هوم ؟ بدن ڪڙهي وڃ
هو سو ڦان ئي وڃي پلنگ ئي ڪريم
ٻئي ڏينهن وري ”اهي ئي لائون ، اهي
چڪهه .“ دل نه ڇهه نه پيئي ڪري
ڪاليج وڃان جو جو ”اهو سون ئي گهرو
جو ڪن چي“ پر چئس لهن ڪري
ماري ، دل کي اهو آلت ڏيئي نه
ٻه ويون ڏينهن هون آهستي آهستي
ليڪ ئي ويٺو ، ڪاليج ويس . پڳ
ليڪ ڪڏهن نه اسانجي نه ٻڌندو .



اچي نيسٽائين نه ڇوڪرا پاڻ ۾ ڳالهين ڪرڻ
 ۾ رلهي ويا پر مان اڪيلي نه ڪلندي سولھان
 نه رلندي. عجيب ماجرا هئي. اهو پهرين
 ختم ٿيو ۽ مان پنهنجي ساٿي ڳڙي ڏيڻ سان
 گڏ ڪاليج جو ڇڪر هٿ ڪيس. ورائي
 ۾ هڪ پنجاڻي ڇوڪري اسانڪي ڏسي
 بڪ بڪ شروع ڪئي. پهرين نه ٻڌو اهو
 ڪري ڇڏيو سو ٻي ڇڏي ڏيڻ سان نه ٻي
 آهي نه اسانجي گهريءَ جو ٻارو نه ڇڙي
 ويو. اهڙي نه منڊ جي ٻڌائيمائس جو جان
 جيئندو تان باد ڪندو نه سنڌي ڇوڪرين
 اٿي جون چالڻيون نه آهن بلڪ شينهنڻيون
 آهن جي ڪچو جهڙي ڇڏينديون. پر سان ئي
 هڪ سنڌي شاگرد آيو هو. مون سمجهيو
 نه اچيو ٿو سر وائير پر هن ڇڏي مولڪي
 شهر وانگر ڪمندو ڏاڍو نه پاسو وٺي بيٺو.
 شايد سمجهيائون نه پنجاڻي بهلوان ڪورور
 وقت ڪندو ٺهندڪري ٻڃي پاسو ڪريان
 مٿان منهنجي چٽي نه لاهي وڃهي. پرائي
 جهڙيءَ پرائي جهڙڪي. پنهنجو ڇا وڃي.
 اها روپڪار ڏسي منهنجا ڏند چپن سان
 لڳي ويا. ڇا سنڌي ڇوڪرا اڳڙيءَ جا
 گڏا آهن جي پنهنجن بهرن جي رکيا
 ڪري لڳا سگهن؟ ڇا سنڌي ڇوڪرين جي
 عزت، سندن عزت نه آهي؟ جنهن فور جي
 آئينده جي ان جي هيءَ حالت آهي سا
 فور ڪهڙن ڇڙهندي؟

هيئن مولڪي ڏاڍي اڄ لڳي رهي هئي.
 پاڻي ڳوليندي ڳوليندي پريشان ٿي ويس پر
 پاڻي نه مليو. مان به ڇڏو هيس سو ٺيڪ
 هٿي وڃي هنڌ ڪمر. پاڻي ڏسي ڏاڍي

نه. پندرهن ويهن منٽن ڪالهو به ٻي بس
 مان خوشيءَ وڃان اڳتي وڌيس پر
 نه پر مان سلام ڪندي رهندي رهي.
 اچيءَ طرح بهندي بهندي، پوڻا ڏهه
 ۾ ويا. سوائين لوڻن ڪاليج ۾ پهتو
 پر پوئين ڏهين تائين بس سٽاپ ٿي
 اچي هير جي مڙج وٺي رهي هيس.
 پوءِ ٺيڪ اسانجي ٻڌي ۽ ٻيءَ بس ۾
 اٿڪي ڇڙهه جو وجهه مليو. وهڻ جي
 نه نه ڪانه هئي ٺهندڪري لاچار پهتو پيو
 نه نه هتي نه ٻي جي سزا ملي رهي هئي.
 پوءِ ئي ڏوڏو آيو نه ائين ئي لڳو نه چاڻ
 پريشان. سڄي وقت مان نه اهو ئي ٿي
 ڇڏندي آيس نه ڪاليج ڪيئن هوندو؟
 ڇا هوندو؟ ايتري ۾ ماها مولڪي
 وٺاڙي پئي چيو، ”ڇو ٺهندين نه ڇا؟“
 ڪاليج نه اچي ويو. مان سون سان
 اڪ ٻيڙي جاڳي پيس ۽ ٺپ ٿيئي، بس
 نه هيم ٿيس.

ڪاليج ۾ پهر رکندي مان خوشيءَ ۾ ٿي
 ئي ماڻيس. ڪنهن ڇوڪريءَ کان ڪامن
 وٺ جو ڏس ٻڃي اٿي لوڻيس پور نه ٿي
 لهر ٺيڪ ڏيڻ سان پر اسانجي سمجهه ۾ ٿي
 آيو. جنهن ٺيڪن ڪري پنهنجو ڪلاس
 وٺي ڏيڻ پر منهنجي حيرت جي حد تي نه
 هيءَ ڇڏي سڄو ڪلاس رڳو ڇوڪرن سان
 ريل ڏيڻ. مان اڪيلي هيس جنهنڪري
 لڪي ويس نه ڇوڪرين جو شايد ٻوڪو
 ڪلاس هوندو ۽ مان ڇوڪرن جي ڪلاس
 اچي بهي آهن! همڪ ٻڌي پهرين
 پنج ئي وٺي رهيس. جيستائين پروفيسر

گهاري سندري خالصا

کاليج ۾ منهنجو پوريون ڏينهن

اس رڳو مئٽرڪ؟ اڃاڪلهه ته ئي. اي
 کي به ڪم ڪونه ٿو ٻڌي ۽ مان به
 مئٽرڪ پاس؟ اهو سوچي اصل ڏکي ٿي
 ويس. ڪوئن هٿن ٻين جوڙڻ ۽ رولنگ يا
 ڪلهوڙهه منهنجن مائٽن، مولڪي ڪاليج موڪلا
 لاء ڪسندي ڪسندي 'ها' ڪئي
 ڪاليج ۾ داخلا وٺڻ ۾ نه ڪابه تڪليف
 ڪانه ٿي ۽ هينئر جيڪڏهن منهنجي به
 ٿي ڪا ڳالهه هئي ته اها هيءَ نه ڪڏهن
 ٿي ۱۷ تاريخ اچي ۽ ڪاليج جو دفتر
 ڪريان. انتظار جا ڏينهن به ڏاڍا ڏکيا
 گذرندا آهن.

سڪول ۾ نه ٻارن جي ويدا هئا
 لهندگري صبح جو ائين اچي آندا هئا
 نه اهو به سوال لڳندو هو پر اڄ نه سائين
 ائين اچي گهران اڪرڻو ۽ سو سو
 سوال ڪري به سائين ستين اچي کان اڳ
 ڪانه اٿي سگهيس. جهڙو جهڙو ڏند ڪريءَ
 هڪ به گراهي ڪوڪيءَ جي کائي، چالو، ٽوڪڙ
 ۾ ڪجهه وات ۾ ۽ ڪجهه ڪهڙن تي هاريءَ
 هڪ ٻندر هڪ جهول جو ۽ ٻيو ٻيءَ جو
 پائي، ٻڪورن پائيندي، وڃي. اس سڏ
 ٿي بهتس. ڇوڪرن ۽ ڇوڪريون جون چالڪي
 اڳيئي اتي پينيون هيون. جلد ئي اس اٿي،
 پر هي ڇا؟ ڇوڪرا ڏکڻوڪي ڪري
 چڙهي پيا ۽ اسين ڇوڪريون هڪ ٻئي جو
 منهن اڪهينديون رهجي ويهلين! ڪير،

مان ستين ڪلاس ۾ هيس جو منهنجي
 وڏيءَ پيٽ ڪاليج ۾ قدم رکيو. روز روز
 کيس نوان ڪوٽا پائيندو ڏسي منهنجي نه
 ڏک ڳڙي ايندي هئي. ڪهڙي نه ڏک
 سان ڪڙيءَ جو سئبدل پائي، هڪ ڪاپي
 هٿ ۾ کڻي ڪاليج ۾ ويندي هئي! هوءَ
 چولندي هئي ته ”مان اس ۾ ويندي
 آهيان.“ مان سوچيندي هيس ته ’ڪهڙي
 نه خوش قسمت آهي‘ هوءَ چولندي هئي
 ته ”ماسٽر اسانکي ڪي ماري ڪي سزا
 ڏئي، پوءِ چاهي اسين پڙهون يا نه پڙهون.“
 مان چولندي هيس، ”اسانکي نه ٻارهن
 اچي کانوئي پنجن اچي نائين سڪول جي
 چؤد يواڙيءَ اندر وهڻو ٿو پوي. جي ڪٿي
 ٿورو ڊاڀر سان اڄ نه ڏيسڪ تي ايهڻو پوي
 يا ڏڙڪن جي بوسافت سهڻي پوي.“
 مطلب ته سندس دلچسپ ڳالهين موٽي
 ايندو ته اتر ڪيو جو سڪول جا چار سال
 وڏي منهنجي لاء چار سؤ سالن جي برابر
 ٿي پيا.

آخر اهو به ڏينهن آيو جنهن ڏينهن مون
 اخبار ۾ پنهنجو نالو ڏٺو. پر افسوس!
 جڏهن مون ڪاليج پڙهڻ لاء چاهه ڏيکاريو
 ته منهنجي مائٽن ڪن مجبورين سبب ناڪار
 ڪئي. منهنجن اجدادن ئي پاڻي ڦري ويو.
 منهنجن آڻان جا ڏيڀ وساهي ويا. منهنجي
 لاء چوڌاري ڏاڍو چالنجي ويو. مئٽرڪ،

تڻهنجي ياد ۾

ياد تڻهنجي ۾ ڳوڙها ڳاڙڻ چاهيان ٿو مان ،
توسان وري هڪوار ملاقات ڪرڻ چاهيان ٿو مان .
۱- نصيب ٿي نا اُميدي ۾ افسوس اٿڻو ڪهڙو؟
جي دل جي ٿار ڇيڙي ڪونه دل جو ٿوهر ڪهڙو؟
دل لڳي ۾ جي ڀاپ جو پندو ڪتاب ڪرڻ چاهيان ٿو مان .

توسان وري هڪوار.....

۲- ملڻ تڻهنجو منهنجو خالي ڪو سنجوڪ ۾ هو .
مگر ڇڪڻ ڇڪڻ کان وٺي پاڻ جو جوڳ ڇو هو ،
تو کي ٻائي پاڻ ۾ سمائي ڇڏڻ چاهيان ٿو مان .

توسان وري هڪوار.....

۳- 'ديال' ٿو ٻائي ۾ ڪجهه ۾ ٻائو ،
آلهه ڇو ڇو ۾ به ڪٿي ۾ ڇائو ،
ٿر هائي توکي سڃاڻڻ چاهيان ٿو مان .

توسان وري هڪوار.....

لڳو پاڻيا

هسڪ بڻائون ته هجانءِ !

ماپوس هن جهري کي هسڪ بڻائين ٿو مڃانءِ ،
قتل منهنجي کي ٿارين ٿو مڃانءِ ،
آهي دل تڻهنجي ڪيو بيهال ٿو لکي ،
غمگين دل منهنجي کي ر لکين بڻائين ٿو مڃانءِ .

هڪ دفعو.....

تڻهنجي ئي آهيدن ئي هو ديو مدار منهنجو ،
تو کيسواءِ ٿس ٿو آهي ڪهڙو حال منهنجو ،
مان ٻيو ڪچ ٿو گهان ڪو ٿو ٿو توکان ،
ها هڪ دفعو ٿي ٿو ٿس مون کي ٻياري منهنجو .

تڻهنجي مرضي.....

تون کهن ٿو سارو ڪڪ ٿو ٿوسان کلي ،
انهي ڪل مان مون کي ٿو بيهو راحت ٿي ملي ،
تون مونڙاهن ٿس ٿو ٿس تڻهنجي مرضي ،
مون کي ٿو تڻهنجي لهن اڏائڻ مان ٿو آندو ٿي ملي .

ڇا ٿيو؟

جي لهن ٿو ٿو ٿو ٿو ملنداسين هاڻ ،
وري ڪنداسين ساڳي وڙهي روح رهائڻ ،
دنيا ساري جي دشمن ٿي ٿو ڇا ٿيو؟
آهين ٿو ٿو ٿو ٿو ٿو دنيا کان ڇاڪاڻ .

سرلا: مان اوهان سان شامل واه آهي۔
 هن زماني ۾ مولڪي هن کان وڌيڪ سٺو
 چالاڪ ۽ شاهوڪار ۽ لياقت وارو ڇوڪرو
 نه ملي سگهندو. مور اوڙر (More over)
 هن سائنس جي بگ ۾ حياتي ۽ لي ڪهڙو
 پروڊوڪس ڪيو نه آهي نه ڪڏهن هر ڇي
 انهنڪري ڇو نه وقت جو فائدو وٺجي ۽
 عيش عشرت ڪجي. ڇوڪرو عمر ۾ مولڪي
 صرف پنج سال ننڍو آهي انهنڪري ٻه
 منهنجي دٻاء هيٺ رهي سگهندو. آمدني
 ۾ سٺي اٿس. منهنجي خيال ۾ اسانڪي
 هيٺ ڏيو نه ڪرڻ چڱائي ۽ چلند ڪير
 پنهنجي فيصلي کان واقف ڪرڻ کپي.

سڄو ۽ ڪاميابي: (ساڳئي وقت) ضرور،
 ضرور.

(سرلا گهٽي وڃائي، پڙهڻي کي اشڪ
 کي اندر موڪلڻ لاء چوي ٿي ۽ اشڪ
 اچي ٿو.)

سرلا: مسٽر اشڪ، اوهانڪي ٻڌي خوشي
 ٿيندي ته مون اوهانڪي پتي ۾ جيءَ خالي
 جڳهه لاء چوڻ لڳو آهي. اوهان شادي ۾ نه
 تياريون ڪري، هتي اندر اچي حاضر
 ٿيو. اهي صورت ۾ چوڻ لڳو سمجهڻ گهرجي.
 اشڪ: شڪر، شڪر، مان مڙس

وقت اندر اچي حاضر ٿيندس.

(ٽن، ٽن، ٽن ڪري وڃي ٿو.)

(سڄو ۽ ڪاميابي اٿي سرلا کسي پاڪر)

پاڻي، واڌاريون ٿين ٿيون ۽ سرلا سندن
 مهرناليون هڻي ٿي.)

ها، نه منهنجي سالياني آمدني صرف
 ٽي لک رپيا آهي. منهنجي آئوٽ پٽ
 (out put) سال ۾ فقط ٻه فلپون آهن ۽
 انهنڪري منهنجي آئوٽ ڪم (outcome)
 نه وڌو ٽي لک آهي. جيتري ماڻهوءَ
 جي آئوٽ پٽ اوڙي سندس آئوٽ ڪم.
 ڪم ٺاهي نه آئوٽ ڪم ڪسي انڪم ڇو ٿو
 ٿيڻو وڃي. شايد سرڪار جي چالبازي
 آهي جو انهيءَ بهاني انڪم ٽيڪس ٿي وصول
 ڪري پر مان نه انڪم ٽيڪس ٻڌو ٿي نه اهيان.
 منهنجي لاءِ نه اها آئوٽ ڪم آهي نه
 انڪم.

سرلا: ٿنڪ ٽو، مسٽر اشڪ (Thank you,
 Mr. Ashok). اوهان ٻه منٽ ٻاهر ٿيو نه
 اسين ڪجهه ويچار ڪري، اوهانڪي پنهنجي
 فيصلي کان واقف ڪريون.

اشڪ: سر آئي، (Certainly)، (ٻاهر
 لڪري وڃي ٿو.)

سرلا: ڪاميابي ۽ سڄو ڪي (اوهان
 ٽن آميدوارن سان ملاقات ڪئي. هميشه
 مولڪي پنهنجي رائي کان واقف ڪريو.
 ڪاميابي: پڇاڙيءَ وارو ڪنڊيل پٽ
 (Candidate) نه مولڪي ٿاڻو سمارت
 (Smart) لڳو. مولڪي نه پسند آهي.

سڄو: صرف سمارت ٿي نه پر اوڙر
 سمارت (Over Smart) آهي. سرلا، اوهان
 نه فارچونيٽ (Fortunate) آهين. هن کان
 وڌيڪ سٺو ڇوڪرو ٻيو ڪهڙو ملندو؟
 منهنجي خيال ۾ نه ٿو ٿي ڪدم اها
 ڪرڻ کپي.



مڻهنجي ذات مهيا ٿي . اڳي وڏي پر وڏي
 ڏاڏي جي نالي پٺيان ذات سڏائي ويندي
 هئي ۽ هاڻي وڏي پر وڏي ڏاڏيءَ جي
 نالي پٺيان ذات جو نالو رکيو ويندو آهي .
 ڪامي ۽ سڄو: (هڪ ئي وقت خوشي ۽
 وڃان مهر لي ڏک هڻندي) اڪسيلنٽ
 (Excellent)!

سرلا: (مر ڪندي) اوهانجو ڏندو؟
 اشوڪ: (ڪلهن کي لوڏي) اڪٽنگ
 (Acting).

سڄو: اوهانجي عمر؟
 اشوڪ: منڍمر، اڪٽر هميشه جوان آهن
 جنهنڪري وڏي عمر هوندي به لڳندا
 لڳندا آهن، عمر مڻهنجي عمر صرف ٽيهه
 سال آهي .

ڪامي: ۽ اوهانجي اڪم ڪيتري آهي؟
 اشوڪ: اڪم! اڪم سان اوهانجو ڪهڙو
 لاڳاپو؟ ڇا توهين اڪم ٽيڪس نه ٻار ٿيندو
 ڇا ڪمپن ايندو آهيون، ڇو مڻهنجي
 اڪم ٻڌي رهيا آهيو؟ ها، نه ٻڌي ڇڏيو
 نه مڻهنجي اڪم ڪجهه به ڪاهي .

سرلا: (ٺٺي غصي مان) توهين نه عجب
 جانور ٿا معلوم ٿيو. توهان موان سان شادي
 ڪرڻ لاءِ گراهان آهيو ۽ الهيءَ ڪري
 ايترو ڏيڻ آيا آهيو يا اڪم ٽيڪس
 نه ٻار ٿيندو پر مڻهنجي آمدنيءَ بابت صفائي
 بهش ڪرڻ؟ اسانڪي ڪمپن عمر پوندي
 نه توهان وقت شاديءَ ۽ پوءِ جي خرچ لاءِ
 ايترو پيسو آهي جو واليف (Wife) ڪسي
 خوش رکي سگهو؟

اشوڪ: (کلي) اوهو، اها ڳالهه آهي .

۽ هُو اڃي ٿو.)
 اشوڪ: گڏ مار لنگ، ڊارلنگس
 (Good morning, darling)

(سرلا، سڄو ۽ ڪاميءَ جا چهرامسڪ
 ٻان بهڪن ٿا .)

سرلا: اوهانجو نالو؟
 اشوڪ: اشوڪ ڪمار .

سرلا: اوهانجي پيءُ جو نالو؟
 اشوڪ: (ميڙ ٿي مڪ ٻڌي) او، ماء لارڊ

(Oh My Lord) . ڇا شادي اوهانڪي
 ٻولسان ڪرڻي آهي يا مڻهنجي پيءُ سان؟
 سرلا: حال ئي الحال نه شادي نه اوهان سان
 ٺٺي آهي ۽ نه اوهانجي پيءُ سان. اسانڪي
 اوهانجي پيءُ جو نالو اوهانجي وائان ٿي
 ٻڌڻو آهي .

اشوڪ: (چٽي وڃائي) - سمجهه
 سمجهه. اوهين شايد شرميلا ٿا ڏسڻ
 ڇو، جو مڻهنجي سهري جي نالي ٻڌڻ
 ان، عار ٿو ٿوڻو پر اوهين نه ماڻهن وڃائي
 يا ماڊل (Model) آهيو! ها - نه اوهانجي
 سهري يعني مڻهنجي پيءُ جو نالو آهي
 ستر دلپ ڪمار .

ڪامي: وڻندو ڦل (Wonderful)! ڀت
 شوڪ ڪمار ۽ پيءُ دلپ ڪمار!!
 سڄو: ۽ اوهانجي ذات؟
 اشوڪ: مهيا .

سرلا: مهيا! اها ڪائون ذات آهي؟
 مون نه هيٺائين نه ٻڌي آهي!

اشوڪ: (نڌوليءَ مان) اڃي، اوهين نه
 ٻهين صديءَ ۾ ٿا رهو. مڻهنجي ٿڌاڏيءَ
 پر نالو مهيا ڪماري هو، جنهنجي پٺيان

رام: جي.....

سڄو: مسٽر بٽائي، منهنجي صلاح اٿو ته
ڪا ڪاڇائي ڪري وٺو، جا پورهيو ڪري
اوهانجي گهر جي خرچ جي پورائي ڪري
سگهي.

سرلا: معاف ڪيو، اوهين اڃا شاديءَ
لاڻي نه آهيو، پگهار وڌيو نه سوچيو.
هيٺڙو اوهين وڃي سگهو ٿا.

(رام بٽائي جنگ ۾ شڪست ڪاڏل
سپاهيءَ والڪيان ڪنڌ لٽڪائي لڪري
وڃي ٿو ۽ سرلا گهٽي وڃائي، پٺي تي ڪي
مسٽر ٽيل پاڇيندائيءَ کي اندر موڪلڻ لاءِ
چوي ٿي. پٺي ٽيل کي اندر موڪلي ٿو.)
سرلا: مسٽر پاڇيندائي، توهانجي معذوري؟

ٽيل: زمينداري.

سرلا: اوهانجي ماهوار آمدني؟

ٽيل: ٻه هزار.

سرلا: ۽ پوءِ به کاڌيءَ جا ڪهڙا پائي
رهنيا آهيو!

ٽيل: ها، ڊيس کي ٽين پنج سالي بوجيا
کي ڪامياب بڻائڻ لاءِ ٻيڙي جي سخت
ضرورت آهي جنهن ڪري کاڌي پائي،
هڪ طرف گهر و هٿن کي همڪٽيندو آهيان
۽ ٻئي طرف خرچ جي بچت ڪري، ٻيڙي
همنل سيولنگس سرٽيفڪيٽن ۾ سڙائيندو
ويندو آهيان.

ڪاميٽي: (ٺٺوليءَ وچان) - اوهو، ڏاڍا
ڊيس پگهار ٿا ڏسڻ ۾ اچن! ٻيا ڪڏهن
رسڪيءَ جو چمڪو ورتو اٿو؟

ٽيل: (منهن ڪوڙو ڪري) نه.

سڄو: ايترو پئسن هوندي ريسز (Races)

۾ پاڳ، چور ٿا وٺو؟

ٽيل: ايترا ڦالتر پيسا مون وقت نه آڻ
سرلا: مسٽر پاڇيندائي، معاف ڪيو
مولڪي اوهان جهڙي مڙجوس ۽ ڊيس پگهار
جي ضرورت ناهي. مولڪي هڪ اهڙو
مادرن جو ڪري جي گهرج آهي جنهن
شاهوڪار هجي، ٺاهوڪو نوجوان هجي ۽
ٻلي عمر ۾ مولڪان کي سٺو ٺهيو هجي
شراب ۽ ڪباب جو شوقين هجي.
منهنجن اشارن تي ٺهي سگهي. اوهان
انهن لياقتن مان هڪ به ڪانهي.

سڄو: (نظري سان) - ها، اوهين جيڪو
ڪنهن ڳوٺاڻي جو ڪريءَ سان شادي ڪري
نه بهتر، پيسن جي بچت هڪ طرف ٿيندي
جو جو مٿس خرچ ڪهت ٿيندو، گهر جو
ڪم ڪار ڪري ٿيندو ۽ ساڳئي وقت
گهر و هٿن کي به همڪٽيندا، جو نه ڳوٺاڻي
عورت پنهنجي ليکي تي هڪ گهر و هٿ آهي
(ٽيل جو منهن ڪاوڙ وچان لال ٿي
وڃي ۽ ست ست ڪندو ٻاهر لڪري
وڃي ٿو.)

سرلا: (اڀر ساهه کڻي) اوه، ماڻه ڪاڏي
(Oh, my God). هنن افعالن سان نه مولڪي
سڄي عمر ڪندو رهڻو ٿيندو.

ڪاميٽي: (آئس ٿيندي) واہ! نوجوهڙي
مادرن گرل (Modern girl) به همڪ هاري
نه ڪم ڪنهن ٿيندو. گهرهه ٻئي ڪنڊ ٻيڙي
(Candidate) کي. شايد لائق لڪري پوي.
سڄو: ها، ها، ليٽ اس ٽرائ (Let us try)
(سرلا گهٽي وڃائي، پٺي تي ڪي مسٽر
اشوڪ ڪمار ميڊا کي، موڪلڻ جو ڪم ٿي

چوڪرو پسند آهي!

زمان: ايڪٽين صدي

جاء: ديوان پگوالداس وار (رامهندائي) جو بنگلو

وڪمن: شام جا پنج بجيا.

پڙهيو: (ٻاهر اچي ڀڃاري ٿو) - مسٽر وار اڻ ٿاڻي.

وار: هاڻ جيءَ مٿن هون.

(پڙهيو کيس اندر موڪلي ٿو)

وار: (اندر گهڙندي) مقدمه اندر اچان؟

سرلا: آچو، وهو.

وار: (وهندي) مهر نالي.

سرلا: سو توهين آهيو مسٽر وار بڻائي؟

وار: جيءَ ها...

سرلا: ڇا پڙهيل آهيو؟

وار: ڏهلي ٻوليورستيءَ مان انٽر-اي - پاس ڪئي آهي.

سرلا: ڇا ڪندا آهيو؟

وار: ڇاڪي نوڪري ڪندو آهيان.

ڪامي: ماهوار آمدني ڪهڙي آهي؟

وار: (هڪندي) صرف چار سؤ روپيا.

ڪامي: (ٿوريءَ وچان) سڄا سارا ڇا ڪندا؟

سرلا: گهر ۾ ٺاهي ڪهڙا آهيو؟

وار: ٻه ڇڙا - ٻه ٻيٽ، ٻه ٻاٽو ۽ مالا پيٽي.

ڪامي: ۽ شاديءَ کانپوءِ ڇا ڪندا؟

مس سرلا جو مقصد جو خرچ ٿي ڇاڻ سو رها

آهي تہ پوءِ توهين گهر ڪيئن هلائي سگهندا؟

(ڪم ٿيڻ کان پوءِ وار ۽ سرلا ڪم ڪارڻ)

وار: ٺهيل آهي، جنهنجي وچ تي گلدستو

ٺهيل آهي. ساڄي پاسي کان آيس ڄڻا

ٺاهڻ وقت ۽ ٻيو سامان پيو آهي ۽ کاٻي پاسي

ٺاهڻ وقت ۽ ٺهيل ڪم رکي آهي. مير جي

ٺاهڻ واري پاسي ٺهيل ڪم رکي ٿي منهن سر

ٺاهڻ (رامهندائي) پڙهيو پگوالداس جي

ٺاهڻ، تان جي ڪم ۽ ساڙهيءَ ۾

ٺاهڻ، ويٺي آهي. سندس وار باب ٺهيل

ٺاهڻ الڪرڙي ٺاهڻي سٺ ٺهيل آهن

ٺاهڻ ۽ لائيءَ لڳل سبب بهڪي رهي

ٺاهڻ. مير جي ساڄي پاسي سندس ٺاهڻي

ٺاهڻ ڪامي نال (بالهندائي) ۽ کاٻي پاسي

ٺاهڻ سڄو ٺاهڻ (بالهندائي) ويٺو آهن.

ٺاهڻ ۳۵ ورهين جي جوان ٺاهڻ آهي ۽

ٺاهڻ جوان ساڄيءَ جي لاش ۾ آهي.

ٺاهڻ ۾ اشعار و جهاريو اس ۽ اڄ چوڪري

ٺاهڻ چوند آه اٿرو پو ڪري رهي آهي.

سرلا ڪهڙي وڃائي ٿي ۽ ٻاهر سڌل

ٺاهڻ ويٺل پڙهيو اندر اچي مٿي سلام

ٺاهڻ ٿو.

پڙهيو: ٺاهڻ، مقدمه (Yes, Madam).

سرلا: مسٽر وار بڻائي ڪو بلا ٿو.

لکھنچند ٺيوالي

جانمڪ سهڪر پٽي

ڪماري گوپي ڪيمالي،
 لاڪر پاٺيا، جگديش موٽوالي،
 هري گهيوٺالي ۽ ايشور ٺٽوالي

سڀا جو پهراون ميٽر ۶ نومبر ۱۹۶۱ تي ٿيو، جنهن ۾ شڪارپور جي ڏي لالوئي
 ”مصيبت ۾ مالڪ مددگار ٿيندين“ مدر آواز ۾ ڳالو ۽ ڪماري آشا بجلائيءَ ۾
 دل هيءَ لڙي لڙي ڪرڻ ڇڏي ڇڏيو، پاٺي ۾ ڪوئي ڌارن ٿرڻ ڇڏي ڇڏيو، سڀا
 سر ۾ ڳائي حاضر ٿين ڪي سڀا جي سرگرمين ۾ چاهه وٺڻ لاءِ انعام ڪيو. سڀا جو
 پرڏان ڪماري پنهيا ٺٽواليءَ ۾ ميٽر جو مهرمت ڪندي خوشي ظاهر ڪئي، ان سڀي
 دن بدن ترقيءَ ڏانهن وڌي وڌي آهي ۽ آشا پرگهت ڪئي ۽ ميمبرن ۾
 وڌيل تعداد سان سڀا جي سرگرمين ۾ به اضافو ٿيو ۽ سنڌين جو نالو اڃا به ڇڙهندو
 سڀا جي سالياني رڪنڪ ۲۹ آڪٽوبر جي ٻڌا جيئري پارڪ ۾ ڪئي ويو
 جنهن ۾ گهڻي ۾ گهڻا ميمبر شامل ٿيا. رڪنڪ کي ڪامياب بڻائڻ ۾ جن رڪن
 شڪم ٻاڳ، ورتو ٿي مان پنهيا ٺٽواليءَ، ڪوٽو ٺٽواليءَ، پرڀي پنهيا ٺٽواليءَ، آشا بجلائيءَ،
 ڏي لالوئيءَ، شڪورائسنگهاليءَ، گوپي ڪيماليءَ، آشا رامسنگهاليءَ، ٺيڪر، لاڪر پاٺي
 ايشور، لکڙ، سڌاڪر ٻارڊواڇ، هري گهيوٺاليءَ، ناري ٺٽواليءَ، سندر، ناري ڪراچائيءَ،
 رامچند، ڪهن پگهواليءَ، لسي هرجائيءَ، اشوڪ رانسنگهاليءَ ۽ ڪهن وٽواليءَ جا
 قابل ذڪر آهن.

سڀا جي ميمبرن ۽ سهيوڪين جي چڱا لاءِ هڪ سال بمبئيءَ جي پرسنل سنڌ
 هليوڙاڙ ’جاڳرتي‘ جو هڪ خاص انڪ ظاهري ڪيو ويو آهي، جنهن ۾ سڀا ڪڏوڙ
 نون سالن ۾ جيڪا واٽاري جي رڪ ڪهي آهي ٺهندو ورتي ڪيو ويو آهي
 هندنڌارن سڀا جي ميٽرن کي سهيڪار بندڙ سنڌي رڪ شاعرن ليڪن، اڳواٽن
 آهينن، هاليڪ نظرون ’ديپن‘ جي سنڌي ٻاڳ جي سمادڪن، ڪاروبار
 ڪاميٽين جي ميمبرن ۽ چٽا پٽين ۾ ٻاڳ وٺندڙن جا نالا ۽ ڪن سٺن ليڪن
 ليڪڪالن جون وڃائون پڻ ڏنيون ويون آهن. اخبار سڀا جي ڪن سرگرمين جي
 نون سان سهيڪاري ويئي آهي. ’جاڳرتي‘ جو ڪارو انڪل ۹ هزار ڪاڏيون آهي
 سنڌس هر ٺڌار ٻارڙ جي ڪنڊ ڪڙڇ نوزي باهرين ملڪن ۾ آهن. اسن ’جاڳرتي
 جي سمادڪا ڪماري دروڀي ڪڏواليءَ جا شڪر ڪڏار آهنون، جنهن ڪنهن به شر
 شروڪا ڪالسواه سڀا ٺاران ’جاڳرتي‘ جو خاص ٻوڇو ڪڏڻ قبول ڪيو.

لاڪر پاٺيا
 ديال مورچائي

ديش

(سنڌي وياڳو)

سهيادڪو:
لاڪر ڀانڱيا
د ٻال مؤر جائي

سهيادڪو:
پروفيسر سندس جھانگياڻي .

[اڪو : ۱]

د سمبر ۱۹۶۱ع

[سال : ۷]

پنهنجي پيڙا

اسيون سنڌي: گذريل سالن جي ڀيٽ ۾ هن سال ڪاليج ۾ سنڌي شاگردن جو تعداد گهٽو وڌيل آهي، جنهنڪري اڃا ئي ڪجهه نه سنڌي شاگرد ڪاليج جي پروگرامن ۾ اڳ کان اڳرو ڀاڱو وٺي، سنڌين جو شان اڃا به وڌيڪ بلند ڪندا. پروفيسر واسديو ڪرسيهائيءَ ڪئي آهي، جو ڪاليج ٻولين جو وائيس پريزيڊنٽ چونڊيو ويو آهي. ڪماري شالعا بٽاڻي، گذريل سال وانگر هن سال به اٽلر ڪاليج ڪروپ انس ۾ ڀاڱو وٺيو ۽ ڪماري جهيڙا ڀانڱيا، سنڌو سماج، دهليءَ طرفان ڪرايل بضم مباحثي ٿاڻي تي ۾ ٻه رايون العام حاصل ڪيو.

سنڌي ۾ ساهت سڀا: سنڌي ساهت سڀا جي تازيخ ۾ هيءَ ٻه رايون ٿي ٿيون هي، جو سڀا جون رايون هڪ ڪڪيءَ جي هٿن ۾ سولهيون ويون آهن. اها نه برف خوشيءَ جي ڳالهه آهي پر ترقيءَ جي نماني ٿي. سال ۱۹۶۱-۱۹۶۲ لاءِ هيٺيان پديدار چونڊيا ويا.

صلاحڪار
پريزيڊنٽ
سيڪريٽري

پروفيسر سندس جھانگياڻي
ڪماري جهيڙا داواڻي
ٺيڪر چاڙيا

سیٹھ اور آمد بڑھا تو عورت نے اُس کو نیچے ہونے اور سر اٹھا یا تو یکدم ہی صبح مار کر سیٹھ صاحب سے چٹ گئی۔ پتا چلا کہ آپ نے کیا کیا۔ مجھے ان بد معاشوں سے ہی پکڑا دانا لگا۔ انہوں نے رات بھر میری صحت لوٹی۔ مجھے کہیں کا بھی نہیں چھوڑا۔ پتا چلا مجھے نہیں معلوم تھا کہ تم اتنے ذلیل بن جاؤ گے۔ اگر مجھے پکڑو تو ہی نفا تو لیں سے پکڑو اتنے یا خود آجاتے۔ آخر تو میں تنہا رہی جی ہوں۔ تمہاری آبرو ہوں۔“ اُرطال نے زور زور سے روتے چیتے ہوئے سیٹھ کے دامن کو بھونچوڑنے ہوئے کہا۔

سیٹھ دھرم داس جلدی جلدی وہاں سے نکلا اُس کی کار بیک پر ایک کٹ کو چیت صاحب نے گرانے کا حکم دے دیا۔ شہر کے سیکرٹری میں دور پہاڑوں کے پوسٹ کون ماحول کی طرف بھاگی جا رہی تھی۔
ختم شد

• تو یہ ہے تمہارے ہندوستان کا اور زینا اکھوش کو خبر تو کس چیز بن کر اُس پر مہر فرسٹ کلاس کی لگوانا چاہتا ہے کیسے، ذہنی کلی جا میر سے گھر سے باہر، نہیں تو ٹھیک نہیں ہوگا۔“ سبحاش نے جوش میں لال پیلا ہوتے ہوئے کہا۔ ”اچھا جاتا ہوں لیکن اس بے عزتی کا بدلہ تمہیں چکانا ہوگا۔“

• • • • •
صبح چار بجے ہی سیٹھ دھرم داس بد معاشوں کے اٹھے پر پہنچ گئے۔ بد معاشوں کے سردار کا دروازہ کھٹکھٹانے پر ایک پڑاش باہر آیا تو سیٹھ نے اُس سے سوال کیا ”جا رہی، چیز لے آئے ہو؟“
ہاں سیٹھ صاحب اندر ہی ہے اور ہم لوگ آپ کی دی ہوئی چٹھی میں اس کی جا رہی پٹی پر رکھ آئے تھے، تاکہ سبحاش جانتے ہی پڑھ لیا۔ اور اپنی بیوی کی جان بچانے کے لئے آپ کی معائنہ کے وقت مدد کر گیا۔

اچھا آدمی

کھینتی ہے جس کی آنکھوں میں وفا کی روشنی
کوٹ کر دل میں بھری ہے جس کے سیرت سا دگی
چاہتا ہے جو کہ دنیا میں امن اور شانتی
جو نہیں کرتا کسی سے بھول کر بھی دشمنی
اتنا اونچا ہے بنا تھا جو معیار زندگی
دھیان میں رکھتا سدا ہے ڈوٹل کی بہتری
نکلتی ہے جس کی رگ رگ سے صدائے راستی
رات دن کرتا ہے جو دل سے خدا کی بندگی

جس کے سینے میں نہیں مگر دیتا کی تیرگی
انما جس کا مصفا ہے آئینے کی طرح
دور دیتا ہے اپنی ذات سے کینہ نفاق
خدا کے بندوں سے جو کرتا ہے محبت اور پریم
بے وفاؤں سے وفا کرنے کی عادت ہے جسے
درد رکھتا ہے جو دل میں ہی نوع انسان کا
جان دے دیتا ہے جو دنیا میں قدرت کے لئے
ادب سے جھکتا ہے سر جس کا عبادت کے لئے

ہے زندہ جاوید وہ نیکی مجسم ہو پڑو
اُس کو کہتا چاہیے آزاد اچھا آدمی

ن پاس کر لیا۔ اسی دن ڈیلو۔ ڈی کے کسٹمر کشن ڈویژن میں جیتا جیتا
 سب کا سٹیٹو گرافنگ کیا اور اپنا پہلا دفتر چھوڑ دیا۔ معقول خواہش تھی۔
 بہن کی شادی کے لئے اس نے بیسے جمع کرنے شروع کر دیئے اور ایک
 ماہ کے خود بھی ہو گئی۔ اس کے کنبے کی ناؤ میں وہ بہار کی شاہراہ میں
 پہلی رہی تھی۔ دفتر میں اس کی سادہ لوجی اور نیک خصلت کے سب
 وہ ہونے لگے تھے۔ چھینا بھینٹا سب اس سے بہت خوش تھے، کیونکہ وہ
 بھی رشوت اور طرفداری کے خلاف تھے اور سمجھا ش بھی اسی اصول کا
 بار تھا۔

پاس میں وہ تباہیوں، ان کے پاس جگہ کی بہت قلت ہے اور میں دوسری جگہ
 انتظام کر رہا ہوں۔" خود نے جو کہ سمجھا ش کے پہلے دفتر کا اس کا دست
 تھا چائے کی چکی لیتے ہوئے سوال کیا۔
 "اب مانگئے تو آگئے ہندو، لیکن شادی پر بلایا ہی نہیں سمجھا ش
 نے طعنہ زنی کرتے ہوئے کہا۔
 "جھٹ منگتن اور پٹ بیاہ ہی ہو گیا سمجھا ش، میں کسی بھی یاد تو
 کو نہ بلا سکا۔" خود نے مدفاقی بیٹیا کی۔ دو دو سو سے دن صبح ہی سامان
 وغیرہ لے کر سمجھا ش کے پاس آ گیا۔

تیسرے پانچ سالہ پلان کے مطابق ایک بہت بڑا پراجیکٹ
 ہوا تھا جس کا ٹیکہ اسی دھرم داس نے لے رکھا تھا۔ کافی تیار ہو
 تھا اور گورنمنٹ نے جیتا جیتا صاحب کو اس کی expectation
 ملنے خاص طور پر مقرر کیا۔ دھرم داس کی بھی طرح سے پتہ تھا کہ جیتا
 صاحب ہر چیز کا بخور مائل کرتے ہیں، اور کسی بھی چیز میں نقص یا ملامت یا
 رسائی ہی بنائی محامد کو سنا کر ادا دیتے ہیں یا پھر ٹھیک کیدار کو

"سمجھا ش باؤ تو اپنی باتوں کو ٹھول جاتے۔ پتہ نہیں میرے دماغ میں کیا
 تو رہ گیا تھا، جو کسی کے کہنے پر آپ کو از حد ناگوار تکلیف دی۔ بعد میں میں
 وہی کشتی پر بہت ناوم ہوا۔ خیر چھوڑو، میں باتوں کو۔ یہ لو میں ہزار روپے
 اور دس ہزار روپے کل expectation کے بعد دونوں کا۔ ذرا جیتا
 صاحب سے کہہ دیجئے گا اور پھر یہ سلسلہ تو اپنا ساری جیتا رہے گا۔
 دونوں میں لاکھوں پتی میں جاؤ گے بیٹا۔" دھرم داس نے یہ سب کچھ ایک
 ہی سانس میں کہہ ڈالا۔

Black and بھی کر دیتے ہیں۔ دھرم داس نے فرسٹ کلاس
 ٹکٹ کا نمبر دے کر سیکنڈ اور تھرڈ کلاس انٹیں لگوائی تھیں اور سیٹ
 پر تو میں جھڑپت بھری ہوئی تھی۔ اس ٹیکے سے اس کو بہت بڑی رقم
 بچنے والی تھی۔ اس میں سے اس نے پانچ ہزار روپے سناتن دھرم کے منہ کو
 اور باقی ہزار پانچ منسٹر زینڈ میں دینے کا ارادہ کیا ہوا تھا۔ سب
 صاحب اس پراجیکٹ کی expectation کا مایاب بندے میں بہتر
 معروف تھے۔ جب بذات خود اور کسی ایک سٹورڈینٹوں کے ذریعے
 جیتا صاحب کو اپنے جھانے میں لینے سے قبل ہو گئے تو سمجھا ش کا سہارا
 لینا انہوں نے مناسب سمجھا اور اب سمجھا ش کو چلنے کی دھن میں گنہ گتہ
 ٹرکے کام کاج سے انہیں کوئی سروکار نہیں تھا۔ ان کا سب سے چھوٹی لڑکی
 جب کسی کے ہراہ بھاگی تو بھی انہوں نے کوئی توجہ نہ دی، بلکہ اپنے کام میں
 ہی مگھے رہتے اور اپنی لڑکی کے غائب ہونے کی رپورٹ ٹیلیفون سے پلین
 میں سنا کر والی۔

"بیٹھ میں وہی سمجھا ش ہوں، جس نے کبھی رشوت کا خیال تک
 نہ کیا۔ پھر اس دن پچاس روپے ادا صار میں دے کر رشوت کا کسٹم بنانے
 والا سٹیٹو آج دس ہزار کی بڑی رقم خود ملے۔ میرے غریب خاندان سے لے کر لگا
 ہے؟ سمجھا ش نے طنز کیا۔
 "ارے بیٹا، چھوڑو، فضول کی باتوں کو۔ گنگا ماٹی کی قسم میں سچے
 ہر دے سے آپ کے پاس آیا ہوں۔ یہ روپے رشوت نہ سمجھو، بلکہ ایک
 باپ کی طرف سے اپنے بیٹے کو بھلاؤ خرچ سمجھو۔" دھرم داس نے ہانسر
 پٹتے ہوئے کہا۔

"یار سمجھا ش! اگر ایک کرو ایک دو ہفتہ کے لئے مجھے دے دو
 تو چاہے کیونکہ کل ہی میری بیوی اپنے بچے سے آگئی ہے اور بچے کے

"بڑے آئے باپ بننے والے۔ اس سے پہلے کیوں نہیں بلب دو تین
 ہزار روپے دے گیا، جو آج دس ہزار روپے لے کر آیا ہے، اٹھاؤ روپے
 یہاں سے، اور گھر سے ایک دم ہا ہر ہو جاؤ۔ نہیں تو میں پولیس کو ٹیلیفون
 کرنا ہوں۔ یاد کرو اپنے وہ الفاظ جو کچھ میری گیتا جیسی پوتر کتاب کو ہاتھ
 میں لے کہتے تھے۔" میرے جیسا دھرم اتنا اور دانی پوش اگر رشوت خریدی
 جیسی ذلیل حرکت کو نہیں روکے گا تو ہمارا ہندوستان ایک آدرش ملک
 کیسے بنے گا؟

” مستقبل کے معمار ”

یہ بچے کی آخری تاریخ نزدیک تھی۔ اس لئے ہم لوگوں کے سبھا ش نے وقوف کے ایک دن پہلے دھرم داس سے پچاس روپے مانگے تھے اور پہلی تاریخ کو واپس لمانے کا وعدہ کیا تھا۔ دھرم داس دوسرے دن یعنی قریب کے روز دینے کا وعدہ کیا۔ ایک فرم داس نے گواہی دی۔ ”میرے سے سبھا ش نے پچاس روپے مانگے تھے بطور ضمانت لیکن میں چونکہ اسی وقت باہر چلنے والا تھا، اس لئے میں اس کی ضمانت نہ کر سکا۔ ایک اور فرم کے منگولے گواہی میں کہا کہ میرے سے بھی اس نے پچاس روپے مانگے تھے، لیکن میں اس کی ضمانت نہ کر سکا۔ میں نے دھرم داس سے مانگنے کو کہا، جبکہ میرے سلسلے ہی میں اس نے پچاس روپے مانگے تھے، اس لئے میں نے سبھا ش کو کم وہ ضرور تہائی مدد کرنے کا۔ اس پر سبھا ش نے کہا کہ چونکہ وہ اس کا ایک دو کام جو کرنا چاہتا تھا، نہ کر سکا اور صاف انکار کر دیا۔ اس لئے وہ اس سے اُدھار مانگنے سے گریز کرتا ہے، لیکن میں کہتا ہوں کہ وہ ان چھوٹی چھوٹی باتوں کو سامنے نہیں لاتے، اور سب سے بڑا گواہی بلڈ بینک والوں کی تھی، جہاں کہ سبھا ش کے دونوں بھائیوں نے خون دے کر داخلے کے روپوں کا انتظام کیا۔ اس پر سبھا ش نے صحیح معنی میں حقیقت کو انصاف کے ترازو میں تول کر سبھا ش کو بری کر دیا۔

سبھا ش دفتر میں پھر سے بحال ہو گیا اس کے دونوں بھائیوں نے بیٹنگ پاس کرنے کے بعد اپنے نکلے جن کلا پر چاہنے کی چھوٹی سی دکان کھول لی۔ جہاں سے دو تین روپے دلائے جاتے تھے لیکن معطل شدہ وقت کی نقابا نقابا ہتھیاری سبھا ش نے ان کو کالج میں داخل کر دیا اور خود شام میں بیٹنگ کھیلنے لگا۔ اور دو سال کی نگار محنت کے بعد اس نے سینئر گرافنگ

سبھا ش کو جس دن دفتر میں سے ہی اسٹیشن پولیس والوں نے دس دس کے پانچ دستخط شدہ نوٹوں کے ساتھ پکڑا، تو لوگوں میں طرح طرح کی چہ میگوئیاں ہونے لگیں۔ کوئی اس کی ذلیل حرکت کو نفرت کی نگاہ سے دیکھتا اور کوئی اس کی شرافت اور ایمانداری جو کہ دفتر کے یاروں کو حق سے تبرتا تھا، ذکر کرتے ہوئے کہتے۔ ”یار، وہ ایسا آدمی تو نہیں ہے“ لیکن بعد میں وہ لوگ اپنے سوال کا خود ہی جواب دے دیتے۔ ”جو سکتا ہے کہ مجھ جی کے ہاتھوں اس نے رشوت لی ہو،“ غرضیکہ اس کی شرافت اور دولت کی ہر کوئی تائید و تردید کرتا۔ اور سبھا ش بیچارہ منہم و پریشان ہزاروں روپوں کے بحال میں پھینسا ہوا چھپکے سے ہتھکڑیاں پہن کر پولیس والوں کے ساتھ چل گیا۔

پولیس والوں کے پاس مقدمے کی مفید دلی کے لئے کئی خود ساختہ گواہ تھے۔ اور منگولے اور پولیس والوں نے اس کو کم از کم دو تین سال کی سزا دلانے کی اذہد کو شش کی۔ لیکن غریبی و امیریا میں جنگ تھی! مجید کی وراثتوں سے بھر پور تر تارگیوں کی کشمکش تھی! اور حق و دلال کی مجبور زندگی کی دلگدگائی دھار اپر دفتر اور بڑی بڑی دکانوں فرمیں والوں نے اس کو سنبھالا دیا۔ سبھا ش چار سال سے محکمہ سپلائر اور ڈیپوزٹ میں بطور کلرک ملازمت کر رہا تھا۔ اس دوران میں اس کے بھائی کے پاس کوئی بھی شکایت، اس کے خلاف نہیں آئی تھی۔ حالانکہ اس کے شہدائے باقی کارک اور آئیڈیٹنگ فرمیں والوں سے کہیں سے کوئی کام کر سکتے تھے، لیکن ایک وہ اپنی خواہ پر ہی اکتفا کرنا تھا اس میں سے ہی اپنے دو بھائیوں کی پڑھائی اور اپنی ماں، بیوی، چھوٹی بہن اور بیٹا پیٹ پالتا تھا۔ دفتر کے ملازمین نے اس کی طرف کی گواہی میں پیش ہو کر کہا۔ ”چونکہ سبھا ش کے دونوں بھائیوں کا دوسروں کا دخل

اپنی زندگی ختم کر کے اس شیطان کو ختم کر سکتا ہوں، مجھے
یہیں نے پیدا کیا ہے تو میں خوشی سے خود کشی کروں گا میں
اپنی بیٹی کی مصیبت اور محبت کو شیطان کے حوالے نہیں
کروں گا۔

(آہستہ آواز سے بولتا ہے) اہ میرے خدا! میرے
گناہ بخش دینا، میرے ہر گندہ خیالات بخش دینا!
ذہن قبول اپنے بسنے کے برابر کھتا ہے اور گھوڑا دبا
دیتا ہے DOLAN اگے انداز سے میرے پیچھے کی جانب
چلتا ہے۔ جیسے STONE گرتا ہے۔ DOLAN اپنی آنکھیں
بند کر لیتا ہے اور آہستہ آہستہ نظروں سے اوجھل ہو جاتا
(ہے)

(پہلے گرتا ہے)

(دہستہ سے فائز گرتا ہے DOLAN پر کچھ اثر نہیں ہوتا۔
وہ ویسے ہی کھڑا ہوتا ہے)

DOLAN: میرے آقا! تم کھن اپنا وقت اور اپنی طاقت ضائع
کر رہے ہو۔ میں تمہاری روح کا جوڑن گیا ہوں۔ ایک چھوٹا سا
STONE: تم میری روح کا جوڑن کئے ہو! مگر میری بیماری
بیٹی کی محبت بھی میری روح کا جوڑ ہے۔

DOLAN: وہاں! مگر آہستہ آہستہ وہ جوڑ بھی مجھ میں شامل ہو
جاتے گا۔ میں کہہ چکا ہوں کہ میری زندگی تمہاری زندگی سے
دلبرتر ہے۔ جتنا تک تمہاری موت نہیں ہو جاتی، میری موت نہیں
ہوگی۔

STONE: شکریہ!! اگر یہ بات سہے تو تمہارے مجھے راستہ دکھا
دیا ہے، تصور دار میں ہوں۔ سزا مجھے ملنی چاہیے۔ اگر میں

از۔ زیبا

بہارِ سخن!

(چیدہ چیدہ اشعار کا مجموعہ)

- ۱- دلی کے نہ تھے کوچے اور اراقِ مقصور تھے
جو شکلِ نظر آئی تصویرِ نظر آئی (میر)
 - ۲- ہستی کے منت فریب میں آ جاؤ اسد
عالمِ تمام حلقہٴ دامِ خیال ہے (غالب)
 - ۳- زمانہ دوسری کروٹ بدلنے والا تھا
مربعینِ دردِ محبت نے جان ہی دیدی (جگر)
 - ۴- ساری دنیا یہ سمجھتی ہے کہ سودا ہی ہے
اب میرا ہوش میں آنا تیری رسوائی ہے (جوہر)
 - ۵- کھولی تھی آنکھ خوابِ عدم سے تیرے لئے
آخر کو جاگ جاگ کے ناچار سو گئے (درد)
 - ۶- چاروی طرف اب وہ کم دیکھتے ہیں
وہ نظریں نہیں جن کو ہم دیکھتے ہیں (دراغ)
 - ۷- باغیاں بلبل کشتہ کو کفن کیا دیتا
پیر ہن گل کا نہ بدلا کبھی میلا ہو کر (صبا)
 - ۸- یارانِ تیز گام نے منزل کو جا لیا
ہم محو نالہٴ جرس کارواں رہے (حالی)
 - ۹- زندگی کیا ہے عناصر میں طہور ترتیب
موت کیا ہے انہیں اجزا کا پریشانی ہونا
 - ۱۰- شمعِ خرد، خیال کے انجم، جگر کے داغ
جتنے چراغ ہیں تیری محفل سے تھے ہیں
میں جب بھی لیتا ہوں تم سے کام لیتا ہوں
 - ۱۱- مجھے خبر نہیں تقدیر کا لکھا کیا ہے (راغ)
 - ۱۲- عظمت وہ زندگی تو نہیں کوئی زندگی
اپنی سحر جو آپ ہی پیدا نہ کر سکے (عظمت)
- ۱۳- خدا کے دک ہونا اصل قسمت سمجھتے ہیں، وطن پر جان دینے ہی کو ہم محبت سمجھتے ہیں

سے بستر مرگ پر توبہ کروا اور تم سے اس کے گناہ
مانگنے پر مجبور کرو۔ تم اس گناہ کو سلما سکو گے
مالک! خیالات بھی وجود رکھتے ہیں۔ تم اس سے
سے ہی بڑا ہو۔ مجھے جو بیٹا تھا، وہ میں بن چکا
یہ دکھانا ہے کہ میں تمہارے قیاس سے بھی بڑا
بڑا بن سکتا ہوں۔ برائی کی حد نہیں ہوتی، ایسے
STONE تم غلطی پر ہو۔ بستر مرگ پر توبہ کرو
میں فوراً نہیں کروا تھا۔ اس سے بھی بڑا علاج
موجود ہے۔ میں نے خلق خدا کے خلاف گناہ کیا
یہ کہتے کو تیار ہوں۔ (مسودہ اٹھایا ہے)
تھا۔ اگر میں اپنی بقایا زندگی بھی صوت کروں تو
دوسرا شاہکار نہیں لکھ سکوں گا۔ مگر بیشتر اس
میں جا سکو اور آدمی نہ بنا سکے۔ میں اس مسودے
دوں گا۔ میں اسے پھاڑ دوں گا! مگر اسے
بتاؤ! پھر تم کہاں ہو گے۔ نہ جھکا بانس نہ بچکا
DOLAN :- آؤ تاکہ دیکھ لو!

(STONE مسودے کو پھاڑ دیتا ہے، چلا
کرتا ہے، مگر DOLAN ہنستا رہتا ہے۔)
میرے آقا! یہ مسودہ تو محض رحم تھا جس میں یہ
ہوئی۔ لطف تو تمہارے دماغ کا تھا۔ مجھے پتہ
تم قدر ہو۔ یہ مسودہ نہیں۔ حقیقت وہ تم جیسے آقا
بھی جیتا رہوں گا۔ دنیا کے کولے کو نے میں چکر لگا
اور گناہوں کی دلدل میں دستا چلا جا جاؤں گا!
حسرت بھری نگاہوں سے ستاروں کی دنیا کو دیکھ
گیا۔ میری زندگی اور موت اب تمہارے ساتھ دلی
STONE :- (تیزی کے ساتھ میرا سا خانہ کھولتا ہے
کھانسی) بہت اچھا! اگر تم جاننا ہو تو میں تم کو
آؤ دوں گا کیونکہ تم نے معصوم JEAN کو اپنے
ہاتھوں سے چھینا اور بوٹوں سے چرنا۔ اور اگر تم
پر اگندہ خیالات کا مجسمہ جو تو اس کا دوسرا علاج
ہے۔

چلی جاؤ۔ جب تک میں تمہیں آواز نہ دوں تم آرام کرو۔
(JEAN کرے سے باہر چلی جاتی ہے)
STONE اور شیطان کہیں کا! تم نے اس کو کیا کر دیا ہے! خدا
کے لئے بتاؤ! تم نے اس کے اوپر کیا جاؤ کر دیا ہے؟ تم
کون ہو؟ کیا ہو؟
DOLAN :- تم جانتے ہو میں کون ہوں اور کیا ہوں۔ تمہارے
دماغ کے پراگتہ اور ذلیل خیالات کا مجسمہ! تمہارے
رؤس کے اندر رہے ہوئے تھے اور وہامیات و چاروں در
خوابوں کا پیکر! تمہاری شیطانیات کی جیتی جاگتی تصویر
یعنی اذکار!!

STONE :- (سکیں بھرتا ہے) آہ! کھت شیطان!! کم از کم
میں معصوم JEAN کو تمہارے تبتے سے باہر رکھوں گا۔ تم
دوبارہ کبھی اس کو نہیں دیکھ سکو گے۔

DOLAN :- آہ! خوبصورت JEAN! بے شک! میں معصوم
JEAN کو کچھ نہیں دیکھ سکتا۔ مگر خدا اس کی (ماریس
اور حسرت بھرے انداز میں) میں اس کی بدولت ستاروں کی دنیا
میں کیوں نہیں جا سکتا۔ شیطان تم ہو۔ تم جانتے ہو کہ ستاروں
کی دنیا خوبصورت ہے تاہم بھی تم نے میری جڑیں کچھ دیں گا
دی ہیں۔ مجھے تاحیات سنو کی طرح گند اور شرانڈ میں رہنا
پڑا۔ تم نے مجھے شیطان بنا دیا اور اب مجھے شیطان ہی رہنا
پڑا۔ تم جانتے تھے دینا بنا سکتے تھے۔ مگر یہ بھی ممکن ہوتا
حب تمہارے خیالات اور چارہ چٹھے ہوتے۔ تمہارا بڑا فرق
ہو! تمہاری قلم چل جائے! تمہارے ہاتھ ٹوٹ جائیں! تمہارا
دماغ پھٹ جائے! میں تم کو دن کا راستہ نمایاں کی سزا دوں گا!
معصوم JEAN کو تباہ کر کے تم کو سزا دوں گا! JEAN کی
معصومیت کا خون تمہارے سر چوگا!!

STONE :- ہرگز ہرگز نہیں! JEAN تمہارے ہاتھ نہیں آئے گی۔
میں تم کو پیدا کرنے کی حماقت کر چکا ہوں۔ مگر میں ایک ترکیب
جاننا ہوں جس کے وسیع میں تمہاری شرارت روکوں گا۔
مجھے اپنا قلم دوبارہ اٹھانا ہے۔

DOLAN :- آہ! کیا تم سمجھتے ہو کہ اگر تم
DOLE DOLAN

غلط فہمی ہو گئی ہے اور میں بتاؤں گا۔ تم اس وقت چلی جاؤ۔ جاؤ

میری بیٹی!

DOLAN :- تمہیں! شہرہ! غلط فہمی کسی سے سلجھانے والی کوئی بات

نہیں۔ میں DOLAN کا پارٹ ادا کرتا ہوں۔ اور میں JEAN

MARY کا۔ آؤ! ہم دونوں میں کس کے دیکھیں۔

(وہ بائیں جانب کے میز کے اوپر رکے ہوئے ہیں میری

کو بچھا دیتا ہے)

میں یہاں کھڑکی کے پاس کھڑا ہوں کر۔ میں ماسوائے چاندکی

روشنی کے دوسری کوئی روشنی نہیں۔ سو اور بے رحم روشنی ہے

چاندکی!! میں رہا ہوں گلیا ہوں۔ میں MARY کو اپنے پاس لانا

ہوں۔ اس MARY کو جو مجھے زندگی میں تقریباً کتنی تھی موت

نے مجھے تھی طاقت دے دی ہے! میں MARY کی آواز دیتا

ہوں! "MARY"

JEAN سوتے سوتے چلنے والے انسان کی طرح

اس کی جانب پھرتی ہے۔ STONE دیکھتا ہے اور فریاد

ہو جاتا ہے)

"MARY" میرے پاس آؤ! MARY! میرے پاس آؤ! مجھے

اپنا محبوب بچھ کر دو!

(JEAN ہاتھ بٹھا دیتی ہے اور وہ اس کے ہاتھ کو

چومتا ہے)

کی تم مجھ سے محبت کرتی ہو!

JEAN :- میں تم سے محبت کرتی ہوں!

DOLAN :- کیا میں تمہارا مالک ہوں؟

JEAN :- تم میرے مالک ہو۔

DOLAN :- تم میرا حکم مانو گی؟

JEAN :- میں تمہارا حکم مانوں گی۔

DOLAN :- جب میں تمہیں بلاؤں گا تم آ جاؤ گی؟

JEAN :- جابے سات سمندر پار ہے آنا ہے، میں آ جاؤ گی۔

DOLAN :- میرے آقا! دیکھا! MISS JEAN! رہنا مند ہے۔ وہ

جیا ہتی ہے کہ میں DOLAN کا پارٹ ادا کروں۔ مزید کچھ کہنے

کی ضرورت نہیں۔ MISS JEAN! تم اب جاسکتی ہو۔ جاؤ!

مجھے معلوم نہ تھا کہ آپ کے پاس کوئی بیٹھا ہوا ہے۔

STO :- پیاری بیٹی JEAN! میں مصروف ہوں۔ جاؤ

سو جاؤ۔ میری بہت لاڈلی بیٹی ہمیشہ میرا کہتا مان سیتی

ہے میں بہت جلد ہی سو جاؤں گا۔ دیکھو مجھے اس وقت تک

ذکر وہ کام کرنے دو، جاؤ سو جاؤ۔

JEAN :- آپ کا چہرہ عجیب نظر آتا ہے، کیا طبیعت خراب ہے۔

کیا بات ہے؟ مجھے یقین ہے آپ کی طبیعت ٹھیک نہیں

کیا طبیعت ہے؟

STON :- کچھ نہیں! میں تھکا ہوا ہوں! اور کوئی تکلیف نہیں۔

میری اچھی بیٹی جاؤ، چلی جاؤ۔

DOLAN :- (آگے بڑھتا ہے) میرے آقا! میں JEAN

سے میرا تعارف کروا دو!

(وہ بیچ مارتی ہے اور ہم کئی گھنٹے ہٹ جاتی ہے)

STON :- تعارف کرانا ضروری نہیں! JEAN چلی جاؤ! فریاد

چلی جاؤ!!

DOLAN :- ہمارا ایک دوسرے کو جانتا بہت ضروری ہے میں

JEAN! میرا نام DOLAN ہے۔ DALE DOLAN !!

JEAN :- DOLE DOLAN۔ آپ کے ڈالے

کا کدرا مجھے یاد ہے۔ آپ نے اس رول کو ادا کرنے کے سلا

JACK کو کہا تھا۔ مجھے افسوس ہے میں JACK کے علاوہ

کسی دوسرے کے بالمقابل پارٹ نہ کروں گی۔

DOLA :- میرا خیال ہے میں JEAN تم کو یہ پارٹ میرے ساتھ ہی

ادا کرنا چوگا۔ میرے آقا! میرے پاس کٹر کٹ ہے! (JEAN)

سے حق طلب ہو کر) میں تمہارے محبوب کارول بہت اچھی طرح ادا

کر JACK سے بھی بڑھ کر تم دیکھ لیتا

(وہ آگے بڑھتا ہے)

JEAN :- (رٹ جاتی ہے اور بیچ مارتی ہے) نہیں! نہیں! نہیں!

والصاحب! آپ بولتے کیوں نہیں۔ میں نہیں پارٹ کروں گی مجھے

افسوس ہے کہ میں JACK کے علاوہ کسی دوسرے آدمی کے ساتھ

پارٹ نہیں کر سکتی۔ میں نہیں کروں گی۔

STON :- بیچھ ہٹ جاؤ۔ سنئے نہیں، بیچھ ہٹ جاؤ! JEAN!

تین تباہی کا مدخل گا۔ تباہی !!

STONE :- تو یہ بات ہے DALE DOLAN ! اتنا گنڈ
نہیں کرو ! اگر تم نے تم کو پیدا کیا تو میں تم کو زنجیروں سے
جکڑ بھی سکتا ہوں ۔

DOLAN :- آہ ! میرا خیال ہے، جب انسان نے خدا کی دنیا کو
پہلے پہل بنایا تو اُس نے بھی یہی سوچا ہو گا۔ کیا تم نے کبھی
قیاس و ثرا یا ہے کہ خدا کو انسان کی کثرت پر کتنا افسوس
ہو رہا ہو گا۔ وہ انسان جیسے خدا نے اپنے ساچھے میں ڈھالا
امد اپنے آئینے میں تربیت دی تاکہ وہ اُس کے علم پر چلیں اور
سجدہ بجالائیں۔ تہا را خیال ہے کہ خدا چاہتا ہے۔ انسان
جھوٹا بولے۔ قتل و چوری کرے۔ کفر کا دعویٰ کرے۔ اتنا
ہی نہیں۔ اس کی باگ ذات سے مُسکے ہو جائے۔
میں حیران ہوں۔ کیا خدا نے کبھی سوچا تھا کہ انسان
ایک دو سو کے خون کا پیاسا ہو گا۔ جنگ و جدل ہو گی۔
ہزاروں غریب انسان بھوک سے تر ہیں گئے تاکہ چند سرمایہ
دار عیش کیسکیں۔ تم کو یقین ہے کہ خدا کا معیار WEAL
ایسی ہی دنیا تھی۔ اور اگر یہ دنیا اس کے نقشے سے مختلف
ہے تو وہ اس کو بدل کیوں نہیں دیتا ؟ میرے آقا میں بتاتا
ہوں، اس کی وجہ کیا ہے۔ خدا کا انسان پر اتنا ہی زور
ہے جتنا تمہارا میرے اوپر۔ میری بات کا یقین مانو۔
STONE :- جو تم کہہ رہے ہو، صحیح نہیں ہو سکتا۔ میں خواب
دیکھ رہا ہوں ! یقیناً میں خواب دیکھ رہا ہوں ! تمہارا
خیال خام ہے — تمہارا خیال بالکل ناقابل یقین
ہے۔ میں کیا کروں ؟ میں DALE DOLAN کے کیریئر
کو بدل دوں گا۔ بے شک ڈرامہ ستیا ناس ہو جائے میرا
دماغ چکر ا رہا ہے ! میں بہت قہقہا ہوا ہوں۔ میں نہیں
جانتا کہ میں کیا کروں !!

DOLAN :- اسے نامکھنا جان ! تم اپنے میز پر سفید کاغذ
اور نظم دو ان لے کر بیٹھے۔ چند الفاظ میں تم نے ایک عجیب
دیو پیدا کر دیا۔ اور اسے انسان کی دنیا میں من مانی خلیل بنانے
کے لئے چھوڑ دیا۔

STONE :- تم غلط کہتے ہو۔ ایسا ہو نہیں سکتا۔

DOLAN :- سولہ آٹے بیج ہے۔ کیا تم نے کبھی سوچا
ہیڈرت ناگ جرم ہیں۔ جن کی سزا نہیں ملتی۔ مشق و
ایسے کردار کو تم نے جیسا تم نے پیدا کیا ہے۔ وہ گناہ
اور نقل جن کا وجود انسان کے جذبات، خواہشات،
سورج ہے اور جن کی تکمیل کبھی جیسے کرداروں کے
کی جاتی ہے۔ ان کی سزا نہیں ملتی۔ حالانکہ ان کا انسا
اور دل کی نشوونما پر بہت اثر پڑتا ہے۔
(وہ ایک دو قدم چلتا ہے اور اُس کے نزدیک
آجاتا ہے)

STONE :- نیچے ہٹ جاؤ خدا کے لئے نیچے ٹھہرا
DOLAN :- مجھ جیسے سب کیریئر اپنے بنانے والوں کا
کنول کر گئے ہیں۔ بدنام جسم اور گدی آتا ہے
انسان بنانے والے خالق کو کون نفرت نہیں کرے گا
جیوان بننا کیسے گا اور اسکتا ہے۔ ہمیں اپنی جیوان
خندہ آتے ہیں اور اپنے بنانے والوں پر۔ ہمارے دلوں
جیوانیت سے اوپر اُٹھنے کی حسرت تڑپ کر رہ جاتی
انسان بننے کی نہیں دیتا بننے کی خواہش کھلا
پیشتر ہی مڑ جاتی ہے۔ کیونکہ یہ کام فطرتاً ہماری
سے باہر مڑتا ہے۔ لہذا ہم ناامید ہو کر جیوانیت کی
میں گر پڑتے ہیں۔ بدنام ہوں گے تو کیا نام نہ ہو گا
تہیہ کر لیتے ہیں کہ ہم نے اپنے بنانے والوں سے (سزا
گنہ اور جرم کر سکتا ہے۔ میرے آقا
مجھے برائی کا راستہ دکھا دیا ہے۔ اب میں تم کو دکھا
کہ میں کتنا بُرا بن سکتا ہوں۔ کتنا بچا کر سکتا ہوں۔
گناہ اور جرم کر سکتا ہوں میں شیطان کو بھی مات
سکتا ہوں۔

(JEAN) کرے میں داخل ہوتی ہے، دائیں جانب
JEAN :- آہا ! میرا خیال تھا کہ آپ سو گئے ہوں گے
کل دن بھر میں کچھ کام نہ کر سکا گے۔ آپ نے مجھے
دیا تھا کہ آپ — OH ! معافی چاہتی ہوں۔ آہا !

ناگرتہارا داخل در معضلات (TRESPASS) کے جرم میں پالان کیا جاسکے۔

DO :- میرے آقا صاحب سے کام لو کیا آپ کے سوائے کوئی دوسرا شخص جانتا ہے کہ در سے کا آخری سین گیس طرح ختم ہوتا ہے؟

ST :- صرف دو۔ میری بیٹی JEAN اور مسٹر JACK RENDI۔ کل رات جب میں نے اسے ختم کیا تھا۔ اس کے بعد ان دونوں کے علاوہ کسی دوسرے سے اس کو نہیں پڑھا۔

DO :- اس صورت میں میں ثابت کر دوں گا کہ مجھے یہاں آنے کا حق ہے۔ سنئے میرے مالک!! سنئے!! آخری زمین اس طرح کہا گیا ہے۔ "DOLAN خالی مکان میں اپنی آتا ہے۔ وہ پتھر جو ریگنا بڑا باغ میں آگیا ہے اس کو دیکھ لیتا ہے۔ وہ اس کو اٹھا لیتا ہے اور پھر تیار کرے میں بد لوگ تیار ہے تاکہ کسی کو اس کی واپسی کا علم نہ ہو سکے۔ پتھر ٹھوکر کی شکلیں دیکھ کر دیوانہ وار چلانے لگتا ہے کیا آپ کے در سے کا آخری سین اسی طرح ختم نہیں ہوتا؟

ST :- ہاں! اسی طرح ختم ہوتا ہے۔ میں اسی طرح!! خدا کے لئے بتا دو تم کو کیسے معلوم ہوا؟

DO :- AH! میں جانتا ہوں۔ کیونکہ میں بذات خود

DOLAN ہوں۔ میں جیتتا ہوں۔ سانس لیتا ہوں۔ چلتا پھرتا ہوں۔ میرے آقا۔ سنو!! جب آپ نے ڈرامہ ختم کرنے کے بعد آخر میں "بم دہ گرتا ہے" کے الفاظ لکھے۔ اسی وقت میں دھڑ میں آگیا۔ آپ نے مجھے جنم دیا۔ دیکھو! بے شک میں تم سے اکڑا ہوا ہوں۔ اور میری شکل عجیب ہے۔ مگر میں زندہ ہوں۔ جیتتا جاگتا ہوں۔

ST :- کیا میں پاگل ہو رہا ہوں؟ میری سمجھ میں نہیں آتا تمہارا مطلب کیا ہے۔ تم محض کاغذ کے آد پر ایک کردار یعنی کیریکچر ہو۔ تم جاندار کیسے ہو سکتے ہو؟

DOLA :- AH! مگر میں ٹھیک کہہ رہا ہوں میرے آقا! ہزاروں کردار کاغذ پر پیدا ہوتے ہیں مگر ان کی زندگی کاغذ تک

ہی محدود رہ جاتی ہے۔ وہ وہیں پیدا ہوتے ہیں اور وہیں مرجاتے ہیں۔ مگر کبھی کبھار ایک دو کرداروں میں زندگی کی روح پھینک جاتی ہے اور وہ جیتنے جاگتے اور چلتے پھرتے کردار بن جاتے ہیں۔ مجھے بھی زندگی کی روح حاصل ہوئی۔

جب تک آپ نے "پڑوہ گرتا ہے" کے الفاظ مسودے پر نہیں لکھے تھے۔ اس وقت تک مجھے روح نہیں ملی تھی۔ اور اب! دیکھو! میں زندہ ہوں۔ لوٹتا ہوں اور چلتا ہوں۔ (وہ دو ایک قدم اگڑی ہوئی ٹانگوں پر چلتا ہے اور STONE کے نزدیک آجاتا ہے۔)

STONE :- 1۔ نیچے ہٹ جاؤ۔ نیچے ہٹو!! OH! خدا پتاہ!! نیچے ہٹ جاؤ!!! میں نہیں جانتا۔ میری سمجھ میں نہیں آ رہا۔ اوہ! میرے نزدیک مت آؤ!! میں کہتا ہوں نیچے ہٹ جاؤ۔

DOLAN :- ٹھیک ہے۔ آپ کو ڈرنا ہی چاہیے!! (مسودہ اٹھاتا ہے) جانتے ہو تم نے مجھ کو کیا بنا دیا۔ محض اکٹھا وحشی، انسانی چہرے میں شیطان! کوئی عیب نہیں ہے مجھ میں دبو، کوئی گناہ نہیں جو مجھ سے سرزد نہ ہوا ہو۔ کوئی بڑائی نہیں جو مجھ سے چھپی ہو تم نے مجھے وہ وجود دیا ہے جس پر خدا کی خلقت ہزار لعنت بھیجتی ہے۔ دیکھتے ہی موت کھاتی ہے اور درد سے چلانے لگتی ہے۔ آدھ گھنٹہ پیشتر میرا وجود تمہارے جذبات، خواہشات اور خیالات میں مدفون تھا۔ مگر تم نے آج رات کے بارہ بجے کے بعد مجھے جنم دیا۔ اب مجھے حق ہے کہ میں انسان کے دل و دماغ کے اوپر پناہ تسلط قائم کروں اور اپنے وقار کا سیکرہ بٹھاؤں۔

STONE :- میں کیا کر بیٹھا ہوں؟ ممکن نہیں کہ مجھ سے ایسی حماقت ہوئی۔ میں کیا کر بیٹھا ہوں؟

DOLAN :- تم ایک ایسی چیز بنا چکے ہو جو تمہارے عقاب میں نہیں ہے میں تمہاری طاقت سے باہر ہو چکا ہوں۔ ایک پھونک مار کر تم جلتی دیا کی کو بھجاسکتے ہو، مگر ایک دفعہ اس جلتی دیا سلائی سے سوکھے گھاس کے ڈھیر کو یا سوکھے جنگل کو آگ لگنے دو، پھر دیکھو کس طرح بڑھتی ہو گی ہر چیز کو جو بسکے رستے میں آتی ہے۔ ہم کہتی ہے تم نے ایسا کیا کیا؟

STONE اسبے وقت لڑائی اور تو محض ایک کاغذی شکل ہے۔
 اس کا کوئی وجود نہیں! تم تھا۔ گئی ہو! بہت تنگ گئی ہو۔
 اور کوئی بات نہیں۔ میں تمہیں کہتا ہوں کہ میں خود بہت تنگ
 ہوں۔ تمہیں۔ JACK تم بھی تنگ ہوئے ہو گے۔ اب یہ
 شخصت چاہتا ہوں۔ JACK! تم بھی جاؤ! دیکھو JEAN
 کو بہت عرصہ روکے رکھنا۔ شب بخیر جلدی کہہ دینا۔ تم بہت
 نیک لڑکے ہو۔ شب بخیر! میرے بیٹے! شب بخیر!!
 JACK۔۔۔ شب بخیر! جناب! خدا کی قسم! ارادت کے بارہ بچنے
 والے ہیں! کل رات حاضر خدمت ہوں گا۔ اس وقت اس
 رول کے متعلق آپ سے عرض کروں گا۔ JEAN! آؤ! مجھے
 کوشا پینے میں مدد دو!

— وہ دونوں باہر چلے جاتے ہیں دائیں جانب STONE
 مسودہ (MS) ہاتھ میں اٹھا کر میری جانب جاتا ہے۔ وہاں پہنچ کر
 وہ صفحے الٹ پلٹ کرنا ہے، کہیں کہیں پڑھتا ہے۔ اس کے بعد بہت
 آہستہ اور غلات مرضی فلم اٹھا کر آخری صفحہ کے آخر میں پڑھتا ہے
 لکھ دیتا ہے۔ اس کے بعد وہ صوفے کی جانب جاتا ہے اور بیٹھ جاتا
 ہے۔ تنگ کاوش کی وجہ سے آنکھیں بند کر لیتا ہے۔

چند منٹ بعد مین کے پیچھے سے ایک شکل (FIGURE) آہستہ
 آہستہ گھڑی ہوتی ہے اور دکھائی دینے لگتی ہے۔ یہ
 DALE
 DOLAN ہے۔

چہرہ بالکل سفید ہے، ٹروں کی طرح — آنکھیں بند
 ہیں، ہونٹ سرخ ہیں۔ ایک کندھا قدرے کبڑا ہے اور کولان نکلا ہوا
 ہے۔ نقل و حرکت مشینی کل (AUTOMATIC) کی طرح ہیں اور
 بے جان (SITFF) ہے STONE! آنکھیں کھولتا ہے اور اس شکل کو
 دیکھتا ہے۔

STONE: یہ کیا ہے کیا — یگستاخی — تم کون ہو؟ تم
 کو یہاں آنے کی کس نے اجازت دی؟ میں نے حکم دے
 رکھا ہے کہ مجھے اس کمرے میں کوئی نہیں بل سکتا۔ تم کون
 ہو؟
 DOLAN: آتا — آپ — جانتے — ہو — ہیں —
 کون — ہوں —

(وہ اپنی آنکھیں کھول دیتا ہے)
 STONE: تم کیا ایک رہے ہو! میرے دوست کو کھٹ کر کھا
 ہو۔ کیا تم کون ہو؟
 DOLAN: آتا میری بات سنو۔ میں سب کچھ واضح کر
 سکتا ہوں۔ کیا مطلب ہے تمہارا؟ کیا تم پاگل ہو؟
 DOLAN: نہیں — DOLAN — ہوں —
 STONE: DOLAN! میری سمجھ میں نہیں آتا تم کو کھٹ کر
 لے آئے دیا؟

DOLAN: آتا آپ نے خود مجھے اغوا
 کر لیا میں DOLAN ہوں۔

STONE: (فحش سے) میں سمجھ گیا۔ کوئی آدمی چھپا
 چھپی سے میرا ڈرامہ سننا رہا ہے اور اس نے تم
 میرے ڈرامے کے کردار DOLE DOLAN کا روپ
 دے دیا ہے۔ یہ خیال کس نے عمل ہے؟ کس نے
 ڈرامہ پڑھا ہے؟ خدا کی قسم! میں اس معاملے کی جانچ
 کر رہا ہوں گا۔ میرا ڈرامہ پڑھنا تھا۔ INGRAM
 علاوہ کسی کو اس کے متعلق کوئی علم نہ تھا۔ اگر اس نے قبل
 وقت راز افشا کر دیا تو اس کے لئے اچھا نہ ہو گا۔ میری
 لڑائی کو آخری ایکٹ پڑھے آدھ گھنٹہ نہیں بڑا۔ جناب
 یہ نہ خیال کرنا کہ تم مجھے (اپنی شکل) اپنے TAKE-UP
 سے ڈرانے لگے۔ یہ فیصلہ ہو چکا ہے کہ DOLAN کا پارٹ
 کھیلے گا۔

DOLAN: آتا۔ میرے سوائے دوسرا کون ہو سکتا ہے۔ یہ
 میں ہی کیوں گا۔

STONE: کجمنت گستاخ کہیں کا! تم نہیں کیوں گے۔ تم ضرور
 پاگل ہو۔ اگر تم یہاں سے فوراً ت۔ ع نہیں ہو چکے
 تو میں تم کو دھکے مر داکر باہر نکلا دوں گا۔

DOLAN: میرے مالک! مجھے کوئی باہر نہیں نکال سکتا۔ آپ
 بھی نہیں نکال سکتے۔

STONE: جانتے ہو یا نہیں؟ کیا میں نوکر کے لئے گھنٹی
 بجائوں اور حکم دوں کہ وہ پولیس کے سپاہی کو بلا لائے۔

اب وہ مجھ سے آزاد ہیں۔ جب میری کٹ پتلیاں مجھ سے
بچیں جائیں گی تو میں دل بہلا دے کے لئے تمہی کٹ پتلیاں
ایجاد کر لوں گی، وہ میرا کہنا مانیں گی۔ جب تک میں ان سے
کھینانا چاہوں گی، وہ میرے اشاروں پر ناپتی رہیں گی،
اور جب میرا دل بھر جائے گا تو میں اپنا قلم اٹھا کر ختم شدہ
لکھ دوں گی۔ ڈرامے کا ڈرامہ سین کر دوں گی۔

JEAN :- مجب خیال ہے۔ کیا میں اس کو جانتی ہوں؟

STONE :- ہاں! تم اس کو جانتی ہو۔ اس کی حالت ہو پھوپھی

حالت ہے۔ ناشگفتہ اور دتی ہوئی خواہشات نے مجھے ڈرامہ
نویس بنا دیا۔ اگر میں زندگی میں حکومت نہیں کر سکتا تو نہ

سہی۔ اپنے کہواروں کو کٹ پتلیوں کی طرح تاروں پر بچاؤ سکتا
ہوں اچھا! مجھے ابھی تک اس ڈرامے کا آخری لفظ لکھنا

ہے اور پردہ گرانا ہے۔ میں تجویز کرتا ہوں کہ ہم
DALE DOLAN کے اعجاز میں جام صحت پیوں۔

(JEAN آٹھ کھڑی ہوتی ہے اور میز کے اوپر سے

جو کہ ایسیج کے بائیں جانب رکھا ہوا ہے شراب بھر کر

جام دیتی ہے)

STONE :- DALE DOLAN! بیٹا! JACK زندہ باد۔ میں دعا

کرتا ہوں کہ تم کو اس رول میں کامیابی ہو۔ (جام پیتا ہے)

JACK :- DALE DOLAN کا جام صحت (جام پیتا ہے) میں

امید کرتا ہوں کہ مجھے اس رول کے ادا کرنے میں کامیابی ہوگی۔

JEAN :- DALE! (ڈرامے کے مارے اس کی بیخ کنج جانی

ہے۔ جام ہاتھ سے گر پڑتا ہے۔ دونوں آنکھوں کو ہاتھوں

سے ڈھانپ لیتی ہے) اوه! نہیں! نہیں! میں اس کا جام

صحت نہیں پی سکتی۔

JACK :- کیوں نہیں پیاری JEAN! کیا بات ہے؟

JEAN :- میں نہیں جانتی! میں نہیں جانتی!! میرا خیال ہے

کہ مجھے اس کی بھیا ناک شکل سے ڈر لگتا ہے۔ ایک خیالی

شکل سے ڈرنا حماقت ہے۔ میں جانتی ہوں۔ مگر اس کی

شکل اور کڑوت، وحشیانہ ہیں۔ تم ہی بناؤ کتنی ڈراؤنی!!

میں اس کا جام صحت کسی صورت میں نہیں پی سکتی۔

ہے۔ میں اپنی زندگی کے معیار کو پائیہ تکمیل تک پہنچانے سے
کافر رہا ہوں۔ مجب بات ہے! ہم سب بننا کہہ جانتے ہیں اور
بن کچھ جاتے ہیں۔

JEAN :- میں آپ کی تائید کرتی ہوں، میں نے بہت سے

ڈراموں میں پارٹ کیا ہے، مجھے ہر وقت ایک سوشیل

ٹیک، فرشتہ سیرت اور دھمل عورت کا پارٹ ادا کرنے کو

کہا گیا۔ اس میں کوئی مبالغہ نہیں کرتی نے ہمیشہ اپنے پارٹ کو

خوش اسلوبی سے نبھایا ہے۔ ٹیک ہے نا JACK! مگر میری

ذہن دست خواہش رہا ہے کہ مجھے بے دھڑک دل بھینک

عورت کا پارٹ کھیلنے کو ملے۔

JACK :- ہا! ہا! ہا! ہا! ہا! ہا! اور دل بھینک عورت کے

رول میں! کتنی مضحکہ خیز بات ہے، مگر مسٹر سٹون نے

جو کچھ فرمایا وہ ہے درست۔ مجھے ہمیشہ خیالی کیریئر کے

کیریئر رول ملتے ہیں، مگر میری وہی خواہش ہے کہ مجھے

مجھ جیسے فوجان ہیرہ کارول ملے۔ اس زندگی کے ایسیج کے

اوپر انسان بے بس ہے۔ اس کی خواہشات حقیقت سے

ٹانگہ نہیں کھاتیں۔ اگر کوئی مرد ROMEO یعنی مجھوں اور فریاد

کا پارٹ ادا کرنا چاہتا ہے تو اس کو مسٹرے کارول ملتا ہے

اور اگر کوئی عورت ٹریڈی میں بیروٹن بنا چاہتی ہے تو

قدرت اس کو بھینس کا جسم دے دیتی ہے۔

STONE :- اب تم سمجھ گئے JACK! میرے دیتے ہوئے

عذبات اور خواہشات نے مجھے ڈرامہ نویسی اختیار کرنے

پر آمادہ کیا، تاکہ میں اپنے کہواروں کے ذریعے ان کو تسکین

دے سکوں۔ مجھے ایک لکھنا اور عورت کی بات یاد آگئی ہے۔

اس نے مجھ سے کہا تھا! میں نے ڈرامے لکھنے شروع کر

دیتے ہیں۔ کیونکہ میرے سارے پتے اب بڑے بڑے ہو گئے ہیں۔

ان کو میری خدمت کی ضرورت نہیں رہی۔ اب میں ان کو

کہہ نہیں سکتی۔ بچوں نہا لو، صاف پڑے پہنو، کھا لو،

سو جاؤ۔ میں ان کو ٹیک کام کرنے پر باہر سیر کو نہیں لے

جاسکتی اور شیطانی کرنے پر سزا نہیں دے سکتی۔ وہ

میرے کھانے تھے، جن سے میں کھینک کر تھی۔ مگر

کس استعمال کیا گیا ہے۔ ڈرامہ طرز تحریر کی بنا پر ہی ادب میں شمار ہوگا۔

JACK - JEAN : خیر ہمارے میں تم کمان کی تعریف کے پہلے نہیں باندھنے دوں گی۔ میری نگاہ میں ایک ڈرامہ طرز پیارے شیطان سے کم نہیں جو ایک منکر کی طرح اپنے ڈر سے نکلے ہوئے خیالات کی تاروں سے پلاٹ کے جال سے رہتا ہے اور ان کے اندر بیٹھا بیٹھا اپنے جذبات کے کرداروں کا شکار کرتا ہے۔ میرا خیال ہے، ایسا کہنا خطر سے خالی نہیں۔ خدا کا ہزار شکر ہے کہ مجھے ڈرامہ نویس کا لقب نہیں لگی۔ اپنے دماغ کے خیالات کی تاروں کے جال میں اپنے دل کے جذبات کے کرداروں کا شکار کرنا یہاں تک کاوتیا ہوگا۔

STONE : میری پیاری بیٹی! تم کو خدا نے اداکار کی ذوق نثوق اور فن عطا کر رکھا ہے۔ خدا ہر ایک انسان کو کوئی نہ کوئی وصف دے دیتا ہے، جو اس راز کو سمجھتے ہیں وہ اپنی زندگی کو کامیاب بنا کر اپنی قابلیت کا ثبوت دیتے ہیں۔ نام چاہتے ہو تو کچھ بن کر دکھاؤ، کچھ کر کے دکھاؤ۔ JACK : آپ کو پہلے پہل ڈرامہ لکھنے کی ترغیب کیسے ملے گی یہ تو جانتا ہوں کہ آپ کو ڈرامہ نویس کر کے دس برس ہو گئے ہیں۔ اگر خدا نے آپ کو لکھنے کا شوق عطا کیا تھا تو آپ سب قسم کے ادب کو چھوڑ کر ڈرامہ نویس کیوں پسند کیا! STONE : میں کوئی خاص وجہ تو جانتا نہیں، یہی وجہ ہو سکتی کہ مجھے بچپن سے ڈرامہ لکھنے کا شوق تھا۔

JACK : یہ تو حوصلہ کن بات ہے۔ مجھے معلوم نہ تھی۔ STONE : میری خواہش تھی کہ میں تہہ آدر بارعب انسان کا جس کے سامنے کوئی انسان ایک منٹ بھی نہ ٹھہر سکے۔ سب میرا لہا مانیں، مگر قسمت نے میرا ساتھ نہ دیا۔ میرا قدم میرا خواہش کے راستے میں حائل ہوا۔ ہر بار پانچ فوٹ ایک ایک ایک بھی موافق ہاتھ نہ آیا۔ بارعب بیٹھے کی خواہشیں ایک حسرت بن کر رہ گئی۔ تم دیکھتے ہی ہو کہ میری لڑکی بھی مجھ کو ڈرامٹ وکعاتی ہے۔ یہاں تک میری عقل کام کرتی

STONE :- بیٹا JACK! کیا تم کھیل گھر سے سیدھے یہاں آگئے تھے؟ میں بارش میں چہل قدمی کر رہا تھا۔ بلا کی حسین چاندنی رات ہے!! نکھری ہوئی چاندنی! JEAN :- (خفت لہجے میں) آبا، کل رات آپ کتنا وقت سوئے تھے؟ آپ نے مجھے وعدہ دیا تھا کہ آج جلدی سو جاؤ گے۔ آپ کو اس وقت تک سو جانا چاہیے تھا۔ آپ کو اپنا وعدہ یاد ہوگا۔

STONE :- میں جانتا ہوں..... میں جانتا ہوں..... مجھے وعدہ خلافی پر نادم ہونا چاہیے۔ میں گنہگار انسان ہوں قصور چاند کا ہے۔ میری بات کا یقین کرو بیٹی JEAN! اس وعدہ خلافی کا ذمہ دار بہت حد تک چاند ہے۔ میں دیکھتا ہوں کہ تم دونوں ڈرامہ پڑھ رہے تھے کیا خیال ہے تمہارا JACK؟

(وہ دامن جانب آرام گزی میں بیٹھ جاتا ہے)

JACK :- (اشتیاق سے) ڈرامہ لا جواب ہے جناب! میرے خیال میں تو یہ آپ کا بہترین شاہکار ہے۔ میں بیان نہیں کر سکتا کہ میں DALE DOLAN کا پارٹ ملنے کے لئے آپ کا کتنا ممنون احسان ہوں۔ اگر میں پارٹ کھیلنے میں کامیاب ہو گیا تو میرا مستقبل بن جائے گا۔ مجھے کبھی سینے میں بھی خیال نہ آسکتا تھا کہ مجھے ایسا سنہری وقت ملیگا۔ STONE :- بیٹا JACK! تمہیں INGRAM کا مشکور ہونا چاہیے۔ اس نے ڈرامہ کے پہلے ڈو ایکٹ پڑھے اور مجھے پیشکش کی کہ وہی ڈرامہ ختم ہو جائے، اس کے جوابے کر دیا جائے۔ JEAN کا اس میں پارٹ لینا ضروری تھا کیونکہ اس کے کنٹریکٹ (معاہدہ) کا ابھی ایک سال بقایا ہے۔ DALE DOLAN کے پارٹ کے لئے میں نے تمہارا نام تجویز کیا۔ INGRAM نے فوراً منکھر کر لیا۔ یہ ڈرامہ قدرے روٹنگے کھڑا کرنے والا (THRILLER) ہے۔ ٹھیک ہے نا؟ آخری ایکٹ کے بارے میں تمہاری کیا رائے ہے؟

JACK :- خدا کی قسم! لاشانی ہے؟ ایک ایک لفظ چن چن

JEAN :- میرے بس کی بات نہیں! جب مجھے خیال آتا ہے کہ اس کی شکل کتنی بھیاںگ ہوگی تو میرے پیسے چھوٹے لگ جاتے ہیں۔

JACK :- مجھے ہیبت ناک شکل میں دیکھ کر کیا تم نہیں ڈرو گی؟

JEAN :- ن۔ نہیں! بشرطیکہ تم جان لو جو کہ مجھے نہ ڈراؤ۔ وہ انسان نہیں۔ شیطان ہے، حیوان ہے؛ ٹھیک ہے نا؟

JACK :- ہے تو حیوان ہی!! آؤ ہم آخری ایکٹ ایک دفعہ پھر پڑھ لیں۔

(دو ذراں مل کر پڑھتے ہیں)

JEAN :- DALE DONALD کا کیریکٹر تمہارے

والد کے آرٹ کا بہترین نمونہ ہے۔ مجھے یقین ہے کہ جب میں اسے آدا کروں گا تو میرا جسم ٹھنڈے پیسے سے تر ہو جائے گا۔ ذرا اس جیسے کو دیکھو۔ کیا ڈراؤنا سا سین ہوگا۔ کیا خیال ہے؟ بھوتیا کرے کے ڈر سے مہما ہوا بچہ۔ اور کھڑکی میں سے بھاگتی ہوئی وہ ہیبت ناک شکل!!

JEAN :- مگر کتنا نادر موقع ہے میرے لئے! سنہری موقعہ JEAN! تمہارے والد کہاں ہیں؟ میں ان کو اپنا حقیرانہ عقیدت پیش کرنا چاہتا ہوں۔

JEAN :- میرے والد! میرا خیال ہے، وہ سو گئے ہونگے کیونکہ وہ کل ساری رات ڈرامہ لکھتے رہے اور آج سارا دن بے چین رہے۔ تم کو معلوم ہے کہ ڈرامہ ختم کرنے کے بعد ان کی کیسی حالت ہوتی ہے۔ ایسا معلوم دیتا ہے کہ ان کا کچھ کھو گیا ہے، اور وہ اس کی تلاش میں مارے مارے پھر رہے ہیں۔

(JEAN بول رہی ہوتی ہے GERALD STONE کا باغ کی جانب سے کمرے میں داخل ہوتا ہے اور ان دونوں کو اپنے بازوؤں میں لیتا ہے۔)

JEAN :- ...ugr... ن۔...!!
ڈرے ہوئے انسان کی آواز پیدا کرتی ہے۔

JACK :- ...م...م...!! مجھے بھی کپکپی کر رہی ہے... مگر لا جواب پلاٹ ہے۔ ہے نا؟

JEAN :- اے شک!! لا جواب شاہکار ہے!! تم سے کوئی بات چہی نہیں۔ ابھی تک میری سمجھ میں ہے

بات نہیں آئی کہ میرے والد جیسا انسان اس قسم کے ڈرامے لکھ کیسے سکتا ہے۔ JACK! کیا تم اس پر روشنی ڈال سکتے ہو؟

JACK :- میری پیاری محبوبہ!! ایک نظر دیکھنے سے مجھ پر ہو سکتا ہے کہ وہ کتنا ذہین ہے! تم نے کبھی یاد کیا نہیں کیا؟

JEAN :- میرا یہ مطلب نہ تھا۔ میں جانتی ہوں، وہ بہت لائق ہیں۔ مگر ان کے ڈراموں کو دیکھو... پلاٹ کس قدر ہیبت ناک اور المناک ہیں۔ جذبات سے بھرے ہوئے اور جذبات بھی وحشیانہ۔ مگر خدو والد صاحب کو دیکھیں تو نہایت شریف مزاج اور ہمدرد انسان۔ کیا میں ٹھیک کہہ رہی ہوں؟ یہ معصوم میری سمجھ میں نہیں آتا۔

JACK :- JEAN! مجھے تمہاری رائے سے بالکل اتفاق ہے۔ میں تمہاری بات سمجھتا ہوں۔ ہمیں یقین نہیں آ سکتا کہ ان کے دماغ سے ایسا درندہ پتلا یا فتنہ (CREATURE) بھی پیدا ہو سکتا ہے۔ مگر JEAN سنو... کتنی خوشی کی بات ہے کہ یہ پارٹ تمہارے بالمقابل میں کروں گا۔ کتنا سنہری موقعہ ہے میرے لئے۔ میں کتنا خوش نصیب ہوں!!

JEAN :- یہ تو اچھی بات ہے کہ تم میرے مقابل ہو گے۔ اگر کوئی دوسرا ہوتا تو میں "MARY" کا پارٹ کرنے سے قطعاً انکار کرتی۔ مجھے یقین ہے کہ خوف کے مارے میری جان بھل جاتی۔

JACK :- جزد دل کہیں کی!

مکڑی کا جالا

(ترجمہ E. L. Morris کے شاہکار Created کا)
از۔ شری رادھا کرشن سود

کردار

چیریٹ سٹون - ڈرامہ نویس
جیک ریٹڈل - سٹون کی لڑکی جین کا منگیترا ایکٹر
جین سٹون - (سٹون کی لڑکی)
ویل ڈولن

۹۹۹

سین

جبریل سٹون کا لکھنے پڑھنے کا کمرہ

وقت

اگست کی رات : چھٹکتی چاندنی

ایک فرانسیسی مکڑی درمیان میں پیچھے کی جانب ہے۔ ایک باغ میں کھلتی ہے، کیونکہ ماہ اگست کی رات ہے۔ نیلگنجان چاند کی روشنی چاروں طرف پھیلی ہوئی ہے اور کمرے کے اندر بھی آ رہی ہے۔

JEAN اور JACK بڑے صوفے کے اوپر اکٹھے بیٹھے ہوئے ہیں۔ وہ ایک ہی Manuscript میں موصوفا سے پڑھ رہے ہیں۔ JEAN کا نپٹہ لگ جاتی ہے۔

سین

GERALD STONE ڈرامہ نویس کا لکھنے پڑھنے کا کمرہ..... یہ کمرہ بہت قیمتی اور آرام دہ سامان سے سجا ہوا ہے۔ قیمتی نرم اونی قالین فرش کے اوپر پڑے ہوئے ہیں۔ بڑی بڑی آرام گریاں رکھی ہوئی ہیں۔ دائیں کنارے کے پھیننی طرف لکھنے کا میز ہے اور بائیں ہاتھ اگلی طرف صوفی سیٹ ہے۔

سے اس ڈرامہ کے لئے ڈرامہ نویس کو دو دنہ انعام مل چکا ہے۔ پہلی بار ۱۹۳۱ء میں اور دوسری مرتبہ ۱۹۳۵ء میں۔

غزل

نہیں زندگی حقیقت اسے آزما کے روئے
وہ ہزار بے وفا تھے نہیں غم سے آشنا تھے
میری حسرتوں کی شدت نے سکھا دیئے ہیں آنسو
اسے چین جو نہ آیا مجھے ایک دم بیلایا
کبھی اُس پرین پڑے یوں کہ مجھے بنا لے بہم
کسی غمزدہ کا رونا ہے کہاں خلانِ فطرت
ہے جد امزاجِ زیبا جو ہنسا ہنسا کے روئے

غزل

پو کس لئے تو بہین دولت کو سہا ہم نے
مٹتے پھیر کر۔ اگر۔ ادا ئے بے رخی سے وہ
بہت روکا بہت نفا ما بہت اُن سے کہا ہم نے
کہ غیروں سے کبھی رکھا نہیں ہے واسطہ ہم نے
ہمیشہ دیکھ کر اُن کا رُسخ اور دبدبہ ہم نے
یہ طور ایسی مروت کا نہیں رکھا روا ہم نے
رہے نقصان میں یہ سودا کیا ہے بارہا ہم نے
پو کس لئے تو بہین دولت کو سہا ہم نے
مٹتے پھیر کر۔ اگر۔ ادا ئے بے رخی سے وہ
بہت روکا بہت نفا ما بہت اُن سے کہا ہم نے
کہ غیروں سے کبھی رکھا نہیں ہے واسطہ ہم نے
ہمیشہ دیکھ کر اُن کا رُسخ اور دبدبہ ہم نے
یہ طور ایسی مروت کا نہیں رکھا روا ہم نے
رہے نقصان میں یہ سودا کیا ہے بارہا ہم نے
گلہ ہم کو نہیں زیبا کسی کی بے نیازی کا
زمانے کی روش بے سود کی اسکی دوا ہم نے

اداریہ

دو برس کا عرصہ یوں تو دو برس میں گزر جاتا ہے اور سوچا جائے تو دو برس بہت بھی نہیں ہوتے۔ مگر جب ہم جن میں بہار آئے ہی نہیں اور خزاں غالب رہے تو دو برس کیا ایک برس بھی کاٹنا دہ بھر ہو جاتا ہے۔ کچھ ایسی ہی ہماری گذشتہ دو برس میں رہی۔ دلش کے شعبہ اُردو کی بہار میں ایسے گئی کہ دوبارہ لوٹنے کا نام ہی نہ لیا۔ انتظار کرنے آنکھیں بھی پک گئیں۔ دو چار اُردو کے نام لیوا تھے۔ ان کے دم سے یہ شعبہ کسی نہ کسی طور چلتا رہا۔ مناسبت یہ کہنا ہو گا کہ پرچہ و پرچہ سسکتا رہا۔ ہر بار چند شہ پیش نظر رہتا تھا کہ اگلا شمارہ نکلے گا یہی یا نہیں۔ ان شائقین ادب اور زبان کی گنتی بدستور کم ہوتی گئی۔ انتہا یہاں تک پہنچی کہ اب مذہب شعبہ کے علاوہ قسم کھانے کو کوئی دوسرا نہیں دیتا۔ اڈیٹر کی تلاش تو ہم بہت عرصہ پہلے چھوڑ بیٹھے تھے۔ اب خطرہ درپیش ہے کہ کہیں شعبہ بند نہ کرنا پڑے کہ کو بند کرنا بہت آسان ہے، مگر بند کرنے کے لیے دوبارہ چیلنا بہت مشکل ہے۔ ہم رہے ہیں ہر بائوں اور قدروں سے پرورد اور اصرار کرتے ہیں کہ وہ اس محسوس گھڑی کو آسنے نہ دیں، مگر یہ بھی ممکن ہو سکتا ہے جب وہ شعبہ اُردو کے لئے کچھ بلکہ کچھ بھیجیں۔ کہانی، غزل، نظم، افسانہ، مزاحیہ اسٹیج وغیرہ وغیرہ۔ ان کے تعاون سے یہ شعبہ ان کی خدمت سزا دیتا رہے گا۔ ہمیں امید واثق ہے کہ ہماری التجا قبول فرمائے گی۔

منزل مشہور ہے کہ اندھیری رات میں بجلی چمکتی ہے اور یاس کے گھٹا گھور بادل ہی آس کا پیغام لاتے ہیں۔ یہ اعلان کرتے ہوئے بہت خوشی ہے کہ چارے سالوں مدیر اور مدیر بانی پروفیسر کا نڈہ ماہ اکتوبر میں انگلینڈ سے لوٹ رہے ہیں۔ یہ شعبہ ان کا بچہ ہے۔ ان کی سرپرستی دوبارہ حاصل ہوتے ہی پہلی شان سے بھلنا چھوٹا شروع کر دے گا۔ ہیں۔ بچے کے لئے ماں باپ کا سایہ عاطفت دودھ سے بڑھ کر اکیس ہے۔ پروفیسر کا نڈہ فضا نے اُردو ادب میں نئی روح پھونک دیں گے۔ شعر و سخن سے کالج پھر گونجنے لگے گا۔ سوئے ہوئے شعر اور نائل العزم ادیب اپنا قلم ستیھا لیں گے۔ اکھاڑے کے پہلوں جو ہر قلم دکھانے کے لئے صفحے ڈلیں ہیں حسب معمول جلوہ افروز ہوں۔ بزم ادب کی غفلت بلائی جائے گی۔ اغلباً تمثیلی مشاعرہ بھی ہوگا۔ طلباء اور اُستاد صاحبان اُردو ادب کی بہار کے حیرت میں محو لیں گے۔ چاروں طرف 'واہ واہ' کے نعرے لگیں گے۔ یوں کہیے کہ دوبارہ سماں بندھ جائے گا بقول طرزی بجا

تمہارے ساتھ گیا تھا ہمارا موسم
تمہارے ساتھ ہی آئیں گے دن بہاروں کے

(مدیر)

فضائل لاکھ ہوں، لیکن محبت ہی نہیں جس میں
فرشتہ ہو، خدا ہو، کچھ بھی ہو، انسان نہیں ہونا
(قرآن گورکھ پوری)

دیش بندھو کالج کالجی۔ نئی دہلی کا علمی اور ادبی تحریک

دیش

نگران :- رتھری وی۔ این پسرپچہ۔ زیبا

۱۔ اداویہ	تہذیب	۲
۲۔ دود غزلیں	زیبا	۳
۳۔ مکڑی کا جالا	شرعی رادھا کرشن مسود	۴
۴۔ بہار سخن	از زیبا	۱۳
۵۔ مستقبل کے معمار	از پریم ناہر	۱۵
۶۔ اچھا آدمی (نظم)		۱۶

Homage to Gurudev
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(7 May, 1861—7 August, 1941)



DESH SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY, 1962.

**'The world has kissed my soul with
its pain, asking for its return in song'**

Gurudev : Stray Birds : CLXVII

CONTENTS

		Page
1. Rabindranath Tagore (Poem)	<i>Shri Hamayun Kabir</i>	1
2. Editorial : Our homage to Gurudev	<i>R. K. S.</i>	2
3. Rabindranath Tagore—the Humanist	<i>Shri Ashit Sanyal</i>	6
4. A Pilgrimage to the Realms of Gold	<i>Shri Radha Krishna Sud</i>	8
5. 'Where the mind is without Fear'	<i>Gurudev</i>	18
6. The Sheaves of Gold : Selections from Gurudev's Poems	...	19
7. Tagore—On Nationalism	<i>Shri R. C. Pillai</i>	32
8. 'What is this melody that overflows my Life'	<i>Gurudev</i>	36
9. The magic touch of Gurudev's Songs	<i>C.F. Andrews</i>	37
10. Tagore : the significance of his Life & Work	<i>Shri J. K. Jain</i>	38
11. An Anecdote	<i>Gurudev</i>	45
12. The National Anthem	<i>Gurudev</i>	46
13. Our Gem of many Facets (from Gurudev's Writings)		48
14. मरिते चाहि न आमि	<i>Shri Om Prakash Kohli</i>	53
15. मंजरी (अनुवाद)	<i>Shri Om Prakash Kohli</i>	57
16. Trends in Tagore	<i>Dr. R. Bharadwaj</i>	60
17. At midnight the would be ascetic announced	<i>Gurudev</i>	65
18. The August Assembly (Homage)	...	66
19. My Mistress of the Line	<i>Gurudev</i>	67
20. The Drawings and Paintings of Tagore	<i>Shri Adarsh Deepak</i>	68
21. Mukta-Dhara	<i>R. K. Sud</i>	77
22. लाल कनेर और उसका सन्देश	<i>Shri Ram Lal Varma</i>	84
23. The 'Child' Poetry of Tagore	<i>Miss Aruna Bhattacharya</i>	86
24. One of the few, the immortal names, (Tributes)	...	91

We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the Visva-Bharati and the Rabindra Sadan, Calcutta, for reproducing Gurudev's paintings and doodling.

"Take my lute in thine own hand
and play it, Master."

Rabindranath Tagore



'The Sage who knows love's utter wisdom'

(Photo by Shri S. P. Gwandi)

Rabindranath Tagore

By Shri Hamayun Kabir

A snow-capped volcano in undulating plain
Lifts up its proud head; near its foot
Cluster the vine and the soft streams flow :
Men come and go and build their homes
And pass their days in homely joys and fears.
The mountain keeps them company, sends to them
Its love in flowing streams and gentle rain.
And yet the mountain lives alone
In distant splendour. Lightnings flash,
The thunder shoots up tongues of flame—
Tries to reach the snowy heights in vain.
The fire of fourscore* summers in your heart,
Fourscore winters' wisdom on your crest
Shine in forms of beauty in deathless verse.

(Mahatma and other Poems)

*7 May, 1941

Editorial :

Our Homage to Gurudev

"In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,
As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering trees".

What homage would you have, revered Gurudev, from your readers' hearts overflowing with love, adoration and gratitude ?

Our Poet, is it not your delight to stand at the portals of our lips and listen to us sing your eternal harmonies ?

The world you wove with your words and melodies your infinite love gave to us to live in for ever and for ever more. Your sweetness shall abide therein and through them tingle in the beatings of our hearts as long the morning stars dance, the breezes blow and the waves of the sea rise and fall. Our voices shall mix with your voice and rise like the fountain spray to sing the glory of the Lord who is your Master and our Heavenly Father. Your songs shall inspire us to take courage and approach the Almighty without fear, hesitation or restraint. He is ours and we are His

children. He created us out of infinite mercy and love. We must adore Him. We must worship Him. What better offering can we make to Him than your songs which He inspired and which He liked you to sing in your endearing and pleasing voice.

O Poet-Saint of India ! You brought back to us the heritage of our ancestors and saved us from drifting in the turmoil of the mechanistic age. You laid us back at the feet of God; you saved our souls from getting parched. You restored to us the wealth of divine songs at a time when we were being carried away by flashy tunes of doubtful appeal.

You have opened our ears to the rhythm that creates and sustains life. You have awakened our eyes to the perpetual dawn of Eternal Joy that knows no bounds of time, space or place.....Joy

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

We are always agog to hear your intimations of the arrival of the Lord :

"Have you not heard his silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every day, every night he comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their notes have always proclaimed, 'He comes, comes, ever comes.'

In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine.

(Gitanjali : XLV)

Gurudev, we lamentably lack words to express our gratitude to you for all that you did for us in word, deed and, more than these, in song. We cherish your noble image in the shrines of our hearts. We render to you every day of our lives what is rightfully yours : our homage. And our homage is your songs sung in our tunes.

Our scintillating diamond ; our prismatic genius ! Through you the Infinite bewitches us with His spectral colours. The One and the Infinite displays His refulgent glory in the finite and the human : all things in Himself and Himself in all things !

"The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day

runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

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

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

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

(Gitanjali : LXIX)

The strife-torn heart of humanity bleeds. Your message of universal peace, equality and brotherhood soothes the burning pain with its balm. Your invocation to the Buddha is an impassioned appeal for our welfare,

"The world today is wild with the delirium of hatred, the conflicts are cruel and unceasing in anguish, crooked are its paths, tangled its bonds of greed.

All creatures are crying for a new birth of thine.

O Thou of boundless life, save them, raise thine eternal voice of hope,

let Love's lotus with its inexhaustible treasure of honey

open its petals in thy light.

O Serene, O Free, in thine immeasurable mercy and goodness

wipe away all dark stains from the heart of this earth.

(Natir Puja : Act II)

Your lines addressed to Jesus Christ are unequivocal denouncement of the modern man's ignorance of the divine in him and his consequent lust for all that is false, futile, fickle and demeaning : his lust for power, his reliance upon brutal force, his exploitation of the poor and the weak; and his heedless race for self-destruction—denouncement that reminds us that unless the mad world heeds to your warning—a very timely warning too—it will invoke the wrath of God upon itself.

"...Christ looks about Him, and sees the weapons of evil that wounded His own age. The arrogant spikes and spears, the slim, sly knives, the scimitars in diplomatic sheath, crooked and cruel, are hissing and raising sparks as they are sharpened on monster wheels. But the most fearful of them all, at the hands of the slaughterers, are those on which has been engraved His own name, that are fashioned from the texts of His own words fused in the fire of hatred, and hammered by hypocritical greed... They had hurt him once, standing at the shadow of their temple ; they are born anew in crowds. From before their sacred altar they shout to the soldiers, 'Strike! And the Son of Man in agony cries, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'"

(The Fugitive and other Poems :
The Son of Man)

The heart-rending cries of suffering humanity you listened to on your death-bed. You knew the disease and the sure remedy for it. Even though it caused you considerable

pain you wrote out the diagnosis and the prescription. Like a true Prophet of Man you sounded the alert. Your voice resounded throughout the sick, despairing and mad world. You did your last bit for us and left it to us to heed the warning and turn back or fall headlong into the abyss.

"When I see Man
Helpless within the walls
Of his unbearable suffering,
I do not know
Where he will find consolation.
I know the root of this suffering
Is in his riotous living,
Is in his folly.
But this knowledge brings no
comfort.
When I know
The truth that is hidden
In Man's spiritual striving
Is beyond pleasure and pain—
Then do I realize
That those Seekers who make
fruitful
This truth in their lives,
Are the ultimate goal of Man's
destiny.

(Regasajya : No. 29)

Gurudev, you have rightly assessed your value for us. You are one of the Seekers of the greatest Truth; hence one of the race to which the Buddha and Jesus belong. Your name is written in letters of gold and shall shine along with the Pole-Star—a delight to the heavens.

Other will praise you as an educationist, as an artist, as a great humanist and a philosopher. We adore you for your songs. We love and

cherish your ever-abiding memory as a Revealer of God, a Redeemer of Man and as a champion of the oppressed and down trodden. May your songs help us to know and worship God and serve the cause of humanity! May your prayers be our daily prayers :

(I)

This is my prayer to thee, my lord
—strike, strike at the root of
penury in my heart.
Give me the strength lightly to
bear my joys and sorrows.
Give me the strength to make my
love fruitful in service.
Give me the strength never to
disown the poor or bend my
knees before insolent might.
Give me the strength to raise my
mind high above daily trifles.
And give me the strength to sur-
render my strength to thy will

with love.

(Gitanjali : No. XXXVI)

(II)

Let only that little be left of me
whereby I may name thee my all.
Let only that little be left of my
will whereby I may feel thee on
every side, and come to thee in
everything, and offer to thee my
love every moment.
Let only that little be left of me
whereby I may never hide thee.
Let only that little of my fetters
be left whereby I am bound with
thy will, and thy purpose is
carried out in my life—and that
is the fetter of thy love.

(Gitanjali : No. XXXIV)

These prayers will give the world
another heart and other pulses.

(R. K. S.)

I do not belong to any religious sect nor do I subscribe to any particular creed. This I know that the moment my God has created me He has made Himself mine. He is ever active in the unfolding of my being through experiences of life and in the enfolding of it with the varied forces and beauties of this world. The very fact of my existence carries an eternal guarantee of love.

(From Gurudev's letter to Mrs. Kate Ohly)

Rabindranath Tagore—The Humanitarian

By Shri Ashit Sanyal B. Sc., Old Student

Visva Kavi Rabindra Nath Tagore was a poet, and a seer; but above all he was a lover of man.

He did not believe in the religion which denounces the material world—the creation of God. He believed in the humanity of God or the divinity of Man. In a conversation with Dr. Einstein he said 'My religion is in the reconciliation of the super-personal Man, the universal human spirit in my own individual being.' He believed in a world in which the individual is unique and essential for the eternal purpose.

Criticizing the orthodox Hindu ways, he said: 'Our attention is directed one-sidedly towards the inner world. We turn away with disdain from the sphere of power and expansion. We want to recognize Brahma by inward contemplation, only in His perfection. We do not want to see His development in the life and tumult of the world. That is why we so often find our seekers after God, the ecstasy of the spirit and the decline resulting therefrom. Their faith does not know of any lawfully imposed limitations; their phantasy soars into the unlimited. Their spirit wears itself out in the attempt to see Brahma separate from His creation, and their heart which tries to embrace

Him wholly in its out-pourings, loses itself in drunken enthusiasm. They have failed to take into account the loss of strength and character which humanity suffers if it disregards lawful conditions and the demands made on its energy by the outside world.'

Tagore's demand in favour of recognizing 'lawful limitation' is of epoch-making significance. He appealed for activity, initiative and diligence because otherwise it is not possible to live as a man should. That is why he said in the *Gitanjali* :

"Leave this chanting and singing
and telling of beads,

Whom dost thou worship in this
lonely dark corner of a temple
With doors all shut ?

Open thine eyes and see thy God
is not before thee,

He is there where the tiller
is tilling the hard ground

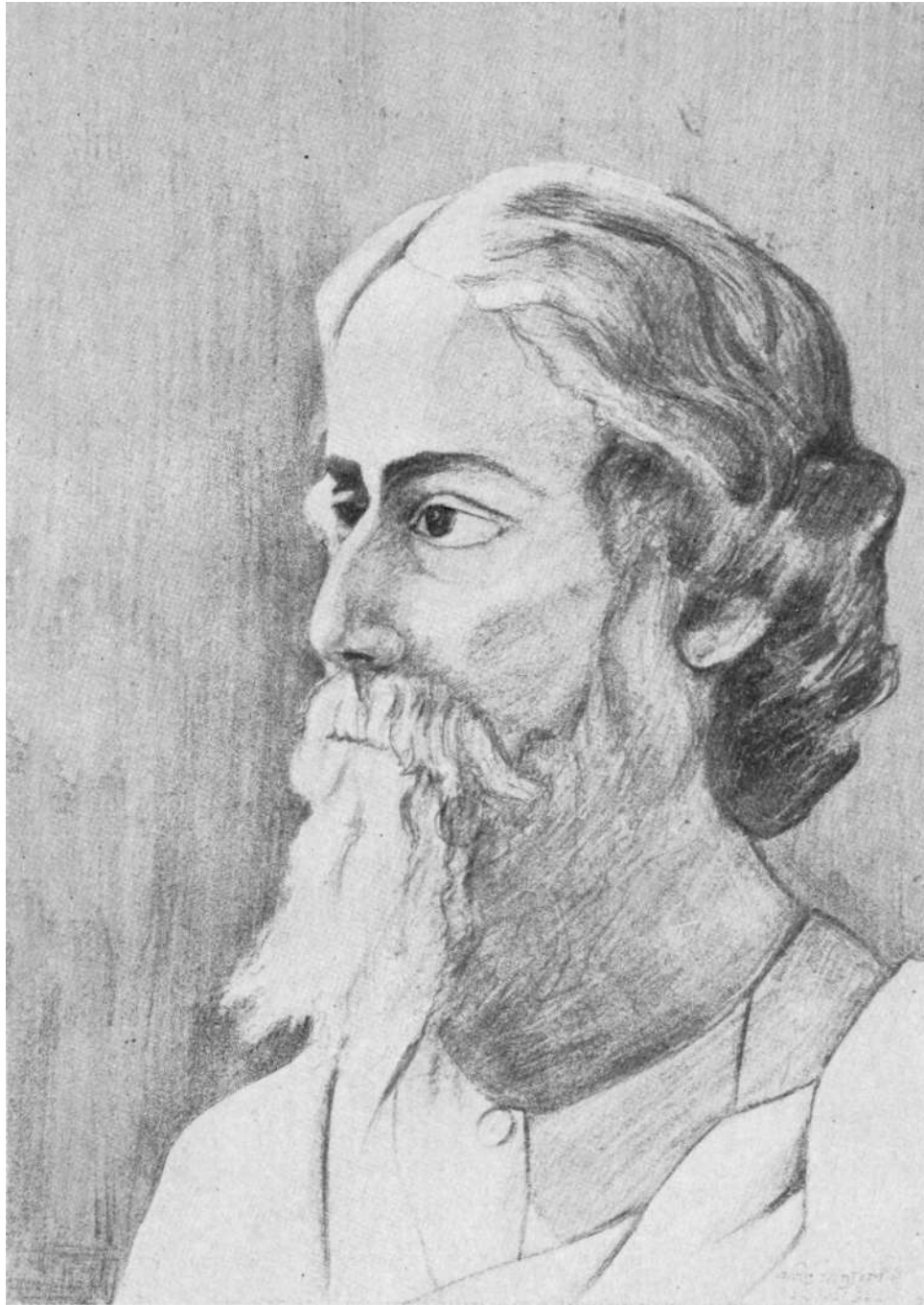
And the path-maker is breaking
the stones,

He is with them in sun and in
shower,

And his garment is covered with
dust.

Put off thy holy mantle and even
like him

Come down to the dusty soil.



'At whose touch silence flames into music'

(Pencil Sketch by Shri Ashit Sanyal, Old Student)

My heart is on fire with the flame of thy songs.
It spreads and knows no bounds.
It dances swinging its arms in the sky,
 burning up the dead and the decaying.
The silent stars watch it from across the darkness.
The drunken winds come rushing upon it
 from all sides.
O, this fire, like a red lotus, spreads its
 petals in the heart of the night.

(Poems : No. 54)

Come out of thy meditations
 And leave aside thy flowers and
 incense.
 What harm is there if thy clothes
 become tattered and stained ?
 Meet him and stand by him in toil
 and in the sweat of thy brow."

Again in *Naivedya* he said :

"Leave me not in the soft lap
 of comfort and vain dreams,
 But make me fit and free in the
 field of action."

It is noteworthy here to see how much the illiteracy and poverty of India moved Tagore. In one of his letters he writes "Diseases of different kind are prevailing in all the houses, but nobody is there to help. Is it possible to bear so much unhealthiness, negligence, and poverty in the abode of Man? We have been defeated by all sorts of powers. We endure the torture of Nature, the torture of the king and also we are dumb against the torture of dogmas".

In the *Gardener* Tagore calls for the 'poet' to come down to the material world and says :-

"Let these stunned and pale and
 dumb mouths find voice. Let
 hope resound in these shrivelled,
 tired and battered breasts."

Tagore believed in industrialization but feared the power-intoxication of the West:

"We see how in the West man is
 mainly preoccupied with the striving

to expand outwards. The free field of power is his realm. He is only interested in the world of spatial expansion and does not want to have anything to do with the world of inner consciousness where his perfection lies.

.....It seems as if these people were ready to seize everything by force and to despoil it. They do not know the beauty of perfection". He appealed to the modern world, "Let us, the dreamers of the East and the West, keep our faith firm in the life that creates and not the machine that constructs; in the power that hides its force and blossoms in beauty and not in the power that bares its arms and chuckles at its capacity to make itself obnoxious. Let us know that machine is good when it helps us, but not so when it exploits life; that science is great when it destroys evil, but not when the two enter into an unholy alliance".

Tagore wanted a true synthesis of the Eastern spiritualism and the Western materialism to form a millenium.

"Where the mind is without fear
 and the head is held high,
 Where knowlege is free ;
 Where the world has not been
 broken up into fragments by
 narrow domestic walls ;
 Where words come out from the
 depth of truth ;
 Where tireless striving stretches
 its arms towards perfection ;
 Where the clear stream of reason
 has not lost its way into the
 dreary desert sand of dead habits."

A Pilgrimage to the Realms of Gold : Gurudev, The Poet of Effulgent Joy.

By Shri Radha Krishna Sud

"Poetry," wrote Shelley, "is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds... It is as it were the interpretation of a diviner nature through our own. ... Poetry ... makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide- ... Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man."

"A poet, as he is the author to others of the highest wisdom, pleasure virtue and glory, so he ought personally to be the happiest, the best, the wisest, and the most illustrious of men."

Shelley must have written the above words in a moment of prophecy: every word is most true of Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore and his poetry. Poetry of Gurudev was the means of realizing the Divine and the Infinite in, around and beyond the Finite world and the eternal principle of joyful life—the Creative Life — that sustains the stars, the flowers, the

waves and the particles of dust alike. It is only with the grace of God that such realization is possible and to the most chosen sons of the Lord is entrusted the holy task of communicating it to their less fortunate brethren. The poet, who is possessed of the Joy Eternal, is bound to break forth into a flood of song : he cannot hold back and contain it; it must ripple forth like the free flow of the water of the fountain Aganippe on Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses. Gurudev is intensely conscious of the honour and the responsibility— it is both—; he is the medium through whom Divine Joy passes to his readers and his poems are everlasting records of his contacts with Divinity for the good of generations to come.

"It has fallen upon me, the service
of the singer.

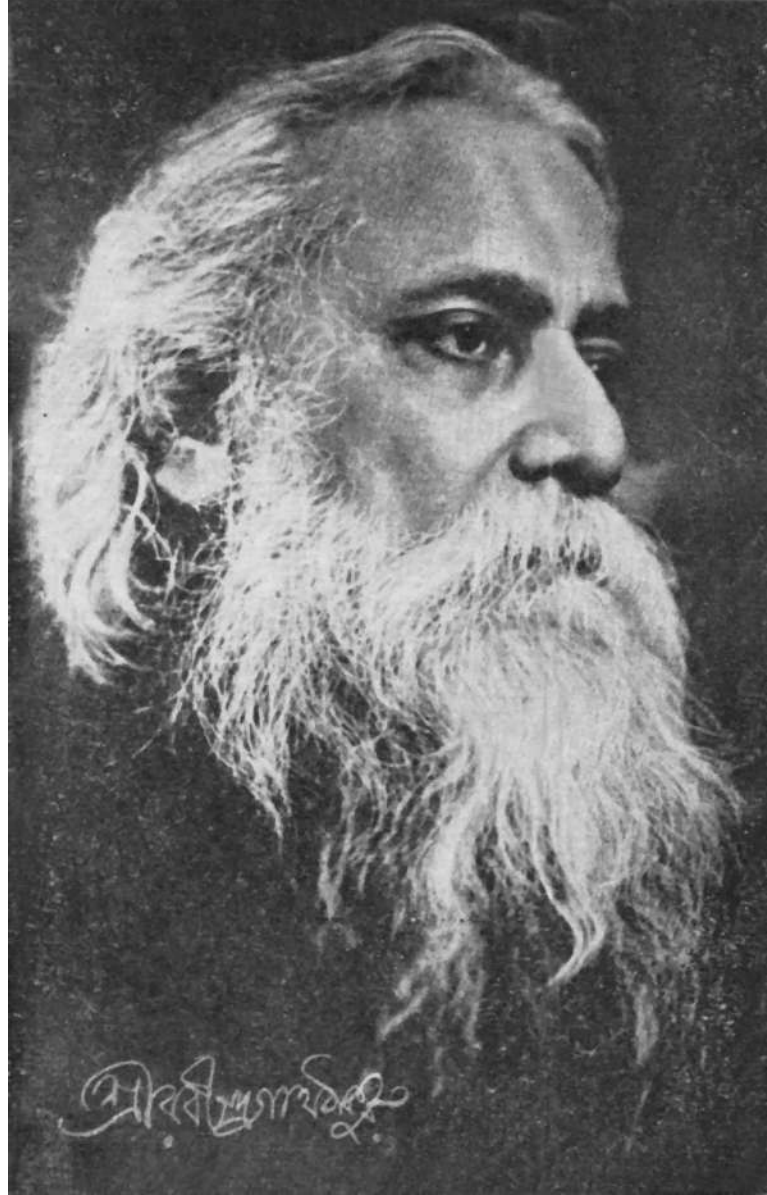
In my songs I have voiced thy
spring flowers, and given
rhythm to the rustling leaves.

I have sung into the hush of thy
night and peace of thy morning.

The thrill of the first summer
rains has passed into my tunes,
and the waving of the autumn
harvest.

I am a poet of the earth :
my flute re-plays its tunes,
I fill its callings with my dreams
and hear the harmony in the
silent hours of my heart.
Inaccessible snowy ranges
call me ever again
with music unheard.
The Polar-star, far, alone,
has touched my sleepless eyes.
The waterfall
dances in my heart as I have heard
the primal song of nature.
I have heard the symphony of being.*

**Quoted from Amiya Chakravarti : A Tagore Reader.
Page 366*



'Sweet is the world, sweet the dust of it.'

(Photo by Mrs. Ananda Coomaraswamy)

Let not thy songs cease at last, My
Master, when thou breakest my
heart to come into my house,
but let it burst into welcome."

(Crossing : LXXIII)

The Gitanjali opens with the celebrated song in which the poet acknowledges his indebtedness to the Divine for inspiration to write his songs, day after day, night, after night, year after year and life after life. If his songs thrill the listeners and readers the credit is not the poet's; it is of the Divine Singer and Inspirer whose music reverberates in the winds and whose tunes mingle with the swing of the waves. This interplay of the cosmic and the human minds is the greatest of miracles which the poet can testify to—the poet and the sage alone in their heart of hearts dance to the Divine rhythm.

"Thou hast made me endless, such
is thy pleasure. This frail vessel
thou emptiest again and again,
and fillest it ever with fresh life.
This little flute of a reed thou
hast carried over the hills and
dales, and hast breathed through
it melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy
hands my little heart loses its
limits in joy and gives birth to
utterance ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me
only on these very small hands
of mine. Ages pass, and still
thou pourest, and still there is
room to fill."

(Gitanjali : I)

What a happy relationship this is

between God and His Poet. The more
he sings of Him and His Grace, the
more he longs for singing of them.
No wonder that the poet, being
human, on occasions, when he is
simply carried away by his songs,
forgets himself — his humble en-
tity — and begins to feel proud of
being the Divine Master's cherished
Singer. Nay, he goes one step further
and calls himself, in moments of
drunkenness, as it were, the Lord's
friend. His soul is washed completely
of the earthly dross and the sense of
separateness.

"When thou commandest me to
sing, it seems to me that my
heart would break with pride;
and I look to thy face, and tears
come to my eyes.

All that is harsh and dissonant in
my life melts into one sweet
harmony — and my adoration
spreads wings like a glad bird on
its flight across the sea.

I know thou takest pleasure in my
singing. I know that only as a
singer I come before thy pre-
sence.

I touch by the edge of the far-
spreading wing of my song thy
feet which I could never aspire
to reach.

Drunk with the joy of singing I
forget myself and call thee friend
who art my lord."

(Gitanjali : II)

Should the poet apologize for this
impudence and lapse of prudence?
No, he dare not. For does not the
Lord like to be called his friend? Bet-

ween friends — and between friends alone — there can be perfect understanding and full affinity. In calling himself a friend of the Lord the poet is not transgressing the bounds of decorum and good manners but simply acknowledging that all that he feels or knows is due to his relationship with the Lord. The relationship, to say the least, is not unilateral but bilateral and the Lord and His Poet are equally happy about it. So far as the poet is concerned he cannot resist the call of the Divine Singer just as the Gopis of Brindaban could not but respond to the enchanting strains of the Flute of Lord Krishna.

“Oh, I expire in bliss. I expire,
 Who calls me on the flute?
 I thought I would remain at home
 I would not go out — but tell me
 what shall I do
 The flute sings outside.
 I have heard it play in the bower
 On the banks of Jamuna
 The music floating in the evening
 breeze.
 Oh, I must go and tell you
 Your flute has played into life . . .
 It has played into my life indeed . . .

(Maitraye Devi: Tagore
 by Fireside...Page 41)

And the Lord is, indeed, very happy and proud of the poet's offering of his songs prompted by the Divine wish that he must sing to Him of Him and of His love for him. The joy, therefore, is mutual.

It is difficult to say who is the happier out of the two: the singer

or the Inspirer of the songs sung by the poet. The situation is pleasantly intriguing. With Sir Roger de Coverley we may say that much might be said on both sides.

“What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?

My poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind and the joy is adding music to them. Thou givest thyself to me in love and then feelest thine own entire sweetness in me.”

(Gitanjali: LXV)

It is a direct admission by the Lord that He accepts gladly His own gift of the poet's songs. The Lord inspires the poet's songs and gives him tunes and the poet gives to Him the joy thereof. A good bargain, indeed. The poet, really speaking, is twice blessed in as far as in taking he gives and in giving back he takes. Thus both the Lord and His singer are richer thereby: the mutual exchange of joy: the Divine and the Human are enriched manifold. This is the great Ministry of Joy which sustains the universe even in the face of Death. The poet will go on singing till the Lord goes on listening to his songs unperturbed and undisturbed.

“If you would it so, I will end my singing.

If it sets your heart aflutter, I will
take away my eyes from your
face. . . ."

(The Gardener : XLVII)

If his songs please the Lord and he blesses him for it; the Earth needs them all the more. He feels for the Earth as he loves her and her children. Sweet is the world, "Sweet the dust of it," he wrote in *Arogya*. If he must offer his songs to the Lord because they are His, he needs must liberate the heart of the Earth from muteness; that is, release the long-pent up urge of her for meeting the Lord. If his songs have helped him to touch the Divine Feet with his far-spreading wings of song he is sure they will help the Earth as well. In a long poem in the *Gardener* (No : LXXIII) he admits that the 'patient and dusky Earth' does not possess 'infinite wealth', enough food for her children, 'perfect gladness' and toys which are not fragile. She cannot satisfy 'all our hungry hopes'; its smiles are shadowed with pain and her love knows no fulfilment.

"From your breast you have fed
us with life but not immortality,
that is why your eyes are always
wakeful.

For ages you are working with
colour and song, yet your heaven
is not built, but only its sad
suggestion.

Over your creations of beauty
there is the mist of tears. I will
pour my songs into your mute
heart, and my love into your
love."

The poet with the help of his songs

will eke the efforts of the Earth to become Heaven. The wings provided by the poet will enable the moth to reach the stars; the Finite world will jump off to Eternity. Such a one as he will never think of renouncing the world. "You cannot satisfy all our hopes?" he asked the Earth and replied, "But should I desert you for that? Your love which knows not fulfilment is sweet to my eyes." The many bonds of Delight—the colour, fragrance, soft touch, love, companionship, and sweet memories of childhood: endear the world to him. He has bitterness, pain, sorrow and grief. He loves the Earth all the more because of that.

"Deliverance is not for me in
renunciation.

I feel the embrace of freedom in a
thousand bonds of delight.

Thou ever pourest for me the
fresh draught of thy wine of
various colours and fragrance,
filling this earthen vessel to the
brim.

My world will light its hundred
different lamps with thy flame
and place them before the altar
of thy temple.

No, I will never shut the doors of
my senses. The delights of sight
and hearing and touch will bear
thy delight.

Yes, all my illusions will burn into
illumination of joy, and all my
desires ripen into fruits of love."

(Gitanjali : LXXIII)

Joy is writ large over the universe ;
only we must have the poet's eyes
to see, ears to hear and senses to

breathe it. He reverts to this idea again and again in his poems. In a delightful little poem addressed to his readers a hundred years hence he poses a simple question and answers it.

“Who are you, reader, reading my poems an hundred years hence ?
I cannot send you one single flower from this wealth of the spring, one single streak of gold from yonder clouds.

Open your doors and look abroad.
From your blossoming garden gather fragrant memories of the vanished flowers of an hundred years before.

In the joy of your heart you feel living joy that sang one spring morning, sending its glad voice across an hundred years.”

(The Gardener : LXXV)

The poet with the spirit of the eternal child in him assures the children of the world that his songs will be their best friend, guide and philosopher. It is no exaggeration: his songs are the symbols of perennial delight and wonder. The child himself is nothing else but a living symbol of delight. Long after the poet is dead and gone his songs will speak for him and his undying love for children.

“This song of mine will wind its music around you, my child, like the fond arms of love.

This song of mine will touch your forehead like a kiss of blessing.

.....

My song will be like a pair of wings to your dreams, it will transport your heart to the verge of the unknown.

It will be like the fruitful star overhead when dark night is over your road.

My song will sit in the pupils of your eyes, and will carry your sight into the heart of things.

And when my voice is silent in death, my song will speak in your living heart.

(The Crescent Moon : My Song)

The joy of living defies death. Through death we attain life. Death is no terror to him. It cannot shake his faith in life's eternity and the joy and beauty of it. It is the Spring that he delights in the most.

“On the shores of endless worlds, children meet.

The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds

(The Crescent Moon :
On the Seashore)

In spring the earth is tingling with youth”. He records his worship of it in *The Cycle of Spring*: a book dedicated to Life recreating itself out of its own ashes.

"The fire of April leaps from
 forest to forest,
 Flashing up in leaves and flowers
 from all nooks and corners.
 The sky is thriftless with colours,
 The air delirious with songs,
 The wind-tost branches of the
 woodland
 Spread their unrest in our blood,
 The air is filled with bewilderment
 of mirth,
 And the breeze rushes from flower
 to flower, asking their names."

(The Cycle of Spring)

Why are we born again and again?
 Is there any sense in it? Can we say
 that the Lord thereby has some mys-
 terious purpose to fulfil? The poet's
 reply is that we pursue the joy of
 being one with Him. Real deliver-
 ance will be achieved when this objec-
 tive of human birth and death and
 rebirth is attained. He is every where
 but before we are satisfied, He must
 be enshrined within us. There is no
 doubt that He is within us also but
 we must be aware of His Presence,
 both within and without us. The
 unconscious awareness must become
 conscious awakening.

"I wander along seeking him
 Who is in me, in me.
 He is ..and because He is...my
 sky blooms in the night,
 And my morning blooms flowers
 in the forest ..
 Because He is, there is play of
 light in my eyes,
 Play of endless forms, hues in
 black and white .."

(Maitraye Devi : Tagore by
 Fireside : Page 89)

The poet will seek his deliverance
 for that is his destiny. The joy of
 his heart must merge itself with the
 joy of the cosmos : that is with "the
 rhythm of the dancing cosmos." The
 pursuit eternal must continue for the
 delight of it. And it must continue
 notwithstanding the terrors of death
 (if any) and the tumbling inconve-
 niences of human life (usually highly
 exaggerated),

"Who can say that the ever knew
 the unknowable?
 Lured by the love of the unknown
 Even when we have attained all,
 We pursue the unattainable.
 Yet the heart dances,
 In an unaccountable joy—
 Joining in the rhythm of the
 dancing cosmos.
 In that rhythm I have my
 deliverance,
 I will evade death through the
 path of death."

(Ibid : Page 13)

He will sing his way to the Eter-
 nal as joyously as he had done
 throughout his life. With singing
 he began his 'official' career and
 with singing he must end it. He
 must be true to his duty and incident-
 ally to himself. What matters in life
 here and beyond is the faith that the
 One reveals Himself in infinite varie-
 ty because He delights in it. Just
 as the flowers must impregnate the
 atmosphere with their fragrance, so
 does the Lord fill the entire universe
 with His delight. This is the highest
 of lessons that we can learn and need
 to learn. This gives us joy while we
 live, solace when we are distressed.

hope when we are assailed by despair
and peace when we quit the world at
the journey's end.

"Ever in my life have I sought
thee with my songs.
It was they who led me from door
to door, and with them have I
felt about me, searching and
touching my world.
It was my songs that taught me
all the lessons I ever learnt; they
showed me secret paths, they
brought before my sight many a
star on the horizon of my heart.
They guided me all the day long
to the mysteries of the country
of pleasure and pain, and at
last, to what palace gate have
they brought me in the evening
at the end of my journey."

(Gitanjali : LI)

Not only that. He will continue
to sing even after his death : 'I know
you',

"Some day I shall sing to thee in
the sunrise of some other world.
I have seen thee before in the
light of the earth, in the love of
man."

(Stray Birds : CCXC)

He has been once guilty of a delusion, though a pleasant one. He was involved in the riddle that 'the eternally afar' is 'for ever near'. He is glad that now he understands that the riddle was no riddle at all ; 'the afar' you always long for and 'the near' gives you a taste of 'the afar' and makes you long for Him. The sweet nearer home acts like the pull of the load-

stone towards the sweetest sweet afar.
Our delight lies in being pulled nearer
and nearer.

"When we two first met my heart
rang out in music 'She who is
eternally afar is beside you for
ever,'

The music is silent, because I have
grown to believe that my love
is only near, and have forgotten
that she is also far, far away.

Music fills the infinite between
two souls. This has been muffled
by the mist of our daily habits.

On shy summer nights, when the
breeze brings a vast murmur out
of the silence, I sit up my bed
and mourn the great loss of her
who is beside me. I ask myself?
'When shall I have another
chance to whisper to her words
with the rhythm of eternity in
them ?'

Wake up, my song, from the lan-
guor, rend this screen of the
familiar, and fly to my beloved
there, in the endless surprise of
our first meeting."

(The Fugitive and other
Poems : XIX)

To the poet the loss of his music
will be suicidal ; their loss means the
loss of the joy of pursuit of the
Lord's feet... 'the afar'.

"My songs are like bees ; they
follow through the air some
fragrant trace—some memory—
of you, to hum around your
shyness, eager for its hidden
store."

(Ibid : VII)

No regrets! This is what distinguishes the poetry of Gurudev from the poetry of the age in which he lived and for which he wrote. His poems on Man, Christ and the Buddha clearly show that he felt for the suffering humanity and prayed for the return of peace and faith. But himself he had no regrets of any kind. It is wrong to say that he knew no pain, pangs or sorrows. He endured all these with faith in the Lord's will and with fortitude. His invincible belief that it is Joy that remains ultimately helped him to live and sing his songs. His last songs are a testimony to it. If we read them every day they are sure to lighten our existence and sweeten our living. Imagine him standing on the threshold of the Beyond and listen to him sing :

"In this life I have received the blessing
Of the Beautiful One,
And in the love of man tasted her nectar.
In sorrow's unbearable day,
I have come to know the soul
That is beyond defeat, beyond hurt.
The day Death's imminent shadow touched me,
I did not own defeat at the hand of fear.
I have not been deprived of the touch of Man Supreme---
His imperishable message I have gathered to my heart,
And in grateful remembrance cherish the gifts
Received from the Lord of Life.

(Aragya : No. 29)

We are touched to the core of

our hearts and find it very difficult to hold back our tears when he takes leave of us all. How simple are his words; how humble and peaceful is the strain in which they are couched. We wish that when it is our turn to lay down our mantles we too could do so with gratitude to the Lord and our kith and kin alike.

"I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!

I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door--and I give up all claims to my house. I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.

At this time of my parting, wish me good luck, my friends! The sky is flushed with the dawn and my path lies beautiful.

Ask not what I have with me to take there. I start on my journey with empty hands and expectant heart.

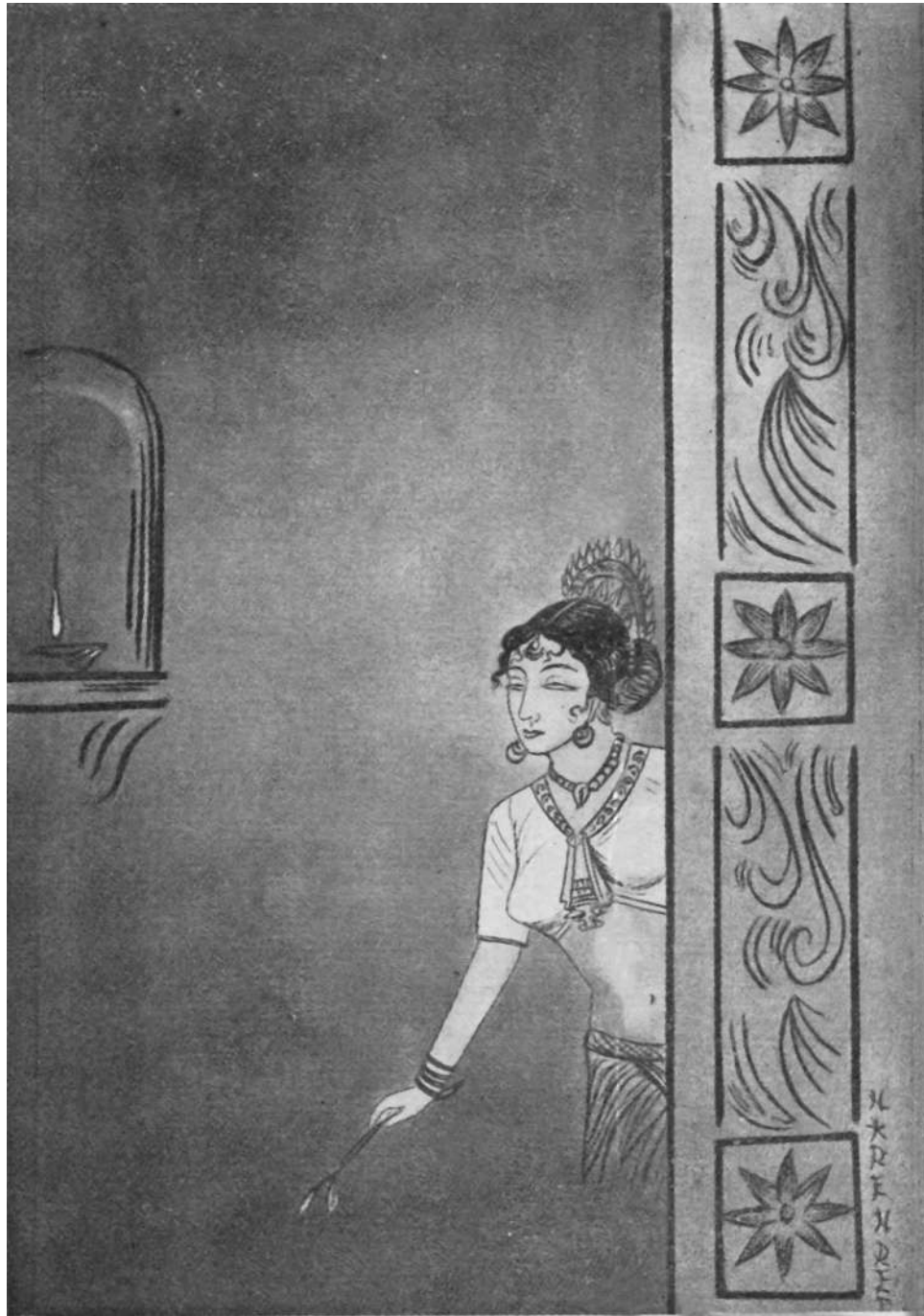
I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not the red-brown dress of the traveller, and though there are dangers on the way I have no fear in my mind.

The evening star will come out when my voyage is done and the plaintive notes of the twilight melodies be struck up from the King's gateway."

(Gitanjali XCIV)

For a mere nothing fill me with gladness.
Only hold my hand in your hand.
In the deepening night take up my heart
and play with it as you wish. Bind
me close to you with nothing.
I shall spread myself out at your feet:
and lie still.
I shall meet silence with silence
under this sky.
I shall become one with the night,
clasping the earth to my breast.
Make my life glad with nothing.
The rains sweep the sky from end to end,
In the wild wet wind jasmines revel in
their own perfume.
The cloud-hidden stars thrill in secret.
Let me fill my heart to the full with
nothing but my own depth of joy.

(Poems : No 45)



'Have you not heard his silent step ?
He comes, comes, for ever comes.'

(Pencil drawing by Narender. Old Student)

accepted. The Divine Seal has been put on them and he has become a member of the Divine Choir.

“You have made me great with your love, though I am but one among the many, drifting in the common tide, rocking in the fluctuant favour of the world. You have given me a seat where poets of all time bring their tribute, and lovers with deathless names greet one another across the ages. Men hastily pass me in the market — never noting how my body has grown precious with your caress, how I carry your kiss within, as the sun carries in its

orb the fire of the divine touch and shines for ever.”

(The Fugitive and other Poems : II-XI)

The divine chorister is *Visva Kavi* by right of it. Gurudev's living memorials are his songs; the Lord's memorial to him. He himself would have said that his songs were the Lord's, what was his was the singing of them.

“To the birds you gave songs, the birds gave you songs in return.

You gave me only voice, yet asked for more, and I sing.”

(From *From the Fugitive* : LXXVIII)

— — —

Thou hast given us to live.

Let us uphold this honour with all our strength and will ;

For thy glory rests upon the glory that we are.

Therefore in thy name we oppose the power that world plant
its banner upon our soul.

Let us know that thy light grows dim in the heart that bears its
insult of bondage,

That the life, when it becomes feeble,
timidly yields thy throne to untruth,

For weakness is the traitor who betrays our soul.

(Lines from *Poems* : No, 61)

Where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high,
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken
up into fragments by narrow domestic
walls;
Where words come out from the
depth of truth;
Where tireless striving
stretches its arms towards
perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward
by thee into ever-widening
thought and action —
into that heaven of freedom,
my Father,
let my country awake.

Santiniketan Rabindranath Tagore

(Gitanjali : No. XXXV)

THE SHEAVES OF GOLD :

Selections from Gurudev's Poems.

	Page
Love the Many—Splendoured Thing	
(i) You came with the soft grace	... 20
(ii) O woman, you are not the mere handiwork of God	.. 21
(iii) Woman, thou hast made my days of exile	... 21
The Eternal ?	
(i) My life caught in the body's frame,	... 22
(ii) The first day's sun asked	... 22
(iii) They who are near to me do not know	... 22
Lovely Miracle	
(i) "Alas ! who can hold you but the sky ?"	... 23
(ii) Bathed in morning light	... 23
Beware !	
At the old nations' council-chambers	... 24
Abiding Recompense	
(i) Ignored by the tribe, I have wandered about	... 25
(ii) I have ever loved thee in a hundred forms and times	... 26
(iii) Through death and sorrow	... 26
(iv) Blessed am I that I am born to this land and that I had the luck to love her.	... 27
Scintillations	
(i) I touch God in my song	... 27
(ii) In love I pay the endless debt to thee	... 27
Summum Bonum	
(i) I know life is sacred.	... 28
(ii) Work your havoc and pile up the wreck	... 29
The white Radiance of Eternity	
(i) Today in the midst of my birthday	... 30
(ii) The journey nears the road-end	... 30
(iii) Your creation's path you have covered	... 31

Love, the Many-Splendoured Thing

(i)

You came with the soft grace
 Of unripe life,
You brought the first marvel into my heart,
 Into my blood its first tidal bore.
Love's sweetness in imperfect acquaintance
 Was like the fine gold-work
On the black veil of dawn,
 The cover under which wedded eyes first met.
In our minds till then
 Distinct had not been the song of birds ;
The murmur of the forests sounded at times
 And at times died away.

Midst a family of many people
 Quietly began to be created
A secluded world for us two,
 As birds day after day
Gather sticks and straws to build their nests
 So simple were the materials that made up our world.
It was built with floating bits
 Dropped off from the fleeting moments.
Its value was not in its construction,
 Not in the richness of material.

(Lines from Syamali : The Break)

(ii)

O woman, you are not merely the handiwork of God, but also of men ;
these are ever endowing you with beauty from their hearts.
Poets are weaving for you a web with threads of golden imagery ;
painters are giving your form ever new immortality.
The sea gives its pearls, the mines their gold, the summer gardens
their flowers to deck you, to cover you, to make you more precious.
The desire of men's hearts has shed its glory over your youth.
You are one-half woman and one-half dream.

(The Gardener : LIX)

(iii)

Woman, thou hast made my days of exile
tender with beauty,
and hast accepted me to thy nearness
with a simple grace
that is like the smile with which the
unknown star welcomed me
when I stood alone at the balcony and
gazed upon the southern night.
There came the voice from above : We know you,
For you have come as our guest of light."
Even in the same great voice thou hast cried to me : "I know you".
And though I know not thy tongue, Woman,
I have heard it uttered in thy music,—
"You are ever our guest on this earth,
poet, the guest of love."

(Poems : No. 72)

(21)

The Eternal ?

(i)

My life caught in the body's frame,
it has its moments of thrill,
its sudden tremors of consciousness,
why is it so impatient, to speak what ?
To voice the bodiless
The seed sleeps beneath the ground,
the warmth of *chaitra*, the dews of *magha*,
and the rains of *shravana* touch it.
In the heart of the darkness it dreams
of the wonderful-yet-to-be,
is that dream its only fulfilment ?
In dawn's light comes the hour of the flower ;
why it shall never be ?

(*Sesh Saptak No. 9*)*

(ii)

The first day's sun
asked
at the manifestation of new being—
Who are you.
No answer came.
Year after year went by,
the last sun of the day
the last question utters
on the western sea-shore,
in the silent evening—
Who are you,
He gets no answer.

(*Poems : No. 127*)

(iii)

They who are near to me do not know that you are
nearer to me than they are.
They who speak to me do not know that my heart
is full with your unspoken words.
They who crowd in my path do not know I am
walking alone with you.
They who love me do not know that their love
brings you to my heart.

(*Poems : No. 22*)

* Quoted from *The Later Poems of Tagore* by *Sisirhumar Ghosh*.

The Lovely Miracle

(i)

"Alas ! who can hold you but the sky ?"
Cried the dew drop—
"O, Sun, I can dream of you,
 but I cannot serve you.
I have not the strength to grasp you.
So my tiny life is only a teardrop without you."
"I illumine the world
 with the splendour of my light.
Yet I may be held
 by a wee little dew drop,
 and love it."
Replied the beaming Sun,—
"Small in the small, I will fill your being,
and make your little life blossom
 into a smile." *

* From the fly-leaf of *Tagore b, Fireside* by Maitraye Devi

(ii)

Bathed in morning light
All things are made holy and beautiful.
The formless One, the limitless,
With its touchstone creates forms of Joy.
Under the altar of the ever-old
Is consecrated the ever-new.
In sunshine and shadow,
Is woven the cloth of earth
With threads of green and blue.
The leaves dance in rhythm
With the heart-beat of the sky.
From forest to forest,
On the neck of morning
Sparkles the necklace of diamond.
The random songs of birds
Chant their praises to the goddess of life.
The love in the heart of man,
Gives them the touch of immortality—
It makes sweet the dust of earth
And spreads over it
The throne of Eternal Man.

(Arogya : No 2)

(23)

“ B E W A R E ! ”

At the old nations' council-chambers
plans and protests are pressed flat
 between the tight-shut prudent lips.
In the meanwhile across the sky rush
 with their blazing blasphemy
the soulless swarms of vulture-machines
carrying their missiles of ravenous
 passion for human entrails.

Give me power, O awful Judge,
sitting on the throne of Eternity,
give me a voice of thunder,
that I may hurl imprecation
upon this cannibal whose gruesome hunger
spares neither women nor children,
that my words of reproach may ever rock
upon the heart-throbs of a history
 humiliated by itself,
till this age choked & chained
finds the bed of its final rest in its ashes.

(Lines from Poems : No 107)



Abiding Recompense

(i)

Ignored by the tribe,

I have wandered about
hungry for the contact of Man,
the Man whose guest-house
is without walls or sentries.

I found my lonely mates
among those who have come in the great epochs of history
with light, with the voice of peace and benediction,
in the power of the spirit,
the heroes, the sages, the winners of death;
they are my familiars, men of my clan and colour.

In their eternal purity am I ever-pure,
the wayfarers of the path of truth,
worshippers of light, deserving of beatitude.

Man is lost within the bounds of limit.

I have met him beyond the frontiers
of all nations and countries.

To him have I prayed with folded hands,

“O Man of all times, O Man in the hearts of all men, deliver us
from the pride of exclusiveness
flaunting its caste-mark of separation.

O divine Man, blessed am I that I have known you,
from beyond the dark shores,—

I, the uninitiate and the outcast.”

* Quoted from *The Later Poems of Tagore* by Sisir Kumar Ghosh.

(Prantik No. 19)*

(ii)

I have ever loved thee in a hundred forms and times,
Age after age, in birth following birth.
The chain of songs that my fond heart did weave
Thou graciously didst take around thy neck,
Age after age, in birth following birth.

When I listen to the tales of the primitive past,
The love-pangs of the far distant times,
The meetings and partings of the ancient ages,
I see thy form gathering light
Through the dark dimness of Eternity
And appearing as a star ever fixed in the memory of All.

(Poems : No. 6)

(iii)

Through death and sorrow
there dwells peace
in the heart of the Eternal.
Life's current flows without cease,
the sunlight and starlights
carry the smile of existence
and springtime its songs.

Waves rise and fall,
the flowers blossom and fade
and my heart yearns for its place
at the feet of the Endless.

(Poems : No. 33)

(26)

(iv)

Blessed am I that I am born to this land and that I had
the luck to love her.

What care I if queenly treasure is not in her store but
precious enough is for me the living wealth of her love.

The best gift of fragrance to my heart is from her own
flowers and I know not where else shines the moon
that can flood my being with such loveliness.

The first light revealed to my eyes was from her own
sky and let the same light kiss them before they are
closed for ever.

(Poems : No. 38)



SCINTILLATIONS

(i)

I touch God in my song
as the hill touches the far-flung sea
with its waterfall.

(ii)

In love I pay my endless debt to thee
for what thou art.*

* (Fireflies)

(27)

Summum Bonum

(i)

I know life is sacred.
One knows not by what unseen path she has come,
Rising from the fountain of the Unknown,
And taken form in wondrous reality.

Filling his golden pitcher
The sun bathes and purifies life each morning.
This life has given voice
To the day, to the night;
It decks with flowers the temple
For the worship of the Unseen,
And in silent twilight
Kindles the lamp of evening.
Her first love
Life offered to the world.
At her golden touch
All my daily loves blossom forth —
I have loved my beloved,
I have loved the flowers of this world ;
Whatever she touches,
She makes her very own.
With a book she enters the world—
At first the pages are bare,
Gradually they fill,
And when the day ends
The picture becomes clear
And the beads of self-knowledge are strung together.
Then the heedless artist
Draws a black line
Through the letters ;
But a few remain—
Those in letters of gold,
They shine along with the Pole-Star—
A delight to the heavens.”

(Last Poems : No. 7)

(28)

(ii)

Work your havoc and pile up the wreck
yet in the midst of this ruin
the luminous spot of inward joy
will burn bright as ever.
For it was fed day after day on the heavenly wine
which the Gods pour on earth through every sight and sound.
I had loved them all
and sung of that love.
That love has lifted me above your bounds,
the love that shall abide, even though its words grow feeble,
defaced by constant use.

On this love of mine have traced their autographs
the pollen of the mango - blossom,
and the dew-cooled fragrance of the *sephalika*
the twitterings of the *doels* in early dawn
and the rapturous touch of the beloved.

When I take my leave of you, O Earth,
take back from me, carefully reckoning,
all that you had vouchsafed to me,
the outfit and provision for a life's sojourn
Yet never think that I hold your gifts but slight,
Ever grateful I am to this clay - cast mould
through which I have had my introduction to the Formless.

(Poems : No. 109)

(29)

The White Radiance of Eternity

(i)

To-day in the midst of my birthday
I am lost.
I want near me my friends—
The gentle touch of their hands.
I shall take with me—
Earth's ultimate love,
Life's parting gift,
Man's last blessing.
My bag is empty to-day.
All that I had to give,
I have given utterly.
The little gifts I receive daily—
Some affections, some forgiveness—
I shall take with me,
When in my little raft
I make my last crossing
To the voiceless festival of the End !

(Last Poems : No, 10)

(ii)

The journey nears the road-end
 where the shadows deepen with death.
The setting sun unties the last strings of its gifts,
 Squanders gold with both hands.
Death is lighted with festive colours ;
 Life is before me.

With this word my breath will stop :
 I loved.
Love's overbrimming mystery
 joins death and life. It
Has filled my cup of pain
 and joy.

*(Amiya Chakravarti :
A Tagore Reader, Page 359)*

(30)

(iii)

Your creation's path you have covered
with a varied net of wiles,

Thou Guileful One.

False belief's snare you have
laid with skilful hands
in simple lives.

With this deceit have you left a mark
on Greatness ;

for him kept no secret night.

The path that is shown to him
by your star

is the path of his own heart
ever lucid,

which his simple faith
makes eternally shine.

Crooked outside yet it is straight within,
in this is his pride.

Futile he is called by men.

Truth he wins

in his inner heart washed
with his own light.

Nothing can deceive him,
the last reward he carries
to his treasure-house.

He who has easefully borne your wile
gets from your hands
the unwasting right to peace.

(Poems : No. 129)

(31)

Tagore--On Nationalism

By Shri R. C. Pillai, M. A.

The Problem of India was the Problem of the World in miniature. India is too vast in its area and too diverse in its races. It is many countries packed in one geographical receptacle. It is just the opposite of what Europe truly is, mainly one country made into many. Thus Europe in its culture and growth has had the advantage of strength of the many as well as the strength of the one. India, on the contrary, being materially many yet adventitiously one, has all along suffered from the looseness of its diversity and the feebleness of its unity. A true unity is a round globe, it rolls on; carrying its burden easily; but diversity is a many cornered thing which has to be dragged and pushed with all force. 'Be it said to the credit of India that this diversity was not her own creation; she has had to accept it as a fact from the beginning of her history.'—So goes the description of India by Rabindranath Tagore.

The versatility of Rabindranath's genius is known to us all. He helped India to regain her moral equilibrium and to gain a high status in the Community of Nations. Though the best element in the genius of Rabindranath is his poetic ability, this, by no means, is the only element. He was born with the unique capacity for deep thinking and it is by that excellent foresight and imagination

that he saw many of the problems of our national life. He has given guidance to the nation at all moments of crisis and helped it to overcome unexpected obstacles. Though not primarily a political thinker, he had the vision of a great political thinker. In fact, he was one of the great political philosophers of this age. He thought long ago about those problems, social and political, which have actually revealed themselves only later. Long before the country was free, he left stored in his books his considered views on those problems which have been gradually raising their heads long after the attainment of freedom.

The Principle of Self-reliance

The fundamental tenet of his political philosophy is Self-reliance. It is by taking his stand on this cardinal principle that he tried to analyze the question of Indian-nationalism in his political discourses. He had to face much adverse criticism at that time to establish the principle which is universally recognized these days. It was Rabindranath who was one of the intellectual leaders of, what we call, the 'Swadeshi Movement.' At that time he actually entered the political field. Those who recollect those eventful days can easily understand the electrifying effect the poet's addresses, songs and even his presence used to have. It

must be, admitted that had the 'Swadeshi Movement' been deprived of his spiritual leadership, it would have taken an altogether different shape.

His plea for a Constructive Programme.

In the beginning of the Indian Freedom Movement, there was not the conflict between parties which is there today. At that time there was one party known as the Indian Congress; it had no real and definite social programme. They had a few grievances for redress by the authorities. They wanted larger representation in the Council House and more freedom in Municipal government. In fact, they needed mere scraps of things, but they had no constructive programme. Since they had no constructive programme, Tagore says, he did not have any enthusiasm for their methods. It was, therefore, his strong conviction, that what India needed the most was constructive work coming from within herself. Hence his suggestion—: "In this work we must take all risks and go on doing the duties which by right are ours, though in the teeth of persecution, winning moral victory at every step by our failure and suffering. We must show those who are over us that we have in ourselves the strength of moral power, the power to suffer for truth. Where we have nothing to show, we have only to beg."!*

* *Nationalism*

By Rabindranath Tagore.

His Views on Extremism

The Congress, however, lost power because the people soon came to realize how futile was the half-way policy adopted by them. The party split, and there arrived the Extremists who questioned the wisdom of the methods of prayers and petitions followed by the Moderates in order to achieve their political objective. They advocated independence of action and discarded the method of piecemeal-reform. Their ideals were based on western history. In the words of Tagore, the Extremists had no sympathy with the special problems of India. They did not even recognize the patent fact that there were causes in our social organization which made the Indian incapable of coping with the alien.

Nationalism is more Social than Political.

It is through these special social problems that Tagore has tried to approach the great question of Indian nationalism. This is particularly evident from his own saying. "The thing, we in India, have to think of is this—to remove those social customs and ideals which have generated a want of self-respect and a complete dependence on those above us—a state of affairs which has been brought about entirely by the domination in India of the caste system, and the blind and lazy habit of relying upon the authority of traditions that are incongruous—
anachronisms in the present age."**

** *Nationalism in India*

By Rabindranath Tagore

Thus according to Tagore the real problem of Indian nationalism was more social than political. To him a nation "is the very aspect of a whole people as an organized Power."*

Where Tagore and Gandhiji differed

As early as in 1920 Tagore had prophetically put his finger on the sterling quality of Gandhiji when he observed : "His is a liberated Soul." Gandhiji had also recognized in Rabindranath Tagore a fearless conscience-keeper of the Indian People when he described him as "a Great Sentinel."

If these two dominating personalities of the country had high regard for each other, they also often differed. During the early twenties, when Gandhiji had already launched the Non-co-operation Movement Rabindranath raised the voice of independent thinking against the Movement which, he thought, was thriving on blind following and mass hysteria. Tagore's misgivings sparked off the controversy. Gandhiji excelled in the controversy. Gandhiji was clear-cut, precise and eloquent while Tagore at times, like all artists, appeared to be discursive and rambling.

In answer to Tagore's charge that 'our present struggle to alienate our heart and mind from those of the West is an attempt at spiritual suicide,' Gandhiji said, "our non-co-operation is neither with the English nor with the West.

Our non-co-operation is with the system the English have established, with the material civilization and its attendant greed and exploitation of the weak Our non-co-operation is a refusal to co-operate with the English administrators on their own terms.**

Though one may not be sufficiently convinced by Tagore's argument against the Non-co-operation Movement and its different facets, one certainly finds much in his articles that is full of wisdom and foresight and also much that is prophetic. The following statement made by Tagore in 1921 could as well have been made by Nehru in 1961. "From now onward any nation which takes an isolated view of its country will run counter to the spirit of the New Age, and know no peace The war has torn away a veil from before our minds. What is harmful to the world is harmful to each one of us".

The country has become free today. But an unexpected problem has arisen with the attainment of this freedom. On the one side is our attainment of political power and on the other the question of maintaining unity and solidarity among the diverse elements. We have been able to overthrow the Britishers from power but have we been able to make the country our own? Perhaps, Rabindranath had foreseen this state of affairs, for he had written the following words a long time ago. "If it

* *Ibid*

** *Tagore Gandhi Controversy* : Compiled
By R.K. Prabhu

happens that one day at the end of a chapter in Indian history, the British at the time of their departure leave behind on the ruins of their ordered rule crores of people unused to self-reliance, unable to defend themselves, then whom shall we blame for our endless misfortune ridden by eternal poverty? Is it then written on the scroll of destiny that the Indians would remain divided among themselves and will not be bound to one another by ties of common good".*

Rabindranath clearly realized what the country and the country's welfare mean and he had warned us in proper time. This is explained by the fact that we have not yet come to have full faith in that principle of self-reliance on our own strength of which Rabindranath was the true prophet, for this was the central point of his political doctrine. How true his words ring in the well-known song :

"If they answer not to thy call
walk alone,
If they are afraid and cower
mutely facing the wall,
O thou of evil luck,
open thy mind and speak out alone.

If they turn away, and desert you
when crossing the wilderness,
O thou of evil luck,
trample the thorns under thy
tread,
and along the blood-lined track
travel alone.

If they do not hold up the light
when the night is troubled with
storm,
O thou of evil luck,
with the thunder flame of pain
ignite thine own heart
and let it burn alone."

(Poems. No. 40)

Such self-reliant hearts alone
create unity in diversity.

Though an artist of the most delicate sensitiveness, he was not cloistered. He never hesitated to speak out his mind when necessary, He boldly opposed the partition of Bengal. Disdaining personal honour, while his countrymen were repressed and insulted, he returned his knighthood to Lord Chelmsford as a protest against the firing in the Jallianwalla Bagh at Amritsar.

* Tagore Centenary Souvenir.—Edited by Dewan Ram Parkash

x x x x x x

- (i) We gain when the full price for our right to live is paid.
- (ii) Its store of snow is the hill's own burden, its out-pouring of streams is borne by all the world.
- (iii) The Morning, Star whispers to Dawn, "Tell me that you are only for me."
"Yes" she answers, "and also for that name-less flower."

(Quoted from *Towards Universal Man*)

★
★ ★
★ ★
★ 'The
★ song feels the
★ infinite in the
★ air.' ★
★ ★
★ ★
★



What is this melody that overflows
my life, only I know and my
heart knows.

Why I watch and wait, what I beg
and from whom, only I know and
my heart knows.

The morning smiles like a friend at
my gate, the evening droops do
like a flower by the edge of the
woods.

The flute music floats in the air in
the dawn and in the dusk. It
beguiles my thoughts away from
my toils.

What is this tune and who plays it
ever, only I know and my heart
knows.*

(Poems : No. 35)

20.

The Magic touch of Gurudev's Songs :

(AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE)

By Deenabandhu C. F. Andrews

"The night when I first met the Poet was at Rothenstein's house, on the hill near Hampstead Heath. H. W. Nevinson had taken me there. He had met me by accident in the street and had told me casually that Rabindranath Tagore had arrived in London. He mentioned also that W. B. Yeats was that very night reading aloud some of Tagore's poems in Rothenstein's house. It was in the summer of 1912, and my eagerness was so great that I hurried along almost too excited to talk to Nevinson as we walked up the hill to meet the Poet.

The readings that were given by W. B. Yeats were taken from *Gitanjali* and as I listened, I was spell-bound. It is quite impossible for me to describe it in words what had happened. The music of the poems took possession of me and their beauty enthralled me. The Poet himself was there, in the background, shrinking from observation, and I can well recollect how my one great longing at that moment was to touch his feet. From the lighted room and the Poet's presence and the sound of the music of his poems, I went out at last into the late evening twilight and walked in solitude on Hampstead Heath. The moon had just begun to rise and the air was full of enchantment. Darkness was slowly creeping over the earth and a beautiful after—

glow of light was still visible in the west. The glamour of it all was upon me and I wandered across the Heath up and down hardly knowing where I was going. At that hour I was literally oblivious of time and space and things external. There was an inner vision of beauty that I saw with the eye of the spirit. I went far beyond the bounds of the temporal and material world.*

The joy of this illumination has never altogether passed away. Whenever I return into the Poet's presence after a long absence, the memory of it unfailingly comes back to me. He has introduced me into the secret of this new spirit of beauty in the universe. Since the first time of vision I have tried to see this beauty with his eyes, both as he describes it in his own songs and as he builds up its living fabric in his Ashram."

x x x

'Opening momentarily her clay doors,
The Earth shows her hidden chamber
—a glimpse of the world beyond,
shut in the heart of mortal sphere
in an immortal vessel.
From there the bewitching spring
enchants the trees,
Form of the Formless takes shape
in leaves.'

From *The Great Wanderer* By Maitraye Devi : Pp. 31-32

Tagore : the Significance of his Life and Work.

By Shri J. K. Jain, M. A.

TAGORE is beyond a shadow of doubt, a great lyrical poet. He is a poet of vision, who 'sees into the very life of things' and sings passionately of 'God', of joys and sorrows of human life, of the beauties of nature and sometimes of its terror and its ruthlessness. His poetry fulfils one of the greatest needs of the human spirit—the need of adoration of and reverence for the Infinite and the repose that flows from an awareness of it. It is a reservoir of spiritual energy. If we surrender ourselves humbly to its serene strength, we are lifted above the trivial cares and anxieties of every day life and look upon the world as an intensely fascinating phenomenon, the visible image of the Divine. We come back to our normal selves becalmed, refreshed and filled with zest for living

But Tagore, the man, fascinates me even more than Tagore, the poet. 'It was as a man that he was greatest of all', says Edward Thompson of him. He was one of the completest men that ever lived. He did not neglect any constituent of the totality of his being. He allowed himself the utmost freedom and grew freely until the last moment of his life like a tree or a stream that is ever-fresh, ever-new, ever-expanding. The many-sidedness, the vitality and the dynamism of Shakespeare that is reflected in his plays can be seen in Tagore's life. He

is, to my mind, a symbol of the whole man, the eternal explorer, 'the eternal traveller'. 'still achieving, still pursuing'. That is perhaps the reason that his contemporaries could not always understand him. He outgrew them and left them baffled. This aspect of his life is brought out rather well by Dr. V. S. Naravane in his article, 'The Eternal Traveller', in the Tagore Centenary Issue of 'The Illustrated Weekly of India, Bombay'. Therein he says, "Again and again the world discovered with a start that Rabindranath Tagore could not be taken for granted. His ideas could not be docketed, nor his art labelled. Acclaimed as the greatest 'religious' poet of our age, he suddenly championed the cause of modern Science. From a deeply meditative existence, he often jumped into the fray of social and political controversies. At sixty he emerged as a painter, at seventy he startled his readers with new experiments in style and diction. For all his mysticism, he would unexpectedly put forward ideas and schemes saturated with intense realism. And when it was generally believed that the great dreamer had finally secreted himself in the solitude of his Ashram, he would suddenly pack his bags and go wandering around the globe."

He was born in a wealthy family and if he had wanted, he could have

lived a life of comfort and security untroubled by either what was happening outside or inside him. But men of energy have no taste for mere ease; they launch out on the waters of life exploring new realms of consciousness, new modes of expression, new fields of action. At the age of eight, he sought self-expression in poetry and he grew into life-long companions. He wrote copiously and the result was that he became one of our greatest poets who compelled the attention of the whole world, when he was awarded the Nobel-prize for literature in 1913. He wrote an enormously large number of songs (more than 2000) and set them to music. The greatest tribute to his power as a writer of songs lies in the fact that they are found on the lips of the humble-folk of Bengal. He wrote short-stories some of which (e.g. 'The Cabuliwallah') are of considerable merit. He wrote plays and novels, though not of great excellence by Western standards. In the last two decades of his life, he discovered himself as a painter and his paintings ushered in a new school of painting in Bengal. He wrote fine essays and his prose, though exhortatory and poetic in tone, bears the impress of his penetrating intellect, his powers of observation and analysis, his ability to build up his argument and his acute understanding of some of the ills of our modern life, especially militant nationalism and exaggerated emphasis on material prosperity.

In his later life we find him broadening out into the field of action, in the sense in which it is

commonly understood. He did not feel satisfied with merely creating a new world through words, sounds and images. He wanted to remould this world and worked for it. He saw that his people were groaning under foreign domination and gave voice to their urge for freedom. He realized that it was futile to get engaged in the political controversies of the day and that the great need of the hour was silent and solid work. For this purpose he established the Shantiniketan, that was one of the greatest experiments in education and the Sriniketan, the institute of reconstruction of the Indian village, where villagers were given a new dignity, a new self-respect in their crafts.

Rabindranath possessed great personal charm. He was a fine conversationalist. Every one who came into contact with him was struck particularly by his humaneness, warmth, unassuming manners and humility which only the greatest have. He never quite lost his childlike simplicity of heart. His love of children, understanding of their nature and the immense pleasure that he always got from playing with them bear eloquent testimony to that. To all this was added a majestic appearance that reflected, quite adequately, the majesty of his mind. "The creator", to quote Dr. Krishanlal Sridharni, "was seldom kinder in bestowing on one man the triple blessings of talent, beauty and lineage. And beauty, rather than 'handsomeness', was the word to describe Rabindranath Tagore. Six foot three, with Indo-Aryan fea-

tures and complexion, full brow and deep-brown eyes, silvery grey-beard and flowing, waving long hair, wearing his high turban and silken robes; to many an American, Tagore resembled Christ as he is depicted in the paintings of Leonardo Da Vinci. His tapering fingers looked like flames of fire, reminding one of the fingers painted by the artists of the Ajanta Caves". It was perhaps some American poet who observed that Tagore made them look mean in his presence.

Rabindranath rejected the kind of asceticism which shuts out our life and our world. The imperfection of the temporal did not repel him. On the contrary, he loved 'your mournful dust, Mother Earth'. The terrible facts of loneliness, pain and death did not drive him away into a far-off sanctuary. He embraced the finite, the many, and found the Infinite, the One, hidden there. In all his work we find him being severe on those Sanyasis who withdraw from the active scene of life into temples of some kind. "Mine is not the deliverance", he declared, "achieved through mere renunciation. Mine is rather the freedom that wastes itself in a thousand associations."* Life for him was sanctified by a personal experience of 'the sublime and blessed mood'

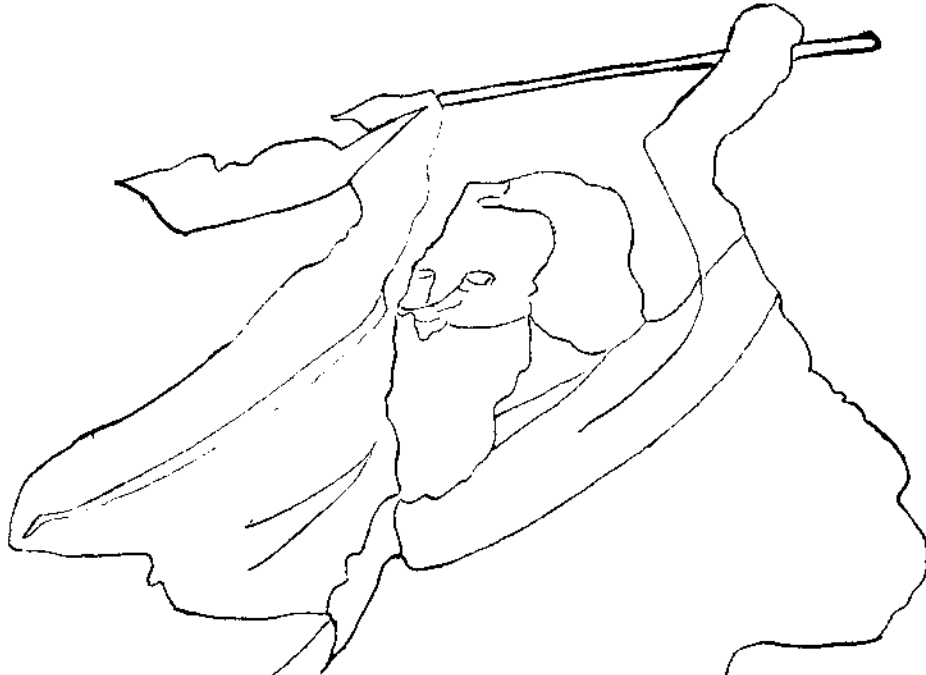
in which the cover of triviality is lifted from all objects and their beauty compels us to have reverence for them. Here I like to quote the entire passage from his 'Reminiscences' in which he describes his vision: "As I would stand on the balcony, the gait, the figure, the features of each one of the passers-by, whoever they might be, seemed to me all so extraordinarily wonderful as they flowed past,—waves on the sea of the universe. From infancy I had seen only with eyes but I now began to see with the whole consciousness. I could look upon the sight of two smiling youths, nonchalantly going their way, the arm of the one on the other's shoulder, as a matter of small moment; for through it I could see the fathomless depths of the eternal spring of Joy, from which numberless sprays of laughter leapt up throughout the world

When of a sudden from some innermost depth of my being, a ray of light found its way out, it spread over and illuminated the whole universe which then no longer appeared like heaps of things and happenings, but was disclosed to my sight as one whole. This experience seemed to tell me of the stream of melody issuing from the very heart of the

* No, my friends, I shall never be an ascetic, whatever you may say.
 I shall never be an ascetic if she does not take the vow with me.
 It is my firm resolve that if I cannot find a shady shelter and a companion for my penance,
 shall never turn ascetic.
 No, my friends, I shall never leave my hearth and home, and retire into the forest solitude
 if rings no merry laughter in its echoing shade and if the end of no saffron mantle flutters
 in the wind; if its silence is not deepened by soft whispers.
 I shall never be an ascetic.

The Gardener : XLII

Also read *Gitanjali* . LXXIII quoted on Page 11.



I

Let me give my all to him, before I am asked,
whom the world offers its all.
When I came to him for my gifts, I was not afraid ;
And I will not fear, when I come to him,
to give up what I have
The morning accepts his gold with songs,
the evening pays him back the debt of gold and is glad.
The joy of the blooming flower, comes to fruit
with shedding of its leaves.

Page 190

II

I lose thee, to find thee back again and again.
My beloved
Thou leavest me, that I may receive thee all the more
when thou returnest
Thou canst vanish behind the moment's screen
Only because thou art mine for evermore.
My beloved
When I go in search of thee, my heart trembles,
spreading ripples across my love
Thou smilest through the disguise of utter absence,
and my tears sweeten thy smile

Page 199

The Cycle of Spring

Collected Poems and Parms of Rabindranath Tagore

Tagore in the role of the
Blind Singer : From the
painting by Abnindra-
nath Tagore.

Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song—
joy that makes the earth flow over in the riotous
excess of the grass, the joy that sets the twin
brothers, life and death, dancing over the wide
world, the joy that sweeps in with the tempest,
shaking and waking all life with laughter, the joy
that sits still with its tears on the open red lotus
of pain, and the joy that throws everything it
has upon the dust, and knows not a word.'

Gitanjali : LVIII

X X X

'One word keep for me in thy silence. O World,
when I am dead, 'I have loved'.'

Stray Birds : CCLXXVII

universe and spreading over space and time, re-echoing thence as waves of joy which flow right back to the source

The whole world was one glorious music, one wonderful rhythm. The houses in the street, the men moving, children playing, all seemed parts of one glorious whole inexpressibly glorious".

This 'new Earth', this 'new Heaven' cannot be dreamt of, as Coleridge said, 'by the sensual and the proud.' This joy is given only to 'the pure and in their purest hour! So Tagore strove for a purity of the whole being, a freedom from the delusion of egoistic desire, lust, pride and greed. All his thoughts, feelings and actions were pervaded by a sense of 'life of my life'. In this particular respect he came to belong to the great Indian tradition of saints like Kabir and Surdas who dedicated their songs to the Lord. Tagore wanted like them to "make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for Thee to fill with music." But he differed from his saintly predecessors in accepting the world of forms. If this world was created by a Perfect Being, it was surely not created to flee away from. If there was any salvation, that was to be found 'here and now'. Life must be lived and lived fully. True fullness of life demands an awareness of the Formless, a purity of being that goes beyond the usual narrow ethical code without eliminating it, a freedom from prejudice, a vigorous and ever-seeking intellect, a fully developed aesthetic sensibility, a full-blooded

exercise of the senses; in short, a synthesis of 'the vitally savage' and 'the mentally civilized'.

All art strives for the expression of that something in human nature which is deeper than the conscious mind which functions most of the time in terms of what is received from the outside——conventions, obligations, duties and restraints. As we live according to what is expected of us, we tend to become non-entities, mere 'cogs' in moral and social machinery. In course of time a great violence or damage is done to the spontaneous inside us and a nameless anxiety starts eating into our very vitals. Thus to preserve our vitality, as Huxley brought it out rather well, it is essential to find such an outlet for the instinctual energy as does not strike at the roots of organization and order in society. Tagore found this release in arts, especially in music and dancing and that is why he made them vital parts of the life at Shantiniketan. Without the arts 'which are the spontaneous overflow of our deeper nature and spiritual magnificence', Tagore said, knowledge is 'a dead load of dumb wisdom.'

Tagore had a sensitive social conscience. He would never rest content with a personal deliverance. He wanted full life for the whole of human society. Not a single human being was to be neglected. Freedom did not have any meaning if it was not freedom for all. It would be callous to live in an ivory tower of bliss, when one's fellow-beings were victims of oppression, injustice, pover-

ty of spirit and mind and body. One's destiny lay in participation in the life of others, in joining the "great fair of common human life". His God's peace was burst by 'the cowardice of the weak, the arrogance of the strong, the greed of fat prosperity, the rancour of the wronged, pride of race, and insult to man'. His heart throbbed with sympathy and love for 'the poorest, and lowliest, and lost, among whom his Master walked.* He was thankful that "my lot lies with the humble who suffer and bear the burden of power, and hide their faces and stifle their sobs in the dark." He was sure that, "...every throb of their pain has pulsed in the secret depth of Thy night, and every insult has been gathered into Thy great silence.

And the morrow is theirs."

The ideals of life that he believed in are embodied in the large number of prayers that are scattered all over his work. Here I would refer only to three of them :

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high"

(Gitanjali : XXXV) quoted on page 18;

"This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penny in my heart."

(Gitanjali : XXXVI) quoted on page 5.

and The Fruit-Gathering : LXXIX

"Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers but to be fearless in facing them.

Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain but for the heart to conquer it.

Let me not look for allies in life's battle-field but to my own strength.

Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved but hope for the patience to win my freedom.

Grant me that I may not be a coward, feeling your mercy in my success alone ; but let me find the grasp of your hand in my failure."

It is clear from these three poems what Tagore's concept of character and personality was. He knew that life yielded its full meaning only to the fearless, sensitive, humane, unbiassed and independent seekers. I wish that each one of us said the above prayers in the privacy of his heart every day and saw what happened to him.

Tagore is significant for us in other ways, too. He was one of the few Indians who saw that India, with its different religions and races, was essentially one. The tremendous assi-

* Read *Gitanjali* : XI. quoted on page 6 and *Gitanjali* : VIII -

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play ; his dress hampers him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keeps one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it robs one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.

milative power of this land filled him with awe. It had attracted different peoples from all over the world. In spite of being ill-treated by them sometimes, it had been enriched immeasurably by this constant influx of foreign cultures. In a number of songs and poems, he celebrated "this vast sea of humanity that is India." As he was aware that modern India was the work of many races, he welcomed them all.

"Come ye Aryan, come non-Aryan,
Hindu, Muslim, come,
Come ye English, come ye Christians,
welcome every one,
Come Brahmin, cleanse your mind
and clasp the hand of all,
Come ye outcaste, come ye lowly,
fling away the load of shame!
Come, one and all, to the Mother's,
crowning"

Our national anthem, consisting of the first stanza of a song of Tagore, cherishes his vision of 'Our India'. We can realize how significant it is in the context of the disruptive forces which are, alas! operating today once again in all parts of the country.

Rabindranath was a genuine cosmopolitan and universalist. He stood for a creative contact between different cultures and modes of life. "So we must prepare the grand field for the co-ordination of the world," he declared in 'The Centre of Indian Culture', "where each will give to and take from the other, where each will have to be studied throughout the growth of its stages in history. This adjustment of knowledge through

comparative study, this progress in intellectual co-operation is to be the key-note of the coming age." He was not cheated by the myth of the inherent superiority of the Indian tradition over others. He kept his mind open to all influences without being troubled by the notion that they were foreign. He wrote to Uday Shankar, "There are no bounds to the depths or to the expansion of any art which, like dancing, is the expression of life's urge. We must never shut it within the bounds of a stagnant ideal nor define it as either Indian or oriental or occidental, for finality only robs it of life's privilege which is freedom." To him the whole human community was one. Its split into different fragments and a clinging to one particular bit were highly undesirable. His 'Visva-Bharati' is a living symbol of his all-embracing mind. "आत्मवत् सर्व भूतेषु यः पश्यति स पश्यति (He alone sees, who sees all beings as himself)", he declared in the language of the Upanishadic sages.

But he was a great realist, too. He did not lose the sense of realities of growth in any hazy notions of universalism. He knew that we could not learn from others if we did not know what we ourselves were. Meeting of cultures did not and should not mean a rejection of our own culture. When we approach others without self-knowledge, we either dismiss them or fall under their glamour. A nation which suffers from either a sense of superiority or inferiority is a decadent nation. Imitation is not the same thing as assimilation. Growth cannot occur in a soil of self-pity or

self condition. Hence his opposition to the British brand of education for us :—"The educational institutions in our country are alms-bowl of knowledge; they lower our intellectual self-respect; they encourage us to make a foolish display of decorations composed of borrowed feathers. What I object to is the artificial arrangement by which this foreign education tends to occupy all the space of our national mind and thus kills, or hampers, the great opportunity for the creation of a new thought power by a new combination of truths."

So Tagore turned to his own country's classics for inspiration. He accepted Kalidasa* as his master. He drew upon his country's mythology and the works of Kalidasa for imagery, and also from contemporary life, of course. He discovered wherein lay the glory of his people and wherein lay their degradation. "Once upon a time," he reminded his countrymen, "we were in possession of such a thing as our own mind in India. It was living, it thought, it felt, it expressed itself. It was receptive as well as productive." He warned that "if the whole world grows at last into an exaggerated West then such an illimitable parody of the modern age will die, crushed beneath its own absurdity." "I said to myself that we must seek for our own inheritance, and with it buy our true place in the world."

Thus Tagore was perhaps the first Indian intellectual who viewed his

traditions critically. No one was more bitterly critical than he of the evils that were sterilizing the Indian mind; none else had realized the acute need of deriving sustenance and food from the India of antiquity. He was denounced by some of his own countrymen for being excessively westernized. But he was only trying to evolve a synthesis of the East and the West. And, like all great men, he had the courage of standing alone and independent of popular prejudice. His conscience was his "strong retreat."

Edward Thompson has summed up this aspect of Tagore admirably well: "His mind and being were rooted in India; he was at home with the forest sages and men and women of heroic legend. But his genius was a tree whose branches spread to every land and time, and his catholicity was as great as his courage. In politics, in education, in ethics and social reconstruction, his findings were usually untainted by nationalist prejudice; his wisdom will be seen ever more clearly as the centuries pass

To sum up, he faced both East and West, filial to both, deeply indebted to both

He has been both of his nation, and not of it; his genius has been born of Indian thought, not of poets and philosophers alone but of the common people, yet it has been fostered by Western thought and English literature; he has been the mightiest of national voices, yet has

* Read *The Fugitive and other Poems* : I, IX :

"If I were living in the royal town of Ujjain, when Kalidasa was the King's poet, I should know some Malwa girl and fill my thoughts with the music of her name....."

stood aside from his own folk in more than one angry controversy.’

Let our friends, who are all the time singing paeans of adulation of western life, its thought and art and decrying everything that smells of Indian-ness, turn to Tagore and learn from the great example set by him. They should realize that they have no right to despise their own people, and their own culture. We may be backward in certain ways (and we should make every effort to shake off our weaknesses) but let us not forget that

we are also ahead of the West in other ways. Self-abasement will only sink us in despair.

In the death of Gurudev, India lost one of her greatest sons and the world one of its wisest men and melodious singers,

The only fitting ‘Shridhanjali’ that we can pay to Tagore is that we should study his life and works with an open mind and try to absorb in ourselves whatever strikes us as valuable.

AN ANECDOTE

“ One day, in a small village in Bengal, an ascetic woman from the neighbourhood came to see me. She had the name ‘Sarvakhepi’ given to her by the village people, the meaning of which is ‘the woman who is mad about all things’; She fixed her star-like eyes upon my face and startled me with the question, ‘When are you coming to meet me underneath the trees?’ Evidently she pitied me who lived (according to her) prisoned behind walls, banished away from the great meeting-place of the All, where she had her dwelling. Just at that moment my gardener came with his basket, and when the woman understood that the flowers in the vase on my table were going to be thrown away, to make place for the fresh ones, she looked pained and said to me, ‘You are always engaged reading and writing; you do not see.’ Then she took the discarded flowers in her palms, kissed them and touched them with her forehead, and reverently murmured to herself, ‘Beloved of my heart’. I felt that this woman, in her direct vision of the infinite personality in the heart of all things, truly represented the spirit of India.”

(Gurudev : *Creative Unity*)

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

By Gurudev

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny.
Thy name rouses the hearts
of the Punjab, Sind, Gujrat and Maratha,
of Dravid, Orissa and Bengal.
It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himalayas,
mingles in the music of Jumna and Ganges,
and is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea.
They pray for thy blessing and sing thy praise,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny.
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.*

Day and night, thy voice goes out from land to land,
calling Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs and Jains round thy throne
and Parsees, Mussalmans and Christians.
Offerings are brought to thy shrine by the East and the West
to be woven in a garland of love.
Thou bringest the hearts of all peoples into the harmony of one life,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

Eternal Charioteer, thou drivest man's history
along the road rugged with rises and falls of Nations.
Amidst all tribulations and terror
thy trumpet sounds to hearten those that despair and droop,
and guide all people in their paths of peril and pilgrimage.
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

When the long dreary night was dense with gloom
and the country lay still in a stupor,
thy Mother's arms held her,
thy wakeful eyes bent upon her face,
till she was rescued from the dark evil dreams
that oppressed her spirit,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

* This stanza has now been adopted as our National Anthem : 'Jana-Gana-Mana.'

The night dawns, the sun rises in the East,
the birds sing, the morning breeze brings a stir of new life.

Touched by golden rays of thy love
India wakes up and bends her head at thy feet.

Thou King of all Kings,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee,

(Poems : No. 51)

X X X X

JANA-GANA-MANA

जन-गण-मन अधिनायक जय हे
भारत - भाग्य - विधाता ।
पंजाब, सिंधु, गुजरात, मगठा,
द्राविड़, उत्कल, बंग,
विंध्य, हिमाचल, यमुना, गंगा,
उच्छल जलधि - तरंग ।
तव शुभ नामे जागे
तव शुभ आशिष मांगे
गाहे तव जयगाथा ।
जन-गण - मंगल - दायक जय हे
भारत - भाग्य - विधाता ।
जय हे, जय हे, जय हे,
जय जय जय, जय हे ॥

X X X X

'I shall be born in India again and again. With all her
poverty, misery and wretchedness, I love India best.'

Our Gem of many Facets

from Gurudev's Writings

(i) On the Sense of Beauty.

Beauty has brought our instinctive urges under control. We are no longer slaves of dire necessity because the joy of beauty is there to liberate usThe mind has many levels, The field of vision which is open to our reasoning and intellectual faculties becomes widened when our emotions are brought into play. With moral discrimination added to them, the field is widened farther. And once our spiritual insight lies open infinitude becomes the limit. That which we see with our mind's eye, gives us more satisfaction.The terms : Good and Beautiful connote two different concepts because their appeal and impact are different. Whenever we see the Good and the True in perfect accord, the Beautiful stands revealed.Beauty is Good in its fulness as fulness of Beauty is Good incarnateBeauty reveals God's majesty in the midst of His creation. Goodness shows beauty not so much as a thing to be perceived or understood. The beauty of goodness is a thing of much wider and deeper significance—it endows man with Godliness,All our literature, all our music and fine arts are tending towards the True, whether consciously or unconsciously.Art and literature bring home to us that what is True is joy, what is True is Eternal. They annotate over and over again the truth propounded by the Upanishads :

He is Truth in all its Beauty and to realize Him is to taste Joy Everlasting.

(From the Sense of Beauty)

(ii) On what is Art ?

Art like life itself, has grown by its own impulse, and man has taken his pleasure in it without definitely knowing what it is.For man, as well as animals, it is necessary to give expression to feelings of pleasure and displeasure, fear, anger, and love. In animals, these emotional expressions have gone little beyond their bounds of usefulness. But in man, though they still have roots in their original purposes, they have spread their branches far and wide in the infinite sky high above their soil. Man has a fund of emotional energy which is not all occupied with his self-preservation. This surplus seeks its outlet in the creation of Art, for man's civilization is built upon his surplusWhen a feeling is aroused in our hearts which is far in excess of the amount that can be completely absorbed by the object which has aroused it, it comes back to us and makes us conscious of ourselves by its return waves. Only man knows himself, because his impulse of knowledge comes back to him in its excess.The efflux of the consciousness of his personality requires an outlet of expression. Therefore, in Art, man reveals himself and not his



'That I exist is a perpetual surprise which is life.'

'This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the
wayside where shadow chases light and the rain
comes in the wake of the summer.

Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet
me and speed along the road. My heart is glad
within, and the breath of the passing breeze is
sweet.

From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I
know that of a sudden the happy moment will
arrive when I shall see.

In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the
meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of
promise.'

Gitanjali : XLVI

objects . . . The principal object of art, being the expression of personality, and not of that which is abstract and analytical, it necessarily uses the language of picture and music. This has led to a confusion in our thought that the object of art is the production of beauty; whereas beauty in art has been the mere instrument and not its complete and ultimate significance. . . . The artist finds out the unique, the individual, which yet is in the heart of the universal. When he looks on a tree, he looks on that tree as unique, not as the botanist who generalizes and classifies

...Where there is an element of the superfluous in our heart's relationship with the world, Art has its birth. In other words, where our personality feels its wealth it breaks out. . . . In our life we have one side which is finite, where we exhaust ourselves at every step, and we have another side, where our aspiration, enjoyment and sacrifice are infinite. This infinite side of man must have its revelations in some symbols which have the elements of immortality. There it naturally seeks perfection. . . . This world, whose soul seems to be aching for expression is its endless rhythm of lines and colours, music and movements, hints and whispers, and all the suggestion of the inexpressible, finds its harmony in the ceaseless longing of the human heart to make the Person manifest in its own creations. This consciousness of the infinite in the personal man, ever strives to make its expressions immortal and to make the whole world its own. In Art the person in us is sending answers to the Supreme Person, who

reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts.

(From What is Art ?)

(iii) On the Artist

It is for the artist to remind the world that with the truth of our expression we grow in truth. When the man-made world is less an expression of man's creative soul than a mechanical device for some purpose of power, then it hardens itself, acquiring proficiency at the cost of the subtle suggestiveness of living growth. In his creative activities man makes Nature instinct with his own life and love. But with his utilitarian energies he fights Nature, banishes her from his world, deforms and defiles her with the ugliness of his ambitions.

This world of man's own manufacture, with its discordant shrieks and swagger, impresses on him the scheme of a universe which has no touch of the person and therefore no ultimate significance. All the great civilizations that have become extinct must have come to their end through such wrong expression of humanity; through parasitism on a gigantic scale bred by wealth, by man's clinging reliance on material resources; through a scoffing spirit of denial, of negation, robbing us of our means of sustenance in the path of truth.

It is for the artist to proclaim his faith in the everlasting Yes——to say: 'I believe that there is an ideal

hovering over and permeating the earth, an ideal of that Paradise which is not the mere outcome of fancy, but the ultimate reality in which all things dwell and move.'

I believe that the vision of Paradise is to be seen in the sunlight and the green of the earth, in the beauty of the human face and the wealth of human life, even in objects that are seemingly insignificant and unprepossessing. Everywhere on this earth the spirit of Paradise is awake and sending forth its voice. It reaches our inner ear without our knowing. It tunes our harp of life which sends our aspiration in music beyond the finite, not only in prayers and hopes, but also in temples which are the flames of fire in stone, in pictures which are dreams made everlasting, in the dance which is ecstatic meditation in the still centre of movement.

(From The Religion of an Artist.)

On the Language of the Universe

(a) 'The world of sound is a tiny bubble in the silence of the infinite. The Universe has its only language of gesture, it talks in the voice of pictures and dance. Every object in this world proclaims in the dumb signal of lines and colours the fact that it is not a mere logical abstraction or a mere thing of use but is unique in itself, it carries the miracle of its existence.

*(Tagore : On Art and Aesthetics
Page 103)*

(b) Most people do not or cannot

use their eyes well. They go about their own little business — unobservant and listless. The artist has a call and must answer the challenge to compel the unperceptive majority to share in his joy of the visible, concrete world — directly perceived. He sings not nor does he moralize. He lets his work speak for itself and its message is: Look, this is what I am, *Ayam aham bho i*

(Ibid : Page 109)

On the Role of Forms

"The man who shapes brings the real very close to us, throwing light upon our awareness of the reality within man. The real lies scattered about in many diverse objects. I cannot see it in its pure unfragmented state immediately. I can behold its form. Art awakens a sense of the real by establishing an intimate relationship between our inner being and the universe at large, bringing us a consciousness of deep joy."

*(Maker of Forms : Art and
Aesthetics)*

On the Divine Maker of Forms

"At the present time (29 November, 1928) I wander about with eyes open in the world of form where lines crowd upon lines. As I watch the trees, I seem to see so much of them. It is borne on me that this visible world is a vast procession of forms— not in any emotional, sentimental or intellectual manner, but purely for the sake of assembling different forms

together. And strangely enough this has become a source of great joy to me. Almost intoxicating. These days the lines have got the better of me. There is no escaping them. Everyday they are revealing themselves anew in ever new shapes and attitudes. There is no end to his mystery. At last I have come to know the mind of the Creator who is himself an artist. Infinite and ineffable himself, he delights in drawing lines upon lines, to set a limit to himself. Limited in space they are unlimited in diversity. Nor should we forget that it is definition which makes for perfection. When the measureless finds its own measure—it realizes itself. The joy in a picture is a joy of a perfect sense of proportion. The restraint of lines makes the picture distinct and definite. To see it is to see the thing itself—what ever it may be, a piece of stone, a donkey, a cactus, an old woman—it does not matter. Whenever and wherever we envision a thing as true we touch the infinite and that is an endless joy.

(From a letter to Rani Mahalanobis)

(iv) On true Spirituality

“There is no spirituality in the cultivation of suffering for some ultimate gain: true spirituality lies in suffering for the sake of love. The agonies of the man always in search of wealth or the penances of the man in search of a secure place in the next world, cannot lead to fulfilment; they only denote an inner poverty. The sacrifice that stems out of love alone

elevates the spirit to great heights of strength and joy and helps life to triumph over death.

It is the joy, in suffering that makes us transcend our own selves, and apprehend the universal. Suffering is the price of truth. It is an enrichment of the spirit, and through it we understand ourselves, and humanity. So it is that the scriptures tell us: ‘The spirit is not attainable by the strengthless.’ In other words, he who does not have the strength to suffer cannot attain self-realization.”

*(From Towards Universal Man
Page, 168-169)*

(v) On the Value of Atmosphere in School Education.

Children have their active subconscious mind which, like the tree, has the power to draw food from the surrounding atmosphere. For them the atmosphere is a great deal more important than rules and methods, equipment, textbooks and lessons. The earth has her mass of substance in her land and water; but if I may use figurative language, she finds her stimulus in her atmosphere. It evokes from her responses in colour and perfume, music and movement. In his society man has about himself a diffuse atmosphere of culture. It keeps his mind sensitive to his racial inheritance, to the current of influences that come from tradition; it enables him to imbibe unconsciously the concentrated wisdom of ages. But in our educational organizations we behave

like miners, digging only for things and not like the tillers of the earth whose work is a perfect collaboration with nature In educational institutions our faculties have to be nourished in order to give our mind its freedom, to make our imagination fit for the world which belongs to art, and to stir our sympathy for human relationships. This last is even more important than learning the geography of foreign lands.

(Ibid P. 300)

On How to live

Providence expects that we make this world our own, and not live in it as though it were a rented tenement. We can only make it our own through service, and that service is to lend it love and beauty from our soul.

(From Talks in China : To Students)

On Having the Child Spirit

I have kept the child spirit, and have found entrance to my mother's chamber ; it was from her that the symphony of awakening light sang to me from the distant horizon, and I sing now in response to it.

(Ibid)

Address to Gandhiji at Shantinekatan

".....So disintegrated and demoralized were our people that many wondered if India could ever rise again by the genius of her own people until there came on the scene a truly great soul, a great leader of men, in line with the tradition of the greatest sages of old, whom we are today assembled to honour Mahatma Gandhii.

He who has come to us today is above all distinguished by his freedom from any bias of personal or national selfishness. For the selfishness of the Nation can be a grandly magnified form of that same vice; the viciousness is there all the same Our reverence goes to the Mahatma whose striving has ever been for truth, who to the great good fortune of our country at this stage time of its entry into the new age, has never, for the sake of immediate results, advised or condoned any departure from the standard of universal morality.

.....Now it has been declared that it is for us to yield up life, not to kill, and yet we shall win ! A glorious message, indeed, not a counsel of strategy, not a means to a merely political end. In the course of unrighteous battle death means extinction ; in the non-violent battle of righteousness something remains ; after defeat victory, after death immortality. The Mahatma has realized this in his own life, and compels our belief in this truth."

मरिते चाहि न आमि

(श्री ओम् प्रकाश कोहली, एम०ए०)

एक स्थल पर कवीर ने मृत्यु का अभिनन्दन किया है। मृत्यु इसलिए अभिनन्दनीय है क्योंकि मरने पर 'पूर्ण परमानन्द' की उपलब्धि होती है—
...जीव पूर्ण परमानन्द रूप परब्रह्म ही हो जाता है, अद्वैत स्थिति सिद्ध हो जाती है—

जा मरने तैं जग डरै, मेरे मन आनन्द ।
कब मरिहौं कब पाइहौं, पूर्न परमानन्द ॥

जीवित रहने से जग का सुख-आनन्द मिलता है किन्तु आध्यात्मिक पूर्णानन्द (महानन्द) की तुलना में वह अकिञ्चन है। अतएव परमानन्द कामी का मृत्यु कामी होना स्वाभाविक ही है। किन्तु रवीन्द्रनाथ की जीवन में गाढ़ आसक्ति थी। वे जीवन के कवि थे, मृत्यु के नहीं। उन्होंने जीने की कामना की थी, मरने की नहीं—

मरिते चाहि ना आमि सुन्दर भुवने,
मानवेर माझे आमि वाँचिबारे चाइ ।

(इस सुन्दर संसार में मैं मरना नहीं चाहता। मैं मनुष्यों के बीच में जीना चाहता हूँ।)

रवीन्द्रनाथ का जीवन में गहरा अनुराग था। मध्ययुग के वैरागी सन्तों को जीवन की प्रतीति मायामय और दुःखमय रूप में हुई थी, रवीन्द्र को जीवन की प्रतीति सुख-सौंदर्य-प्रेम के रूप में हुई। रवीन्द्रनाथ मूलतः कलाकार थे। कलाकार के राग-

रस से उनकी चेतना ओत-प्रोत थी। सम्पूर्ण चराचर उनकी चेतना के राग-रस से मण्डित था। यद्यपि उनकी सरस्वती अनेक बार 'इस पार' का अतिक्रमण कर 'उस पार' के गीत गाने लगती है, पर वे प्रमुख रूप में 'इस पार' के ही कवि हैं।

पृथ्वी में रवीन्द्रनाथ की गहरी आसक्ति थी। व्यापक विश्व अपनी समग्र रमणीयता में उनके समक्ष विवृत हुआ था। उन्होंने विश्व में गतिमती प्रकृति के ललित व्यापारों का अनुभव किया था। 'पृथ्वी की धूलि मधुमय है' इस सत्य को उन्होंने महामन्त्र बनाकर अपने अंतर में धारण कर रखा था,

ए दुलोक मधुमय, मधुमय पृथ्वीर पर धूलि—
अंतरे नियेछि आमि तुलि, एइ महामन्त्रखानि
चरितार्थ जीवनेर बाणी ।

(‘यह दुलोक मधुमय है, इस पृथ्वी की धूलि मधुमय है।’ इस महामन्त्र को, जो सफल जीवन की बाणी है, मैंने अपने अन्तर में धारण कर लिया है।)

पृथ्वी की धूलि के प्रति रवीन्द्रनाथ का मन आदर से नत है। इसकी तुलना में उन्हें स्वर्ग फीका प्रतीत होता है। पृथ्वी की धूलि के प्रति अपनी भक्ति-भावना की व्याख्या उन्होंने स्वयं ही अपनी एक कविता में कर दी है। ‘स्वर्ग हइते विदाय’

कविता में उन्होंने स्वर्ग और पृथ्वी की मार्मिक तुलना प्रस्तुत की है। स्वर्ग में मुख-सौन्दर्य और वैभव है किन्तु स्नेह-ममता-करुणा और प्रीति नहीं। पृथ्वी जननी रूपा है। पृथ्वी का सबसे बड़ा आकर्षण उसकी संवेदना है। स्वर्ग की अप्सराओं और देवताओं के पास सब कुछ होते हुए भी 'आँखों में अश्रु जल' नहीं है। स्वर्ग में लक्षशत वर्ष यापन कर चुकने के बाद विदा के समय स्वर्ग वालों का हृदय भर नहीं आता, उनकी आँखें सजल नहीं होती, उनका मन वेदना से मथा नहीं जाता। ममता-शून्य स्वर्ग का एक चित्र देखिए—

आजि मोर स्वर्ग हते विदायेर दिन
हे देव, हे देवीगण। वर्ष लक्षशत
यापन करे छि हर्षे देवतार मनो
देवलोके। आजि शेष विच्छेदेर क्षरो
लेशमात्र अश्रुरेखा स्वर्गेर नयने
देखे याव, एइ आशा छिल। शोकहीन
हृदिहीन मुख स्वर्ग भूमि, उदासीन
नेये आछे। लक्ष लक्ष वर्ष तार
चक्षेर पलक नहे। अश्वत्थशाखार
प्रान्त हते खसि गेले जीर्णतम पाता
यतदुकु बाजे तार ततदुकु व्यथा
स्वर्गे नाहि लागे,.....

(हे देव, हे देवीगण ! आज स्वर्ग मे मेरी विदाई का दिन है। मैंने देवलोक में देवताओं के समान आनन्द सहित करोड़ वर्ष बिताए हैं। आज अंतिम वियोग के क्षण में स्वर्ग की आँखों में लेशमात्र अश्रुरेखा देख पाऊंगा, यही आशा थी। किन्तु शोकहीन, हृदयहीन मुख स्वर्ग-भूमि अनासक्त भाव से देख रही है। लाखों वर्ष उमकी आँखों में पलक नहीं गिरते। पीपल की शाखा के किसी स्थान से जीर्णतम पत्ते के टूटकर गिरने से उसे जितनी व्यथा होती है, उतनी भी व्यथा स्वर्ग को नहीं.....)

स्वर्ग की निष्पुरुता की विषमता में पृथ्वी का ममतामय रूप यह है—

मर्तभूमि स्वर्ग नहे,
से ये मातृभूमि—ताइ तार चक्षे बहे
अश्रुजलधारा, यदि दु दिनेर परे
केह तारे छेड़े याय दु दण्डेर तरे।
यत क्षुद्र, यतधीरा, यत अभाजन,
यत पापी तापी, मेलि व्यग्र आलिंगन
सबारे कोमल वक्षे बाँधिवारे चाय—

(मर्त्यभूमि स्वर्ग नहीं है, वह मातृभूमि है। इसीलिए वहाँ दो दिन भी रहकर यदि कोई उसे दो पल के लिए छोड़ कर चला जाय तो उसकी आँखों से आंसुओं की धारा बहती है। हम चाहें जितने क्षुद्र, दुर्बल, अयोग्य, पापी क्यों न हों, वह ध्यब आलिंगन में लेकर सबको अपने कोमल वक्ष में बाँधना चाहती है।)

रवि बाबू ने धरती को मातृ-रूप में अनुभव कर उससे अमित ममता पाई थी और बदले में अपने अन्तर की ममता धरती के पुत्रों (मनुष्यों) में वितरित कर दी थी। उन्हें मनुष्य में सजब को आस्था थी। वे इस उपलब्धि से आश्चस्त थे कि उन्होंने पृथ्वी और पृथ्वी के पुत्रों को प्यार किया है। उन्हें हठ विश्वास था कि उनका मानव-प्रेम अमर सत्य बनकर मृत्यु का तिरस्कार कर देगा—

आमि जानि, याव यत्रे
संसारेर रंगभूमि छाडि,
माध्य देत्रे पुष्प वन ऋतुते ऋतुते
ए विश्वेरे भालो वासियाछि।
ए भालो बासाइ मत्य, ए जन्मेर दान।
त्रिदाय नेबार काले
ए मत्य अम्लान हये मृत्युरे करिवे अस्वीकार।

(मैं जानता हूँ, जब मैं संसार की रंगभूमि को

छोड़ कर जाऊंगा, तब हर ऋतु में पुष्पवन साक्षी देगा कि मैंने इस विश्व को प्यार किया है। यह प्रेम ही सत्य है, इस जन्म का दान है। विदा लेने के समय यह सत्य अम्लान रहकर मृत्यु को अस्वीकार करेगा।)

रवीन्द्रनाथ ने जीवन में अक्षय सौन्दर्य का आशीर्वाद पाया था। उनकी आत्मा सौन्दर्य-रस पीकर अपराजित-अक्षत बन गई थी। 'विश्व की नित्य-सुधा' से अमर प्राणों वाले कवि को मृत्यु का भय नहीं रहता। रवीन्द्रनाथ मरना नहीं चाहते, पर वह मृत्यु से भीत नहीं हैं। उन्होंने इस विश्व को प्यार किया है, फिर मृत्यु की दुश्चिन्ता क्यों? प्यार सत्य है, न कि मृत्यु। 'मरिते चाहि न आमि सुन्दर भुवने' पंक्ति की व्याख्या इस रूप में नहीं की जानी चाहिए कि कवि मृत्यु के भय से कंपित है। कवि इस देह से, इन्द्रियों से, संसार की सौन्दर्य-सुधा का पान कर मृत्युंजय बन चुका है। वह जीना इसलिए चाहता है कि व्यक्त जगत में व्याप्त विश्वात्मा के सौन्दर्य से और अधिक क्रीड़ा कर सके, जीवन्त हृदय में स्थान पा सके। वह धरती पर प्राणों के चिरतरंगित खेल को देखकर बार बार विभोर हो उठता है..... चाहता है कि अनन्त काल तक यह खेल देखता रहे, अनवरत, निरन्तर।

धरती और धरती के पुत्रों में दृढ़ आस्था ने कवीन्द्र रवीन्द्र की साधना का स्वरूप निर्धारित किया है। रवीन्द्र की साधना वैराग्यमूलक नहीं, रागमूलक है। वह प्रवृत्ति के कवि हैं, निवृत्ति के नहीं। 'पांथ' कविता में उन्होंने व्यंग्य करते हुए मुक्ति का उपहास किया है और धरती के प्रति अपनी ममता को दोहराया है—

शुधायो ना मोरे तुमि मुक्ति कोथा, मुक्ति कारे कइ
आमि तो साधक नइ, आमि गुरु नइ।

आमि कवि, आछि धरणीर अति काछाकाछि,
ए पारेर खेयार घाटाय।

(मुझसे न पूछना कि मुक्ति कहां है और मुक्ति किसे कहता हूँ। मैं तो साधक नहीं हूँ, मैं गुरु नहीं हूँ। मैं कवि हूँ, धरती के अत्यन्त निकट हूँ, उस पार, नौका के घाट पर।)

एक अन्य कविता (प्रतिज्ञा) में कवि ने अत्यन्त दृढ़ शब्दों में तापस न बनने की प्रतिज्ञा की है। उसने कहा है, "मैं तब तक घर नहीं छोड़ूंगा, उदासीन सन्यासी बनकर बाहर नहीं होऊंगा, यदि घर के बाहर कोई पृथ्वी को लुभाने वाली हँसी न हूँसे। यदि मधुर विचंचल हवा में नीलांचल न उड़े, कंकण और तूपुर यदि रुतभुन न बजे तो मैं तापस नहीं बनूंगा।"

पृथ्वी के प्रति कवि का मोह इतना गम्भीर है कि वह वैराग्य-साधना से प्राप्त मुक्ति का निषेध कर देता है। रवीन्द्र में वैष्णव भक्तों की रागमूलक आराधना और सौन्दर्यवादी रोमांटिक कवियों की सौन्दर्य-लालसा एकत्रित हो गई थी। अतएव उन्होंने मोह का त्याग नहीं किया अपितु मोह को ही आध्यात्मिक साधना का आधार बनाया है। रवीन्द्र का भाल आध्यात्मिक साधना के उन्नत गगन को स्पर्श करता है तो उनके चरण रागमयी पृथ्वी की धूलि में अवस्थित हैं। धरती और आकाश का, भौतिकता और आध्यात्मिकता का, इहलोक और परलोक का मरुचिपूर्ण सामंजस्य उनकी कविताओं में मिलता है। वे मुक्त होना चाहते थे, पर मधुर पार्थिव बंधनों के बीच रहकर ही। बंधनों के बीच में ही मुक्ति का आस्वाद पाने की तीव्र कामना उनके मन में थी। रवीन्द्रनाथ ने 'मृत्ति-का पात्र' का, इस देह का, सम्मान करने का संस्कार पाया था। अपार्थिव अमृत को वे पार्थिव

देह के चषक में भर कर पीना चाहते थे। धरती का तिरस्कार कर उन्होंने स्वर्ग को स्वीकार नहीं किया, बल्कि स्वर्ग के मुख-वैभव और सुपमा का धरती की धूल में ही साक्षात् किया था। 'मुक्ति' कविता में कवि ने निम्नान्त रूप में अपनी साधना का स्वरूप स्पष्ट कर दिया है—

वैराग्य साधने मुक्ति, से आमार नय ।
असंख्य बंधन-माझे महानन्दमय
लभिब मुक्तिर स्वाद । एइ वसुधार
मुक्तिकार पात्रखानि भरि बारम्बार
तोमार अमृत ढालि दिवै अविरत
नाना बर्ण गंधमय

(वैराग्य साधना से प्राप्त होने वाली मुक्ति मेरी मुक्ति नहीं है। असंख्य बंधनों में ही मैं महानन्दमय मुक्ति का आस्वाद पाऊँगा। इस वसुधा के मृत्तिका पात्र में भरकर बारम्बार नाना बर्ण गंधमय तुम्हारा अमृत निरन्तर ढलता रहे।)

रवीन्द्र ने मोह को मुक्ति रूप में प्रकाशित किया था, प्रेम को भक्ति रूप में ढाला था—

मोह मोर मुक्ति रूप उठिवे ज्वलिया,
प्रेम मोर भक्ति रूपे रहिवे फलिया।

रवीन्द्रनाथ ने व्यक्त जगत के कण-कण में जीवन का संगीत सुना था। यह भुवन उनके लिए मात्र जड़पिण्ड नहीं था, अपितु भावपूर्ण जीवन नाटक की रंगशाला था। उन्होंने कवि की अन्तर्दृष्टि से भुवन-व्यपि सौंदर्य का साक्षात्कार किया था, अपनी संवेदना से पल्लव-पल्लव में जीवन का स्पन्दन अनुभव किया था। बाह्य जगत के जीवन-सौंदर्य को अपनी चेतना पर फौला लेने की उत्कट लालसा निम्नलिखित पंक्तियों में द्रष्टव्य है—

खोल दो, खोल दो द्वार ;
कर दो अवारित नीलाकाश को

कौतूहली पुष्प गंध को करने दो प्रवेश मेरे कर्णों में
प्रथम आलोक सूर्य-किरणों का
होने दो संचार नस नस में ;
'मैं जीवित हूँ', यह बाणी अभिनन्दन की
मर्मरित हो रही पल्लव पल्लव में—
मुझे सुनने दो :

रवीन्द्रनाथ इसी मिट्टी में खिले कुसुम थे अपने विकास के सभी तत्व उन्होंने धूल से ग्रहण किए थे। पृथ्वी की ममता ने उनके प्राणों को दुल-राया था। मिट्टी उनकी जननी थी, वह मिट्टी का तिरस्कार कैसे करते। मिट्टी से उन्होंने जो जीवन पाया, उसका अभिनन्दन किया, उसका श्रृंगार किया। उन्होंने कभी भी जीवन पर असुन्दर व्यंग्य नहीं किया। जिस मिट्टी के वे ऋणी थे, उसे अपनी धृणा से अपावन कैसे कर सकते थे—

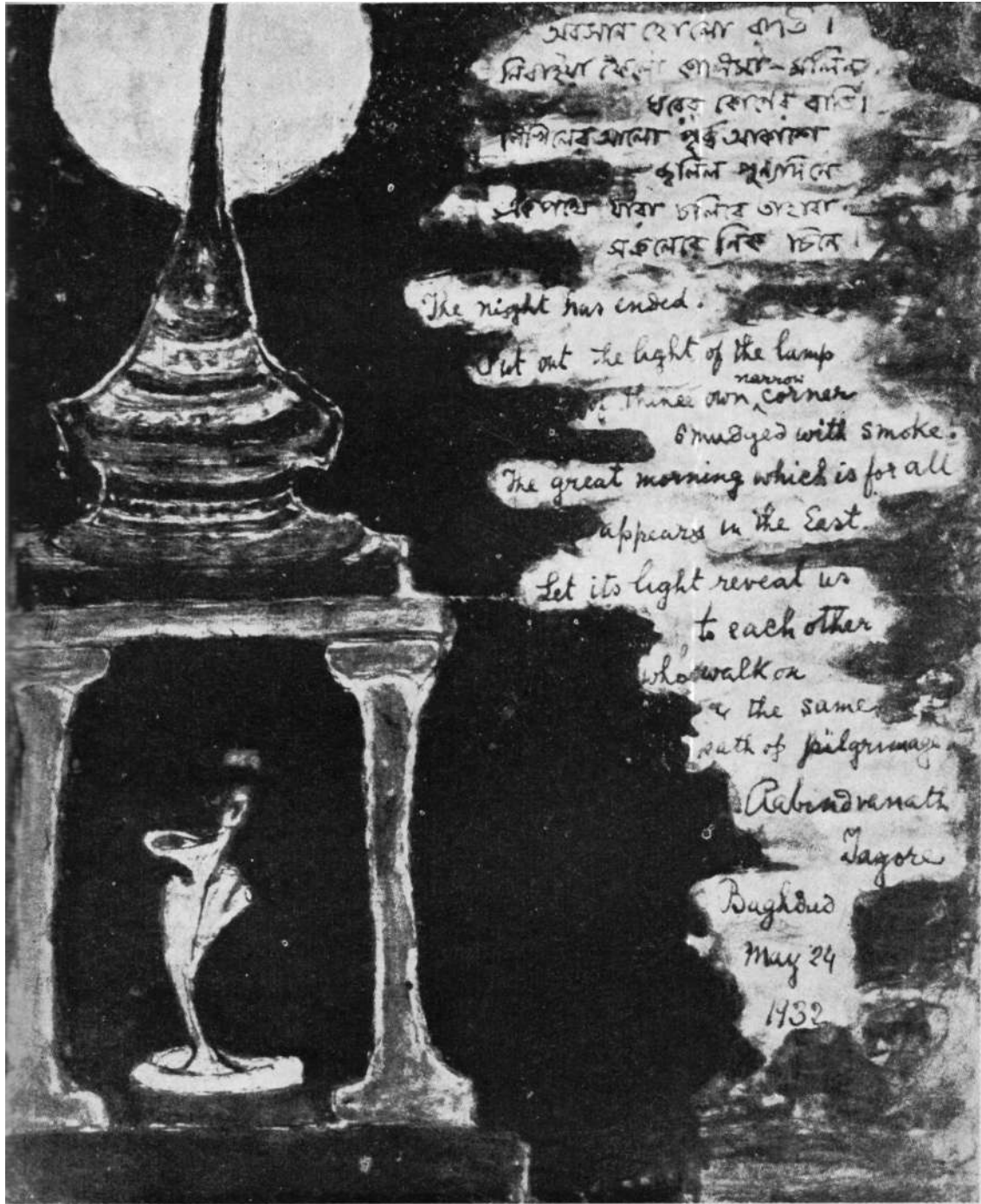
जिस मिट्टी का ऋणी है

अपनी धृणा से फूल करता नहीं अशुचि उसे
कवीन्द्र ने मिट्टी की भर्त्सना नहीं की थी, उसका तिलक अपने भाल पर लगाया था। पृथ्वी और पृथ्वी की मन्तानें उनके लिए बन्दी थी। विदा की वेला में वे अपने शिर पर पृथ्वी की पावन रज धारण कर अपनी प्रगति इसी धूल में रख गये थे जीवित रहते हुए जिस महामानव ने धरती का धूल से अनुराग किया था, अंतिम विदाई के समय वह 'इसी धूलि, मिट्टी, घास, वनस्पति औषधि आदि के बीच अपना हृदय बिछा गया था'—

सत्येर आनन्द रूप ए धूलि ते निवेछि मुरनि
एइ जेने ए धुलाय राखिनु प्रगति ।

(सत्य का आनन्द रूप इसी धूलि में मूर्ति धारण किए हुए है। यही जानकर इस धूलि में अपनी प्रगति (नमस्कार) रख जाता हूँ।)

AN ILLUMINATED PAGE BY GURUDEV



অবসান হইল রাত ।
নিবৃত্ত হইল জালিয়া-প্রদীপ ।
ধরত কোণের বাতি ।
সিঁপিলের আলো পুঁজি আকাশ
কৃত্তিম পূর্ণদীপে
স্বপ্নের ঘর চলিত জয়র
সকলের নিঃশব্দে ।

The night has ended.

Out out the light of the lamp
in three ^{narrow} own corners
obscured with smoke.

The great morning which is for all
appears in the East.

Let its light reveal us
to each other
who walk on

the same
path of pilgrimage

Rabindranath
Tagore

Daghdud
May 24
1932

“It is the element of unpredictability in art which seems to fascinate me strongly. The subject matter of a poem can be traced back to some dim thought in the mind. Once it leaves the matted crown of Shiva, the stream of poetry flows along its measured course---well-defined by its two banks. While painting, the process adopted by me is quite the reverse. First there is the hint of a line, then the line becomes a form. The more pronounced the form becomes the clear becomes the picture to my conception. This creation of form is a source of endless wonder. If I were a finished artist I would probably have a pre-conceived idea to be made into a picture. This is no doubt a rewarding experience. But it is greater fun when the mind is seized upon by something outside of it, some surprise element which gradually evolves into an understandable shape. I am so taken with new game that all my various responsibilities, extraneous to myself, peep in from outside my door only to withdraw the next moment with much shaking of the head. If I were a free agent as of yore, unburdened by any cares, do you realize what I would have done? I would live by the Padma and gather a harvest of pictures and nothing but pictures to load the Golden Boat of Time with.”

(From a letter to Rani Mahalanovis, dated 7th November, 1928.
Reproduced from *Art and Aesthetics* Pages 89-90)

मंजरी

अनुवादक :—श्री ओम प्रकाश कोहली एम० ए०

प्राण

मरिते चाहि ना आमि सुन्दर भुवने,
मानवेर माझे आमि बाँचिवारे चाई ।
इस सूर्यकरे एइ पुष्पित कानने
जोवन्त हृदय माझे यदि स्थान पाइ !
बगय प्राणेर खेला चिर तरंगित,
विरह मिलन कत हासि-अश्रु मय—
मानवेर सुखे दुःखे गाँथिया संगीत
जदि गो रचिते पारि अमर आलय !
ना यदि ना पारि तवे बाँचि यत काल
नोमादेरि माझखाने लभि येन ठाँइ,
नोमरा तुलिवे बले सकाल बिकाल
नव नव संगीतेर कुसुम फुटाइ ।
हासि मुखे नियो फुल, तार परे हाय
कने दियो फुल, यदि से फुल शुकाय ॥

मैं नहीं चाहता मरना सुन्दर जग में,
मैं जीना चाहता हूँ मानव जग में ।
यदि पा सकूँ स्थान
सूर्य-किरणों से पुष्पित इस कानन में,
जोवन्त हृदय में !
प्राणों का है खेल धरा पर चिर चंचल,
हास-अश्रु मय विरह-मिलन सुख-दुःख मानव का
निज गीतों में गूँथ यदि रच सकूँ अमर धाम ।
कर न सकूँ यदि ऐसा तो जब तक जीऊँ
बीच तुम्हारे पा सकूँ स्थान इस आशा से
विकसित करता हूँ नव-नव गीतों के कुसुम जिन्हें
तुम तोड़ोगे समय-असमय ।
प्रसन्न भाव से उन्हें तोड़ लेना तुम
और फेंक देना यदि वे सूख जाय ।

इस जीवन में सुन्दर का पाया है मधुर आशीर्वाद

ए जीवने सुन्दरेर पेयेछि मधुर आशीर्वाद,
मानुषेर प्रीति पात्रे पाइ तारि सुधार आस्वाद ।
दुःमह दुःखेर दिने
अक्षत अपराजित आत्मारे लयेछि आमि चिने ।
आसन्न मृत्युेर छाया ये दिन करेछि अनुभव
नेदिन भयेर हाते ह्य नि दुर्बल पराभव
महत्तम मानुषेर स्पर्श हते हृद नि वंचित,
मंदेर अमृत वाणी अन्तरेते करेछि संचित ।
जीवनेर विधातार ये दाक्षिण्य पेयेछि जीवने
नाहारि स्मरणलिपि राखिलाम सकृत्तज मन ॥

इस जीवन में सुन्दर का पाया है मधुर आशीर्वाद,
मानव के प्रेम पात्र में पाता हूँ उसी की सुधा का स्वाद
दुःख के कठिन दिनों में
पहचाना है मैंने अक्षत अपराजित आत्मा को ।
आसन्न मृत्यु की छाया का किया जिस दिन अनुभव
उस दिन भय के हाथ से नहीं हुआ दुर्बलपराभव।
श्रेष्ठ मानवों के संग से हुआ नहीं वंचित,
उनकी अमृत-वाणी को कर लिया हृदय में संचित ।
जीवन विधाता का दाक्षिण्य पाया जो इस जीवन में
उसे लिख स्मरणलिपि से कृतज्ञ हो रख लिया मन में ।

मुक्ति

वैराग्य साधने मुक्ति, से आमार नय ॥
 असंख्य बन्धन माझे महानन्दमय
 लभिव मुक्तिर स्वाद । एइ वसुधार
 मृत्तिकार पात्रखानि भरि बारम्बार
 तोमार अमृत ढालि दिबे अविरत
 नानावर्णगंधमय । प्रदीपेर मतो
 समस्त संसार मोर लक्ष वर्तिकाय
 ज्वालाये तुलिबे आलो तोमारि शिखाय
 तोमार मन्दिर-माझे ॥
 इन्द्रियेर द्वार
 रुद्ध करि योगासन, से नहे आमार ।
 ये-किछु आनन्द आछे दृश्ये गन्धे गाने
 तोमार आनन्द रवे तार माझ खाने ॥
 मोह मोर मुक्ति रूपे उठिबे ज्वलिया,
 प्रेम मोर भक्ति रूपे रहिबे फलिया ॥

वैराग्य साधना से प्राप्त मुक्ति, ऐसी मुक्ति नहीं है
 असंख्य बन्धनों में पाऊंगा मैं
 महानन्दमय मुक्ति का आस्वाद ।
 इस वसुधा के मृत्तिका पात्र में भरकर बारम्बार
 ढलता रहे तुम्हारा अमृत अविरत
 नानावर्णगंधमय ।
 दीप के समान यह समस्त संसार
 तुम्हारी ही शिखा में प्रज्वलित कर लक्ष वर्तिकाएं
 प्रकाश करेगा तुम्हारे मन्दिर में ।
 इन्द्रियों के द्वार को योगामन से रूंधना,
 वह मेरा मार्ग नहीं है ।
 दृश्य गंध गान में जो कुछ भी आनन्द है
 वह तुम्हारा ही है ।
 मोह, मेरी मुक्ति के रूप में जलेगा ।
 प्रेम, मेरी भक्ति के रूप में फलेगा ॥

मधुमय पृथ्वी की धूलि

ए द्यूलोक मधुमय, मधुमय पृथ्वीर धूलि—
 अन्तरे नियेछि आमि तुलि,
 एइ महामन्त्रखानि
 चरितार्थ जीवनेर वाणी ।
 दिने दिने पेयेछिनु सत्येर या-किछु उपहार
 मधु रसे क्षय नाइ तार ।
 ताइ एइ मन्त्रवाणी मृत्युेर शेषेर प्रान्ते बाजे—
 सब क्षति मिथ्या करि अनन्तेर आनन्द विराजे ।
 शेषस्पर्श निये याब यत्रे धरणीेर
 बले याब, 'तोमार धूलि
 तिलक परेछि भाले ;
 देखेछि नित्येर ज्योति दुर्योगेर मायार आडाले ।
 सत्येर आनन्दरूप ए धूलिते नियेछि मुरति,
 एइ जेने ए धुलाय राखिनु प्रणति ।'

यह द्यूलोक मधुमय है, पृथ्वी की धूलि मधुमय है—
 धारण किया है मैंने निज अन्तर में,
 यह महामन्त्र
 चरितार्थ जीवन की वाणी है यह ।
 प्रतिदिन प्राप्त किया था जो कुछ उपहार सत्य का
 मधुरस में क्षय नहीं उसका ।
 तभी तो यह मन्त्र-वाणी भूँजती है मृत्यु के शेष प्रान्त
 मिथ्या कर सब क्षतियाँ अनन्त का आनन्द विराजता
 शेष स्पर्श ले जाऊंगा जब इस धरती का,
 कह जाऊंगा—'तुम्हारी धूलि का,
 तिलक दिया है ललाट पर ;
 दुर्दिन की माया की ओट में देखी है ज्योति नित्य की
 सत्य का आनन्द रूप मूर्तित हुआ है इस धूलि में,
 यही जानकर
 करता हूँ प्रणाम इस धूलि को ।'

अपनी कीर्ति का मैं विश्वास नहीं करता

आमार कीर्तिरे आमि करि ना विश्वास ।
जानि, कालसिन्धु तारे
नियत तरंग घाते
दिने दिने दिबे लुप्त करि ।
आमार विश्वास आपनारे ।
दुइ बेला सेइ पात्र भरि
ए विश्वे नित्यसुधा
करियाछि पान ।
प्रति मुहूर्तेर भालो बासा
तार माभे ह्येछे संचित ।
दुःख भारे दीर्ण करे नाइ,
कालो करे नाइ धूलि
शिल्पेरे ताहार ।
आमि जानि, याब यबे
संसारेर रंगभूमि छाड़ि,
साक्ष्य देबे पुष्पबन ऋतुते ऋतुते
ए विश्वेरे भालो बासियाछि ।
ए भालोबासाइ सत्य, ए जन्मेर दान ।
बिदाय नेबार काले
ए सत्य अम्लान ह्ये मृत्युरे करिबे अस्वीकार ।

अपनी कीर्ति का मैं विश्वास नहीं करता ।
जानता हूँ,
कालसिंधु उसे
नियत तरंगाघात से
दिन प्रतिदिन करेगा लुप्त ।
मेरा विश्वास अपने आप में है ।
दोनों बेला उसी पात्र में भर कर
इस विश्व की नित्य सुधा का
किया है पान ।
प्रति मुहूर्त का प्यार
उसमें हुआ है संचित ।
दुःख के भार ने किया नही विदीर्ण उसे,
मलिन नहीं हुआ शिल्प उसका धूलि से ।
मैं जानता हूँ, छोड़ जाऊंगा जब
संसार की रंगभूमि,
साक्ष्य दूँगे पुष्पबन प्रतिऋतु में
इस विश्व को मैंने प्यार किया है ।
यह प्यार ही सत्य है, इस जन्म का दान है ।
विदा बेला में
यह सत्य अम्लान रहकर करेगा उपेक्षित
मृत्यु को ।‡

‡ 'मंजरी' शीर्षक के अन्तर्गत रवीन्द्रनाथ ठाकुर की पांच मूल बंगला कविताओं का देवनागरी लिप्यन्तर और हिन्दी अनुवाद दिया गया है। इन सभी कविताओं का मूल स्वर एक ही है। जीवन में गहरी आस्था। आज जब कि घोर वैज्ञानिक युग में युद्ध-त्रस्त मानव का जीवन में से विश्वास उठता जा रहा है, ये कविताएँ डिगती हुई आस्था को स्थिर करने की प्रेरणा देती हैं। कवि का दृष्टिकोण स्वस्थ और रचनात्मक है। अमित मानव के लिए इन कविताओं में स्पष्ट संदेश है, अधकार से आलोक में ले जाने की शक्ति है।

Trends In Tagore

Dr. R. Bharadwaj

I propose to discuss briefly the main currents of thought in Rabindranath Tagore, the greatest mystic poet, painter and philosopher of his age in India. In doing so, it will be my endeavour to keep close to his own words, as far as possible.

The Boundless

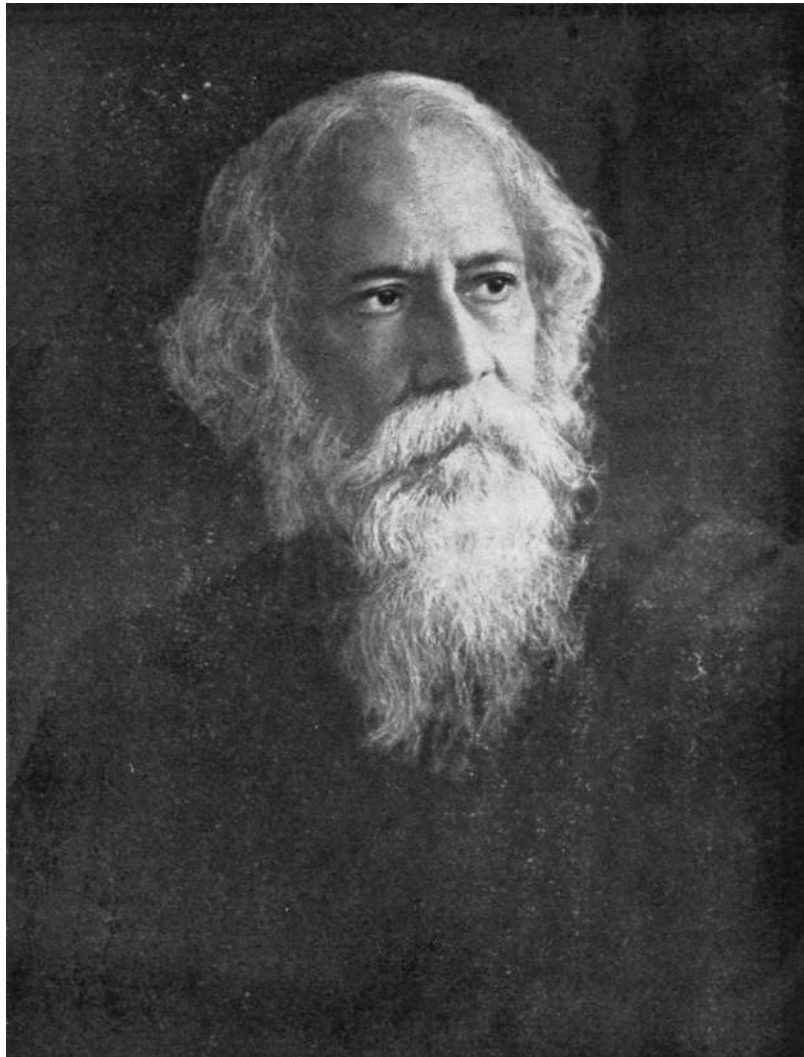
'Brahma is boundless in his superfluity.' That is to say there is profusion and superfluity, not scarcity or want, in the Lord or his creation. Trees, for example, bear more seeds, and birds and reptiles lay more eggs, than necessary. So man, too, has 'his vital and mental energy vastly in excess of his need. He can go beyond his needs to step out from utility to beauty, or from satisfaction to delight,

'The west seems to take a pride in thinking that it is subduing nature, as if we are living in a hostile world where we have to wrest everything we want from an unwilling and alien arrangement of things.' But India put all her emphasis on the harmony that exists between the individual and the universal. By the help of 'the Gayatri,† a verse which is considered to be the epitome of all the Vedas', we try to realize the essential unity

† ओ३म् भूर्भुवः स्वः । तत्सवितुर्वरेण्यं भर्गो देवस्य । धियो यो नः प्रचोदयात् । यजु० ३३,३

of the world with the conscious soul of man. It is not in the power of possession but in the power of this union that India recognizes differences of value in different things. 'India chose her places of pilgrimage where there was in nature some special grandeur or beauty so that her mind could come out of its world of narrow necessities and realize its place in the infinite. This was the reason why in India a whole people, who once were meat-eaters, gave up taking animal food to cultivate the sentiment of universal sympathy for life—an event unique in the history of mankind.'

We should be not merely men, but men-in-the universe, 'The rishis were they who having reached the supreme God from all sides had found abiding peace, had become united with all, had entered into the life of the Universe.' Tagore refutes some modern European philosophers who are directly or indirectly indebted to the Upanishads, far from realizing their debt, maintain that the Brahma of India is a mere abstraction, a negation of all that is in the world.' The fact is that the infinite is present in all things, and this presence is a source of constant inspiration. The ancient sage chanted : I bow to God over and over again who is in fire and in water, who permeates the whole world, who is in the annual crops as well as in the perennial trees.



GURUDEV

..Rabindranath Tagore, the eternal pride
And garland of thoughts and feelings allied
Of Bharat, the tallest glorious guide,
Shows light to the world and a norm to 'bide.'

(By Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj)

My heart sings at the wonder of my place
In this world of light and life ;
At the feel in my pulse of the rhythm of creation
Cadenced by the swing of the endless time.

I feel the tenderness of the grass in my forest walk,
The wayside flowers startle me :
That the gifts of the infinite are strewn in the dust
Wakens my song in wonder.

I have seen, have heard, have lived ;
In the depth of the known have felt
The truth that exceeds all knowledge
Which fills my heart with wonder and I sing.

(Poems : No 67)

'His reflection is death as well as immortality : यस्य छायामृतं यो मृत्युमृत्युः नृ० पू० २,१२ 'Everything has sprung from immortal life† and is vibrating with life, for life is immense.'‡ The supreme being is all-pervading, therefore he is the innate good in all : सर्वव्यापी स भगवाँ स्तस्मात् सर्वगतः शिवः, श्वेताश्व ३,११

In the Image of God

God creates the world; so does man, who 'was made in the image of God'.* Man secures to himself the necessities of life and even reproduces himself physically. But from self-preservation he rises to self-expression also. In other words, he *creates* and *recreates* himself through fine arts such as painting, music and poetry.

The Useful Man

It is the limitation and a thousand and one preoccupations which prevent man from going beyond the field of utility to beauty. The merely useful man is lower than 'the complete man'. The one, guided by self-interest and considerations of the 'market price', has little inspiration of reality; the other enjoys the exuberant reality in and around him.

The Complete Man

'The Complete man' comes freely

† यदिदं किञ्च जगत्सर्वं प्राण एजति निःसृतम्, कठः ६,२

‡ प्राणो विराट्

* Cf. The Holy Bible, Gen. 1, 26-27

in contact with whatever *appears* to him in nature—personal, animate or inanimate—whether outside him or within himself. He does not care much for the final character of a thing. For abstract truth belongs to science and metaphysics, but the world of reality belongs to art. He grabs inspiration and delight from what *appears* to him. Such delight or inspiration is not calculated, it is *immediate*. Man is finite when he is over-conscious of himself and of his self-interest; but he becomes infinite by coming into contact with the Infinite that lies in and around him.

The Way of Contact

This contact with the Infinite is attainable by 'self-forgetting' and 'self-sacrifice'. The personality in man becomes one with the One when he loses himself.* 'In your effort to capture life as expressed in a living tissue, you will find carbon, nitrogen and many other things utterly unlike life, but never life itself.' In other words, one might say, when the 'I am' in man realizes itself in the 'That' he becomes 'Soham सोऽहम्: That I am, or 'Sohansah: सोऽहंस: I am That I AM'.** This is the formula which an individual repeats actually but unknowingly while breathing—ajapa-japa, as mentioned in the *Shatapatha Brahmana*. The 'Complete man' realizes the Reality by intuition and divides it by intellect. Here one is reminded, I might say, of Henri Bergson who held that 'the intellect delimits reality'

* Cf. The Holy Bible, St. Matthew, 10, 39

** Cf. Ibid, Exodus : 3, 14

where as 'intuition is a sympathetic attitude to the reality without us which makes us seem to enter into it, to be one with it, to live it'. So 'limitation of the unlimited', says Tagore, is personality, and God is also personal where He creates.

The Nature of Art

'Art is maya', it is appearance, 'it is and is not': Science reveals that 'the ultimate difference between one element and another is only that of rhythm', through which it shows itself. Gold and mercury, for example differ in the rhythm of their respective atomic manifestation just as a king and his subject in situation and circumstance. Rhythm is the movement generated and regulated by harmonious restriction; and it is 'the creative force in the hand of the artist'. For a 'great picture is always speaking.' There is cadence and harmony in the so-called ordinary things. An intellectual might fail to find beauty in a donkey, whereas childish innocence would find it. If we should look at a fine piece of linen through a magnifying glass, big holes would appear and mar the fineness. If you X-ray a beautiful woman, what will you get—an ugly skeleton? Test a poem and lose its charm. So enjoyment inheres in appearance; that is, not in intellectual but in aesthetic judgement. Again we are reminded, I should suppose, of Bergson who thought that the 'clearest evidence of intuition is in the works of great artists'.

Poetry

'Poems are not like market commodities transferable. Gustave Flaubert, Walter Pater, Guy de Maupassant, A. C. Bradley and some others laid more emphasis on the form of poetry, which in their opinion, 'is so subtle a spirit that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate'.¹ This is 'the reason why if we insist on asking for the meaning of such a poem; we can only be answered it means itself.'² So there 'exists but one way of expressing one feeling, one word to call it by, adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it.'³ Surely, as Tagore says, we cannot receive the smiles and glances of our sweetheart through an attorney, however diligent and truthful he may be. For each 'poet has his own distinct medium of language.' No doubt he inherits a hypnotizing one, but it has to be modulated according to the urge which he as an individual has. It is because social life changes and with it all great languages undergo changes. It is also because a poet's individual use of it, having life's magic touch, transforms it into a special vehicle of his own creation.' A political, commercial, educational or religious force obstructs the free flow of inner life of the people. 'Unmeaning obsessions have therefore to go.

In this connection a word of caution seems to be necessary against 'fashions in literature', which arise out of attraction for 'the extravagant and the unusual', Who would, for example,

1. *Aeneid* Preface. 2. Bradley 3. Pater.

appreciate a modern writer who has described 'the coming out of the stars in the evening' as 'sudden eruption of disease in the bloated body of darkness'? Laborious pursuit of a spurious novelty in manner and matter is 'the symptom of old age' in literature. For a 'reaction against a particular mannerism is liable to produce its own mannerism in a militant fashion.' 'The same herd instinct is followed in a cult of rebellion as it was in the cult of conformity.'

The modern mind, in its rush over the miscellaneous, ransack cheap markets of curios which mostly are delusions. Lacking leisure and labouring under the delusions of sex-psychology and drug-stores of moral virulence, some modern writers fail to see luxuriant nature and express their 'feelings that are usual in a form that is unique, and yet not abnormal.' Tagore believes that 'the vision of Paradise is to be seen in the sunlight and the green of the earth, in the beauty of the human face and the wealth of human life, even in objects that are seemingly insignificant and unprepossessing.'

Good And Evil

'Pain is the feeling of our finiteness; it is not a fixture in our life.' Nor is it an end in itself, as joy is. 'As in intellectual error, so in evil of any other form, its essence is impermanence, for it cannot accord with the whole.'†

† नाल्पे सुखमस्ति, भूमादेव सुखम्, छांदो०
७,२३,६

'When we are conscious of our soul, we perceive the inner being that transcends our ego and has its deeper affinity with the All.' Letters 'become a source of joy to us only when they combine into words and sentences and convey an idea.' 'Therefore love is the highest bliss that man can attain to, for through it alone he truly knows that he is more than himself and that he is at one with the All.' Such persons are called Mahatmas, who have already expiated their sins by such prayers as this :

O God, O Father, completely sweep away all our sins. Give unto us that which is good.‡

Purified they realize the All and offer their unreserved bows :

"We bow to Thee from whom come the enjoyments of our life ; we bow also to Thee from whom comes the good of our soul ; we bow to Thee who art good, the highest good".*

Education

The highest education, according to Tagore, is that which not only gives us information but also makes our life in harmony with all existence. 'When there came the separation of the intellect from the spiritual and the physical, the school education

‡ विश्वानि देव सवितर्दुरितानि परासुद, यद्भद्रं
तान् असुद । ऋक्र, ४,४,२५

* नमः शम्भवाय च मयोभवाय च नमः शङ्कराय च
मयस्कराय च नमः शिवाय च शिवतराय च,
यजु० १६४१

put entire emphasis on intellect and the physical side of man.' Rabindranath trusts the instinct of the pupil and the atmosphere of the *asram*, for the kindling of the spiritual aspiration and the development of the spiritual life.

It is desirable that regional languages should be the medium of education. 'It cannot seriously be contended that English should become the common language of the whole of India. Even if it is possible, it may not be desirable. We cannot hope to develop any great literature in the English tongue.'

The educated class of the present day is characterized by superficiality, lack of originality and drawback of bilingual thinking. To insist on learning English in the early years is to cut at the root of sound education. Such insistence generates a tedium and weariness instead of cheerfulness into the daily routine. Dr. Radhakrishnan further tells us that Tagore wrote all his works in Bengali and later translated some of them into English. The educated men of today feel as if they were a class apart. Their traditional ideas are not settled. Their religious belief is weakened. It is because they have acquired a Eurasian mentality.

To revive the harmony of art and industry, beauty and use, the recovery of the religious spirit is necessary. Machinery is now displacing Indian industries. 'While Tagore believes that industrialization must come to India and should come, he considers

that India need not pass through the evils of industrialization,' such as slum-life, unemployment, liquor-traffic, prolonged labour, gross vulgarity, bad manners, bestiality of art, embittered life, stunted faculty. Beauty, life and soul-power have given place to cheapness, utility and trade-instinct. Modern India is, therefore, forgetting the function of art in life.*

Men's Religion

Tagore had the religion of an artist. He says, 'Our religion is the inner principle that comprehends these endeavours and expressions and dreams through which we approach Him in whose image we are made.' Civilization is 'the product of the art of religion'. 'We stop its course of conquest when we accept the cult of realism and forget that realism is the worst form of untruth, because it contains a minimum of truth.' 'The realism in man is the animal in him: whose life is a mere duration of time: the human in him is his reality which has life everlasting for its background'.

Union with the Reality 'has its significance not in the realm of *to have* but in that of *to be*. *To gain* truth is to admit its separateness, but *to be* true is to become one with truth.' 'The Infinite is love itself: रसो वै सः' So 'enjoy Him through sacrifice', "covet not,"* for greed diverts your mind to that illusion in

* (ओ३म्) ईशा वास्यमिदं सर्वं यत्किञ्च जगत्यां जगद्
तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथा मा गृधः कस्यस्विद्धनम् ॥

you which is your separate self and diverts it from truth in which you represent the *parama purushah*, the 'Supreme Person'.

Message to the world

'The western civilization is more mechanical than spiritual, more political than religious, more mindful of power than of peace. This political tendency is expressing itself in many ways. The problem of the woman is one symptom of it as the European War is another'.¹ The woman of today 'does not feel that her vocation lies at home. She is restless. She fears marriage and maternity' and struggles against man's monopoly of business. She unsexes herself by working in shops and stations, factories and offices, and tries to imitate man and make life artificial and unnatural. She now 'craves to acquire

man's character and position in public life'. But 'true woman will have neither the desire nor the capacity for it'.²

'The war is a sign that modern civilization is not alive'.³ Yet Rabindranath Tagore, an optimist as he is, hopes that there will be a change of heart, which will effect 'the reconstruction of the world on a spiritual basis'.⁴ It will happen when all are disgusted with the cruelties of war. Tagore condemns, in strong terms, the selfish nationalist spirit of the West.⁵

Tagore, therefore, holds to the world the two torches of sympathy and love, for the East and the West to unite.

* The whole section on Education and the Message to the World are based on Dr. Radhakrishnan's exposition of Tagore's thoughts.

At midnight the would-be ascetic announced :

"This is the time to give up my home and seek for God. Ah, who has held me so long in delusion here ?"

God whispered, "I", but the ears of the man were stopped.

With a baby asleep at her breast lay his wife, peacefully sleeping on one side of the bed.

The man said, "Who are ye that have fooled me so long ?"

The voice said again, "They are God," but he heard it not.

The baby cried out in its dream, nestling close to its mother.

God commanded, "Stop, fool, leave not thy home," but still he heard no

God sighed and complained, "Why does my servant wander to seek me, forsaking me ?"

The Gardener: LXXV

THE AUGUST ASSEMBLY

'There be of them that have left a name behind them.'

(Ecclesiastes. VII-1)

**'They shine along with the Pole-Star—
A delight to the heavens.'**

Gandhiji to Gurudev

(a) In common with the thousands of his countrymen I owe much to one who by his poetic genius and singular purity of life has raised India in the estimation of the world.

(b) Gurudev's soul is immortal and he lives though dead. Gurudev longed to serve the world through India and breathed his last while doing so. His experiment is unfinished. His mortal remains are no more but his soul is immortal like ours. Taken in this sense none perishes or dies. None is born. Gurudev lives significantly. His tendencies were universal, mostly heavenly through which he will be immortal. Shantineketan, Srineketan and Visvabharti—all these are manifestations of his action. They were for his soul for which Deenabandhu Andrews left his world, followed by Gurudev. Our true homage would be to maintain these institutions which he is watching from wherever he may be.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu to Gurudev

.....He always had a universal quality. And India, always universal

in her appreciation of all knowledge, the reception of all science, her reaction to all beauty, no matter from where the gift of beauty comes, found her last, her latest, her most lovely interpreter, her most lovely embodiment, her most lovely prophet, her most lovely affirmation in Rabindranath Tagore, who before he died, with the knowledge of his coming death said, "I have tasted the hidden honey of a lotus." The hidden honey of the lotus was ultimate vision of this seer and out of the lotus of his own lyric genius, as was that, he drew the hidden honey with which he went, sweet upon his tongue, to greet the immortal in the world of poets, his fellow poets belonging to the world of song.

Albert Einstein to Gurudev

You saw the fierce strife of creatures, a strife that wells forth from need and dark desire. You saw the withdrawal in calm meditation and in creation of beauty. Cherishing these, you serve mankind all through a long and fruitful life, spreading every where a gentle and free thought in a manner such as the seers of your people have proclaimed as the ideal."

My Mistress of the Line

GURUDEV

The tree pursues a purpose
In its flowers and fruits,
But never at all in the hieroglyph
Limned on its chequered shade
Where butterflies imitate
The flitting of the yellow leaves
And a swarm of lines and curves quiver on the grass.

My Mistress of Speech in the pride of her rich inheritance
Rules with a rod.
She rarely allows wild vagaries of the wayward ;
But the Line smiles at my extravagance
And never raises her warning finger at the foolish.
Thus I fear not to widen gaps between my tasks
Through which to run out to the boundless realm of the
 Inconsequential,
And to litter all my time with an irrelevant caprice of forms.

Fondly indulgent is My Mistress of the Line to the errant
 in the poet
Whose truancy is not to be checked
By the curbing rein of reputation,
For his proud name, acclaimed by the market
Ignores the painter's brush
Leaving it free to follow its path
Free as is the Spring with his paint-box."

(Reproduced from *Art and Aesthetics*,
Pages 87-88)

The Drawings and Paintings of Tagore

By Shri Adarsh Deepak M. Sc.

Very few people in our country, till recently, were aware of the fact that the poet and philosopher Rabin-dranath Tagore was a great painter as well. It is only this year, on his centenary, when all his works came into spotlight, that his significance as a painter came into prominence. But it is doubtful, whether the importance of his work has been fully understood even a quarter of a century after his death.

Tagore took to painting in the evening of his life. He was 67. And thereafter, painting became his grand obsession. He proclaims: "My morning was full of song. Let my sunset days be full of colour." He continued to paint vigorously till his death. In 1941, at 80, he died leaving a legacy of over 2000 drawings and paintings which revealed a new facet of his genius.

Many questions arise in our minds such as : what was Tagore's contribution to painting ? What prompted him to take to painting at that late age ? Where from did he learn his painting technique ? What was it that he tried to express through his drawings ? And many more academic questions, such as : what is the significance of his art ? or, to what 'ism' does his art belong ? or, what do his paintings convey to us ? Many writers in Europe and in India have

written critical studies of his artistic works and tried to answer these questions. In this dissertation, which is divided into sections, I shall attempt to give a coherent picture of Tagore, the painter, and of his art.

Section I. deals with Tagore as a painter, while section II deals with the discussion of his paintings.

(I) Tagore as a Painter,

(A) Tagore and the background of art in India*

When Tagore suddenly took to painting in 1928, at 67, it came as a surprise to many people. It was confusing for them to see their national hero, a writer and poet of international acclaim, producing some seemingly "meaningless drawings and paintings". They failed to see anything great in them; in fact, they looked upon them as 'childish pranks.' But when these very same pictures were praised and pronounced as highly significant by discerning critics in Europe, when Tagore held his art exhibition at Paris and Berlin in 1930, the whole situation seemed bewildering.

The unfavourable reaction of his own countrymen to his paintings was

* Mulk Raj Anand (see reference at the end)

primarily due to "the trend in painting" that prevailed in the country at that time. For one whole generation the poet's nephew, Abanindranath Tagore and his pupils, had been producing "works of art" which were recognised in respectable circles as the very acme of Indian national splendour and the beginning of a renaissance of the arts. The authority of this new movement, known as the "Bengal School of Painting", had rapidly spread in the art schools all over India.

It was against such a background that Tagore started painting. And no wonder, the local critics, seeped in this newly emerged movement, earnestly frowned upon Tagore's paintings, which were highly imaginative and original in line, form and colour, and were in strong contrast with the wishywashy colours of the new school.

But it soon became clear that this neo-Indian school was essentially revivalist, with its imitation of the Mughal and the Rajput schools and the Ajanta style of painting. People began to talk openly of the feebleness of traditionalist art, with its anemic line, elongated eyes and long finger nails. It merely served old wine in new bottles.

Tagore had been a sympathetic witness of this movement. But he wished strongly that some new blood be infused in Indian painting to give vigour and vitality to it. He seemed frustrated at helplessly watching Indian painting heavily grooved in

traditional styles, for he wrote to his daughter from America : ".....I had hoped that from our Vichitra Society* would flow a great stream of art fertilizing the whole country; but there was nobody capable of dedicating himself to the cause. I was prepared to do all that was in my limited power, but I found no response. I am no painter myself or I might have shown what was to be done. However, someday someone will arise and hew the pathway for the swift progress of the artistic talent that lies scattered all over the country."

When he wrote these lines, little did he know that he was to, consciously or unconsciously, "hew the pathway" himself, and that the new revolution in Indian painting would flow from his brush.

Setting all tradition aside he gave art a new birth. With the boldness of a creative genius he painted in his own original style, and thereby blazed a new trail of his own. His art is something new, something conceived in his own unique vision expressible only through colour. His art has a language of its own, whose mystery we have yet to master completely.

(B) Tagore, the Painter

Tagore's early attempts at painting seem to have been frustrating. It was easier for him to create poetry. His earliest paintings occur in one of the

* Vichitra Society was started at his Jarosanko House in Calcutta in 1916.

family books, In 1909, he secretly showed some head and figure studies to the painter, Mukul Dey, In 1920, he contributed some of his pictures, done in his firm and fine strokes, to an art exhibition held at Shantiniketan. Though it was not till 1928 that he actually started his brush work, there was a constant urge in him to paint. He wrote : "... I watched his (Abnindranath's) with an envious mood of self-diffidence, being thoroughly convinced that my fate had refused me passport across the boundaries of letters." This urge, however, remained latent in him. When he finally started painting in 1928, this latent talent blossomed forth into a splendour of colour. Lines and forms seemed to flow from his brush like a spring.

A latent genius was asleep; that is made plain by the sureness of the design, the beauty of tone, the sense of ornament. For almost a life time this genius had been kept in the shadow. One fine day it revealed itself in painting and the poet felt another person was being manifested in him.

This new form of creation wholly occupied him hereafter. He developed an intense love for painting. He wrote in 1930 (Paris): "As a matter of fact, my flow of writing has already stopped altogether. Whenever I find time I paint," "Painting is the love of my old age", he used to say, "she possesses me like an addiction." This object of his love he wanted to keep protectively away from the critics,

(C) Tagore's preliminary Training

Tagore had no early training in painting technique, as such, but he writes : "The only training I had in my young days was the training in rhythm, rhythm in thought, the rhythm in sound." For rhythm gives reality to that which is insignificant in itself, he would say.

His poetry and art were both marked by rhythm. The inner technique of both poetry and painting is the same. He had no need to learn any technique of painting, for he had already mastered the art of conveying fundamental rhythms. Hence Tagore could easily mature into a painter. For after all "art is not truth; it is not nature; it is pattern or rhythm of design that we impose on nature," says P. Theore.*

With his innate originality, he evolved his own peculiar technique of painting.

(D) Tagore's manner of Painting

His manner of painting was peculiarly his own, he never followed any particular method. Devoid of an earlier training, he fell upon his own originality and genius and devised his own style of painting,

* "My pictures are versification in lines. If by chance they are entitled to claim recognition, it must be primarily for some rhythmic significance of form which is ultimate and not for any interpretation of an idea or representation of a fact."

When inspiration came, he would paint with whatever came handy, a broken piece of pencil, using old scraps of paper and different oils. His niece writes: "The drawings take possession of him and once begun, leave him no peace, until they are finished. They are done at a sitting and in a short time without a single mistake of the pen."

He never conceived a plan as to how and what he would paint. He writes: "When I take my pen there is no previous plan present in my mind—as the pen starts moving the picture emerges at the tip."*

He used all kind of paints and pigments. He would paint with ease on all sorts of paper, even a newspaper sheet, when ordinary sources failed him. Some subtle effects in his masterpieces, depend on his use of peculiar media, such as juices of flowers, different oils—coconut, mustard etc.

(E) Tagore's rise as a Painter;

From his writings it is evident that Tagore made an acutely self-conscious entrance into the world of art. That was chiefly because of his lack of training in painting. He once wrote; "I know I can write, there I am quite sure about my own powers; but as regards painting I have never been able to shake off my diffidence."

* Read : *My Mistress of the Line* on Page 67

You see I never learned to paint, like Nand Lal and Aben."

Despite his hesitant debut, he quickly gained confidence in his painting. He held his first painting exhibition in Paris in 1930. His works were highly praised by Andre Gide and others. He wrote from Paris. "Connoisseurs assure me that these pictures are of first rank."

His next exhibition was held at Berlin, where again the critics acclaimed his works,

His modesty prevented him from admitting to himself his greatness as a painter. Says Comtesse de Noailles : "Tagore is timid before his own creation. We praise him quite naturally, as for him, he doubts, questions, hesitates and smiles."

(F) Tagore, the Experimentalist

In his poems Tagore was a lyricist, in his pictures he was a fearless scientist. Nature's primitive forms he saw with the eyes and mind of a scientist. In an effort to "hew the pathway" for the Indian painting, he experimented with lines, forms and colours. And from the experience gained thereof "he discovered one fact that in the universe of forms there is a perpetual activity of natural selection in lines, and only the fittest survives which has in itself the fitness of cadence."

(II) The Pictures of Tagore

In 1941, when Tagore died he left behind over 2000 pictures of which only about a hundred or so remain in India, the rest being distributed all over the world. The pictures include his paintings (fig. 2) and his famous pen-drawings (drawn mostly with pelican ink). And then there are also his well-known "doodlings" (see fig. 1).

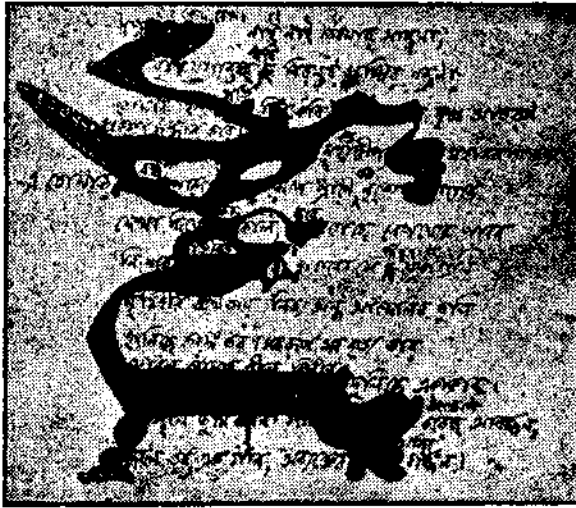


Fig. 1

Tagore's Doodlings

These doodlings, so whimsical and fanciful, had started under the guise of correcting manuscripts in the years 1922-27 before he took to painting. The erasures in his poems he playfully turned into designs and patterns. He writes that "the scratches on my manuscripts cried, like sinners, for salvation and assailed my eyes with ugliness of their irrelevance" so he rescued them into the merciful fina-

lity of rhythm. During the 'aimless' drawings, his mind would roam freely (fig 1) giving him time for thought while writing. He abandoned these doodlings in 1928 and started painting pictures for his own sake.

Tagore's Paintings and Pen-Drawing

(i) The Themes of his Pictures

The *themes* revealed in his paintings range from abstract rhythmic assays in lines, birds and animals from fantasy, characters from stories, masks and portraits of great variety and iridescent landscapes. The subjects of his paintings are quite off the beaten track and take us into new realms.

Generally speaking, his paintings can be grouped into three classes: human faces, birds and beasts, and landscapes.

(a) Human Faces and Masks :

Looking at his human faces, they seem to be confronted with shadows of known faces as they float into the mind. They make an immediate impact on the observer. They are the mysterious products of an imaginative mind. Their expression is lively and their movement so free and this is precisely because of the iron technique. (See Fig.)

(b) Animals and Birds :

The figures of his animals and

different from the real animals we see : it is almost as if the artist's eye saw through the physical outline the very form of the animating impulse. For instance, from his bullock-like creature emerges some primeval creature of nature, and Comtesse de Noailles has described it as "a hungry greedy, cursed animal." It is really an animal of his own creation. Here the artist has followed his creative bent. Similarly, his picture of the tiger shows violent greed. Even though there is no physical reality with the original, the character of the tiger remains fixed in lines of his drawing.

Those who are accustomed to seeing things from their 'meaning' will fail to enjoy these pictures aesthetically.

(c) Landscapes :

Turning to his landscapes one sees splashes of bright colours. The question may arise, why call these daubs of paint landscapes? The answer is that in these pictures of nature he has not followed the rules of line and perspective; rather he has manipulated the vibrations of light and shade, in variegated colours. Synthesis of light and shade, his pictures are often a play of the meeting and parting of black and white.

(ii) The Composition of his Paintings

He displays masterly skill as regards composition. Once he determines the subject of his picture, the

outline and spacing comes off spontaneously, without any faltering or indecision. The work progresses with a series of sweeping movements and the balanced composition remains intact. The lines are drawn with a sure hand.

What strikes most in a Tagore composition is its primeval intensity. Apparently there is no attempt at organization. But the inner rhythm is obvious enough. The drawing and the colour scheme being untutored are inevitably naive. The use of colour is entirely emotional. But they have a plasticity that a few professionals achieve in their life time.

(iii) Classification of his Paintings :

As a matter of fact, it is not possible to place these pictures in any definable category. They express such a basic truth of creation as defies codification; they are meant only to be enjoyed.

What name shall we give to these queer shapes, arising from the unplumbed sub-conscious mind? They are at once personal and universal. His painting always remained his private amusement.

One who tries to affix a label to the poet's composition, such as coding them under this 'ism' or that in painting, can never understand them. His paintings exist in their own right independent of all modernistic stuff.

Tagore, however, unwittingly seems to have affiliations with the

Surrealists, like Picasso, Max Ernst, Dali and with Paul Klee. His certain forms have resemblance with Modigliani and Expressionists, Nolde and Munch. He had not seen much of the work of these contemporaries. He seems to have absorbed whatever came his way, fairly easily, into a personal style of his own.

(iv) The meaning of his pictures :

Many people fail to find any 'meaning' in Tagore's pictures. He, himself, however, refused to explain them. He wrote; "People often ask me about the meaning of my pictures. I remain silent even as my pictures are. It is for them to express and not to explain."

Again, he says: My pictures are my versification in lines. If by chance they are entitled to claim recognition, it must be primarily for some rhythmic significance of form which is ultimate, and not for any interpretation of an idea or representation of a fact."

Coomarswamy very correctly observes: It would be a mistake to search in them a hidden spiritual symbolism; they are not to be deciphered like puzzles or code messages. This is a genuinely original, genuinely naive expression."

If one can understand them through the mind's eye, well and good; else, their splendour remains hidden like a gem within the mine. These pictures are to be enjoyed aesthetically, not to be understood.

(v) The Unconscious as the Source of his Art.

After all this talk, one may like to ask, what was the real compulsion from which the strange formless forms of his pictures emerge? Tagore remains silent on this point.

Mr. W. G. Archer traced "the influence of the unconscious on these paintings." Tagore's early 'doodles' seem to point towards this conclusion too.

Tagore, however, proclaimed that "creation springs from an abundance of energy." His actual method of creation was from the flux of Universe. He writes: "The world of sound is a tiny bubble in the silence of the infinite. The Universe has only its language of gesture....

Every object in this world proclaims by the dumb signal of lines and colours the fact that it is not a mere logical abstract or a mere thing of use, but it is unique in itself, it carries the miracle of its existence".

(vi) A Critical appraisal of his Pictures :

(a) Vitality of expression

Tagore's paintings, though simple, are full of vigour, while his pen-portraits are the very embodiment of vitality of expression, of his art. Abanindranath Tagore said, that it "had something volcanic about it".

(b) The play of imagination

His drawings are the work of a

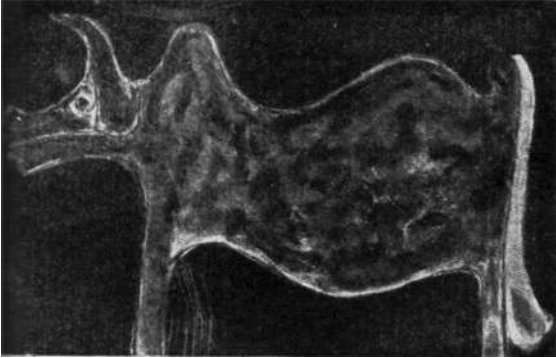


Fig. 2. Imaginary Animal
Fig. 4. Alankar

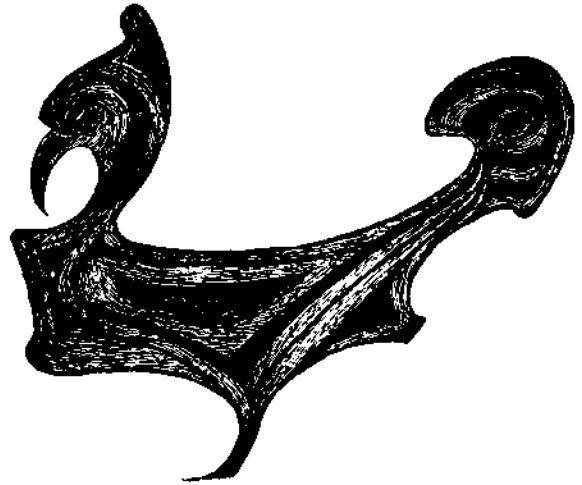


Fig. 3. From Fantasy
Fig. 5. Natkiya



'The artist is the lover of Nature, therefore he is her
slave and her master.'

Stray Birds : XLVI

X X X

'In the playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play
and here have I caught sight of him that is
formless.'

Gitanjali : LVIII

X X X

'God finds himself by creating.'

Stray Birds : CCLXXVII

powerful imagination seeing things in line and colour. They tempt us into the regions of dream far from our mundane existence. They appear as sub-conscious products created in moments of subjective trance, when his adult personality took rest to make room for his child personality to romp and play. His was an effort to transcribe his visions directly on paper without adulteration as they came.*

(c) Their aesthetic appeal

His pen-and-ink portraits are veritable masterpieces,† Though in some the design is deliberate aberration from natural forms, in others there is an exquisite handling of line and form in which human figures, derive their beauty from the quality of line by which these figures are expressed.

Of his painting, many depend wholly for their visual satisfaction on colour. Some of these are of

* "The drawings and paintings of the poet had richly traced the extra-ordinary inner journey of a complex individual through the ecstatic affirmation of existence, manifest as rhythm-articulate inherent in form self-referent, towards, to the convinced cognition of individuated Imagery as dramatic characterization of concepts and associations, being the total fantasy of the emotional world.

A remarkably dual apprehension of the universe of man."

Prithwish Neogy
(Introduction to Drawings
and Paintings of Rabindranath
Tagore—Lalit Kala Akademi)

From the Review of Tagore's paintings by
Kainnes—Smith.

astounding power for their very deep tones and wonderfully harmonious sequence which produce a striking effect of rhythm.

(d) Their universal appeal

His sensitive paintings and drawings are profoundly universal in their appeal in spite of their Indian themes. They represent the core of the poet's humanism.

(vii) The "distortions" in his pictures.

The distortions seen in his pictures, which seem almost deliberate, stand out against "the harmony of his poems". He tried to extend the Indian idea that harmony in art and literature should include both symmetrical beauty and ugly distortion. The realization that harmony must include disharmony, perhaps, came to him particularly in transition from poetry to painting. In seeking to transform forces of blind impulsion in his pictures, he must have faced the problem of the irrational in his own being and the distortions in reverie, images and dream life. (caused by painful experiences) And these irrational urges, he felt, could only be beautified and civilized by painting them out of his system.

(viii) Special message to young painters.

Tagore's work should be of special significance to the young painters of today. His art has some unique points of merit. Firstly, his work

never dates. Secondly, its strength lies not in other peoples' convictions but in his own. Thirdly, it is not only creative but communicative also, despite its abstract look. Fourthly, there is an inner harmony and rhythm, though apparently devoid of design and structure.

(ix) Tagore and purpose of drawing.*

His paintings are like his poetry, thought-provoking and mysterious. His drawings constrain us to pause and ask ourselves anew, 'What is the purpose of drawing, of painting, of art generally.' Is it to be a pretty toy to amuse and flatter us, or is it to convey the deepest feelings from soul to soul?

The popular artist, like the popular preacher, is careful never to offend our prejudices, or to call us to make any great mental or spiritual effort, while the true poet or the painter, like Tagore, asks us to see what we have not yet seen.

Tagore's drawings prove that the poet though a master of use of words, feels that certain things can be better expressed, or perhaps only expressed, in the language of line, tone and colour. These things are not outward facts such as those of anatomy and perspective and the rules that can be taught in the academies which often become a hindrance to the freedom and vitality of imagination.

* From the Review of Tagore's paintings by Joseph-Southal.

His drawings are the work of a powerful imagination.

But there is more than this; there is a deep feeling and apprehension of the spiritual life and being of men and animals, expressed in their features, their movements, line and colour.

Can one describe all this in words? Can one say this drawing means this and that means that? Certainly not for if anyone could say it, the poet himself could do so, and if he could say it, then why draw or colour?

We look and look silently and immerse ourselves into his pictures and thus here and there, if we are humble enough, we may learn about their profound significance.

A whole generation has passed since Tagore's death and perhaps he is just beginning to be understood.

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MUKTA - DHARA*

By R. K. Sud

(A play of abiding significance and historical interest)**

ऊकाबी रहू जब बेदार होतो है जवानों में ।
नजर आती है उन को अपनी मंजिल आसमानों में ॥

(इकबाल)

"MUKTA-Dhara, from which the play of Gurudev, entitled the *Mukta-Dhara*, takes its name, is a mountain spring whose waters, rushing down the slopes of Uttrakut, irrigate the plain of Shiv-tarai, whose people are held in subjection to the king of Uttrakut, King Ranajit. In order to enforce this subjection more effectively, the king of Uttrakut desires to control the source of their economic well-being, and to that end has had a great dam erected to prevent the waters of Mukta-Dhara from reaching the plains below. It was a difficult and hazardous task, but the skill of the royal engineer Bibhuti, utilizing the resources of modern science and technique and with the help of conscripted labour, has at last successfully achieved the feat, though with considerable loss of life." For example, the death of Suman, the only son of poor, heart-broken, madwoman Amba of Janai village, leaves her roaming over the place calling for her son who heeds her not. Needless to say that such a

sacrifice of human life goes waste. In the words of Batuk, the mendicant in the play, "when no life springs from the life laid down...when death is the only fruit of death...It is utter loss. Bhairava (i.e. Lord Shiva) will never endure it." Building dams is perfectly legitimate but not as a means of stifling life and enforcing death and servility. Bibhuti's creation is marked by a mighty engine-tower, out-soaring the trident of the Temple of Shiva on a mountain peak. It is not only a challenge to man but also an insult to the gods. How callous, how proud and how cruel-hearted he is! His words make it clear. "The purpose of my dam was that human intelligence should win through its goal, though sand and stone and water all conspired to block its path. I had no time to think of whether some farmer's paltry maize crop would die." To (the folk of Shiv-tarai) the gods gave only water; to me they gave power to imprison the water..." That is to say, to him the gods gave the power to smother life and inflict death.

* From *Three Plays : Mukta-Dhara, Natir Puja, Chandalika* translated by Marjorie Sykes (Oxford University Press) with Appreciation by K. R. Kripalani.

** Specially written for the young readers who were born during the post-Non-Co-operation period.

What a colossal misuse of the knowledge and the power of modern science. Man defying the will of the Creator : replacing life by death. Needless to say that generations of man have lived on 'paltry maize' grown here and there but not on sights of wonder-inspiring heights of engineering and mechanical skill, or for the matter of that, even the masterpieces of art, literature and architecture.

The play opens with the King and the citizens of Utrakut preparing to participate in a religious festival in honour of the new god—the god of Bibhuti's machine. What greater travesty of truth could there be : an affront to God and to man's faith in benevolent godhood. The King and his people are very proud of the devilish machine and quite confident that the poor and defenceless people of Shiv-tarai will now for ever be at their mercy. When Bibhuti arrives on the scene they acclaim him with thunderous applause, which triumphant Caesar might have envied, and break forth into a deafening chorus in praise of the infernal god, the Machine.

"All hail, Machine, we worship thee,
 we bow to thee, we honour thee,
 Machine, O Lord Machine.
 Thy flames and thunders rend the sky,
 And all thy rumbling wheels reply
 In swift and sonorous majesty ;
 We bow to thee, Machine.

 Thou grim magician, binding still

The very elements to thy will,
 All hail to thee, Machine."

This is the very devil's incantation; the death's-head dance; the mockery of gods and man alike ! But power-intoxicated men are no better than robots and robots have no soul or sense of humanity. Neither the recurring wail of the poor demented, sonless mother, Amba :—"He is the light of my eyes, my Suman, the breath of my life.....They took him away somewhere.....I had gone to worship in the temple, when I came back they had taken him.".....; nor the warnings of the simple god-fearing folk, who presage ill for such colossal pride, greed and lust for power, touch their hearts. In vain does the Pilgrim say:" Ugh : It looks like a demon's head, lying in wait to devour your city in its sleep. To have it before your eyes night and day will dry up your souls like dead wood." And the Messenger warns them : " The god of destruction does not always travel by the highway. The cracks that await him are seen by no human eye."

It is the Crown Prince Abhijit, the ruler of Shiv-tarai on behalf of King Ranajit, however, who professes open sympathy for the people of Shiv-tarai and vehemently protests against Bibhuti's soulless achievement and nefarious designs. But who cares for the tiny protests of good-intentioned men, more so if they are just youngsters. King Ranajit's Minister was the only person who smelt danger ahead and read in the words of the Prince the writing on the wall. He said to the King:" We should not

despise the young in matters of government. When things get intolerable, the young by the power of their suffering grow greater than their elders." Prince Abhijit is the darling of the people of Shiv-tarai and the pupil of the King's eye. He has won the hearts of the people of Shiv-tarai by his love and devotion to their welfare instead of by fear, show of force and exploitation practised by the King and his officers. He stands for freedom and sympathizes with the poor folk of Shiv-tarai... as does the water of Mukta-Dhara. Imprison its free and life-giving flow and you deprive it of its destiny: its sweet and refreshing water must flow unimpeded for ever on and on to the arid lands and through them to the far distant sea where alone it finds peace. Likewise Prince Abhijit, too, understands his destiny; the purpose of his life, the meaning of his birth... nay, the significance of all human life. This becomes clear to him when he learns that he is not a prince by birth but a foppling picked up by King Ranajit from near the bank of Mukta-Dhara; in fact, he is the son of a vagrant mother who left him to his fate on the bank. Once he has heard the call there is no going back for him. To Rajkumar Sanjaya he says; "I know it is my destiny on earth; my river of life must run free overleaping the palace-walls..... Somewhere or other in the external world, God writes for us the secret mystery of each man's spirit. Mukta-Dhara is His word to me, bearing the secret of my inner being. When her feet were bound in the iron fetters, I was startled out of a dream. I realiz-

ed the truth—the throne of Utrakur is the dam which binds my spirit. I have taken the road in order to set it free." To his uncle King Visvajit, when he visited him (the King) earlier in the course of the eventful year, Prince Abhijit said, "I see roads, that are not yet made, the roads of the future across those forbidding passes, roads that will bring the distant near." True to himself he decides to give up all royal privileges, cast his lot with the people of Shiv-tarai, and fight against tyranny and injustice that stifle freedom and deny life. "Does he seek glory in austerity?" asks Prince Sanjaya. "Has the grace of life no value for him?" Prince Abhijit replies, "What is true must be defended—even by life and all that it may mean." Should not the people of Shiv-tarai surrender perpetually to King Ranajit of Utrakut and thereby live in peace and plenty?" asks Udhav, the Captain of Guards, who keeps a watch on the prisoner-Prince. "No," replies Prince Abhijit, "I cannot bear to see a poverty that depends on charity." Put Gandhiji in place of Prince Abhijit and every word sounds true.

The struggle begins. The people of Shiv-tarai find a leader—an apostle of non-violence—in Vairagi Dhananjaya. His source of strength is in his faith in God, in the just cause of the people of Shiv-tarai, in the ultimate victory of Truth: *Satyameb jayate nanritam.* His weapon is non-violence: the 'Sword of the Spirit.' The songs that he sings speak for the man he is. It is the self-reliant

and fearless spirit of these songs that infuses a new spirit into the hearts of the people of Shiv-tarai : the hitherto dumb-driven nothings awake all of a sudden into a new consciousness of being, alive and human, having inviolable rights and privileges essential for honoured and honourable living. Life with honour and freedom or else death with glory as martyrs : such is their resolve and no terror or force or threat can dissuade them from it. In Vairagi Dhananjaya we meet a replica of Gandhiji.

A hurricane of tempest,
 A sea of sorrow wide,
 In fearless, proud assurance
 My fragile boat shall ride.
 Hearing Thy word, and lifting
 Torn sails that scorn the seas,
 My boat shall reach the haven.
 Cool shadows of Thy trees.

Who thus my soul desireth,
 He shall my Pilot be;
 My only part, the fearless mind
 That puts my boat to sea ;
 And landing in the sunset,
 To bring an offering meet:
 Red lotus of my sorrowing days,
 For mercy to Thy feet.

These words are couched in the true Gandhian spirit. Those who fight the battle of Truth need not fear even the worst of tyrants. What matters is not beatings given but beatings received without retaliation and ill will. "Can't you show him (the bully) what not-beating is ? That needs too much strength, I suppose : Beating the waves won't stop the storm. But hold your rudder steady,

and you win," says Vairagi Dhananjaya to Ganesh, a fire-brand resident of Shiv-tarai. We did not lack these fire-brand fighters in the cause of our liberty. The non-violent resisters, the Satyagrahis as they were called then, must have no angry look or angry hearts but march forth with a song on their lips : a song of daring and sacrifice for the sake of Truth and Justice :

Strike yet again, my Lord,
 Strike O strike on.....

Shrinking, I hide from thee,
 Fear drives me on.
 Wrest thou my all from me.....

Do what thou willest do,
 Let the blow fall ;
 One of us, you or I,
 Goes to the wall.

I've played in the haunts of men
 Gay through the years.
 Shall all your buffeting
 Force me to tears ?

What shall Vairagi Dhananjaya demand ? Kingship ? "No," replies he. "Kingship is crippled, if it is the King's alone, and not the people's. They and the people of Shiv-tarai must demand the people's kingship... and that too in the name of God." "No claim to the throne can stand; neither the King's nor the people's, if you do not recognize it to be his. A throne is no place for getting puffed up, but for folding the hands in prayer." This is Gandhiji's political ethics and the basis of what he called Rama Rajya. "Politics divorced

from religion" was for Gandhiji, "a corpse, fit only to be burned."

Vairagi Dhanajaya gives the first call for the battle of freedom; the people of Shiv-tarai will not pay taxes to the King of Utrakut. This was the first plank in Gandhiji's struggle against the British Government in India. "We cannot give you what is not yours," he told King Ranajit, "our excess food is yours; the food of our hunger is not. What you seize by violence can never be yours for ever, Clutch at it and it is gone." He, however, is not happy that the people of Shiv-tarai look upon him as god. "They think," he says to King Ranajit, "that I am greater than the gods. So they shut their eyes and hang on to me. Yes, they stop short at me, so they never reach their true God. He could have guided them from within, but I from the outside have blocked his way. If I could run away from it all! They spend all their worship on me; inwardly they are bankrupt..." But he cannot leave the people yet lest they should behave violently and thereby injure themselves and the righteousness and the sacredness of their cause. His fears are exactly the same as those of Gandhiji's during the thick of our fight for freedom. It takes time to understand the efficacy of the weapon of Non-violence and Satyagraha.

King Ranajit threatens to lock up the Vairagi behind the bars if he will not stand aside. But the prison is no terror for him.

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of

beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong
links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength
of spirit;..."

wrote Shakespeare. The Vairagi is firm like a rock and the battle for the rights of the people gathers increasing momentum every day that passes. The greater the oppression by the authorities the greater is the stiffness of resistance and the zest for it. As it happens at such moments leaders are criticized, misunderstood and even calumnized. What is still worse, motives are attributed to them. Even Prince Abhijit is not spared: he is maligned by a few silly women who are simply incapable of appreciating that men live for ideas and ideals and not always for power and wealth, the usual loaves and fishes of office. But the Prince knows better: "What would he want with the throne when he has won the whole nation's heart!" Did we not, too, during the early days of the Non-co-operation movement call Gandhiji the 'Uncrowned King of India' ?...

As days roll by all misgivings and misunderstandings vanish and the silliest of the silly and the most incredulous of the incredulous come out to praise and trust their selfless leaders. They are simply carried away by the swelling tide of their enthusiasm and are vying with one another to sacrifice themselves for the nation: their bodies, hearts, souls and possessions...all are dedicated to the service of the country. Their cause is the cause of Truth, Justice,

Right and Freedom. In one word, it is the cause of their personal and nation's honour. And when honour is at stake nothing else matters.

This is the stage when the whole nation of Shiv-tarai is, as it were, electrified: the spark has travelled from the hearts of the leaders to the hearts of the people and become a conflagration, that no power known to man can extinguish.

King Ranajit has still one way open to him: to plead with or coerce Prince Abhijit to give up his resolution. But he fails, as he is bound to. Not only that, even Prince Sanjaya throws his lot with Prince Abhijit: "I have followed him all my life, let me follow him to prison also," says he to the King's Minister. "One man alone is not a whole, but a half. He is only made whole by union with another. My union with the Yuvaraja is like that." The reply of the Minister clearly shows that though he is in the royal pay he is, like the people and Prince Sanjaya, for Prince Abhijit. Not a few officers of the Government sympathized with Gandhiji's fight for freedom of the country. He too breathes the same atmosphere. Accordingly he says to Prince Sanjaya: "...where true union exists, there is no need to be outwardly united. The cloud in the sky and the water in the sea are one; their outward separation only perfects their unity. The Yuvaraj is seen in you to-day though he himself is absent." Every Indian in the days of the struggle for freedom was potentially and effectively a Gandhi and a Jawahar. This

was how they felt whenever Gandhiji and other leaders were in prison. "His words are in the very air we breathe; I use them, but I forget whether they are his or mine---it is his work I shall do while we are separated," says Prince Sanjaya to the Minister. This is the spirit that Gandhiji's personality and example infused into our hearts who were of your age then.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be
alive,
But be young was very heaven!

The Indian nation became overnight, as it were, a nation of fearless heroes believing as their forefathers had believed, in the great truths of the Gita:

- (a) नैनं छिन्दन्ति शस्त्राणि नैनं दहती पावकः ।
न चैनं केकलेदयन्त्यापो न शोषयति मारुतः ॥
- (b) कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन ।

In the fight for India's freedom India not only gained political freedom but her lost soul. Our emancipation was not simply political but also a spiritual regeneration.

The people of Shiv-tarai have heard the call; they are waiting for the light. Let the moment come and God, the repository of Satyam, will show it?

O Master Minstrel, 'neath Thy
hand

The strings are taut and true ;
The tuned harp waits for Thy
command---

Hast Thou no more to do ?

If Thou wake not the music pent
Within the sleeping strings,
Mute shame shall mar Thine
instrument—
Touch it, and lo, it sings.

Thy hand alone the song can free ;
The strings are taut and true,
The tuned harp waits Thy
minstrelsy—
Hast Thou no more to do ?

“When all seems lost, then His time is at hand,” Prince Abhijit chooses to lay down his life for his people. He is seen by the madwoman Amba going all alone on the road in darkness. Where is he going and why in darkness and that too all alone ? To breach the dam and to liberate the water of Mukta-dhara : the Mother of his soul. “The Prince has broken the bonds of Mukta-dhara,” reported Prince Sanjaya to King Ranajit after the death of Prince Abhijit. And the King replied, “And in her freedom he has found his own.....” In

despair the people of Shiv-tarai tell one another : “We shall never find him now.” No, they are wrong. Dhananjaya says to Ganesh, “Nay, you have found him. He is yours for ever now.” He does not exaggerate : he only talks in the language of the parable: in giving yourself shall ye find yourself ! All of them have imbibed the spirit of Prince Abhijit and thus found him in themselves. Henceforth to be true to themselves they must be true to the Prince and vice versa. The theme of the Mukta-Dhara may be summed up in Tagore's oft-quoted words:“Life is given us, we earn it by giving it.”.....“We gain when the full price for our right to live is paid.”.....“Only that remains which is utterly given away.”

The *Mukta-Dhara* is Gurudev's everlasting testimony to our non-violent struggle for freedom and our faith in God, humanity and the intrinsic values that constitute the warp and woof of our existence.‡

‡ Life finds its wealth by the claims of the world, and its worth by the claims of love.

Stray Birds : XXXIII.

+ + +

“The mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.”

Stray Birds : V.

‘लाल कनेर’ और उसका संदेश

(श्री रामलाल वर्मा एम० ए०)

रवीन्द्र नाथ ठाकुर की प्रतिभा सर्वतो मुखी थी। कविता, नाटक, कहानी, उपन्यासादि जिस क्षेत्र में उन्होंने लेखनी चलाई उस में उन्हें अभूत-पूर्व सफलता मिली। रवि बाबू की कविता की ख्याति गीतांजलि के गीतों में अपनी चरमसीमा को पहुंच गई थी। उन्होंने मुक्तधारा, नटीर पूजा और चांडालिका जैसे एकांकियों द्वारा समाज एवं विश्व को महान् और उदात्त संदेश दिये थे। प्रस्तुत लेख में उन के बंगला नाटक ‘रक्त कर्वी’ के हिन्दी अनुवाद ‘लालकनेर’ की चर्चा की जायगी जिस में उन्होंने आज के मानव को-जो वस्तुतः मानवता की महानुभूतियों को भूल कर भौतिक साधनों की प्राप्ति में संघर्ष निरत है और मानवताके सच्चे मूल्यों से परामुख हो गया है उसे महान् संदेश दिया है।

‘लाल कनेर’ का संक्षिप्त कथानक इस प्रकार हैयक्ष पुरी का एक राजा है जो अज्ञात प्राणी के रूप में शासन करता है। उसके शासन में समाज का प्रत्येक वर्ग — अध्यापक, मजदूर, धर्मव्यवस्थापक, पुराणवागीश, भय और दण्ड से शामिल हो कर चल रहा है। ये सब उपरोक्त व्यक्ति अपने शासक राजा को कभी नहीं देख पाते तो भी ये सब उस के भय एवं आतंक से शासित होकर निरन्तर कार्य रत हैं। यद्यपि इन के जीवन में असंतोष एवं विद्रोह की ज्वाला

लाल कनेर—अनुवादक डा० हजारी प्रसाद द्विवेदी
प्रकाशक—राज कमल प्रकाशन दिल्ली।

सुलगती रहती है तो भी ये मूक बनकर अपना जीवन यापन कर रहे हैं।

इस घुटे हुए वातावरण में जहां व्यक्ति के व्यक्तित्व का कोई महत्त्व नहीं अपितु उसको पहिचानसंख्या के रूप में होती है-(जैसे आजकल कक्षा में छात्र नाम की अपेक्षा रोल से, हस्पताल में मरीज बिस्तर के नम्बर से पुकारा जाता है।) ऐसे घुटे-घुटे वातावरण में लाल कनेर (लाल फूल) के प्रतीक के रूप में एक नारी का प्रवेश होता है जिसका नाम है नन्दिनी, नन्दिनी वस्तुतः मानव की चेतना और संस्कृति की प्रतीक है। उसके आगमन मात्र में समस्त यक्षपुरी में एक उथल पुथल मच जाती है। एक समय ऐसा भी आता है जब उस नगरी का अदृश्य शासक राजा भी नन्दिनी के प्रभाव में आ कर, उन बन्धनों को जिनमें वह स्वयं निबद्ध था, तोड़ देता है और बाहर आता है। फलस्वरूप सर्वत्र एक नये वातावरण का संचार होता है। सब लोग उम विपत्त एवं घुटे घुटे वातावरण से मुक्ति पाते हैं। अन्त में गोकुल कहता है कि ‘लाल कनेर’ लाल रोगिणी की मिशाल है।

आज का मानव मानवतावाद से बहुत दूर जाकर सांस्कृतिक धरातल से अपना संबन्ध विच्छेद कर चुका है और भौतिक साधनों की और उन्मुख होने वाले मानव के भीतर सहज करूणा की शीतल धारा सर्वथा लुप्त हो गई है। परिणाम स्वरूप वह

अर्थ-लिप्सा, संघर्ष, संग्राहक भावना को ही अपने जीवन का चरम लक्ष्य और सत्य मान बैठा है प्रस्तुत नाटक में युग द्रष्टा रवीन्द्र ने उसे नन्दिनी के माध्यम से उसे जहाँ प्रकृति की ओर उन्मुख होने का संकेत किया है वहाँ उसी के चरित्र के माध्यम से मानव चेतना एवं सांस्कृतिक मूल्यों को पहचानने का स्पष्ट निर्देश भी किया है नाटक के विभिन्न पात्रों के साथ वार्तालाप करते हुए नन्दिनी ने इस प्रकार के अनेक तथ्यों का स्पष्टीकरण किया है जिनमें से एकाध उदाहरण यहाँ प्रस्तुत किया जाता है।

प्रस्तुत नाटक में राजा प्रत्यक्ष रूप में कहीं नहीं आता उसकी बात प्रायः नेपथ्य (पर्दे के पीछे) से ही कहलाई गई है। अपने ही बन्धनों में निबद्ध राजा को नन्दिनी प्राकृतिक गान सुनने की एक प्रेरणा देती है जो कि इस प्रकार है—

“पौष तोदेर डाक दियेछे आये रे चले आये,
आये, आये।

डाला रे तार भरेछे आज पाका फसले भरि,
हाय, हाय, हाय ॥

पौष तुम्हें बुला रहा है आ जाओ, आ जाओ। आज उस की डलिया फसल से भर गई है। आह यह दृश्य कैसा सुन्दर है। नाटक का अंत भी इसी पद्य से किया गया है।

इसी प्रकार नन्दिनी के प्रभाव से प्रभावित विशु नन्दिनी के प्रभाव में आकर कह उठता है—

आमार भावना तो सब मिछे,
आमार सब पड़े वाक् पिछे।
तोमार घोमटा खुले दाओ,
दाओ हासिते मोर पराण छेये।

मेरी मारी चित्तार्ण भूठी है; मेरा सब कुछ पीछे

रह जाये। तुम अपना घूँघट खोल दो, अपनी आँख उठा कर देखो और अपनी हंसी से मेरे प्राण आच्छादित करलो।

इस प्रकार प्रस्तुत नाटक में जहाँ एक ओर मानव को उदात्त संदेश मिलता है वहाँ रवीन्द्र की कविता का आस्वाद भी प्राप्त होता है। वस्तुतः नन्दिनी रवीन्द्र का Mouthpiece-character कहा जाना चाहिए जिस के माध्यम से कवि ने अपने विचारों की अभिव्यक्ति की है। इस नाटक का एक प्रतीक अर्थ भी है जिसे नाटक की भूमिका में स्वयं उन्होंने व्यक्त किया है उसका भी संक्षिप्त उल्लेख इस नाटक के समझने में सहायक है। लेखक के अनुसार राम-रावण युद्ध दो व्यक्तियों का युद्ध नहीं था अपितु दो वर्गों का युद्ध था। राम कृषि सभ्यता या वर्ग का प्रति-निधि था और रावण पूंजीपति वर्ग का प्रतिनिधि। रावण ने जब कृषि वर्ग के प्रति-निधि राम की समृद्धि (सीता) को पंचवटी (ग्राम-का प्रतीक) से चुराया तो उस सीता (समृद्धि) के ही कारण रावण का विनाश हुआ उस विनाश में रावण का भाई विभीषण (सद् बुद्धि का प्रतीक) भी का मुख्य काम था। लेखक ने इस नाटक में यक्ष-पुरी के राजा को रावण का रूप दिया है और नाटक की सीमित परिधि के कारण उस राजा के भीतर ही (सद्मति) विभीषण विद्यमान है। नन्दिनी का यक्षपुरी में प्रवेश सीता का लंकापुरी में प्रवेश प्रायः एक समान है। सीता रावण के विनाश का कारण बनी और नन्दिनी इस राजा की भौतिक एवं धन लोलुप भावना के विनाश का कारण बनी। इसी तथ्य एक प्रतीक के रूप में यहाँ बड़ी ही सफलता से प्रतिपादित किया गया है। संक्षेप में ‘लाल कनेर’ नाटक उद्देश्य एवं कला तथा कविता के आस्वाद की दृष्टि से एक अत्यन्त ही महान् एवं सफल कृति है।

THE 'CHILD' POETRY OF TAGORE

By Miss Aruna Bhattacharya, M.A.

Rabindranath Tagore has been almost universally hailed as one of the greatest exponents of 'child' poetry. Although it is an exaggeration to suppose that the interest of literary men in the composite mind of the child came first with Tagore, it is certainly a fact that before Tagore we find no regular and systematic treatment of the subject. References to "the child" we find as early as in the poetry of Sappho, Homer, the author of the Bhagwad and later on in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Walter De la Mare and Bridges. But whereas these poets are content to dwell merely on the beauty, playfulness and affection of the child it is Tagore who first makes any serious attempt at grasping its' psychological essentials: i.e. the working of the child mind.

The first question is from where the child comes. Is he just 'born' and no more? Or is he something more besides?

"Where have I come from, where did you pick me up", the baby asked its mother.

She answered, half crying, half-laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast,—“You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

You were in the dolls of my childhood's games; and when with clay I

made the image of my god every morning, I made and unmade you then.

You were enshrined with our household deity, in his worship I worshipped you.

In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother you have lived.

In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages.

When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals, you hovered as a fragrance about it.

Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful smiles. like a glow in the sky before the sunrise.

Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the morning light, you have floated down the stream of the world's life, and at last you have stranded on my heart.

As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me; you who belong to all have become mine.

For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast. What magic has ensnared the world's treasure in these slender arms of mine?*

* *The Crescent Moon : The Beginning*

The mother and the child fulfil each other's destiny in the most miraculous manner. A soul yet-unborn and a woman-not-yet-a-mother—are both incomplete. To be a 'mother', to be called 'mother' are as precious rewards for a woman as to have a mother is for any one of us. The relationship between the mother and the child is not biological but spiritual. Do we not love to call our country, "Bharat Mata": our Motherland!

The child lives in a fairy world—an enchanted world of dream and song, built up from the lilting tunes of the mothers' voice, the jingling of her bracelets and the beautiful expression in her long dark eyes brimming with love. The sleep that flits on the baby's eyes comes from the fairy village where among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow-worms there hang two shy buds of enchantment". The smile that flickers on his lips while he sleeps comes from the "pale beauty of a crescent moon touching the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud.* The sweet soft freshness that blooms on his limbs is the tender and silent mystery of love, hidden in the heart of the mother of all these. The mother sings clasping the baby to her breast while the stars glimmer between the jack fruit trees and the crescent moon smiles through the branches of the golden Kadam.

"The world of the child," Tagore seems to say, "is a magic world of

* Ibid : The Source

songs and laughter where ruling in glory as the queen of the realm is the Mother.** Nowhere else in literature do we find this deep consciousness of the bond between mother and child. How minutely Tagore records the child's observation of his mother, as she smiles down on him from the open windows, as she returns from the river with her brimming pot balanced on her hips, her wet hair hanging down her back; or as she stands on the threshold clapping her hands while he dance; or as she sits by the window reading her Ramayana, the shadow of the Champa tree falling on her lips and hair. She is his sweetest and dearest companion and the wealth of her love at once mystifies him with a feeling of security and warmth. She is—as it were—the axis on which the whole life revolves. He cannot leave her for a moment—"but when in the evening you went to the cow-shed with the lighted lamp in your hand, I should suddenly drop on to the earth again and be your own baby once more and beg you to tell me a story.** The mother is the source of all his knowledge. "Leave off your work, mother; sit here by the window and tell me where the desert of Tepantar in the fairy-tale is;† She is the confidante of his joy—the solace of his miseries—the eternal fount of love. "Baby has a heap of gold and pearls yet he came like a beggar on to the earth—this dear little mendicant pretends to be utterly helpless so that

* Ibid : The Baby's Way

** Ibid : The Champa Flower

† The Land of the Exile

he may beg for mother's wealth of love."*

Perhaps Lewis Carroll alone has rivalled Tagore in his delineation of the absurdity of the child's mind and imagination: "Suppose I became a champa flower, just for fun, and grew on a branch high up that tree, and shook in the wind with laughter and danced upon the newly budded leaves, would you know me, mother? ‡ "If I were a little puppy, not your baby, mother dear, would you say 'No' to me if I tried to eat from your dish:"† How fantastically the child mind is revealed in the beautiful poem : *The Flower School*.

"When storm-clouds rumble in the sky and June showers come down,

The moist east wind comes marching over the heath to blow its bagpipes among the bamboos,

The crowds of flowers come out of a sudden, from nobody knows where, and dance upon the grass in wild glee.

Mother, I really think the flowers go to school underground.

They do their lessons with doors shut, and if they want to come out to play before it is time, their master makes them stand in a corner.

When the rains come they have their holidays.

Branches clash together in the forest, and the leaves rustle in the wild wind, the thunder-clouds clap their giant hands and the flower children rush out in dresses of pink and yellow and white.

Do you know, mother, their home is in the sky, where the stars are.

Haven't you seen how eager they are to get there ? Don't you know why they are in such a hurry ?

Of course, I can guess to whom they raise their arms: they have their mother as I have my own."

The essential difference between the imagination of Tagore's 'child' and that of Lewis Carroll's is that where as Alice (in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice in a Looking-glass*) finds herself lost in the world of fairy-tale, Tagore's 'child' forgets himself in the world of Nature.

One of the strongest desires of the child, as seen by Tagore, is the desire to grow up to be like his father. He expresses peevish resentment at being scolded for picking up father's pen or pencil and writing upon his book. After all why should he be scolded when his father spends day after day spoiling sheets and sheets of paper with black marks ? *One fine day even he will grow up and no one shall find fault with him any more.

* Ibid : *The Baby's Way*

‡ *The Champa Flower*

† Ibid : *Sympathy*

* Ibid : *Authorship*

"I am small because I am a little child. I shall be big when I am as old as my father is. My teacher will come and say, 'It is late, bring your slate and your books.' I shall tell him, 'Do you not know I am as big as father? And I must not have lessons any more.'"

And again,

"I shall dress myself and walk to the fair where the crowd is thick. My uncle will come rushing up to me and say, 'you will get lost, my boy; let me carry you.' I shall answer, 'Can't you see, uncle, I am as big as father. I must go to the fair alone.'"

The desire for recognition is one of the primary instincts of the child. He imagines he is travelling with his mother and passing through a strange and dangerous country. Suddenly there is a fearful yell and figures come running in the darkness. The bearers, shaking in terror, hide themselves in the bush but the little hero shouts, 'Don't be afraid, mother' and vanquishes them single-handed. The mother presses her child to her bosom and says, 'I don't know what I should do if I don't have my boy to escort me.' And the villagers say in amazement: "Was it not lucky that the boy was with his mother?"[‡]

When a child is 'recalled' as many are because of heaven's false economy, it is the poor, unfortunate mother

who misses the child the most of all. Her grief cannot be described for who can measure the unfathomable depths of the sea. Tagore in his inimitable manner pictures the desolate heart of the mother who longs for the child who has gone to return no more.

"The night was dark when she went away, and they slept.

The night is dark now, and I call for her. 'Come back, my darling; the world is asleep; and no one would know, if you came for a moment while stars are gazing at stars.'

She went away when the trees were in bud and the spring was young.

Now the flowers are in high bloom and I call, 'Come back, my darling.'

The children gather and scatter flowers in reckless sport. And if you come and take one little blossom no one will miss it.'

Those that used to play are playing still, so spendthrift is life.

I listen to their chatter and call, 'Come back, my darling, for mother's heart is full to the brim with love, and if you come to snatch only one little kiss from her no one will grudge it.'"

By minute observations Tagore is able to penetrate into the recesses of the child's mind: its visualizing tendency---its sensitiveness to certain

* Ibid : The Little Big Man ;

‡ Ibid : The Hero;

* Ibid : The Recall

kinds of impression. He delineates faithfully and accurately the child's joys and fears, hopes and desires---its endless questioning and absorbing affection.* But above all he finds in the child an image of the Great Maker, a spark of that divine creative spirit that is God's. The child is a poet of Nature gazing at the beautiful world, created by Him. Regardless of the tempests that rock the earth and storms which rend the sea, the children meet on the "seashore of endless worlds and play",† for the world of the child is one of happiness and love: of joy that creates life and of life that creates joy. He is the symbol of Eternal life that laughs in the face of death. He is the perpetual reminder and proof positive that the Creator delights in his Creation, notwithstanding what Man makes of man. How true and meaningful are the words of Gurudev: "Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man."‡

No wonder that Gurudev gives to the child his benediction and his gifts.

"Bless the little heart, this white soul that has won the kiss of heaven for our earth.

He loves the light of the sun, he loves the sight of his mother's face.

He has not learned to despise the dust, and to hanker after gold.

Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

He has come into this land of an hundred cross-roads.

I know not how he chose you from the crowd, came to your door, and grasped your hand to ask his way.

He will follow you, laughing and talking, and not a doubt in his heart.

Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless him.

Lay your hand on his head, and pray that though the waves underneath grow threatening, yet the breath from above may come and fill his sails and waft him to the haven of peace.

Forget him not in your hurry, let him come to your heart and bless him.†"

For him are meant the songs of Gurudev: "his fond arms of love around him."‡

* *Ibid* : *The Astronomer, The Sailor, The Further Bank, and The Merchant.*

† *The Seashore.*

‡ *Stray Birds* : *LXXVII*

† *Ibid* : *Benediction*

‡ *Ibid* : *My Song*



NE of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.”

(Tributes)

The Great Sentinel

DR. RABINDRANATH Tagore was not only the greatest poet and artist of modern India but was also a great sentinel of India whose high moral principles stood out uncompromisingly on all occasions. For fifty years and more he was a great teacher—the Gurudev as he was lovingly called—of India. He is gone but he has left behind enough of immortal value for India and for the world to give them light in their hours of trial. We needed his presence today more than ever before when the affairs of the world are in a topsyturvy condition.

(*Dr. Rajindra Prasad*)

‘Most dear to all the Muses’.

In all his writings of great diversity and depth, he expressed the quality of the individual spirit that is indestructible. In his best poems there are things which move the heart and fill the mind and which will live for long. As for each man’s work, ‘everything will pass away’ said Tolstoy, ‘money, great posses-

sions, even kingdoms, all are doomed. But if in our work there remains one grain of true art, it will live for ever.’

jayanti te sukrtino rasasiddhah
kavisvarah
nasti yesam yasah kaye
jaramaranajam bhayam.

(*Dr. S. Radhakrishnan*)

A Modern Rishi

He was in line with the *rishis*, the great sages of India, drawing from the wisdom of the ancient past and giving it a practical garb and a meaning in the present. Thus he gave India’s own message in a new language in keeping with the *Yugadharmā*, the spirit of the times.

This great and highly sensitive man was not only a poet of India, but also a poet of humanity and of freedom everywhere, and his message is for all of us. More particularly that message is for his own people. Even as he tried to create an atmosphere in his school at Shantiniketan, so he tried to produce that atmosphere in the whole of India. I earnestly trust that that living message will always

be with us, guiding us in our life and our endeavours.

(*Shri Jawahar Lal Nehru.*)

A World Poet.

Tagore stands to us for pure beauty, for the universal, because he was not involved in politics. His poetry, his poetic prose reached deep and far, because he spoke to us of mind and soul, leading the human spirit towards God. No narrow God created by man, but the spirit of the universe itself, creative, broad, and deep, transcending formal religions and race.

In a very real sense, he was a world poet. His words—the tools which he used—are words of beauty, sensuous but not sensual, comprehending not only love of God and relationship between man and God but human love. The profound sense of beauty pervades Tagore's work and ennobles that and makes it understandable to every heart. The world needs such poets. . . . His eyes were fixed upon the future of mankind, when goodness and beauty shall flower out of inspired love. But he lived in the present and his words are valid for the present.

He spoke out of his own soul, mind and heart. To him beauty is eternal and invincible, the indispensable source of refreshment for the soul, the mind, the heart of mankind. This truth is instinct in the great poet whose centenary we celebrate.

(*Mrs. Pearl S. Buck*)

Noble and Harmonious thinker

Tagore, the Goethe of India, gives expression to his own personal experience that this is the truth (life affirmation) in a manner more profound, more powerful and more charming than any man has ever done before him. This completely noble and harmonious thinker belongs not only to his people but to humanity.

(*Dr. Albert Schweitzer*)

A Spring of Inspiration

...As our thoughts dwell lovingly on your noble and wise work, we are lifted to a higher level of effort and devotion. To realize the meaning of your message of friendship and co-operation is to deepen the furrows from which shall spring richer harvests of inspiration.

(*Miss. Helen Keller*)

In the Galaxy of Immortals

(vii) The name of Tagore takes its place in the galaxy of immortality: in achievement worthy of comradeship of the masters of unforgettable imaginative utterances of Kalidasa, Shakespeare, Goethe and Hugo, and their kindred, but with a vision and purity of ideal and speech that set him in deep intimacy with the little band of supreme prophets of the spiritual ascension and destiny of humanity, with Blake and Shelley.

(*Dr. James H. Cousins*)

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| <p>5. Maitrye Devi
The great Wanderer.</p> | <p>13. Elmhirst, L. K.
Rabindranath Tagore, Pioneer</p> |
| <p>6. Banerji, Haranmay
How singest thou my Master.</p> | <p>14. Lakhotia, R. N.
Tagore as a Humorist</p> |
| <p>7. Radhakrishana, S.
The philosophy of Rabindranath
Tagore</p> | <p>15. Bhattacharya, Vivek
Tagore, the Citizen of the World</p> |
| <p>8. Sahitya Academy (Pub.)
Rabindranath Tagore, a centenary
volume 1861-1961</p> | <p>16. Tangrhe, L. H.
Tagore and his view of Art</p> |
| | <p>17. Mukerjee, Hiren
Himself a true Poem</p> |

‘We come nearest to the great when we are great in humility.’
(Stray Birds : LVII)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

(A) We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the under-mentioned Publishers and Authors for material reproduced from their publications :

1. Mahatma and other Poems : Hamayun Kabir (Asia Publishing House)
2. Collected Poems and Plays of Tagore (Macmillan Co, Ltd.)
3. Three Plays Translated by Marjorie Sykes (Oxford University Press)
4. The Wings of Death Translated by Aurobindo Bose (John Murray)
5. A Tagore Reader Ed. Amiya Chakravarti (Macmillan Co, Ltd.)
6. Tagore by Fireside : Maitraye Devi (Rupa)
7. Poems of Rabindranath Tagore (Viswa-Bharati)
8. Syamali : Tagore (Viswa-Bharati)
9. The Later Poems of Tagore ; Sisir Kumar Ghose (Asia Publishing House)
10. Fireflies : Tagore (Macmillan Co, Ltd.)
11. Towards Universal Man: Selections (Asia Publishing House)
12. The Great Wanderer ; Maitraye Devi (Grantham)
13. Creative Unity : Tagore (Macmillan Co, Ltd.)
14. The Philosophy of Tagore : Radha Krishnan (Good Companions)
15. Art and Aesthetics : Tagore (Orient Longmans Ltd.)
16. Introduction to Drawings and Paintings of Rabindranath Tagore: Prithwish Neogy (Lalit Kala Akademy)
17. Tagore : A Life : Krishna Kripalani (Malancha)
18. Rabindranath Tagore : 1861-1961, A Centenary Volume (Sahitya Akademy)
19. Tagore Souvenir Volume : Diwan Ram Parkash (Tagore Memorial Publications)

(B) We are obliged to the following Ladies and Gentleman for reproducing their pictures of Gurudev :

1. Shri S.P. Gwandl : Photograph with the caption 'The Sage who knows love's utter wisdom'.
2. Mrs. Ananda Coomarswamy : Photograph with the caption : 'Sweet is the world, sweet the dust of it.'
3. Shri Narendra Sharma, Old Student : Pencil drawing with the caption : 'Have you not heard his silent steps ? He comes, comes, for ever comes.'
4. Shri Krishna Kripalani : Gitanjali : No. XXXV (From Book Jacket)
5. Messrs. Photo Service, New Delhi : Photograph with the lines by Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj.
6. Shri Ashit Sanyal, Old Student : Pencil Sketch with the caption 'At whose touch silence flames into music'.
7. Kumari Nirmal Sud : Reproductions on the Title Cover, Back Cover and on Pages 36 and facing page 40.
8. Shri Suraj Sadan : Profile of Gurudev reproduced from The Hindustan Times, New Delhi.
9. Lalit Kala Akademy : Reproductions of Tagore's Drawings
10. The Marg, Bombay : Reproduction of Tagore's Doodling on Page 72.
11. Shri V. Dutta : Photograph of Tagore's Illuminated Poem on Page .

(C) We are indebted to the following contributors for their most esteemed articles :

1. Miss Aruna Bhattacharya M.A. Ex-Lecturer in English.
2. Shri Adarsh Deepak M.Sc. Ex-Lecturer in Physics.
3. Shri Ashit Sanyal B.Sc., Old Student.
4. Dr. R.D. Bharadwaj M.A, Ph. D., D. Litt., Lecturer in Hindi.
5. Shri R.C. Pillai M.A. Lecturer in Political Science.
6. Shri Om Prakash Kohli M.A., Lecturer in Hindi.
7. Shri Ram Lal Verma M.A., Lecturer in Hindi.
8. Shri J.K. Jain M.A., Lecturer in English.

(D) We also owe a word of thanks to Shri Gyan Chand Mahajan, Proprietor of The Mahajan Press, Connaught Place, New Delhi, and his Staff for printing the Supplement in its present form and get-up.

x x x x
'Let this be my last word, that I trust in thy love.'
(Stray Birds : CCCXXV)

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Statement about ownership and other particulars as required by Clause 19-D of the Press and Registration of Books Act :

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Place of Publication : | — | Kalkaji, New Delhi-19 |
| 2. Periodicity of its publication : | — | Quarterly |
| 3. Printer's Name :
Nationality and address | — | Radha Krishna Sud ; Indian
c/o Deshbandhu College,
Kalkaji, New Delhi 19. |
| 4. Publisher's Name, Nationality
and address : | — | Same as (3) above. |
| 5. Editor's Name, Nationality
and address : | — | |
| 6. Name and addresses of
individuals who own the
newspaper and partners
or shareholders..... | — | Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji,
New Delhi-19. |

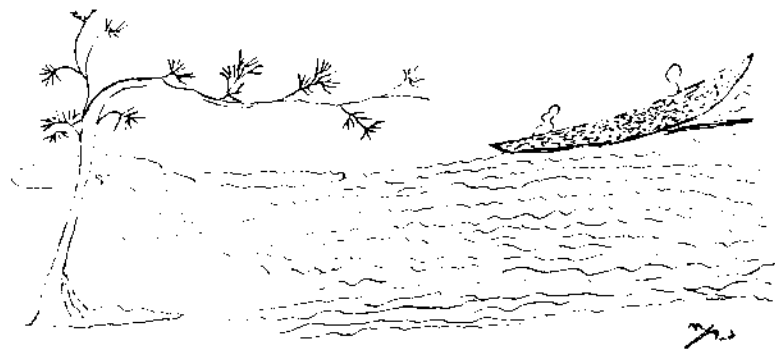
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Printer and Publisher

Date : 4th February, 1962

In front lies the ocean of peace,
Launch the boat Helmsman,
You will be the comrade ever.
Take, O take him in your lap.
In the path of the Infinite
will shine the *Dhruva-tara*.
Giver of freedom, your forgiveness,
your mercy
will be wealth inexhaustible
in the eternal journey.
May the mortal bonds perish,
May the vast universe take him in its arms,
And may he know in his fearless heart
The Great Unknown.*

* Poems : No. 130



Homage to Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore

Edited by R. K. Sud.

Printed at the Mahajan Press, Connaught Place, New Delhi.

DESH



कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते

DESHBANDHU COLLEGE
KALKAJI, NEW DELHI

DESH

Vol. X

January—June, 1962

Nos. 3 & 4

CONTENTS

Editorial	Suresh Gopal & Rajat Batra	3
A Flower	B. L. Nagalakshmi	4
The Punjabi Tapestry	Shri R. K. Sud	5
Snobbery Incorporated	Suresh Gopal	17
The College Canteen	Rajinder Khuller	18
Knitting Needles	Roop Lal	19
The Autobiography Of A Rough Notebook	Lily Baweja	20
Indian Standard Time	K. V. S. Ramani	22
He-who-rises-late	R. M. Kalyani	24
Ashta graha koota	Padma Avadhani	25
The Rakhi	...	27
Shri Brij Krishna ji Chandiwala—A pen-portrait	...	28
College or The Confessions of a Loafer	Rajinder Khuller	30
A Tale of Goval Tila	R. Batra	32
Hollywood (India) Un-Ltd	Rajat Batra	34
To Invigilators	Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj	36
Returns of Philosophy	Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj	37
Blood Groups and Heredity	Shri V. N. Pasricha	39
My Companion	Asoka Raina	42
When is that Bright Morrow ?	Sujata Verma	44
My First Book	R. Kanaka	47
Armed Forces Beckon You	R. S. Bagga	49
Blooms and Blossoms	Shanta Butani	51
Poems	Shri J. K. Jain	53
List of Prize-Winners (1961-62)	...	55
Annual Report (1961-62)

Editorial

By Suresh Gopal & Rajat Batra.

HULLO every body. Nice to be with you all again, and to see that look of confidence on your faces (real or apparent;) which comes after being in college for six months. We thank you for your contributions to 'Desh', and hope the same spirit will prevail on an increased basis, both in quality and quantity.

Well, the first half of the term is over, and an air of seriousness seems to have come over the college. It seems that everyone has started to study in earnest for the end-of-term examinations. We wish you all the very best.

There has been a lot of activity in the college since we last met through these pages, and a very good thing it is too, that so many of you have shown such a keen interest in the various functions arranged by the societies and the College Union.

The College Union held a variety show in aid of the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund, and we are glad to say that it was an unqualified success. The items put up were of a high standard, and everyone, participants and spectators, were at their very best.

The Philosophy Association too, put up a variety show, with lectures by American and Canadian diplomats, who showed us a very infor-

mative film on the American university life. There was light music too, provided by some local artists. The entertainment was very good and we are sure that a good time was had by all. We wish that more functions on the same line were arranged more often.

As in all other spheres, the college seems to be making its mark in sports too, due to our athletes who secured a position in the Inter-Varsity Sports meet. 'Keep it up'.

Debating seems to be on the increase, and we are proud to say that a student from this college won the best speaker's prize at the Inter-college debate held in the College Hall. Our heartiest congratulations to him.

Our Principal, Dr A. N. Banerji, left us in December, and we are sure that all of us were very sad to see him go. We wish him good fortune in all he does during his retired life.

There is a proposal to bring out a special Science Supplement of 'Desh' in September next. All students, present and those who will be passing out in April, are invited to contribute generously.

A special mention must be made of

the newly formed English Literary Society. We hope that those truly interested in the beauties of English Literature would join this society and do their utmost to make its efforts a success.

We bid farewell to all those who

will be leaving us this year and wish them all the very best in whatever they may do in future. To those who will be remaining behind, we ask that they continue to maintain the good name and traditions of the college. Once again, 'Good luck' to you all in the coming examinations.

A FLOWER

B. L. Nagalakshmi, B. A. Final.

The chuckling breeze of the early morn,
cheers you up from dreamy slumber,
Does the bright sun bring so welcome a message,
that thou bloom in beauty and fragrance full?

Here thou dance in thick green shade,
tossing thy head in cool field-breeze,
A show of grace and a haunting pose,
A scene so common, yet unseen.

Thou sing a song, heard yet unheard,
a song with the bee, of touching melody,
To bid good-bye to the setting sun,
and to greet him again in the next bright Morn.

Moon-lit night, full of scent,
thy flowery bed looks a milky way,
a symbol of beauty, devotion, and purity,
a messenger of men to the great Almighty.

The Punjabi Tapestry

(The Punjabi Character as revealed in the early writings of Khushwant Singh)*

By Shri R. K. Sud

I

THE Punjab, the Happy Land of the Five Rivers, has never lacked poets and chroniclers to write about its beauties and grandeurs: its lovely and picturesque hills and its heroic characters both in the fields of love and war. It was, however, left to modern writers with the progressive outlook to write on its humbler folk, their simple, unsophisticated and humdrum but quiet way of living; their excited moments that break with a bang the harmony of relationship between the various village

communities; the disasters, natural and otherwise, and the brave resistance put up by them; their child-like faith in God, Karma and the so many moral virtues; their addiction to drink, vice and litigation; their imperviousness to change, be it political, social or economic; their fear of the authorities, the brute and the powerful bully; their love of festivities and celebrations of all sorts; their instinctive reliance upon elders, platitudes inherited by a son from his father, rigid hold of rituals; their fondness for the open air, feats of strength, choral singing; their love of

-
- * (1) *The Voice of God and other Stories.*
(2) *The Train to Pakistan.*

- ** " My decision to become a writer was made by the head and not the heart. The decision about what I should write was equally unemotional. I argued within myself that in the highly competitive world of writing.....the only chance of recognition was to be an expert in one subject-----even an obscure one like the sex of snails. I had a vast and unexplored field before me and I chose to make the history and religion of my own community my subject of study and proposed to confine even my fiction to the Sikhs of the Punjab. ..

The Illustrated Weekly of India, Bombay.
November 20, 1960.)

- ***,, I want to write about the villages of the Punjab- They are where I was born and bred. They're marvellous, you should go there, Dom, to the villages, anywhere really, though the ones I know best are in the Punjab; they are the last outposts of civilization in this country. The peasants are great rough Sikh labourers and artisans, and they talk in a picturesque, highly coloured kind of speech, and swear very variously and frighteningly well. They are like peasants were supposed to be in the Ireland of Synge and Lady Gregory. ..

(Khushwant Singh to Dom Moraes in *Gone Away*)

the land, the animals and the neighbours; in short, of the vast majority who constitute the breath and strength of the Punjab. Here and there you meet amongst these progressive writers a genuine writer—one who is fully qualified to write. Not only does he know his trade but he is sincere in his approach, exact in his observation, sympathetic and understanding in his outlook and all-comprehending in his grasp. Such a one is Khushwant Singh. His knowledge of the people of the Punjab is first hand. He has an exceptional skill of portraying characters. His narrative style is marked by 'sardonic wit', playful irony, lucidity, gripping humour, and occasional grimness and rustic vulgarity. He has an artist's sense of natural and physical beauty and his descriptions of scenes of villages, river banks and rivers in spate, the idyllic dak bungalows where the Government officers come for a holiday, the bridges that span the rivers; the railway trains and the busy railway platforms all these are as delightful and engaging as his descriptions of muscular and hefty peasants and the village belles, at once luscious and bewitching. He has created a few caricatures and a few immortal characters. The wonder is that even his caricatures are so true to the types of persons in their respective genre in the Punjab before the Partition that his contemporaries can easily name their prototypes in flesh and blood. These caricatures are the creation of his satirical wit and sardonic humour to which all that was fake, pretentious, swaggering, snobbish, hoax, bullying,

foppish, vulgar, mean, bigoted, authoritarian, dogmatic, communal or sectarian, licentious or coarse, brutal, unjust and unfair, delinquent etc etc was easy grist to the mill. He cannot just tolerate them. On the contrary he has sympathy for the ignorant, good-meaning peasants who, if left to themselves, believe in living in absolute harmony. Their ignorance to them is nothing short of bliss. But the pity is that they too are willy-nilly drawn into the vortex and the swirling whirl of communal riots and party propaganda and being human are not unoften led astray from their cherished path. They have their black sheep and villains but these too observe a code of loyalty to the village and the community. In the evenings when they are free and sit round to talk and listen to one another it is at that time that they reveal themselves in their true character. That again is the time for the mischief-maker to sow the seeds of dissension and distrust. At the dead of the night, in his sweet dreams, the youthful peasant chases his sweetheart and in his nightmares he springs upon his sworn enemy who shares the same water channel with him or who killed his father or reported him to the police. Nevertheless, when danger stares them in the face, that is, the village and the community, he disregards all the pettinesses that divide him from his neighbours and enemies and rushes to their aid and willingly sacrifices his life. It is this side of the Punjabi peasant's character that Khushwant Singh admires and extols. An other endearing trait of this character is its open

hospitality, pity and instinctive charity. To the strangers and friends alike he is kind and helpful. He believes every one to be good unless and until proved to be the contrary. And not unoften he is deceived by his guests. He prefers to be deceived and cheated to deceive and cheat others. He does not betray those who repose their trust, secrets and faith in him and those whose friendship and loyalty he has tried he grapples them to his soul with hoops of steel. If he dreads authority it is not because he is a coward but because he trusts it as the custodian of law and order without which his peaceful and essential avocation cannot go on. In the stars, the rains, the storms and floods he reads his destiny. He reveres the apostles of his church as well as those of his neighbours because in his eyes all of them direct human beings to the worship of the same Father in Heaven and the observation of the same virtues. He has his moments of madness too. When his passions are excited he is worse than a beast and lets himself go with a vengeance. It may be drink, revenge, filthy and abusive language or a woman who has ravished his fancy....he forgets himself and like a mad bull or wild a maniac goes all out for his objective. Khushwant Singh has not either blurred this seamy side of his peasants' character or exaggerated it. He has simply described it as he found it. To a puritan or a prig these patches in his writings may smack of deliberate vulgarity or pornography introduced by way of a concession to the taste of his Western

readers----a pandering to the taste of the readers of books like *The Bhowani Junction*---but in my view without them his portrayal of the Punjab character would have been partial and one-sided.

II

The small volume of stories, *The Voice of God and other Stories* is rich in characters. These fall into two broad divisions : the peasants and the town-dwellers.

In the *Voice of God* we meet Ganda Singh, a toady, and immoral gangster who rules over the village with awe and terror because he enjoys official patronage. He is a personal friend of the Deputy Commissioner whose word is law in the village. He is a ready tool in the hands of the rulers to sway the general elections. The villagers' civic sense is not yet developed and as they cannot distinguish between a genuine worker and time-servers; their choice of candidates for the Legislative Assembly is controlled by Ganda Singh. His counterpart from the town is Seth Sukhtankar whose one passion in life is making money and more money. Till a few days ago he was an ardent champion of the Britishers and of the British goods but he now advocates the boycott of the imported stuff. Why? Because he is a manufacturer and stands to benefit by the boycott of the imported goods. Nationalism is only a smoke screen for his rapacious appetite for money. Nobody bothers about what Baba Ram Singh, otherwise held in great esteem, says about the needs of the Kisan and his anxiety to serve

their cause. The poor dear loses his security in the election for want of polling the requisite minimum of votes. Such, alas, is the fate of many a good-meaning public servant who belongs to no organized party.

Sir Mohan Lal and his wife, Lady Mohan Lal, a contrasted couple, occupy our attention in the story, *Karma*. Sir Mohan Lal belongs to the middle-class gentry and has been educated abroad. He is thoroughly anglicized in his speech and mannerisms. As the author remarks he is more in love with his college tie than his country or even his wife. His wife he tolerates as having been tagged on to him by a dirty trick of his Fate, that is, Karma. This sketch, though based in parts on some well-known originals in the Pre-partition Punjab, is at best a caricature which delights the readers immensely. We have a saying: 'The crow danced to the steps of the peacock and forgot its own.' Sir Mohan Lal is as hideous as a crow and struts like a peacock. His attempts at playing the *burra sahib* are ridiculous. He would have amused Moliere. His wife, Lachhmi, is every inch of herself a typical *Lalayain*. She is as gross in her corpulency: an amusing mass of human protoplasm. 'She has never bothered to know if she had any rights other than conjugal and was blissfully satisfied with her betel-leaf-and-chapati existence.' I wonder if she understood what it meant to be Lady Mohan Lal. In common parlance in our country every married woman of a well-to-do family is a lady. Notwithstanding his title and

anglicisms Sir Mohan Lal was treated like a nigger by the British soldiers who threw him out of a first class compartment of a running train bag and baggage. Look at the mockery of fate: he was spat at by Lady Mohan Lal who sat in an inter class compartment in the rear of the train.

In *the Mark of Vishnu* the interest centres round Ganga Ram, the superstitious man, who worships the deadly cobra and feeds him on milk every night. He does not care two hoots about the sceptical remarks of the urchins of the house in which he serves but carries on with his worship in full faith. In the end he is stung to death by his God-cobra. He must have died fully satisfied in a state of bliss. Such is the strength of faith of Ganga Ram.

In the character of Ramesh Chandra alias Charles in *The Butterfly* Khushwant Singh lets himself go and brings all the shafts in his armoury to hit his target with. His sarcastic wit, his pungent satire, and ridicule are combined with his playful humour and the result is Charlee — a product of College education, who by turns is an Indian Christian, a lady-killer, a terrorist and a communist worker and whose desire is to be noticed as the leader of the poor and the down-trodden, the tonga drivers of Lahore. The supreme moment in his life came when he held the party flag in his hand and shouted to the routed tongawallas: 'Comrades. Comrades, to the barricades!' ... 'Barricades of hearts and souls.' 'No,' says his creator. The

real moment of triumph for Charles was when in the hospital he saw a pretty nurse and said to her : 'The name is Ramesh Chander. Charles for short. Pleased to meet you.' At heart he was a fop : a butterfully showing off its wings.

In *The Portrait of a Lady* we see the typical grand old lady of a well-to-do village landlord's family deserving respect. She is sweet, affectionate, simple-minded, strong in faith, full of piety and prayers, charitable and amiable of disposition. In her old age she had resigned herself completely to the will of the Lord and spent her time in looking after the young children and feeding the sparrows that frequented the house. Her spare time she devoted to her prayers; a saintly figure who was missed by her sparrows when she died. How touching is the scene of her death and how simply it is told. 'In the evening', writes Khushwant Singh, 'we went to her room with a crude stretcher to take her to be cremated. The sun was setting and had lit her room and verandah with a blaze of golden light. We stopped half-way in the courtyard. All over the verandah and in her room right up to where she lay dead and stiff wrapped in the red shroud, thousands of sparrows sat scattered on the floor. There was no chirping. We felt sorry for the birds and my mother fetched some bread for them. She broke it into crumbs, the way my grandmother used to, and threw it to them. The sparrows took no notice of the bread. When we carried my grandmother's corpse off, they flew

away quietly. Next morning the sweeper swept the bread crumbs into the dust bin.' It is anybody's guess that the portrait is drawn from life and with full reverence and admiration. It is really more in the nature of a tribute and a memorial to an honoured name and a sweet memory.

In *Death comes to Daulat Ram* a gourmet cum gourmand makes his appearance. It is Daulat Ram, a man of means who cannot help over-eating and drinking even though the family physician has warned him to be moderate. He had trouble with his gall-bladder. Uncannily enough he died true to the family superstition amongst the members of his family all of whom had arrived earlier. His son, Ranga, who had been summoned from the Coffee House in haste had seen the premonition of his grandfather outside on the drive to the palatial house. Such premonitions and superstitions are too well-known to the Punjabi men and women.

In *The Insurance Agent*, Mr. Swami, the omnipresent and omniscient insurance agent, is a masterpiece of Khushwant Singh's humour. As you make his acquaintance—and you cannot evade his eye even in the printed page—you instantaneously fall under his spell and when you come to the end of his exploits, though they are not as many as you will like them to be, you burst with laughter and remark : 'What a remarkable man !' His motto should be inscribed in bold letters on the outer gates of all Insurance Company offices : 'God is great and provides

for his creatures but it is also man's duty to provide against the future. God gave him brains to do that.'

In *A Punjabi Pastorale* both the seamy and the bright sides of the peasant families are highlighted. Moola Singh, a large hulking man of sixty years of age, who in his sober moments commands the voice of the villagers, is dead drunk and feels not only repentant but ashamed of himself when greeted by his guests from the town. 'You come to my house,' he says to Mr. Hansen, the Christian Missionary, and I am stupidly drunk. If you forgive me this time and promise to come again, I will not touch drink any more. We can easily guess that even though the Punjabi villager may get drunk at times he does not like to behave like a fool in the presence of his guests and thereby ruin his fair name. He must do nothing that may bring a slur on his name. His daughter, slim, pretty and young is the redeeming feature in his house. 'She is like a flower in the desert, and desert flowers always smell sweeter. They have to make up for the desert. I could write a poem about her . . . ' This is what Khushwant Singh feels about her. The Punjabi women are always working and working very hard without a grudge or a murmur and irrespective of the fooleries of their men.

The Rape makes grim reading. Dalip Singh shows what a Punjabi peasant youth, whose passions are excited—in this case by lust—can do. To say the least he behaves worse

than a beast, though he may repent afterwards. For the moment all his energies are diverted to sensual enjoyment. Youth and the moon conspire and they play havoc with two young hearts almost simultaneously: the hearts of Dalip Singh and the neighbour's daughter, Bindo. In the land of Sohni-Mahiwal and Heer-Ranjha there is no dearth of love-lorn and love-stricken men and women but whereas with the city-dwellers love and love-making is a pastime and dilly-dallying, with the country folk it is something very serious. Dalip Singh's defence in the court of law was that Bindo had come to him of her own free will. When she was questioned in the course of the cross examination Bindo had the courage to confess that she had. How many of the women in the cities would dare to be as truthful in a matter of the heart as Bindo? The Punjabi peasant abhors telling a lie and for the same reason does not tolerate one.

How true the above statement is becomes clear in *The Man with a Clear Conscience* in which a Sikh taxi driver in Calcutta beats a Bengali thief to pulp. Had the Bengali confessed his guilt most probably the Sikh driver would have let him off with a shower of abuse. But as he insisted upon telling one lie to cover another he was beaten.

Little Man, you had a busy Day takes us to the Civil Secretariat where Sundar Singh, a Punjabi youth, working as a stenographer along with a Madrasi and a Bengali, engages our attention. He is a jolly good fellow,

gets easily excited and grumbles a lot, laughs at his little jokes, roars and gesticulates, mimics his superior officers, feels that the Civil Secretariat is run by the stenographers, is energetic, believes in no work but loves taking tea and sports. Playing a volley-ball match is more important to him than the work in the office, international politics or domestic feuds. In the excitement of the game he even forgets the rebukes he had been administered earlier in the day for being late.

Niranjan Singh of Hoshiarpur, the all-in-all wrestler Nanjo of Toronto fame, is the last star in the galaxy of characters in *The Voice of God and other Stories*. We make his acquaintance in *Sikh meets Sikh*. His love of the land in the far distant Punjab is as great as that of the Chinese peasant in Pearl Buck's novel: *The Good Earth*. For making a living—'all for the belly', as he himself said—he had migrated to Canada. That shows the adventurous spirit of the Punjabi Sikh who shares the honour, with the Parsies and the Sindhis, of establishing business centres and farms in foreign countries. Niranjan Singh knows that he has to compromise with his adversaries in the wrestling ring and connive at the unfair awards of the referees and the managers—'all for the belly.' When he is asked by a compatriot he says: 'All for the belly. But when I have made enough I will show you what I can do, I'll floor the incestuous .. the whole bloody lot of them. Then I will go to Hoshiarpur and till the land. I want to show my village to

my wife 'Little did he worry himself to know that the 'buxom blonde with a grin that bared several gold teeth' and vigorously chewed gum might travel with him to his village on a pleasure trip but was sure to return by the first available plane.' She was a part of the game that he was called upon to play every day of his life in Canada—all for the belly. How innocent and ignorant of the ways of the western world this Punjabi peasant is!

If you want to see how humorous and cosmopolitan a Punjabi, like Shri Khushwant Singh, can be you have only to read the story called *Posthumous*. It speaks for his large-heartedness which prompted him to dedicate this book of stories not to his Hindu and Sikh friends, the Judge or the Professor, but to Asghari and Manzur Qadir and the beloved city of Lahore. The Sikhs and Hindus were simply hounded out of Lahore. I said in the beginning that a Punjabi, be he a Sikh, a Hindu or a Muslim, will not desert or betray his friends. It is, indeed, a pity that these 'friends' in the story did not constitute the Government of the undivided Punjab. Had it been so, Khushwant Singh would have been spared the agony and the pain of writing his novel, *The Train to Pakistan*. (1956)

III

The Train to Pakistan, a highly dramatic novel, provides an insight into the close ties of loyalty which bind individual villagers to the village community and vice versa.....

ties which transcend all other considerations.

The individual loyalty is seen at its best in Juggat Singh, the notorious dacoit : like father, like son. He has many defects; he has his virtue also. He has a code of honour and he abides by it. He is loyal to those with whom he lives, who help him and who love him. As long as he lives in his village Malli and his gang of dacoits dare not look in that direction. Of late he has severed his connections with his comrades of older days and warned them that the present times of disturbed communal strife in the wake of the Partition were not suited to dacoity. His reason was that they were likely to arouse inter-communal suspicion and destroy harmony of relationship in the village. He is sensitive and does not tolerate anyone who speaks either about his love affair with Nooro, the daughter of the Muslim Mullah, or passes strictures against his daring and courage. When his passions are aroused he behaves in an infuriated manner... ..Dalip Singh in *The Rape* seems to be an understudy for him . . .and when he comes to avenging himself on his enemy, Malli, he is more ferocious than a fighting bull. He is a terror to the police and dares cut the most vulgar jokes with them if they chance to touch him on the sore point of his affection for Nooro, that being something very sacred to him. It makes him very loyal to her and possibly, on that account, to her kith and kin, the Muslims of Mano Majra, his village. When he is released from the jail his first

thought is of her. He is sure she must have gone to his mother and asked for protection (and he was right) and if she was turned away on false religious grounds he would not spare his mother. On arriving at the village he learnt of the sinister design of the desperadoes and Malli and Company to kill the Muslim refugees, amongst whom was his beloved Nooro, when they left Mano Majra by train for Pakistan. He lost no time and showed no hesitation in coming to the right decision . . . a decision that would not only redeem his name but would bring credit to Mano Majra and glory to mankind . . to save the poor victims of slaughter. He gave his life and saved the life that was dearest to him and incidentally the lives of all the Muslim residents of the village who were so very dear to Nooro. Did not she carry within her womb his child ? A great character, indeed ! It is conceived on a colossal scale and superbly executed.

Before going to the railway bridge Juggat Singh came to the Gurdwara to seek the Almighty Guru's benediction: to have the Scripture read out to him by Bhai Meet Singh.

“He who made the night and day
The days of the week and the
seasons,
He who made the breezes blow,
the waters run,
The fire and the lower regions,
Made the earth . . the temple of law.

He who made creatures of divers
kinds

With a multitude of names,
 Made this law ..
 By thought and deed be judged
 forsooth,
 For God is True and dispenseth
 Truth.
 There the elect his court adorn,
 And God Himself their actions
 honours;
 There are sorted deeds that were
 done and bore fruit
 From those that to action could
 never ripen.
 This, O Nanak, shall hereafter
 happen."

(Verse 34, *Jupji*)

The law 'By thought and deed be judged forsooth'—Jugat Singh obeyed. He had in him the making of a hero; he had only to follow the law and the right road. He must dedicate his life and might to a noble purpose and nothing could be nobler than to lay down his life for the sake of his friends. This is the practical faith of a Punjabi—of a Sikh; so simple and yet so endearing and elevating. Love physical becomes love transcendental.

The character of Juggat Singh is contrasted with two different characters: those of Iqbal, the Western educated Communist and the Deputy Commissioner, Hukum Chand. The Deputy Commissioner sought relief from official responsibilities in the company of a Muslim dancing girl but sacrificed her when he could have easily saved her. He had his own reasons. If the people had come to know of his association with her it would have been a blot on his 'fair'

name. Iqbal too was faced with the problem: should he address his 'message' to the villagers of Mano Majra? No, he must think of himself. 'In a state of chaos self-preservation is the supreme duty ... The point of sacrifice ... is the purpose. For purpose, it is not enough that a thing is intrinsically good; it must be known to be good The doer must do only when the receiver is ready to receive. Otherwise, the good is wasted It is both cowardly and foolhardy to kowtow to social standards when one believes neither in the society nor in its standards. Their courage is your cowardice, their cowardice is your courage. It is all a matter of nomenclature. One could say it needs courage to be a coward. A conundrum, but a quotable one. Make a note of it .." Thus thought Iqbal and continued to drink the whisky that he carried with him till he felt asleep and let the situation in the village take care of itself. Iqbal is an elaboration of Ramesh Chander, Charles, in *The Butterfly*. Kukam Chand is a hybrid product: a cross between Daulat Ram in *Death comes to Daulat Ram* and Sir Mohan Lal in *Karma* with a lot of flunkeys and upstarts thrown in as catalytic agents for whom Khushwant Singh has acquired a special allergy.

The character of Bhai Meet Singh ——the Sikh priest at the Gurdwara ——has been drawn with great consideration and thought. He is a lovable figure representing as he does the Bhai's of the pre-Partition Era, who made no distinction between religion and religion. This race is fast dying out. He greets every visitor who

seeks shelter at the *dharamshala* with the customary greeting : 'Sat Sri Akal' and offers ready hospitality by way of food, tea and a *charpoy*. He adheres to the rites and the rituals laid down by the Gurus. For example, when you go in near the Holy Granth Sahib you must take off your shoes and cover your head. He has a long beard---that lends him grace and divinity ---and he combs it with his hands too often while talking. Obviously, it helps him to concentrate his thoughts and put them in concise terms. He sincerely believes that 'every one is welcome to his religion' : he to Sikhism and brother Imam Baksh to Islam. He attaches great importance to morality and detests the West because of its lack of moral values in daily life. Much of the communistic talk of Iqbal is claptrap to him and much that goes by the name of important happenings or atrocities and the like stuff a matter of no significance. 'Corruption' and 'exploitation' are beyond his grasp. What he understood was the Punjabi code : "Truth, honour, financial integrity were all right, but these were placed lower down the scale of values than being true to one's salt, to one's friends and fellow villagers ..' Accordingly, he condemned Juggat Singh's misreported murder of Hukam Chand on the ground that he had murdered a fellow villager and not because he had committed a murder. Juggat Singh must have risen in his esteem by his heroic efforts to save his fellow brethren and his sacrifice. Judge a man by his deeds but confine them to his narrow confines of the village community. He has a number of

platitudes in his repertoire and these come handy to him in discussions, especially when arguments fail. As for example, his saying to Iqbal about Juggat Singh 'Jugga had been going straight for some time. He ploughed his land and looked after his cattle. He never left the village, and reported himself to the Lambardar every day. But how long can a snake keep straight.' Likewise the Holy Text and the sayings of the Gurus are cited by him to decide weighty matters. As for example, during the discussion about the future of the Muslims in Mano Majra he came out with Guru Govind Singh's injunction : 'No Sikh was to touch the person of a Muslim woman.' He is essentially a man of peace. 'I am an old Bhai;' he would say, 'I could not lift my hands against anyone--- fight in battle or kill the killer.....' When he could not hold ground against the fiery youth who had come to work up the villagers to kill and loot the Muslims, he said, 'The train will have Mano Majra Muslims on it. 'What then ? It was Bhai Meet Singh's duty to lead the prayer for the success of the deadly mission against which he had been protesting in vain. This was the prayer he read :

In the name of Nanak
 By the hope that faith doth instil,
 By the grace of God,
 We bear the world nothing but
 good will,
 The Sikh will rule
 Their enemies will be scattered
 Only they that seek refuge will be
 saved ;

He expressed his deep concern and uneasiness to Iqbal when he returned to the *dharamshala* after his release from the jail. When asked by Iqbal why he could not ask the villagers to be reasonable and sensible, he replied, 'Who listens to an old Bhai? These are bad times, Iqbal Singhji, very bad times. There is no faith or religion. All one can do is to crouch in a safe corner till the storm blows over ...' He heaved a sigh and wiped a tear with the scarf on his shoulder and went on to say: 'I have done all I could. My duty is to tell people what is right and what is not. If they insist on doing evil, I ask God to forgive them. I can only pray: the rest is for the police and the magistrates. ...' Late in the night Juggat Singh came to him and asked for the Scripture to be read out to him by way of benediction. Bhai Meet Singh had laid the Holy Granth to rest for the night and must not break the rule. He, however, agreed to read a piece from the morning prayer for he must be true to his vocation of praying for every one. When at the end of the prayer Juggat Singh asked, 'Is that good?' Bhai Meet Singh replied, 'All the Guru's word is good.' 'What does it mean?' asked Juggat Singh. Bhai Meet Singh said, 'What have you to do with meaning? It is just the Guru's word. If you are going to do something good, the Guru will help you; if you are going to do something bad, the Guru will stand in your way. if you persist in doing it, He will punish you till you repent, and then forgive you.' 'Sat Sri Akal,' said Juggat Singh, the dacoit turned hero, and he was gone to make the

supreme sacrifice. Such is the talisman in the Holy word and Bhai Meet Singh administered it to the villagers of Mano Majra. 'We read today the gospel but Meet Singhs are no longer amongst us. How sad; how unfortunate! The pages of Khushwant Singh's novel will bear testimony, if the coming generations should need it, that men like Bhai Meet Singh did exist in flesh and blood for if they did not Shri Khushwant Singh could not have portrayed one from imagination.

A word must be said about Nooro, the Muslim girl. She is a wild cat and is as daring and defiant as the man she woos and flirts with. On a night when none except her paramour Juggat Singh dare stir out of the village she kept her tryst with him. She pretends to be coy but is a thorough flirt deeply immersed in all tricks that endear women of ill repute to men. Once she had made her choice of a mate she dared defy the entire village and the slanderous talk and carried on her love affair. But her happiness was doomed to be short-lived. Before she could induce Juggat Singh to wed her — she had only to turn a Sikh — the Partition took place and she had to go to Pakistan with her father. But she did not want to go. When she was asked by her father to get up things for the next day's march to the Refugee Camp in transit to Pakistan she replied: 'Go away? Where?' 'I don't know..... Pakistan.', replied Imam Baksh. She sat up with a jerk. 'I will not go to Pakistan,' she said defiantly. When she was told that if she did not go she would be thrown

out, she said, 'Who will throw us out. This is our village. Are the police and the government dead?' She knew that in this desperate hour her only hope was Juggat Singh. Thinking that he might have been released from the jail along with Malli and Company she went to Juggat Singh's mother. Little did the old woman realize that the heart had its own reasons. Had she not brought so much disgrace to her son? No no, no; She had tamed him and brought him happiness. She carried his child within her womb. Did her father know it? No, if he did he would marry her off to some one or else murder her. Juggat Singh was sure to get her as soon as he was out of the prison. But Fate delayed it and poor Nooro had to go to Pakistan. Before leaving the village for good she came to Juggat Singh's house to say 'Sat Sri Akal' to him and if she failed to find him there she would ask his mother to say it to him when he came home. If Heer had followed her Ranjha, Sassi her Punnu and Sahiban her Mirza, fain would have Nooro followed her Juggat Singh till the end of her days. But cruel Fate had willed it otherwise.

The path of love, they say, is seldom smooth: it is tragic. Here in the pages of *Train to Pakistan* is recorded one of the many tragedies of love that occurred during the days of the holocaust in the history of the Punjab, now called the Partition. True were

the feelings and the sentiments which were sought to be conveyed in the film, *Lahore*:

'Baharain phir bhi aiyaingi magar ham tum judaa honge.

Juggat Singh could not retain his Nooro with him but he sent his heart to beat with her heart. The two hearts were to beat with the third heart — And did and ? Who knows! The creator of Nooro and Juggat Singh dropped his pen with the words: 'The engine was almost on him (Juggat Singh.) There was a volley of shots. The man shivered and collapsed. The rope snapped in the centre as he fell. The train went over him, and went on to Pakistan.'

Juggat Singh and Nooro and Bhai Meet Singh shall always live and we are thankful to Khushwant Singh for it. I do not know if he knew a Juggat Singh or a Nooro in life; but I am sure it is as difficult to reconstruct Bhai Meet Singh from imagination as to create the Grandmother (in *The Portrait of a Lady*) or, for the matter of that, Khushwant Singh (in *Posthumous*.) These characters and their creator are true specimens of the Punjabi character, the romantic and the heroic; the great and the noble. It is true, as ever before, that truth is stranger than fiction.*

* A brief version of this article was published in the Annual Number of The Punjabi Cultural Association, Poona, in October, 1958.

Snobbery Incorporated

By Suresh Gopal B. Sc. IInd Year

SNOBS to the right of you, snobs to the left of you, snobs in front of you, snobs everywhere. A world of snobs.

A race by themselves. A creed by themselves. Beings, who are something more than mere human beings. (so they think)

According to the Chamber's Twentieth Century Dictionary a snob is described as :-

Snob : n. A vulgar person, esp. one who apes gentility, a tuft hunter; a shoemaker; a workman, who works for lower wages than his fellows, a rat, one who will not join a strike.

How complimentary really to be called a rat! Yes, I suppose it is true. Everyone cannot be a rat or act as being one. It is the snob's special attribute. He has slowly and painfully over the long years learned the art of being a rat, in order that he can affix the distinguished title of a snob to his name. How very praiseworthy is his effort.

You can recognise a member of this race a mile away. He literally stinks of his snobbery. His way of walking, sitting or talking, all exhibit his special quality or superiority. From every pose of his body and mind, snobbery oozes out. And, my word, what an ooze.

Snobs, consider it most unsnobbish to be friendly to a member belonging to the other race, that is, the undistinguished common race of humans who are not rats like themselves. It is below their dignity (!) to show any friendliness to a non-member of their exclusive club. It is not done according to their code of conduct.

See a snob in action. You would really be impressed with his exclusive ways of behaviour. That disgusted look, or that supercilious tone, all suggest a being from outer space or even beyond outer space—space still undiscovered.

I wonder at times why they don't prefer to call themselves slops instead of snobs. For one, there would be one more word in the dictionary, and for another it would be more in keeping with their ethics.

The best part of this drama is that young people consider it a very great thing to be called snobs. They ape the behaviour of these slops, and if anyone calls them a snob they are in the seventh heaven. It is their salvation. They have made their mark in this world, and possibly in the next too (if there is one !)

All said and done, the more you see of snobs the more you would be apt to exclaim like Alice did, 'Curiouser and Curiouser !'

The College Canteen.*

Rajinder Khuller, Prep Arts.

THE canteen, is the breeding ground of 75% of the flies of Kalka ji. Once within 100 yards of our canteen, a peculiar buzzing sound is heard. It grows louder as one approaches and rises to a crescendo at the canteen door. Upon arrival at the door it is discovered that the buzzing is not that of machinery, but is the buzzing of---FLIES. At least they contribute 80% of the noise.

To enter, one opens a wire-gauze anti-fly door and then finds a formidable barrier confronting him---FLIES. Having clawed blindly for approximately 5 yds through a thick curtain of these insects, you find yourself inside the canteen, and, after digging flies from your ears, nose and clothes, you peer through a smoke-screen to see if you know anybody. Having found some one you know, you settle down to add to the empty tea-cups and thicken the cloud of smoke. One hand has to be kept free to swat flies with an exercise book.

In winter you can only find a few scattered flies, buzzing around, trying to find something worth eating (a difficult task in our canteen). But in summer you find them at their best.

The Food ! Food, did I say ? Sorry for the mistake, I meant . . . well,

it's just indescribable. During the recess, ravenous hordes descend upon the canteen, who dish out stuff that a blind man with his eyes shut would carry to the nearest garbage-can, holding his house.

But the "hordes" are obviously either too hungry to notice or are blind men with blindfolds and dark sun-glasses over closed eyes, as they finish it as fast as it comes. Taking an example, a bun-and-samosa combination. This is served to you after many minutes, curses and threats to the bearer, along with a watery fluid, red in colour, which resembles nothing that resembles anything, and goes under the magic word "sauce" (for which one is charged on extra 5 n. P.)

After much distribution upon the floor around one of cigarettes butts and empty tea-cups, the sound of the college bell is heard above the clamour, flies buzzing, shouts of "Kundan, chai lao!" and "cigarette lao!" and so on. Bills are paid (some are not), and the "Ordeal by Flies" at the door is once more undertaken.

Fresh air ! Ah ! to be free (of flies, at least), oh joy ! but wait, happiness disappears as fast, if not faster, than it came, we still have the class to attend, (Groan !),

* More of fiction and less of fact (Ed.)

Knitting Needles

By Roop Lal, Maths (Hons) Final

KNITTING, irrespective of its quality, seems to be an essential ingredient of the womanly virtues of a modern lady. No lady, having any self-respect what so ever, can afford to part with her knitting needles. It is her incumbent duty, her life-long mission to which she is whole-heartedly devoted, day and night. Whether she is sitting beside her hearth or walking in a fashionable shopping centre her fingers go on playing nimbly, and I am sure, she is much ahead the clock in the achievement of her target during the third five year plan.

It is difficult to conjecture whether these sacred needles owe their origin to some philosophy of our living saint, Vinoba, Bhave or some other divine inspiration, but it is indeed hard to reconcile with the view that the carze for knitting every where had its birth in mere ostentation and self-justification for being useful citizens of free India; perhaps it is the growing awareness of the precious time among the fair-sex but ladies are reputed to devote no less than half-a day for decking their persons. Anyway it has definitely posed a number of major problems before our country. It is easy to foresee some casualties in future in some of our fashionable shopping centres or in some theatres and Cinema house or even in Colleges

where the 'Eve in fury' would pin her adversalry down with the sharp-edged needles. As a result, the Government may deem it fit to ban the production of the knitting-needles in the country and the unemployed labour may bring about some bloody-revolution. What a disaster? But what worries me most is the girl students (myself being a student), who prefer going to the College with 'needles' in their hands in place of books. I fear, they may not, someday, take their knitting needles to the examination hall too, instead of taking their pens and pencils, God forbid: if it so happens, poor invigilators would be in a perilous state and there would be an additional burden on the National Exchequer for maintenance of a special police reserve. A more serious threat that has been looming large these days is the dissolution of many a happy married life, Wives busy with knitting at all odd hours (conscientious as they are) find it hard to spare any time for their husbands who have come "after plodding a weary way homewards" and feel slighted and prefer to have a divorce. How horrible the consequences!

What appears ever more tragic is that these useful and harmless 'needless' may betray their own worshippers one day, A gentle, virtuous lady, absorbed in her sacred duty, may

stumble against a stone while walking along a roadside and expose herself to hazardous accidents either of the traffic or with some road Romeo.

Would it not be desirable that some immediate steps should be taken to check the ensuing disaster facing

us by time and place for the noble job of knitting? The mighty needles may feel offended on this suggestion of limiting their territory, and no wonder, I may have to face the next winter un-aided but it is their interest that is weighing heavy on my heart and I wish them a bright future.

The Autobiography Of A Rough Notebook

By Miss Lily Baweja B.A. 1 Year

THERE was a loud thud as I found myself flung into a corner, with a pile of other books as unfortunate as myself. I had been expecting this final dismissal for quite some time, but of course as always, these things come unexpectedly, and have the power to move us inspite of ourselves.

This I thought sadly was the end- I had been discarded. How final it sounded but hope dies hard, and sometimes not at all, for as long as there is life, there must be hope even if it is born of despair.

Having lain there for a month, and with revulsion watched the layers of dirt increasing, on what remained of my once new and clean cover I knew that, could do no such thing and as always reason asserted itself, and my spirits returned, not bubbling over as they had once been but in a calm and peaceful way. When we are young nothing has the power

of distressing us for long but then I was not young any more. And I resolved that since I could not be of any use actively, I could at least put down a part of the vast, varied and colourful adventures that befall my kith and kin and that which I experienced also.

I am as you must have guessed, what those huge living creatures, called human beings, call a 'note book'. They, of course, do not credit us with any feeling saying that we are inanimate objects. Little do they know, that, we, whom they use with such carelessness; unless we are text books- are as much capable of feeling as they are. And, often, we manage to conjecture the very thoughts of our respective owners, having got so used to their scribbling, or once in a while, doing some thing serious on us.

I can well recollect the day, when I used to look around me and wonder

at this exciting, yet in some ways, frightening man-made world. For you must know that I was compiled in a paper factory and contained 250 pages. I used the past tense, for now I am certain I cannot contain more than 200 pages.

And it does not take much stretching of imagination to know what happened to the rest. Having been put together, I was piled into a truck with a lot of others. During the drive, I met a number of other copy books and after some preliminary formalities, for nor unlike the human beings we are also very formal, we began making polite conversation and soon we were revealing our secrets. Thinking back I can now understand how young I must have been to still idealistically be thinking, that I would probably belong to a girl with a lovely hand writing, and have my pages decorated with good or excellent words etc.

The ride came to an end, and with many wishes of good will, and hopes that we may meet again, I, with some other companions, took our leave. We were put into a large clean shop and then afterwards were put on one of the shelves.

I had been in a shop for a week and enjoyed my stay there, watching the steady flow of customers who poured into the shop. I also saw them passing the time pleasantly chatting to other occupants of the store.

One day in came a very young

person, pigtailed flying and a very worried expression on the face. I was hurriedly exchanged for 10 annas. I found myself thrust into a bag hurriedly. This was done so quickly that I practically went through a history book which was so worn out that it could not have withstood such an attack a second time. I hastily apologized and after some jostling we settled down quite comfortably. Then I was feeling terribly excited wondering anxiously what I would be subjected to next.

We arrived at the school only fifteen minutes late. We soon settled down there, and then to my horror I learnt that I was to be a rough copy book. The indignity of it appalled me, but being helpless I accepted it.

After that of course my life was full. Notes of different kind on various subjects were scribbled down and home work was hastily done. Pages were being continually torn out, for some purpose which has remained a mystery to teachers and will remain that way.

My mistress was a scatterbrain. She could not remember to bring the proper books, in spite, of the fact that my very first page was there to remind her as the time table was written on the first page of the copy book. She would giggle in the class. And I was often seen aiding and abetting her, in the crime of passing messages back and forth in the class. Then again pages would be spent in writing out talks like. : 'I must not talk in class, I must not steel out my tongue, I must

not be naughty in class' were three of the three hundred which continually adorned my pages. I did not grudge my mistress the pages, for she was a good-hearted girl, though her kindness did not extend to me. For I was sorely tried, at times being flung down in a rage, or being torn apart: at that time I did not like it at all, but actually I must have liked it for now I miss it sorely. There were pleasant times as well: for on some of the pages there are colourful drawings and paintings which give me great pleasure.

I was proud of the fact that I was taken everywhere; that I was quite indispensable to her. But I grew sad as the pages remaining to be covered grew less, and finally bade farewell to the numerous friends I had made during the three months had been in service.

So it is with a full heart and a mind filled with the nostalgic memories of the past eventful year, that I say farewell to my active life and pray that I have served my purpose though it be only of a rough copy book.

Indian Standard Time

By K. V. S. Ramani, B. A. (Hons) II Year.

A visitor from the terribly precise and efficient West is invited to dinner in a typical Indian family. Promptly at the appointed hour, he presents himself at the front door. After being admitted by a somewhat flustered servant, he sits alone in the living room for a quarter of an hour before the host appears and greets him with mumbled apologies. Puzzled and obviously irritated, the visitor enquires in a pained voice "you did say 7.30, didn't you? I thought I was late."

The explanation for this situation is familiar to most people in our country where nobody ever arrives

'on time'. Lunch may begin anytime between noon and 1.30—more likely towards the latter end. As a matter of fact, the host is likely to be the injured party, if his guest is so inconsiderate as to show up before a decent interval has overtaken the scheduled hour.

Precisely, we just are not clock watchers in India. Possibly it applies to the whole of Asia, our part of the world. But there is not as much confusion due to people being late as Westerners might think. It is merely a matter of thinking ahead an hour or so from the approximate time you have in mind. In Rangoon, the man

who invites you to dinner is likely to add "Burmese time" after naming the hour. The Japanese, expert hosts who are always prepared for any contingency, provide a geisha who giggles and chirps "Japanese time" to the foreigner who innocently arrives ahead of others—often ahead of the host himself.

Your host in Colombo gleefully refers to "Ceylon standard time" which is from a half to three quarters of an hour behind the clock.

Coming back to India, people know better than to take a person literally when he names a time for a rendezvous. When you feel you are tardy—say about an hour and a half—you might venture a smile of guarded apology :- "have you been waiting long?" Even though the other person might have arrived half an hour before, he will reply courteously, "No I just got here."

So in our country the proper moment for arriving for a social appointment is generously in arrears of time as it is recorded by mechanical contrivances. But there is no lack of mechanical time-telling devices in India. Since ancient eras, we have developed ingenious methods of giving the hour. The contemporary Indian is rarely without his automatic, waterproof, shock-resisting, anti-magnetic, 18-jewel wrist-watch. In fact, the watch is often his symbol of status.

Where the watch is considered such a necessary accessory to man,

if you ask me—it is relatively unimportant as a working instrument. Time, in fact, is not yet a rigidly measurable dimension in Asia. Indians appreciate the time, like everything else, in a relative matter. In 1905, Einstein produced his Relativity Theory. The mathematical formulation of this theory tells us that the question "when" has no absolute meaning. Einstein is supposed to have been the first to outline this theory; yet in our country, it has been understood in essence by everyone and put into practice for ages. So Einstein was Johnny-come late, relatively speaking.

At the risk of being accused of rationalizing an illogical situation, we must suggest that it is all a matter of philosophical attitudes. The Westerner lives by the clock; the Indian does not allow time to rule his life.

We, in India, are bemused by the picture of a Westerner standing on a street corner impatiently looking at his watch. For us, late arrival signifies hectic activity and a man who observes punctuality is an idler. The only operations of punctuality in Indian life can be traced in the life of teenagers, that is to say the male half of the teenage population. Perhaps, you may not believe me when I say this; but all you have to do is to visit the various restaurants popular among teenagers, to see a row of anxious faces bending down every few seconds to look worriedly at their watches.

He - who - rises - late

R. M. Kalyani, Pre. Medical II Year.

NOVEMBER—a pleasant month indeed to spend in the Capital. Warm days and cool nights invite visitors from all parts. As the winter sets in slowly everyone longs to lie in the bed as long as possible. But for me, and other students?

Our parents become aware of the December Exams. much in advance. Warnings start in a milder form in the first half of the month. The first lot when I talk of a film—is, "Are not your exams. commencing from the second week of December?" I can do nothing but to sneak away from that spot to seek the help of some book or the other. What should I do now? What do my parents expect me to do? Should I sit late at the table with a flask full of tea before me? No, no tea can stand before the sleep that is induced by the thought of the warmth of the bed. ... Oh! It is 10 o' clock now. I can go to bed.

In keeping with the weather, the warnings also become severe as December approaches. Seeing me get up at 7 A. M., my father greets me with these words "He who rises late will never be wise". I cannot help cursing the poet, for telling such a frightening thing to my family. Has no great poet sung the pleasure of sleep? Probably they have never experienced the enjoyment of lying, half asleep, in the bed, dreaming

everything to happen exactly in the way we want. Any how, I should like to be wise and not otherwise.

It is the last week of November now. I must start the revision. I should lie with the lamb and rise with the lark. Obviously, the first half is easier to follow. I can go to sleep with the hope of getting up early the next morning. What shall I read then? Yes, English poetry will be ideal for that hour. Let me have the book and the time-piece at my bedside.

Trring ... Is it four so soon? This silly time-piece has disturbed my dreams. I feel like giving that innocent thing a strong blow with a hammer. Thank heavens! I need not come out of the heap of rugs to take the book.

As I open the book my eyes are drawn towards the lines of Shelley:

Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—

Oh! At last— Shelley agrees with me. He is the great poet I was looking for. Beautiful lines: 'I ask of thee, beloved ...'

"He-who-rises-late....." What is this? Am I dreaming? Why is father quoting this when I have got

up at four? Why are all the elders and youngsters chuckling? Yes, yes, where's Shelley? He will certainly come to my rescue now.

"Daddy! Shelley has told - 'Of neither would I ask the boon I ask of thee, beloved Night'".

"But, listen my dear! There are hardly fifteen days left for your exams. Still you have not understood that he longs for the night to

enjoy the beauty of nature in silence. It shows that you have never read the previous line— 'Death will come when thou art dead'".

My goodness! I'm rendered helpless. I have to accept my defeat. Now, at this juncture, the only thing that I can do is to suggest, on behalf of the student community, that if at all exams are necessary they should be planned with due consideration to the climatic conditions.

Ashta graha koota

By Padma Avadhani, B. A. Final

THIS would sound like gibberish to those who do not know Sanskrit. But all the world must, by now, be familiar with the combination of the eight planets of which the astronomers spoke much and astrologers spoke much more. Even those who did not usually bother themselves, with the two branches of astral study could not but sit up and take notice of things when they were informed that the world, including themselves, would cease to exist between the third and fifth of Feb. 1962. As it happens, nothing occurred, to justify the doleful prognostications of our male Cassandras. As the final hours of the dire period approach, I am inclined to take a flippant view of things, though I assure you, I

would not have done so two days ago. The two days and a quarter beginning from the afternoon of Friday, the 3rd February, to the evening of Monday, the 5th, were days of anxious heart-searching and fatalistic premonition. It was a hectic period for others too. Everyone was involved in it on one way or the other; even those whose professed aim was to scoff at the credulity of others. Many spent the time in prayers to God to avert the expected calamities about which they had lurid descriptions from many astrologers. These astrologers were a motley crowd. They were fat and well-fed astrologers and lean and hungry astrologers. There were pious astrologers and heretic astrologers. There were simple astro-

logers and there were scheming astrologers who prophesied a doom for every one. I believe, long before the planets met, the astrologers met. They decided how to capitalize on this combination of planets. They raised the cry that the Gods must be propitiated, How to do it? What a question? You can propitiate God only by feeding the pious men. And so the cry went forth through the length and breadth of this ancient land. And all the pious men gathered whenever hosts were available and satisfied their scandalous appetites, at all events to their entire satisfaction. Whether the gods were pleased or not, it is not certain. But perhaps, they were also pleased, as is seen by the absence of dire catastrophes in our land.

For a month before the crucial period men of initiative, young and old—our so-called astrologers, started their campaigns. First they purchased bound note-books. Then they feigned divinely inspired looks and marched to the houses of the common people to claim their share in the communal loot.

Not in a crowd, mind you, but alone and each by himself, "We are

arranging Puja and Kirtan to please the planets, will you make a contribution? Please". Out came the notebook, in went the contributions, till both the notebooks and pockets were full. I cannot easily forget the whimsical Collector who demanded eight rupees to please the eight planets. For once I was glad there were only eight planets to cope with.

And finally when the hour arrived bon-fires were built and the pious men and the fires vied with each other in consuming cooked rice and ghee and what not in enormous quantities.

So when all is said and done, all are satisfied. The householder is satisfied that the fateful days passed off without trouble. The Sadhu is pleased that he had good meals for three days. The pious men are pleased because the gods are appeased. The contributor is pleased because he was let off with a small contribution. The small children are pleased because once in their lives their parents asked them not to go to school. So there is all round satisfaction.

But thank God this combination comes once in five hundred years.

THE RAKHI

AH! that "Rakhi day" for which I had been waiting even more anxiously than a Kindergarden student waits for the summer vacation. I was all the more happy because my only brother had come from America after completing his studies that very year. I was over-brimming with joy almost to the point of madness. A day before I went to purchase the best *rakhi* according to my taste. Along with my dearest friend Nimmi. I visited many shops, one after the other but all of them could not make me appreciate any one of the rakhies. Nimmi said, "Well, I think you can not get such rakhis anywhere except in your imagination." But at last I found one which was really a rakhi of my dreams. I returned home happy and proud and when my Papa asked me to show him my proud purchase, I put him off by saying, "Papa, you would better see it on brother's wrist tomorrow." Had I shown it at that time, there would not have been so much charm left for the morning. Don't you agree?

The whole night I could not have a wink of sleep. I was anxiously and excitedly waiting for the morning but certainly not for the gift of money. At length, the day followed the tedious night and I was out of bed much earlier than usual. I got ready in no time and went to my brother's room who was drinking his bed tea when I approached him.

"It is Rakhi, brother, hurry up and get ready." "What?" he said rather brusquely.

"Dear brother, let me have the pleasure of tying a rakhi on your wrist. I had been weeping and all time dismayed on this day every year when you were in America. But now the cheerful day has come. Please get ready." I said, my heart throbbing with emotion. "Well, I don't believe in Rakhi and all that sort, and furthermore I was alone to bear the heaps of difficulties till now and now that I have become a man of position, you have come to regard me as your brother!"

Who could tell my brother that I was too young to divide his sorrows and that now he was giving a blow to my tender feelings of affection. But I sobbingly said, "No more of it please! it is sufficient. Now that you have gained the position this is how you care for me! You fight shy even of accepting a rakhi from me: O! what a pity." I felt choked with emotion. I was so miserable. What was left for me except shedding tears and sobbing on the pillow. I felt as if my heart would break. Suddenly an idea flashed into my mind—I must find a brother—I must celebrate the day.

Next to our door had been staying a young gentleman. He was very

gentle but poor. Most of the persons of our colony liked him very much but I never dared to tie a rakhi on his arm. But now that my real brother had refused to accept me as his sister or my rakhi, I became furious on this world and its customs and manners, who produced no humanity even for their sisters. So I went to him, he was looking quite sad, may be he had no sister. I asked him if he cared for a rakhi from me. He was astonished and said, "Me and that, too, from you Madame ! Isn't it also one of the many cruel jokes pointed at poverty," he stammered out nervously.

Nay, Brother—I wish to have the honour of being called your sister; not of poking fun at what you call poverty. It is rather a defeat of vanity and a call to humanity. Pray, accept me as your sister."

"Even if what you say is true, your gesture appears nothing short of mockery. But you have a good, nice brother, so finely placed, haven't you?"

Oh ! please don't talk of him. He refused to accept me as his sister. He has no regard for tender feelings. Please, don't delay it any more let me tie it on your wrist." I tied the rakhi on his right arm and he gracefully smiled and soon there was a bloom on his face. He said that he felt very proud but I told him I felt more than proud. He gave me a book as a gesture of love and regard for me. The value of that book could not be measured in coins for me I carried it home with great pride and mirth. At the gate I met my *step* brother (I must say that now) with a suspicious look in his eyes, but I never cared for him after that day.

*Shri Brij Krishna ji Chandiwala**

(A pen-portrait)

SHRI Brij Krishna ji is one of the noblest souls in Delhi whose presence amongst us brings back the soul and heart of dear beloved Bapu, the Father of the Nation, in the physical form. As time rolls on men of his calibre and character are getting rarer. No wonder in the course of the next few years they may become as rare as the proverbial dodo,

and even extinct like it. If that were to happen, the apprehensions of Einstein would prove to be true. He wrote about Gandhiji that in the generations to come scarcely would any one believe that such a one as he ever walked the earth in flesh and blood. We are lucky that we have still with us living embodiments of Gandhiji and his ideals and thoughts,

* From a speech of welcome delivered on 20 January, 1962, by Shri R. K. Sud.

his way of living and his approach towards problems, national and international. Bhaiji lived with Gandhiji, worked with him and in this way acquired the best in him. In his book *At the Feet of Bapu*, Bhaiji has traced his earliest associations with Bapu—from the days of his studentship at the local St. Stephens' College when Deenabandhu C. F. Andrews was there and the lovers of India's freedom were looked upon as suspects and potential enemies of the British Raj. Chapter one of this book, in a very simple but revealing manner, shows how that greatest man, born within living memory, exercised his silent magic influence on all those who came into contact with him. It also shows that souls of persons like Bhaiji which were naturally attuned to that soul felt bound to it with ties pre-natal or mysterious. For how else could a Stephenian be transmuted into 'Gandhiji's Gowala' and think himself blessed. The link between Gandhiji and Bhaiji was the link of the soul: of the Atma.

How to measure a man? The poet tells us the way:

Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

The measure of the soul is something elusive and not within the comprehension of the average man. Its physical counterpart, or the reflex, is deed. We usually evaluate a man by his deeds: even his professions

are not enough.

We live in deeds, not years; in
thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart
throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the nob-
lest, acts the best.
Where imperfection ceaseth,
heaven begins.

By words, deeds, thoughts and conduct Bhaiji deserves the respect and veneration which are epitomized in that endearing title. Persons, during the course of years, come to acquire short titles of affection which hang to their names as aroma around flowers. Bhaiji loves his fellow-men as his brethren and that sympathy and sense of fellowship with the poorest and the humblest will earn him a place with those whom the Lord has blessed. Who does not know of Bhaiji's services for the Bharat Sewak Samaj... services which are the passion of his life. His service to the sick and the ailing is reflected in his donation of the well-known hospital in Kalkaji, called the Cheshire Home. His service to the cause of education we see today in the shape of the Jankidevi Mahavidyalaya which he started a couple of years ago in the pious memory of his mother. If further proof be required of his nobility and simplicity you find it in the words of Dr. Rajinder Prasad which he wrote in the Foreword to Bhaiji's book: *At the Feet of Bapu*:-

"Shri Brij Krishna Chandiwala is one of those quiet unassuming men

who serve and wait without making or allowing others to make them and their service known Mahatma Gandhi had innumerable followers and even more admirers, But a few only imbibed and tried to live what he taught and stood for. Anything in the form of personal experiences and reminiscences coming from one such has a lasting value of its own. *At the Feet of Bapu* will be read with the interest which naturally attaches to such a book." These words are

not just praise of a Gandhite by another Gandhite : they are a true testimony to the intrinsic worth of Bhaiji by one who knows him and his worth. Most of us did not have the good fortune to meet Gandhiji ; we can meet him in and through Bhaiji. This example is sure to inspire us to do our duties in the college and outside with the same zeal, earnestness and spirit of dedication as Gandhiji or Bhaiji.

COLLEGE, or THE CONFESSIONS of a LOAFER.

Rajinder Khuller, Prep Arts.

AH college ! At last I'm a collegian ! I've grown up ! These are the first thoughts that enter the head of a student on his or her first day in college. But after a month or so, the thoughts (at least mine) run something like this—Ah college (a very different tone this time). When am I getting out ? What a bore !

If one decides to enjoy life in college, skipping off to films every now and then, going to Connaught Place or sitting in the canteen, eating drinking (I mean tea), and talking, with an "Oh, I don't feel like attending this class" attitude, it seems fine at the time ; but at the end of the year.....Ah.....woe is us. We forgot the attendance ! In March, we find ourselves running around in circles worrying, having enquired at

the office and finding 30% in this subject and 45% in that subject. Outwardly it is a case of "Oh, who cares. I'll know the course better next year.", but inwardly .. Exam. certificate, censored, what is going to happen at home ? You stand at the office, listening to the clerk reading out your attendance, wishing that the ground would open up and swallow you.

While in college, most of the time is spent sitting in the canteen, discussing "Terrific film, 'Junglee', I seen it twice, I'm probably going to see it again to-morrow.", and "Misfits ? Oh, great, only seen it once though. To-day ? Sure, I'll ring up home and say that I've got a late class or a debate or something." And off we go, to arrive home at 6-30 or

7-00 p.m., with 101 excuses at hand to save our necks. But sometimes the excuses do not work. Then, after a half a dozen or so Fifty Megaton Bomb explosions, one can be found deep in studies for the next two days.

When we do, rarely, attend a class, it goes something like this.....

Prof : You at the back there ! Stop passing notes to one another.

Student : We're not passing notes. sir, we're

Prof : Oh !

or,

Prof : Vinod ! Stand up ! Subhash told me that you were ill and could not come to-day.

Vinod : Ha Ha ! The joke is on him, sir, he was not supposed to tell you until tomorrow.

Such interruptions break the boredom of a droning voice, vibrating through one's ears while one is trying hard to catch a good 45 minutes sleep.

Then, after four classes with no break (excepting for the naps during the 3rd and the 4th classes), comes a free period. Freedom ! I break the 100 meters sprint record every day from Room 32 to the canteen.

Ah ! The canteen ! What would I do without it ! Flop down in a chair and yell for a cup of tea (and keep yelling until it comes. It comes faster, and you really need it after all the shouting). Relax completely with 1¼ hours of leisure. Having come back to life with the tea, off to the library. Rake through the magazines and then leave. Now there is nothing to do but roam around and wait for the last class, if you are going to attend it. You might get somebody to proxy for you. If that can be arranged, back to the canteen for more tea, more *samosas* and more talk.

"No class ?"

"No, so-and-so is proxying for me."

"By the way, how was 'Morgan the Pirate' ? I missed it."

"Oh fine. What muscles that guy, Reeves, has....."

And so it goes on until it is time to go home.

Arriving at home, the usual complaint is..."I had a tiring day at college, got a headache." So you take an aspro (I'm not being paid for this advertisement) and lie down, so that you do not have to study. But you need the aspro because you get a headache thinking of college tomorrow.

A TALE OF GOVAL TILA.

By R. Batro, B.A. I Year

IT had rained during the night and the valley looked like a washed sari put out to dry. My tenth day in the Kangra Valley found me leaving Palampur behind and cycling steadily towards Sujampur. I passed through the village of Bhavarna. Gaily dressed shepherds jostled each other on either side of the street.

When I had pedalled another eleven miles, I found myself at the Mohal Khud. People from the neighbouring villages came here for a drink of Lugri, a special home brew. I asked for a glass of water, and was given a pot of goat's milk. It had a suspicious taste suggestive of alcohol. As I sipped it, I was informed that one of the nearby hills, the Goval Tila, was worth a visit. I forced a coin on the shepherd who had offered me the milk and moved on.

I left my bicycle at the foot of the hill and climbed up. The hill was brown and bare except for an occasional patch of shrub. The top of the hill was flat, and as I sat down to regain my breath, I looked down at the valley. There were green fields and mango trees all around. In the distance the picturesque little water-mills of Chimbahar made the whole scene look like the Indian version of a Dutch painting.

Something stirred beside me, and

I turned to see a goat grazing lazily. A little way off sat the goat's mistress a girl in her teens. She wore a shabby dress, and there was nothing unusual about her except that she was a solitary figure.

She was looking at me appraisingly. I, not to be out done, stared back. I soon weakened under her steady gaze, however, and averted my eyes. She gave a gay little laugh, like a stream of quick silver running down a tilted surface. It pierced my heart like red-hot steel, and I knew I was in love again. There was nothing unusual about this, because during my nine days in Kangra, I had fallen in love with every girl I had met.

I felt an irrepressible urge to talk to her. I asked her why the hill was so famous. She seemed amazed at my ignorance and asked me if I had not heard the story of the Goval-Tila.

"The sun (she began) was sinking slowly behind the hills. The mango-scented breeze caressed the wheat crop and made the fields a swaying sea of green. Every living thing was making its way home, and even the birds had stopped chirping in the trees. But the young shepherd sat on, alone, unheeding, playing on his flute while his flock grazed around him.

From the distant temple came the sound of a bell, The shepherd laid aside his flute. In the silence, that ensued, he heard the tinkling of silver anklets. He turned.

The first thing he noticed was the indescribable grace with which she walked, her swaying shirt of home spun cotton sharpening the poetry of motion. Then he noticed the muslin veil draped carelessly around her shoulders. It was a bright red and enhanced the pallor of her milk white skin. Her eyes were the darkest that he had ever seen. A large gold nose-ring dangled above her red lips.

He had never seen her before. As she walked past him, he wondered who she could be.

She had almost reached the edge of the plateau. His heart beat faster and he had a feeling of impending loss—a sure sense of its utter finality. He knew that if he did not do something to hold her now, he would never see her again. He said the first words that came to his tongue. "O beautiful maidem, I love you."

The girl turned. A radiant smile formed on her lips. He heard a voice sweeter than ethereal music say, 'Gallant youth, to show me depth of thy love wilt thou leap from the cliff?'

The shepherd was intoxicated with his new-found love. The only thing he wanted from life now was to be accepted by the maiden. Even while her voice lingered in the air, he had run to the cliff and leapt.

It happened more swiftly than the girl could act or even understand,

She stood dazed as the horror of it came upon her mind. Hardly able to recollect what evil impulse had made her say those words in jest, she moved, with mechanical steps, to the edge of the cliff. She peered down. Her heart was filled with remorse. How could she live the rest of her life under the shadow of this guilt? But what could she do now?

It came to her in a flash. She paused awhile and jumped. The veil unclasped itself from her shoulders and floated gently down after her.....

The sun had set. Little twinkling lights appeared in the valley and on the hillside. The sheep had collected round the stone on which lay the shepherd's reed flute.

They found them the next day, lying together under the red muslin veil."

The story was as old as the hills, but something in the girl's manner of telling it gave me a heightened awareness of the situation. I looked at her situation. I looked at her afresh. She was by no means beautiful, but on her tear-stained face was a sense of personal tragedy, which made her unaccountably attractive. Not wishing to interrupt her thoughts, I made my way quietly down the hill. Holding my cycle I looked back and saw her standing exactly as I had left her, looking vacantly into space.

As I stepped on the pedal, it struck me that I would meet her again and that she would have carelessly draped round her shoulders, a red muslin veil.....

Holly-wood (India) Unltd.

By Rajat Batra B.A. I Year.

IF the inventor of the cinematograph were to see one of those indigenous films, we would have another suicide to ponder. I know it is putting it pretty strongly, but as one who has sat through scores of them, I have had plenty of provocation.

The gentlemen connected with the Indian film industry never weary of telling us that we produce, next to Japan, the largest number of pictures in a year. I don't doubt the statistics of it, but what puzzles me is why anyone should be proud of such a state of affairs, least of all people directly responsible for it. A man with a large family generally hides (or tries to hide) his achievement under a bushel and although our national fecundity is second to that of the Chinese only, no one, so far as I know; has said that it is something to rejoice over. On the contrary, the heavy accent on family planning in our Five Year Plans tells a different story.

The themes continue to be as stock as ever. There is the poor family confronted by the villain, the money-lender, who demands his money at the exact moment the father is dead and the son has lost his job. Of course, the family did not borrow the money, it is all a diabolical plan on the part of the moneylender. In the end—yes, you are dead right there—

and one of the remarkable things about Indian pictures is that they move to an utterly predictable denouement—the bania becomes poor, the family becomes rich, the son is promoted, and all is well. Then there is the eternal triangle—the rich girl, the poor boy and the belligerent father. In one picture I remember, not only did the above mentioned rich girl make love to the gardener, but did it in such an audacious way that had I been in the gardener's place, I would have made the necessary alteration in the direction of the garden hose which was watering the plants. That brings us to the subject of love-scenes.

I did not know loving a woman was such an exact science; but having seen a number of pictures, I have enlightened myself. I believe the full moon has some effect on the insane, but it apparently has some sort of an effect on screen couples too, as in every love scene I have noticed a full moon. I wonder what precisely is the effect that a cardboard moon can produce except perhaps when the string supporting it snaps. The main criterion in courting seems to be stamina, as the hero usually runs after the mischievously elusive heroine for some distance, and in home cases it develops into quite a cross country chase. It all depends on the endurance of the hero and the

cost of raw film. No one, however, would object to the cost of loving on the Indian screen, high as it is, what with the acute shortage of raw film and all that, were it not for the air of unreality surrounding it. It beats one how a heroine with multiple chins and a figure which, to say the least, has not been made with brisk movement in view, could possibly lead a chase to the hero, infatuated as he is. I agree most of our heroines could do with a gruelling cross country run as part of an intensified slimming course, and if that after all is the purpose, the spectator should be taken into confidence. Then, you have the vine to which the hero, exhausted by the chase, clings chewing a piece of straw—the song, the fountain, the goats or calves which appear mildly surprised, the inevitable rose that is thrown to and fro, and the sudden appearance of the third party, the irate father, for instance, giving appropriate cause for the culmination of the song. One thing that is usually lacking in this scene is the blush. The heroine never blushes as one would expect her to—perhaps, a functional defect peculiar to actresses.

Talking of songs—well the trouble with songs in Indian films is that they are there. There is the 'Tonga song' which is usually sung by the hero standing on the vehicle. This song is sung immediately after the heroine says to the hero, "I love you", or when she is sitting behind in the tonga and is about to say so. Then there is the song which is sung after some tragic event has taken place.

Pillars for the hero and swings for the heroine are provided at convenient distances so that they may lean on or swing on them.

Humour in Indian films is so vast a subject that I can do no more than touch the fringe of it. The humorist is either tall and thin or short and fat. A man or woman lugging about a few hundred pounds of flesh is for some reason regarded as an extremely comic object, and when the aforesaid object slips, say on a banana peel, humour on the Indian screen reaches its apotheosis. Then there is of course, that inexhaustible fount of humour—the mother-in-law. I can swallow all except the mother-in-law. To my mind, she is too serious a subject to be amusing. That every woman ends up as a mother-in-law is one of life's inexorable tragedies. Shakespeare knew it and kept her out of his comedies.

I should have mentioned the detective film earlier. The detective is usually so cool-headed that he wears an overcoat, especially when corpses are present, the scene of the crime being places like Nagpur in summer. The villain generally looks like one of those characters that no dog wags its tail at. Then there is the classic murder for which the hero is blamed. The police inspector is true to type—a man with a big moustache and a gruff voice. The accused, no doubt, discovers the real murderer with the kind assistance of the heroine, who, incidentally, is in love with him, and then they marry to live happily, ever after.

If I have given the reader the impression that Indian films deal only with crime and love. I apologise and hasten to correct it. Some of our high-minded directors at times have a shot at purposive pictures when in trial scenes the learned members of the country's judiciary are treated to marathon speeches (some unfairly, I think) by progressive actors on the subject of what society owes to its unfortunate sections and on similar uplifting themes.

The ending of the film is quite an affair. It generously ends on a note of orgiastic self-reproach, everyone forgiving everyone else and blaming himself for all that had happened. Quite often the denouement is brought about by purely mechanical means. I don't know if anyone has thought about it—the profound indebtedness of the Indian

screen to the Internal Combustion Engine. The alacrity with which it has helped many a harassed story writer out of a tight corner speaks highly of the machine, though not of the picture. The drums beat, the *shehnais* are in full throttle, the bride reluctant and in tears is seated before the holy fire, and the villain is about to clinch the whole affair by tying the sacred thread. Another forty seconds and you would have on your hands another of those ill-fated marriages. But no. The true lover is tearing along at 60 m. p. h. on his jeep and he descends on the scene just in time to expose the villain and claim what is rightfully his. The marriage proceedings, so abruptly interrupted, are resumed, the hero substituting himself for the villain, and all is well that ends with a marriage. At least it should be.

TO INVIGILATORS.

(Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj)

By noise so loud, by words so high,
From lips so wise, from hearts so nigh
The hall is feeling ill at ease;
So hold the peace, dear friends, do please.

Ye gods of learning and saints of wisdom,
Why should you throw your jewel at random
Right into the hall to the boys who write
Their answers poor to the best of their might ?

When you, dear friends, flock deftly at the door,
Away from your beat for a while to 'muse
And fondly lose in talks that rise and roar,
The candidates rejoice to get their clues.

Returns of Philosophy.

By Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj

WHENEVER I ask students why they offer commerce, economics, geography or mathematics for the college courses, they reply that it proves lucrative and helps them obtain a ministerial post or a government job. Boys but represent the mentality of the grown-up. This is how most people think of the world and its manifold relations in terms of money. There is little doubt that money is a very important factor in one's life. But it is also a fact that it is not the only thing. A person has body and soul together. He requires money to keep the former intact; but money alone will not conduce to the enjoyment of health. Supposing one were monarch of a mountain of gold in golden surroundings and were deprived of one's friends and relatives and other human beings, would he not feel sad like Midas, the king of Greek Legendry? If I just speak of a respectable millionaire as a 'mass of wealth' or a 'bag of money', how would he take the remark? Perhaps, he would resent it. And rightly would he do it. For a man, to be sure, is much more than his wealth. He has sentiments, duties and obligations to his father and mother, brother and sister, friends and relations, and also to his neighbours and countrymen. If money were the only consideration in the world nobody would ever like to resign his belongings and possessions. But there are

people who have done it. King. Harish Chandra, for example, voluntarily chose to be slave to a scavenger rather than be dishonest. Bharta renounced the throne he was offered and King Yudhishtira retired to the Himalayas in his old age. Edward VII gave up his kingdom and a vast empire to keep his sweet heart. There have been so many martyrs who have laid their lives for the service of humanity. If money were the only consideration, how could they do it?

Whenever one loses a beloved from one's midst one is grieved and begins to inquire about the problems relating to life and death. What can best attempt to solve one's problems? It is philosophy. Recently there has been a great advance in psychology, a branch of philosophy—for it helps people in so many ways. A course in practical psychology will help one to maintain better relations with one's relations and friends in one's neighbourhood or abroad. This science treats physical disease and cures mental maladies. If one is sad, it can enliven one's spirit. If one has lost all hopes, it can bring back one's self-confidence. It can make one a more integrated man than one already is. It tells how to train little children and educate adults, and also to control big labour in huge concerns. It tells a merchant how he can prosper in his trade and thrive in his business. It

tells a conversationalist how to influence the person whom he is addressing.

Ethics again is a branch of philosophy and teaches us how to be good; good at home, good at school, and good to the world at large. Do we know why Mahatma Gandhi loved to be honest and sincere in politics? It was because it paid him. Can there be an appreciation of his philosophy of ahimsa in politics without the help of philosophy? Surely philosophy and politics are twins, though strictly speaking, the latter is a branch of Ethics. Ethics judges our conduct in general, politics judges it in relations to the body politic as also the relation of one state to another—all with a view to the general good of all. So if one should want to be a really sound politician, statesman or leader, one must study philosophy.

A world on Logic, which too is a branch of philosophy. It tells man how to think or reason correctly. In every department of life one must reason correctly—in law, business, trade, politics, service. You cannot do without reasoning. If you can reason correctly, it will help you in your goal. People sometimes remark, 'Well, one can reason correctly with-

out the help of logic'. To this I would reply that people can and do digest food without the least knowledge of physiology, anatomy, biology, dietetics physics or chemistry. Still you cannot deny the value of these sciences. You often see that rich people are not always literate. This does not mean that a study of economics, or commercial geography has no value whatever. In the same way logic helps one to know how to reason correctly. There is no science or art which has nothing to do with correct reasoning. So Logic has been called the science of sciences and the art of arts.

Philosophy ennobles your lives, equips you for our occupation whatever it is, makes you a worthy and good citizen. It tells you how to do good. Philosophy consoles you in your bereavements, it helps you to transcend physics and chemistry. It tells you what becomes of man after death. It tells you whether it is better to strive or sit idle in the battle of life. Philosophy is the guide of a lawyer and a politician, and the last resort of a scientist. 'Philo' means love and 'sophia' means wisdom. So philosophy means 'love of wisdom' and as such it tries to seek the Reality. Philosophy is life and life is philosophy.

'O philosophy, life's guide! O searcher-out of virtue and expeller of vices! What could we and every age of men have been without thee? Thou hast produced cities; thou hast called men scattered about into the social enjoyment of life.'

(Cicero)

Blood Groups and Heredity

By *Shri V. N. Pasricha, M. Sc.*

DAY and night blood flows through our veins and arteries, giving nutrition to each and every cell of the body and disposing of the waste products of the cells. If ever there is a stream of life, it is blood. 'Blood is juice of rarest quality.' 'Blood', it has been said, 'is thicker than water'. It is undoubtedly so, but the phrase some how implies that there are types and types of blood and one's blood may be superior to another's. Modern scientific researches have shown that such is not the case and that blood as such has nothing to do with heredity. In other words, the notion that blood is the carrier of hereditary traits that are transmitted to one's descendants is false. There is nothing like 'noble blood', 'pure blood', 'blue blood' or 'royal blood', nor there is any difference between the blood of a Jew, a Muslim or a Buddhist. The offspring of a king has no special blood in them as distinguished from the blood of a common man. If at all the king's children have inherited certain traits from their parents (as any child would do), it is not through the agency of blood. If a waterman marries a negro woman the child would not have the so called "adulterated" blood". In fact, it is wrong for an individual to say even that in his views the blood of his forefathers is flowing. The blood of a criminal is as good or bad as the blood of a person of the so-called noble birth. The

belief that at conception the blood of the mother mixes with that of the father is erroneous, and so also the belief that the blood of the pregnant mother is transmitted, to the fetus (the child in the womb).

The transmitters of heredity-materials out of which characters are developed are the genes which lie in the chromosomes of the reproduction cells, the ovum of the mother and the spermatozoon of the father. A single male cell and a single female cell unite to give rise to a zygote which develops into a new being and it is the genes carried in these cells which are the only parts of the organization that transmit the genetic materials which permit the development of the organism's character. Blood has nothing whatsoever to do with the transmission of heredity. It is strange and rather deplorable that many persons object to the "pollution" of their blood by the injection of negro blood into them whereas they do not mind an injection of serum derived from a monkey or a horse. There is no ground for such a belief, and for any purpose the Negro blood is similar to that of all human beings. The objection to negro blood is of course based on the ancient misconception, baseless and unsound, that the blood is the carrier of the hereditary characters and that the negro possesses racially inferior character which

might be transmitted to the receiver of the transfusion.

The blood of all human beings is in every respect the same except for minor differences in chemical composition which may vary from individual to individual. A population or a group may have certain chemical components of the blood not present in others. The differences are themselves expressions of the genes which are differentially carried by such groups and populations, and are in no way the carriers of hereditary traits themselves.

Blood has many constituents each of which is genetically determined, and the interaction of these constituents gives rise to characteristics of the blood which are widely and variously distributed among the ethnic groups of mankind. (An ethnic group is an arbitrarily recognised population which is distinguished from other populations within the same species on account of more or less distinctive assemblage of physical traits through common heredity). Broadly speaking there are four principal blood groups and their knowledge is essential from transfusion point of view. The red blood corpuscles of an individual contain two different chemical compounds called antigen A and antigen B. A person may have both of them, one, or more of them, thus giving rise to four possibilities viz. AB, A,B, and O; hence the four blood-groups. A person of blood-group O completely lacks these antigens. When incompatible bloods are mixed in trans-

fusion the red blood cells are agglutinated or clumped, and this might result in the death of the receiver. The plasma of an individual type A contains the agglutinin for the type B and vice versa but the plasma of any of these two types cannot have agglutinin for its own type otherwise the blood of the individual will clump automatically. Type O blood has no antigens in red blood cells but has both types of agglutinins in the plasma. It is thus clear that such a blood may safely be added to any blood type as its red blood cells can never be agglutinated. The type O is, therefore, called the universal donor. Conversely type AB blood has both antigens but none of the agglutinins. As such blood of any type can be added to it without clumping of the foreign red blood cells. The type AB is therefore called a universal recipient. AB type blood cannot be transfused to any other type except AB, and O type blood cannot receive any other type except O.

Three genes are responsible for the four blood-groups. If they are denoted by a, b and o the possible genic combinations in an individual can be aa, ab, ao, bb, bo and oo. The gene O is a recessive gene and therefore the first and third combinations (aa and ao), make the blood type A; bb and bo make the type B; ab combination gives rise to the type AB, and oo to the type O.

The knowledge of these blood groups sometimes helps in solving cases in which paternity of a child is in question. For example, if mother

is type A (genotype aa or ao) and child is type B, father has to be type B or AB but never O or A. An A type mother with O type child can never have an AB type father, and with AB type child can never have A or O type father; but with A type child can have father of any type.

Another system of blood groups called M-N system was discovered much later and is genetically independent of A-B-O system. Each individual has two antigens called M and N, and determined by a single pair of genes; thus making possible three blood groups, M, N and MN. This system is unnecessary from transfusion point of view but has greatly helped in genetic analysis. Various other blood types have been discovered recently which are under genetic control. In addition, there are also some "private" types of blood which occur occasionally in particular families. It is to be remembered that a particular (single) gene is responsible for a particular antigen in the red blood corpuscles, and not a number of them (as in traits like skin, colour, hair form etc.) and this makes the study of heredity in blood case a bit simpler.

There are yet other blood types worth considering. It was found that if blood of rhesus monkey is injected into rabbits or guinea pigs, a special serum is obtained. The serum can clump the blood of most of the persons. The factor in the blood of an

individual which can cause clumping in response to the serum is called Rh-factor. Persons having this type of blood are called Rh-positive; those insensitive to the serum are called Rh-negative. A series of dominant genes are responsible for Rh-positive condition and the negative condition occurs only in individuals with two recessive genes. If an Rh-negative woman bears a child who has acquired an Rh-positive gene from the father, the blood of the mother during pregnancy may develop antibodies against the Rh-positive factor. The number of these antibodies may increase in subsequent pregnancies, and these may pass into the blood stream of the fetus whose Rh-positive red blood corpuscles may then break down resulting in an anaemic or jaundiced condition of the fetus. This may result in the death of the new born infant a few hours after birth. This disorder is also called erythroblastosis. The first born child is seldom affected. The incidence of this disorder is not as high as expected, the number of children actually affected being 1 in 20 of such pregnancies.

A knowledge of the Rh-factor is of great practical importance and can save the lives of a great many babies. Both preventive and curative methods are at hand now. A knowledge of the manner in which genes interact with each other to produce their effects upon the developing organisms helps us not only to control these effects but also to master them.

MY COMPANION

ASOKA RAINA *Pre Med. 1st Year.*

THE station was left far behind. I returned to my seat and took out the book I had begun. I had just stretched myself comfortably when I noticed that I was not alone. I looked up at my companion and was she a beauty? I stared at her for quite some time but then I looked away so as not to embarrass her.

I was on Act II of *Romeo and Juliet* and I must have forgotten once again that I was not alone for I began to read aloud.

See, how she leans her cheek upon
her hand!

O, that I was a glove upon that
hand

That I may touch that cheek!

"Beautiful lines ar'nt they?"—She gave me a start when she spoke, but when I looked at her she was smiling and looked towards me. Her red lips matched the white sari she wore, her black hair matched her fair complexion. Behind her the sun was setting and a reddish glow covered her. As the train rounded the hill, the setting sun rays fell on her, changing the colour of her sari to a lovely rosy hue. I could not just help staring at her. She wore dark glasses and I could not see her eyes though I wanted to. "Isn't it *Romeo and Juliet* you are reading?" she asked. "Yes", I said, I wanted to

know more of her. My mind was racing hard to find a suitable topic for conversation, but I could not think of anything. She rested her face on her hand and the lines I had just read flashing back to me I thought how these lines suited the moment. To break the silent barrier I had created I spoke to her "Are you going to Delhi?" "Yes, I am". "You stay there?". She smiled and her lips parted showing fluttering white teeth. "No, I will be going to Bombay after a few days", she replied.

I wondered why I had not seen her in Simla. May be, I thought we could have been friends and may be not.

"Was this your first visit to Simla", I asked. "Yes". "Did you go around seeing places"? Just then the sun was going out of sight behind the distant hills. "Look at the sunset", I said, "Isn't it beautiful!" She just looked up and paused for sometime and said, "Yes, it is". She looked away in a pensive mood and reclined her head against the seat.

I did not want to disturb her so I carried on with my book, but some how my eyes kept on drifting towards her. I closed my book and got up. Opening the Compartment door I stood there looking away as the darkness slowly crept on.

I turned facing her now and opened my mouth but no words came out. It seemed she read my thoughts just then for she spoke, "Why don't you sit down, standing near the door of a moving train is dangerous". I smiled at her concern and not wanting to hurt her I sat down. How far are we from Kalka ?". I looked at my watch and said, "I suppose we should be there in another half hour.". Another half hour I thought and then I may never see my beautiful companion again. I looked at her. 'What's your name', I said. "Why should you want to know, You hardly know me". "Well we could be friends", I said "No, I am afraid not". "Please don't take it wrong, I don't want to be rude," she said. Anger flared up in me and I wanted to say, "You can go to hell for all I care", but some how, I did not to say so.

The lights of Kalka station suddenly flashed into view and the train slowed down. As the platform came

I got up to walk out. Since the platform was on her side of the compartment, I got up and went towards her. "Good bye," she said and I looked down at her. As she was sitting she looked more beautiful than ever.

As the train finally stopped, she stood up still with the smile on her face. I gazed at her, I was lost in the world of fantasy. She resembled a green Goddess. She straightened her hair with her hands. "Could we have dinner together," I asked for the last time wondering if she would accept the invitation. She did not look at me but said, "I am afraid not. Good bye !" Then some one came for her; an elderly man by his looks. He helped her down from the train and they walked away.

Then I suddenly realized she was BLIND ! I ran after them but she seemed to have melted away in the crowd. I stood there looking like a fool with the book still in my hand !

'These eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.'

(Milton)

WHEN IS THAT BRIGHT MORROW ?

By Sujata Verma, B.A. Hons (English) 1 year

WE were nearing the village junction. I peeped through the window to see whether anyone had come to meet me. The bus stopped just in front of the big Peepal tree. An old woman with a big bundle in her hands was seated under the tree. But there was no sign of any of my people.

I got down with a sinking heart. The conductor handed my suitcase over to me. I ran my eager searching eyes all around. There was a tea shop opposite to the bus stop. I had a glimmer of hope. My brother might be there. Perhaps, he did not hear the bus coming and was sitting there pondering, sipping some tea.

I crossed the road and approached the boy who was sitting behind the counter. No, I was not lucky. The boy had not seen any gentleman either in the shop or any where near.

I came back and putting my suitcase down sat on it. I placed the big doll, I had brought for my niece, carefully beside me and looked at my watch. It was four in the evening; I could wait one more hour, I thought. If nobody turned up by then I would have to continue the journey by myself.

The river was flowing calmly a few yards away. My village was on the other side of the river. I would have to cross the river and from there I had to travel another eight miles in bus to reach home.

Everytime I came home there had been some one to travel with me. This was the first time I was coming alone and I shuddered at the thought of travelling in a boat all alone. Didn't they get my telegram or were they deliberately putting my courage to test? The shadows were now lengthening. Labourers and farmers were walking home from the distant paddy fields. A group of women, with bundles of hay on their heads passed by my side. Some had their children on their hips and were walking rhythmically, gossiping and giggling. While passing they gave me an amused look. I could very well read the curious expression in their eyes. They were shocked to see a girl all alone, in such a place at such an hour. In spite of my annoyance I could not help smiling at the innocence of these country folks.

It was past five and I knew the last bus would leave at 5-30. I could not possibly waste time in waiting and hoping.

* This story won the first prize in the Shortstory writing contest organized by the English Literary Society.

I dejectedly walked to the shore. Boats were tied to the pole in a row. An old man was sitting there giving a final touch to his 'Pan'. I decided I would travel in his boat.

The old man in spite of his fragile body was energetic. He took the suitcase from me and flung it down to the boat and stepped in. I thought he would help me into the boat, because when I see water I am always at a loss, knowing that I can not swim and fearing that I may get drowned. But the old man was already there at the head of the boat with the paddles in his hands. Well, I was too proud to let him know of my terror. With a silent prayer on my lips I managed to scramble in.

The boat slowly drifted along as, I remembered, one of my friends, a poet, would call it, like the crescent of the moon gliding through the blue sky. My friends do not consider me very much sensitive or romantic. Yet the beauty of the evening sky and the musical murmur of the water running beneath me held me spell-bound. I could see far in the horizon green meadows merging into the sky. Behind a golden cloud the sun was slowly disappearing. It is certainly a bliss to be alive, I thought in such a wonderful evening. The cool breeze sent a shudder of joy through me.

I looked at the boatman, who was very busy with his work. His head was bowed and his eyes were fixed on the water. I had never meant to talk to him. But the setting sun, the cool breeze and the quiet land-

scape had made me a new person. I was gay and wanted the whole world to share with me my delight. When nature was smiling radiantly like this even the boatman had no right to feel depressed.

I leaned forward and looking at the side of the old man said, "You are really lucky to have lived all your life here, out in the river with your tiny boat, watching the sun shining and fading, the moon playing hide and seek behind the clouds, gazing at the twinkling, stars illuminating the still waters. 'O. I really envy you'" I exclaimed.

I was expecting an encouraging smile from the old man in response to my joyous feelings. But to my horror I found him frowning. He turned his face and eyed me with a cold look. His stony eyes did not reveal anything to me and I started feeling rather uneasy.

Still looking at me, he began in a clear voice. "So you envy me, to have had the proud privilege of watching the sun, the moon and the stars. Then let me tell you, my child, you would never have known this thrill. this joy if you had an empty stomach, if your mouth were dry, if your limbs were tired. How long could you live, simply by gaping at the beauty of the sunset, by singing the glory of the moon light?"

Somewhere in my heart I felt a prick of pain. You fool, why should you vex yourself? If the devil of the boatman has no sensibility, no

sensitiveness it is none of your business. Cheer up, cheer up, I told myself. But it was of no use. I had to admit reluctantly that the boatman was not simply babbling. There was some truth in his words.

But surely I was not going to spoil my joyous mood. My brother had a friend, a boatman's boy. He used to sing folk songs at our request and I knew ordinarily a boatman felt flattered at such requests.

Surely the old man would sing if I asked and the gloominess gathered around him, which was really getting on my nerves, would be dispelled.

The old man did not turn down my request. But it was not a merry boat song. The theme was tragic—about an old woman who was drowned on a stormy night—the tune was full of pathos.

Again I felt my heart tightening in some unknown sadness.

'Was that old woman your mother?', I heard myself asking.

'What if she were my mother. This is what awaits all our mothers, and where are we sons drifting; of course, to the same inevitable destiny.'

O, he was impossible. Only I thought I would help him in lightening his burden. But he was not giving way to anything.

'You rich people ask us to laugh and smile. What right do you have

to demand us to be happy, when you can't wipe a single drop of our tear?'

When my daughter fell ill I took her to one of the doctors of your city. The doctor was very busy. When at last he found time to listen to my wailing, my child had bidden farewell to the world. He laughed loudly as a cynic.

I sat amazed hearing such great words of philosophy from the mouth of this boatman. I could do nothing but listen.

Pointing to the doll I had, he went on 'your children have such toys to play with and what do our children have'. They do and undo toys of clay. The stones and wooden pieces are their dolls. You who are in the mansions, how can you realize our miseries. You say that the world is changing for the better. But I know it is for the worse. You preach that the poor are being uplifted. But we, the poor are doomed?'

'Happiness is not ours, not ours', he murmured.

Not knowing what to do I looked away. To my relief I found that the boat was nearing the shore. I got out and hurriedly paid him off.

I walked to the bus stop with my suitcase. I felt annoyed with myself. I could not forgive the old man to have damped my spirit, to have chilled the thrill of my home coming with the exasperating pessimism of his. Yet my heart went out to him.

He was right how could I, who have meals and snacks a day, realize the passionate call of hunger in him ?

I stopped and looked back, hearing a cry of delight behind me. O, I heaved a sigh of relief. My brother and niece had come at last to fetch me.

They did not get my telegram and the letter which I had sent two days before had reached them only by the evening mail.

My brother was astonished to see me taking his explanations so calmly and quietly. He did not know that

by coming at the proper moment, they had just saved me from being a pessimist.

My niece had already snatched the doll from me and she was now hunting in my bag. She picked up a chocolate and gulped it down.

Suddenly the old man's voice came back to my ears. Perhaps, his children are now crying for a mouthful of rice. I tried my best to banish him from my memory. But more vividly than ever I saw the wrinkled face of the old man with a mocking murmur on his lips : 'When is that bright morrow?'

MY FIRST BOOK

By R. Kanaka, Pre-Med. II year

I never thought about it before. The first book which I read, when I was in a High School, was "The Adventure of the River" by Erid Blyton. Then I read a number of his books. At night I used to dream of the dog which is the main character in his books. After that I completely lost interest in reading books.

One day a new girl was admitted to my class. I became a close friend of hers. She, whenever we talked, used to refer to some of the books which she had read and persuaded me to read them all. Then I too started reading the "Kidnapped" by R. L.

Stevenson to satisfy her. But the surprising thing was that I grew more and more interested in reading such novels. I began to feed my hunger for reading books, vigorously. I read Sherlock Holmes. I enjoyed the exciting book so much that I used to forget my lunch even. Then I turned to Agatha Christie and Stanley Gardner's detectives. How I longed to be a detective who can guess and prove before law who the real murderer is ! I would never forget "An appointment with Death" which in my opinion is her masterpiece.

But when one of my teachers saw

*This essay won the first prize in the Essay Contest Organized
by the English Literary Society—Ed.*

me reading detective fiction, he advised me to cultivate my mind by reading Tolstoy, Dickens and others. The story "Where love is God is" by Tolstoy is the one I liked very much. From that day onwards I decided to do a good deed atleast once a day. Then I read some of Charles Dickens. I genuinely enjoyed the book "Pickwick Papers" for there were two very interesting characters, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. Sam is the most amusing character and I still remember some of his proverbial remarks. I finished "Oliver Twist" and The "Tale of two Cities" also.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gave me a picture of slavery and I came to learn how people suffered from it. I believe that "The Mill on the Floss" by George Eliot, is one of the greatest pieces of literature. It is an absorbing story of a gifted girl and her suffering. "The Woman in White" is the most fascinating story which I had ever read, and I would never forget Miss. Katherine, the lovely brave woman.

To-tell the truth I do not quite like Shakespeare, for his plays are written in such a tough language that I had to carry the big dictionary wherever I went. Still the prose version of 'Macbeth' was the one which I read with interest.

I have had the opportunity of reading some of the stories by our Indian authors also. The incidents and characters in R. K. Narayan's "Next Sunday" interested me so much that it made me eager to read his

latest "The Guest", an award winner. Tagore's "Kabuliwala" and "Home Coming" have left a permanent mark on my mind.

I have some interest in poetry also. I enjoyed "The last Rose of Summer" and began imagining how deserted the world would look when all of us have died. I liked the poems "Yussouf" and "Death the Leveller" by J. R. Lowell and James Shirely respectively. Particularly the lines, "As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, So nobleness enkindleth nobleness," stirred my inner feelings and made me resolve to conduct my life in such a way that I find satisfaction in helping others and thus helping myself. The principle underlying John Masefield's poem "Laugh and Be Merry" attracted me very much.

I had to read a few Hindi novels also in the course of my studies. The real enjoyment of literature is possible only when one knows the language well. In my case it was unfortunate that I did not get pleasure from my reading of Hindi literature due to my inadequate knowledge of the language.

As far as Tamil literature is concerned, I love it. I had read some of Kalki's novels. These gave me an idea about what village life is, and also about the habits and customs of people in the South. The descriptions of the historical cities and the situations in the family life of South India had given me a glimpse of the conditions prevalent then. The five great treasures of Tamil literature, namely—

'Kundala-Kesi', 'Jeevaka Chintamani', 'Silappathikaram', 'Manimekalai' and 'Valiopathi' have been perennial sources of inspiration for me.

In conclusion, I would like to

mention that reading of literature is a great source of acquiring knowledge of the past, present and future and will inspire noble deeds and right conduct of life.

Armed Forces Beckon You

By R. S. Bagga, Old Boy

With the third world war knocking at the door of world peace, India as well as the rest of the world, need her armed forces to be strengthened. India is a vast country, as large as Europe, minus Russia, and therefore she requires a large number of able personnel for her defence. Only young and energetic men can do it.

We find that one of the main problem confronting the parents these days is the choice of a career for their wards. There are various professions offering opportunities for advancement in life, but unless their ward shows a definite aptitude or inclination of his mind the parents can't take any firm decision regarding his future. Parents have their own dreams and thoughts and they are liable to misjudge his talents and may put him on a career where he will be a square peg in a round hole all his life.

The Defence Services offer a bright career for all those young and energetic

men who are mentally and physically fit and are ready to pass an active and well-disciplined life on land, sea and air. They are paid a handsome salary and there are also various recreation centres for Defence Services personnel. The network of military hospitals throughout the country provides them the most modern medical aid. The various branches of Canteen Stores Department (India) makes available essential commodities to them and their dependents at fair prices. And in several cases their families are aided after their death.

There are experts to select them through several tests. They try to find out whether the candidate possesses the fundamental virtues of an officer; for example, courage, co-operation, clear thinking, command, resourcefulness, hard work, initiative, determination and ability to hold on in the face of all odds. These qualities are screened by a Selection Board.

There are several institutions for the entry into the commissioned ranks of the Indian Armed Forces. The National Defence Academy, which is the best institution of its kind in Asia and the second best in the world, is the main channel for the same. The Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun for entry into Army, the Naval Training Centre at Cochin and Vaishakhapattam for Navy and the Air Force Flying College, Jodhpur for Air Force are other such institutions in India.

Entry into all these places is based on an academic test of different qualifications for different places held by the Union Public Service commission, twice a year. Qualified candidates are called upon by the S. S. B. There they are tested for three days in three different ways i.e. psysologically, practically and personally by different officers. Finally a merit list is prepared by the U. P. S. C. and the candidates are finally selected merit-wise according to the vacancies available.

Special commissions are also given through N. C. C. in the form of Officers Training Unit and after doing Certificate 'C' into different branches of the Armed Forces. Every term a candidate is also selected for the Commission into regular Navy through T. S. Dufferin.

The latest idea invoked by the Government for the production of worthy officers is the various Sainik Schools. These schools start training students academically with a military bias at a very tender age i. e. the 9th year or so.

Leaving aside all that, life of the officers in the Armed Forces is happy, disciplined and adventurous. It is a sort of national service in the best manner. It is the duty of all the Indian nationals to keep up the prestige of the Indian Republic.

Thus it is evident that there is no other career where one can kill two birds with one stone. The Defence Services therefore beckon you to have one stone for killing two birds.

BLOOMS AND BLOSSOMS

By Shanta Bhutani, B.A. Hons (English) 1 year

(I) Dad and The Vegetable-Seller

O, this old vegetable-seller !
He holds his basket with his skinny hands
In mist or dew, shine or rain,
He comes every morning to our door.
O, this old vegetable-seller
Shouts at the pitch of his voice: 'Sindhi Raja'.

So my dad knows
The vegetable-seller has at last come.
O, this old vegetable-seller
Is a sigh of relief for my Dad;
For Dad knows, mummy will shout
"Go, and get vegetables from the market"
And he will be late for office.
One day the vegetable-seller did not come
Dad had to go to the market
And missed his bus of 9 o' clock.
The Boss asked "why are you late?"
"Sir, the vegetable-seller....."

(II) 'My Boy Friend'

My 'boy friend' diverts my attention
Whenever he sees me with book.
He asks sweetly :
'Am I not attractive ?
Why is it that you never bother to look at me ?'
Then I feel ashamed of neglecting him

Because he does look pretty
With his cricketer's hat and a pocket fountain-pen.
He has sparkling dark eyes
That look real sometimes;
His smiling face makes everyone
Smile all the time.
I pity my 'boy friend'
For sitting on the stool all the time
Always thinking with his hands folded
That he is deserted by his sweetheart
And left alone, all all alone, alone in a wide wide world.

* (A poem written on a 'Humpty Dumpty' toy placed on
a stool in our drawing room.)

(III) That Innocent Face

That innocent face in Grandma's lap
That innocent face half-hidden in Grandma's lap
Those big dark eyes looking everywhere,
That smile which cannot be compared,
The cheeks blooming,
Give grandma a thrill in the heart.
That innocent face looked straight in grandma's eyes.
Grandma kissed its pure white cheek
And went to bed.
But she could not sleep.
She looked and looked at the innocent face
Till after midnight.
That innocent face was her joy, her sorrow.
Whenever he was not well
She did not take meals.
Such was the love of Grandma's for that innocent face.

POEMS

By Shri J. K. Jain, M.A.

(I) Spring in Delhi

The leaves that are born anew
on the Jamun trees
glisten in a mellow sun;
Stir like a lake in a breeze,
Like the feet of beings unearthly,
Like hopes and dreams in the human heart.
Crows and sparrows—gay and festive.
Squirrels scurry about
eating and making merry.
Homes of straw are resting high.
Phloxes, Cannas, Bougainvillias
in flaming exuberance !

Hard dry cakes being showered on the roads,
jumping, leaping, blown about
to be accepted and embraced;
Fall exhausted by a spasm of effort;
Crushed by rolling wheels and moving feet
into a yellow dust,
or swept off and burnt.
Dry trunks with branches (like withered human flesh)
forking off—
abandoned, out of place,
in their naked crudity.

(II) Genes

Out of sullen grey mass,
that stormed and scowled,
were hewn
individual cloudy shapes
with liquid outlines.
(A dark covering against evil stare.)
Glowed in white purity.
Rested serenely
In the arms of tender blue infinity.
Kites sailed round them
in holy circles.
A keen gale from the hills
sang in the blood,
shivered through the leaves
(fresh like shirts from a laundry)
in apocalyptic sunshine.
A screaming, groaning, metallic monster
shot away—the veritable vision
of speed and ugliness—
disappeared leaving
no trace behind—the Lord be thanked!

List of Prize-Winners (1961-62)

(A) ACADEMIC

Roll of Honour :

Surinder Singh Distinction in B. . (General) Exam.

Prizes for University Examinations :

Madhu Bala B. A. (Pass) I in College
Sushma Paul B. A. (Hons) Hindi I in College
Rajinder Singh B. A. (Hons) Maths. I in College
Surinder Singh B. Sc. (General) I in College
Bhuwan Prasad Garg Pre-Medical—I in College
Rishi Raj Qualifying—I in College

Academic Prizes (House Examinations) :

B. A. (Hons) III year

Purshotam Lal Vij Hindi (Main) I
Gobind Kumar Bhatia Economics (Main) I
Manju Mathur Mathematics (Main) I

B. A./B. Sc. (Hons) II year

Tarsaim Lal Goyal Maths. (Main) I
Chetan Prakash Mehta Hindi (Main) I
Beena Mathur Pol. Science (Main) I
Sulakshna Kumari Pol. Science (Main) I
(on II year basis only)
Vinod Kumar Beateja Pol. Science (Subs.) I
Animas Chakravarty Economics (Subs.) I
Inderjeet Malhotra Chemistry (Subs.) II
History of Science—I

B. A./B. Sc. (Hons) I year

Gurcharan Singh	Maths. (Main) I Physics (Subs.)—I
Sudhir Chandr	Hindi (Main) I
Sharda Bahl	Economics (Main) I (Br.)
Rajeshwar Nath Kaul	Economics (Main) I (Br.)
C. V. S. Gowri	Pol. Science (Main)—I
Ram Ratan Chaudhry	Economics (Subs.)—I
Arun Madan	History (Subs.)—I
Sudesh Sharma	Hindi (Subs.)—I

B. A. (Pass) III year

Jagdish Sood	Aggregate—I Pol. Science—I Sanskrit—I
Satya Prakash Upreti	Hindi—I

B. A. (Pass) II year

Supti Rai Chaudhry	Aggregate—I History—I Philosophy—I
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B. A. (Pass) I year

Sukbir Singh Verma	Aggregate—I Sanskrit—I
Asha Sharma	Aggregate—II
Shanta Bhutani	English—I Hindi—I
Prinder Nath Duggal	Economics—II
Har Mohan Maini	Political Science—I
Maheshwar Prasad	Philosophy—I (Br.) Elect. Hindi—I

B. Sc. (General) III year

Shanti Swarup Madan	Aggregate—I Chemistry—I
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Ramesh Chand Bahl
Uma Rani Agrawal
Santosh Prabha
R. S. Mani

Mathematics—I
Zoology—I
Botany—I
Physics—I

B. Sc. (General) II year

Mahesh Chander Gogia

Balbir Saran Aggarwal
Raj Kumari Khurana
Suresh Chand Gupta
Prem Lata Dhawan

Aggregate—I
Chemistry—I
Hindi—I
Maths.—II
Physics—I
Botany—I

B. Sc. (General) I year

Krishin Lal Juneja

Gautam Banerji
Shabnam Sehgal
Krishan Lal
Ram Chandra Lal

Hardev Kaur

Aggregate—I
Maths.—I
English—I
History of Science—I
Chemistry—I
Zoology—I
Botany—I (Br.)
Botany—I (Br.)

Pre-Medical II year

A. Andal

Ashok Kumar Marwah

Champa S. Bhatia

Aggregate—I
Physics—I
Chemistry—I
Biology—I
Aggregate—II
Physics—II
Biology—II (Br.)
Chemistry—II (Br.)
English—I

DESH

G. L. Revathy	Chemistry—II (Br.) Biology—II (Br.)
Gayatri Aggarwal	English—
Susham Lata Sood	Physics—I
Raj Kumar Bhatia	Chemistry—I
Roshan S. Talreja	Biology—I

Pre-Medical I year

Arun Kumar Sood	Aggregate—I Chemistry—I Biology—I
Chandra Chaudhry	English—I
Veena Pandey	Physics—I

Qualifying

S. Rama Durai	Aggregate—I English—II Maths.—I
Harish Kumar Saxena	Aggregate—II Add. Maths.—I
Sumer Sehgal	English—I
Amar Nath Shukla	Hindi—I
Janak Raj Kohli	Psychology—I Hindi—II
Chandru S. Bhojwani	Sindhi—I
Anil Bajaj	Physics—I Chemistry—I
Pran Nath	Physics—II
Som Nath Theraja	Chemistry—II
Prakash Lal Badlani	Maths.—II
Bhagwanti Bhambhani	Civics—I
Ramesh Verma	Civics—II
Malika Malik	Economics—I
Mahindra Pal Singh	Economics—II
Joginder Aidan	History—I
Chandra Kanta	Sanskrit—I

(B) UNION PRIZES

Yog Raj	Hindi Debate—I Hindi Recitation—I Special Prize
Kalyan Jain	Urdu Recitation—I (Br.) Special Prize
Ajay Vijay K. Kumar	Hindi Debate II (Br.) English Debate—I Special Prize
Mohini Raina Tej Pal Rajinder Singh K. V. S. Ramani	Hindi Debate—II (Br.) Urdu Recitation—I (Br.) Panjabi Recitation—I Special Prize

Harish Chandra Medal for best acting Savita Nagpaul

Snap Shot Competition Damodar Morarka

(C) GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PRIZES

Senior Group : Ashni Kumar Deb : Pol. Sc. Hons. II year

Junior Group : Harish Kumar Saxena : Qualifying Science

(D) Inter-Class One-act-Play Competition Trophy B. A. (Honours) Classes
Special Prize (awarded by Miss Madhu Malti) Usha Bhardwaj

(E) CERTIFICATES

Inter-Class One-act-Play Competition Certificates Ashok Trikha to receive
Inter-College Youth Festival Certificates Veena Dar to receive

Hobbies Exhibition Certificates
Social Service League
Sindhi Society

Sudhir Kumar Saxena
Ramesh Vohra to receive
Thakur Bhatia—Essay Comp. I
Sundri Khalsa " " II

SPORTS PRIZE WINNERS

Men's Events

1. Narinder Singh
First in Putting the Shot (new record).
First in Discus Throw.
First in Javelin Throw.
First in High Jump.
First in Broad Jump.
Second in 200 Meters
Second in Hop-Step & Jump.
All round Best Athlete of the Year
from amongst Boys.
2. Lalit Kumar Ohri.
First in 100 Meters.
First in 400 Meters.
First in 800 Meters.
First in 1500 Meters.
First in 5000 Meters.
3. Satish Kumar Mahajan
First in 200 Meters.
First in Hop-Step & Jump.
Second in High Jump.
4. Kanwal Nain Bahl
Second in Putting the Shot.
Second in Hammer Throw
Second in Discus Throw.
5. Vijinder Singh
Second in 1500 Meters
Second in 500 Meters.
6. Mohinder Chopra
Second in 100 Meters.
Second in 400 Meters.

- | | | |
|-----|---|--|
| 7. | Charan Singh | Second in Pole Vault.
Second in Broad Jump. |
| 8. | Nand Kishore | First in Pole-Vault. |
| 9. | Mool Chand Sharma | FIRST in Hammer Throw |
| 10. | Mahesh Chander Sharma | Second in Javelin Throw |
| 11. | Gulshan Kakar | Second in 800 Meters |
| 12. | Ram Pal Chopra
L. K. Ohri
Surinder Sawhney
Mohinder Chopra | First in Relay Race. |

Women's Events

- | | | |
|----|---------------|---|
| 1. | Tripta Sehgal | First in 50 Meters
First in Obstacle Race
Second in Broad Jump.
Second in 800 Meters Walking
All round best Athlete of the year
from amongst girls |
| 2. | Santosh | First in Obstacle Race
Second in 50 Meters
Second in 500 Meters |
| 3. | Savita Nagpal | First in Putting the Shot
First in Discus Throw |
| 4. | Swaran Prabha | First in 100 Meters
Second in Obstacle Race |
| 5. | Harwant Magoo | First in High Jump.
First in Broad Jump |
| 6. | Versha Capoor | First in 800 Meters Walking |
| 7. | Jas Bir Kaur | First in Slow Cycling |

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| 8. Chandra Dawani | First in High Jump. |
| 9. Brijinder Anand | Second in Putting the Shot. |

Subordinrte Staff Race

- | | |
|---------------|---------|
| 1. Man Singh | First |
| 2. Tara Chand | Second. |

Administrative Staff (Musical Chair Race)

- | | |
|------------------|--------|
| 1. Amar Nath | First |
| 2. R. C. Mehtani | Second |

Teaching Staff (Musical Chair Race)

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------|
| 1. Shri S. P. Kapoor | First. |
| 2. Shri M. L. Sanduja | Second |

GYMKHANA EVENTS

Men's Events:

Potato Race:

- | | |
|------------------|--------|
| S. K. Mahajan | First |
| Surinder Sawhney | Second |

Pillow Fighting:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| Ram Pal Chopra & Mool Chand Sharma | First |
| Mohinder Kumar & Kanwal Nain Bahl | Second. |

Wheel & Barrow Race:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Subhash Gulani & Subhash Kukreja | First |
| Satish Mahajan & Surinder Sawhney | Second |

Women's Events

Chatti Race

- | | |
|----------------|--------|
| Harwant Magoo | First |
| Kamlesh Kapoor | Second |

Three Legged Race

Tripta Sehgal & Harbans Kaur First
Sushma Salani & Versha Kapoor Second

BADMINTON

Men Singles

Winner Suresh Chugani
Runner-up Sarvjit Singh

Men Doubles

Winners Deepak Khosla & Davinder Kakar
Runners-up Suresh Chugani & Ravinder Pal

Mixed Doubles

Winners Deepak Khosla & Miss Achla

Lucky Doubles

Winners Deepak Khosla & Sarvjit Singh
Runners-up D. S. Mann & Davinder Kakar

TABLE-TENNIS

Men Singles

Winners Harsha Ullal
Runners-up Mahesh Tawakley

Mixed Doubles

Winners Harsha Ullal and Indra Sharma
Runners-up Davinder Kakar and Tripta Sehgal

Lucky Doubles

Winners Davinder Kakar and Vijay Sharda
Runners-up Mahender Berri and Karun

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INTER-CLASS TOURNAMENT

Winners
Surinder Pal

B. A. Classes
General Captain

Sports Phatography

Damodar Murarka

First

N. C. C.

Cadet Captain

Harish Malhotra :

Sgt. Roshan Lal
C. S. M. Ram Pal Chopra
L/CP J. Raghwan

Best Cadet of the Year Naval Wing
Best Cadet of The Year Artillery Wing
Best Cadet Of The Year NCC Rifles.
100 % Attendance in Parades

Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji,

NEW DELHI.

ANNUAL REPORT 1961-62

The first decade in the life-history of the College is over and we stand on the threshold of the second. Institutions, like nations, no doubt, grow slowly. But to be good and useful institutions they must grow steadily; from more to more and from good to better. To wish that it were so is not enough; we have to strain ourselves to the best of our ability and capacity. We have to guard against setbacks coming in either to stultify progress already achieved or to retard the process of growth and development of the institution. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty it is equally true of a good administration. Complacency or indifference or selfishness on the part of those who are connected with the institution can work havoc with its future. The close of the year is the time when we take stock of our achievements, shortcomings and shortfalls in comparison with the preceding years. The Principal's Annual Report is, really speaking, meant to be a report to the Board of Administration of the College on the work done during the year under report.

Dr. A. N. Banerji, Principal of the College, was on deputation with us. He remained at the helm of affairs in the College for about three and a half years. On the expiry of his period of deputation he rejoined his parent department. I took over from him as officiating Principal with effect from the afternoon of the 2nd of December, 1961.

I understand that the proposal to transfer the administration of the College to the University of Delhi is under consideration. But no final decision has been arrived at by the Ministry of Education so far.

We have outgrown our present accommodation. Our requirements are very many and to meet them we need funds. I need not repeat the oft-repeated list of our immediate needs; a well or a tube-well; more rooms for lectures, seminars and Heads of Departments; a fully furnished Hall-cum-Auditorium; a new Library Block; Common Rooms for boys and girls; rooms for in-door games; the N. C. C. Block; play grounds, quarters for the

Principal, Staff and other employees and many more things besides. All these have been reported to the Administration year after year. In some cases, even blue prints were made by the C. P. W. D. and funds provided. But actual work was postponed every time because of the impending decision to transfer the administration of the College.

The Staff

The following changes in the Staff took place. Shri Adarsh Deepak, Lecturer in Physics, and Mrs. Manik Khanwalker, Lecturer in Botany, left. Shri N. K. Mansukhani, Lecturer in Political Science, Shri Krishan Chandra Mathur and Shri S. N. Mehra, Lecturers in Chemistry, joined the College during the final term.

Shri S. P. Malhotra, Lecturer in Chemistry, proceeded on two years' study leave for advance research at the University of Chicago. Shri K. C. Kanda and Shri C. L. Nahal resumed their duties in the Department of English on return from study leave. I am glad to report that Shri K. C. Kanda obtained the degree of M. A. in English from the University of Nottingham for his thesis: 'The Poetry of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, 1840-1912' and Shri C. L. Nahal obtained the degree of Ph. D. from the same University for his thesis: 'D. H. Lawrence.' Shri S. K. Goyal, Lecturer in Economics, was awarded the degree of Ph. D. by the University of Delhi for his thesis: 'Some Aspects of Co-operative Farming in India with special reference to the Punjab'. These three gentlemen brought laurels to the College. I congratulate them on their achievement. Dr. K. S. Rai, Head of the Department of Botany, failed to rejoin the College after the expiry of his three years' study leave. His services had to be terminated under rules of the University. His case for re-appointment is under consideration of the Board of Administration.

During the course of the year the following Lecturers were confirmed in their posts :-

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Shri S. P. Malhotra | Lecturer in Chemistry |
| 2. Shri R. L. Verma | Lecturer in Hindi |
| 3. Shri C. P. Malik | Lecturer in Botany |
| 4. Shri S. K. Jain | Lecturer in Mathematics |
| 5. Shri R. C. Pillai | Lecturer in Pol. Science |
| 6. Shri O. P. Kohli | Lecturer in Hindi |
| 7. Shri L. M. Sharma | Lecturer in Hindi |
| 8. Shri V. P. Girdhar | Lecturer in Economics |
| 9. Shri Y. P. Dhawan | Lecturer in English |

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 10. Shri J. K. Jain | Lecturer in English |
| 11. Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia | Lecturer in History |

One case of confirmation is still pending with the Board of Administration.

We have a number of Lecturers who were appointed in a purely temporary capacity. Their appointments will have to be regularized according to the rules of the University.

Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj, Lecturer in Hindi, and I delivered lectures to the M.A. classes in Hindi and English respectively at the University.

Members of the Staff published the following papers :

1) Shri R. K. Sud

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| (a) Angry Young Men—Kingsley Amis | (Radio Talk) |
| (b) Sarojini Naidu—The Peoples' Poet | (Radio Talk) |
| (c) Tagore, the Poet of Effulgent Joy | (Desh) |
| (d) 'Mukta-Dhara' | (Desh) |
| (e) The Punjabi Tapestry: Punjabi Character & Characters in the Early Writings of Khushwant Singh. | (Desh) |
| (f) Edited the 'Homage to Tagore' Number of The Desh. | |

2) Dr. C. L. Nahal

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| (a) The Watch—a short story | (Thought) |
|-----------------------------|-----------|

3) Shri R. L. Verma

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| (a) <i>Laher</i> —Ek Wishleshan: A critical study of Prasad's <i>Laher</i> | (Unpublished) |
|--|---------------|

4) Shri C. P. Malik

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| (a) Comparative account of Cytology and morphology in <i>Tephrosia villosa</i> Pens Complex | (Genetica: Netherland) |
| (b) Cytology of some <i>Anixema</i> species Qytox | (Argentina) |
| (c) Cytology of some <i>Ophiopagon</i> species Qyton | (Argentina) |

5) **Shri S. K. Jain**

(a) Remarks on Prime Rings (Revisio Di Mathematica)

(b) On the Existence of Identity.

6) **Shri B. P. Saxena**

(a) On the Palatal organs of Labeo-dera (National Academy of Sciences).

Extension Lectures

Lecturer-in-Charge: Shri R. C. Pillai

The utility of extension lectures no one will question. Liberal education at the University does not end with teaching and reading a few text books and taking the examination at the end of the academic term and obtaining a degree. It, on the contrary, aims at extending the horizons of the mind, at enlarging the sympathies of the heart, at giving a catholic taste and outlook on life and things and, last but not least, at producing good and gentle-hearted citizens. The profession of teaching is accordingly an honourable and a time-honoured profession and we who belong to the fraternity of teachers feel proud of it. But to be good teachers we must keep our own minds and hearts replenished and fresh, our lamps always lighted and our visions unblurred. The best of us are likely to feel bored and stale unless we come into touch with minds other than those whom we meet everyday. It was with this idea that we started the series of extension lectures for members of the Staff in addition to extension lectures for students. Shri Brij Krishna Chandiwala, a well-known associate of Gandhiji, spoke on the 'Life, methods and principles of Gandhiji.' Prof. Dilip Kumar, Lecturer in English, at the College of Engineering at Hauz Khas, spoke to us on Tagore's concept of the Universal Man. Shri Brij Krishna Chandiwala installed a portrait of Gandhiji and Prof. Sanyal that of Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore. These portraits, I am sure, will serve as beacon's light to members of the Staff to dedicate themselves to their duties.

Shri K. C. Kanda delivered an extension lecture to students and Staff. His talk was based on his personal experiences and understanding of the English life and society. The second instalment of his lecture relating to his continental tour and Dr. C. L. Nahal's lecture on Life at the University of Nottingham are on the programme.

The College Office

Shri D. S. Bhalla, Lecturer in English, was appointed the College Bursar in place of Shri V. P. Girdhar, Lecturer in Economics, with effect from 9th January, 1962. Shri M. L. Rustagi was appointed Accountant in place of Shri Sri Bhagwan, who left to join the Oil and Natural Gas Commission. Shri R. C. Gupta was appointed Senior Clerk. Shri P. P. Tyagi was reposted to the Library in his substantive post of Library Assistant (Junior). Shri R. C. Mehtani, Stenographer to the Principal, went on 3-months' leave and Shri J. K. Suri was appointed temporarily in his place.

Number of Students

The number of students on the rolls was 1159 in August, 1961, (Boys 802 and women 357). This number has come down to 1061 (Boys 725 and women 336).

I have a word to say about the admissions. During the last 2 or 3 years we have been admitting students beyond our capacity and according to no plan. In certain cases students have been forced on us. This created many administrative difficulties. The wear and tear of furniture, books and equipment in the college has been beyond replacement. Departments did not have the requisite staff. The present building is just sufficient for 700 or 800 students. If the admissions have to be maintained at 1000 more rooms, adequate staff and facilities should be provided.

University Examination Results

The University Examination Results for the years 1959-60 and 1960-61 are as follows :

	1959-60	1960-61
Qualifying Science	63.7%	50.5%
Qualifying Arts	46.5%	42.6%
Pre-Medical	68.3%	68.4%
B. A. (Pass)	82.9%	62.3%
B. A.(Honours)	...	63.1%
B. Sc. (General)	87.3%	73.8%

Surinder Singh B. Sc. (General) obtained the 3rd position in the University.

The above figures show that as the number of students rises more undeserving students are admitted. There is no short cut for passing the examination other than working hard throughout the course of the year right upto the final examination. If here and there a few indifferent students manage to pass the examinations with the aid of cheap bazaar notes or Guides or Refresher Courses these are exceptions to the rule. Flukes are not miracles.

Fee-concessions and Stipends

Concessions in fees and stipends were granted as under rules, 20% to Boy students and 25% to Women students. Accordingly Full Fee-concessions were granted to 99 students, Half Fee-concessions to 114 students and Stipends to 33 students. The total amount thus disbursed was Rs. 28,000/- approximately.

Quite a large number of concession-holders lose their concessions because they fail to do well in the house examination in December. It is painful to see parents trying to justify that poverty and not merit should be the criterion for awarding fee-concessions. Students take their studies most casually and consequently the examinations most non-seriously. A Test Match or a Film Festival is good enough excuse for cutting the examinations and studies. The number of applications for exemption of fine for absenting themselves from examinations has been abnormal this year. What is surprising is that these applications are supported by medical certificates. It is more than a coincidence that majority of students fall ill near about the examinations and that too especially if the dates fall within close proximity to a Test Match. Parents are hardly aware of what their wards are doing all the time they are at college. They probably believe in the age-old adage: where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise.

The College Library

Librarian : Shri B. B. Saxena

Our Library is growing though not as fast as it should. The number of books since the last report has risen from 13600 to 14768. The number of newspapers and periodicals has risen from 110 to 120.

The growth of the library should, normally, be a matter of pleasure and pride. But the growth of our library poses a serious problem which requires immediate attention. The space for Readers is being gradually encroached upon by the almirahs holding the increasing stock that itself

needs readers. This paradox has got to be resolved by providing for expansion of floor space.

The College Magazine : The Desh

The 'Desh', the College Magazine, has six sections : English, Hindi, Sanskrit, Punjabi, Sindhi and Urdu. It was printed thrice this year, including a Special Supplement: 'Homage to Tagore', published to mark the Birth Centenary of Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore. We find it increasingly difficult to publish the Magazine even twice in the year. Some of the sections may have to be closed for want of contributions from students. It will be a sad day for the College when this happens.

The Editorial Board consisted of the following : Shri R. K. Sud (Editor-in-Chief), Shri Y. P. Dhawan and Surish Gopal & Rajat Batra (English); Mrs. R. K. Parshad and Purshottam Lal Vij (Hindi); Shri M. L. Chaudhri and Kumari Jagdish Sood (Sanskrit); Shri C. L. Kumar and Parbhat Kumar Sood (Punjabi); Shri S. M. Jhangiani and Thakur Bhatia (Sindhi) and Shri V. N. Pasricha (Urdu).

The College Union

Shri D. S. Bhalla, Lecturer in English, resigned the advisership of the College Union soon after the election of the Office-bearers in August last. Till November, there was no Adviser. Dr. S. K. Goyal was appointed the Adviser on 29-11-61 and has continued since then to look after the affairs of the College Union. As a result of elections the following Office-bearers were elected to constitute the Union Executive :-

Roop Lal	B. A. (Hons) III year	President
Vas Dev	B. A. (Pass) II year	Vice-President
Madan Satija	B. Sc. (Gen.) III year	Secretary
Ram Pal	B. A. (Hons) II year	Asstt. Secretary

The College Union had a busy programme. Shri N. Sanjiva Reddy, President of the All India Congress Committee, inaugurated the Union on 20th September, 1961. Dr. Richard Gaudind (an American Full bright Scholar) addressed the students of the College on 'The American Class Structure' on 25th October, 1961. The outstanding events in the year's programme were the Inter-College Debate for the Deshbandhu Trophy held on 10th February, 1962, and the Inter-College Declamation Contest for the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy held on 17th February, 1962. The Deshbandhu

DESH

Trophy was awarded to the St. Stephen's College, the First and the Second prize were won by Shri Swami Malhan of the St. Stephen's College and Miss Rita Ratna of the Indraprastha College. The Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy went to the St. Stephen's College. The First Prize was awarded to Shri S. Sridhar of the Hans Raj College and the Second Prize to Shri Partap Chirayta of the St. Stephen's College.

In addition to these items in the programme the Union arranged a Hindi Debate, a Poetical Recitation Contest and a Film Show for the delectation of the students.

Our speakers did well in debates held outside Delhi. Kalyan Jain, B. Sc. (Hons) III year Class, and Yog Raj, B. Sc. III year Class, won the First Prize in the Hindi Recitation Contest held at the D. A. V. College, Ambala City. Shri K. V. S. Ramani, B. A. (Hons) II year class, and Shri Vijay K. Kumar, B. A. (Pass) II year, won a Debating Trophy at the Hindu College, Sonapat, and Shri Vijay K. Kumar also won the Special Prize. In the debates organized in the College Yog Raj, B. Sc. III year; Mohini Raina, B. A. II year and Ajay, B. Sc. II year, won the First and the Second Prize (Bracketed) respectively in the Hindi Prize Debate for Freshers. Yog Raj, B. Sc. III year, won the First Prize in Hindi Recitation; Kalyan Jain, B. Sc. (Hons) III year, and Tej Pal, B. A. III year, won the First Prize (Bracketed) in Urdu Recitation and Rajinder Singh Bhutani, B. Sc. II year, won the First Prize in Punjabi Recitation. Vijay K. Kumar, B. A. II year, was awarded the First Prize in English Debate.

The Union Executive also arranged a Variety Show for raising funds in aid of the Bihar Relief Fund in response to an appeal made by the Vice-Chancellor, Late Dr. N. K. Sidhanta. It collected over a thousand rupees.

The College Annual Picnic was dropped this year because of the unwieldy number of students on the rolls and the consequent difficulty in making proper arrangements. Instead the various Tutorial Groups took their student-members on picnics. This experiment proved to be quite successful. The students and their tutors enjoyed themselves. It is proposed to hold more frequent Social Functions next year so that the Tutors and their wards may have more opportunities of coming close to one another.

The hall-functions of the Union were poorly attended. It is a sad reflection on our students that they elect the Office-bearers and cease taking interest in the functions of the Union. The Adviser and the Union Committee must devise ways and means of attracting students to the functions of the Union.

College Societies, Associations and Clubs

The College maintains a number of Societies, Associations and Clubs which contribute to the social, cultural and literary activities in the College. Incidentally they help to break the monotony of the routine of teaching and lectures. The success of their functions depends upon the enthusiasm of the Advisers and the confidence which the Office-bearers are inspired to repose in them. These meetings can be useful if they help their members to shake off their shyness and participate in them with their full heart. I have attended some of the functions arranged by these Associations, Societies and Clubs during the past few months and I can say without exaggeration that their activities were really praise-worthy. They brought life to college. The credit for it goes to their respective Advisers and student Office-bearers. I am grateful to all of them and congratulate them on their performances.

The Hindi Parishad

Adviser	Shri Om Prakash Kohli
President	Subhash Verma, B. A. II year Class
Vice-President	Chandra Mohan, B. A. II year Class
Secretary	Gopal Arora, B. A. II year Class
Joint-Secretary	Kul Bhushan Bhasin, B. A. I year Class

The Parishad was inaugurated this year by Shri Gurudatta, the famous Hindi novelist. In the Inter-class Hindi Debate the Trophy was won by B. Sc. II year Class. Ajay Kumar, B. Sc. II year Class, stood First and Aridaman Kaur, B. A. II year, and Kalyan Jain, B. A. Hons. III year Class, were placed bracketed Second. The Annual Inter College Debate for the Jodha Mal Kuthiala Trophy was held in November last. Thirteen teams from local colleges took part in the debate. The Trophy was awarded to the Indraprastha College, the First Prize to Shri Narendra Brahamchari of the Hindu College, and the Second Prize to Miss Sushma Paul of the Indraprastha College. The Nirala Jayanti was celebrated in February last. Shri Prabhakar Machwe, a leading writer and Asstt. Secretary of the Sahitya Akademy, Delhi, was the Chief Guest of the Evening. Last week the Parishad organized a Kavi Goshthi in which six local Hindi poets : Sarvshri Madhur Shashtri, Kailash Bhaskar, Atul. Lalit Joshi, Ramesh Gaur and Ramavtar Tyagi, participated.

The Sanskrit Parishad

Adviser	Shri M. L. Chaudhry
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President	Malti, B. A. (Hons) II year Class
Vice-President	Ravindra Sharma, B. A. I year Class
Joint Secretary	Kaushalya, Preparatory Class.

The Parishad was inaugurated by Dr. N. N. Choudhuri, Head of the Department of Sanskrit, University of Delhi. Dr. R. V. Joshi was the Chief Guest. The Kalidasa Jayanti was celebrated in November last. The life and works of the great poet and dramatist were highlighted. The Annual Function comes off later this month. The functions of the Parishad include items in Sanskrit only; thereby providing opportunities to its members to learn to speak Sanskrit with some degree of accuracy and fluency.

In the Sanskrit Essay Contest Purushottam Lal, B. A. (Hons) III year Class, and Malti, B. A. (Hons) II year Class, won the First and the Second Prize respectively. Veena Dar, B. A. III year Class, and Shashi Prabha, B. A. III year Class, took part in various Shloka-Recitation Contests in the local colleges. Shashi Prabha won the Second Prize at the Institute of Post-Graduates (Evening), University of Delhi. In a contest held in the college Shashi Prabha got the First Prize and Veena Dar won the Second Prize.

Veena Dar and Shashi Prabha (B. A. Pass III year) won the Trophy in the Inter-College Shloka-Recitation contest in Sanskrit, held in the S. D. College on Friday, the 2nd March, 1962. Veena Dar got the second prize also in the above-said contest.

The Sindhi Literary Society

Adviser	Shri S. M. Jhangiani
President	Pushpa Davani, B. Sc. III year Class
Secretary	Tikam Chabria, B. Sc. III year Class
Joint-Secretary	Lakhmichand Tewari, B. Sc. III year Class.

Notwithstanding the small membership of the Sindhi Association it is one of the busiest associations. During the year under report it organized a number of meetings, picnics and get-together functions. The outstanding event was the presence of Miss Drupati, Editor of *The Jagriti*, a Sindhi Weekly of Bombay, which brought out a special issue containing a full report on the activities of the Sindhi Society of the Deshbandhu College.

In the Annual Sindhi Essay Competition the First and the Second Prize were awarded to Thakur Bhatia, B. A. III year Class, and Sundri Khalsa, Qualifying Class, respectively.

The Annual Meeting was presided over by Dr. G. F. Lakhani, Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, Govt. of India. The programme consisted of a One-Act-Play: *Neelam*, written by Shri Jiwan Gursahani, songs and Laddo, the Sindhi wedding song. The most active among the members are Ramesh Choithani, Ashok Raisinghani, Sham Rajmalani, Ram Masand, Kamlesh Balchandani, Mira Rajani, Asha Bijlani, Shewi Bhambani, Bhagwati Bhambani and Maya Aswani.

The Bengali Association

Adviser	Shri A. K. Poddar
Secretary	Ratna Lahiri, B. A. II year Class
Joint-Secretary	Kalyan Bagchi, B. A. (Hons) III year Class
Treasurer	Purnima Chatterji, B. A. II year Class.

The Association celebrated the Tagore Birth Centenary in a befitting manner. The programme included a rich fare of Rabindra Sangeet and Dances. Mrs. Shanti Kabir was the Chief Guest of the evening. The Association also provided items of interest from Tagore's poems and songs on the occasion of the installation of Gurudev's portrait in the Staff Room. It presented a One-act-Play in the Inter College Bengali Drama Competition and won the Second Prize. Dilip Saha was awarded the Best Actor's Prize.

The English Association

Adviser	Shri J. K. Jain
Secretary	Sujata Verma, B. A. (Hons) I year Class

The English Association was formed recently with a view to awaken students to the beauties of English literature and to provide the Honours students with a forum to express themselves and discuss literary topics with their teachers. In the inaugural function a tape-recorded version of Coleridge's poem: 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner', was played. In the second meeting Sujata Verma read out her translations of her own stories in Malayalam.

The Society is holding Essay and Short-Story Writing Contests.

The Science Association

Adviser	Shri P. A. Shiromany
President	Mahesh Kumar, B. Sc. II year Class
Secretary	B. N. Swarup, B. Sc. III year Class
Joint-Secretary	Arun Kumar, Pre-Medical I year Class.

The Association presented two variety shows. It arranged a trip of over 120 students to the National Physical Laboratory, the Delhi Milk Scheme and the Hindustan Breakfast Factory. It also arranged two film shows of scientific interest.

The History Association

Adviser	Shri B. B. Saxena
President	K. Ganesh, B. A. II year Class
Vice-President	K, Dewan, B. A. II year Class
Secretary	Raj Kumar, B. A. I year Class
Joint-Secretary	B. S. Mittal, Preparatory Class.

The Association organized historical trips to the Qutab, Agra, Fatehpur Sekri, the National Archives and the Museum and the Achaeological Centenary Exhibition. These trips were led by the Adviser and Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia. A debate was held under the auspices of the Association on the subject: 'Life in ancient India was happier than life in modern India'. V. K. Kumar, B. A. II year Class was awarded the First Prize.

The Political Science Association

Adviser	Shri V. N. Khanna
President	Inderjit Grover, B. A. (Hons) II year Class
Secretary	S. Kumar Bhardwaj, B. A. (Hons) II year Class

The Association held the 5th Annual Inter-college debate for the Kathpalia Jain Trophy. The subject of the debate was that 'The Indian Operation Vijaya in Goa was not inconsistent with the declared policies of the Govt. of India and the principles of the United Nations'. The trophy was won by the Lady Shri Ram College for Women. The First and the Second Prize were awarded to K. V. S. Ramani, B. A. (Hons) II year, of the Deshbandhu College and Shri Sudhir of the St. Stephen's College respectively.

Dr. Harnam Singh, Reader in Political Science, University of Delhi, gave a talk to the members of the Association on 'The Concept of Liberty'. The talk was followed by an informal discussion on 'Federalism in India'.

The Planning Forum

Adviser	Shri S. P. Kapoor
President	Charanjit, B. A. II year Class
Vice-President	Kul Bhushan Bhasin, B. A. II year Class
Secretary	Harbans Ahuja, B. A. II year Class
Joint-Secretary	Mohinder Pal Singh. Preparatory Class.

The Planning forum participated in the celebrations at the University in connection with the National Plan Week. It invited Dr. Ashish Bose of the Institute of Economic Growth to address the members on 'The Census of India - 1961'.

The Philosophical Discussion Group

Adviser	Mrs. M. Thomas
President	Dinesh Joshi, B. A. III year Class
Secretary	Padma Avadhani, B. A. III year Class

The Philosophical Discussion Group had a Lecture by Shri V. N. Pasricha on 'Hereditiy'. Mr. M. Kroeger of the American Embassy and Mr. Wisheneyer of the Canadian Embassy showed films on educational life in their countries. Some music was provided by friends of the Association.

Dinesh Joshi, B. A. III year class, read a paper on 'Dreaming as part of a Symposium' in the Dyal Singh College.

The United Nations Students' Association (U. N. S. A.)

Adviser	Shri R. C. Pillai
President	Kalyan Jain, B. Sc. (Hons) III year Class
Secretary	Satish Kumar, Pre-Medical II year Class

The UNSA was inaugurated by Shri R. K. Nehru, Secretary General, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Govt. of India. He addressed the members on

the 'Significant Role played by India in the sphere of International Politics'. In addition to this meeting the UNSA held many other meetings.

The Inter-College Youth Festival

Adviser : R. K. Parshad

Our College participated in 5 items: One-act-Play, Group Dance, Group Songs, Light Vocal Music and Mono-Acting. Our Group Song was adjudged the Second best and our Group Dance was placed third.

The Dramatic Club

Adviser Mrs. R. K. Parshad
President Miss Savita Nagpaul, B.A.(Hons) III year Class
Secretary Ashok Trikha, B. A. (Hons) III year Class.

I am happy to report that this year the College Dramatic Committee decided to revive the Inter-Class One-act-Play Competition for which we have a Silver Trophy presented to us by Messrs. Atma Ram & Sons, Delhi. Three Groups participated in the competition: Pre-University Group, B. A. Honours Group and B. A. Pass Group. The Trophy was annexed by the B. A. Honours Group. Savita Nagpaul was awarded the Harish Chandra Silver Medal for the best acting and Usha Bhardwaj, B. A. (Hons) I year Class, got the special prize offered by Miss Madhu Malti, Programme Executive, All India Radio, New Delhi.

The Music Club

Adviser Shri C. P. Malik
President Tej Pal, B. A. III year Class
Secretary Bhopal Singh, B. A. II year Class

The Club has been fairly active. In addition to the three main sessions held by it, it organized, in collaboration with the College Union, the Annual Inter-College Music Competition for the Gayatri Devi Banerji Trophy. Five teams from local colleges participated in the competition. The Trophy went to the Indraprastha College. Miss Sarveshta Sen of the Miranda House won the First Prize in Instrumental Music, Shri Badola of the Kirori Mal College claimed the First Prize in Classical Vocal Music and Miss Bijlani Biswas got the First Prize in Light Music.

The Hobbies Exhibition

The Fine Arts Club, now defunct, used to arrange the Annual Hobbies Exhibition, usually synchronising with the Prize-giving-Function. I am obliged to Shri V. N. Pasricha, Lecturer in Physics, for undertaking to organize the Exhibition this year. The exhibition is on at the moment in the Botany Laboratory. The exhibits displayed show that some of our students are interested in hobbies and art. I have all along been of the view that every college must provide full opportunities for the development of innate artistic talent of young boys and girls. Art, it need not be said, adds not only beauty and refinement to life but also makes it worthliving.

The Social Service League

Adviser	Shri S. M. Jhangiani
President	Ramesh Vohra, B. A. (Hons) III year Class
Vice-President	Vasdev Gursahani, B. A. II year Class
Secretary	Rajat Batra, B. A. I year Class
Joint-Secretary	Jagdish Kumari Sood, B.A. III year Class.

The members visited the local Cheshire Home for Invalids twice and entertained them with songs, titbits, sweet and fruit. They helped to raise funds for the Home and the Moti Lal Nehru Centenary Committee by selling tickets and badges. A few articles lost and found by the members were restored to their owners. The Society is building up a Bock Bank solely for the benefit of poor students in the College. The response is yet discouraging. The members prove very helpful in maintaining order in the Hall meetings.

Hans Raj B. A. (Pass) II year Class, jumped into an eighteen feet deep Water Tank and rescued an outsider-girl, who slipped in to the tank, at the time of the picnic held at the Buddha Jayanti Park on 9th February, 1962.

Games and Sports

Our students are seriously handicapped in games and sports for want of good play-grounds and proper coaching facilities. In the absence of good athletes and players on the teaching staff of the College it is imperative to engage coaches in the major games, to give regular practice and training to our athletes and players. Expenditure on this account appears to me to be quite legitimate. The enthusiasm of our students for games is evinced in the Inter-Class Tournament held every year on the League System. The

Students' Trophy for Inter-class Tournament was annexed this year by the B. A. Classes, the Preparatory Classes were the Runners-Up. Our teams did not do well in the University Tournaments excepting the Women's Badminton Team which went up to the Semi-Finals. Our best athlete, Narinder Singh, B. Sc. II year Class, who holds the University and the College Record in Shot Put, stood second in the Inter-University Meet. In the College Annual Sports, Narinder Singh and Tripta Sehgal were adjudged the best athletes from amongst Men and Women students.

The Physico-Medical Examination

The Physico-Medical Examination of students could not be completed as the appointment of our Medical Officer, Shri S. P. Rastogi, was made late in the year. The parents of all those students, who were found to be deficient in health, were informed to take early steps to get the same treated. In the absence of a gymnasium it is not possible to 'follow up' cases of wrong posture and weak constitution.

The N. C. C.

The College has three wings of the N. C. C. : the N. C. C. Rifles, the Artillery and the Naval Wing. All the three wings have been active during the year. The Annual Camp of the Naval Wing was held at Vazagpatnam and that of the Artillery at Khanpur, Delhi. Three of our Cadets: U/O Harjit Singh, C. S. M. Ram Pal Chopra and CPL Sushil Kumar were selected for advanced leadership course held at Pahalgam, Kashmir. CSM Ram Pal gave a very good account of himself in Bayonet Fighting. Surinder Kumar Sawhney, an O. T. U. Cadet of our College, was selected for the Republic Day Parade. Tilak Raj Malik has been selected in the O, T. U.

Our NCCR Cadets appeared in the B and C Certificate Examinations for the first time. Our results were the best among the Delhi NCCR units. The credit for all this goes to our P. I. Staff.

Lt. D. S. Chaudhry, our D. P. I., looks after the N. C. C. units in the College. The N. C. C. must have the rooms for which blue prints were made and approved by the Government architect last year.

Thanksgiving

This brings me, Sir to the end of my Report but to its sweetest part. I shall be failing in my duty if I did not express my thanks to my students for their love, my esteemed colleagues for their unstinted co-operation and the Members of the Board of Administration for their guidance at every

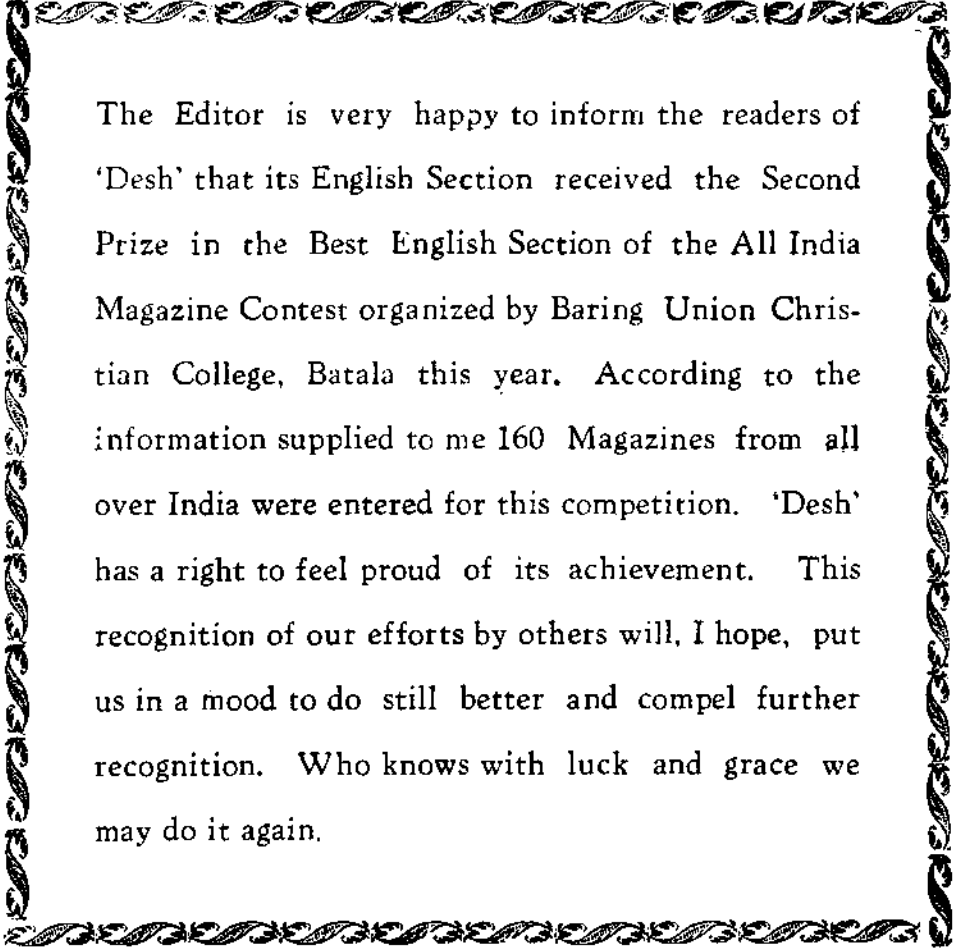
step during the period of officiation. I must acknowledge my gratefulness to the Ladies and Gentlemen who responded to our invitation and acted as Judges in our Inter-college debates, declamation contests and the Inter-class One-act-play Competition. They are Mrs. M. Koshy, Principal, Lady Shri Ram College; Dr. R. R. Sethi, Principal Kirori Mal College; Shri Harish Chandra, our ex-Principal; Dr. Miss Uttam Singh of the Indraprastha College; Dr. Amrik Singh of the Institute for Post-Graduates (Evening); Dr. A. M. Khusro of the Institute of Economic Growth; Mrs; Chandra Rajan of the Lady Shri Ram College, Prof. P. C. Sood of the Hindu College, Prof. Indra Narain Bhatnagar of the Hans Raj College, Mama Warerkar and Miss Madhu Malti of the All India Radio.

To you, Sir, I am indebted in more than one way.....for friendship, guidance and trust. My colleagues and I are obliged to you, Sir, for having accepted our invitation to give away the prizes in the Annual Prize-giving-Function today. We know how very busy you are but we also know that your love for the College and students is stronger than the call of your august office. Ties of affection and adoration hold us together. You, Sir, may well look upon the contemplated transfer of administration of the College as an administrative matter; but to us, call it sentimental, if you please, this will be nothing short of severance of an old relationship. In this context your presence amongst us today will serve as a perpetual reminder and assurance that you came to us as the Chairman of the Board of Administration who suckled the College with parental devotion and fostering care.

With these words, Sir, I beg to request you to give away the prizes, certificates, medals and trophies to the winners of the year.

Radha Krishna Sud

Offg. Principal

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

The Editor is very happy to inform the readers of 'Desh' that its English Section received the Second Prize in the Best English Section of the All India Magazine Contest organized by Baring Union Christian College, Batala this year. According to the information supplied to me 160 Magazines from all over India were entered for this competition. 'Desh' has a right to feel proud of its achievement. This recognition of our efforts by others will, I hope, put us in a mood to do still better and compel further recognition. Who knows with luck and grace we may do it again.

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Shri Radha Krishna Sud

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Printed at the Mahajan Press, Connaught Place, New Delhi and Published by
Shri Radha Krishna Sud M. A. for Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi