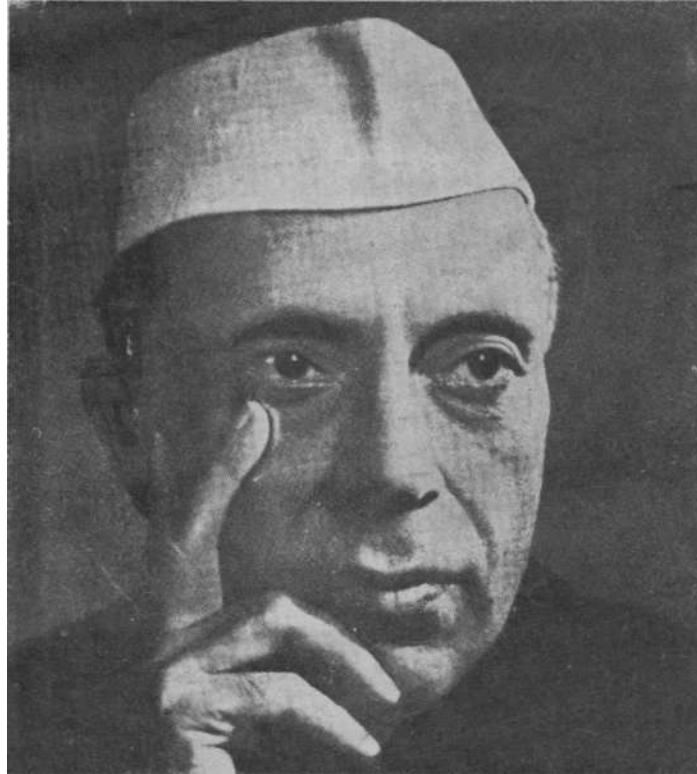


Homage to Rashtrapriya
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

(14 November, 1889—27 May, 1964)



DESH SUPPLEMENT

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“I have really no feeling of hatred against any country, any people or any individual. Naturally I may dislike people for this or that, for something they do or say—but that is only a passing phase. I do not dislike anybody.”

Jawaharlal Nehru

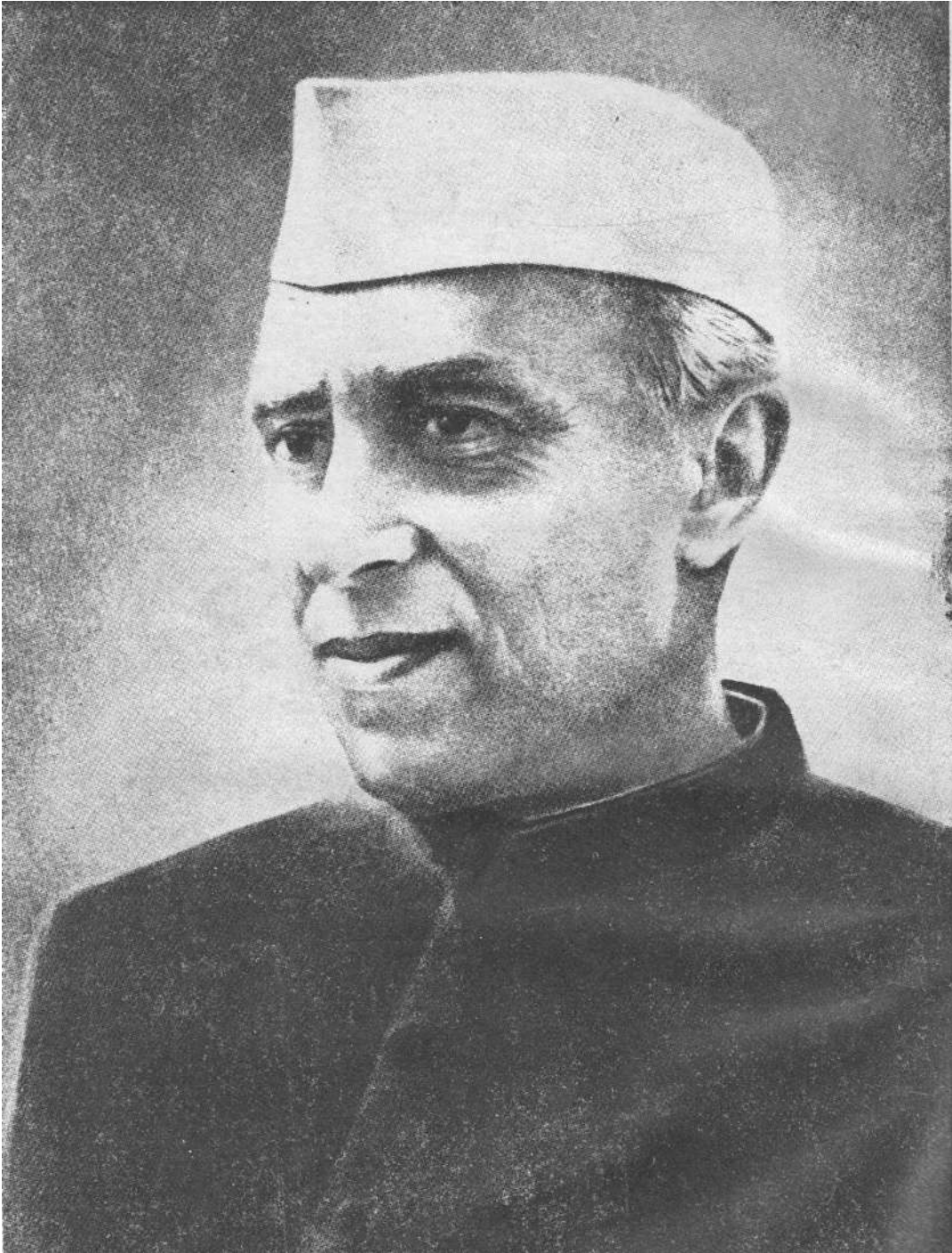


C O N T E N T S

Principal's Message	Dr. Amba Prasad	1
Dedication (Hindi)	Tej Krishna Bhatia	2
“Oh My Captain! My Captain!”	Shyamal Bagchee	3
Jawahar (Hindi Poem)	Vinod Sagar	4
Karmayogi Jawahar (Hindi)	Shri Om Prakash Kohli	5
Glimpses of Nehru before Independence	Dr. R. Bharadwaj	8
Sattayis Mayle (Hindi Poem)	Balbhadra Ojha	11
“This Country is Mine”	Shri G. S. Mamik	12
“We Too Die A Little” (Poem)	Shri Harji Malik	14
“In Memoriam” (Poem)	Dr. Karan Singh	14
Maun Shradhanjali (Hindi)	Umesh Chandra Saksena	15
The Man with a Rose	Shri V. N. Khanna	18
Shri Jawaharlal Nehru : The Man in his Writings	Shri Radha Krishna Sud	23
The Captive of Our Love	Shri S. M. Jhangiani	35
Thy Voice We Love to Hear, Jawahar!	(Extracts)	39

If any people choose to think of me, then I should like them to say: "This was the man who with all his mind and heart loved India and the Indian people. And they, in turn, were indulgent to him and gave him of their love most abundantly and extravagantly."

Jawaharlal Nehru



'A Knight sans peur, sans reproche'

Principal Message

I am pleased to know that the Editorial Board of *Desh*, the *Colleg Magazine*, is bringing out a special *Desh Supplement* to pay homage to the abiding memory of Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, our late beloved Prime Minister and leader. I heartily associate myself with the feelings of admiration and sorrow—admiration for his manifold virtues and qualities of head and heart and sorrow on his sad, sudden death—which have been expressed by the contributors to this Supplement. I also share their eagerness and earnestness to pledge themselves to the service of India and all other causes which were so very dear and near to the heart of Shri Nehru. Our homage will be no better than lip service to him if we do not take a vow to devote ourselves to the amelioration of the poor and the needy, to the defence of our country and preservation of her freedom which he and his colleagues in the battle for freedom won at such tremendous sacrifice; to usher in an era of plenty and prosperity and of equality of opportunity and status as citizens which is the real aim of Socialism—Socialism as understood and defined by him; to lead lives of ever-increasing toil for the all-round prosperity of the country which to him was the dearest of all the lands and the peoples in the world and to promote the cause of World Unity and World Peace without which the future of the race of man will be dark and meaningless. We must also cultivate the best of our instincts, feelings and thoughts and learn to lead healthy lives because it is absolutely necessary for leading useful lives. We must acquire steadfastness to ideals and perseverance in pursuit of what we believe to be right and instinctive hatred of everything that tends to demean or belittle our individuality. Lest we should falter we should imbibe the spirit of our great men amongst whom Shri Nehru was one. Hitch your wagon to a star: adopt the noblest ideals and follow the noblest examples and I can assure you that you will never go wrong. Shri Nehru was the model for the nation during his lifetime and if we are to be true and loyal to him we must have him as our ideal-hero even now. His was the spirit of youth: to push on to greater achievements. Let us, on this day, adopt as our motto the spirit of Shri Nehru: EXCELSIOR, and pledge ourselves to the service of India and the World.

Amithe Basu

‘तुच्छ समर्पण’

उस
दिव्य आत्मा
को

जिसने भारत एवं भारतवासियों को पूरे हृदय तथा मस्तिष्क से प्रेम किया विश्वशांति के उस अग्रदूत को जिसका नाम स्मरण कर विश्व आज भी श्रद्धा से नतमस्तक हो जाता है उस महान् साहित्यकार, राजनीतिक एवं मानवता-प्रेमी को जिसका भारतीय इतिहास अपने शत-शत मुखों से यशोगान करके भी तृप्त नहीं होगा ।

आइये उस महान् आत्मा को श्रद्धाञ्जलि समर्पित करते हुए सत्य एवं अहिंसा के पूर्वपरिचित मार्ग का अनुकरण करते हुए भारत को महान् शक्तिशाली एवं वैभव-शाली बनाने का दृढ़ व्रत लें ।

तेज कृष्ण भाटिया

Editorial

"OH CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN"

Shyamal Bagchee, B.A. Hons. III year

As we set ourselves down to pen this editorial, our minds automatically turn to the memory of one "who with all his heart and soul loved India and the Indian people." In Pt. Nehru's death we have not only lost a great patriot and statesman, but also a lover of the whole human race, a philosopher, and a distinguished writer. His vision wide, his sympathies always with the oppressed, he was an epitome of all that was noble in human nature. His goal was to help in creating a world where no one suffers, where happiness is there in all hearts. Panditji was a citizen of the world in the truest sense of the term, though an Indian to the core of his heart. He held no prejudices against any man of any nationality or faith, his sympathy was all-embracing.

As a writer, he has displayed not only a rare sensibility, a masterly treatment of the English language, but also the encyclopaedic mind that he had. He was a student of all branches of knowledge, all that was worth learning captured his heart and imagination. As a speaker he was almost arresting, the compelling hypnotic spell of his voice from the ramparts of the 'Red Fort' is something which we have lost for ever, but his speeches and writings have become a legacy, a treasure which generations will cherish.

We who were born during the Second World War or the wake of the Indian Independence, will miss him most. For Pt. Nehru has been the greatest single influence on our mind, on all that we have learned, understood and imbibed. For us, as for the rest of India, an epoch has ended. That Jawaharlal Nehru was the Prime Minister of India is but a fraction of the whole truth--he was our leader, our ideal, our protector and the greatest stabilizing influence in our life.

Today, he is not there in our midst, and though the protective umbrella has been removed, yet we walk into unknown future emboldened by his words, his deeds and the indelible memory of his personality. On us lies a great portion of the task to make the world a better place to live in, a happier, and more contented planet--which was his dream. Drawing inspiration from our memory of him, we re-dedicate ourselves to this task.

‘जग का हर’

‘विनोद सागर’ बी० ए०

अनुपम शीश की चंचल किरण युक्त से
तुम क्यों नयनों से दूर हुए ?

तुम जो गए दीपक से ज्योति,
ज्योति से उजाला रूठ गया ।

तुम जो गए गुलशन से गुल,
गुल से सुगन्धि भी रूठ गई ।

हे मानवता के पुण्य पुजारी,
तुम क्यों नयनों से दूर हुए ।

जाते ही तुम्हारे इस युग से,
‘जग’-सूर्य अचानक अस्त हुआ ।

‘सागर’ भी अचानक विलख उठा
हरियाली भी सब राख बनी ।

२७ मई सन् ६४ की यह तिथि भी,
स्वयं अपने से ही रूठ गई ।

हे पंचशील के निर्माता सेनानी जवाहर,
तुम क्यों नयनों से दूर हुए ?

कर्मयोगी जवाहर

श्री ओम् प्रकाश कोहली, एम० ए०

२७ मई के दुदिन ने मानवता से उसकी महान् अभिव्यक्ति छीन ली। इस घटना से शोक की जो लहर उपन्न हुई, वह अब थम चुकी है। अब स्थिर भाव से यह विचार किया जा सकता है कि उस 'महान् अभिव्यक्ति' में ऐसा क्या था जो अनुकरणीय है। वह अपने युग की विभूति था और उसके व्यक्तित्व का संघटन श्रेष्ठ मानवीय गुणों से हुआ था। उसके कार्यों और नीतियों के आलोचक अनेक थे, पर उसके व्यक्तित्व पर कभी किसी ने उंगली नहीं उठाई। राजनीति में उसके कट्टर विरोधी भी उसके व्यक्तित्व को, उसके मानव-पक्ष को सदैव श्रद्धा और सम्मान से देखते थे। उसकी महान् चांगित्रिक विशेषताओं में मानवता के लिए और विशेष रूप से अपने राष्ट्र के लिए सर्वोपरि महत्त्व की विशेषता है, उत्कट कर्म भावना। उसका सम्पूर्ण जीवन कार्य के प्रति समर्पित था, वह कर्म का निदर्शन था। मृत्यु से पहले की रात वह इस नन्मोष के साथ सोया था कि उसने 'सभी फाइलों की जाँच कर ली है'। क्या पता था कि ऐसी और फाइलों की जाँच के लिए वह नहीं जागेगा, यह उसकी आखिरी जाँच होगी। २७ मई की आकस्मिक विपत्ति एक मने में आकस्मिक नहीं भी थी। भुवनेश्वर अधिवेशन में ही उसकी पूर्वसूचना मिल चुकी थी। मित्रों और इष्टजनों ने, डॉक्टरों और सगे सम्बन्धियों ने कार्य से विश्राम लेने का आग्रह किया था। पर उसकी चेतना में कर्म की जो लौ प्रज्वलित हो चुकी थी, क्या वह व्याधियों की भङ्गा से बुझ सकती थी? उसके लिए व्याधि व्याधि नहीं थी, कर्म हीनता ही सबसे बड़ी व्याधि थी। वह

रोग से पूर्ण मुक्त भी नहीं हो पाया था कि उसने अपने को कर्म की तीव्र धारा को समर्पित कर दिया। पक्षाघात से दुर्बल देह लेकर भी वह सबलों और स्वस्थों से अधिक काम करता था। अद्भुत थी उसकी कार्य क्षमता !

आलस्य से उसका अपरिचय था। आज का काम कल पर टालने की दुर्बल मनोवृत्ति को उसने कभी उभरने नहीं दिया। भारतीय आलसी होते हैं, उसने अपने जीवन के दृष्टांत से इसे मिथ्या प्रमाणित कर दिया, वह सप्ताहों का काम दिनों में और दिनों का काम घंटों में करता था। कार्य को निपटाने की उसकी अपनी ही विधि थी। उसका शरीर बुद्धि का साथ देता था। उसका अन्तर्बाह्य स्फूर्त और गति शील था। 'आराम हराम है' का मन्त्र उसने अपने देशवासियों को सिखाया था। उसकी उत्कट कर्म चेतना क्षणिक भावावेश का परिणाम नहीं थी। पुष्ट जीवन-दर्शन उसका अधिष्ठान था। लौकिक जीवन ही उसके लिए सब कुछ था। आध्यात्मिकता और रहस्यवादिता से वह कभी सन्तुष्ट नहीं हो सका। उसे डर था कि आध्यात्मिकता या रहस्यवाद की दुनिया में खोकर कहीं वह कर्म से पराङ्मुख न हो जाए। उसे इहलोक के जीवन को रमणीय बनाना था। मानवता के काले धब्बों— उपनिवेशवाद, साम्राज्यवाद, जातिवाद, संकीर्णराष्ट्रवाद और युद्ध-लालसा को मिटाना था। वह मृत्यु के बाद के जीवन और तत्त्वचिंतन की जटिलताओं में नहीं उलझा, क्यों कि उसे इहलोक की जटिलताएँ मुलभानी थीं। उसने कहा था, 'असल में मेरी

दिलचस्पी इस दुनिया में और इस जिन्दगी में है, किसी दूसरी दुनिया या आनेवाली जिन्दगी में नहीं'।

उसके समक्ष विस्तीर्ण कर्मक्षेत्र था। उसे साम्राज्यशाही के बन्धन से अपने देश को स्वतन्त्र करना था, एशिया, अफ्रीका और अन्यत्र भी उपनिवेशवाद के विरुद्ध सिर उठा रहे स्वतन्त्रता के आन्दोलनों को बलप्रदान करना था, विश्व को युद्ध के त्रास से मुक्ति दिलानी थी, राजनीति का नैतिकता से समभाव प्रमाणित करना था और सबसे बढ़कर शताब्दियों से गुलाम भारत का भौतिक और सांस्कृतिक पुनर्गठन करना था। देश और विश्व की राजनीतिक-सामाजिक स्थिति उसका आह्वान कर रही थी। हैरो और कैम्ब्रिज की प्राचीरें उस प्रसारशील व्यक्तित्व को कैसे आबद्ध कर सकती थीं। सन् १९१२ में स्वदेश लौटते ही वह राजनीतिक संघर्ष में जुट गया। चाहता तो राजनीतिक संघर्ष से अलग रहकर धनी और सम्पन्न परिवार के बालकों की तरह ऐश्वर्यपूर्ण जीवन जी सकता था। पर वस्तुस्थिति से पलायन का उसकी मूल प्रकृति से ही विरोध था। कर्म में ही उसे शांति मिल सकती थी। उसी ने पूर्ण स्वाधीनता की सिंह गर्जना की थी। अखिल भारतीय कांग्रेस कमेटी के बम्बई अधिवेशन में उसी ने ऐतिहासिक 'भारत छोड़ो' प्रस्ताव पेश किया था। पूर्ण स्वाधीनता के लक्ष्य की घोषणा कर चुकने पर जनता को इसकी प्राप्ति के लिए तैयार करने का नैतिक दायित्व उसी के कंधों पर आ पड़ा था। गांधी जी के निर्देशन में उसी ने जनता को पूर्ण स्वाधीनता की मंजिल तक पहुँचाया था। किन्तु स्वाधीन भारत पराधीन भारत से भी अधिक कठिन कसौटी था। बीसवीं शताब्दी के मध्यभाग में भी भारत मध्ययुग का जीवन जी रहा था। जनता रूढ़ियों, परम्पराओं और अन्धविश्वासों में आबद्ध थी। साम्प्रदायिक कटुता और द्वेष का

नंगा नाच हो रहा था। देशी रियासतें नासूर बनकर राष्ट्रबल का अपहरण कर रही थीं। कृषि और उद्योग पिछड़े हुए थे। बेकारी और दरिद्रता सुरसा की तरह मुँह बाये खड़ी थी। जातिवाद, प्रांतवाद और भाषावाद की विघटनशील प्रवृत्तियाँ राष्ट्र को सत्त्वहीन करने पर उतारू थीं। सामाजिक जीवन में विषमता गहरी पैठ चुली थी। विश्व रंगमंच पर भारत का, अत्यन्त प्राचीन देश होते हुए भी, नए राष्ट्र के रूप में अभ्युदय होना था। ऐसी स्थिति में हमारे कर्मयोगी की प्रतिक्रिया वही हुई जो होनी चाहिए थी। उसने अपने दायित्व को समझा, देश के अभ्युत्थान का हृदय संकल्प किया। आधुनिक भारत के निर्माण की सुस्पष्ट योजना उसकी चेतना में उदय हुई। उसके नेतृत्व में देश के आर्थिक विकास की बहुमुखी योजनाएँ शुरू हुईं। उसने हमारी मान्यताओं को बदला, नए मंदिरों और नए तीर्थों का निर्माण हुआ, खेतों और कारखानों में जिन्दगी लहराने लगी, नए भारत के निर्माण की नींव तेजी से तैयार होने लगी। देशव्यापी इस महदुद्योग के मूल में व्याप्त थी उसकी अक्षय प्रेरणा। गरीबी और विषमता पर उसने समाजवाद के हथौड़े से प्रहार किया और व्यक्ति की स्वतन्त्रता के लिए लोकतन्त्र की प्रतिष्ठा की। यही नहीं नवस्वतन्त्र भारत को उसने विश्व के राष्ट्रमण्डल में गौरव पूर्ण उच्चपद पर प्रतिष्ठित किया। उसकी नीतियों के कार्यान्वयन में श्रुति हो सकती है, यही नहीं उसकी कुछ नीतियाँ भी प्रचलित मानों पर खरी नहीं उत्तर सकतीं, पर क्या कभी उसके सरसंकल्प और अभिप्राय में भी शंका हो सकेगी ?

राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर उसने जिस महदुद्योग का उपक्रम किया, उससे कहीं बड़ा उपक्रम अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर युद्धविहीन संसार की रचना के लिए किया। युद्ध अनिवार्य है या नहीं, इस मूल प्रश्न को छोड़ दें, तो मानवता को उसकी सबसे बड़ी देन यह है कि

उसने अपने जीवनकाल में मानव-सभ्यता को नष्ट होने में बचाए रखा ।

ऊपर की पंक्तियों में हमने उस कर्मयोगी वीर पुरुष की जिस असाधारण कार्यक्षमता की चर्चा की है, उसकी प्रेरक शक्ति क्या है? वह त्रिविध है : भारत की समृद्ध सांस्कृतिक परम्परा का गर्व, भारतीय जनता के व्यापक प्रेम की प्राप्ति और मानव-सभ्यता को विकसित करने की चेतना । अपने देश की सांस्कृतिक परम्परा से वह कितने अभिभूत थे, इसकी मार्मिक व्यंजना उनकी ऐतिहासिक वसीयत से हो जाती है : 'मुझे फ़ख है इस शानदार उत्तराधिकार का, इस विरासत का जो हमारी रही है और हमारी है और मुझे यह भी अच्छी तरह मालूम है कि मैं भी, हम सब की तरह, इस जंजीर की एक कड़ी हूँ जो कि कभी और कहीं नहीं टूटी है और जिसका सिलसिला हिन्दुस्तान के अतीत इतिहास के प्रारम्भ से चला आ रहा है । यह सिलसिला मैं कभी नहीं तोड़ सकता, क्योंकि मैं इसकी बेहद कद्र करता हूँ और इससे मुझे प्रेरणा हिम्मत और हौसला मिलता है ।' और इससे भी अधिक सशक्त प्रेरणा है देशवासियों का अविभक्त प्यार । प्यार हमें प्रेरित करता है कि हम प्यार करने वाले के प्रेम के योग्य बूटें । उसके अपने शब्दों में 'मुझे मेरे देश की जनता ने, मेरे हिन्दुस्तानी भाई और बहिनों ने इतना प्रेम और इतनी मुहब्बत दी है कि चाहे मैं जित्ना कुछ करूँ, वो उसके एक छोटे हिस्से का बदला नहीं हो सकता । सच तो यह है कि प्रेम इतनी कीमती चीज़ है कि इसके बदले कुछ देना मुमकिन नहीं है । इस दुनिया में बहुत से लोग हुए जिनको अच्छा समझकर, बड़ा मानकर, उनका आदर किया गया,

पूजा गया, लेकिन भारत के लोगों ने छोटे और बड़े, अमीर और गरीब, सब तबको, बहनों और भाइयों ने मुझे इतना प्यार किया कि जिसका बयान करना मेरे लिए मुश्किल है और इससे मैं दब गया । मैं आशा करता हूँ कि मैं अपने जीवन के बाकी वर्षों में अपने देशवासियों की सेवा करता रहूँ और उनके प्रेम के योग्य होऊँ ।' मानव-सभ्यता के विकास की उसकी सदिच्छा युद्धविहीन संसार की रचना के प्रयत्नों से ही प्रमाणित है ।

उसकी कर्मप्रेरक शक्ति का स्रोत अक्षय रहा है । इतने भारी से भारी विपद् में भी उसे सहारा दिया है । उसके जीवन में अनेक ऐसे क्षण आए थे जबकि समर्थ मनुष्य भी डावांड़ोल हो उठते हैं, किन्तु वह अविचल रहा । जीवन संगिनी कमला यौवन को अकेला छोड़ कर चली गई, पिता का संरक्षक साया उठ गया, गुरुतुल्य महात्मा गांधी उस समय अकेला छोड़ गए जिस समय उनके निर्देशन की सबसे अधिक आवश्यकता थी, पटेल और मौलाना जैसे सुखदुःख के साथी भी जीवनयात्री की आखिरी मंजिल तक पहुँचने से पहले ही चल बसे, देश ने उसके उपदेशों को सराहा पर वह उनपर चला नहीं । मित्रों ने विश्वासघात किया, पड़ोसी भी धोखा दे गए और सबसे बढ़कर जीवन के अंतिम काल में शरीर भी साथ देने से इन्कार करने लगा । पर मानवता का उन्नायक वह कर्मठ सेनानी अपने गन्तव्य की ओर बढ़ता रहा । शरीरबल खूट गया, पर मनोबल बना रहा और बना रहा मृत्यु से पहले की रात तक । उसका सम्पूर्ण जीवन कर्म के प्रति समर्पित रहा । गीता का कर्मयोग उसमें पुनरुज्जीवित हुआ था ।

Glimpses of Nehru before Independence

Dr. R. Bharadwaj

THE forefathers of the late lamented Jawaharlal Nehru belonged to Kashmir. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Moghal Empire was crumbling, Pandit Raj Kaul, who enjoyed reputation for erudition in Sanskrit and Persian, was summoned by a royal firman to Delhi to teach Farrukh Siyar. He came down to the capital and took up his residence on the bank of the *Nahar* (canal), and for this reason he began to be called Kaul Nehru. It was how 'Nehru' became the surname of the family. Several generations after, Pandit Ganga Dhar, grandfather of our hero, became the Kotwal of Delhi. In 1857 the Nehru family moved to Agra and thence, with the transfer of the High Court, to Allahabad. Pandit Gangadhar had three sons, the third being the posthumous Pandit Motilal, who was brought up by his eldest brother, Pandit Nandlal Vakil. Having graduated Pandit Motilal also began to practise law at Kanpur, but on his eldest brother's death he moved to Allahabad and soon distinguished himself as the topmost advocate.

Pandit Motilal begot Jawahar at Allahabad on 14th November, 1889, and ten years after purchased Anand Bhawan. At the age of five, the only son began to receive education like an English child and learnt how to read, write, swim and play tennis. Not for a single day he was educated in an Indian school. Munshi Mubrarak Ali

told Jawahar the anecdotes relating to the revolution of 1856 and also stories from the *Alif Laila* (*The Arabian Nights*), while the child's mother and aunt recited to him stories from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. Among his teachers were some English ladies and also F. T. Brookes, a theosophist who shunned meat and drink and dressed like an Indian in dhoti and kurta. Once when Jawahar, under his influence, told his father Pandit Motilal, that he would not eat meat and go to a cinema or a theatre, Brooke's services were dispensed with. A Pandit taught him Sanskrit and Hindi. Fond of swimming he took delight in dragging those relations or friends into the house pool who did not know how to swim. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was one of those who were afraid of water deeper than fifteen inches and he would scream aloud when Jawahar acted as a crocodile.

In 1905, at sixteen, Jawahar got admitted to the Public School at Harrow. He was a student, ordinary but intelligent, interested in football and cricket. There he came in contact with Lala Hardayal who then studied at Oxford. Of his classfellows were the princes of Gaekwad and Kapurthala. Two years after he entered the Trinity College at Cambridge where he had a passion for boating and became a prominent member of the Indian Majlis, other members of which were Dr. Saifuddin

Kichiu, Dr. Sayed Mahumud, T. A. K. Sherwani, K. M. Khwaja and Sir Shah Muhammed Sulaiman.

Adventurous as Jawahar was, he went to Norway in 1909 with some of his friends and there while bathing he slipped into a glacier but happily an English friend of his was able to draw him out. In 1910 he took his M. Sc. and then joined the Inner Temple for the study of law and became a barrister at law in due course. Although he did not take part in politics, he was influenced by a wave of socialism. In 1912 he returned to India, a full-fledged barrister steeped in Western ways and habits. He began to practise law and help his father, but he had no interest in it. So in 1920 he left that profession for good and passed most of his time in friends' circles, debates on political subjects, and social service.

Jawaharlal attended the Congress Session in 1912 although he had done so in his boyhood too. In 1913 he became a member of the Provincial Congress Committee and began to participate in its activities. In those days discrimination between the white and the black was rampant in Africa, and the Indian Government showed indifference towards the Indian emigrants. Gopal Krishna Gokhle, therefore, made a fervent appeal for funds to help them. A committee was formed for the purpose, of which Jawahar became Secretary. Later on he took great interest in the agitation at Allahabad for the protection of the rights of those labourers who had emigrated to Fiji Islands; He also

took an active interest in organizing a procession on the death of Gokhle.

In 1916 Jawahar was married to Kamla. He had one daughter, Indira. But the chaste lady did not keep good health and died during treatment in Europe. Her ashes were flown by air and immersed in the Triveni at Allahabad. The loving husband did not remarry.

In founding the Home Rule League he co-operated with Dr. (Mrs.) Annie Besant along with others and became the Joint Secretary of its Allahabad branch. He put on kurta and dhoti.

Owing to the proclamation of the Rowlatt Act in 1919, Mahatma Gandhi headed a great agitation known as Satyagraha, which led Jawahar to become an extremist and take great pains in the investigation of the atrocities perpetrated at Jallianwalla Bagh. In 1920 he happened to stay at an hotel in Mussoorie with some members of his family, when he was advised by the Government to refrain from exchanging views with the Afghans. On refusal to give the undertaking, he had to leave the hill station within twenty four hours; but owing to the illness of his mother he was allowed to go back. He had a big hand in founding *The Independent*, a daily, which came to have the largest circulation in India, but which had to be closed under displeasure of the Government. He was drawn to the Kisan agitation in 1918 and it was owing to his untiring efforts that it assumed formidable dimensions from 1919 to 1921. This gave him an op-

portunity to mix with the poor masses of India, to dine and sleep with them and also to understand their difficulties, and ways and means to redress them.

In 1919 Mahatma Gandhi paid a visit to Pandit Motilal Nehru and Jawahar had a good opportunity of coming in closer contact with him. From 1920 onwards the Nehru family began to make sacrifices, too numerous to mention. Anand Bhawan, a palatial building, was dedicated to the Congress. Pandit Motilal led the Swarajya Party in 1925, his son represented the Indian National Congress in a conference at Brussels to advocate anti-imperialism. Both father and son became president of the Indian National Congress—the one in 1928 and the other in 1929 when the resolution for complete independence for India was passed. In 1931, Pandit Motilal left for his heavenly abode, and the Gandhi—Irwin Pact came into being. On 15th January, 1934, an earthquake rocked the whole of Bihar, and Jawaharlal rushed there for social service. In 1935 he went to Switzerland, the ominous year when his beloved consort passed away.

In 1939 he visited Ceylon and China.

Jawaharlal went to jail ten times for the country's cause. His last imprisonment was in 1942 in connection with the 'Quit India' Movement of Mahatma Gandhi, the Mahatma's advice to the Indians being 'Do or die'. The Government adopted very stern measures to curb the movement, the atrocities perpetrated were simply shocking. Whole of India was in a state of lull, fear and political indolence; perhaps, also because of the Second World War. It was only in 1945 when the brave Jawaharlal came out of prison that the Indian masses had a sigh of relief and renewed enthusiasm at his fearless and roaring speeches.

Ultimately on 15th August, 1947, India got complete independence. I had often heard that Jawahar would become the Prime Minister, but I never thought he would ever condescend to become one. For I believed and still believe that he, a patriot, politician, scholar and orator, was much greater.



Jawaharlal Nehru was a man of deeds.
His father, a pearl ; he himself, a ruby.
The one, the cool brain ; the other, the warm heart,
Which sprang to the peoples of the world so wide.
And resides in the mind of the East and West
Associated deeply with Gandhi, guide,
With whom for Bharat's freedom he pined, fought, strove
And got it at last to the applause of all,

सत्ताईस मई

बलभद्र प्रसाद शोभा, बी० एससी०

दिन में रात,
न सूर्य न वात,
उमस और घबराहट,
न उल्लास न कोई आहट ।
२७ मई,
अंकित हर भारतीय के नहीं,
मानवता के हृदय पर है,
भारत का नहीं विश्व का घातक शर है ।
२७ मई,
आज सम्पूर्ण मानवता रो उठी थी ।
घरित्री का दृढ़ धैर्य टूट गया था,
आज का दिन था, जब पुरुषार्थ
भाग्य के आगे फूट गया था ।
२७ मई,
आज ही का दिन था,
विधाता के भी आँसू न रुके,
न सूखे ।
आज काल के क्रूर हाथों ने,
बुझा दिया था दिया
इस विश्व के जीवन का ।
मव सहम उठे, हाय इतना भय, इतना आतंक,
न देखा न सुना था,
सब चुप—आकाश, पृथ्वी,
जड़—चेतन,
भुके—केतन ।
मौन एक दूसरे को निहारते,

स्वर न फूटता था
होट हिलकर रह जाते ।
चाहते थे सब कहना, 'भूठ है'
विश्वास भी कैसे हो ?
मानव मर सकता है, आँसू भी बहा सकते हैं
सान्त्वना भी धरा सकते हैं
पर पर, मानवता का रूप ही मर जाये
सुना ही नहीं था, तो क्या करते ?
अविश्वास के सिवा कहाँ विचरते ?
विधाता, देख, तू भी रो उठेगा ।
विश्व से "लाल" नहीं शांति उठ गई है,
नव युग की क्रान्ति उठ गई है ।
हाय—२७ मई क्या कर दिया तूने,
राष्ट्र संघ को विधवा के आँगन सा कर दिया तूने,
भारत को बे 'लाल' का महल कर दिया ।
यही न्याय था तेरा विधाता, इतना क्रूर,
इतना कठोर खेल खेला,
सब मेला
उजाड़ फेंका, उखाड़ फेंका ।
काश यह दिन न आता
२७ मई तेरी सुबह न होती,
पृथ्वी मानवता की महान् मूर्ति
यों न खोती
विश्व की आँखें गीली न हुई होती ।
हृदय का लहू जम तो न गया होता,
तेरी सुबह, साँझ न हुई होती ।

“This Country is Mine”

Gurdarshan S. Mamik, B. A., (Old Student)

A country is great, not if it can make deadly bombs and other destructive weapons, not if it can make other countries bow before it with force, not if it has achieved tremendous progress in science and technology, but a country is great if its people are great, i.e., if its inhabitants have spiritual greatness, if they have great moral qualities, if they live and die for one another, if they do not distinguish and discriminate between man and man, if their motto of life is 'co-operation' and 'co-existence'. In this materialistic world people are craving for more comforts and more materialistic progress. They seem to be bent upon gaining more and more of ease, luxuries and power.

In the wake of this, they are losing their souls by giving no importance to the widening of intellect and promotion of spiritual faculties. That is why there is no 'contentment' in people. It is the outcome of this that war clouds are hovering on the sky. People are scared of war breaking out once again. People have lost faith in one another. Nobody is prepared to trust anybody. Is this an emblem of progress and prosperity? Can we say that people are happy in the present time? Of course, not at all? Nobody can attain true happiness unless he has the great quality of contentment which can be achieved only through widening of intellect and cultivation of spiritual qualities

in himself.

The whole world is after material progress. In our country were born great spiritualists and intellectuals, who have left their impressions on us all. Since our country still looks upon great saints, intellectuals and spiritualists with awe and respect, therefore, this country is great. Here people still have reverent attraction and respect for spiritual and moral eternal qualities. Here, there are people who know the value of contentment and the way to be contented. We not only preach co-existence but also practise it. This land is great because the inhabitants of this land realize the value of unity in diversity. At the time of need of the Nation, every one gets prepared to sacrifice oneself and everything one possesses at the altar of the Motherland. We showed the whole world how we could be united when one of our neighbouring countries attacked us about two years ago throwing to the winds all notions of friendliness. The enemy must have well realized the toughness of the job to fight against a United Nation. Everyone got prepared to die for the cause of the nation. Our soldiers made the enemy feel and realize that the Indian soldiers were the top-most and the most daring ones in the world. This they could impress only, because, they stood together and resolved to fall together. We never knew that there could be a foe in the disguise of a

friend. We had never thought of meanness. With this treachery of a so-called friend, now every one shall look with suspicion at one's friends. But we showed the entire world that though we are most sacrificing for our friends yet we can be the bitterest against our enemies.

We are basically a peace-loving country but, when it comes to that, we can be the toughest fighters. This is a well-established characteristic quality of the Indian. We still value the Man and not the glamour about him. This is why really great men are most honoured in this country. It is because of this that India is called, 'the land of the saints'; the land of the Buddha, Gandhi and Nehru.

But now the time is come when we must not only feel happy and contented by looking at our glorious past. It is high time we get cautious and prepare ourselves against the ensuing and hovering danger which we apprehend from our erstwhile friends. The time is such that we cannot afford to risk any more treachery from any of our friends. We should try for the best relations with other countries but also remain alert and prepared for the worst. Let us pledge that we shall always live and die for our Motherland. The highest order of service which one can render to one's holy Motherland is to sacrifice oneself in the service of one's nation. Those who die for the cause of the Nation never die but remain alive for ever and become immortal.

Can any one of us think that all those

brave soldiers of India, yes, our land, who died in Ladakh or Nefa, fighting to repel the enemy from touching this holy land, can ever be forgotten? No, never! They have served the country in the highest order and their memory shall always burn in our hearts and shall always inculcate a deep sense of duty in the mind and heart of not only every Indian, but, in the heart and mind of every person who loves Freedom and lives to die for the cause of his freedom. Their memory shall always incite us to do good for the country, to live in the service of our country and when the time demands we should lay our lives at the altar of our country. We should serve our Motherland with whatever we have in our possession.

Now the time is come when there should be a revolution in the minds and hearts of every Indian. Each of us should realize the intensity of the movement. We should feel and realize that if the country lives then all of us live, but, if the country dies, all of us die. We had to go through untold sufferings and tortures for over 200 years before we could attain our freedom and that too only after the martyrdom of so many of the brave freedom-fighters. Should we not pay our reverence and respect to those who sacrificed themselves to attain freedom of the Nation for us? Should we not keep their memory alive? Should we let go their sacrifices waste? No! No, we must never forget whatever they have done for us and try our best to live upto their hopes. We must not forget the day

when we took the pledge to throw the invaders out of our country and make India a free nation for all times to come. Let us renew our resolve and then work for it, live for it and die for it. The call of the Nation demands only one thing: 'Service and Sacrifice.....'

Let each Indian feel and say

proudly, with a burning urge to serve the Nation—'I shall work for my Motherland, live for her and die for her, if it is demanded of me. This is my duty, first and last, because this country is mine.' With these words let us pay our homage to our late Prime Minister, Shri Jawaharlal who lived and died for India.

WE TOO DIE A LITTLE !*

Only with death does the void appear
Stark in all its magnitude,
A nation mourns—
A people's shed and unshed tears
The tribute of our hearts
As we pass in homage
Through the hours of day and night
Each in our grieving solitude.
And as we watch you pass
On the final journey,
We too die a little.
For with you dies a splendour
And a dream.
The splendour of courageous struggle
For our nation's freedom,
The final flash of that heroic few;
The dream of human liberty.
You were the symbol
Who held the flag for all to see,
You made your vision ours
And through your eyes
We saw the future of our land—
Free of want, from prejudice and tyranny.
You were the voice of our highest hopes
And now that voice is stilled
A silence shrouds our land
And leaves our hearts bereft.
We loved you for our own
With tenderness and gratitude and pride.
With the warmth of an old friend—
So we are left
Bewildered, unbelieving.
For to your indomitable spirit
Death is no kin,
And the integrity of our world
Is denied.

Harji Malik

IN MEMORIAM*

Now you are gone, to join the ranks of those
whose names will ever live in every heart
with joyous fragrance, like the budding rose
that was of you so intimate a part;
you fought and strove to give our nation light,
to bring it freedom, break its binding chain,
you warred against a vast, imperial might,
you suffered grief and anguish, loss and pain;
but yet you fought, and when at last we won
and took our place in freedom's glowing light
you did yourself become the nation's sun
and for her welfare laboured day and night.
Now you are gone, and we who stay behind
will cherish our sweet memories of you
and strive with every power of heart and mind
to make your dreams of glory come out true.

Dr. KARAN SINGH,
Sadr-i-Riyasat,
Jammu and Kashmir

*Reproduced from The Hindustan Times, New Delhi.

“मौन श्रद्धाञ्जलि”

उमेश चन्द्र सक्सेना बी० ए० हिन्दी (विपेश) द्वितीय वर्ष

मन रो माता लाल तेरे बहुतेरे—

विविध भारती द्वारा प्रसारित मनोरंजन कार्यक्रम मूने में मैं इतना लीन हो गया था कि आस पाम का बोध ही नहीं रहा था। आँखें उनींदी सी होने लगी थीं और मैं निद्रा के प्रथम चरण तक पहुंच चुका था! भपकी लेते-अचानक सोचने लग, भविष्य के गर्त में क्या छिपा है, इसे कोई नहीं जान सता और—मानव मन, सभी कुछ जानने की इच्छा से अपना समस्त जीवन उत्सर्ग कर देता है।—माँ के इस करुण-क्रन्दन विलाप से मेरा हृदय द्रवित सा हो उठा। मैं अचानक मर्माहत सा हो उठा—माँ के बच्चे के मरने पर कवि किन करुणा-भावपूर्ण शब्दों में सार्वना देने का प्रयत्न कर रहा है—माँ की अथाह वेदना पर कान के क्रूर हाथ किसी को भी नहीं छोड़ते—छोटा-बड़ा-अपना-पराया—सभी व्यर्थ है! काल के सन्मुख—“ओह” सोचता सा मैं अचानक चौंक पड़ा! “आज कैसे अचानक ही यह विचार मेरे मन में आ रहे हैं? “मृत्यु” शब्द तो चिह्न पर क्या कभी स्वप्न में भी इसका विचार नहीं आना चाहिए—

—गाना अचानक ही बीच में रुक गया—
एक शोक-सूचक धुन बजने लगी—मैं किसी भयानक अनिष्ट की आशंका से कांप उठा—?

“हमें अत्यन्त शोक के साथ यह समाचार समस्त जनता को देना पड़ रहा है कि देश के कर्णधार, विश्वशांति के अग्रदूत महान नेता श्री जवाहरलाल नेहरू का अभी-अभी लगभग दो बजे

उनके तीन मूर्ति स्थित निवास-स्थान पर देहावासन हो गया—! सुनकर मैं स्तब्ध रह गया—
क्या यह सत्य है?—अथवा एक भयानक स्वप्न—?
“नहीं-नहीं”—“नेहरू जी इतनी शीघ्र नहीं जा सकते—” मैं भावावेश में चीख सा उठा—अभी तो उन्होंने कहा था? “मेरे जीवन का अन्त इतने शीघ्र नहीं हो सकता—” मैं स्वप्न से जागकर वास्तविकता पर आया—तभी फोन की घन्टी ने मेरा ध्यान अपनी ओर आकर्षित किया—
हैलो—हैलो—उमेश! नेहरू जी नहीं रहे—

“क्या कह रहे हो अभिताप! कहीं पागल तो नहीं हो गए हो?”

“नहीं दोस्त—नेहरू जी नहीं रहे—!”

“मैंने अपने एक अन्य परिचित के यहाँ फोन करके इस कथन की सत्यता जाननी चाही—
हाँ भाई—हमें अफसोस है—आपका कथन सत्य है—! अब क्या होगा—? मैं मर्माहत सा हो गया—! नीचे आया—!

लोगों के समूह के समूह खड़े थे—, विचारणीय प्रमुख प्रश्न था—नेहरू जी— इस दर्दनाक समाचार से लोग शोक मग्न थे— एक सज्जन—कुछ अस्थिर और स्वतन्त्र विचारों वाले ने चुप्पी तोड़ते हुए कहा “भाई, भगवान जो करता है अच्छा ही करता है— सभी उनकी ओर आश्चर्य से देखने लगे—” और बया— जो होना था, वह तो हो चुका— सोचने से मनुष्य जी तो नहीं सकता—! एक युवक जो इस मृत्यु से अत्यन्त दुखी था, उनके कथन

ने उसके दुःख की अग्नि पर धी का काम किया— अग्नि भड़क ही उठी— युवक का श्वेत मुख कुछ दुःख, क्रोध और राष्ट्रनायक के प्रति ऐसे वचनों से एकाएक लाल हो उठा— उसने कुछ कहने के लिये मुंह खोला ही था कि हाथों ने त्रिजली की तेजी से अपना कार्य कर ही दिया ?

“तड़ाक ! तड़ाक !!” चाटों की तीव्र ध्वनि सन्नाटे को चीरती हुई तीव्र से तीव्रतम होती गई; जबतक कि वे सज्जन धूल न चाटने लगे— वातावरण में एकाएक गर्मी सी आ गई— नीच ! देशद्रोही !!— उसकी आंखों में खून उतर आया था। “मैं तेरा खून पी लूँगा ! चला जा, मेरी आंखों के सामने से !” किसी से दृष्टि मिला सकने में वे असमर्थ— उनका अपमानित व आहत चेहरा— वह आगे बढ़ गए— धीरे-धीरे— अपने घर की ओर—

वह युवक रमेश था—

मई की चिलचिलाती घूप, सूर्यदेव अपनी प्रचण्डता का प्रदर्शन पूर्ण रूप से कर रहे थे। मैदान में सभी लोग निस्तब्ध संज्ञाहीन और मौन थे, कुछ सिसक रहे थे, कुछ संवेदना प्रकट कर रहे थे। हदन अविराम गति से बढ़ रहा था। शोक विह्वल लोग आसुओं से अपने दुःख को शांत करने की चेष्टा कर रहे थे— पर रोने से दुःख और भी उमड़ रहा था—

पर यह क्या ? वातावरण एकाएक परिवर्तित हो चला, काली आंधी का वेग, प्रलयकारी विनाश का चित्रण दिखाने को आतुर था ! सन्नाटा बढ़ रहा था, मन के अज्ञात कोने में आशंका की तरह। दीर्घ निश्वास और गम्भीर उच्छ्वास वातावरण की गम्भीरता में विषाद और शोक भर रहे थे। “राष्ट्र

का सूर्य डूब गया” एक ने रुंधे कण्ठ से कहा और आश्चर्य— मई की भरी दुपहरी में सूर्य सचमुच ही डूब गया था शायद वह भी शोक विह्वल हो बादलों की ओट में हो गया था।— अन्धकार घना होता जा रहा था— इस मनहूस वातावरण में आर्तनाद बढ़ता ही जा रहा था ! आसमान भी जो— शायद अथाह वेदना को अब तक रोके पड़ा था— असहनीय दुःख से वह भी उमड़ पड़ा— और वह युवक शांत दुःखपूर्ण और अश्रुपूर्ण भीड़ को चीरता हुआ चल पड़ा— तीन मूर्ति की ओर—

अवसाद से परिपूर्ण सारा जनसमूह उमका अनुकरण कर रहा था। क्षण भर में सब राजपथ पर थे ! तीन मूर्ति की ओर लोगों की भीड़, साइकिलों, बसों और अन्य परिवहनों की सहायता से बढ़ी जा रही थी— एक कोलाहल लिए, एक खलबली लिए— ! दिन में शांति थी— मौत की सी भयंकरता सब ओर छाई हुई थी—

अश्रुपूर्ण नेत्रों से परिपूर्ण, अपार जनसमुदाय की आंखें एक दूसरे की ओर अज्ञात आशंका से देख रही थीं— शाक और टीस बढ़ती जा रही थी— युवक रमेश के लिये घर रहना असम्भव सा हो गया था ! उसके कदम भी तीन मूर्ति की ओर बढ़ चुके थे। नेहरू जी के विशाल भवन के सन्मुख दुःखी लोगों की उत्सुक आंखें बन्द दरवाजे की ओर थीं— पहले पर तैनात पुलिस अफसर से उस युवक ने अदर जाने की आज्ञा चाही— अफसर कर्तव्य बढ़ था— दुःख में उसने अचानक गगन भेदी पुकार की, “चाचा नेहरू जिन्दाबाद—” और आश्चर्य— सभी ने देखा उसने अपना सिर वहाँ के बन्द दरवाजे से मार दिया— माथा फट गया— सिर से चूता हुआ लाल रक्त, रक्तम आभा से, फर्श पर उसकी प्रशंसा की गाथा लिखने लगा—

THE MAN WITH A ROSE

Shri V. N. Khanna

Jawaharlal Nehru, in the words of President Rajkrishnan, was ".....one of the greatest figures of our generation, an outstanding statesman whose services to the cause of human freedom are unforgettable." He was not only the Prime Minister of India but much more than that. He was a hero for the teeming millions of this country, leader of the people, of the biggest political party in India and of the Parliament. He was friend, philosopher and guide of his colleagues and 'Uncle' of millions of young children in this country. He led the people of this country for nearly two decades without any serious challenge to his authority—and yet he was not a dictator. He was a perfect democrat. If he wanted to become a dictator he could have very easily become one. But he was not prepared even to suggest whom he would like to succeed him as leader of the Congress Party and thus as Prime Minister. The smooth and democratic election of Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri as leader of the Congress Party and formation of the new government under his leadership is mainly due to the democratic traditions established by the departed leader.

Jawaharlal Nehru was India and India was Jawaharlal. So much so that when he passed away on that unfortunate day of May 27, 1964, we could not believe it. We had denied him the

right to die but he worked himself to death. Nothing was dearer to his heart than the interest of India and the welfare of the people of this land. In spite of his age and failing health he was not prepared to admit that he was old and that he was going to die so soon. When he actually died and his body lay in state at his residence at Teen Murti Marg lakhs of Indian people turned up to see for themselves how could this beloved young man of 75 die. Even at midnight (May-27-28) there were mile long queues of weeping and sobbing men and women—young and old and children, of course—waiting patiently to pay their last homage to the man who had so nicely guided their destinies for seventeen long years. Some people felt, as Vice-President Zakir Hussain observed while paying homage to Shri Nehru, that their brother had passed away, some felt that they had lost their son, some had lost in him their uncle and many were missing their beloved.

Prime Minister Nehru always remained accessible to people, especially to peasants and children. Even during the early days of the Chinese aggression on India he found time to address the Staff and students of the University of Delhi. He said that at one time he thought of cancelling the engagement, but he did not do so because he thought that by going to the University he



THE NAGA LOOK.

Courtesy : The Illustrated Weekly of India, Bombay.

“What appealed to me about all the(se) tribal people was not only their physique and health but that the men and women alike looked one in the face and were not afraid or inhibited. Altogether, they struck me as a fine lot of which any country can be proudPerhaps, I felt happy with these simple folk because the nomad in me found congenial soil in their company . They are a great deal more democratic than most others in India.. (They are a people who) sing and dance and try to enjoy life, not people who sit in stock exchanges, shout at each other and think themselves civilized .. We may well succeed in uprooting them from their way of life with its standards and discipline and give them nothing in its place. We may make them feel ashamed of themselves and their own people and thus they may become thoroughly frustrated and unhappy.....In our well-meant efforts to improve them, we (must therefore be careful that we) do not do them grievous injury.....I am not at all sure which is the better way of living, the tribal or our own. In some respects I am quite certain theirs is better.”

Jawaharlal Nehru

would get a chance to meet the young students and that he would get strength and courage from them. This quality of detachment was always admired by his friends and critics alike. At one time you would find him dealing with a complicated international situation and a few minutes later he would be discussing the problem of thousands of refugees. After sometime you could find him mixing up with children or laying a foundation stone. Such was the man who governed this country for nearly two decades.

Any problem, howsoever small or insignificant, put before him always got his attention. Normally he worked for eighteen hours a day and yet he was always fresh. He could not become a ruthless administrator because he did not ration his time as Prime Minister. He could have easily done that but in that case, 'he would not be the man that the country knows and loves'¹

"After Nehru what" which was on everybody's lips was a magnificent tribute to Nehru's incomparable role in India's political framework. Shri E. M. S. Namboodiripad, who was dismissed by Nehru's government as Chief Minister of Kerala, writing a few months after his dismissal refused to agree with the view that Nehru's government was an astonishing failure. Creation of what came to be known as the 'Bandung Spirit', the lead given by him in formulating the Five-Year Plans, his emphasis on secularism, and

his forthright denunciation of obscurantism and superstition were of great importance "to a country which is intent on developing itself on modern, democratic lines."²

Gandhiji, the political Guru of Nehru, said about the younger leader that the youth of the country had every reason to be proud of their representative. "He is fearless yet gentle; being a stranger to weakness and weakening diffidence,..... having no diplomacy about him, hates diplomatic language and insists upon going straight to the point."....."He is too noble to say anything to please anybody, if he does not believe in it."

This man who hated diplomatic language held the office of External Affairs Minister for seventeen years. The role that India has played in world politics under his leadership, was the only possible one she could have played, consistent with her own security and world peace. Referring to the foreign policy that Shri Nehru followed, Shri M. C. Chagla says, 'India's foreign policy is the extension into external affairs of her traditions, history and philosophy.' Nehru's greatest contribution is his doctrine of co-existence and non-alignment. He did not want India to become a neutralized country like Switzerland. He wanted and tried for non-alignment with the power blocks, If a country joins one or the other power block she loses her real independence.

¹ H.V.R. Ienger: 'P.M. at Work,' in a 'Study of Nehru.'

² Namboodiripad, 'A Democrat in the Dock,' in a 'Study of Nehru' by Zakaria.

She can not think independently nor she can act freely. India always made her humble contribution to World affairs both in the United Nations and outside. His was a gentle and dignified approach even in the international sphere—a Gandhian technique. Referring to Pakistan Shri Chagla says that with her leaders indulging in bellicose propaganda and rattling the sabre, with perpetual border incidents, with unarmed planes being shot down, with the temper of the Indian people rising, "Nehru has gone on preaching restraint and patience in dealings with Pakistan."

He was deeply distressed on what happened in Tibet. Despite the storm that broke out in India, he pleaded for restraint, for "strong condemnation and diatribes are futile unless they can be backed by action." (Chagla) What did the western powers achieve in Hungary by all the strong language that they used against Russia ?

Nehru never liked the idea of military pacts and alliances. By being uncommitted a nation creates a climate of peace in the World. He is sometimes criticised for his policy of non-alignment. A clear study of India's position reveals that there never was and shall never be any other course. With Pakistan as an unfriendly neighbour and China as an expansionist power on our northern borders it was not possible for us to join either the American block or the Russian. If we were in the western camp how could we expect Russia not to support China in any conflict between India and China. Similarly, if

we joined the Soviet block it was obvious that in the event of Chinese aggression it would not have been possible for the United States to give us any military assistance when her ally, Pakistan, was insisting not to give any help to India. By following the policy of non-alignment we have been able to get the U.S. help when China invaded us and we have also been able to get the Soviet veto against Pakistan in the Security Council. If we were in the American camp probably there would not have been the rift between two of the biggest communist countries in the World.

His policy regarding recognition of China and her admission to the United Nations was the only realistic approach. You may or may not agree with the policies of that country but you just can not keep 1/5 of the total population of the World outside the pale of the United Nations. He was a child of revolutionary nationalism in India. He, therefore, moulded his foreign policy so as to give whatever support he could legitimately give to the countries in Asia and Africa which were seeking to get rid of colonial yoke. Shri M C. Chagla wrote about Prime Minister Nehru a few years before his death that, "It is a tribute to the statesmanship of the Prime Minister that an uncommitted India is internationally more respected than if she had been a camp follower of one or the other group. No foreign Minister in the World today commands greater respect than India's Prime Minister who has held the portfolio of External Affairs with such distinction since India became free."

His foreign policy was supported even by some of his otherwise strong critics. Prof Hiren Mukerji says that, "No one in India will grudge Jawaharlal Nehru the honour of having directed the Country's external affairs since independence in a manner that has earned the World's respect."

Lord Bertrand Russell once said about him that, "All friends of peace and humane ways of life should join in congratulating Nehru on his achievements. Few lives can show an equal record of success in the pursuit of important good causes to which, at many times, the opposition seemed insuperable."

One of the many decisions that he took in respect of India's constitution was our membership of the Commonwealth as a Republic. Till 1949 the British Commonwealth of Nations consisted of the dominions besides the United Kingdom. Dominions recognise the King as their monarch also. The Indian National Congress had decided as far back as 1930 that complete independence was the goal of Indians. When Mr. Nehru proposed that India should continue to be a member of the Commonwealth even as a Republic, with our own elected President and without recognising the King as our monarch, it was thought that other members of the Commonwealth would not accept this position. But when Nehru made this proposal in the Prime Ministers' Conference in 1949, after having secured approval of Prime Minister Attlee and Lord Mountbatten, it was unanimously accepted and the structure of the

Commonwealth was once again changed. Republican India became a member of an organization which had a King as its head. To many Indians settled in different parts of the Commonwealth, our association with it was very welcome. Nehru told the Constituent Assembly that, "We join the Commonwealth obviously because we think it is beneficial to us

The other countries of the Commonwealth want us to remain because they think it is beneficial to them.....In the World today, where there are so many disruptive forces at work, where we are often on the verge of war, I think it is not a safe thing to encourage the breaking up of any association that one has."

Jawaharlal Nehru could not understand how one Indian could kill another. Secularism was a creed for him. He was a socialist but far from being a communist. He liked many qualities of the western culture yet he was a perfect Indian. He was an able administrator whose subordinates admired him and whose colleagues adored him. He had his limitations. Some of his friends and colleagues let him down. Some of them brought him bad name by inefficiency or indulging in corruption. But nobody ever doubted his integrity or character. As minister of External Affairs his notings and orders on files were always full of instructions, policy and guidance. He did not like some of the outdated customs and conventions yet he never said anything to the common man which would hurt him. He wanted everything to be perfect and clean. He could lose his temper

very soon. He could not allow flatterers to come near him. He would not allow an umbrella over his head if thousands of his countrymen were listening to him patiently in heavy downpour or in scorching sun.

President Tito of Yugoslavia said about him that India could be proud of such an outstanding leader, who, "through his efforts and farsightedness, is paving the way towards a better future for India and.....who has become one of the most outstanding statesmen of the contemporary World." Referring to the noble life of Jawaharlal Nehru President Nasser says. "In its depth, it has reached the limit where he has been able, through the residue of centuries and the vicissitudes of history, to touch upon the very soul of India."

President Johnson of the United States was expressing the sentiments of all those had known him and had loved him when he said on his death that, ".....it is not just as a leader of India that he has served humanity. Perhaps more than any other World leader, he has given expression to man's yearning for peace." This man of peace had to see in his life time aggression committed on his own country by a neighbour whom Nehru, had always regarded as friend. This was not only an attack on his beloved country but

an attack on the principles on which his entire policy was based ; it was an attack on his health and ultimately became responsible for his untimely death. Nehru, who in January 1962 was very young and energetic had suddenly become an old man two months after the betrayal of trust by China.

Nehru is dead but Nehruism shall always live.

"We mourn him. We shall always mourn him because we are human and cannot forget our beloved leader. But I know he would not like us to mourn him, for, in his own words, that is a poor way of doing homage. The only way in which we can pay our tribute to him is to express our determination, to pledge ourselves anew, to dedicate ourselves to the great task which he undertook and which he accomplished to such a large extent..... We loved and respected him and we shall always cherish his memory and revere and uphold the ideals he stood for." Who will not agree with these sentiments expressed by Speaker Hukam Singh in the Sabha on May 29, 1964, while paying tributes to the departed leader of the people ?

A Rose has fallen but the rose shall always bloom.

"India is not a communal state but a democratic state in which every citizen has equal rights."

(Jawaharlal Nehru)

"i am not a religious man, dogmas do not appeal to me; nor am I really interested in the after-life and all that. Why should I worry myself? The problems of the day are enough for me and I do not care what happens to me or to my reputation once I am dead. When I am dead, what does it matter to me? What does matter to me is that things I have worked for should prosper and the country should continue in the same direction, or in some better way if that is devised later."

Jawaharlal Nehru



The Devotee of Letters

Courtesy : The Illustrated Weekly of India, Bombay.

Shri Jawaharlal Nehru :

The Man in His Writings

Shri Radha Krishna Sud

"It is odd how the success of a book ultimately depends on certain immaterial and insubstantial factors which one cannot easily measure. Good writing and presentation are of course important, the content is even more important, but over and above these comes a certain sincerity in writing, combined with restraint, which colours a book and makes it liked."

*(Nehru's Letters to his Sister,
No. 53)*

Shri Jawaharlal Nehru was not a man but an institution. He had been variously called: 'The man of Destiny', 'Gandhiji's great heir', 'Indian Hamlet', 'Great Humanist', and the 'Personification of our hopes.' He was all these and much more besides. He was a speaker and a writer. He was a speaker by necessity and a writer by choice and, if I may add, an historian by the accident of his birth in the present age.

It is difficult to separate the man from the writer, the politician from the humanist, the orator from the thinker; for Pundit Nehru was all these in one and the same breath. The politician, the historian, the thinker and the writer were different facets of the man Jawaharlal as are the facets of a cut-diamond. They revealed a mind, mature and well-cultivated with the best that has been said and written in the past and the present; a mind that instinctively accepted all that was essentially noble in human nature, beautiful and elevating and rejected all that was base, tainted and corrupting. His was a mind broad enough to embrace the whole of creation as the next of kin; a mind which delighted in doing good and shunning evil in word, thought and action; a mind which approached baffling problems with sympathetic understanding; — in short, a mind that at once illuminated and fascinated other minds.

[In November, 1959, the College Union asked me to speak on *Shri Jawaharlal Nehru: The Man of Letters*. What I said was later printed in the *Desh*, Vol. VIII Nos. 3-4, 1959. Little did anyone of us know

that he would be taken away from us so soon by jealous Fate and all that would be left of him would be his books which bear the indelible imprint of his personality and which enshrine his immortal soul. Rightly did

Speeches

Every word that Mr. Nehru uttered or every line that he wrote was an index to his personality. His writings and his speeches bear the impress of his sincerity, integrity and high purposiveness. His speeches we probably took as routine performances. We got the best of him in his formal addresses and discourses. We are guilty of the former attitude because of our ignorance. Little do we know how much time and thinking go to the making of a good speech. Mr. Nehru spoke on all subjects; metaphorically speaking, from cabbages to kings. As you go through the printed volumes of his selected speeches you are simply wonderstruck at the amplitude or the range of subjects covered by them. His versatility is on a par with his eloquence. His historical sense, 'disarming candour and spotaneous

sincerity have invested these speeches with a lasting significance. We read them again and again for their inspiring sentiments and insistence upon moral values as much as for their beauty of style and expression. So great is the spell of his ardour on us that we cannot help resolving within our minds to dedicate our hearts and souls to the service of India. This is, in effect, the charm of Mr. Nehru, the man and the writer. He has a message for today and tomorrow :—

“This generation is sentenced to hard labour; for years to come toil and tears are to be the portion of India before she can complete the noble mansion of her greatness . . . There is a hope and a promise so long as the people of India do not forget what the Master, Mahatma Gandhi, has taught

Milton remark : “A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. “Addison reaffirmed what Milton had said :” “Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.” On that occasion, his 70th birthday, I said : “Every word that Mr. Nehru utters or every line that he writes is an index to his personality. His writings and his speeches bear the impress of his sincerity, integrity and high purposiveness” This estimate of Shri Nehru, the writer, falls in line with the standard of excellence of

literary writing by which Shri Nehru judged books and writings he read—and he read quite a lot—and the standard by which he would have liked himself to be judged. Unwittingly he laid it down in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Krishna Hutheesingh, with which the present article is prefaced.

Pages 23 to 29 (first column) of the present article are abridged from my earlier article. In many places the present tense has been changed into past tense. This was unavoidable. The title, too, has been changed as the emphasis is on the man, that was Jawaharlal Nehru, and his ideals, which constitute the contents of his writings.]

them; as long as they relate ends to means, this nation is bound to come into its own and take its proper place in the comity of nations."

He reminded us of our goal and the means thereto in his speech which he delivered in the Constituent Assembly on August 14th, 1947, entitled *A Tryst with Destiny*:

"... the service of India means the service of the millions who suffer. It means the ending of poverty and ignorance and disease and inequality of opportunity. The ambition of the greatest man of our generation has been to wipe every tear from every eye. That may be beyond us, but as long as there are tears and suffering so long our work will not be over These dreams are for India, but they are also for the world Peace has been said to be indivisible; so is freedom, so is prosperity now, and so is disaster in this One World that can no longer be split into isolated fragments...."

Truly, to the large-hearted the whole world is their family. He highlighted the means to the above end, in his speech on the All India Radio on January 30, 1948, the day Mahatma Gandhi died, in memorable words:

"The light has gone out, and yet I was wrong. For the light that shone in this country was no ordinary light.....a thousand

years later, that light will still be seen in this country and the world will see it and it will give solace to innumerable hearts. For that light represented something more than the immediate present, it represented the living, the eternal truths, reminding us of the right path, drawing us from error, taking this ancient country to freedom....."

.....Little did he know that the nation would say the same about him when he would be no more in their midst. Large heartedness and correlation of means to ends are the age-old virtues of our country and they are emphasized by Mr. Nehru in his speeches.

Addresses and Discourses

If Mr. Nehru's speeches are inspiring, his addresses and discourses are educative: a treat for the intellectuals and a feast of thought for their minds. Some of them have been printed in his books called *The Unity of India, India and the World* and in the three volumes of his speeches, published by The Publication Division of the Government of India. They are marked by a masterly grasp of facts, figures and situation and these are marshalled with full command of argument, cross-argument, re-inforced by firmness of faith, clarity of expression and lucidity of interpretation. He holds his listeners spell-bound and by the time he ends his address they think with him. To illustrate my point I draw your attention to his Azad Memorial

Lectures (1959) delivered in the Vigyan Bhawan in February, 1959. As you pass on from page to page of the printed lectures, entitled *India Today and Tomorrow*, you see before your mind's eyes the past, the present and the future of India and of the Western world opening themselves in their essential features : laying bare, as it were, their achievements :—the advancement of modern science and technology and their benefits to humanity placed side by side with the horrors of war and the devastation consequent upon their misuse and the blessings of eternal values consecrated in books of religion and ethics. Which shall we choose ? asks Mr. Nehru. Plenty of material comforts or the peace of the soul ? His reply is that we must integrate both. He writes :—

“ ..India will progress industrially and otherwise ; she will advance in science and technology ;our peoples' standards will rise,But what I am concerned with is not merely our material progress, but the quality and depth of our people. Gaining power through industrial processes, will they lose themselves in the quest of individual wealth and soft living ? That would be a tragedy for that would be a negation of what India has stood for in the past and, I think, in the present time also as exemplified by Gandhi.....”

He concluded with axiomatic words :—

“Power is necessary, but Wisdom is essential. It is only power with wisdom that is good... ..”

These words of Mr. Nehru remind us of the saying in the Bible :— “What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.” During the period of our slavery we did not lose our country's soul ; let us not lose it in the twilight of our freedom. This is, to my mind, the message of Mr. Nehru in his latest address.

Letters from a Father to his Daughter

His small book, *Letters from a Father to his Daughter*, was addressed to his daughter, Indira, so that she, and the readers who were to read it after its publication, would “gradually begin to think of this world of ours as a large family of nations.” These letters are delightful to read. Their style has the lucidity of the style of the Biblical parables or of the well-known childrens' classics. With the approach of a scientist, that is, the objective outlook, the vision of an historian and the gift of style of a writer, Mr. Nehru teaches the evolution of life and in a gripping manner drives the lesson home. It is *Natural Science Made Easy*. With equal ease and felicity of style Mr. Nehru explained to his daughter a terse proposition. “What is civilization ?” He answered :—

“Fine buildings, fine pictures and books and everything that

is beautiful are certainly signs of civilization. But an even higher sign is a fine man who is unselfish and works with others for the good of all. To work together is better than to work singly, and to work together for the common good is the best of all."

Mr. Nehru's book: *The Glimpses of World History* is a continuation of these letters.

Autobiography

Mr. Nehru's *magnum opus* is, of course, his *Autobiography*. It was written in the long solitudes of gaol life in a mood of self-questing to review the past events in India and to think clearly about them and to trace his own mental development. The *Autobiography*, thus, is a double record: historical and spiritual. In other words, it displays the shaping of the Man of Destiny by the great events, nothing short of the travail which was to throw up a Free India, and the impact of Mr. Nehru on those events. History, it is said, is the essence of innumerable biographies of great men. The history of modern India is really the history of her great men and women amongst whom Mr. Nehru stands the foremost amidst his equally revered compeers. Some of these appear in the pages of the *Autobiography* and are treated by Mr. Nehru with the consideration and respect which they deserve. For example, Mahatma Gandhi, Pt. Moti Lal Nehru and Mr. Sastri and many others are sketched with the skill and grip of a portrait-painter and

the essence of their personalities—— that is, the subject in the man—— brought home to us. He discusses his colleagues frankly and sometimes criticizes them severely but always with respect and without malice or acrimony. He believes that those who meddle in public affairs must be frank with each other and with the public they claim to serve. Here once again we meet the gentleman turned historian who believes that moral values and appropriate conduct are as much necessary in public life as in personal life. We may call the *Autobiography* Mr. Nehru's Experiments with Politics and Politicians. His understanding of human material is as astute and thorough as of facts and figures or of problems and theories. He has no truck with charlatans or the narrow-minded, the cowardly or the facing-bothways, whether they call themselves Liberals or Moderates or whether they are avowedly Communalists. They are for him not so many enigmas but obstructions to be cleared off the path of freedom and progress. They are the stumbling blocks who, in their selfish interests, retard the nation's future and readily play into the hands of the ruling power like puppets. Mr. Nehru refused to be sucked into the vortex of swirling anti-national activities or to be cowed down by raging reactionaries, no-changers and die-hards. That is his greatness and you come to know of it first hand in the *Autobiography*.

If the period covered by Mr. Nehru's life featured great personalities, it also featured great issues; for

example, the role of Non-violence in the attainment of political freedom or the place of Religion in Politics. Notwithstanding his great admiration for Gandhiji his consideration of the Gandhian methods and beliefs was fairly objective. He was hesitant and sceptical in the beginning but once he espoused them he allowed them full and unrestricted play.

The *Autobiography* also reveals the more human side of Mr. Nehru's personality : his fine sensibilities and his sense of humour and also of sarcasm. Scattered throughout the pages of the book are passages of great beauty in which you meet Mr. Nehru the artist in words, pure and simple; the man who loved the grandeur and peace of the hills, the loveliness of flowers and the endearing vagaries of animals, birds and insects. If his love for his poor and down-trodden countrymen and countrywomen fed the fire in his mind, his sense of beauty and virtue provided the no-less-needed balm to his heart which otherwise might have languished in grief, sorrow or despair. Like any one of us Mr. Nehru has had his share of sorrow and grief but, thanks to his brave spirit, and unshaken faith in his own destiny and the sacred cause of the nation's freedom and prosperity he endured them with smiles—the same smiles with which he was to greet fame, happiness and responsibility later. This poise and balance of temper in the face of ups and downs of life was so very characteristic of Mr. Nehru. The death of his father, the illness and the death of his wife, the separa-

tion from his kith and kin, the ever-recurring imprisonments, the anguish of his soul at the sight of untold miseries of the people of India, the disgust with the tardiness of pace at which the nation moved and so on and so forth—all these he had to put up with and he did that with good cheer. The *Autobiography* thus regarded, is a great human document; indeed, a spiritual book that emboldens the readers to action and inspires them to self-realization and self-fulfilment.

The Discovery of India

It is for historians to assess the value of Mr. Nehru as an historian. His books: *Soviet Russia*, *The Glimpses of World History* and *The Discovery of India* are well-known to the readers. There are many passages scattered throughout the pages of these books wherein you find the impress of Mr. Nehru, the man of humanistic vision joining hands with Mr. Nehru, the artist in words. The historian may read them to get peeps into the not-too-distant and the distant past of India and the world. I prefer to read them as the records of a sensitive mind that tries, honestly and assiduously, to understand his country's past and the dawn of a new era in world history; the rise of the Red Star. Plan for plenty, he says, but not at the cost of moral values, human dignity and freedom of the individual. That is the writing on the wall that Mr. Nehru, the historian, reads in the pages of world history. The opening chapter of *The Discovery of India* contains a re-statement of Mr. Nehru's philoso-

phy of life and faith :

"—How amazing is the spirit of man! In spite of innumerable failings, man, throughout the ages, has sacrificed his life and all he held dear for an ideal, for truth, for country and honour. That ideal may change but the capacity for self-sacrifice continues, and because of that, much may be forgiven to man, and it is impossible to lose hope for man. In the midst of disaster he has not lost his dignity or his faith in the values he cherished... The future is dark, uncertain. But we can see part of the way leading to it and tread it with firm steps, remembering that nothing that can happen is likely to overcome the spirit of man which has survived so many perils. Remembering also that life, for all its ills, has joy and beauty, and we can wander, if we know to, in the enchanted woods of nature.

"What else is wisdom? What of man's endeavour

Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?

To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;

To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;

And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?"

Great words, no doubt; they contain the essence of history, philosophy

and literature. Mr. Nehru himself was a fine embodiment of the Eternal Spirit in Man and his writings are records and revelations of that Spirit.

Nehru's Letters to his Sister

'The true art of letter-writing', wrote Jane Austen, 'is to express on paper exactly what one would say to the same person by word of mouth.' Letters to friends and near relatives are always in the nature of unpremeditated art: they take us nearest and deepest into the recesses of the writer's heart, mind and soul. This is very much true of Shri Nehru's letters to his younger sister, Mrs. Krishna Hutheesingh, which have been published under the title: *Nehru's Letters to his Sister*. These letters are very delightful to read and not a few of them are instructive and inspiring too. They introduce us to Jawaharlal, the man; of course, in his role of an elder brother and the head of an illustrious family 'whose lives have become part of the larger life of the nation.' Writing these letters was not only a brotherly duty but it provided him a sort of relief from broodings in the prison. He wrote:

"To retire into one's shell is a good thing, for some at least. So many odd things turn up and, in spite of all efforts to detach oneself life has so many holds that something had to be done about them. So I suppose I shall write once a fortnight, either to you or to someone else."

As you read letter after letter you come to know how sincere and affectionate he was in his messages of greetings, good wishes and sympathies; how respectful of his equally gifted and honoured father and how proud of having inherited from him the qualities of 'strength and courage' to face the 'trials and difficulties', that may come in his way, 'with resolution and with the determination to overcome them' without getting 'swelled head.' He was a great traditionalist in observing the festivals of *Rakhi* and *Bhaiya Dooj* (and many others) with the zest of children. About *Raksha Bandhan* he writes:

Raksha Bandhan is one of our pleasing festivals which brings not only personal but also historical memories. It is symbolic of so much."

He was always asking for books and more books—books of all types, ranging from Kalidas's *Shakuntla* and Meghaduta, Bana Bhatta's *Kadambri*, Garibaldi's *Life*, Sylvain Levi's *Le Theatre Indien* and books by Lewis Carrol, Pearl Buck and Euripides. He was a good judge of books and told his sister frankly what he thought of her book: *With No Regrets*. Young as she was the best birthday gift that he could think for her—though belated due to his arrest—was the gift of books. What a wonderful piece of advice to our young readers who waste too much of their time in chasing film-stars and crooning love-lorn tunes, knowing not what tremendous wealth of imagination and thought they miss. His advice to his

sister was:—

".....take yourself to a book shop and choose some volumes containing the wisdom of the ancients, and the faith of the middle ages, and the scepticism of the present, and glimpses of the glory that is to be, and take them and pay for them and consider them the belated but loving gift of a somewhat absent-minded brother who thinks often of his little sister. And read these chosen volumes and out of them construct a magic city full of dream castles and flowering gardens and running brooks where beauty and happiness dwell and ills that this sorry world of ours suffers from can gain no admittance. And life will then become one long and happy endeavour, a ceaseless adventure, to build this magic city and to drive away all the ugliness and misery around us."

It is a passage which a poet alone could have written. In it we find the same thrill as ripples in Keats' well-known sonnet: 'On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer' with its opening line: 'Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold' working its spell on our hearts and minds.

Dreams have their own place in youthful life. But they are not all. Life is action and 'all action is a challenge.' Shri Nehru was very emphatic, persistent and unambiguous, about the necessity and urgency of leading life

with an aim and a purpose and with the proper perspective. Although time and again he disclaimed the mantle of a philosopher, excepting in a superficial and casual manner, what he told his sister about 'Life and How to Face It' contained the warp and woof of his philosophy of life. He wrote ;

"The feeling has grown in me that life for all its vagaries offers us ultimately what we seek from it, or rather what we are capable of receiving from its inexhaustible storehouse. In a sense it mirrors our capacity and our temperaments. If our interests are sufficiently varied we can find in it all the variety we can appreciate and absorb. If we live in a narrow shell, life for us assumes that shape and context. It can be superficial or deep as we choose to see it and sense it; it can be full of adventure or dull and conventional and narrow in scope, fitting in with our own mental horizon. Life ultimately is a series of mental perceptions and sensations; it enters and fills us to the extent we have open windows to our minds and spirits. External factors, which we cannot control, affect it of course greatly, but there is always this possibility of rising above them and not allowing them to suppress us; and indeed of making them the means of giving us further insight and experience of life :"

Shri Nehru might be a traditionalist in matters relating to culture, but in the realm of practical affairs he was a modern scientist and historian. To make a success of yourself you must acquire the proper perspective. He defined it thus:—

"To lose our perspective in life is to lose our bearings. To look back is necessarily to look away from the present and the future which count. We must face the everchanging present and have the power of quick decisions. Decide this way or that after weighing the pros and cons and act up to the decision. Not to decide is to live in a fog of doubt, and misgiving. Whether it is a matter relating to the narrow sphere of the family or the large sphere of life, one must solve and resolve our problems as they arise and go ahead, not regretting over much or pining for what is not, not complaining, not holding others responsible for something that might have been otherwise."

Sound words of advice and encouragement to the youth who admire *Chacha Nehru*, miss him and despairing ask: 'What after Nehru?'. Emulate him and imbibe the best of his life and writings. That will be the right way to cherish his hallowed memory. To repeat what Shri Nehru quoted from George Bernard Shaw's play: *Man and Superman* :

"This is the true joy in life, the

being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

That was his credo and literally he lived up to it. Not only his life and much of that he had but also his thoughts were his country's. He espoused the cause of his country's freedom, the prosperity of its masses, the dignity of man the world over and of world peace and not for a moment did he falter or rest. What he achieved he left as a legacy for all of us. What he has left undone offers us a challenge and opportunity. Shall we fulfil his hopes and dreams of a free and happy India and of a world living in unshattered peace? In our answer will lie the proof of our worthiness to be called the followers of Nehru, or for the matter of that, of Gandhi and of the Buddha. These few letters, thus read and regarded, are the real Preface to Shri Nehru, the Man and the Hero; the individual and the citizen of the world—the glorious link in the destiny of India and of the world.

The Extracts from his Will

Extracts from Shri Nehru's will, that were broadcast and published a few days after his death, were the Finale of the Symphony that was Jawaharlal Nehru, sounding toge-

ther, as it does, all the chords which vibrated within him. What did he love the most? His answer was: India, the Land and the People. What did he remember the most? His answer was: his colleagues with whom he had fought in the struggle for freedom. What did he cherish the most? His answer was: the unbounded and overwhelming affection of the people of India. He wrote:

"I have received so much love and affection from Indian people that nothing that I can do can repay even a small fraction of it, and indeed there can be no repayment of so precious a thing as affection. Many have been admired, some have been revered, but the affection of all classes of the Indian people has come to me in such abundant measure that I have been overwhelmed by it. I can only express the hope that in the remaining years I may live, I shall not be unworthy of my people and their affection."

Power and riches he did not covet. If, then, he served his people it was because he loved them and their cause was his cause. Could our political leaders take a cue from Shri Nehru!

He did not just love his country; he was proud of her. His attachment was not only intellectual but also sentimental. India is an ancient land, hallowed by a history and traditions, possessed of a distinctive culture, rich in physical beauty and linked by ever-changing stresses of

Destiny. He was a link in the chain, as he in all humility said, like any one of us. Of this chain the Ganges—the River of India—is a symbol. A part of his ashes, he desired to be consigned to her waters so that the same might be carried away to the sea which washes India's shores. These enriched 'waves would wash the Indian oceans till eternity.' The remaining ashes were to be scattered from a plane flying very high over the fields of India, where the masses toil and sweat for nation's food and strength, 'so that they might mingle with the dust of India and become an indistinguishable part of India'. Jawaharlal's ashes must be for ever India's and India! No closer and more abiding ties than this could ever bind a country and her sons together.

Apart from the fine sentiments contained in the *Extracts* there is a passage of sheer literary value—a piece of felicitous description in very simple words, chaste though not ornate, but none the less invigorating. It is full of the same heartening cadence as we feel when we sing verses from *Tirana-i-Hind* by Iqbal :—

पर्वत वोह सबसे ऊँचा हमसाया आसमाँ का-
वोह संतरी हमारा, वोह पासवाँ हमारा ।
गोदी में खेलती हैं, उसकी हज़ारों नदीयाँ-
गुलशन है जिन के दम से रशके जहाँ हमारा ॥

This passage contains his deep adoration of the Ganges. He wrote :

"She reminds me of the snow-covered peaks and the deep valleys of the Himalayas, which

I have loved so much, and of the rich and vast plains below, where my life and work have been cast. Smiling and dancing in the morning sunlight, and dark and gloomy and full of mystery as the evening shadows fall; a narrow, slow and graceful stream in winter, and a vast roaring thing during the monsoon, broad bosomed almost as the sea, and with something of the sea's power to destroy the Ganga has been to me a symbol and a memory of the past of India, running into the present, and flowing on to the great ocean of the future."

Shri Nehru's love of India thus symbolized his love of and identification with the past, the present and the future of India.

The Extract is a magnificent document, 'worth in gold'. It contains ennobling and inspiring thoughts of burning patriotism'. Will Shri Nehru's countrymen weigh and consider them! If they do, there can be a hope that they may follow suit.

Postscript

Our loss is great, indeed! But we must not despair. To quote Shri Nehru :—

"Every death upsets the equilibrium not only of various individuals but of the group or family and friends. There is a gap. The gap remains and yet nature establishes a new equilibrium."

To despair, will be tantamount to distrusting Shri Nehru. His soul will always guide us like the Pole-star. He will always be with us in spirit. In the words of the poet, we should ask ourselves the most pertinent question :

आत्मा को अमर मानने वाले हम,
क्या हिन्दुस्तान को मर जाने देंगे ?
जवाहरलाल चले गए हैं तो क्या हम,
उनकी आत्मा को भी गुजर जाने देंगे ? †

Each one of us should be as much conscious of leading a purposeful existence and a life of responsibilities as Shri Nehru was. It was doubly significant that when death loomed in his

face he scribbled on his writing pad the following lines from the American poet, Robert Frost :

“The woods are lovely, dark and deep
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep.”

His promises, to the nation and to the world, should now be our pledges if we are to imbibe his spirit and be a living monument to him. The Spirit in him was greater than the man; it was his own monument. Let us, therefore, live in his spirit for ever and ever more. He will not, then, be dead but live in us.

† “हिन्दुस्तान अमर है।” By Shri Bhawani Prasad Mishra, (Quoted from The Saptahik Hindustan, NEW DELHI.

“... I am not a philosopher, except perhaps in a narrow sense, in the sense that every one has to think about the future and about one's life.

I have lived a life which has been one of incessant activity on the one hand and, on the other, past periods of confinement when I could do nothing except to think of the past and of some vague future. In that sense everyone may be said to be a philosopher. But the problems of the world are so intricate and difficult that I feel very humble before them. I have no remedy for them except to work on the lines which one believes to be the right lines. We may not always be able to say what is right. But if we know what is wrong, well, let us avoid it and thereby, perhaps, to avoid some bad consequences.

And so ...we worked in India and we shall continue working till there is any energy left in us. ...in the final analysis one just works. The Gita says, working we must for results, but not to care too much about the results. It really means, to work but not to be so utterly attached to results that they upset one . . .”

The Captive of Our Love

Shri S. M. Jhangiani

As I sit down to write a few words of deep gratitude to our dear departed Prime Minister, my thoughts take me back to the dismal days of the partition of the country when I and over a hundred thousand of my brethren were uprooted from the land of their forefathers. The cause is too well known to need a repetition. It was the communal holocaust consequent upon the partition in the wake of our winning the most-cherished and long-delayed freedom. It would have been, indeed, an honour to have laid down our lives for the good or the glory of the country. But to be butchered and hounded out of our homes in wild rage and lust for wealth, power, land and property—was not thought to be a part of the bargain even by the most desperate among our political leaders. What price liberty! The much-maligned and much-misunderstood refugees; the helpless pawns on the political chessboard; the much-pitied and detested homeless who still need a roof over their heads; the widows and orphans who just dread the memory of their erstwhile happy past—all these know 'what price liberty'!

The darkest cloud, they say, has a silver lining. Very true, indeed! When on all sides of us there was unredeemed gloom, there was a solitary voice broadcasting, as it were, a message of good cheer: 'The whole nation is with you in your sufferings

and will share all that they have with you.' His open arms welcomed us to this side of the rivers Indus, Jehlum, Chenab and Ravi. Ours was an exodus, perhaps unparalleled in human history. This cheering voice was that of Jawaharlal. Whereas Gandhiji chose to exercise his moral and spiritual influence upon the peoples of India and Pakistan to keep their head and behave like human beings; Jawaharlal adopted the practical methods of rendering protection and relief to the migrants. He spared himself no pains and exposed himself to all sorts of dangers in running from one part of the country to the other and thus to all the parts where the distressed needed help.

It is difficult to settle millions of homeless people even when funds and other resources are unlimited. Do not the refugees of the First World War still wander over Europe? It will, therefore be rank ingratitude on the part of the refugees, whether Sindhis or non-Sindhis, to say that the Government of India did nothing to help them in their sorest hour of misery. And it will be doing injustice to the sacred memory of the great leader who was the inspiring head behind all that the Government did. He may have had his faults and shortcomings. Who has not! He was a man of action; honest, sincere and noble. He was kind-hearted and generous-minded. In the words

of Gandhiji: "He is transparent as crystal. His loyalty and affection are beyond compare..... He has made me the captive of his love.... He is working, slaving for us, not as a king but as our first servant. It is his desire through the service of India to serve the world." The truth is that the captor and the captives are bound in chords of mutual love.

You and I are the captives of his love. Members of the Sindhi community are more so and they have a valid reason. He not only 'saved' their lives and honour but also their culture, language and literature—indeed, the richest part of the heritage of India's past. But for his broad vision and humanistic outlook India would have lost the richest gem in her heritage. India would, indeed, have gained her freedom but at the cost of her soul. For is not our culture the essence and fragrance of our souls?

Jawaharlal, the jewel of India, the gem of gems he was! He was the champion of freedom, the true disciple of Gandhiji, the advocate of the cause of peace, the builder of non-alignment and the designer of socialistic pattern of society in India. In the death of Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, the country has lost a great son. The Sindhis, in particular, as explained above, have lost a benefactor and a well-wisher. Due to the partition of the country, the Sindhis suffered the most. The Punjabis got the East Punjab and the Bengalis got the West Bengal to settle down but the Sindhis were deprived of their hearths and

homes and became Stateless. But they found in Shri Jawaharlal Nehru the man who made them feel that the whole of India was their home. He being the Prime Minister and at the helm of affairs saw that the Sindhis, though scattered all over India like the beads of a torn necklace were, however, settled to the best of the ability and capacity of the Government.

Though shorn of their territory, the Sindhis brought with them the treasure-hold of their cultural heritage—the spirit of the Sindhu Valley Civilization, which Shri Nehru held dear to his heart. We are told by him in *The Discovery of India* that the very name of our country India or Hindustan is derived from river Indus or Sindhu.

Writing about the Sindhi community (*The Discovery of India P. 333 1960 edition.*) he says, "The Sindhis in the north west have also been an old commercial tradition, and with their headquarters or Shikarpur or Hyderabad, they used to spread out over central and western Asia and else where. Today there is hardly a part where one or more Sindhi shops cannot be found." These words speak for the spirit of enterprise and adventure of the Sindhis.

The cause of the Sindhi language was very dear to Shri Nehru's heart. It is evident from the fact that the Executive Board of the Sahitya Akademi which met on 14th March, 1957, under the Chairmanship of Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, decided that Sindhi

should be recognized as one of the languages of India for the purpose of the Sahitya Akademi's programmes of co-ordinating and fostering literary activities in the various languages of India. Hitherto Sindhi was deprived of its rightful place so much so that Sindhi children were, in some States, denied even primary education through their mother tongue! This decision of the Sahitya Akademi made it clear to all governments, semi-government institutions and non-government bodies to give due weight to Sindhi. A number of representations were made for inclusion of Sindhi in the Eighth Schedule of the Constitution but Shri Nehru felt that the time was not ripe for it. He, however, assured the Sindhis that Sindhi will get all facilities which were enjoyed by the other languages enumerated in the Eighth Schedule of the Constitution. It is gratifying to mention that Sindhi is now taught in all schools and colleges affiliated to various Boards of Secondary Education and Universities; viz, Delhi, Ajmer, Rajasthan, Gwalior and Allahabad Boards of Secondary Education and the Universities of Delhi, Bombay, Gujrat, Calcutta, Punjab, Nagpur and Gauhati. Sindhi is also recognized for National Awards for the best books for children and neo-literates by the Ministry of Education of the Union Government. The A.I.R. Bombay and Jaipur broadcast Sindhi programmes regularly.

Shri Nehru had visited Sind on about three occasions and had gone into the interior also. He was given rousing reception. A number of songs were composed in Sindhi in his

honour praising his courage to fight the British, his love for the country and practising Swadeshi though he was born and brought up in a westernized aristocratic family.

It was a few days before his sudden death that an attempt was made at Bombay (by some school authorities) to remove the word 'Sindh' from the National Anthem and replace it by the word 'Andhra'. The moment the matter was brought to his notice by Shri Jairamdas Daulatram, Shri Nehru immediately wrote back to say that he was taking up the matter with the Chief Minister, Maharashtra Government, who had since expressed his regrets over the incident. Earlier attempts to this effect were also foiled by Shri Nehru. He had held that the word 'Sindh' had no meaning without Sindhis and as Sindhis were settled in India there was no reason why the word 'Sindh' should be removed from the National Anthem.

Shri Nehru had also wielded his influence over the National Book Trust of India and the Central Board of Secondary Education, Delhi, for recognition of Sindhi for their programmes and curricula. He himself, of his own accord, had advocated the cause of Sindhi at the National Integration Convention. And

But alas! His work in this direction remains incomplete. Death snatched him from us when we needed him for many more years. Had he lived, I am sure, he would have restored to the Sindhi language,

literature and culture their rightful place alongside other languages, literatures and cultures in India. The greatness of our country is that it has readily and ungrudgingly imbibed the best in so many cultures of the so many peoples who came to her across the portals of time. "The basic objective," said Shri Jawaharlal, "is to build up a free India of high ideals and noble endeavour where there is equality of opportunity for all and where many variegated streams of

thought and culture meet together to form a mighty river of progress and advancement for her people." He was not only conscious of it but also proud of it. We must share his sense of pride in his country's cultural heritage. We must preserve it for ourselves and for the coming generations. If we do that we shall be true to the spirit of our Constitution and to the ideal of Jawaharlal Nehru, our gem of gems.



"We prize the parliamentary form of government because it is a peaceful method of dealing with problems. It is a method of argument, discussion and decision, and of accepting that decision, even though one may not agree with it. However, the minority in a parliamentary government has a very important part to play. Naturally, the majority, by the mere fact that it is a majority, must have its way. But a majority which ignores the minority is not working in the true spirit of parliamentary democracy."



"A nation's foremost duty is to strengthen and preserve its freedom. This is the yardstick to measure every other activity. If we give importance to other things, like our group, our State, our language or our caste, and forget our country, we shall be destroyed. All these have their proper place, but if we place our State, our language, our group, above country, the nation will be destroyed."

Jawaharlal Nehru

Thy Voice We Love To Hear, Jawahar !

(Quotations from his speeches)

"Oh, there is something in that voice
that reaches
The innermost recesses of my spirit."



"Thy voice so sweet, thy words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;
And though the sound had departed
thence,
Still left an echo in the sense."

(1)

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

(2)

"Mahatma Gandhi showed us that
the human spirit is more powerful
than the mightiest of armaments. He
applied moral values to political ac-
tion and pointed out that ends and
means can never be separated, for the
means ultimately govern the end. If
the means are evil, then the end itself
becomes distorted and at least partial-
ly evil."

(3)

"I am not wedded to any dogma
or religion, but I do believe—whether
one calls it religion or not—in the
innate spirituality of human beings.

I do believe in the innate dignity of
the individual. I do believe that
every individual should be given equal
opportunity. I believe—as an ideal
it may be difficult to reach—in an
egalitarian society with no great dif-
ferences; I dislike the vulgarity of
the rich as much as the poverty of
the poor."

(4)

"There is a time for work and
there is a time for play, just as there
is a time for laughter and there is a
time for tears. And today is the time
for work in this nation. For, this
generation of ours, if I may say so, is
condemned to hard labour.

I want work and work and work.
I want achievement. I want men who
work as crusaders. I want men who
are going to fight for what they think
is right and not submit humbly to
wrong. I want you to do big things.
I want you to build up India.

The work of a nation or a country
is never completed. It goes on and on
and no one can arrest its progress—
the progress of a living nation. We
have to press forward."

(5)

"The biggest temple and mosque
and gurdwara is the place where man

(39)

works for the good of mankind. Which place can be greater than this, this Bhakra-Nangal where thousands and lakhs of people have worked, have shed their blood and sweat and laid down their lives as well? Where can be a greater and holier place than this, which we can regard as higher?"

(6)

"The only key to the solution of the world's problems and of India's problems lies in socialism, and when I use this word I do so not in a vague humanitarian way but in the scientific economic sense. Socialism is, however, something even more than an economic doctrine; it is a philosophy of life and as such also it appeals to me. I see no way of ending the poverty, the vast unemployment, the degradation and the subjection of the Indian people except through socialism."

(7)

"We talk of freedom, but today political freedom does not take us far unless there is economic freedom. Indeed, there is no such thing as freedom for a man who is starving or for a country which is poor."

(8)

"We have laid down in our Constitution that India is a secular State. That does not mean irreligion. It means equal respect for all faiths and equal opportunities for all, irrespective of the faith which they profess. We have, therefore, always to keep in

mind this vital aspect of our culture which is also of the highest importance in the India of today."

(9)

"The main objectives of India's foreign policy are: the pursuit of peace, not through alignment with any major power or group of powers but through an independent approach to each controversial or disputed issue, the liberation of subject peoples, the maintenance of freedom, both national, and individual, the elimination of racial discrimination and the elimination of want, disease and ignorance which afflict the greater part of the world's population. The policy India has sought to pursue is not a negative and neutral policy. It is a positive and a vital policy that flows from our struggle for freedom and from the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. The objectives of our foreign policy are the preservation of world peace and enlargement of human freedom. India may be new to world politics and her military strength insignificant in comparison with that of the giants of our epoch. But India is old in thought and experience and has travelled through trackless centuries in the adventure of life. Throughout her long history she has stood for peace, and every prayer that an Indian raises ends with an invocation to peace. It was out of this ancient and yet young India that Mahatma Gandhi arose and he taught us a technique of peaceful action. We are neither blind to reality nor do we propose to acquiesce in any challenge to man's freedom from whatever quarter it may come. Where

(40)

freedom is menaced or justice threatened or where aggression takes place, we cannot be and shall not be neutral."

(10)

"All the people of the world have a right to life and progress and the fulfilment of their destiny. They have the right to peace and security. They can preserve these rights now only by living peacefully together and by solving their problems by peaceful

methods. They differ in their creeds and beliefs and ideologies. They cannot convert each other by force or threats of force, for any such attempt will lead to catastrophe for all. The only way is to exist peacefully together in spite of differences, and to give up the policy of hatred and violence.

The moral and the ethical approaches demand this. But practical common sense points this way even more."



"If there is anything that Asia wants to tell the world, it is that there is going to be no more dictation in the future. There will be no yes-men in Asia nor in Africa, I hope. We had enough of that in the past. We value the friendship of the great countries, but we can only sit with them as brothers."



"Every government must give priority to the defence of the country. But what is defence? Most people seem to imagine that defence consists in large numbers of people marching up and down with guns. It is true that armed men and machines constitute defence. Defence means many other things, too. It includes the industrial potential of a country, the morale of a country and the like. All this has to balance with the capacity and resources of the country. And you cannot upset this balance of the country.

We have to meet aggression and to resist it and the force employed must be adequate to the purpose. But even when preparing to resist aggression, the ultimate objective, the objective of peace and reconciliation, must never be lost sight of, and the heart and mind must be attuned to this supreme aim and not be swayed or clouded by hatred of fear."

(41)

*"I see man's repeated martyrdom and crucifixion, but I also
see the spirit of man rising again and again and triumphing over evil."*

Jawaharlal Nehru



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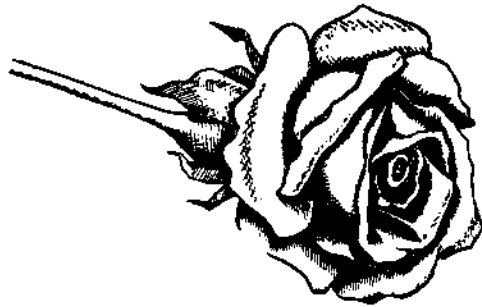
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The world are levels, dark and
deep,

But I have promises to keep,
and miles to go before I sleep,
and miles to go before I sleep.

Richard Frank



(Written in Shri Jawaharlal's handwriting)



"Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say :
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday ?"

Homage to Rashtrapriya Jawahar!al Nehru

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देश



कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते

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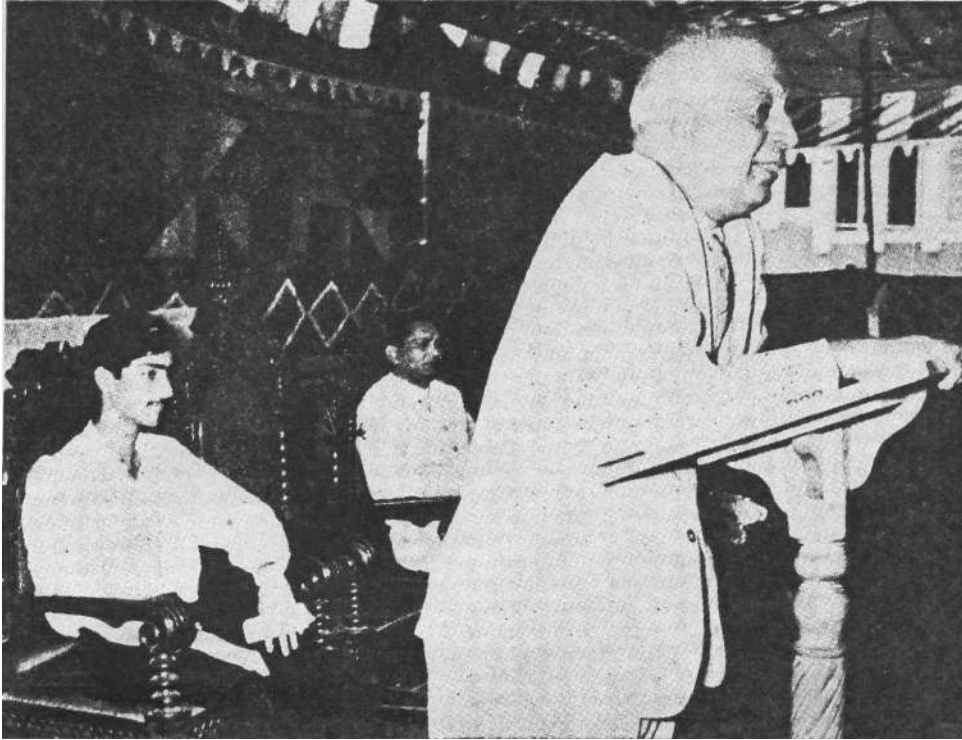
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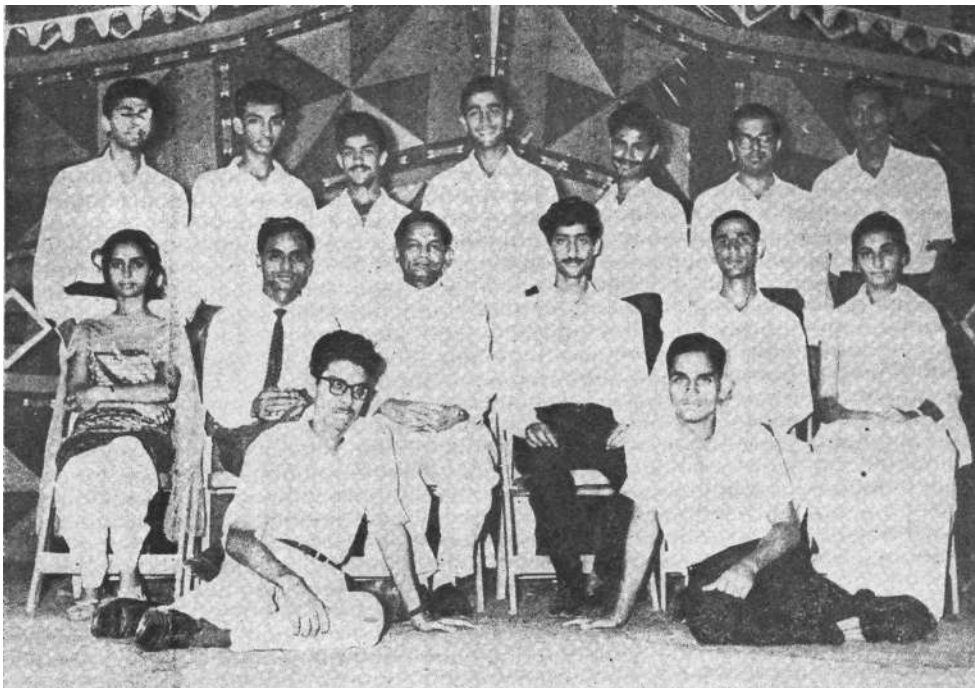
Editorial	...	Shyamal Bagchee	...	1
Bachelor of Nature: Henry David Thoreau...	...	Shyamal Bagchee	...	2
My First Trek in the Hills	...	Shri J. K. Jain	...	4
Are We Progressing ?	...	Ranbir Singh	...	8
Nature in English Romantic Poetry	...	Rita Chaudhry	...	10
Ootacamund	...	Shri V. N. Pasricha	...	15
My Favourite Play	...	Harkirat Singh, Old Student	...	18
Reading for Pleasure	...	Sunmi Sridharan	...	21
The Rivals	...	Gurpal Singh	...	23
Doomsday (A Poem)	...	R. C. Dutt	...	28
A Disappointment	...	Phulwanta Lal	...	29
Nicknames	...	Kamlesh Kumar Rattan	...	31
Power Shortage in the Capital	...	Sunil Gupta	...	32
Writing an Article for the College Magazine.	...	K. Raj Lakshmi	...	34
About Ourselves	36
N. C. C. Section
Hindi Section
Sanskrit Section
Sindhi Section

Contributions for the next Issue of DESH must reach the Editors by the 31st of January, 1965.

The College Union



Shri P.N. Kirpal, Secretary, Ministry of Education, Government of India, & Chairman, Board of Administration, addressing the Staff & Students at the inaugural function of the College Union.



Student Members of the Executive with the Principal and the Adviser

The College Union



↑
Participants, the Judges
and Members of the Exe-
cutive on the 12th Inter-
College Debate for the
Deshbandhu Cup.



The Hindi Parishad →
Tej Krishna Bhatia and
Balbhadra Ojha who won
the Prem Chand Trophy
for the Inter-College Story
Competition held in the
S.R. College of Commerce,
Delhi

Editorial

Shyamal Bagchee, III Year., B.A. (Hons) English.

That we are young and students, should give us not only the thrill and the sense of joyous carefreeness, which this state confers, but also a sense of duty and responsibility. "The battle of Waterloo was fought and won on the play-grounds of Eton." Yes, that is the key sentence. The college life, culminating with the getting of a Degree is not that all important because it launches us on a successful professional career. It is our first step into the world that we are not only going to live in, but possess, the life we are not only going to live out, but shape for ourselves. This means we will not only step into the shoes of our elders, but also realize the same. On us will remain the task of not merely upholding the standards, but of lifting them.

With the passage of time values change, and it is for us to mould them in the light of the realization that there are certain things whose values are fixed and eternal. So many things that were taboos yesterday are common matters of fact today; so many things which were considered good in the past are of no value to us. This is bound to be not only because we are progressing or because times change, but also because we are going forward to build a universal outlook and a universal society. But luckily for us the values that are eternal, are not only of all times but also of all places and all peoples.

Being students and young we can be idealists, I for one, think it better to be, than not, for even if most of our idealism wears off in its rub with the daily struggle of life that awaits us, still our ideals do not wholly perish and disappear. And all this is for good.

"Old order changeth, yielding place to new."

But, let us not leave all to God and Fate.

BACHELOR OF NATURE : HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)

Shyamal Bagchee, III Year, B.A. Hons. (English)

*“.....That I may not disappoint myself,
.....That my weak hand may equal my firm faith”*

—Thoreau : ‘A Prayer.’

Henry David Thoreau is one of the most remarkable names in the realm of American thought and letters. Thoreau was primarily a thinker and experimenter, but he was also a gifted, though till recently under-rated, poet. He was a thinker, and his thinking concerned human life—the questions of living both as an individual and as a social creature. In order to comprehend this a brief discussion of his life and works may be useful.

Thoreau was born on 12th July, 1817, in the town of Concord in Massachusetts, U. S. A. His father was a maker of lead pencils—a trade to which David himself turned in a financially difficult period of his later life. His name at birth was kept French Huguenot. His childhood was spent in the natural surroundings of Concord. At the age of sixteen he entered the Harvard University having qualified from the Concord Academy. He was an extraordinary student and mastered English poetry and Greek and Latin languages while in Harvard. Being a voracious reader he seldom found company and led a lonely life—and very much missed his “old and almost forgotten friend, Nature.” He was admitted to the

Degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1807 and took up a teaching assignment at the Concord Grammar School. This post he quitted, however, on being informed that he had to administer corporal punishment.

Towards the end of the same year he met Ralph Waldo Emerson, who influenced young David's mind to a great extent. On Emerson's advice he started keeping a journal from the 22nd of October, 1837.

In 1838 Thoreau with his younger brother John started a private school where they eliminated the system of corporal punishment. This school, however, had to be closed down due to the failing health of John. Next Year in August-September, John and David undertook a two week boat journey on a self-made boat, which supplied material for Thoreau's first important book : “A Week on Concord and Merrimack Rivers” (published in 1849).

Emerson had read some of Thoreau's poems and was impressed. He, therefore, promised to get Thoreau's poems published. At this time Thoreau came down to stay at Emerson's place. They developed a deep friend-

ship and undertook occasional trips to the countryside. It was here that his "Week" was published.

In the year 1845 Thoreau undertook a novel experiment which lasted a little over two years. He made a small clearing on a piece of Emerson's plot, and raised a cabin where he lived these years using the bare necessities of life, raising his own crop and doing every thing himself. This experiment he later described in his most famous book entitled "Walden," or "Life in the Wood" (1854). The aim of this experiment was to reduce life to its barest minimum and "drive it to its lowest terms." It is a book which tells us how man can do away with all the paraphernalia of pompous living. It was a unique experiment; a pioneering work. Though its value may be nought in our world yet the sincerity of purpose and belief cannot be questioned. Walden has been called Thoreau's Economics. Professor Oscar Cargil calls it "the strongest antimaterialistic book, written by man. True, he surprises us by showing how cheap can life be purchased in terms of pounds and shillings. And he had written elsewhere:

"I love a life whose plot is simple
And does not thicken with every
pimple."

The only purpose of reducing life to its "lowest terms" was not to do away with the excesses of living, but also to have ample leisure for intellectual pursuits, and to love Nature. For without these life meant nothing to him.

A remarkable feature of "Walden" is that it presents us glimpses of a

man with a sensuous love of beauty—the beauty of nature. The life that is described by Thoreau in this book is, in fact, the embracing of the essentials of life, the life at its best and not a renunciation of life.

The work for which Thoreau is best remembered in our country is his essay: "Civil Disobedience" in which he speaks of non-violent opposition to a standing Government which engaged itself in the Mexican war. It was this essay which was used by Mahatma Gandhi as his manifesto for the civil resistance and Non co-operation Movement in South Africa and India.

In this essay Thoreau envisages an ideal State where the government consisting of a few people will be replaced by evolutionary individualism—having come as the result of a sense of perfect neighbourhood.

The relationship with Emerson were strained due a bitter misunderstanding. The last days of Thoreau were spent in a companionless state at his paternal home where he died of tuberculosis on 16th of May, 1862.

Not much critical attention has been paid to the poetry of Thoreau. True, that Thoreau had not been primarily a poet, and that with the passage of time he relied more and more on prose than poetry. Yet his poems are marked by the same sincerity that is present in all his works. At places his poems are really enjoyable and moving, being full of homely images and aphorisms which also mark his prose. This is what the critics call "Thoreau's' celestial homespun."

My First Trek In The Hills*

Shri J. K. Jain

III—From Bagyanti to Matyana

Having been told that a Shrimad Bhagvad session was being held at Bagyanti, I made it a point to attend it. It lasted for seven days during which the whole of the scripture was to be recited and explained. Each day the session began at 10 A.M. with recitations of Sanskrit verses for two hours, followed by a break and then a commentary in Hindi and ended with ecstatic kirtans. A well-known Sanskrit scholar from Simla conducted it. Immaculately dressed in a white kurta and white dhoti, with a corpulent and proud face and long hair, he had a commanding presence and moved about like a monarch. In the gaily decorated pandal, he was seated on a high pedestal. He struck people with awe and some of his awesomeness was transferred to me, too, as I showed the guts to face him and put questions! He explained the meaning of the scriptures in the familiar learned idiom and intoned about the spirituality and the spirit of renunciation of Ancient India without caring to explain how it was that it had betrayed us. Like all others of his tribe, he remained untouched by the humanistic spirit of the modern Western civilization. If he had his way, he would turn every one into an apostle of self-denial. Then he fought a losing battle for the propagation of Sanskrit. He wanted to set

up Sanskrit Pathshalas where young minds should study the scriptures and be imbued with their spirit.

As assembly of this sort brings out the religious fervour of these folk, they come in hundreds. The women are dressed in their fineries and from a distance their enclosure looks like a splash of saffron and yellow. One person bears all the expenses that run into several thousand. Every day all the guests are given one meal, cooked, in pure ghee, consisting of four or five 'Salona', courses. The method of feeding the people is extremely simple. They squat in long rows in a bare field and are served on leaves; there are no spoons to eat with. This way, hundreds of people are feasted in less than half an hour. After the meal is over, people pick up the leaves and dump them into a corner, Thus very little botheration is inflicted on the host. The host is humble, *par excellence*. He welcomes all with folded hands and a gracious countenance and deems it a great privilege to get an opportunity of having so many people at his place. The caste distinctions are, however, maintained scrupulously. A separate enclosure is made for the low-born and they are fed separately. Such sessions perpetuate both the best as well as the worst. It is through them that

* Continued from Vol. XII Nos. 3-4 Pages 27-30

People imbibe their sense of moral and spiritual values and it is also through them that the caste-system gets a new lease of life and the will to be happy here and now, on this shore of eternity, is weakened.

At Bagyanti I was introduced to one R-nand, a student of B.A. at Solan from a neighbouring village of Barihana. He invited me over to his place. His father was a road-inspector. His house was almost palatial, the finest in that locality. He seated me in his naively furnished drawing-room whose walls were crowded with pictures. He served me tea in a cheap tea-set. Though he was looking after me well, his eyes showed that he had not felt convinced about my being a lecturer. My worn and loose pull-over and worn trousers, my short stature and my youngish looks, troubled him. It was 'Kubla Khan' and the Immortality Ode' that came to my rescue ; he put me questions on those two poems. After I had tackled his difficulties, his faith in my bonafides was complete and he was all respect. I found in him a keen and eager student, struggling hard with certain disadvantages that he was not at all responsible for. He could not manage his English. That was the reason that in spite of hard work and a sharp mind, he got poor marks.

My next destination was Matyana. After an arduous and exacting climb of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. I reached Sandhu. I was panting and sweating like a horse under a strong sun. There was, on the way, a red rock whose surface looked as though it had been coated with

grease. A spring gushed out from it ; its water, they said, had miraculous medicinal virtue. I drank from it but did not like the taste.

From Sandhu, I took the short cut to Matyana and passed through Karel, a village of Kolies, the low castes. I stopped for a while at a house to have my breakfast of 'Sattoo' Only a young girl and her old mother were there and their manner was diffident and obsequious. When I asked for a plate, they felt shocked. I, obviously, belonged to a higher caste. How was it that I was prepared to use their 'polluted' utensils ? There must be something wrong, the women thought. Anyhow, I was given a clean brass plate. I smoked their hooka, too. The mother, somewhat frightened in the beginning, then opened out. She pressed me to stay with them for a day at least but I had decided to reach Matyana that very day. If I went on stopping like that, I would never reach Narkanda even, not to speak of the Kulu and Lahoul valleys. I learnt from her that these people, too, held religious assemblies like 'Satya Narayan ki Katha' which was a much less expensive affair than a Shreemad Bhagvad Session.

Matyana is a small township on the Hindustan-Tibet Road, bigger than Kufri, though. Its only distinctive feature is the presence of Tibetans who were quite at home there. They ran two restaurants which drew large numbers of customers, as the food they served was good as well as cheap. Their short women, with broad and pretty faces,

dressed in their traditional gorgeous costumes were selling off little things.

That day the Maheshwari Devi Tournament was to be held. It was instituted two years ago in honour of the goddess Maheshwari, the deity of the surrounding villages. All such functions here centre round gods and goddesses. Thus there is achieved a peculiar combination of the religious and the secular, the spiritual and the sensuous. It was an annual feature of the life of that town and held on the local Higher-Secondary School grounds. It was very well attended. The crowd of people that had gathered there was in a holiday mood, as it was quite natural; the very air was gay and festive.

Women were seated on a raised platform. Old Punjabi-style 'Salvaar-Kameez'—with broad patterns and loud colours—were quite popular among the younger women. As I looked at them from a distance, I saw a sort of chequered design in yellows and saffrons of 'dhatthoos' and blacks of umbrellas.

This tournament symbolized the fraternity of the old with the new; competitions in new games like Volleyball and Badminton (played by tall, fair and attractive youth from Kotgarh and Kotkhai) and traditional native sports and dances were organized.

'Thoda', a local sport, was the high light of the occasion—refreshingly primitive, purely masculine in every sense of the word. Feeble people could

not play it. Its pageantry and colour were such as could be created by the people alone. The arrival of the competing parties was announced with great fanfare. 'Nagaras' (drums) were beaten; 'Karnals' (trumpets) blown and 'Shehnais' played. The participants were drunk and moved toward the arena with gay abandon, brandishing flashing swords. Each party had its ace who was the most unrestrained reveller, leaping and shouting obscenities. The instrumentalists settled down in one corner. The Karnal issued piercing notes. The roar of the drums and the rhythmic beating of 'dholaks' cheered the hearts of the spectators. The players started dressing up in view of all. They wore stiff chooridars, made of stout coarse material, resistant to the thrust of an arrow, and arranged in several folds. Their heavy boots reached up to their ankles. Some put on finger- and wrist-guards too. They carried long bows, with bamboo strings and bamboo arrows, about 4" in diameter. Having satisfied themselves with their accoutrements, they looked around to ensure that they were admired and jumped into the arena. They divided themselves into pairs. The leading pair consisted of the aces of the two parties, old men whose eyes sparkled with animation and whose limbs pulsed with energy. The game started. One of a pair fixed the arrow in the bow and pulled hard at the string. The other shivered his fish-like legs before him to confuse his opponent. The arrow was released. If it hit in the shin, the shooter got one point and squealed triumphantly and frisked merrily. If it did not, he tried to

adjust his face so as not to look brow-beaten, hoping that he would get it the next time. Then came the turn of the opponent. He dipped the tip of his arrow in his spittle, emitted on the ground, to leave a mark on the shin. The thrust of the arrow was quite powerful. Through repeated exposures, the shins had adapted themselves.

Then there were folk-dances. The first was called 'beeshu' (also maal). The dancers divided themselves into two groups. The principal dancers wore a special costume consisting of a white and high turban, a white cloak (a combination of shirt and skirt), ornamental chains slung over the left eyes, and feathery crests shining on the heads. They carried two swords each, in a crossed attitude. The subordinate dancers wore caps, red shirts, narrow pyjamas and loud scarves around their necks. They beat 'khanjaries'. The procession moved slowly, gracefully, headed by two singing women, 'toornies', who were professionals. The dancers arranged themselves in a circle. Their movements were delicate and languorous. I tried to learn of the significance of this dance but there was nobody who could explain it. This dance got monotonous after sometime. Its slowness was too much of a strain.

The 'Diwali' dance was more vigorous and virile, corresponding to the Punjabi *Bhangra*. It was performed by a varied assortment of people, dressed in all sorts of clownish styles. One of them wore a one-legged pyjama another a 'dhathoo', an item of

feminine dress. They moved in formations of twos, swaying like satyrs. It was, obviously, a comical dance. The dancers made obscene gestures and uttered obscenities. The old buffoons, in particular, enjoyed themselves.

Functions of music and dance of this kind are a vital aspect of the life of these people. Whenever the rush of work is relieved (around Diwali, after harvest and in winter) they assemble, sing and dance. On such occasions, they let themselves go—drink, revel, keep night-vigils. Young lovers have their rendezvous and extract as much fun from life as they can. It is this that keeps them alive and preserves their 'virtue', *elan vital*, in spite of the monotony and toil of the routine of their life. They have the two epics—the Ramayana and the Mahabharata—in their own dialect and a host of love-songs, of course. Their 'poetry' is handed down by oral tradition. There is not even a single piece of their poetry in the written form. Their speech is very sweet, full of vowels; the consonants are softened. They can speak at a tremendous speed and then their speech sounds like sputtering to a stranger and reminds him of French or Bengali.

At this tournament, I met the worthies of the town, all of whom were politically conscious. They said that they could not come into their own until they had their own legislature and that they would continue their fight for it until they achieved success.

ARE WE PROGRESSING ?

Ranbir Singh B.A. II Year

Are we really progressing? Are we better off than our fore-fathers were? The first impulse would, naturally, be that we are progressing; but if we look deep into the question and carefully analyse it, we find that we are actually retrogressing. Man, in his desire to create more and more wonders, is absolutely neglecting the spiritual values of life. We have made considerable improvements in science and technology but what good are these improvements if we neglect our morals and forget our creator, God.

Man has, undoubtedly, made a great progress, as far as the physical aspects of life are concerned. Human brain knows no limits. It can create astonishing things and do many wonders. Recently, man has invented fabulous things—things that our fore fathers could never dream of. Looking at the present situation, it seems hard to believe that the small human brain could do such a lot.

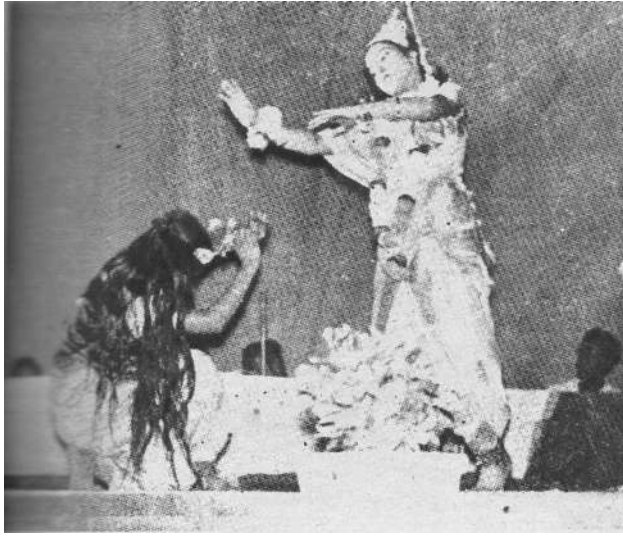
Space Science, in the recent years, has made great progress. Who, a few decades back, could think of sending into space rockets and satellites travelling at several times the speed of sound. In fact, no one even dreamt of it. Well, scientists in U.S.A. and U. S. S. R. have done it and thereby proved that man, using his brain, is capable of doing a lot. The Satellites sent into space by the Americans and the Russians, have proved very useful to mankind, Sending out messages

from one side of the world to the other, forecasting weather accurately and getting close photographs of planets are a few of the things that these satellites have done for us. Scientists, now, hope to land man on the moon by the end of this decade.

Similar progress has been made in the field of medical science. Modern medicines have shown such wonders that thousands of patients, who would, perhaps, have died of the same diseases, a few years back, are saved every year. Fatal diseases like cancer are being cured now; patients with disabled organs of the body are being given artificial organs. There have also been cases where those pronounced dead have been brought back to life, as a result of the modern efficient medical equipment. This is really astonishing and highly beneficial to mankind.

The modern housewife would probably laugh if you told her to fetch a pail of water from the well or to light a fire to cook the food on, or to wash the clothes at the river side—thinking that you were joking. She has got very much used to the recently invented equipments which do all this in seconds. All she has to do is to set the counters and press the buttons and then relax. No wonder the old ladies wish that they were, born fifty years after they actually were. This itself is a clear evidence of man's tremendous improvements in recent years.

The Bengali Literary Association



A scene from 'Chitrangada' showing Sankari Maitra as Madan and Bela Mazumdar (as Chitrangada)



A scene from 'Chitrangada' showing Bela Mazumdar, Saraswati Poddar, Juthika Biswas and Sankari Maitra



A scene from 'Chitrangada' showing Tanuja Banerji (as Arjuna) in action

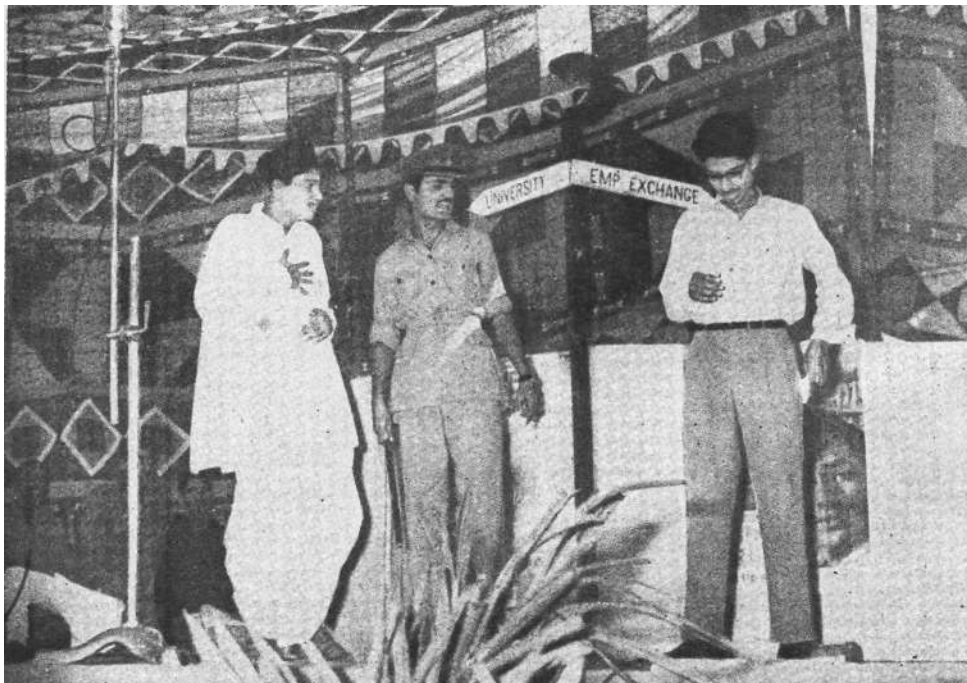


A scene from 'Iskabaner Tekka' showing S.P. Ganguly, H. Chakrabarty, & B. Chowdhry, in action

Inter-College Youth Festival



A scene from the one-act play : 'Post-Graduate showing Ganguli and Kaul in action



A scene from the on-act play : 'Post-Graduate' showing Ganguly Satinder Vij & S.R. Gogia, on the stage.

These are only a few and striking examples illustrating the advancement made by mankind. There has been similar progress in almost every physical sphere of life and it is impossible to discuss each of them in detail in this short article. What is really responsible for all this? Improvement in educational facilities is the cause of this steady progress of mankind. The creation of new theories and laws in science have actually caused this great advancement of society only physical advancement.

If the spiritual aspects of life are analysed, we find that man has had a severe fall from the ladder of progress, which he was trying to climb. His morals have come down to the lower limit. In short, man has morally retrogressed.

Today a brilliant nuclear scientist has more value than an army consisting of armed thousands. This is because the scientist can make such atomic weapons which have the powers to destroy the whole world within a fraction of a second. The dangerous atomic weapons that have been created today are a very dangerous threat to mankind, every nation wants to invent better weapons—thinking that by doing so, they will be leaving others behind on the path of progress. They are absolutely wrong in thinking so, because they will be inviting death for themselves as well as for others. This cruel death is approaching fast. A slight quarrel between two nations, which can possibly be settled by peaceful means can lead to the destruction of the whole world. This is not morality—why should all the nations suffer because

of two nations which are not on good terms? Why should the innocent children and the innocent women suffer? Why can't man—if at all he wants to,—fight as the heroes of the past did?

It is not only men that are morally falling but the women. Comparing the women are no better of today, with those of the past, we find that they are deteriorating day by day. Prostitution, strip-tease acts, nude dances and many similar things are a very common sight in the modern hotels and restaurants. Go to a book shop and you'll find that most of the books are on sex. You'll find books with pictures of naked girls, books with sex stories and other filthy literature. What is the use of all this? Surely, good-charactered men can do without all this filth; but good charactered men hardly exist today.

Dishonesty is another thing that is pushing mankind towards its doom. People today, want to get the maximum out of every thing even if they have to perform externally dishonest deeds. Honest people—very few in number today—have to suffer because of dishonest men. The desire to satisfy himself has led man to forget truth and God; God, who created him and gave him this world to live on.

Then, is man progressing? Surely he is—but what good is this progress, when the spiritual values of life are being neglected. If the world carries on thus, then the day is not far when man will destroy himself the wrong done, and, then it will be too late to redress.

Nature in English Romantic Poetry

Rita Chaudhry B.A. III year Hons. (English)

Of all the aspects of the Romantic Revival the new sensitiveness and awareness of the beauty of Nature was the most remarkable and the most important. The chief glory of Romanticism lay in the subtle and intimate interpretation of the natural world. Every poet responds to Nature according to the singular qualities of his mind and his temperament with the result that the poetry of emotional interpretation takes different forms. as in the poetry of Wordsworth for whom Nature was divine and whose main concern was to communicate with the divine spirit working behind the outward manifestation of Nature; for Shelley, Nature was a mystical revelation of the eternal spirit and for Keats Nature was rich because of its colour and grandeur. Yet, whatever be their mode of approach towards Nature, they found in it an inexhaustible source of lovely images and pictures and they were earnestly engaged in the pursuit of Nature in order to capture and create its beauty and splendour in verse. Wordsworth conveys the loveliness of mountains, fields, rivers; Shelley, the tameless energies of the wind, the vast expanse of the sky and the sweet warble of the skylark; Keats, the magic of "faery lands forlorn" and "verdurous glooms", with an intensity (Keats: Ode to the Nightingale) of emotion which makes their poetry immortal.

"Wordsworth," as Hallack has

very aptly said, is one of the world's most loving, penetrative and thoughtful poets of Nature." All the major elements of Rousseau's ideal reappear in Wordsworth but the influence which Nature exercises upon his mind is of a far subtler kind. "Rousseau delighted in colourful vistas which manifested the true image of Nature at work, but Wordsworth saw mysterious implications in the depth of natural objects. He enjoyed intense mystical experiences which inspired some of his most remarkable poetry. 'I grew fostered alike by beauty and by fear'. And even in these early experiences we find the presence of his Nature feeling that Nature could 'chasten and subdue' as well as exalt. When he appropriates the bird caught by another's springe, 'low breathings' pursue him from among the hills, and when he unlooses another's boat and rows out under the stars 'a huge peak' strides after him like a living thing. (Wordsworth's *Prelude*) But there were moods of rapture too, when the world became a faery place as he listened to the cuckoo. In 'Tintern Abbey' the ecstasy of his youthful love for Nature.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the
tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep
and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms,
were then to me! An appetite.'

Yet he had to leave this phase behind for a profound and subtler mood of delight in natural beauty. And nature became

'The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, of all my moral being.'

Love of nature is no longer a merely poetical luxury of sentiment, but a religious experience of great depth and intensity.

Wordsworth drew his strength from the 'common things of sky and earth' to which he gave a meaning they had never taken before. In his eyes the wild flower acquires a strange implication in human destiny and inspires "thoughts too deep for tears". Even loose stones are, according to him, aglow with life and moral sensibility. He writes about the daily teaching that is in woods and rills.

The silence that is in the starry sky ;
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.'

He was sensitive to the expressiveness of form and space, of solitude and silence. His apprehension of Nature was determined by his sense-endowment, the eye, which was penetrating; he looks through the visible scene to what he calls its 'ideal truth', dwelling especially on the mountains, deep woods and the clouds.

Wordsworth, to a large extent, in-

fluenced Coleridge to acquire a more strong and confident acceptance of the faith in the joy-evoking power of Nature. It was this faith that made him defy the conventional 'melancholy' of the nightingale and write with force that in Nature there is nothing melancholy, (*The Nightingale*) 'He owes all his intellectual experience to 'lakes and mountains, hills and quiet dales of England, among which so very few of his days had been passed' (*Fears in Solitude*). His chief quality is his faculty of minute and subtle observation, which he may have learned from Wordsworth but himself developed to a degree of delicacy. The 'creaking of the rook's wing' and the braches' ash, 'unsunned and damp, whose few poor fellow leaves.

'Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,

Fanned by the waterfall.

In 'This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison, and the poem 'The Nightingale' are examples of this power. There are other pictures too, painted with a broader brush; those like the ice-fields or the tropical ocean in the Rime of the Ancient Mariner'.

At places Coleridge spiritualizes Nature, and as such a new aspect of his poetry i. e. his pantheism becomes distinct. Like Wordsworth, he came to feel the presence of God in natural objects. In 'Frost At Midnight' he says :

Which thy God

Utters, who from eternity does
teach.
Himself in all and all things in
Himself'.

He wants his son to be educated
by Nature itself: clouds, moun-
tains and oceans will be his books and
God will be his Teacher :

Great universal of Teacher !
The shall mould.
Thy Spirit and by giving make
it ask."

His spiritualized Nature is rich in
colour and melody. Above all he is
a master of that region in which Ro-
mance and Nature meet—the region of
wonder and horror made fascinating
by his imagination. The notable ex-
amples are 'Christable' and 'The Rime
of the Ancient Mariner.'

For Keats the visible world meant
chiefly the world of Nature," yet his
love of Nature is not of a reflective or
mystical order. He had little sense
of those invisible realities, which
Wordsworth said were always work-
ing behind the outward appearance of
a natural object. He seeks to know
Nature perfectly and to enjoy her
beauties with no ulterior motive. He
had also little taste for the wild and
awe-inspiring manifestations of Nature,
for mountains, wastes, seas, storms
and tempests. In Keats the senti-
ment for Nature is simpler than in
Wordsworth or Shelley. He loved
the woods, meadows, birds, simple
flowers of Spring the winding
streams, with a simple and intense
sensuousness. The humming of the bee,

the glitter of the sun, the passage of a
violent gust of wind over a field of
barley and the loveliness of the season
of mists and mellow fruitfulness—all
these evoked a passionate and an im-
mediate response from him.

Keats had been from the outset a
close and eager watcher of Nature.
It is the delicacy of his perception
that is most remarkable; for example,
in 'I stood Tip-Toe upon a little
Hill.'

'Here are sweet peas, on
tip-toe for a flight

With wings of gentle flush
o'er delicate white,

And taper fingers catching at
all things,

To bind them all about with
tiny rings.'

The vividness and accuracy of de-
tail were the main features of his ob-
servation of a natural landscape.
Such lines as

'A little noiseless noise among
the leaves,

Born of the very sigh that silence
heaves.'

are Wordsworthian in the
quality of observation, yet the music
and rhythm are characteristically
his own.

In 'Ode to a Nightingale', Keats's
love for Nature's beauty finds
complete expression. In 'embalmed
darkness' he enjoys the fragrance of

White hawthorn, and the
pastoral eglantine ;

Fast fading violets cover'd up
in leaves ;

And mid may's eldest child ;

The coming musk-rose, full of
dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on
summer eves.'

For Keats, the supreme truth lies in Nature's beauty and its power to respond to every varying phase of human heart. As Selincourt says, "Nature does not call upon him to understand her, but simply to recognize her." He deals with the infinite wealth of Nature—her colour, her perfume and her beauty—in a sensuous and picturesque manner. And it is this quality that makes him the most sensuous of English poets after Spenser.

Shelley, another remarkable poet of Nature, differed a good deal from Keats in his approach towards Nature. While Shelley revels in wild winds, clouds, storms and tempestuous seas, Keats loves the quieter and delicate aspects of Nature. In enjoying the beauty and colour of Nature, Keats is more sensuous, simpler and passive than Shelley. Shelley saw Nature as a giant spirit, who has the power to create and preserve or to destroy. The beauty of a simple flower, the perfume of the spring and the soft, murmuring music of a stream, were lost on Shelley. His mind was fascinated by the more forceful aspects of Nature.

At first he was content to follow the path of communion with Nature as set by Wordsworth and an early example of this influence is seen in 'Alastor'. He regards Nature as a moulding power. The youth in this poem is 'nurtured by solemn vision and bright silver dreams.'

'Every sight

And sound from the vast earth
and ambient air

Sent to his heart its choicest
impulses.'

But this influence was transient. He could only exploit Nature, not worship it, and he does so in 'Epi-psychidion', utilizing every natural object which can contribute to erotic atmosphere." His love for Nature is beautifully expressed in the great lyrics, as for example 'The Ode to the West Wind; 'The Cloud; and 'The Skylark.' The first of these combines with the highest degree of imaginative quality, personal despondency and prophetic passion. In this poem, Shelley has at many places, personified the natural objects. He puts life into a dull litter of dead leaves flying in the wind by making them 'ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.' His picture of the grey and watery clouds is beautiful.

Loose clouds like earth's
decaying leaves are shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of
heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning !"

when we took the pledge to throw the invaders out of our country and make India a free nation for all times to come. Let us renew our resolve and then work for it, live for it and die for it. The call of the Nation demands only one thing: 'Service and Sacrifice.....'

Let each Indian feel and say

proudly, with a burning urge to serve the Nation—'I shall work for my Motherland, live for her and die for her, if it is demanded of me. This is my duty, first and last, because this country is mine.' With these words let us pay our homage to our late Prime Minister, Shri Jawaharlal who lived and died for India.

WE TOO DIE A LITTLE !*

Only with death does the void appear
 Stark in all its magnitude,
 A nation mourns—
 A people's shed and unshed tears
 The tribute of our hearts
 As we pass in homage
 Through the hours of day and night
 Each in our grieving solitude.
 And as we watch you pass
 On the final journey,
 We too die a little.
 For with you dies a splendour
 And a dream.
 The splendour of courageous struggle
 For our nation's freedom,
 The final flash of that heroic few;
 The dream of human liberty.
 You were the symbol
 Who held the flag for all to see,
 You made your vision ours
 And through your eyes
 We saw the future of our land—
 Free of want, from prejudice and tyranny.
 You were the voice of our highest hopes
 And now that voice is stilled
 A silence shrouds our land
 And leaves our hearts bereft.
 We loved you for our own
 With tenderness and gratitude and pride.
 With the warmth of an old friend—
 So we are left
 Bewildered, unbelieving.
 For to your indomitable spirit
 Death is no kin,
 And the integrity of our world
 Is denied.

Harji Malik

IN MEMORIAM*

Now you are gone, to join the ranks of those
 whose names will ever live in every heart
 with joyous fragrance, like the budding rose
 that was of you so intimate a part;
 you fought and strove to give our nation light,
 to bring it freedom, break its binding chain,
 you warred against a vast, imperial might,
 you suffered grief and anguish, loss and pain;
 but yet you fought, and when at last we won
 and took our place in freedom's glowing light
 you did yourself become the nation's sun
 and for her welfare laboured day and night.
 Now you are gone, and we who stay behind
 will cherish our sweet memories of you
 and strive with every power of heart and mind
 to make your dreams of glory come out true.

Dr. KARAN SINGH,
 Sadr-i-Riyasat,
 Jammu and Kashmir

*Reproduced from The Hindustan Times, New Delhi.

OOTACAMUND

Shri V. N. Pasricha

OOTACAMUND, known as the Queen of Hill Stations, stands at an altitude of 7,600 feet above mean sea level in the Nilgiris in Madras State. Its climate is both bracing and equable. Its natural scenery is magnificent, its hills, ravines, woods and grassy downs appeal to the aesthetic sense. For the introvert and the nature lover, the walks and drives in and around Ooty are a veritable paradise. Turn where one will in Ooty, charming scenery abounds. The gardens here are a constant scene of delight with their wealth of flowers and foliage.

The soft south-wind, the flowers
amid the grass,

The fragrant earth, the sweet
sounds everywhere,

Seemed gifts too great for man to
bear.

(William Morris)

How aptly can this be said about
Ooty!

I spent most of my summer vacation in Ootacamund, 1700 miles away from Delhi. I have visited most of the hill stations in the North and barring Darjeeling and Gulmarg there is none to equal Ooty. This holiday resort is much cooler and pleasanter than Simla or Mussoorie. In verdure, it beats all its rivals including Darjeeling. Situated near the equator it has

all the tropical glamour of trees and shrubs. In fact, here one comes across trees, plants and orchids from all over the world, particularly Australia, South Africa, Equador and Guatemala. There is hardly a barren patch of land on the hills. In and around Ooty there are capacious tea plantations. There is hardly a place where one can not see the majestic, towering, lithe Eucalyptus (blue-gum) trees in clusters of thousands. When the soft wind blows they shake and bend with a subtle grace like dancers in fairy tales. It is a pity these exquisite beauties are being felled in favour of potatoes.

Ooty has the typical European atmosphere. It has been, and is still, a favourite with the Britishers. Typical continental vegetables like red cabbage, rhubarb, sprouts, artichokes and tapioca are grown here. There is no dearth of beetroot, french beans, big cauliflowers, capsicums, chaute and celery. Even the cows in Ooty are of Australian and English breed, red and stocky. In the heart of the city amidst modern buildings, one finds immense potatoe plantations scattered everywhere, giving Ooty the appearance of an English village. Huge cypresses and firs, particularly the Australian type, enhance the beauty of Ooty's landscape.

Todas, the original habitants and the native tribal people of the Nilgiris,

make an interesting study from anthropological point of view. Still untouched by modern civilization they are scattered all over the Nilgiris, living in small groups in typical cylindrical straw and wood huts. One finds a couple of huts at a place and the next habitation two or three miles apart. Till 1912, the Todas used to wander naked. According to the latest census only 400 of them are left. The men have handsome Greek features and athletic build; the women have curly hair, blue eyes and fawn complexion. They weave their own clothes, practise polyandry, and burn their dead after embalming the body with scents and herbs for over a month. Till recently they used to kill baby girls. They are more or less Hindus by religion. They are vegetarian but kill buffaloes on ceremonies like mass marriages. They live mostly by grazing cows and buffaloes but seldom work in fields. They speak a dialect very akin to Greek. During celebrations men participate in cross country race and being sturdy and light of foot, they run on a steep hilly track with equal ease as on a plain track.

Dodabeta, the highest peak in Madras State, is situated in Ooty. It is only 8,640 feet high but gives a breath-taking bird's-eye-view of the town and its suburbs. A vast greenness of the Nilgiris is revealed from the top. Churches, houses and roads appear conspicuous amongst the green surroundings. There is a triangular stone at the top with inscriptions by Tagore, Nehru and Joyce Kilner, that of the latter being worth recollecting:

"I think I shall never see a poem as lovely as a tree. Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree." The intoxicating and fragrant environment of Ooty must have inspired the poet in giving vent to such a natural and unsophisticated expression.

Ooty has a lovely green race-course. Racing is very popular with the tourists. The municipal market near the race-course is worth visiting, particularly for flowers, fruit and vegetables. There is no dearth of shady walks in and around Ooty and one never feels tired of walking. North of Ooty is situated the Marlimand, a small lake in picturesque surroundings.

The two primary beauty spots in Ooty are the Ooty Lake and the Botanical Gardens. The Lake is a bowl-shaped stretch of water situated amidst most effulgent surroundings. A road skirts the lake and affords a pretty walk. The lake is a popular resort for fishing and boating. Its calm water, studded with lotus and lily, is refreshing and sparkling. The Botanical Gardens have a unique, natural set up. One never gets tired of visiting them again and again. The velvety thick green grass, towering firs, glass houses, flowering shrubs, water ponds, orchids and cacti and multitude of variety of flowers make a pleasurable sight. The entrance to the gardens is plain but they slope upwards gradually. The Italian section is superb in colour and variety with artistic display of Zinnias, Dahlias, Gladioli and Delphiniums. Pansies, French Marigolds, Daisies and Calen-

duli are plentiful and elegant. There is many a lonely corner where one can sit amongst thick groves to meditate, enjoy nature and listen to the melodies of birds. One finds here a variety of birds like thrushes, black birds, red vented bulbuls, barbets, flycatchers, nut hatches, white eyes and purple sun birds. Life and freshness permeate every nook and corner of the gardens. There is no better tonic for the depressed minds. It is here one realizes, nay experiences, that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Such divine natural beauty is not only fascinating and captivating but also thrills one to unfathomable depths. It inspires noble thoughts.

A visit to the downs is a must for every visitor. One is simply enchanted by velvety undulating landscape with breathtaking radiance and clarity. A visit to Sim's Parks in Conoor, a nearby hill station, is another exhilarating experience. These parks, though smaller than Ooty gar-

dens, have an added beauty of a small artificial lake. There is better variety of trees. At places the trees are so thick that one has the feeling of utter solitude in a jungle.

A drive between Ooty and Conoor offers visitors a gorgeous and enchanting view of the Ketty Valley whose beauty is a class by itself. A splendid view of Mysore forests is obtainable from Glenmorgan Pykara Hydro-electric Project. On the way one can also visit a well-known Toda cathedral.

My visit to Ooty has been a memorable one. The charm and variety of this superb hill station are always fresh in my mind. In a carefree or wistful mood, whenever I think of Ooty's landscape, I am reminded of this naive verse by John Dyer:

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the
view?"

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with, ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently."

(John Keats)

My Favourite Play

*Harkirat Singh, B.A. Hons. (Old Student)**

I am a supporter of the theory of humours and it is my belief that the likes and dislikes of a person depend chiefly on the humour dominant in his personality. A believer in joy and jollity of life, as I am, will always like to witness things which make him laugh. Any humorous thing seizes my attention readily and wins my admiration immediately. But while responding to literature, my admiration demands realism along with amusement before it offers itself. The best combination of realism and humour, I have come across so far, is 'The Alchemist'. Ben Jonson's 'The Alchemist' is my most favourite of all the plays I have read. The very name: 'The Alchemist' filled me with expectations and a reading of the play gave me much more than I expected. Ben Jonson in this play, has taken up a plot wherein he could make fun of every existing folly of his time. As is clear from the title, his main purpose was to expose the tricks of the alchemists, but he has ridiculed almost all the classes of London society of that time by bringing their representatives in contact with the alchemists. Of the three main characters—Face, Subtle and Sir Mammon—the first two are engaged in the profession of alchemy, The vigour and vitality with which these characters are endowed, is shown in the very first scene. In this scene

Ben Jonson prepares us for the pleasure and mirth we are going to have later in the play. The enjoyment of the story in which Face and Subtle figure mainly, is possible only when we know what these persons really are, and there could not have been a better way of giving this information than the one Jonson has adopted. These two appear on the stage quarrelling with each other and revealing the state they had been in before they come to a compromise. We understand completely that Face had been a 'livery-three-pound thrum' whom no living thing would keep company, but a spider and Subtle, with his 'pinched horn nose' used to take his meal of steam in from cooks' stalls'.

Jonson never misses an opportunity to make fun of the people not present on the stage. During the quarrel between Face and Subtle, Dol, their female partner, refers to her neighbours as people 'that scarce have smiled twice since the king came in'. At another place Dapper, another character, when asked about his watch says, 'I had lent my watch last night to one that dines today at the Sheriff's.' How naturally has Jonson satirised the cynics, in the first case, and the show-off's in the second!

* This essay was adjudged the best in The English Literary Society Essay Contest, 1963-64. (Editor)

After Face and Subtle have compromised and determined to cozen kindly, and heartily, and lovingly there is a line of their victims appearing one by one. Dapper is the first to come. He is robbed of all the money he had for a promise of a 'familiar' for all games. What is interesting here is the way the poor man is gulled and the way the victim is prepared to be befooled. Dapper is all humbleness, whereas Face speaks to him in the way a teacher talks to a dullard in the class. This short conversation shows it clearly.

Face. Do you think that I dare
move him ?

Dap. If you please, sir.

Face. What ! for that money ?

Day. No sir, I mean.....

The second victim, Druggier, is not very different in nature from the first one. As Dapper never speaks a sentence without 'sir' Druggier uses 'your worship' in every sentence. This sentence is a very good example : 'I was speaking, just as your worship came here, of your worship'.

The appearance of Sir Mammon, who comes in next, gives a new colour to the atmosphere of the play. He is a dreamy, imaginative and sensuous scholar hoping to possess the philosopher's stone', with the help of which he believed he could turn all the things into gold. He is so confident to possess the stone that he is always worried wherefrom to get material enough to turn into gold. He determines to go 'to all the plumbers

and the penterers and buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury for all the copper.' He dreams of becoming the richest person in this world and entertaining himself with rarities. It is here that he gives expression to his sensuousness. In this sentence he is talking about the things he will eat ; 'I myself will have the beards of all harbels served instead of sallads ; oiled mushrooms: and the swelling unctuous paps of a fat, pregnant sow, newly cut off, drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce'. This dreaming of luxuries makes him let out his love of vulgarity when he says, 'my poets, the same that write so subtly of the fact, whom I will entertain still for that subject'. These dreams of possessing gold, these beliefs of having rare dishes and these hopes of enjoying his favourite subject are bound to amuse us because we are aware that his dreams will never come true ; his beliefs are mere castles in the air.

When this absorbing episode of Sir Mammon is over in the play, our attention and interest are sustained by the introduction of two puritan characters, who want to popularize their religion with the help of the 'stone'. How ridiculous does Tribulation Wholesome look when he says, 'We must bend unto all means to give furtherance to the holy cause. 'A good deal of entertainment is provided at the cost of the puritans.

And then comes the interesting turn in the story. The master of the house, where all this trickery was being practised, comes unexpectedly.

Neighbours tell him about what had been happening there. Face, who been acting all this while in the disguise of a captain, comes forth in the dress of a butler and defies the reports of the neighbours. But he cannot save himself for long because all his victims, who have now seen through his tricks, start coming to that house. A complete exposure and undoing of Face seems certain but Lovewit, the master of the house, shows interest in whatever Face had done and thus Face is saved. How cleverly does he send away his other two accomplices—Subtle and Dol—robbed of all their earning. Face

pleases his master by helping him marry Dame Pliant. In this way things come to a satisfactory end.

Though Ben Jonson wrote this play chiefly to expose two main social evils—alchemy and puritanism—he has given things in this play which will continue to please people for ever. All the characters amuse us and entertain us and our interest is sustained throughout. This play, my favourite play, will please any one who has a capacity for laughter and capacity for laughter is one of the qualities which distinguish human beings from animals,

“Democracy is not only the most practical way of running up-to-date communities. It is more than that. It is the only political system which recognizes the ultimate worth of every human being : which gives expression to the conviction that behind and beyond all the enormous inequalities, in education, in opportunity, and perhaps in innate ability, which today distinguish one man from another, there is yet an ultimate equivalence between all men, as men. Democracy gives expression to the conviction that no one of us, and certainly no government, is fit to say that one man is inherently better than another. In a word, democracy is a political system for free men instead of slaves.”

John Strachey :
“The Challenge of Democracy”

Reading for Pleasure

Sumi Sridharan, Pre-Medical II Year

"Reading maketh a full man", said Francis Bacon, meaning not just the study of useful books for the sake of learning, or the perusal of entertaining authors solely for pleasure. For neither by itself can really educate a man. To acquire knowledge we have to read. We also read in our leisure hours for enjoyment. Naturally it is far more irksome to con a difficult text than to skim through a light book.

Entertaining books are numerous and varied. There is always something to suit individual tastes—suspense-laden detective stories, spine-chilling war narratives, breathtaking Science fiction, descriptive travelogues, romantic novels, inspiring biographies, plays, poetry, even eerie ghost yarns—the list can go on and on. If, perhaps, you do not fancy books or haven't the time for them, there are the short stories, periodicals and magazines to which you can turn. "The Necklace" by Maupassant is regarded as a classic and yet it is a short story.

Novels are probably the most popular form of reading. In her book, 'Northanger Abbey'. Jane Austen describes a novel as a "..... work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, are conveyed to

the world in the best chosen language." The term 'novel' has been stretched so far that it includes anything from Dickens to Daphne Du Maurier. It seems almost absurd that two, so very different books as Hugo's 'Les Miserables' and P. G. Wodehouse's "The Inimitable Jeeves" could both be called 'novels'. The former tells the poignant story of a poverty-stricken Frenchman who is driven to thieving to keep his family alive. The latter is a comedy which keeps the reader in gales of laughter, with the antics of its butler-hero, Jeeves.

Almost as widely-read as novels are murder-mysteries. They have a tremendous appeal for all ages. Towering over the hundreds of crime-fiction writers is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who created Sherlock Holmes, the archetype of detectives. His stories include such terrifying adventures as the "Speckled Band" and the "Hound of Baskervilles." Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot, Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason and Chesterton's Father Brown are nearly as famous as the legendary Holmes. I don't know how such gruesome things as crime, and suicide, and murder could make pleasant reading. Perhaps, people find some sort of satisfaction in seeing the heroic detective emerge unscathed through overwhelming odds; the case won and the murder solved.

Science fiction is a far cry from a thrilling mystery, but no less stimulating. Jules Verne's prophetic books—"Five Weeks in a Balloon," "Twenty thousand Leagues under the Sea" and "Round the World in Eighty Days"—are now, not the wonder stories that they were in his day. But they still have millions of enthusiasts the world-over. H. G. Wells, perhaps better known as an historian, displayed his scientific imagination in such early works as "The Time Machine" and "The Invisible Man".

Enjoyable reading, in whatever form it be, needs little concentration. But even if you read for pleasure, and only for pleasure, every book broadens your outlook considerably. Emily Dickinson wrote :

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any courses like a page
Of prancing poetry."

Several books teach as they give pleasure. For example, Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' tell us more about life in English villages than any text-book

on Social History does. Similarly, Georgette Heyer's novels present a delightful picture of the elite of English society, with its Beau Brummels and debutantes and dowagers.

In American literature, too, there are many such books. "Gone with the Wind", by Margaret Mitchell, has vivid accounts of life in the extensive cotton fields of the Southern states, just before and during the Civil War. No historical record, however accurate it may be, could portray this in as interesting a form. We have yet another example in Pearl Buck's novels, which are set in China. Through her works we get an idea of the Chinese people, their traditions and customs. A Geography lesson could never be as informative; certainly not as entertaining.

Every book that a person reads leaves an impression on him. Even a casual browser, who picks up a book just to keep boredom at bay, learns something. While he reads for pleasure, he gathers little bits and pieces of information from this book, and that. All these fragments together form a vast store of knowledge, which enriches his very personality.

"A nation is not to be judged by its weaklings, as they are only the weeds which lag behind but by the good, the noble and the pure souls who indicate the national life-current to be flowing and vigorous."

(Vivekananda)

THE RIVALS'

Gurpal Singh, B.A. II Year

THERE was too much swagger about her; brownish hair, thick and long, almost reaching below the hip. Dark eyes and full lips and a fine shapely body. Her name well, her name was also wrong. Roopali it was or nothing for she got roaring angry if you called her Roopa. And for most of the men in the village it was nothing.

You see it was a big enough village for the man she wanted to pick and choose. Not a town, but may be a thousand inhabitants, a couple of hundred of houses and a dozen or so small shops caught in a fold in the mountains. Most of the men left for Delhi or Bombay before they came to the marrying age. What this meant was that unless a girl followed them, she was hard put to find a husband. And so Roopa, who would have been a princess in a big city with a dozen men at her feet, hadn't a man at all in Hariyal, except Sunder and she didn't like him very much.

He wasn't her style of man and he knew it and when they were together, because she had no one else to be with, she would take it out on him. He was hardly taller than she, with thin wrists and a slight limp where the bone hadn't set properly after he had broken a leg one time as a child.

Well, the other day at the annual dance festival, Sunder had been asked to dance with Roopa only once, when a stranger had cut in upon him. Sunder had known the men from the next village but he hadn't known this stranger who, so boldly, had made successful advances towards Roopa. She had come alive to him. He was a big man, not so tall; may be, but wide and thick in the shoulder.

Sunder, unable to bear her flirting with a complete stranger, went away and walked up the street and along the open hill-side for may be half a mile, but when he came back they were still together and obviously enjoying themselves

Afterwards, walking towards his house, Sunder unable to bear the absolute silence prevailing upon them, suddenly caught her wrist and pulled her towards him. She stiffened, and pushed him away from her so suddenly that he, caught off-balance, staggered across the road. He caught his heel in the grass at the road's edge and fell into the hedge.

She didn't even walk off and leave him. She just stood waiting until he picked himself out of the hedge, as if she despised him too much even to be angry with him. And they walked all

*This story got the first prize in the English Literary Society Short-Story Competition (1963.64)

the way to their village without uttering another word.

If he'd been a man at all he would have left it at that. There were other girls and, indeed, he had no time. The final examination was approaching and he should have been studying.

But his bedroom window looked down the length of the main street and if he looked from his table, he could see everything that went on in the street. If he waited long enough he could see Roopa. She used to help her old father with his shop, since she had no brother. Sooner or later she would come out and stand in the sunlight for a minute and stretch and yawn like a cat.

Sunder didn't dare look down at his book in case he missed that one minute in the morning. Just to see her meant something. Even when she didn't know he was there.

The morning after the dance Sunder was at his window waiting, as always. And then as he watched, he saw a man—the same stranger come up and look for Roopa. Obviously it was a pre-planned meeting for Roopa was ready and waiting for him. She smiled at him, slowly and lazily and surely.

But Sunder couldn't watch. Suddenly he couldn't see very well and he had to look down at his book until his eyes cleared. And when he looked again they were gone. He felt that the sun had gone and winter come in one moment. He went running down in

his shirt sleeves as if he had gone mad.

And for an hour he went up and down the hill sides round Hariyal, looking for them although he had no idea as to why he was doing it. At last he gave it up and went home again, flinging himself down on the bed and lying there until it was dark and the rage of jealousy inside him drove him out into the street again.

Sunder wasn't out long before he heard all about the stranger who had come for Roopa in the morning, laying his hand on her in broad daylight in open street and she letting him. The slut, they said, we always knew she was that kind of a girl; we always knew it. And Sunder didn't know whether he wanted to kill them for saying it, or Roopa for giving them reason, or himself for misery.

During the next weeks it became the scandal: Roopa and the stranger. Sunder hated this stranger and his good town-bought clothes and the sound of his voice, very loud and confident. And Sunder had enough opportunity for seeing him and hearing him and hating him because he almost lived in Hariyal and he met Roopa.

From his village a few miles off the stranger would be over all times of the day and evening on one excuse or another; to see a farm or cow, or meet a man or just plain and straight to meet Roopa.

Sunder never spoke to Roopa any more. Nor because he was proud but

because he never got a chance. So he only watched her from his window, knowing that half the village was watching her also and wishing her ill.

Roopa hadn't been going with the stranger a month before the story started going around that he was married already; that he was engaged to a girl back in Sunapur; or that anyway he hadn't the slightest intention of marrying Roopa. And the last story Sunder believed.

As the weeks went by the tension was building; the people watching Roopa and the stranger, watching for her to come to harm, for the man to leave her ruined and broken.

Sunder knew too, but in a kind of sick despair. Because he not only knew it was coming, but he knew that Roopa knew as well. And he watched her trying not to show it, trying not to believe it, as she walked with her fine-smiling lover.

And then the day came. Quite suddenly, without any warning, as Roopa was standing in the street in the morning sunshine, waiting for the stranger to come. He came swinging down the hill side, nothing in his face that was different to any other morning, his eyes smiling and lazy. He nodded to a few people he knew and coming up to Roopa chucked her under the chin with his hand, the way you would play with a child or a dog. It was because he wanted to show the men that she belonged to him.

It sounds a trifling sort of thing to have started the quarrel between a man and a girl, but it was what was behind it that really made the trouble; the knowledge she had of how little she meant to him.

One of the loafers by the wall sniggered and even from where Sunder was he could see Roopa colouring. She struck his hand down and said something that made the men laugh out aloud. Sunder found out later that it was then that the stranger told her he was leaving the next day, and he wouldn't be bothering about seeing her again (just the way everyone was expecting). But now he threw it at her.

Sunder saw her go white, and for a long moment she stood quite still, her eyes almost shut. And then she hit him, with a full swing of her open hand that would have knocked most men down. It rang across the street like a gun-shot and he nearly fell, staggering back to keep his balance.

The loafers stiffened against the wall, and a dozen curtains quivered in the windows along the street. This was the moment they had been waiting for. This was the moment when Roopa's pride and swagger would be broken. But they hoped he would strike her back before he left her, so that they could have the symbol as well as the reality.

He did strike her, sliding across the road lithely, lifting his hand and chopping her down with a horrible, chunky little blow that knocked her in a

sprawl at his feet, her hair tumbling in the dust, her arms flung sideways.

He stirred her with his foot and laughed, one hand to his own cheek where she had hit him, and he grinned round at the men watching. Grace must be given to them for some looked uncomfortable, but none of them stirred—none of them said a word that a stranger had struck a girl of their own village in front of them.

Sunder meanwhile couldn't see or think for a moment, and when he came to himself he was halfway down the stairs with a blackthorn stick in his hand. But he didn't run. He was too sure to need to run. He was going to break the stranger. Break him as he had broken Roopa.

Sunder walked quite slowly, limping up the street, looking at the stranger's wide shoulders, and the one hand at his cheek, and at Roopa gathering herself onto her knees, close to his feet, not being able to believe that there was no one who would so much as lift his voice for her. Sunder was nearly behind her and she never saw him coming,

Neither did the stranger at first. It were the men along the wall who saw Sunder, and their eyes turning told the stranger it was not over yet.

"Get a stick", said the stranger and one of the men that had a blackthorn threw it to him. There was more fighting in those days and neither of the men needed to say anything.

The stranger kicked Roopa away the way you would kick a kitten out of your way, and swung the stick in his two hands, getting the weight of it. The street quietly filled up with men. No women, but they were watching from their windows. The only woman in the street was Roopa.

They moved into the middle of the ring, each with a blackthorn stick and the knowledge that only one would be walking when the fight was over.

The stranger was looking very confident, because, as has been said, Sunder was not a big man and had a limp. But because of those things Sunder had needed to learn how to fight with his brain as well as his hands. And also Sunder was fighting for the one thing he cared about on the earth. The stranger was just fighting because he had to.

They moved around, slowly at first and then faster, swinging their bodies almost as in a ritual, like dancers instead of fighters. But that was to get the feel of the ground and each other.

And then suddenly, the stranger broke the rhythm jumping zigzag, once left, once right, and both times forward, his stick swinging in a short hooking circle towards Sunder's head. Sunder shifted his grip, one hand up and one down along the length of the stick, breaking the force of the stranger's blow with it and then jabbing at his face with the point. It broke one of his teeth, and some of the men watching hissed as they saw the blood.

The hiss distracted Sunder off guard for a fraction of a second and in that instant he caught Sunder off guard.

Sunder saw his stick coming, low and sweeping at the bad knee, and Sunder knew that if it hit him it was the end. Sunder was off balance to jump, and he wouldn't parry, the way Sunder was holding his own stick. All Sunder would do was to sink down and take the weight of the blow on his hip.

It struck like a log falling, and Sunder thought he was finished after all, that he couldn't straighten again. Sunder's hip felt as if it had broken, and he saw the stranger's stick lifting over his head, black and heavy against the blue of the sky. But the stranger lifted it too high; waited a shade too long. He glanced round the ring for admiration. And when the stick came Sunder was ready.

Sunder moved sideways, and it hit the ground beside him almost hard enough to splinter it, and at the same instant Sunder hit his ankle, once, twice, fast and sure, not looking to any one for admiration but only intent on breaking him, breaking him as he had broken Roopa.

The stranger shrieked and stumbled, and Sunder hit him on the side of the knee and then the elbow so that he dropped his stick and flung up his hands. Sunder hit him on his head, and across his back, and he fell down on the ground covering his head with his arms, kneeling slowly as if he was going to say his prayers.

You can hurt even a big man with a blackthorn stick. Hurt him terribly, if you know how to use it and where to hit.

He knelt down like a tree falling, and by the grace of these things he knelt down in front of Roopa.

She herself was still kneeling, only half risen from where he had sent her sprawling when the fight started. Sunder hit him a last time and he fell down on his face in the dust, the blood running in a thin crimson ribbon out of his mouth.

"Is this your man" Sunder said to her. "Is this you lover?" And she looked at him very strangely across the fallen bulk of the great hero, the woman-pleaser.

"Is he yours?" Sunder repeated, half afraid that out of some idiotic pride she would cling to the man just because he had fallen.

But slowly, very slowly, she shook her head, and smiled, a queer, heart-broken smile, as if, quite suddenly, she had learnt a lot of things, and found them too sad for weeping. But all she said was Sunder's name, very softly, so that no one in the crowd about them could hear.

Sunder lifted her to her feet, and they walked down the street together, the ring opening for them. And Sunder tried not to limp, tried not to know what they were thinking, that Roopa was a girl who'd go with the man who beat her lover, just because

he beat her lover. But even though Sunder knew what they were thinking he didn't really care, because he knew it wasn't true. He knew it from the way she smiled at him, the way she said his name.

And suddenly Sunder laughed, thinking of what they would say. He laughed aloud, for all the pain in his hip and the shame of everything.

And beside him Roopa threw back her head and laughed. She laughed herself, laughed because the sun was shining, laughed because they had found each other.

They walked like royalty down the length to his mother's house, I limping and Roopa with her bruised face and dusty clothes, and the same proud walk like royalty; I tell you like Royalty.

DOOMSDAY

BY R. C. DUTT

Under the graceful minaret,
He waxed poetic.
He eulogized.
He reminisced.
Yet, an uncertain air
Hung :
It turned our minds—
Our thoughts—
A weathervane we were—
In unison.
Something amiss ?
Hollowly (O so hollowly)
We echoed—
In unison.
'twas like silver bells atinkling
His speech
Yet, perturbed were we—
In unison—again.
He seem'd not to notice :
Immersed as he was
In an ocean of retrospection
He talked.
While the moon arc'd
And seem'd to settle
(Almost)
On the graceful minaret.
Our universe exploded—
'twas not the Moon:
'twas a cosmic fireball.

A Disappointment

Phulwanta Lal, B.A. (Hons) I Year

IT was early morning. I sat by the window in my little room, looking out towards the east, which was coming alive and seemed to be pulsating as the rays of the sun pierced the dark and withdrew only to re-appear again with greater strength. A very pale blue and violet began to colour the sky. It was dawn and she was beautiful! I sat quietly fascinated by the solitude of the early morning and my thoughts were so very humble as I watched the glory of nature.

This peace was shattered by the ringing of the door bell. As I got up to open the door, I wondered who it could be. I came face to face with a postman, who had an express letter for me. I hurriedly signed the receipt and tore open the letter. I had won the first prize in the painting competition, I had entered for it a month ago and I was to be the lucky one to tour Europe! I ran around the house with a joy no words would ever be able to express. I ran to the kitchen, embraced my mother and kissed her while she looked on bewildered, unable to understand my sudden happiness. I gave the letter to my father to read it aloud to everybody. He read:

“Dear Miss Lal,

It is a pleasure to inform you that

you have won the painting competition and, of course, a tour of Europe. Could you please drop in on Monday, the 27th of this month at our office for further information.

Yours sincerely,
Joseph H. Stanley”

What do you think was my next action? I hurried to my bed room and dressed in my best clothes. I rang up for a taxi and set off for my best friend’s house who was living about four miles away from my place. In my excitement I completely forgot to pay off the taxi driver, who had to run after me to get his money.

As soon as I saw my friend’s face I started pouring my joy out to her without even wishing her good morning. She was almost as happy as me. I forced her to get dressed quickly and took her to the ‘Twiga Grill’, which was supposed to be the best restaurant in town, and gave her a treat.

Later, after dropping her off, I went home, and as I did not feel like having my lunch I soon started writing letters to my pen friends in Europe telling them about my coming tour.

In the evening I went to one of the bookshops and bought a book

called 'Teach yourself French', and all the way back I tried to cram some words like 'thank you', 'please' 'yes' and 'no'.

How I wished that it was Monday so that I could get some more information about when I was supposed to leave and on which flight I was booked. After finishing my dinner quickly I lay down in my bed, and was soon asleep. That night I had a beautiful dream. In my dream I started seeing Rome, Paris, the Tivoli in Denmark, and the fjords of Norway! How I wished to sit on the ghost train and have fun with my friends. I imagined myself on the tops of white mountains of Switzerland trying to learn skiing and having lot of falls,

Monday did come at last. I think on that day I was the first one to get up. I quickly had a bath and dressed. I was so early that I had to walk about for a long time before it was really time for me to go. It took about half an hour to reach the office. There I was told to wait in the waiting room for about ten minutes.

The ten minutes seemed like ten hours to me. Finally, I was asked to come in. I saw a middle-aged man sitting at his table. I showed the letter to him. He went through it about five times. My heart started beating fast. Was he having any second thoughts about it? He looked up and smiled and I smiled back as

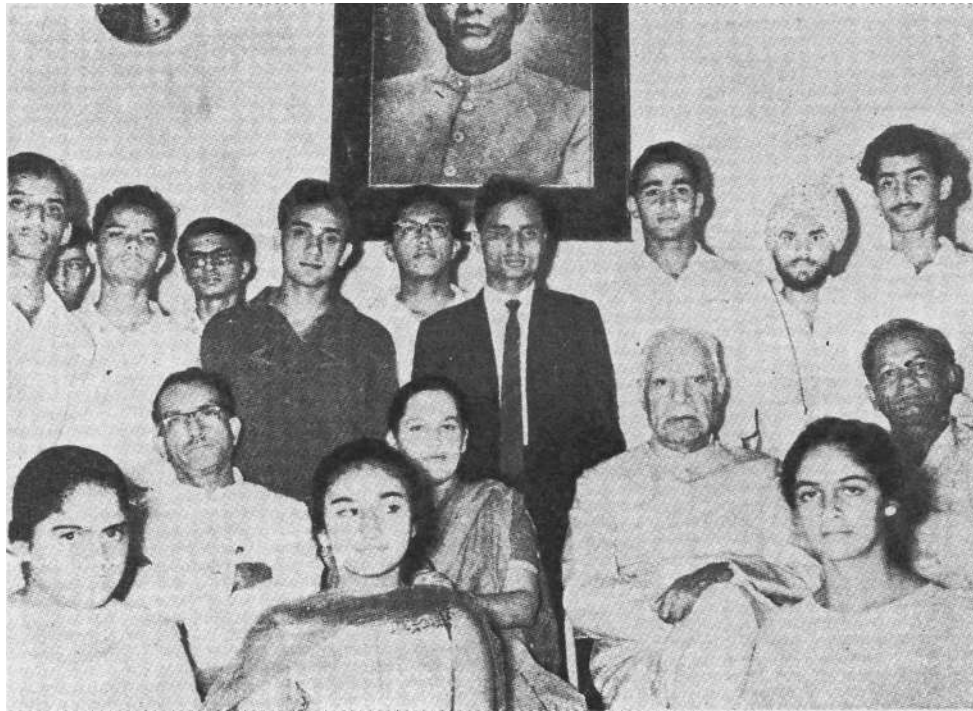
sweetly as I could. Then he opened a drawer and took a few paintings out of it. He showed one painting to me and said. "That's your painting which has won the first prize. I congratulate you." I kept staring at the painting, for it was, indeed, a beautiful one but it was not mine. I told the man that the picture he was holding had not been painted by me. He also seemed bewildered at this and quickly looked at the back of the painting, where we were supposed to write our names and addresses. He read the name as Miss Lal from Bombay.

He took out all the paintings from the drawer and I picked out mine. He told me that my picture had won the second prize and that meant I would be getting a hundred rupees. He then apologized for the silly mistake they had made and told me that the hundred rupees would soon be sent to me.

Reader, I do not know if you have ever experienced a sudden shocking disappointment, but this was the first and the worst I had. I left his office with tears in my eyes, all my hopes and plans shattered.

The next day I received my hundred rupees, for which I simply did not care. I wrote to my pen-friends telling them not to expect me, and I felt very sad and lonely for the rest of the day. I pray no one ever experiences such a disappointment as I did on that day.

The College Union



Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad, the Judges and the participants in the Inter-College Declamation Contest for the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy.

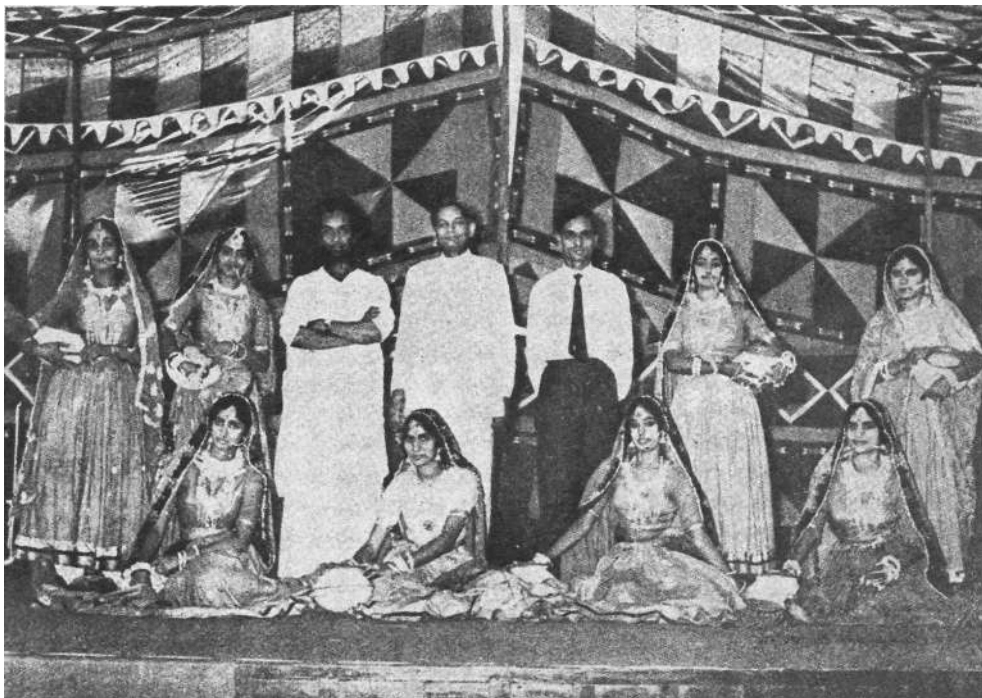


A scene from the one-act play : 'Post-Graduate' showing Ganguli and Uma on the stage

Inter-College Youth Festival 1964-65



Our Group Song Troupe which won the 3rd place



Our Group-Dance team with the Principal, the Composer & Shri J.K. Jain, Adviser of the College Union

'NICKNAMES'

Kamlesh Kumar Rattan B.A. (Pass) 2nd year

"Nicknames stick to people and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive" If you are unlucky enough to get a nickname you had better learn to live with it. Try to shake it off and it will sink deeper into you and burn into your very soul.

A probe into the origin of nicknames is sometimes rewarding. Many a nickname can be traced to schools and colleges. I had a classmate who was nicknamed "Bullock". In appearance, character and temperament he was as different from a bullock as chalk is from cheese. Why then was he so nicknamed? I made some patient research into its origin. I found out that his brothers and, in fact all the male members of his family were similarly nicknamed and that it was a legacy bequeathed by his grandfather.

The grandfather in his school days had wrongly used in a written composition the expression "bullock in a china shop". The class teacher had read it out to the class in order to point out that the correct word was "bull" and not "bullock". The class, however, reacted in quite a different way. They howled hilariously and dubbed the author a "bullock". And the name stuck to the unsuspecting author and his would-be progeny!

Some people are better known by their nicknames than their names.

At the present, in my college, I have a classmate whose nickname is 'Aaloo' (Potato). I do not know about his nickname's story, but he is famous in our college by his nickname and very few students know his real name.

I remember an incident which continues to surprise me.

The other day a youngish looking boy, dressed in well-pressed Dacron trousers and crepe Terylene shirt, met me on the road. Walking up to me with a broad smile, he started shaking my hand heartily. I was nonplussed. "I see you do not remember me, eh? I am Basant", he said and gave me his initials. But I was no wiser. "I am Mr. Fox Basant, he explained laughing. The word "Mr. Fox" rang an unmistakable bell in the remote recesses of my memory. Sure enough I remembered we had been together at school.

There are people who fly into tantrums at the mere mention of their nicknames. Such an attitude does not help. It only makes matters worse and is a source of misery for them. What happened to Rajender, who was nicknamed 'Hercules', is a case in point. He is a young boy and having very small height but due to his physical appearance he is thinking himself just equal

to 'Hercules'. His friends therefore call him by his nickname "Hercules". Unlike "Mr Fox Basant", "Hercules Rajender" has not learnt to live with his nickname.

While on the subject of nicknames. I would not be true to myself if I were to hide the fact that I myself am the victim of a nickname. I am nicknamed "Shastri"; not of course for any *Shastriship*. On my part it came about like this. My friends used to call me by this nickname due to my last year's House Examina-

tions in which in Political Science when I was receiving my answer book which was distributed by our teacher, suddenly I heard a voice from the back benches of our class; that he is 'Shastri'. See how devious is the process of the evolution of nicknames.

Well, whether you are nicknamed "Bullock", "Mr. Fox", "Shastri" or anything else, my advice to you is to reconcile yourself to it. No matter what you do, the nickname has come to stay.

'Power shortage in the Capital'

Sunil Gupta, Pre-Medical 2nd year

"Good-day friends. We will now play to you.....chai, splutter, Kov, splutter, y's, splutter splutter." A laugh broke through the room as the radio spluttered into quietude. Killing, that is what it is. Poor Tchaikovsky's name has been distorted to 'chai-covy' (chai-coffee or Tea and coffee). Well, the power shortage is certainly creating some humour! Of course, the only suggestion is, friends tune in your radio only when you are certain that the power supply is not threatened.

Do you know when a housewife, who owns electrical appliances, is completely fed up with them ? I will

not pester you to answer for the heat as I can realize, may have affected your nerves, so I will tell you, it is when there is no power supply. It is most distressing to be unable to drink cold water. Mother comes saying, 'why are you wasting the little water that is there in the 'frige' ? I suppose you want water which has been cooled with that 'rat and lizard frozen ice'. "No cold mangoes and apples for the unfortunate people who own that their pet hobby is horse eating. The 'coke-struck' people of the capital are sore for there are no cold 'cokes' to calm their frayed nerves.

Naturally, everyone is getting rather short-tempered with the fans. They choose the most odd times to go off. Right when you are in the middle of your beauty-slumber there comes the 'cut'. The electricity goes off, as though saying "that's enough for today." The unpleasant whirring of the fans is now music for the ear. Everyone is sulky, sarcastic and you get a biting retort for the most mild question.

It is most disheartening to have to wait to read a book which interests you, just because the light has called it a day. If you suggest reading by a candle light, Oh ! just like the people did in the days gone by !, then let me tell you, that you are under the effect of an unholy delusion, for reading by candle light is no more romantic than spending rest of your life in a village. Reading a detective story will not be thrilling if a gust of wind blows off the candle. You are likely to suspect then, that criminals are after you and that there is no hope of escape, for your legs have turned into dead posts.

The damn electric cut ! Why, even

the iron is useless and the people, including you, are suffering extremely. No ironed dresses, sarees or trousers. It seems we will have to adopt some new fashion. The idea of becoming those people who are torn between fashion and their so called conventionalities, is not quite suitable for the people of Delhi. Fate is rather hard. We used to pity our forefathers before, but it is they who have the laugh at us now, (how irritating !) for we have to go back to those bad old days of ironing with those 'coal-irons' which occupied a place in every foreigner's drawing room.

People are beginning to pity foreigners now, but I am very much pleased with their discomfort, Atleast, they cannot turn on their air-conditioners, the noise of which is most disgusting to me. Before their sound used to disturb me when I was asleep but now I feel relieved to see them disgusted with life. How exciting the electricity has come. So I must go and get myself the long-awaited glass of cold water, and that is the 'Swan-Lake' being played on the radio. So good-bye friends till we meet here again !

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

(Oscar Wilde)

Writing an Article for the College Magazine

K. Raj Lakshmi B A. (Hons.) English 1st year

Is it not Bacon who wrote, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, writing an exact man."

Whenever I happened to read some interesting article or story, I used to feel the thrill of writing similar articles myself, and used to *amuse myself* with the idea of becoming a writer one of these days. Perhaps, I was heading for something too ambitious!

However, when it was announced on the college notice board that "contributions for the college magazine are invited from all students", the urge in me to write became so strong, that I decided to produce something. From that moment my mind was not at rest and was wandering hither and thither in trying to choose a suitable subject, and also to know as to how to accomplish it within the specified time.

I remembered my uncle who used to supply witty and funny articles to many dailies and weeklies and all his articles used to be based on very simple day to day matters. I had seen him often walking up and down with his hands locked behind him. Perhaps, it was his way of getting ideas. Now I too was in need of ideas. So I began to pace up and down in the verandah of my house with my hands on my back.

To what extent this helped my uncle in producing the ideas, I know not, but to me it was all in vain. I was still where I was, with no advancement whatsoever.

My father noticed me walking here and there and now and then scribbling something and when he enquired about it, I told him about my ingenious way of producing an article for my college magazine. He burst into laughter at my idea and said that writing comes only by practice and not by other methods.

He quoted the following from Pope:

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learned to dance"

And the following from Shakespeare:

"Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by swift course of time."

He advised me that as only "practice maketh a man perfect" I, should try to make some sincere efforts to achieve my object.

I, therefore, restarted my thinking and was so much absorbed in the pre-

paration that I couldn't even hear my mother's call for dinner. She was a little critical of my attempt and advised me that I should refer to some good books on the subject and then try to collect the points for my article.

Out of the many books I consulted there was one with the title "How to become a Writer Overnight". It was just like a tonic for a sick man, but a perusal of some of the directions proved how much time and patience I would have to have at my disposal before I attempted to write something.

The writer started advising: "do not say, 'commence' for 'begin' or 'request' for 'ask' or 'veracious' for 'true' or utilize' for 'use' and as far as possible to use short words for long ones.

Then he went on to say that one should be careful in using the correct words in the correct place to avoid misrepresentation of ideas and quoted the following example.

"I will die, and no one shall help me," and "I shall die, and no one will help me." I am sure that my readers will be able to find the difference between the two.

He then stressed the importance of punctuation and gave the following example to demonstrate how a comma could change the very sense of the sentence.

"Release him, not bang him."

"Release him not, bang him".

Thus I came to realize how difficult a job it was to write. My younger sister dropped in just then and laughed at the plight I was in. But when she remarked that my contributing something appeared to her as a fantastic nonsense, I couldn't but agree with her.

Nevertheless, I didn't lose heart and determined to produce something and here it goes. If in your attempt to read, you happen to notice any invisible scribbling or an ununderstandable character, I admit that they are, of course, the contributions from my little brother who is just three years old.

Thus with the indirect help of every one this article was made possible. I only hope that the editor also will contribute his share as well, by allowing some space for this in the college magazine,

Or, I am too ambitious.

"Ideas are, in truth, forces. Infinite too, is the power of personality. A union of the two always makes history."

(Henry James)

ABOUT OURSELVES

We welcome our new readers who have joined the college for the first time. We hope that they are thoroughly enjoying their stay here and benefiting immensely, intellectually, culturally and socially. We need not say that the columns of *Desh*, our college magazine, are readily available to them for developing their faculty of self-expression and for exchanging thoughts and ideas which they may find interesting or useful. It is heartening to know that they always look forward to reading the issues of *Desh* but it is only possible if some of them take the trouble to write articles for the magazine. It is 'not enough to read what others write; others must read what you write. Bacon said: Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.'

We wish to plead with our readers not to fight shy of writing on any subject which may interest them. Let them write short articles: the shorter, the better. All that we need to emphasize is that what they write must be their own and not copied.

We have tried to make the present issue of *Desh* as much a success as we possibly could; We were handicapped by the lack of good reading material, as the contributions from the students were not encouraging. We hope to receive a better response from them to our invitation for contributions for the next issue. We hope our readers

liked the *Desh* Supplement: 'Homage to Rashtrapriya Jawaharlal Nehru.' It was our fifth supplement.

We have added a new feature: the 'NCC Section'. It is for our NCC Officers and Cadets to keep it going.

'Endeavour'

We are very happy to welcome the first issue of 'Endeavour'—the research-cum-study journal of the college. The articles in the present number are both scholarly and thought-provoking. We are confident that 'Endeavour' will continue to flourish under the able editorship of Shri K. C. Kanda and the patronage of our Principal, Dr. Amba Prasad.

We, however, must express our wish that members of the Staff will not withdraw their co-operation from *Desh* and continue to write for its pages as hitherto. Anything that does not savour of 'research or study' will be good enough for us because we are sure, it will be more delicious and easy to digest. We have not the least fear that this our new 'cousin' will prove itself to be a 'usurping cousin.' But, then, you never know.'

The Staff

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. N. Bawa and Mrs. Raj Kumari Parshad on the birth of their

daughters. They say that 'birds of a feather flock together'. Mrs. Bawa's example was followed by Mrs. Parshad. We hope that our male teachers will prove to be 'birds' of a different 'feather'; if for no other reason than for the sake of variety. They must keep company with Dr. Ahluwalia and Shri Om Prakash Kohli. Girls are welcome but their births must be fairly punctuated with boys. A boy and a girl, and a girl and a boy—that is the pattern we like: in the language of architecture, the mosaic pattern.

We offer our congratulations to Shri V. N. Khanna on his appointment as the College Bursar in place of Shri S. M. Jhangiani who resigned due to pressure of academic work. We wish him success.

Shri M. L. Sanduja, Lecturer in Chemistry, and Shri B. P. Saxena, Lecturer in Zoology, resigned their posts to go to the United States of America for higher studies in their respective subjects. We wish them the best of luck.

Dr. R. N. Kaul, Lecturer in Mathematics, has gone on one year's leave on a teaching cum research assignment in the University of California. We have no doubt that he will return to us with a new feather in his cap.

Dr. C. L. Nahal, Lecturer in English, who had gone on leave and joined the Department of English in the Post-Graduate Institute (Evening) of the University of Delhi, resigned his post in the college. He has our

best wishes for a successful career there.

There have been a number of changes in the Staff. We welcome all the ladies and gentlemen who have joined the ranks of our esteemed teachers and we bid good-bye and wish god-speed to all those who have gone to 'fresh woods, and pastures new.'

The following persons have joined the college :—

Department of English

Shri K. R. Jain
Shri P. L. Sharma
Shri S. K. Mukerji
Miss B. Majumdar

Department of Chemistry

Shri P. S. Relan
Shri S. N. Gupta
Shri K. C. Kapoor

Department of Hindi

Shri S. N. Singh

Department of Political Science

Shri Krishan Lal
Shri Y. K. Puri

Department of Sanskrit

Shri R. S. Vats

Department of Economics

Shri P. L. Goyal
Shri R. N. Bansal
Shri C. M. Gupta

Department of Physics

Shri B. P. Gupta

Department of Mathematics

Miss Manju Mathur
Shri S. C. Wason

Department of Botany

Miss Bina Rastogi
Miss Manju Gupta

The following persons have left the college :—

Sarvshri S. P. Bedi and S. K. Mukerji (English); Shri M. L. Sanduja (Chemistry); Mrs. Usha Chowdhry and Shri C. L. Gupta (Economics); Miss Bina Rastogi (Botany) and Shri B. P. Saxena (Zoology).

The College Office

Shri Amar Nath, our Cashier, has been appointed Head Clerk in place of Shri B. S. Aggarwal who resigned his post. Shri D. P. Agarwal has been appointed Senior Clerk in place of Shri J. K. Suri who resigned his post. Shri S. K. Goyal has been appointed Cashier. We congratulate these gentlemen and wish them the best of luck.

Admissions

Admissions to the college during the year 1964-65 reached the ever-highest figure of 1083 : Boys 516 and Women 567. For the first time in the history of the college the number of women students is higher than that of the boys. If statistics are any guide male members of the Staff may in time to come have to yield place to women teachers. Their number is already on the increase. We, on our part, are

too willing to vacate the editorial chairs to women editors. We have had a long 'innings' ; let women come and rule the roost with their soft pens.

The Collage Union

Shri J.K. Jain, Lecturer in English, took over the advisership of the College Union from Shri V. N. Kanna. The College accounts claimed Shri V. N. Khanna as the Bursar. During his term from 1962-64, he looked after the Union with zeal and competence. Shri Jain is full of ideas. We wish him the best of luck in this august office.

The present year began, as in the past, with elections for the College Union and ten Supreme Councillors. The hectic canvassing by the candidates and their supporters, the pre-election speeches, the subsequent Question-and-Answer session, the wordy duels between the rival parties—all enlivened the college atmosphere for quite a few days. The elections were held on the 7th August, 1964. The following were elected office-bearers of the College Union and class Representatives :

<i>President</i>	Yug Prakash Dar, B.A. III Year (Hons)
<i>Vice-President</i>	Jugal Kishore Dogra, B. Sc. II Year
<i>Secretary</i>	Om Prakash Kohli, B. A. II Year
<i>Asstt. Secretary</i>	Sarup Gehani B. A. II Year

The Political Science Association
(Mock Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations)

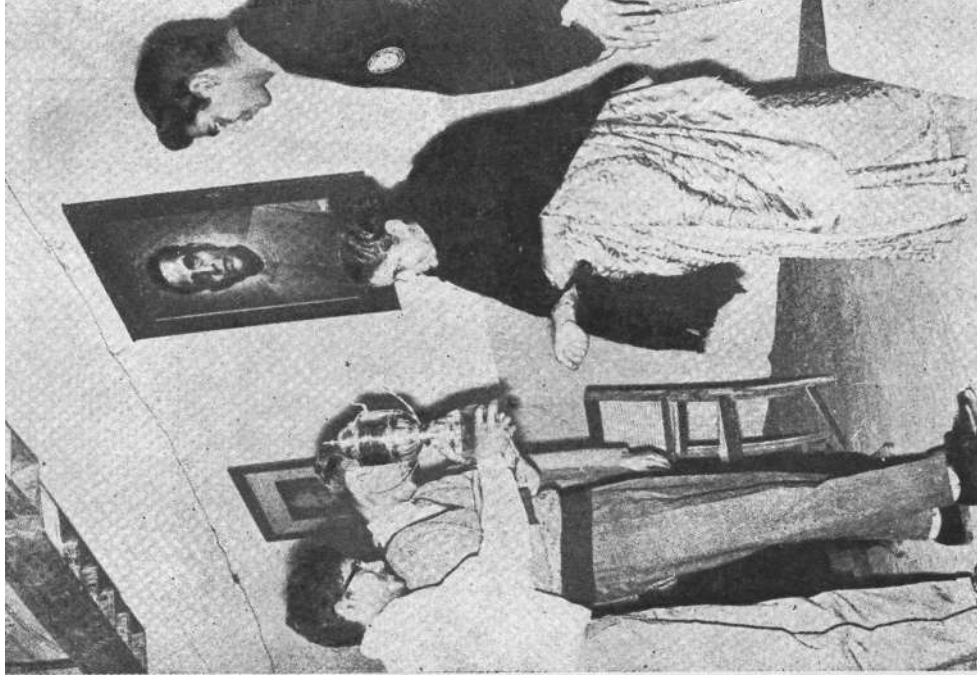


Shri M. M. Verma (President) addressing the Assembly



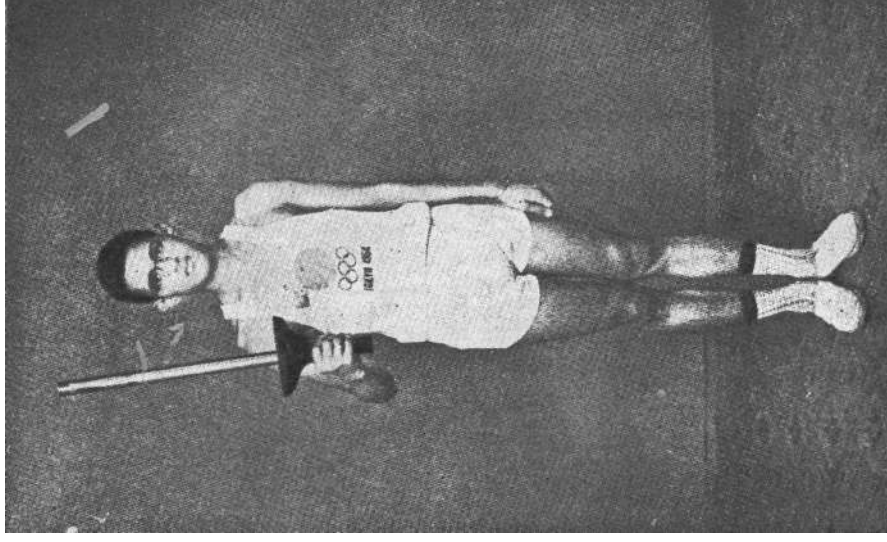
Some of the students who participated in the Mock Session

The College Union



Mrs. Chauhan (Evening Classes) giving away the Deshbandhu Cup to the St. Stephen's College team.

Sports



Sant Prakash B.A. 1st Year carrying the 18th Olympic Torch on its way through Delhi to Tokyo.

Class Representatives

B. A. (Pass & Hons) III Year.	Tribhuvan Kaul, B. A. III
-do-II Year	Yashwant Singh, B. A. II
-do- I Year	Ramesh Sabharwal B. A. I
B. Sc. (Genl. & Hons) III Year.	Prakash Badlani, B. Sc. III
-do- II Year.	Satish Kumar, B. Sc. II
-do- I Year.	Ramesh Kumar, B. Sc. I
Pre-Medical II Year	Naresh Chandra, Pre Med. II

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

1. Kumari Prem Kanta B. A. (Hons) III Year
2. Jugal Kishore Dogra B.Sc. II Year
3. Vinod Sethi B.A. (Hons) II Year
4. Brij Mohn Dara B. A. II Year
5. Anoop Singh B. A. III Year
6. Bhim Sen Mittal B. A. (Hons) III Year
7. Surjit Singh Choudhry B. A. (Hons) II Year
8. R. C. Grover B, Sc. III Year
9. Swadesh Kumar Joshi B.A. III Year
10. Narinder Sharma B.A. (Hons) III Year

The Principal nominated the following to the Union Executive for the year 1964-65 -

1. Shri R. K. Sud
2. Shri S. M. Jhangiani
3. Mrs. M. Thomas
4. Shri Kaushal Kumar
5. Shri O. P. Kohli
6. Sudershan Maini, B. A. III Year,
7. S. P. Ganguli, B. A. (Hons) III Year,
8. Y. S. Bisht, B. A. III Year,
9. Indira Sharma, B. A. (Hons) III Year,
10. Suman Bagga, B. Sc. III Year,

Shri V. N. Khanna (Bursar) and Shyamal Bagchee (Student-Editor) were put on the Union Executive (Ex-officio).

Immediately after the elections, the Union started functioning with great vigour. The first meeting of the Union Executive was held on the 22nd August, 1964. The following important decisions were taken under the chairmanship of the Principal :

1. A Debating Society, to train our students in the art of public speaking. discussion and debating will be instituted under the College Union.
2. A Mock-Parliament, to acquaint our students will be added to the list of functions to be arranged by the College Union,
3. The Deshbandhu Day will henceforth be called the Commemoration Day, which will be dedicated to the memory of all the valiant martyrs who lay down their precious lives for the freedom of our country.

The Union Annual Hindi Prize Debate (Local) was held on 1st September, 1964. The subject of the debate was as follows :

“इस सदन के मत में अनिवार्य सैनिक शिक्षा लाभप्रद नहीं है।”

Fourteen students spoke on this occasion. Surinder and Abhey of B.A. (Hons) Economics II year were awarded the first and the second prize respectively. The following constituted the panel of judges :

1. Shri L. M. Sharma,
2. Shri R. K. Sharma,
3. Dr M. M. Ahluwalia,

The Union Annual English Prize Debate (Local) was held on the 4th September, 1964. The subject of the debate was as follows :

“In the Opinion of this House, boys and girls should be encouraged to meet each other freely.”

Sixteen speakers took part in the debate. The first prize went to Miss Dharitri Ranga of B. A. (Hons) English I Year; the second was shared by Pradeep Banerjee and S. P. Ganguli of B. A. (Hons) Economics III Year.

The following constituted the panel of judges :

1. Shri Kaushal Kumar,
2. Shri R. C. Pillai,
3. Shri Y. P. Dhawan,

Both the debates aroused a great deal of enthusiasm and interest. They were well-attended.

The Fourth Inter-College Declamation Contest for the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy was held on the 24th September, 1964. Speakers from eleven Colleges participated. Our College was represented by Yug Prakash Dar and Ashok Behari Mathur.

The trophy was won by students of the Lady Shri Ram College. The first and third prizes went to Miss Ranjana and Miss Bina of the same college and the second to P. Eashwar of the Ram Lal Anand College.

The panel of judges consisted of the following members :

1. Rai Bahadur, H. C. Kathpalia, former Principal, Deshbandhu College,
2. Shri U.R. Rao, Editor, Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi.
3. Mrs. Roy, Department of English, Lady Shri Ram Collage.

The Union Inaugural Day celebrations took place on October 1, 1964, in a *pandal* on the Hockey-Ground. Shri P. N. Kirpal, Secretary Ministry of Education, and Chairman, Board of Administration, Deshbandhu College, kindly addressed the staff and students. Speaking on this occasion, he said, “I do not agree with those who say that the Students’ Unions in the Universities and Colleges are undesirable as they are the source of much indiscipline these days. I am of opinion that these Unions, if run properly and under proper surveillance, prove highly useful. Young students from various parts of the country and from various strata of society learn to

mix together, discuss matters of common interest and find out ways and means to meet situations which intrigue them and finally bring about, in an imperceptible manner, national integration. Cultural programmes serve to bring out the artistic talent that they possess and social programmes help to provide training in leadership and initiative. Debates and declamation contests not only provide forums for discussions but also pave the way to public speaking and ultimately to national assemblies and the Parliament." He congratulated the organizers of the programme of the cultural programme.

Besides, a cultural show, consisting of a Group-dance a Group-Song, a One-Act Play ('Post-Graduate'), solo items in light vocal Music, was also presented. All these items were entered by our college for the Inter-College Youth Festival organized by the Delhi University. The functions drew almost all the students of the College who enjoyed it very much.

A sort of 'barakhana' for the staff and the Union Executive. student-artists, volunteers and N. C. C. Cadets was also held to mark the celebration.

The Twelfth Inter-College Debate for the Deshbandhu Cup was held on the 6th November, 1964. The subject of the debate was : "In the opinion of this House if India wishes to survive vis-a-vis China, she must develop her own nuclear deterrent." The response from different colleges was not very encouraging, the reason, perhaps, being, that a number of cultural

events took place in different colleges on the same day. Students from six colleges took part. Our college was represented by Dharitri Ranga, and Ashok Bihari Mathur.

The Cup was claimed for the third successive year by the St. Stephen's College. The first and third prizes went to Mr. Awdesh Kumar and Mr. J. Harinarayan of the same college and the second prize to Ashok Bihari Mathur of our college.

Shri P. N. Dar, from the All India Radio, Dr. C. L. Nahal, Reader in English, Institute of Post-Graduate Studies, (Evening) University of Delhi, and Mrs. Chauhan, Lecturer in English, Deshbandhu College (Evening) formed the panel of judges

Besides holding debates at our own college, the Union has been sending speakers to other colleges, such as the Indian Institute of Technology, the Shri Ram College of Commerce, the Lady Shri Ram College, to participate in Debates.

The Union helped the Social Service League in making collections for the Teachers' Day on 5th September, 1964.

The Union arranged exhibitions for the benefit of our students. The first exhibition was put up by the U. S. I. S. Cheap editions of textbooks were displayed.

The first instalment, namely, picture-panels on 'Youth in Britain' Show from 10th to 13th November, 1964

was followed by exhibits on 'Women in Britain', 'Meet the British', 'Shakespeare. Besides, we have received booklets and pamphlets on the above subjects to be distributed to students.

We wish to thank the U. S. I. S. and the British High Commission most sincerely for the above ventures, that have proved of indubitable value.

The Union, this year, has been very active in bringing to the notice of the Principal the difficulties and problems of students relating to the Canteen, the Library, and the D.T.U. Service. For this purpose the Union has held its meetings from time to time. These meetings have promoted an active interest in the student-problems in the Union officer-bearers and the class-Representatives and given them opportunities for expression of their views in a reasoned and responsible manner.

Towards the end of the term; Shri P. Goyal, Lecturer in Economics, was also associated with Shri J. K. Jain, by the Principal. Shri Goyal is, like Shri J. K. Jain, full of ideas and enthusiasm. We hope that his association with the Union will prove extremely beneficial.

The Union has, this year, acquired a cabin for its office. It is still to be properly furnished.

The Inter-College Youth Festival

Our college participated in four events of the Inter-College Youth

Festival Competition, held in September this year under the auspices of the University of Delhi. In the one-act play competition we presented a play in Hindustani: 'Post-Graduate'. It was an ably written satirical drama, centring round the problem of unemployment among the university educated. Judging from the appreciative response of the audience of the Miranda House, where the play was staged, one could boldly affirm that it was an undoubted success. S. P. Ganguly and Tribhuwan Kaul who acted the Post-Graduate and the Scientist respectively, gave outstanding performance. The other members of the cast were: Uma Verma, S. R. Gogia, Ashok Talwar, Satinder Vij, Satish Grover and Harikishen.

It is a pleasure to record that our Group Song won the third place in the University. It was a patriotic song, skilfully composed and inspiringly sung by our troupe which consisted of the following students: Sarojini, Tejindra, Uma, Geeta, Harvinder Singh, Ashok, Harish, Radhey Shyma (Evening Clases) and Bharadwaj.

We also entered our team for the Group Dance competition. We chose the 'Panghat' folk dance and our troupe consisted wholly of girl students, who in their colourful costumes, painted 'mutkies' and jingling, measured steps, effectively recreated the typical 'Panghat' scene of Brindavan region. The following students participated: Varsha, Bhariti, Veena, Bela, Prem Lata, Surindra; Dharitri and Rajesh.

Among the solo items we competed only for the light-classical music, and our singers: Sarojini Kapur and Tejindra Kaur, gave a give account of their musical talent.

The entire programme was repeated in the college on the occasion of the Students Union Inauguration ceremony on the 1st of October, 1964. The Programme was prepared and produced under the active advice and supervision of Mrs. M. Thomas, Shri K. C. Canda and Shri J. K. Jain.

We congratulate all the performers in the above mentioned competition at the university.

It gives us a great pleasure to announce that students from our College have obtained distinction in 'The All India Music & Dance Competition' organized by the 'Nav Kala Sangam' on the 20th November, 1964.

The following students got prizes:

1. Ashok Talwar of B. A. (Hons) Maths. I Year.
 'Best Vocalist of 1964'
2. Miss Tejinder Kaur of B. A. (Hons) Pol. Science II Year.
 2nd Prize in the Senior Group (Girls)
3. Group Songs: 2nd Prize in the Senior Group.

Participants :

1. H. S. Suri
2. Miss Tejinder Kaur
3. Ashok Talwar
4. Uma Chakravarty.

The Political Science Association

Adviser : Shri M. M. Verma

President : Surinder Sarhadi B. A. III Year.

Vice—President : Aruna Sharma B.A. Hons II Year

Secretary : Ramesh Ahuja B. A. III Year.

Asstt. Secretary : Biman Chatterjee B. A. Hons. I Year

After the annual election of the Office-bearers of the Association it held its first function on the 4th of August, 1964. Dr. K. V. Rao, Professor and Head of the Department of Political Science of the Benaras University, gave a talk on the 'Powers of the President of India'.

Students of B.A. I Year and II Year classes were taken to the Parliament House to witness the Parliament in session,

The Mock Session of the United Nations General Assembly was held on 24th October, 1964, with the collaboration of the UNSA. The topic for discussion was 'The International Situation'. The following participated :—

President of the 'Deshbandhu Republic' : Dr. Amba Prasad

President : Shri M. M. Verma

Secretary General : Harish Bhara-dwaj.

Delegates

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| 1. The United Kingdom | Yug Prakesh Dar |
| 2. The United State of America | Pradeep Banerji |
| 3. France | Dharitri |
| 4. The Republic of China | Vinod Sagar |
| 5. Poland | Ashok Mathur. |
| 6. India | Narinder Sharma |
| 7. Pakistan | Tribhuwan Kaul |
| 8. The United Arab Republic | Surinder Sarhadi |
| 9. The U. S. S. R. | R. Radhakrishnan |
| 10. Canada | S. P. Ganguly |
| 11. Saudi Arabia | S. S. Chaudhari |
| 12. Indonesia | Indira Sharma |
| 13. Australia | Kapil Dev Kapoor |
| 14. Norway | Veena Chawla |
| 15. Afghanistan | Jawaharlal Wadhwa |
| 16. Iran | Kusum Sethi |
| 17. Burma | Abhaya Kumar |
| 18. Ceylon | Rama Bhandari |
| 19. Ghana | Vinod Sethi |
| 20. Yugoslavia | Ashutosh Banerjee |
| 21. India: Deputy Leader of the
Delegation. | Shukla. |

The panel of judges was constituted by Shri Frank Thakur Das (K. M. College), Shri Indra Narain Bhatnagar (Principal, Ram Lal Anand College) and Shri Labh Singh (Vice—Principal, Evening Classes). Prizes were awarded to the following :—

Yug Prakash Dar	I Prize
Pradeep Banerji	II Prize
R. Radhakrishnan } Shuk a.	III Prize

Members of the Association were taken on a picnic to the Buddha Jayanti Park. Students of the Honours classes (Political Science) went to Okhla for the same purpose.

The U. S. I. S. was kind enough to arrange a film show pertaining to the United States Presidential Election on 24 October, 64.

The English Literary Society

Adviser : Shri H. S. Kakar
 Secretary : S. K. Vij B. A. Hons
 III Year
 Asstt. Secretaries : Dharitri Ranga
 B. A. Hons I year
 Kuldip Narayan Kaul B. A. Hons
 II Year.

The first meeting of the English Literary Association was held on September 14, 1964. Members recited their favourite English poems. As many as ten students took part. In addition, Shri J. K. Jain regaled the audience with three of his own poems

in English. Shri R. K. Sud, addressing the members, stressed the role that literature could play in making our lives fuller and richer. He also gave valuable tips regarding the correct way of reciting poetry, using Thomas Hardy's lyric : 'Shelley's Skylark' for illustration.

The Mathematics Association

Adviser : Shri R. L. Kakar
 President : Sham Sundar Malkani
 B. A. Hons III year
 Secretary ; Sham Sunder B. A.
 Hons II Year
 Asstt. Seceretary : Bhajniak Singh
 B. A. Hons II Year
 Class Representatives :
 B. A./B. Sc. Pass : Ram Singh B.Sc
 II Year
 B.A./B. Sc Hons : Inderjit Singh
 B. A. Hons II Year.

At its first meeting Dr. F.C. Auluck, Professor of Mathematical Physics, University of Delhi, delivered a discourse on 'Mathematics and Life'. He explained in a very simple and lucid manner that as Mathematics dealt with reality and life could be defined by its attribute of self-multiplication from a cell to endless numbers the biological phenomenon of life could be proved mathematically. He also dwelt on the aspects of mathematical research for the sake of research, that is, for finding a solution to a given problem for the love and joy of finding it; and secondly, application of mathematical

methods to modern science and technology.

Shri R. L. Kakar introduced the learned speaker to the audience and the Principal thanked him at the end of the meeting.

The Planning Forum

The Annual election was held in August.

Anil Roy, Romesh Sethi, Pradip Banerji, Sarla Harplani, Kakar, B. S. Sidhu, Surjit Singh Parmar, Saroj Mohan, Santosh Bhatia and Rita Sud were elected class representatives, who, in turn, elected the following office-bearers.

Shri S.P. Kapoor—Adviser

Pradip Banerji — President

Surjit Singh — Vice-President

B. S. Sidhu — Secretary

Saroj Mohan } —Joint Secretaries
Rita Sud }

The Forum arranged a very useful talk on 'The Present Price Situation in India' by Dr. Raj Krishna of the Institute of Economic Growth on the 21st of Sept., 1964

The Forum is celebrating the National Plan week, with enthusiasm in collaboration with the Planning Forums of the University, from the 14th of November, Pandit Nehru's birthday.

The Philosophical Association

Adviser : Mrs. M. Thomas

President : Gurpal Singh

Secretary : Sudesh Joshi

The members of the Philosophical Association arranged a talk by Dr. Baalingay, Reader in Philosophy, Delhi University, on *Philosophy and Liberty*. It was a very brilliant talk. He said that although many of the preoccupations of Philosophy were on full-fledged subjects in their own right, philosophy still had her own tasks. One of these was the use of language in a meticulous manner. In fact, since Plato and the Theory of Ideas, ideas or concepts such as liberty were treated as 'nouns' but meaning really lies in their use as 'verbs'.

The members went on a picnic to the Suraj Kund. Despite the heat they enjoyed it, especially as there were a number of radio singers entertaining another group. The two groups joined together and took tea in the restaurant.

The Music Club

Adviser : Shri V. Verma

President : Harvinder Singh B. A.
Hons. II year

Vice-President : Tejinder Kaur
B. A. II year

Secretary : Tanuja Bannerji
Pre-Medical II year

Joint Secretary : B. K. Pandal B.A.
Hons. II year

The Music Club

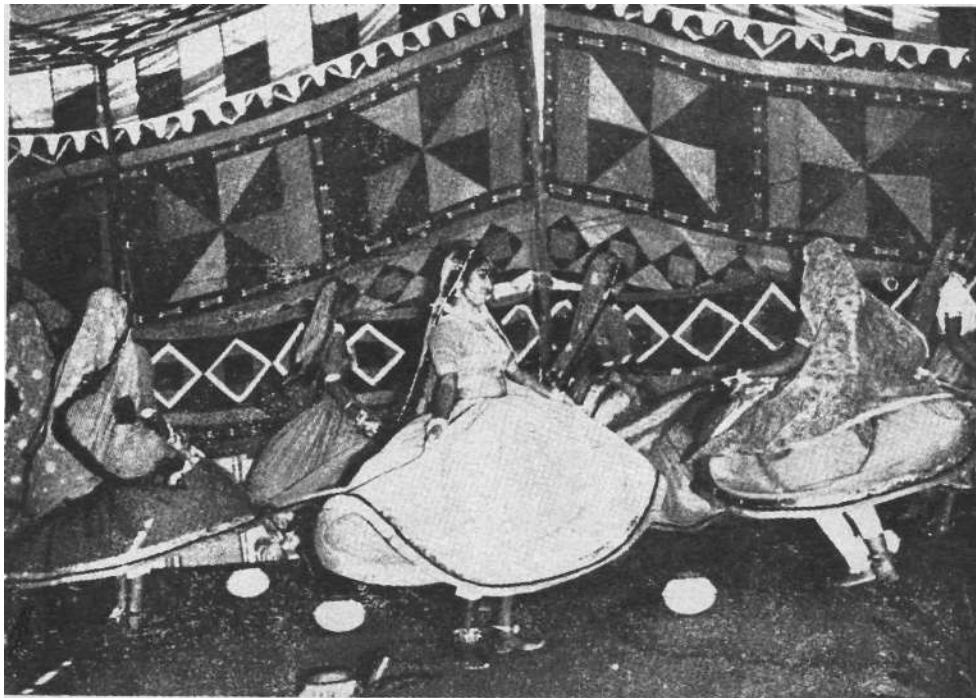
Ashok Talwar B.A. Hons. I Yr.
receiving the Shield for the light
vocalist of the year (1964) in the
Senior Group in the 2nd All
India Music and Dance Competi-
tion organized by the
Nav Kala Sangam →



Tejinder Kaur B.A. Hons. II Year
receiving the first prize (in the
Senior Group) for light vocal
music in the All India Dance &
Music Competition organized by
the Nav Kala Sangam ↓



Inter-College Youth Festival 1964-65



Scenes from our Group-dance

The Music club staged a musical evening on the 21st of September, 1964, in the college hall. A good number of participants delighted the audience with their melodious songs and lilting tunes. The songs of Harvinder Singh and Tejinder Kaur were pleasing.

Sarojini Kapur, B. A. III Year class, participated in an All India Festival of Music held at Patna in the middle of October, 64. Her songs and ghazals were much appreciated. (Also see P. 43)

The Sindhi Literary Society.

The following were elected office-bearers of the Society for the year 1964—65 :—

Adviser : Shri S. M. Jhangiani

President : Parkash Badlani

Vice President : Sarup Gehani

Secretary : Ishwar Navani

Joint Secretary: Kaushalya Sabhnani

<i>Members of the Executive</i>	}	Veena Israni
		Madalsa Thadhani
		Khimia Khushalani
		Bhagwanti Bhambhani
		Kunti Ratwani.

A meeting of the Society was held on 23 Sept. 1964. Parkash Badlani read a poem and Purinama Lalwani gave a Sindhi song.

A prize essay competition was held on 31st October 1964. The subjects for the competition were :—

1. Students and national defence
2. Future of Sindhis in India.

The first prize was won by Asha Bijlani while the second prize was shared by Nirmala Asnani and Mira Rajani.

The annual picnic of the Society was held on Sunday the 15th November, 1964 at Hauz Khas. Majority of the members attended the picnic and made it a success. The highlights of the picnic were 'Kho' and 'Parcel' games which were enjoyed by all. Those who contributed towards the success of the picnic were: Usha Hingorani, Sushila Sukhramani, Ishwar Navani, Sarup Gehani, Hari Tahiliani, Kaushalya Shbhnani, Nari Gulrajani, Mohan Matai, Mohan Kanuga, Bharti Karnani, Sushila Sainani, Asha Bijlani, Kamla, Gurmukh, Rajini, Hira and others.

The Science Association

The Science Association made its start with the elections, which were held on the 8th, September, 1964. The following were elected office-bearers of the Association.

Adviser :— Dr. R.P. Budhiraja

President:—Ashish Chakravarty
(B. Sc. III Year.)

Secretary:—Suresh Popli
(B. Sc. II Year.)

Class Representatives:

Prakash Badlani	B.Sc. III Year.
Satish Kumar	B.Sc. II Year.
Ramesh Chander	B.Sc. I Year.
Naresh	P.M. II Year.

The Association has started a series of Lectures on scientific subjects, beginning with the first lecture by Jugal Kishore Dogra of B.Sc. II Year, who spoke on *Atoms for Peace* on the 19th, September, 1964.

Principal Dr. Amba Prasad was also present on the occasion and he spoke a few words of encouragement to the Association.

The second lecture of the series was delivered by Ram Dhan Singh of B.Sc. II Year on the 26th, of September. He spoke on *Fertilizers*.

Ashish Chakravarty having left the College, Suman Bagga has taken over the duties of the President of the Association.

The Bengali Literary Association

Adviser—Mrs Tapati Chakravorty.

The following persons were elected office-bearers for 1964-65

1. Secretary — Tarun Bhattachariya
B. A. Second year.
2. Joint Secretary—Saraswati Poddar
B. A. II year.
3. Treasurer — Sandip Kumar Majumdar
B. A. II year Class

Representatives :-

Third year — Pradip Kumar Banerjee.

Second year — Som Nath Bhattachariya.
Sabita Roy.

First year— Dipiti Chatterjie.

The first year students were given a welcome by the Association in a brief ceremony held on 3rd August.

The annual cultural function of the Association was very much appreciated by the parents and guardians who kindly attended the function. The function, held on 26th October, 1964, was presided over by the Principal, Dr. Amba Prasad. In his presidential address, the Principal expressed his hope that the study of Bengali language and literature would be more developed in the college in future.

The special attraction of the function, was Rabindranath's "Chitrangoda", a dance-drama organized and produced by the Bengali students of the college. A one—act play "Iskabaner Tekka" by Dhananjoy Bairagi was also staged by the students. The student artistes entertained the audience with solo and chorus songs. Light refreshments were served after the function.

The Sanskrit Parishad

The Annual Elections of the Sanskrit Parishad were held on the 13th, August, 1964. The following students were elected to the various offices of the Parishad for the year 1964-65.

Adviser : Shri M. L. Chaudhry

President : Meera—B. A. Sanskrit.
Hons. II. year.

Vice-President : Navnit Rai B. A.
Pass II year.

Secretary : Nirmal Gupta : B. A.
Sanskrit Hons. II
year.

**Class Representations and
Members of the Executive :**

B. A. (Pass and Hons.) I Year
Santosh.

B. A. (Pass and Hons.) II year—
Kusum Vij.

B. A. (Pass and Hons.) III year—
Virendra Pahuja.

Student Editor of
the Sanskrit Section Virendra
of "Desh" Pahuja.

The first meeting of the Sanskrit Parishad was held on 29th September, 1964. Swami Samarpananand, Ex. Vice-Chancellor of the Gurukula University Kangri gave a talk on Sanskrit and Sanskriti. Explaining the meaning of the Sanskriti and its relation with Sanskrit, he showed that at one time there was a world nation based on Vedic literature. The idea of the world nation may be a dream for others but it was an historical fact for us. He forecast that a time would come when Sanskrit, due to its unifying force and manifold specialities, would be the international language and Vedic culture would predominate all over the world. and establish world peace.

The History Association

The following will constitute the Executive Committee of the History Association for the year 1964-65.

Adviser—Shri B. B. Saxena
President—Raj Kumari — B. A.
(Hons.) III year

Vice-President — Punita Kapur —
B. A. (Hons.) II year

Secretary — B. S. Sidhu — B. A.
II year

Joint Secretary — Onkar Jagtaran
Singh — B. A. (Hons.) III year

Class Representatives :—

Shobha Arora — B. A. III year

Bharti — B. A. II year

Kamini Chaddha -- B. A. (Hons.)
II year

Yug Parkash Dar — B. A. (Hons.)
III year

Ashok Behari — B. A. (Hons.)
II year

Rajesh Sood — B. A. (Hons.)
I year

The Social Service League

The following constitute the office bearers of the League for the Year 1964—65

Adviser : Shri S. M. Jhangiani

President : Sarojini Kapoor

Vice President : Miran Rajani

Secretary : Shyam Sunder Malkani

Joint Secretary : Mahesh Satija

Prem Lal Nahar

K. K. Jain

Ramesh Ahuja

Members Ashok Bhutani

of the Prakash Badlani

Executive Urmil Talwar

Rekha Bhargava

Sukh Versha Vohra

Nirmal Vij.

The League in collaboration with the College Union collected Rs. 494.44 for the Teacher's Day. This year, too, we collected the largest amount.

A few donation-coupons in aid of the All India Federation of the Deaf were also sold.

A number of articles lost and found by students were restored to the rightful owners.

Physical Education and Sports

We have not been able to convert our grounds into good and grassy playing fields. The main difficulty is of water. In spite of these difficulties, our players are very keen and have started practice in various games in right earnest.

We have entered our teams for Inter-college competitions for almost all games. Our women Badminton team is doing very well this year. They are Runners-up in the University. The finals were played on 11th September, 64, versus the Lady Irwin College in their Hall. Our two players, namely Santosh Chawla and Santwana Banerji deserve special congratulations.

Our Volley-Ball team lost with a narrow margin in the semi-finals. Our Cricket team has not been able to put up a good show. They lost in the first round.

The following office bearers are nominated for various games for the year 1964-65.

Cricket : Captain: Vinod Kumar
Wahi

Secretary : J. Raghvan

Foot-ball : Captain : S. P. Gangoli
Secretary : P. Mookerji

Hockey : Captain : Sardari Lal
Verma (E)
Secretary : Arun Kapur

Athletics : Captain : Mohinder
Singh (E)
Secretary: Anoop Singh

Basket-ball : Captain : Satish Bakshi
Vice-Cap : Yousaf (E)
Secretary Om Parkash
Kohli

Table-tennis : Captain: Mohinder Berry
Secretary : Vinod Maini

Volley-ball : Captain : Y. S. Bist
Secretary: Anand Sawrup
Daggar

Net-ball : Captain Santosh Arora
Secretary : Shashi Arora

Throw-ball : Captain : Rita Sahai

Badminton : Captain : Sudarshan
Maini
Secretary : Surindar
Shawney

Physico-Medical Test

Physico- Medical Tests conducted by the college doctors: Dr. Rustogi and Mrs. Oman reveal that the standard of eye sight of our students, both boys and girls, is going down. It is, therefore, imperative that their parents take proper steps in time to stop further deterioration in cases reported.

To Our Contributors

Articles for the next issue of *Desh* should reach the Editor of the respective sections by 31 January, 1965.

Please write on *one* side of the page only and leave ample space between the lines for corrections.



CONDOLENCE RESOLUTION

This Emergent meeting of the staff and students of Deshbandhu College places on record its deep sense of sorrow and grief on the death of Lala Madan Lal Ji, father of Dr. Amba Prasad, Principal, Deshbandhu College. It prays to the Almighty to grant peace to the soul of the deceased.

It further resolves that copies of this resolution should be sent to the College Magazine and to Dr. Amba Prasad.

13 November, 1964.

देश

संस्कृत-विभागः

अध्यक्षः — मनोहरो विद्यालङ्कारः

छात्रसम्पादकः — वीरेन्द्रः पहूजा

विषयानुक्रमः

१. सम्पादकीयम्	...	वीरेन्द्रः पहूजा	१
२. संघे शक्तिः	...	प्रमिला गुप्ता	२
३. सगर-कथा	...	सन्तोषकुमारी वर्मा	३
४. विधिरहो बलवान्	...	" "	३
५. महाकविः भारविस्तस्य काव्यञ्च	...	वीरेन्द्रः पहूजा	४
६. भारते शिक्षायाः माध्यमम्	...	सुलभा वर्मा	५
७. अभिनन्दनम्	...	मनोहरो विद्यालङ्कारः	६

सम्पादकीयम्

'देश'पत्रिकायाः अस्य वर्षस्य प्रथमोऽङ्को विद्यते भवतां समक्षम् । सर्वतः पूर्वं सर्वेषां नवागन्तुकानां छात्राणां स्वागतं कुर्मो वयम् । एष हर्षस्य विषयोऽस्ति यदस्माकं महाविद्यालये संस्कृतछात्राणां वृद्धिरभूत् । विद्यार्थिनां या अभिरुचिः संस्कृतभाषां प्रति दरीदृश्यते, सा अस्यां 'देश'पत्रिकायां स्फुटितास्ति । देशपत्रिकायां विद्यार्थिनः स्वरुच्यनुसारं विविधां सामग्रीं दत्त्वा स्वविचारान् सरलेन संस्कृतेन अभिव्यक्तुं यतन्ते ।

सामान्यतो मेधावी पुरुषः एव स्वमेधया स्वानुभवस्याभिव्यक्तौ सफलो भवति । स निजाभिव्यक्त्यैव स्वविचारान् स्पष्टीकरोति । भावाभिव्यक्तिः लेखकं तु आनन्दयति, पाठकवर्गमप्यनुभवेनावगतं करोति । प्रयोतुः रचनासु स्वाभाविका भावाभिव्यक्तिः स्थाने स्थाने नवानि नवानि रूपाणि धारयति, सा च पाठकेषु अमन्दानन्दं जनयति ज्ञानं च वर्धयते । कृतिकारः नानाविधरूपेषु स्वप्रतिभां प्रदर्शयति । अभिव्यञ्जनायाः विविधाः विधाः गीतं, गद्यगीतं, आख्यानं, नाटकं, व्यंग्यचित्रमित्यादयः भवन्ति । यद्यपि इयं प्रतिभा जन्मना भवति, तथापि अस्याः परिष्कारो यत्नेन कर्तुं शक्यते । विद्यार्थिनां जिज्ञासा भवति यत् तेषां रचनाः पत्रिकायां प्रकाशिताः सन्ति न वा । यदि केनापि हेतुना रचनाभ्यः प्रकाशनावसरो न दीयते तर्हि अनेन लेखको निराशो हतोत्साहो वा न भवेत् । अस्यानेकानि कारणानि सन्ति । यथा मौलिकतायाः अभावो विशेषतः पत्रिकायां च स्थानाभावः । सोत्साहैः तैः उन्नतेः पथि अग्रसरैः भवितव्यम्

अहो ! अस्मद्देशस्य महद् दीर्घग्यं यदीहशी परिष्कृततमोन्नततमा भावाभिव्यक्तौ च समर्थतमा भाषा स्वगौरवपदात् सम्प्रति च्युतास्ति । कोऽस्याः-अवनतेः हेतुः ? कोऽस्याः उपेक्षां प्रति उत्तरदायी ? सम्यग्विचारेण परिस्फुटं भवति यद् वयमेव संस्कृतस्य अवनतेः उत्तरदायिनः स्मः । अस्माभिः राजनैतिकस्वतन्त्रता नाम्नैव लब्धा भावनाचिन्तनादिषु वयमद्यापि पाश्चात्यानामेव दासाः स्मः । यदि वयं स्वातन्त्र्यं यथार्थतो ज्ञातुं बद्धपरिकराः स्मः, यदि वयं स्वीयां संस्कृतिं सभ्यतां चावगन्तुं वाञ्छामः, यदि वयं स्वराष्ट्रं प्रगतिपथं नेतुमिच्छामः तर्हि अस्माभिः सर्वैः संस्कृतस्य पुनरुद्धाराय अस्य प्रचाराय च प्रयासः कर्तव्यबुद्ध्या विधेयः । इयमेव च सरस्वतोदेव्याः वास्तविकी अर्चना भविष्यति ।

अस्य वर्षस्य विषमपरिस्थितीनां मध्ये अस्माकं शान्तिदूतस्य लोकनायकस्य राष्ट्रस्य च प्रधानमन्त्रिणः श्रीजवाहरलालनेहरुः निधनेन राष्ट्रस्यापारा क्षतिः समजनि, यस्याः पूर्तिः असम्भवप्राया । वयं सर्वे तस्य महापुरुषस्य आत्मनः सद्गतिं शान्तिं च करुणावरुणालयं प्रार्थयामहे कामयामहे च यदिदं भारतं श्रीमज्जवाहरस्य विचारान् अनुसृत्य तद्दर्शितपथञ्चावलम्ब्य प्रतिदिनं प्रगतिपथं प्राप्य सुखसमृद्धिञ्च जवेन आहरतु । अनेनैव स प्रातः-स्मरणीयो जवाहरः अन्वर्थाभिधेयो भविष्यति । अयमेव च स्वराष्ट्रनायकं नेहरुं प्रति यथार्थतः श्रद्धाञ्जलिः भवितेति ॥

संघे शक्तिः

प्रमिला गुप्ता बी०ए० संस्कृत आनर्स द्वितीयो वर्षः

एकत्वभावनया यत् कार्यं क्रियते तद् “एकता” इति कथ्यते । एकतायाः अर्थः एषोऽस्ति यद् अनेकाः नराः भिन्नभिन्नव्यवसायव्यापनाः अनेकविधकार्यसम्पादयितारश्च स्वक्षेत्रेषु मतिमेकं विधाय कार्याणि कुर्युः । ऐश्वर्येण मानवो ब्रह्मवान् भवति । एकतया अनेकाः समाजाः विभिन्नाः राष्ट्राश्च समुन्नतिं प्राप्नुवन्ति ।

अद्यत्वे संसारे ऐक्यस्य महती आवश्यकता वर्तते । यस्मिन् देशे एकता नास्ति सः निजस्वतन्त्रतां रक्षितुं न शक्नोति । ऐक्याभावेन चिरं यावत् पारतन्त्र्ये शृङ्खलाबद्धोऽस्माकं देशोऽपि महान्ति कष्टानि असहति । परं यदा भारते एकतायाः भावना जागृता अभूत् तदा सः स्वातन्त्र्यमलभत । एकतायाः अद्भुत एव प्रभावोऽस्ति । तन्तुसमूहेन निर्मिता रज्जुः अस्यैव तथ्यस्य परिचायिका भवति । पुष्प-समूहेन एव वृक्षाणि शोभां प्राप्नुवन्ति । जलबिन्दु-समूहैः महानदी भवति सागरे च आत्ममर्यादां विलीनयति । एको वीरः सैन्यं न भवति । एका अङ्गुलिः तां शक्तिं न वहति या पञ्चसु अङ्गुलीषु अस्ति । तथैव एकाको जनो न शक्तिमान् यथा प स्वजातीयानां संघातरूपे समाजे भवति । क्षुद्राणि तूणानि यदा रज्जुरूपं धारयन्ति तदा महाबलवान् गजोऽपि तैः बध्यते । अत एवोच्यते—

अल्पानामपि वस्तूनां संहतिः कार्यसाधिका ।
तूर्णानां एतत्त्वमापन्नैर्बध्यन्ते मत्तदन्तितनः ॥

संसारे आदिकालात् प्रभृति एकतायाः महत्त्वं परिस्फुटं वर्तते । श्रुतिषु स्मृतिषु यत्र तत्र एकतायाः महिमा गीयते । ऋग्वेदस्य अन्तिमे सूक्ते एकतायाः माहात्म्यं संस्तूयते । अद्यत्वे चीनदेशः भारतस्य उत्तरसीमावर्तिभूमौ स्वाधिकारम् उद्घोषयति परमेतस्य महत् कारणमिदं यद् भारतवर्षे विघटन-तत्त्वानां सन्निवेशोऽस्ति । यदि अस्माकं नेतारः एकतायाः सूत्रे निबद्धाः भवेयुः तर्हि चीनदेशं भारतभ्रमेः निष्कास्य स्वयंशो रक्षितुं समर्थाः भविष्यन्ति । अतः एकताबलेन महान्ति कार्याणि अपि सिध्यन्ति । सर्वदा मानवाः सुखं समृद्धिं स्वातन्त्र्यञ्च इच्छन्ति यदि मानवाः एकत्वभावनया प्रेरिताः भवेयुः तदा ते सफलमनोरथाः स्युः । इत्थं जगति सुखस्य सङ्कल्पाश्चैकत्वभावनयैव युक्ताः सन्ति । श्रुतिषु एकतायाः महिमा गीयते सा प्रशस्तिः अत्र अस्माभिः सर्वदा स्मरणीयम् ।

“संगच्छध्वं संवदध्वं सं वो मनांसि जानताम् ।
समानो मन्त्रः समितिः समानी समानं
मनः सहचित्तमेषाम्
समानं मन्त्रमभिमन्त्रये वः
समानेन हविषा जुहोमि ।
समानमस्तु वो मनो यथा वः सुसहासति ।”

अतः एतत् सत्यमस्ति यत्रैकता विद्यते तत्र सुखशान्तिसमृद्धयो जायन्ते, यत्रैकतायाः अभावो वर्तते तत्र दुःखस्य अशान्तेश्च साम्राज्यमेवेति ।

भारते शिक्षायाः माध्यमम्

सुलभा वर्मा, बी.ए. संस्कृत आनर्स द्वितीयो वर्षः

'शिक्षायाः माध्यमं भारते किं स्यात्' इति बहुकालाद् इदं विचारितमभूत् । नानाभाषा-भाषिभिः विद्वद्भिः प्रान्तीयैः शिक्षाकर्णधारैश्च नानाविधाः सम्मतयो दत्ताः, ताः सर्वा अपि सम्मतयो न कार्यरूपे परिणामयितुं शक्याः । अद्यावधि आङ्गलभाषा 'राजभाषा' रूपे स्वीकृताऽभूत् । विधाननिर्मातृपरिषदा १९६५ तमरिव्रष्टीय संवत्सरपर्यन्तं तु आङ्गलभाषाप्रयोगः स्वीकृतोऽस्ति । किन्तु नवम्बरमासे अस्माकं मन्त्रिणा श्रीलालबहादुरशास्त्रिमहोदयेन राज्यसभायां घोषितम्—आङ्गलभाषां राजभाषारूपे स्वीकर्तुं यद् विधेयकं लोकसभायां प्रस्तुतमासीत्, तद् विधेयकं नाधुना सभायां प्रस्तूयेत् । एतद्विधेयकविषये न केवलं हिन्दीभाषिणामेव, अपितु विभिन्नप्रदेशवास्तव्यैरपि विचारशीलैः तस्य विरोधः क्रियते । विधेयकस्यास्य शब्दरचना कामं कीदृशी अपि भवेत्, सेयं आङ्गलभाषा 'सहराजभाषा' रूपे स्वीकृतापि यदि भवेत्, तदापि सा 'मुख्यभाषा' भविष्यति । यतो हि तस्यां प्रकाशिताः नियमाः घोषणाः विज्ञप्तयश्चेत्यादयः प्रामाणिक्याः स्वीक्रियेरन् । हिन्दीभाषायां तु तेषामनुवादमात्रमेव भविष्यति । अस्तु, नास्मिन् समये सेयं विवादचर्चाऽपि समुचितता भवेत् । अधुना चीनयुद्धकथया सर्वेऽपि विवादाः समाप्तिं नेतव्याः ।

राजभाषायाः प्रश्नः कामं विस्मृतोऽपि भवेत् परं शिक्षायाः माध्यमस्य प्रश्नः सर्वदा सम्मुखगतः एव । शिक्षा हि दैनिकजीवनस्याऽङ्गम् । आङ्गल-

भाषा कामं भवतु राजभाषा, किन्तु प्रारम्भिकेषु, माध्यमिकेषु च विद्यालयेषु कस्याः भाषाय माध्यमेन शिक्षा प्रदीयेत विश्वविद्यालयेषु च केन माध्यमेन इत्ययं प्रश्नः सर्वदा समुदेति । प्रसंगे-अस्मिन् नेदं विस्मरणीयं भवेत् यत् शिक्षायाः माध्यमेन सह भाषाणां विकासस्य घनिष्ठः सम्बन्धः । आङ्गलभाषायाः सम्बन्धे एष प्रबलतमः तर्कः दीयते यत् सेयं विकसिततमा भाषा सर्वविध-भावाभिव्यक्तौ चेयं समर्था । अस्या विपुला शब्दराशिः, अस्या हि विज्ञानटैक्नोलोजीप्रभृतिषु विषयेषु प्रामाणिकानि पुस्तकानि ।' किन्तु सोऽयं प्रश्नः प्रबलतया समुत्थितो भवेत् 'यदि विद्यालयेषु महाविद्यालयेषु च आङ्गलभाषयैव शिक्षा भवेत्तर्हि हिन्दीभाषां अन्यान्यभारतीयभाषाः प्रति वा विद्याथिनः किमित्यवधानं दद्युः । तदा हिन्द्यादिभाषारचित-पुस्तकानां, पारिभाषिकशब्दानां वा अध्ययनाऽध्यापनादिषु उपयोगः एव न भवेत्तर्हि भाषाणामासां विकासश्च कथं सम्भवेत् ? एतादृशे भाषासंकटेऽपि अस्माकं नेतृणां स्थिरा नीतिः सुनिश्चितविचाराश्च यदि स्युः तर्हि एव हिन्दीभाषायाः विकासः सम्भवः । आङ्गलभाषायाः भारतीयानां कृते उपयोगः निविवादमेव परं विचारविनिमयसाधनाः तु भारतीयभाषा एव भवितव्याः । अतः प्रादेशिकभाषाणां विकासो नितराम् आवश्यकः । आमाध्यमिकशिक्षायाः विश्वविद्यालयशिक्षां यावत् शिक्षायाः माध्यमं हिन्दीभाषयैव भवेदिति सुनिश्चितं मतं मे ।

परमादरणीयानामाचार्यप्रवराणां डा० नरेन्द्रनाथचौधुरीमहाभागानाम्

अ भि न न्द्र न म्

(१)

गजधानीभिमां सेवमानो गुणै
र्यो न विज्ञापनामात्मनो वाञ्छति ।
किन्तु यस्यामला कीर्तिरन्तर्बहि-
गौरवं गौरवर्णं तथाद्वाञ्छति ॥

(२)

श्लाघनीयार्जवं नवीनोज्ज्वल-
ज्ञानविज्ञानराशिर्धृ ताशिश्चयः ।
साहितीद्राक्तरौ बङ्गविद्वत्तरो
बाल्यतः संस्कृतं सेवमानोऽभवः ॥

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तन्त्रशास्त्रे स्वतन्त्रं, पुराणोच्चये
त्वां प्रवीणं लसत्कौशलं काव्यके ।
'काव्यतत्त्वे समीक्षा'-समुल्लेखकं
संस्कृते साहित्यिकोषसम्बर्धकम् ॥

(४)

कालिकाभालचन्द्रप्रबन्धोत्करं
भीतिमत्याहितां दूरयन्तं नवैः ।
वेदतन्त्रादिसामञ्जस्यावहं
ध्वान्तं श्रीनरेन्द्रं स्तुमस्त्वां वयम् ॥

(५)

श्रीमद्भागवते भवत्कृतमहाशोधानुसन्धानतो
दुर्गासप्तशती समुद्धरणतो सम्पादनाकोशलात् ।
भक्तानां विदुषाञ्च मौलिमणितामात्मा किलारोपितः
तस्मादस्मदिदं नमस्कृतिशतं स्वीकार्यमार्य ! त्वया ॥

एते वयं भवद्गुणवशंवदाः देशबन्धुमहाविद्यालयस्य प्राध्यापकाः छात्राश्च ।

(6)

Desh

N. C. C. SECTION



"I promise that I will honestly and faithfully serve my country and abide by the Rules and Regulations of the National Cadet Corps and that I will, to the best of my ability, attend all parades and Camps which I may be required to attend by my Commanding Officer."

Lt. D. S. Chaudhry, Officer Commanding

2/Lt. D. S. Mann

Sub/Lt. J. K. Jain

U/O. Sudershan Gupta

Sgt. Sneh Prabha Gulati

CONTENTS

		Page
A Message Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad	i
A Message Colonel Qadam Singh	ii
A Speech Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad	1
The Role of the NCC in National Defence Sub/Lt. J. K. Jain	2
From a Cadet to an Officer 2/Lt. Lalit Kumar Ohri, Old Student	9
The Role of the NCC in National Defence 2/Lt. D. S. Mann	11
About the NCC Lt. D. S. Chaudhry	13

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

Jawaharlal Nehru



A Message

Principal's Office,

11 January, 1965

It gives me great pleasure to know that 'Desh', our College Magazine, is going to introduce a new feature from the coming issue. This will be called the N. C. C. Section. The Section, I learn, will contain not only news of the NCC activities in the College and outside but will also publish articles on the importance of the NCC as a Youth Movement in the Capital. Our Cadets, old and new, will, I understand, write about their experiences. Moreover, I believe it will offer opportunities to our old cadets who are now in the Forces to establish and retain their contacts with their *alma mater*. This will serve to encourage our promising cadets to volunteer themselves as officers in future.

We have at present a number of our old cadets in the Forces and they are to be found in all the Service Wings. I would like to suggest that the NCC Department in the College should maintain a register of such old cadets as join the Forces so that they could be approached to write for the NCC Section of 'Desh'.

I am glad that this Section will educate our young students, both boys and girls, about their duties as NCC cadets and I am sure this Section will be read with great interest by the students of the College. I wish it every success.

Anthe Basu

Principal.

A Message



NATIONAL CADET CORPS DTE., DELHI
PROBYN ROAD, DELHI-6

24 DECEMBER, 1964

I feel greatly privileged at having been asked to write this message for Deshbandhu College Magazine.

I highly appreciate the idea of bringing out NCC Section in College Magazine depicting various activities of the NCC and hope it will inspire the cadets to live up to the ideals of National Cadet Corps



Col. Qadam Singh
Director NCC

A Speech*

Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad

Guests, my colleagues and my friends,

Today, the cadets have taken an oath. They have expressed their determination to serve the country with devotion, with courage and with sincere truth. They have taken a vow that they will follow the rules of the N.C.C. They have also taken a vow that they will obey the orders of the Commanding Officer and they will be regular in their parades and they will regularly participate in all the activities of the N.C.C.

Cadets, this oath you have taken today which is the day of independence. 15th August is the day of Independence. Seventeen years ago India attained independence. India became free and I am sure you realize the significance of freedom: what it means to a country which had been under the tutelage of a foreign power for more than 200 years. Some of you are aware that we had to pay a high price for this freedom and that this was attained after a long and sustained struggle.

The other day I read in the newspapers, and I think you also read it, that in Delhi some of the old Congressmen met together; some of those who had suffered in the fight for freedom, and struggled for the independence of the country. You should have looked at their faces. You can see their faces

in the photos and if you had met some of them, you would have seen that the signs of sacrifice were in their faces. Their sacrifices were not in vain and this day reminds us of the sacrifices of these humble people. It is not the sacrifice of the leaders (of course they went to jails, that is all right) but think of the sacrifices of common people who may not be known to you, and who may not be known to me, but who really suffered and suffered for the sake of the country and we have to remember those people whose names may be unknown and there may be thousands and thousands of them. We have to see what they have done for us and remember the sacrifices they have made for us and we commemorate their memory by taking a pledge that the independence, which their sacrifices have brought for the country, is preserved.

So our task—the primary task of all of us—is that we have to preserve this hard-won freedom. We have, of course, to preserve it both from internal dangers and from external dangers. You people, the Cadets particularly, have to preserve this freedom as you grow in age and maturity and enter the armed forces and become officers. You have to preserve this freedom particularly against the foreign enemies. We have great traditions. We have a

* Speech delivered by Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad at the NCC Pledge Day Parade held in the college.

tradition of sacrifice and courage. Remember the great sacrifices and the great deeds performed by our Generals in the past and our armies in the past. Even in the blackest period of Indian History—take the period when we had nothing but defeats by foreign armies—even then we had great men, great soldiers, great commanders who really showed great deeds of valour. We have to remember those days when we had won victories and when we had fought against the imperial power at all times of history. Those were great days. We have to remember, therefore, that our country is a country of rich heritage, rich particularly in military tradition, in that which we call as great deeds, courageous deeds, the deeds which bring honour and good name not only to the person who really performs these deeds but also to his family and to the country.

Perhaps, you are aware that India today is not altogether unthreatened; that we have people who are very friendly to us but we have people who are not friendly to us; not for any fault of ours. We are a peaceful people. As you all know we never initiated war. We have here taken a pledge, a vow that we will not commit any act of aggression. This is also a lesson of Indian History. We never sent our armies abroad to conquer any other country but we have just now taken a vow that we will preserve our freedom at all costs, at all sacrifices. However high the price, it will have to be paid; the freedom will have to be preserved the fruits of which we have tasted

already. The fruits of freedom are really fruits which all of us cherish. That is our tradition.

Also internally we have very many difficulties in the country. During these seventeen years we have had of independence India has progressed very much. We see progress all round—in technology, in industry, in scientific advancement, in respect of the constitutional developments, in respect of integration of the country, in respect of largely the economic and planning process. You see that progress all right but you have to consider one aspect, (and today I invite you and I appeal to you to see) that you also make progress in the inner self, in your hearts, in your moral fibre; that you become worthy sons of our motherland.

We are increasingly hearing of some difficulties in respect of rise in prices in respect of this or that thing. Almost everybody seems to be hard up these days and this is not due to any kind of unkindness on the part of Nature. We should not readily and always blame Nature. Nature has been very kind to India. Nature has always been kind to us. We should blame man. Perhaps, whatever the scarcity we have is due to the man-made deeds. Let us discard evil deeds; let us hate all such things.

All of us and all of you, young men and women, we have to take a resolve that such things will not be allowed to happen because they really endanger internally and potentially

N. C. C.

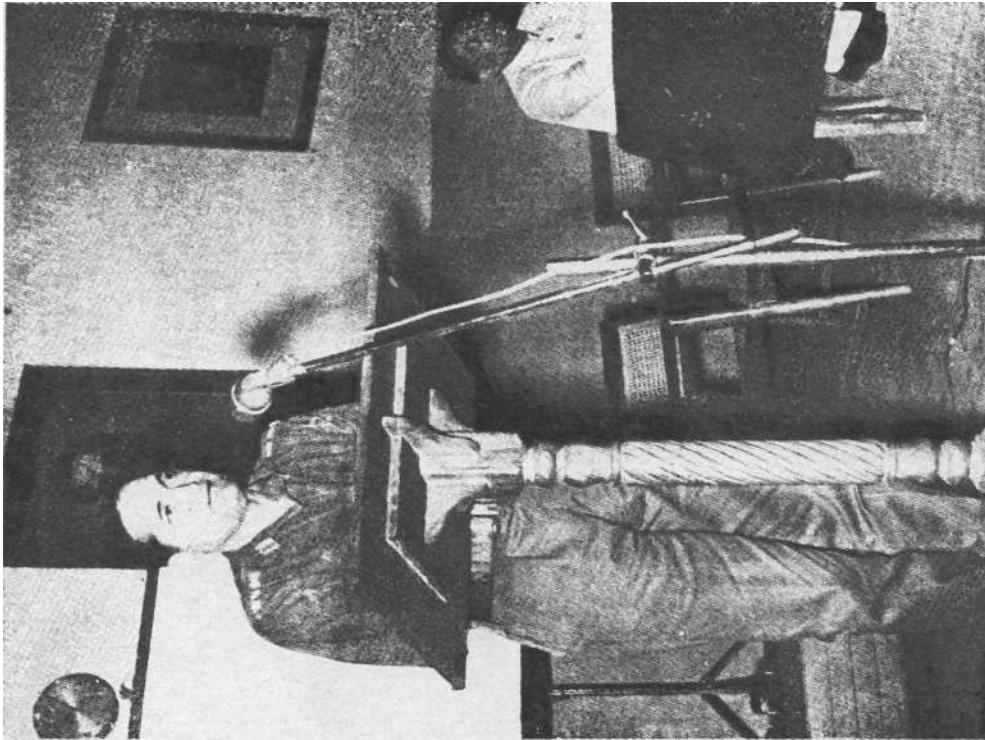


Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad on a routine Inspection of Cadets (Women) at Parade

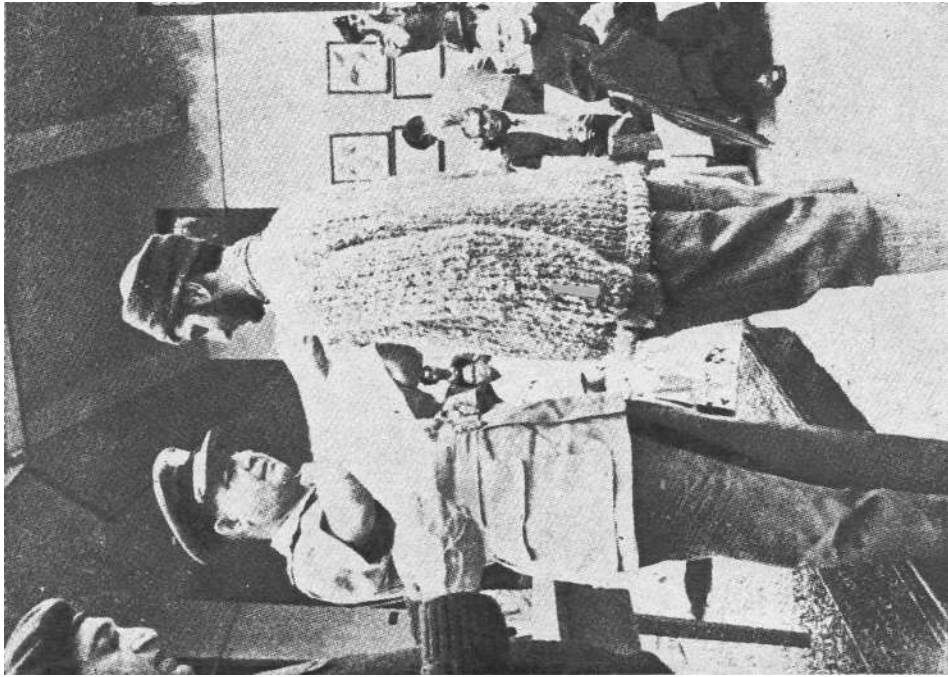


Cadets (Women) Promotion Test for Under Officers'rank in progress

N. C. C.



Col. B. S. Jaiswal, Principal, The Himalayan Mountaineering Institute Darjeeling, delivering a lecture to our NCC cadets and officers.



Air Marshal A.M. Engineer, Chief of the Air Staff, sticking the Ice Axe to Om Parkash Kohli at the Graduation Ceremony.

and fundamentally the country's freedom. It is the character of the individual; it is the character of every being in the country that, really speaking, speaks about the qualities of the country, and the nation and if we somehow allow that character to go down; if we allow the people to do whatever they like in their administrative action or in their action as citizens, then certainly we are undermining the foundations of freedom.

I, therefore, on this sacred day invite you to think about and I invite you to take a pledge in your hearts that you will yourselves be honest; you will not tolerate anything which really endangers the freedom and independence of the country. You are the pride of the country. You are the flowers of the country. You are the youth of the country. The nation looks upon you as people who will certainly build up the country's future and I am quite sure in my

mind and I can tell you that all the teachers in this College and all those who are grown up, who are sitting here, have this in their minds that you are capable of shouldering the great burdens; that you are worthy of the trust that is being reposed in you; that you are the flowers of the country, the future hope of the nation.

And today, when I inspected the parade, I felt very happy because you gave me a turn out which made me very happy. I congratulate all of you and the organizers and the Officer Commanding for this excellent turn out and I feel that you will remember this day. You will remember this day of independence of the country and ever in future not do anything which in any way may injure the country's cause or country's interest.

Thank you very much !"

The Solidarity Day Pledge

"I reaffirm the solemn resolve of our people to preserve the freedom and integrity of My Motherland however hard and long the struggle and however great the sacrifice,

I pledge to work with determination for the strength and solidarity of the Nation."

The Role of the N.C.C. in National Defence

Sub. Lt. J. K. Jain

When the National Cadet Corps was formed in 1948, its membership was kept voluntary. Many a time the suggestion that it be made compulsory for all students was considered. But it was not accepted, or if accepted in principle, it was not implemented. Then the situation changed. An event of momentous significance took place. The Chinese unleashed unwarranted aggression on our sacred Motherland. Our national conscience was outraged. We resolved to resist brute might with the last drop of our blood. We also made a survey of how much endeavour we had put in to keep our frontiers well-guarded and well-defended. We found that we were guilty of unpardonable negligence on that front. We realized our blunder and set out to rectify it. We adopted various measures to strengthen our country militarily. The question of compulsory military training came up once again for serious consideration, but this time with a greater urgency. We decided to introduce it in all schools and colleges. Our late Prime Minister inaugurated the new venture on 14th August, 1964, with tremendous hopes.

It should be made clear, at the very outset, that though the decision to make N. C. C. training compulsory was precipitated by a war imposed on

us, against our choice, yet it was not done so only with a view to preparing us directly for war, for creating a second line of defence, that is, a second line of fighters. What was even more important was stated by Pt. Nehru with precision, when he said. "I should like every student to have this training. I do not think that this training is training for war or necessarily for military or like purpose. Some of those, who want to go to Defence Services, can certainly do so. But essentially I consider this training necessary for good citizenship." "Training for good citizenship"—that is the vital phrase.

The avowed objectives of the N. C. C. are as follows :—

1. Development of leadership, comradeship, character and ideal of service ;
2. Stimulation of interest in the defence of the country to the widest possible extent ;
3. Building up of a reserve of potential officers to enable the Armed Forces to expand rapidly in a national emergency.

As to the first purpose, I would like to draw your attention to the most pressing problem oppressing our country, viz., the poor quality of

* A paper read at The Leadership Seminar organized by The National Council of University Students of India.

human material. It is a painful irony that in the land of Budha, Gandhi and Tagore - a country priding herself upon her moral and spiritual stature, the average citizen should be what he is—slack, easy-going, self-seeking, devoid of self-control and integrity, at least in public life, lacking in critical intelligence, patriotic fervour and the spirit of dedication, pursuing unworthy aims, serving uncreative causes. That is the reason that chaos, corruption and waste of energy are on the increase in national politics and even in educational institutions. If you go to a college you will find the average student indifferent inside the class-room and averse to creative endeavour outside it. He moves in an unreal world of make-believe, without the strength to resist unscrupulous and egoistical elements. Students lack so much in discipline that it has become well nigh impossible to organize them for any fruitful activity that demands steadfast application and concentration (political, social, recreational, cultural or intellectual). When this is the case, how can any one expect that leaders—men of vision, devoted to the welfare of their people—will rise from amongst their ranks?

Yet despair and actionlessness will not help us. We have to devise means to check the present trends and provide opportunities to the youth of the country for intense occupation of their better selves. It is here that the N. C. C. training is, if not the complete, at least a partial answer. For at least four hours in a week, they come together in large numbers and learn to behave like a self-controlled

and obedient team. They imbibe a new mentality which values toughness and stamina, smartness of appearance, and wakefulness, efficiency, hard work, organization, working together in unison for a common end which is larger than the individual, dignity and self-respect, punctuality and above all discipline which here means adherence to rules (law-abidingness). They are made aware that they are the soldiers of a free and proud nation and that service of their Motherland is their prime duty. They learn to handle responsibility with care and devotion. No slackness or flippancy or dishonesty is tolerated. They come to respect each other, regardless of differences of caste, colour, creed or provinciality and thus national integration is promoted. In the annual camps, Social Service camps and Advanced Leadership Courses, we organize and control their lives from morning till evening. Besides the consolidation of the above qualities, emphasis is laid on overcoming the cadets' (boys' as well as girls') inclination towards comfort and soft-living. They are taught to be hardy and strong, capable of meeting hardships with vigour of courage and determination. Through outdoor life, fear of danger is eradicated and spirit of adventure is fostered. Above all, cadets, showing initiative, resource and power of command, are given ranks. Their potentiality of leadership is fully exploited.

It would, however, be wrong to think that N. C. C. training is just a solemn affair. In the Camps, in particular, we organize games and recreational activities like camp-fires

to make them relax, be gay and joyous. By working and relaxing together, they develop true camaraderie, "esprit de corps."

These disciplined bands of young people could be employed for any task. In the event of riots, disorder, floods or like disasters, they can be mustered and entrusted with the task of restoring order and organizing relief-work. If war breaks out, they can very well look after people at the home-front and help maintain internal harmony and peace.

Pt. Nehru once said, "It is men and women of quality that give stature to a nation." N. C. C. training is a serious attempt to produce men and women of quality, i. e., good citizens. These men and women of quality, wherever they are, in fields, factories, offices or universities, will make their contribution to national progress. Modern war, as you all are aware, is not fought by the standing armies alone. It is an entire people's will to fight and capacity to defend themselves, which matters. Without 'men or women of quality', no country can ever prosper or win a war.

Coming to the second objective, namely, stimulation of interest in the defence of the country to the widest possible extent, I would observe that the N. C. C. can play a significant role. It creates among the wide commonalty of boys and girls what is usually termed 'defence-consciousness'. It makes them vividly aware of the fact that our country

is threatened, that it must be defended and that each one of them is responsible for the defence of the country.

Ignorance of the needs and problems of the forces and of what the defence of a country entails is, unfortunately, rampant among our people. Even the Chinese aggression and a new consciousness following close upon its heels could not give the common citizen a precise idea about the enormous effort needed for the protection of our frontiers. The N. C. C. training remedies this glaring lack of national life at least as far as the citizens of tomorrow are concerned.

Then, the N. C. C. serves as an important link between the civilians, on the one hand, and the services on the other. It makes it possible to have effective give-and-take and thus establishes a fruitful relationship between the two categories of population. The N. C. C. officers and cadets come into contact with services personnel and get some idea about how they live and work. The N. C. C. officers spend short periods, after regular intervals, in services establishments and get an opportunity to see them from inside. In this way mutual regard between civilians and services personnel is generated. To the civilians, the man in the uniform does no longer appear as a strange creature, with a stiff carriage and mechanical attitudes, paid and thereby condemned to protect his country from the air, from the snow-clad mountains and on the high seas. To the

services, the civilian no longer looks lax and, slovenly, inefficient and muddled—deserving only contempt. The two classes come to realize that they are all human beings, sharing so much in common, entrusted with different tasks, though. This mutual understanding promotes mutual help and brings about solidarity which is vital for national defence.

Finally, the N. C. C. training helps in building up a reserve of potential officers and men. It initiates young people into military discipline and helps those, who wish to join the regular forces, to get adjusted to military life without undergoing travails and miseries of initial maladjustment due to a sudden change of environment. Moreover, in a national emergency, it becomes easier for the armed forces to expand rapidly. With further training, some, if not all, N. C. C. cadets and officers could be used to fight against the enemy along with or behind the armed forces. It must not be forgotten that even in the nuclear age, sheer numerical strength of combatants is a distinct advantage. We, in particular, have learnt this lesson at a great cost and cannot afford to be oblivious of this.

Thus to sum up, the N.C.C. training helps in producing good citizens, good soldiers, good leaders, in inculcating defence consciousness and strengthening the relationship between the civilians and services personnel.

Now, I would like to take up some objections raised against compulsory military training. You hear respon-

sible people, including lecturers, principals and even military officers, asserting, in all seriousness, that the N.C.C. training is a waste of resources. Besides, it interferes with studies. Those of us, who believe that the N. C. C. has a vital contribution to make in national progress and national defence, are regarded well-meaning but foolish. This objection springs, to my mind, partly, from inertia and, partly, from ignorance. We are living in a fools' paradise if we do not know that our present system of education, with its emphasis on knowledge and scholarship, has shown deplorable inadequacy in meeting the challenges of life. It has failed to infuse into the youths the indispensable qualities of discipline, industry, leadership, courage, honesty and a sense of responsibility, which means it does not prepare them for action. I would like to stress that mere academic attainment, in absence of the aforesaid qualities, can never strengthen a nation. Compulsory military training is an institution that can build up the will, the morale and the moral fibre of a nation and as such it is a wonderful supplement to the present mode of instruction. Of what use will our educational institutions be, if our freedom is jeopardized and if our young folk cannot act collectively in the service of common ends ?

The next two objections arise from a certain outlook on life and are, hence, much deeper and more difficult to be countered. Firstly, it is said that military discipline is an imposition from without and repressive in character. For its effectiveness, it

depends mainly on fear of punishment. It suppresses free enquiry, questioning spirit and rebelliousness which are essential for the growth of civilization. It implies absolute obedience which is even blind and mechanical at times. It only checks chaotic and separative tendencies; it cannot quite transform them. It strikes at the root of individual freedom and prevents some thing new from coming into being. As contrasted to this, creative discipline is a spontaneous organization of impulses and tendencies around a purpose that the individual has freely chosen.

Though the validity of the above criticism cannot be denied, yet in defence of military discipline I would submit that life is an infinitely complicated and complex phenomenon. It is full of contradictions. This we can see everywhere. Look at nature first. When we are confronted with the majestic spectacle of mountain - ranges, canopied with a pure blue sky, radiant with a glorious sunshine, breathing invigorating breeze, we are filled with awe and wonder, joy and serenity. We spontaneously feel a benevolent presence. This is Nature in her aspect of 'Shantam' (peace). But when we turn to wasteful floods, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, barren and burning deserts, disease-carrying worms, we are baffled by the Creator's destructive fury, his 'raudra' (terrible) aspect and feel that man is surrounded by hostile forces. Look at the human psyche. It is full of love and compassion, alive with an aspiration for beauty, truth, goodness, bliss, freedom and immortality; it is

also full of hatred, violence, lust, greed, jealousy, wrath and egoism. The same ambivalence is reflected in the co-existing phenomena of birth and death, growth and decay, light and darkness. If we do not wish to withdraw from active living into a contemplative heaven, it becomes necessary for us to hold contradictions in balance. As long as life continues to be ambivalent (and I do not visualize any possibility of its transformation in the near future), our endeavour has to be double faced, apparently self-contradictory, if we wish to answer the challenges presented by life. That means, particularly, in the present context, that along with our plea for peace and genuine efforts to promote it, we have to remain prepared for a war. Alongside individual freedom, respect for rebelliousness and spontaneity, we have to accept regimentation, authority, and command. National emergency demands collective and concerted action, in obedience to a leader, conformity to a collective decision. In the absence of that capacity, we shall collapse against the Chinese who have neither respected nor will respect our peacefulness, and our democratic concern for individual freedom. Organized brute might can be answered only with organized brute might. Moreover, creativity is, fortunately, inherent in human spirit. It has survived long periods of regimentation and there is no reason why it should not co-exist with a 'do-or-die' attitude.

Scepticism about military training raises its head in still another form.

There are certain pacifists, noble souls, no doubt, who claim, that compulsory military training, if carried out energetically, does ultimately make a nation militant. Its members degenerate, over a long period of time, into a gang of fighters, itching to fight for its own sake, to conquer and to die in the battle-field. It is dishonest to deny validity to this danger and the need of a close guard against it. If we always lay stress on the fact that we are being trained not for imperialistic adventures but for self-defence, the above danger can certainly be minimised.

Next, I would like to draw your attention to the problems faced by the N. C. C. I have no desire of leaving you with the rosy impression that all is well with the N. C. C., that it is achieving what it is calculated to achieve and that nothing more needs to be done than, perhaps, praying fervently for its success. To make the N. C. C. training truly effective, we need a band of sincere officers, inspired with zeal for its aims, students taking genuine interest in its multifarious activities and coming with the attitude to learn, not to resist, and, finally, authorities who are not only sympathetic and co-operative but also ready to deal firmly with those who show slackness in the performance of their duty and those who offend against the N. C. C. disciplinary code, in short, men of quality. In the beginning of my paper, I commented on the quality of our people. The greatest crisis afflicting our country, today, is the dearth of men of quality. And this

is no less true of the N. C. C. Many of the N. C. C. officers are without a sense of mission; they have accepted this responsibility not because they are enthusiastic about its value but because it increases their spending capacity. Most of the students consider the N. C. C. training a drag, a huge practical joke. They try to find out ways, not of obedience, but of disobedience, not of obeying regulations but of evading them. It is a depressing sight to see our young men and young women, the hopes of our country, turning into petty politicians, petty liars, cheats, petty scoundrels. The college and university authorities are scared of agitations, and therefore, resort to playing down to, even pampering, the defiant youngsters. The result is that resources spent on the N. C. C. are more wasted than utilized.

Yet a way has to be found out of the present gloom. Frustration and despair will only make us more impotent than we are at present. What is the way out? Doing away with the element of compulsion will not help. It will show defeatism and lack of perseverance and courage. Today we need military training more than we did ever before. Our freedom and dignity are in danger. The intransigence of the Chinese Dragon is on the increase. Lately, it has shed off its posture of peacefulness and given a defiant display to a return to its old tactics of fraudulent claims and arrogance. Its monstrous teeth and tongue are greedy to bite off considerable limbs of Mother India and emasculate her. We have to accept its challenge man-

fully and give it a crushing defeat, if we wish to survive as a free nation. Furthermore, Mother India needs hard, honest work from her children for her well-being and progress. Compulsory military training, as pointed out earlier, is one of the ways to strengthen our young men and women. We must strive to make it a grand success.

For ensuring its greater effectiveness, I submit the following suggestions for your consideration:—

1. Our Parliament should enact a law making military training compulsory for all the youths to eliminate uncertainty and to save the N. C. C. from depending too much on the forbearance of university authorities.
2. Military training should be made a compulsory subject, in all schools and colleges, for the award of any diploma or degree, i. e., a minimum of 50% marks must be secured by a student in this subject, before he is eligible to appear for any examination.
3. Military training should be made an essential qualification for new recruitments to government or

quasi-government service.

4. All the organs of propaganda and publicity should be mobilized in its service. The radio, the press, the public platform, the cinematographic screen, all should be employed to arouse interest in and enthusiasm for the N. C. C. in the hearts of all citizens.
5. More resources should be made available to the N. C. C. to ensure that every cadet attends at least one camp of the duration of a fortnight in a year.

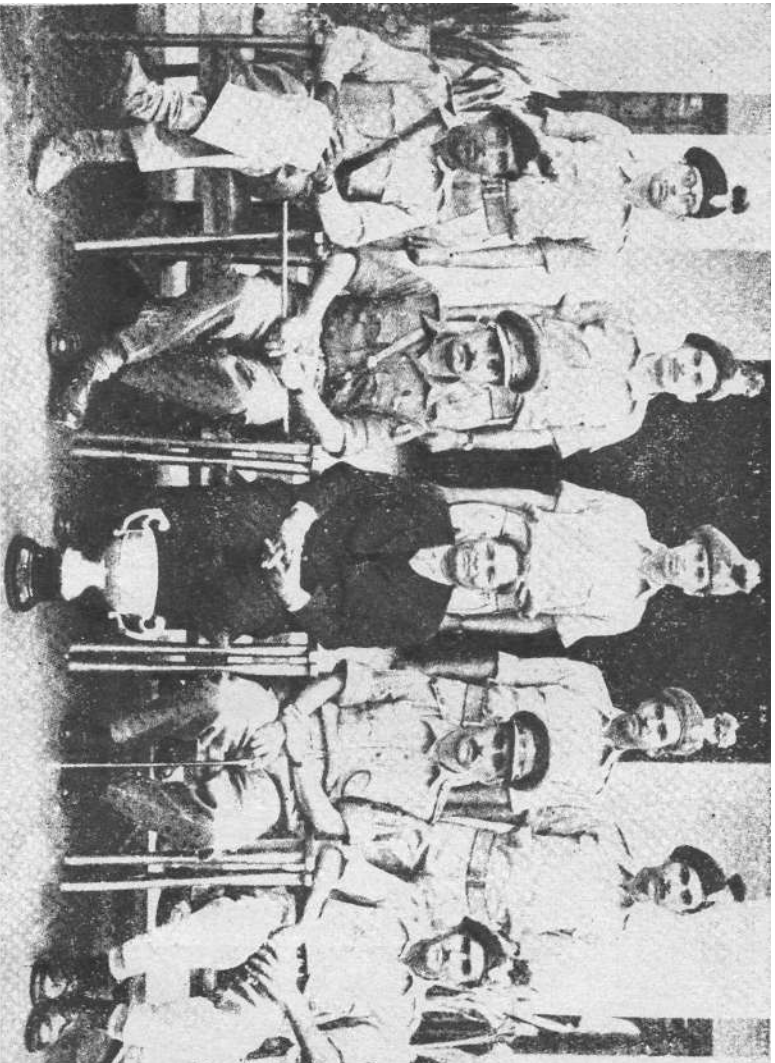
The above measures may appear revolutionary but deep-seated diseases demand radical cures. I sincerely believe that the time has come to give up our half-hearted and wavering approach to the N. C. C.

I would conclude, gentlemen, by hoping that this paper will compel you to think seriously about the N. C. C. training and that this conference will help in creating intelligent public opinion on the N. C. C. training and in mustering greater support for its aims and activities than is evinced at present.

Do you want the fragrance of the full-blown Rose? If so, you must accept the thorns.
Do you want the sweetness of the smiling dawn? If so, you must live through the dark hours of the night. Do you want the joy of liberty and the solace of freedom? If so, you must pay the price and the price of the liberty is suffering and sacrifice.

Subhas Chandra Bose

II Delhi BTY N.C.C. ARTY. UNIT



Members with Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad

Roll of Honour



**Si/Lt. J.K. Jain NCC
(Naval Wing) received
his training at Cochin**



**Om Prakash Kohli won the 2nd
position in Hammer Throw in
the Delhi University Athletic
Championship for 1964-65**



**U/O Sarkar Mohan attended the
All India Advance Leader N.C.C. Camp
held at Kurseong in June, 1964.
He was declared the best Rock Climber**

From a Cadet To An Officer

*Lalit Kumar Ohri,
2/Lt. (31 Heavy Motor Artillery), Old Student*



The Indian Military Academy is a world unto itself. It has its own lords and laws, customs and conventions, tones and tempers, its own code of conduct and morality, and above all, its own pet idiom. A particular set of words keeps on reverberating in the company lines day in and day out. We exult in the use of these words and phrases with an abandon which is at once joy uninhibited and awful. We use them often as a matter of habit, sometimes for fun, and occasionally out of necessity. But it is always and everywhere—just to be out of one's room is to be seen by a senior, to be seen is to be summoned, and to be summoned is "to hove it".

But the most alarming, though less offending, is that 'O, you'. Suppose you are just back from a night exer-

cise (and had to carry an L.M.G.) and are pacing towards your room quietly, broken and exhausted. All of a sudden some one shouts "O you". You stand, stand still, stunned. Your heart sinks, blood freezes. But you turn back in response with the ferocity of a tiger coupled with the helplessness of a lamb.

The new-comers feel, and quite naturally, cut to the quick, writhing under these unprovoked, unqualified, unwarranted agonies and insults. If you protest you find yourself suffering the penalty in terms of "front rolls" and 'haunching'. It is sometime argued that you can never attune yourself to the tempo of the I.M.A. so long as you are not willing enough to adopt its idiom readily. The argument is very nice but quite absurd. It is said that these words and phrases serve as mental and emotional "shock" which cures the new-comers of their vanity and egoism and makes them draw a curtain over their past career. A remarkable piece of sophistry! But, all the sound and fury of this otherwise unflattering idiom can never be wholly and solely without sense. The words and phrases can never be mere words.

Those who employ this kind of vocabulary for sheer fun are not wholly wrong. There is a kind of pleasure known as 'sadism' and no one has the right to check those who choose to

partake of this bliss. Besides, these phrases are a means of easy evasion. For, instance, if some one ask you the name of the picture showing at the cinema hall and if you do not know, you just say, 'domm it' and there you go without loss of face. The one who puts the question is left considering the propriety of his own question.

But the most important function that these idioms perform is that of effecting 'Catharsis'. Any attempt at explaining the meaning of the word 'catharsis' (used by Aristotle) is a cock-pit of critical controversy. It would suffice to demonstrate rather than define 'catharsis'. When we weep we effect the 'catharsis' of the feeling of sorrow (or joy). In other words, 'Catharsis' is letting off steam which hangs heavy on our hearts. Now, if we are enraged and aroused, we 'shout out' and we are again our normal selves. On the contrary, if we choose to be too civil to shout, the virus will eat into our very being. More-

over, shouting at others is quite harmless. Thus you save your own self without killing others. In the case of gentlemen cadets, there are perhaps, only two occasions when they feel provoked. One, when they check their juniors and two, when they are checked by the seniors. Suppose you are checked on the drill square and have earned a welcome award of four extra drills you hurry to your room, catch hold of the nearest junior and pour out of the vials of wrath. In a few moments, there you are 'calm of mind', all passions spent. If a senior checks you, he gives you 'round the clock', if he is strict. But if he is wiser, he prefers to shout-out at you, and that is the end of it. He knows that 'round-the-clock', like mercy, is twice-blessed. It blesses both the giver and the taker. Thus thanks to this idiom for its 'Cathartic' effect!

To conclude the I.M.A. is good with its idiom. But it may be better without it. Who knows?

"Nations are not immortal. They are not the permanent possessors of this planet. They are its temporary tenants. They will last long if they adhere to the moral law. The doom of nations cannot be delayed so long as the cupidities of man persist. Nations aim at permanence. We know, however, that all great societies perished leaving behind the great heritage of arts and skills, ideas and ideals on which we shall build. No society dies in vain. All living things die but out of death comes life."

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

The Role of the N.C.C. in National Emergency

2/Lt. D. S. Mann, M.Sc.

India won her freedom in 1947. Thousands of young men and women of our country watered this plant of freedom with their sweat and blood. Freedom brings in its wake a great sense of duty and responsibility. We have to preserve it at all costs. It has become all the more important now when China has committed naked and brutal aggression on our motherland. So it is the duty of every citizen of this country and particularly the youth to rise to the occasion and test their mettle and patriotism in defending the freedom of their country. We should no longer depend on the help of other countries. We have to stand on our own feet, help ourselves and fight anew the battle for preservation of our freedom. When a country is faced with such a situation, it is the responsibility of the entire nation to prepare herself and harness all her forces for the struggle. This is possible only if there is national awareness in the mind of every citizen of the country, and the nation is converted into a body of fine, able and disciplined people who have so much love and are so much devoted to their motherland that they are ready to sacrifice their all whenever the occasion demands it. Hence our country now needs a body of young men and women with a high sense of duty and discipline, strong charac-

ter and firm will to preserve and maintain her hard-won freedom. For this our young men and women have to undergo the type of training which will help them to acquire these qualities. It is an admitted fact that the most important and impressionable period of one's life is the one which one spends in schools and colleges. It is at this delicate age that N. C. C. takes charge of our young boys and girls.

The Cadet Corps Organization was established mainly as a youth organization and was meant to be an integral part of the educational activity. It was set up in April, 1948, by an Act of Parliament which laid down the following three basic and golden aims :—

"First, to develop character, comradeship, the idea of service and the capacity for leadership in young men and women of our country.

Secondly, to provide service training to young men and women so as to stimulate their interest in the defence of the country.

Thirdly, to build up a reserve of potential officers to enable the armed forces to expand rapidly in the time of a national emergency."

Thus N. C. C., the premier youth movement of the country, has to play a vital role in military as well as civil defence of the country. This organization can impart to our youth the kind of training which may develop in them a strong sense of discipline—collective and mass discipline—a fine spirit of team work, devotion to duty and keen sense of responsibility. It can build up a healthy race and can help to infuse into the hearts of individuals the spirit of self-sacrifice, the love of the motherland, the rule of discipline and the virtue of courage and heroism.

The character of a nation depends much upon the character of its citizens. The students of today are the citizens of tomorrow. It is in this context that the N. C. C. has to play an important role. There are two main agencies which mould the character of an individual—one, the

mother and the other, the teacher. The N. C. C. officer is a teacher first and last and hence it is his foremost duty and solemn responsibility to ensure that the students he trains, develop qualities which are useful, essential and vital for future citizens of the country. If the teachers rise to the occasion, the students are bound to respond and react enthusiastically.

It is, therefore, in the fitness of things that the Government has made the N.C.C. training compulsory for all the able-bodied students of all the Universities of India. It is sure to supply the ever-increasing demand for manpower by the Armed Forces of the country and is, in the end, bound to pay very rich dividends in the years to come by evolving a new generation of disciplined youth, trained to face any danger and eventuality with fortitude, courage and a smiling face.

“It takes sound judgment and self-discipline to use freedom wisely. But on the other hand, these are the very qualities that are forged when people have to submit their ideas and institutions to the furnace of debate. For, as John Milton said: ‘Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?’ ”

About the N. C. C.

Lt. D.S. Chaudhry: Officer Commanding

Compulsory NCC training is proving a success in the college. Boys and Girls have accepted the challenge. The NCC movement and training are national in character and this creates a feeling of oneness. The wearing of uniform inculcates a sense of pride and 'esprit de corps.' Camps and other forms of collective NCC training help in the development of a corporate life. Cadets are taught how to work as a well-knit team. The practical training, which they receive in camps, makes them mentally agile, physically tough and develops in them a spirit of adventure, resourcefulness and they learn to appreciate out-door living.

NCC in our college has been steadily expanding since its inception in 1959. Now we have got three NCC Companies for boys, three companies for girl cadets, one Naval troop and one Artillery troop.

On the 14th of August this year cadets of all wings attended the 'promise parade' and took a pledge to serve the country honestly and faithfully. Our principal, Dr. Amba Prasad, took the salute at the parade and stressed the need and importance of NCC training for the youth of the country and congratulated the cadets for their good turn out and fine discipline. All the members of the staff were present on this occasion.

Three of our Boy cadets went to the All India Summer Training Camp at Shillong during the last Summer Vacation and brought good reports from the camp authorities. Some other cadets went for advance leadership and mountaineering courses. Sgt. Om Parkash Kohli who has already completed the Basic Mountaineering Course will be going for advance Mountaineering Course to Darjeeling in November, 64.

NCC Boys and Girls took part in the Independence Day celebrations for the first time this year at the Red Fort on 15th August, 64.

100 Boys and 70 Girl cadets from our college took part in the function. They stood like *pucca* Army soldiers in spite of the heavy rain at that time.

250 of our girl cadets attended the Annual Training Camp at Dagshai (Simla Hills) from 28th May, 64, to 7th June, 64. They won the maximum number of prizes mentioned below:—

1. Inter Coy Drill Competition I prize
2. Inter Coy Drill Competition II prize
3. Best Shot First Prize won by Cadet Harjeet Kaur

4. Best Shot Second prize won by Cadet Prabha.
5. All round Control and Command First Prize by S.U.O Sudershan Gupta
6. All round Control and Command Second Prize by C.Q.M.S. Shabnam Abdali

Entertainment and Cultural prizes were won by L/Cpl. Sarojini Kapoor, L/Cpl. Rajeshwari and L/Cpl. Tejinder Kalra.

Our present U.O. Abdali also won the Best Instructor's prize in the All India Summer Training Camp.

Our S.U.O. Sudershan Gupta commanded the ceremonial parade (in the camp) and C.S.M. Shukla and Sgt. Suman Bagga were selected as Pilots. Major General Virendra Singh, Director General NCC, inspected the parade.

Our congratulations to all these cadets.

New Appointments

Sub.Lt. J. K. Jain, Lecturer in English, completed his Pre-Commission training at Cochin and is now back with us. We hope that our Naval wing NCC will do better now under his guidance.

Two of our own Girl Students and old NCC cadets, namely Miss Sudershan Gupta and Miss Sneha Prabha Gulati, have been appointed

on whole-time basis as Cadet Under-Officer and Sergeant Major respectively.

Lt. D. S. Chaudhry O.C. has completed one month's Refresher Training Course at the Officers' Training School, Kamptee (Nagpur). He secured good grading and brought a creditable report from his officers. Our congratulations.

Lecture on Mountaineering

Col. B.S. Jaiswal, Principal, The Himalayan Mountaineering Training Institute, Darjeeling, addressed our cadets on the 16th of September, 64. The lecture was not only full of information but it was also quite inspiring for the cadets. Our thanks are due to the NCC Directorate, Delhi, for arranging this lecture. We are equally grateful to Col. Jaiswal for having been in our midst and for arousing interest in our cadets for mountaineering.

The N. C. C. Day

The N. C. C. day was observed on the 15th Nov., 64, at our college. Col. Qadam Singh, Director N. C. C. (H. P. and Delhi) presided over the celebrations. The function began with the hoisting of the N.C.C flag by him. He then inspected the Guard of Honour and later took the salute at the March-past by 850 cadets (Boys & Girls) of our college.

Speaking on the occasion, he said that he was full of appreciation for

the keen interest in the N. C. C. that the Principal and the N. C. C. Officers were taking. He said that he always felt happy when he came to Deshbandhu College because the N.C.C. training was being conducted here with great enthusiasm and seriousness. He congratulated our college on having contributed the largest number of officers under Emergency Commission in Delhi. He also assured us that he would provide us with the P. I. Staff of a better quality.

The function ended with a short variety entertainment programme in which the delightful performance in mono-acting, given by Mr. Tillon, stood out.

We wish to express our appreciation for the Multipurpose Higher Secondary School. Kalkaji, Band, smartly dressed and disciplined young members of which captivated our hearts by their enthusiastic and capable performance. We are grateful to Mrs. Gogia, the Principal, for having contributed this element of colour to the celebrations.

The Annual Training Camps

The Annual Training Camp for our Army Wing Cadets was held at the Jamia Milia grounds at Okhla from 30th December, 1964, to 8th January, 1965, both days inclusive. The camp was not compulsory for the final year cadets who had already completed the required number of NCC parades.

Our cadets learnt a lot from camp

life. The camp was set in tents in the grounds of the Jamia Milia and it was a thrilling site in healthy surroundings. Much stress was laid on the training of the cadets. Rigorous military training was imparted to them; especially out-door exercise. Many of them did their 3.3 Rifle Firing for the first time and it gave them much confidence. In spite of the biting cold winds and slight rain on one day the cadets took the training like regular, trained soldiers.

A Camp Fire was held on 7th January, 65, at night. A number of guests were present. Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad's presence gave much encouragement to our cadets. Prof. M. Mujeeb, Vice-Chancellor of the Jamia Milia, gave away the prizes. He praised the turn out and discipline of our cadets. He also addressed them once. Practically all the prizes were won by our cadets. Daljit Singh won the 2nd prize in Best Shot competition. Our P. I. Staff and cadets deserve congratulations.

The Annual Artillery Camp of our cadets was held at the Humayun's Tomb from 24th December, 64, to 2nd January, 65. Even though their number was small, yet they won 50.1% prizes in the camp activities.

The Republic Day Camp

24 Boys and Women cadets have been selected from our college from the various NCC wings for the Republic Day Contingent for this year's parade.

Lt. D.S. Chaudhry has been selected for the Mediaeval-Dressed Contingent. He is the only NCC officer to be selected from amongst the officers in Delhi.

Miss Sudarshan Gupta, Under Officer Instructor, of our college has

been selected from amongst the Women Instructors in Delhi for the Republic Day parade.

Our heartiest congratulations to Lt. D. S. Chaudhry and Miss Gupta for winning the coveted honour.

“If you can talk to crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute,
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that is in it,
And which is more—you will be a man, my son.”

Rudyard Kipling

“Everything loves everything for ever
Always all things love all living things
So long as we never fear each other.
And what's there to fear each other?
And what's there to fear? If we all truly
Love each other, there's nothing to fear.
For what we fear most of all is this:
Not to be loved.”

George Barker

अनुक्रमणिका

हिन्दी—विभाग

निबन्ध	शीर्षक	लेखक	पृष्ठ सं०
कहानियाँ			
१.	पागल	... अनिल कुमारी सक्सेना	७
२.	चिथड़े	... तेज कृष्ण भाटिया	२६
कविताएँ			
१.	शायद	... शक्तिबाला सूरी	३
२.	आकांक्षा	... भीमसेन मित्तल	६
३.	नुमायश	... प्रेम प्रकाश बत्रा	१०
४.	चाँद आज विश्राम करो तुम	... देवीदयाल गुप्ता	१३
५.	लो अन्तिम पन्ना भी पलट गया	... तेज कृष्ण भाटिया	१७
६.	चार तुक्तक	... त्रिभुवन कौल	२५
विबन्ध			
१.	ब्राह्मण और कर्म	... श्री राजेन्द्र शर्मा	४
२.	हिन्दी साहित्य में शृंगार रस	... भीमसेन मित्तल	२०
३.	प्रगति--शील साहित्य	... डा० रामदत्त भारद्वाज	३३
हास्यव्यंग			
१.	एग्जामिनेशन--एक महावली राक्षस	... वीरेन्द्र पट्टनायक	११
२.	यह भी एक कला है	... मोहनसिंह आलुवालिया	१४
३.	दो भलकियाँ	... रमेश कुमार चित्रा	३०
संकलन			
१.	दो राजनीतिज्ञों की अमर वार्ता	... सम्पादक	१६
२.	ज्ञान	... निर्मल कान्ता	२४
३.	'विवेकानन्द वार्ता	... चानन लाल	२४
अन्य			
	हिन्दी परिषद् प्रगति के पथ पर	... प्रधान सम्पादक	४१

सम्पादकालिका

'देश' पत्रिका का इस वर्ष का प्रथमांक आपके सम्मुख प्रस्तुत करते मुझे अत्यन्त हर्ष हो रहा है, क्योंकि यह पत्रिका हम सबको आत्मीयता के सूत्र में बाँधने का एक माध्यम है और यही कारण है कि यह उत्तरोत्तर सफलता के मार्ग पर अग्रसर हो रही है।

यह प्रसन्नता एवं उत्साह का विषय है कि इस वर्ष जो रचनाएँ प्राप्त हुई हैं वे संख्या एवं स्तर की दृष्टि से प्रशंसनीय हैं, एवं विद्यार्थियों की हिन्दी के प्रति बढ़ती रुचि का स्पष्ट प्रमाण है। मैं उन नवोदित प्रतिभाशाली कलाकारों का आभारी हूँ जिन्होंने 'देश' पत्रिका के कलेवर को सुसज्जित एवं सुशोभित करने में मुझे अपना सराहनीय सहयोग दिया है। जिन लेखकों की रचनाएँ कारणवश प्रकाशित नहीं हो सकी उनसे मेरा अनुरोध है कि वे निराश न हों :—

"जंग में लड़ते हैं शाह सवार,
वह गिरेगा ही क्या जो चलता घुटनों के भार।"

इस कालेज में नवप्रवेश पाने वाले छात्र एवं छात्राएँ जो अपने हृदय में शत-शत मनःकामनाएँ एवं आशाएँ सँजोकर आए हैं उनके प्रति मेरा हार्दिक स्वागत एवं शुभकामनाएँ प्रस्तुत हैं।

प्रस्तुत अंक में समधानुकूल एवं विभिन्न रुचियों से सम्पन्न कविताएँ, मनोवैज्ञानिक एवं रचनात्मक कहानियाँ, साहित्यिक लेख, संकलन एवं व्यंग्या-नुकृतियाँ सम्मिलित हैं। इन रंग-विरंगे फूलों से सुसज्जित यह सुन्दर गुलदस्ता सौन्दर्य एवं आकर्षण का केन्द्र बनेगा, ऐसा मेरा विश्वास है।

धन्यवाद।

तेज कृष्ण भाटिया

‘ शफ़ा य दू ’

शक्ति बाला सूरी बी० ए० हिन्दी (ग्रानर्स) अन्तिम वर्ष

नहीं किसी ने शायद समझी मेरे मन की बात ।
इसीलिये अन्तर में छाई काली काली रात ॥

नहीं किसी ने शायद परखी मेरे मन की पीर,
नहीं किसी ने शायद निरखी अन्तर की तस्वीर ।
नहीं किसी ने लुआ मुझे है अपने उर के हाथ से,
पर पैरों में बाँधी सवने जुल्मों की जंजीर ।

इसीलिये नयनों में छाई बेमौसम बरसात ।
नहीं किसी ने शायद समझी मेरे मन की बात ॥

नहीं किसी ने जाना मुझको अपने मन का मीत,
नहीं किसी ने माना मुझको अपनेपन का गीत ।
नहीं किसी ने दुआ मुझे दी दुख की सच्ची हार में,
किन्तु गले में बाँधी सवने सुख की झूठी जीत ।

इसीलिये, प्रिय, जीवन मेरा बिन जनवास बरात ।
नहीं किसी ने शायद समझी मेरे मन की बात ॥

ब्राह्मण और कर्म

श्री राजेन्द्र शर्मा एम० ए०

वैदिक तथा लौकिक साहित्य के अध्ययन से स्पष्ट हो जाता है कि प्राचीन समय में ब्राह्मणों को बहुत आदर तथा सम्मान प्राप्त था। इतना ही नहीं शतपथ ब्राह्मण में तो उन्हें देवताओं का स्थान प्रदान किया गया है। यह ग्रन्थ देवताओं को दो श्रेणियों में विभाजित करता है, एक वे जो कि स्वर्ग में निवास करते हैं और स्तुतियों से प्रसन्न होते हैं, दूसरे वे जो पृथ्वी पर निवास करते हैं और दान तथा दक्षिणाओं के द्वारा प्रसन्न होते हैं। पुनः ऐतरेय ब्राह्मण के अनुसार जिस राजा का पुरोहित ब्राह्मण नहीं होता, उस राजा की हवि को देवता ग्रहण नहीं करते थे। जनसाधारण के हृदय में ब्राह्मणों के प्रति आदर देख कर यह प्रश्न उठना स्वाभाविक ही है कि उनका उस काल में इतना सम्मान क्यों था ? उनका यह आदर ब्राह्मणवर्ण में जन्म लेने के कारण था या कर्म अथवा गुणों के कारण ? ब्राह्मण जन्म से थे या कर्म से ?

प्रायः पश्चात्य तथा भारतीय मनीषियों का मत है कि ऋग्वेदिक काल में समाज का विभाजन कर्म पर आधारित था अर्थात् ब्राह्मण कर्म से होता था। इन विद्वानों ने ऋग्वेद के पुरुषसूक्त में बतलाई गई वर्णव्यवस्था को कर्म पर आधारित माना है। पुरुषसूक्त के अनुसार ब्राह्मण, क्षत्रिय, वैश्य, शूद्रादि वर्णों की उत्पत्ति क्रमशः विराट् पुरुष के मुख, हाथों, उदर तथा पादों से हुई। इस प्रकार ब्राह्मण का सम्बन्ध मुख से होता था। ब्राह्मण मुख के द्वारा ही शिक्षा दे सकता था और ब्रह्म (वेद) का गान कर सकता था। यहाँ मुख का अर्थ पठन-पाठन भी किया जा सकता है। इसी प्रकार क्षत्रिय हाथों से

विजय प्राप्त करता था और वैश्य कृषि-व्यापार इत्यादि करके अन्य वर्णों का पेट भरता था। शूद्र का कार्य ब्राह्मण तथा सूत्र ग्रन्थों में सेवा बताया गया है इससे उसका सम्बन्ध पादों से है। अतः यह स्पष्ट है कि ऋग्वेदिक काल में ब्राह्मण कर्म से होता था। जो व्यक्ति पौरोहित्यादि कार्य करता था और वेदों का पठन-पाठन तथा उच्चारण करता था वह ब्राह्मण कहलाता था। ब्राह्मण वर्ण के कर्म पर आश्रित होने के कारण ही विश्वामित्र और देवापी पुरोहित बन सके यद्यपि वे क्षत्रिय थे।

इनका सत्र होने पर भी ऋग्वेद के अनेक स्थल यह प्रमाणित करते हैं कि कर्म के साथ-साथ जन्म का भी ध्यान रखा जाता था, अर्थात् कर्म से ही ब्राह्मण ब्राह्मण कहलाता था। बाद के वेदों और ब्राह्मणों में ब्राह्मण जन्म से ही कहलाया गया है कर्म से नहीं। सूत्र ग्रन्थ भी ब्राह्मण के कुल में जन्म लेने वाले व्यक्ति को ब्राह्मण संज्ञा देते हैं। परन्तु महात्मा बुद्ध जन्म से ब्राह्मण नहीं हैं मानते वे तो उसे कर्म से ही मानते हैं। माज्झिम निकाय में एक कथा आती है जिसमें वसिष्ठ और भारद्वाज नाम के दो युवकों में 'ब्राह्मण' वर्ण के विषय में वाद विवाद होता है। वसिष्ठ के अनुसार ब्राह्मण जन्म से होता है और भारद्वाज ब्राह्मण को कर्म से मानते हैं। वे दोनों महात्मा बुद्ध के पास जाते हैं और उन्हें इस विषय में निर्णय देने के लिए कहते हैं। महात्मा बुद्ध कर्म के पक्ष में निर्णय देते हैं।

ब्राह्मण चाहे कर्म से हो या जन्म से, उपनिषद् सूत्र तथा बौद्धग्रन्थ सच्चा ब्राह्मण उसी को मानते हैं जिसमें गुण हों। अब यह प्रश्न सामने आता है

कि ब्राह्मण के वे गुण कौन से हैं ? विद्या ब्राह्मण की आभूषण मानी गई है। छान्दोग्य में श्वेतकेतु के पिता ने उससे कहा है कि हमारे वंश में ऐसा कोई व्यक्ति नहीं हुआ जो कि वेदाध्ययन के बिना ब्राह्मण कहलाया हो। इसलिए तुम वेदों का अध्ययन करो। पुनः निडर होकर सत्य बोलना भी ब्राह्मण का गुण माना जाता था। जब सत्यकाम बालक शिक्षा प्राप्त करने के लिये गौतम ऋषि के पास गया तो ऋषि ने उससे उसके वरुण के विषय में पूछा। सत्यकाम को इसका ज्ञान नहीं था इसलिए वह अपनी माता के पास गया और अपने पिता के विषय में पूछा। उसकी माता ने कहा कि जब मैं एक समय ऋषियों की सेवा कर रही थी तब तेरा जन्म हुआ था। परन्तु तेरे पिता के विषय में मुझे कुछ याद नहीं है। सत्यकाम ने यही बातें गौतम को सुनायीं। गौतम उसके सत्य भाषण से प्रसन्न हुआ और बोला कि यह बालक ब्राह्मण ही हो सकता है अन्य नहीं, क्योंकि ब्राह्मण ही निडर हो सत्य बोल सकता है। अतः सत्य बोलने के गुण से ही गौतम ने अनुमान लगा लिया कि यह ब्राह्मण पुत्र है।

वसिष्ठ धर्मसूत्र उसे सच्चा ब्राह्मण मानता है जिसमें योग, तप, दान, सत्य, शौच, विद्या, विज्ञान, आस्तिक्यादि गुण हों। इसी ग्रन्थ के अनुसार जो ब्राह्मण दीर्घ शत्रुता, असत्य, निर्दयता, चुगलखोरी इत्यादि से युक्त होता है उसे शूद्र समान मानना चाहिये। शान्त, जितेन्द्रिय, अहिंसक तथा प्रतिग्रह लेने में सकुचाने वाले ब्राह्मण जनकल्याण करने वाले कहे गये हैं। शुद्ध आचरण ब्राह्मण का अत्यन्त आवश्यक गुण माना गया है। आचारहीन ब्राह्मण को वेदों का षडङ्गों के साथ अध्ययन भी

हर्ष नहीं पहुँचाता जिस प्रकार कि एक सुन्दर भार्या अन्धे पति को सुख नहीं पहुँचा सकती। बौधायन तो वेदविहीन ब्राह्मण को लकड़ी के हाथी और चर्म के मृग की तरह नामधारक मानता है।

महात्मा बुद्ध भी शील सम्पन्न और क्रोध, राग, द्वेष घृणादि से रहित मनुष्य को सच्चा ब्राह्मण मानते हैं। उनका कहना है कि मैं गम्भीर बुद्धि वाले उस व्यक्ति (ब्राह्मण) को सच्चा ब्राह्मण मानता हूँ जो कामनाओं के बशीभूत नहीं होता।

जातक कथाओं में एक कथा आती है जिसमें एक राजा का पुरोहित, जिसका राजा द्वारा बहुत आदर किया जाता था, यह जानने का प्रयत्न करता है कि उसका सम्मान उसके गुणों और शील के कारण है या कि ब्राह्मण होने के कारण। इसको जानने के लिए उसने चोरी की, जिसके फलस्वरूप वह पकड़ा गया और दण्डित किया गया। इस प्रकार उसे ज्ञात हुआ कि उसका सम्मान उसके अच्छे चरित्र तथा गुणों के कारण था न कि उसके ब्राह्मण होने के कारण। अतः गुणों से ही ब्राह्मण सच्चा ब्राह्मण होता था।

इन सब गुणों के कारण, यज्ञविधियों के ज्ञाता होने के कारण तथा शिक्षक होने के कारण ब्राह्मणों का समाज में आदर था, परन्तु जैसे जैसे उनमें गुणों की कमी हुई उनका सम्मान भी घटता गया। इन्हीं गुणों के अभाव के कारण ब्राह्मण आधुनिक काल में अपने प्रचीन सम्मान को प्राप्त न कर सके और वे अपने को ब्राह्मण कहने में भी घबराते हैं।

‘आकांक्षा’

भीमसेन मित्तल, हिन्दी (आनस)
(अन्तिम वर्ष)

मिल कर इक संसार बनाएँ, जो इस दुनिया से न्यारा हो ।

हरी भरी हो भूमि जिसकी
नदियों की शीतल धारा हो,
सभी जीव मनमोहक से हों
कण कण चन्दा सा प्यारा हो ।

मिल कर इक संसार बनाएँ, जो इस दुनिया से न्यारा हो ।

भर-भर भरते हों नित भरने
पर्वत की सुन्दर माला हो,
यमुना सा निर्मल पानी हो
या गंगा सी इक धारा हो ।

मिल कर इक संसार बनाएँ, जो इस दुनिया से न्यारा हो ।

मधुर राग पंखी गाते हों
तारे नभ को चमकाते हों,
चन्दा की किरणें नित हरती
प्रीति नगर का अँधियारा हो ।

मिल कर इक संसार बनाएँ, जो इस दुनिया से न्यारा हो ।

जहाँ वियोगी की आहें ना हों
विरह व्यथा की राहें ना हों-
प्रेम पनपता हो निर्भय सा
प्रीति विहंग अति प्यारा हो ।

मिल कर इक संसार बनाएँ, जो इस दुनिया से न्यारा हो ।

धनी न निर्धन को खाता हो
प्रेम अहिंसा का नाता हो,
जाति पाति न वर्ग-भेद हो
मानव को मानव प्यारा हो ।

मिल कर इक संसार बनाएँ, जो इस दुनिया से न्यारा हो ।

प्रीति नगर हो प्रीति भवन हो
प्रीति गंध से युक्त पवन हो,
प्रीति की बोली प्रीति की भाषा
प्रीति दीप का उजियारा हो ।

मिल कर इक संसार बनाएँ, जो इस दुनिया से न्यारा हो ।

पागल

अनिल कुमारी सक्सेना, बी०ए० (ग्रानर्स) द्वितीय वर्ष

को लाहल से भरी सड़क पर अकेला चला जा रहा था निशीथ ! नहीं जानता था कि कहाँ जा रहा है वह, और कितना लम्बा है उसका मार्ग । उसे एक मशीन की भाँति कोई अज्ञात शक्ति घसीटे जा रही थी ! जहाँ भी गया, निराशा ही हाथ लगी । सारे सुख-स्वप्न बिखर से गये थे ! जीवन की निराशा ने उसे निचेष्ट बना दिया था । नौकरी की तलाश में घर से निकला था, और जहाँ भी गया उदास, पीला मुँह लिये लौट आया । घर में कुमरी बहन, विधवा माँ तथा भाभी और भाभी के नन्हे २ चार मासूम बच्चे ! अर्थात् कुल मिलाकर आठ प्राणियों की उदर-पूर्ति का प्रश्न था निशीथ के समक्ष ! रोज़ आश्वासन से भरे पत्र लिखता माँ को वह, परन्तु माँ को आशा दिलाते-दिलाते उसकी अपनी आशा भी जवाब दे चुकी थी; वह थक चुका था इस जीवन से । फिर भी जीवन का बोझ उसे ढोना था हँस के अथवा रो के !

भुंगुटा हो चला था ! पश्चिम के व्योम में मानों किसी ने लाल रंग बिखेर दिया हो ! लालिमा लिए सुनहरे रंग में डूबा था सारा संसार, और निशीथ चला जा रहा था मौन और उदास ! सहसा वातावरण में एक अट्टहास गूँज उठा हा: हा: हा: हा: । और निशीथ चौंक पड़ा मानो सोते से जाग गया हो ! सामने देखा एक पागल, अस्त-व्यस्त बिखरे हुए बाल और चिथड़ों से लिपटा हुआ कृश शरीर । वह कह रहा था "देखो मैं बी०ए० पास हूँ, बी०ए० फर्स क्लास बी० ए० हा: हा: हा: यह देखो मेरी डिग्री मैं ग्रेजुएट हूँ हा: हा: हा: हा: ।

लोग एकत्रित हो गये । एक ने कहा 'पागल' है दूसरा बोला 'चलो यहाँ से' किस पागल के चक्कर में पड़ गए ! सहसा पागल चीख उठा 'कौन कहता है, मैं पागल हूँ !' नहीं नहीं, मैं पागल नहीं हूँ, मैं ग्रेजुएट हूँ, तुम सब पागल हो, हा: हा: ! निशीथ को उस पागल पर दया आई । ध्यान से देखा उसने उसकी ओर । लगभग चौबीस वर्ष की अवस्था, गोरा रंग, पतला शरीर, जो कि विपत्ति की ठोकरें खा कर कृश होता जा रहा था । तीखे और सलौने नैन-नक्शा, चेहरे पर बड़ी हुई दाढ़ी और रूखे तथा बड़े हुए बाल, निशीथ की जिज्ञासा जाग उठी ! ऐसा वाँका युवक, तिस पर यह पागल पन ! अपनी भावना पर नियंत्रण न कर सका निशीथ ! पास ही पान वाले से पूछने लगा यह पागल कौन है ? जानते हो तुम इसे ? "क्या करोगे जान कर बाबू जी इसे, गरीब की कहानी, बेचारा वदकिस्मत है, भोग रहा है अपने कर्म का फल", पानवाले का उत्तर था ! किन्तु निशीथ नहीं माना । "बता भी दो न जाने उस युवक में कौन सा आकर्षण लग रहा है मुझे !" पान वाले ने एक ठंडी आह भरी और बोला, "बड़ी लम्बी कहानी है इसकी, सुनोगे बाबूजी ।" 'हाँ-हाँ सुनाओ, मैं सुनूँगा' निशीथ अचानक कह उठा ।

"तो सुनो बाबूजी" पान वाले ने एक पान बनाते हुए कहा 'नुक्कड़ वाली कोठी देख रहे हो न बाबूजी, इसमें सेठ दयाराम रहते थे ! उन्हीं का बेटा है यह नवीन, बड़े लाड़ और प्यार से पाला था नवीन को उन्होंने, चार कन्याओं के बाद की सन्तान जो था वह । किसी बात की कमी न थी नवीन को । फूलों की सेज पर पल रहा था ,

किन्तु नियति को उसका सुख स्वीकार न था ! सेठ दयाराम को व्यापार में घाटा आया और फिर वह दिवालिया हो गए ! लज्जा की आँच को सहन न कर सके, और एक दिन विष की एक जाम ने ही उनके प्राणों को शरीर से मुक्त कर दिया ! अपने भार से तो मुक्त हो गए सेठ दया राम, किन्तु अपने पीछे गृह-भार दे गए अबोध नवीन को ! एक दिन सुबह जब विश्व में प्रकाश था, तो नवीन के घर में अंधेरा था ! पिता को मृत्यु व मकान, सम्पत्ति की कुर्की ! देखता रहा वह मौन निस्तब्ध, किन्तु कुछ न बोल सका !

सेठ जी की पत्नी और पाँच मासूम बच्चे, जो कभी फूलों की सेज पर पले और दूध की धार में नहाये अब दाने-दाने को बिलखते रो रहे थे ! किन्तु कौन था जो उनकी सुनता ! निर्धन के आँसू पोंछने वाला कौन होता है ! माँ की इच्छा थी कि नवीन पढ़े और पढ़-लिखकर नौकरी करे ! इसके लिए उसने क्या नहीं किया ? लोगों के बर्तन माँजे, जूठन ढाई और नाना प्रकार की भिड़कियाँ सहीं, केवल अपने बच्चों की उदर-पूर्ति के लिए, तथा अपने नवीन की शिक्षा देने के लिए !

नवीन समझदार लड़का था । भाग्य की धिडम्बना ने उसे बचपन में ही बचपने से दूर कर दिया, और बालक नवीन बालक न रह कर एक प्रौढ़ की की तरह समझदार बन गया । नवीन दिन भर मेहनत करता और अपने तथा अपने परिवार के लिए धन कमाता । रात को जब सारा वातावरण अंधेरे की चादर ओढ़े विश्राम कर रहा होता, नवीन अपनी पुस्तक लिए सड़क के किनारे लगे खम्बे के मन्दे प्रकाश में पढ़ता रहता । दिन में आधा पेट खाकर भी उसके क्रम में बाधा नहीं आती थी । नवीन की मेहनत सफल हुई उसने हाई स्कूल पास किया, इंटर पास किया । उसकी माँ को अपना

स्वप्न साकार होता हुआ प्रतीत हुआ । अब नवीन बी०ए० का छात्र था, उसकी लगन और बढ़ गई थी । एक दिन वह भी आया जब खुशी से पागल नवीन ने माँ के चरण छूकर कहा "माँ मैं बी०ए० पास हो गया ! विधवा माँ की एक आकांक्षा पूरी हुई । किन्तु उसकी आँखों से दो बूँदें टपक कर नवीन के गालों पर आ पड़ी, मानो वेही उसका आशीर्वाद हो ! नवीन बी०ए० पास हो गया किन्तु अब उसके समक्ष समस्या थी बहन के विवाह की । अतः नवीन नौकरी की तलाश में भटकने लगा ! एम्पलसमेंट-एक्सचेंज के पचासों नक्कर लगा डाले उसने ! हर दफतर और हर स्थान की धूल छान डाली उसने ! किन्तु नौकरी तो मानो उससे रूठ गई थी ! जहाँ भी जाता अधिकारियों के कभी न भरने वाले मुख खुले रहते ! नवीन के पास उनके भरने के लिए न रुपये ही थे और न सोना चाँदी ही था । वह दर-दर की ठोकरें खाता रहा, किन्तु नौकरी न पा सका । बी०ए० की डिग्री चाँदी के टुकड़ों के अभाव में उसे रोटी देने में असमर्थ थी । उधर नवीन नौकरी के लिए भटक रहा था और इधर विधवा माँ ने चारपाई पकड़ ली ! माँ की दवा के लिए पैसे न थे । वह भटक रहा था, किन्तु इतने विस्तृत संसार में उसको कोई भी सहारा नहीं दीख पड़ता था । एक दिन निराश लौट रहा था नवीन, उसके पाँव मन-मन भर के हो गये थे । माँ के लिए दवा की चिन्ता तथा पाँच प्राणियों की क्षुधाग्नि, थका-माँदा और भूख की आग में जलता उदर लिए वह घर वापिस लौट आया ! किन्तु द्वार पर पाँव रखते ही वह ठिठक गया । "भैया.....भैया माँ को देखो क्या हो गया है ?" किन्तु नवीन ने जैसे कुछ सुना ही न हो ! उसकी बहन नीलम भँभोड़ती रही-किन्तु उसकी चेतना तो जैसे सो चुकी थी ! पाषाण प्रतिमा की भाँति बड़ रह गया था वह । नीलम फिर चीख उठी.....भैया S S S S S

'माँ को देखो भैया, क्या हो गया है इन्हें?' नवीन यन्त्रचालित सा जा पहुँचा माँ तक! मभता-मयी माँ का स्पर्श करते ही स्तब्ध रह गया वह! पिंजड़े का पंछी पिंजड़े को छोड़ कर उड़ चुका था! सहसा नवीन ने माँ के चरणों पर अपना सिर रख दिया। लड़कियाँ माँ के शव से लिपट कर विलख उठी! एक बार फिर इस घर में काल की क्रूरता को पुनरा वृत्ति हो गई थी। किन्तु नवीन तो संज्ञा-शून्य सा हो रहा था। अचानक माँ के चरणों से सिर उठाकर अट्टहास कर उठा— हा: हा: हा: हा: माँ— माँ— मेरी डिग्री तुम्हें और मेरी बहिनों को रोटी न दे सकी, रहने को मकान न दे सकी, तुम्हें बचाने के लिए दवा न दे सकी— हा: हा: हा:—! तू कहती थी न माँ कि तू बी० ए० पास हो जा! देखो मैं ग्रेजुएट हो गया हूँ हा: हा: हा: हा:— मैं ग्रेजुएट हो गया हूँ माँ ग्रेजुएट— हा: हा: हा:— नवीन पागलों की तरह अट्टहास कर रहा था, और बी० ए० की डिग्री उसके हाथ में थी।

पान वाला यह कह कर रुका और फिर बोला, —और बाबूजी तब से यह वैसा ही है। इधर-उधर घूम कर यही कहता है कि मैं ग्रेजुएट हूँ, मैंने फस्ट

क्लास बी० ए० पास किया है। पान वाला यह कह कर चुप हो गया और निशीथ के मैनों से आँसू बरस पड़े। निशीथ मानों सो गया था कहीं। सहसा एक विकट अट्टहास पुनः उसके मानों में गूँज उठा— हा: हा: हा: हा:— मैं ग्रेजुएट हूँ— और धमाके की आवाज सुनकर चौंक पड़ा निशीथ। नेत्र उठाकर देखा, वही पागल पृथ्वी पर संज्ञा शून्य पड़ा था और सिर से रक्त बह रहा था। फिर उसने सुना कोई कह रहा था, पागल मर गया चलो अच्छा हुआ, मुक्त हो गया बेचारा, और निशीथ भी टंडी आह भर कर कह उठा कि चलो अच्छा हुआ, धरती की छाती से पढ़े-लिखे बेकार का बोझ कम हो गया। सहसा निशीथ चिल्ला उठा— मैं ग्रेजुएट हूँ! नवीन भी ग्रेजुएट था हा:— हा:— हा:— हा:— हम दोनों ग्रेजुएट जिन्हें बी० ए० की डिग्री चाँदी के चन्द सिक्कों के अभाव में भोजन न दे सकी और वह हँसता ही चला गया— हा:— हा:— हा:— । एक पागल का स्थान दूसरे ने ले लिया था। सब कुछ पूर्ववत् था, संसार का क्रम चल रहा था उसी प्रकार। लोग जा चुके थे किन्तु पान वाला अश्रुपूर्ण नेत्रों से अलपक ताक रहा था, एक मृत और एक जीवित पागला की ओर—

घूँघट का पट खोल रे ।
तोको पीव मिलेंगे ॥
घट घट में वोहि साईं रमता ।
कटुक बचन मत बोल रे ॥
धन जोवन का गर्व न कीजै ।
भूटा पचरंग चोल रे ॥
सुन्न महल में दिया बार ले ।
आसा से मत डोल रे ॥
जोग जुगत से रंग महल में ।
पिय पाये अनमोल रे ॥
कहत कबीर आनन्द भयौ रे ।
बाजत अनहद डोल रे ॥

(कबीर)

नु मा य श

प्रेम प्रकाश वत्रा, बी०ए० द्वितीय वर्ष

है तुम से भगवान, हमारी यही एक फरमायश ।
भूले भटके भी अब, यहाँ न लगे नुमायश ॥

बिन बुलाये ही घर मेहमान बहुत आ जाते ।
फिर से जिन्दा हो जाते हैं मुर्दा रिश्ते नाते ॥

एक दिवस कहते हैं, पर वे दस दिन रहते हैं ।
बढ़िया बहुत नुमायश है, यह बार बार कहते हैं ॥

एक महीने का राशन, दो दो दिन में चुक जाता ।
फिर उधार का भी हमको, खुलवाना पड़ता खाता ॥

अपना छोटा सा घर, बन जाता एक तबेला ।
जम जाता मेरे घर पर, अच्छा खासा मेला ।

आए उस दिन एक मित्र के फूफा जी के चाचा ।
ऐसा लगा कि जैसे मुँह पर पड़ा तमाचा ॥

फिर चाचा ने हमें बुलाकर, यह आदेश सुनाया ।
थके बहुत हैं सुनो हमारी अलसाई है काया ॥

तनिक तुम्हीं इन सब को आज नुमायश दिखलाओ ।
जाओ बच्चो 'प्रेम' भैया के संग, धूम फिर आओ ॥

शामत आई लेकर मैं उन सबको गया नुमायश ।
और वहाँ पर गया ऊब उनकी सुन सुन फरमायश ॥

चुन्नू ने कुल्फी माँगी तो मुन्नू ने जलजीरा ।
अशोक ने फुटबाल खरीदी तो विनोद ने खीरा ॥

सुरेन्द्र ने कैरम माँगा तो चंचल ने ली माला ।
मतलब यह कि शाम हुए तक निकल गया दीवाला ॥

घर आकर देखा, सिगरेट का भरा टीन था खाली ।
समझ गया कि चाचा ने पीछे, होली आज मना डाली ॥

हाय नुमायश तेरे कारण, अद्भुत कष्ट उठाये ।
क्या बतलाऊँ, तूने हमको कैसे नाच नचाये ॥

‘एग्जामिनेशन’—एक महाबली राक्षस

वीरेन्द्र पहूजा, बी०ए० अन्तिम वर्ष

मार्च का महीना था। जिस भाँति वर्षा काल में नदी-नाले सुरीले स्वर से दौड़ लगाते हैं, उसी प्रकार पढ़ाई बड़े जोरों से चल रही थी। रात्रि का समय था, मैं अपने कमरे में बैठा विद्युत् के प्रकाश में अंग्रेजी का घोंटा लगा रहा था। उसी समय निकटस्थ कारखाने ने भोंपू द्वारा बारह बजाये। तत्काल ही प्रकाश बन्द कर मैं शय्या पर जा लेटा और शीघ्र ही गहन निद्रा में निमग्न हो गया।

स्वप्न में देखा कि नारद जी भगवान् विष्णु के दर्शनार्थ क्षीर-सागर में पहुँचे। भगवान् ने आदर पूर्वक आसन दिया तथा मृत्यु-लोक के समाचार जानने की इच्छा प्रकट की। नारद जी ने बतलाया कि वहाँ पर बड़े भयंकर तथा महाबली एक अदृश्य राक्षस ने जन्म लिया है जिसके भय से प्राणी-मात्र बहुत भयभीत हो रहे हैं। अतः हे दयालु, आप शीघ्र ही ऐसे प्राणियों को निर्भय करने का कोई सरल साधन बताइये।

“उसका नाम क्या है?” भगवान् ने प्रश्न किया। “भगवान् ! नाम तो बड़ा भयानक है। नारद जी ने कहा “लेकिन आपकी कृपा से उस महाबली राक्षस का नाम लेने का दुःसाहस करता हूँ। उस विकराल देव का नाम है ‘एग्जामिनेशन’। आपके समान उसके भी अनेक नाम हैं, जैसे परीक्षा, इम्तहान जाँच और टेस्ट इत्यादि।”

उसी समय धर्मराज ने एक बीस वर्षीय युवक उपस्थित किया, जो अभी अभी मृत्यु का सार्टीफिकेट लेकर आया।

भगवान् विष्णु ने उसके दुःख जानने की इच्छा प्रकट की और कहा “कहो क्या बात है?”

युवक ने विनयपूर्वक कहा—महाराज। सुनने से पूर्व आपसे विनती करता हूँ कि इस पुरानी हिन्दी को त्याग कर खड़ी बोली का प्रयोग कोजिये, अन्यथा आप इसी भाषा का प्रयोग करते रहे तो अवसर आने पर, कोई भी हिन्दी का प्रोफेसर लाल पेंसिल के गोल-गोल लड्डुओं अतिरिक्त एक भी अंक न देगा और फेल कर देगा।” नारद जी बोले—“अरे सूखें तू निरा भोला है, ये ही तो विष्णु भगवान् तीनों लोकों के स्वामी हैं।”

युवक ने उत्तर दिया —“इससे तो मैं भली-भाँति परिचित हूँ परन्तु आपको ज्ञात नहीं कि मृत्यु लोक का अन्नदाता ‘इम्तहान देवता’ पाँच लोकों का स्वामी है, जैसे :—

(१) मिडिल लोक (२) मैट्रिक लोक (३) इन्टर लोक (४) बी० ए० लोक और (५) एम० ए० लोक। तथा छोटे मोटे लोकों की तो गणना ही नहीं।

“इस पराक्रमी देव न स्थान-स्थान पर अपने अड्डे स्थापित कर दिये हैं और इन अड्डों की संख्या दिन-प्रतिदिन बढ़ती जा रही है। सबसे बड़े अड्डे जो ‘यूनिवर्सिटी कहलाते हैं, इसमें १६ वर्ष की आयु से अधिक दंड पाने वाले अपराधी दण्ड पाते हैं। उनसे छोटे ‘कालिज’ होते हैं। इनमें १६ वर्ष से अधिक आयु वाले अपराधी दण्ड पाते हैं तथा उनसे छोटे इन्टर कालिज, हाई स्कूल था मिडिल स्कूल आदि हैं।”

नारद ने प्रश्न किया —“उनकी देख-रेख किस-के द्वारा होती है ?

युवक ने उत्तर दिया—छोटे अड्डों की तो हैड-मास्टर और बड़े अड्डों की प्रिंसिपल और लैक्चरार करते हैं।”

नारद जी ने पूछा—“इनका क्या अर्थ है ?”

युवक ने कहा—“मास्टर का अर्थ है कि वह जो विद्यार्थी को मार-मार कर ठीक कर दे। लैक्चरार का अर्थ है कि जो इतना लम्बा चौड़ा लैक्चर दे कि विद्यार्थी का दिमाग थक कर चूँ चूँ करने लगे, और प्रोफेसर माने, जो क्लास में प्रोफेसी करे।” अन्त में युवक ने अपनी बीती कहानी आरम्भ की।

“भगवन् ! मैं बी० ए० लोक के अन्तर्गत अन्य साथियों सहित चौदह वर्ष का दण्ड भोग रहा था कि यकायक १३ नवम्बर के दिन हमारे लैक्चरार साहब ने बहुत से पीले रंग के कागज लिये कक्षा में प्रवेश किया। मैंने सोचा अवश्य ही दाल में कुछ काला है। मालूम हुआ कि वे इम्तिहान देव के वारन्ट (एग्जामिनेशन फार्म) हैं। मरता क्या न करता, मैंने भी सब के साथ ६० रूपये भेंट किये और कहीं पेशी के लिए मार्च की ३१ तारीख नियत की गई। यह देखकर मैंने भी अपने अस्त्र-शस्त्रों से सुसज्जित होकर ‘इम्तिहान देव’ का सामना करने का दृढ़ निश्चय कर लिया। प्रोफेसर तथा लैक्चरारस भी हमको बलि के बकरे की भाँति ‘इम्पोरटेन्ट हिन्टस’ रूपी पुष्ट भोजन देने लगे। पूर्वाकाश में जो बातें मुझे याद न हुईं और न समझ में ही आईं, उन्हें मैंने घोट कर पी लिया सोचा कि समय पर कुछ न कुछ असर होगा ही।”

“अन्त में वह नियत तिथि भी आ गई। प्रथम रात्रि तो इस प्रकार कटी जैसे किनी मृत्यु पाने वाले की रात कटती है। प्रातः ही देव मन्दिर में जाकर पूजा ही नहीं, वरन् साष्टांग दण्डवत होकर प्रार्थना भी की। तत्पश्चात् इम्तिहान देव की अदालत में

पहुँचा। इसी बीच पहली टन-टन की ध्वनि कान के पर्दे पर पड़ी तो तुरन्त ही अपने हृदय को जोर से दबा लिया कि कहीं वह भी टन-टन न बोल जाये और अपने अन्य साथियों सहित बलिदान भवन में प्रवेश किया। फाँसी का तख्ता (रोल नम्बर) ४२० ढूँढ कर बैठ गया। इतने में ही टन-टन की दूसरी आवाज आई और भाग्य निर्णायक “इम्तिहान देव” के प्रतिनिधि (प्रश्न-पत्र) हमारे पास भेजे गये। मैंने देखा कि सबकी मुखाकृति गिरगिट के समान रंग पलट रही है। परन्तु थोड़े ही समय में हर ओर कलम-दवातों का युद्ध छिड़ गया, सबने अपनी अपनी योग्यतानुसार कापी रँगना आरम्भ किया। परन्तु अपने राम तो ऐसी बुरी प्रकृतियों से सा दूर रहने के कारण इस दृश्य का अवलोकन करने में ही मग्न रहे। अन्त में कुछ भूत भविष्य की सोचकर सब “इम्पोरटेन्ट हिन्टस” ज्यों के त्यों कापी पर उतार कर, नीचे नोट दे दिया कि कृपया अपने प्रश्नों का उत्तर स्वयं इनसे ढूँढ लेवें, अगर किसी प्रश्न का उत्तर न मिले तो किसी अच्छे ‘नोट्स’ में देख लीजिये।”

तदुपरान्त हम इम्तिहान देव के फंसले की इस प्रकार बाट जोहने लगे जिस प्रकार मास के अन्त में बाबू लोग वेतन की बाट जोहते हैं तथा मुसलमान लोग ईद के चाँद की तथा हिन्दू लोग जन्माष्टमी के चन्द्रमा की। परीक्षा-फल के न आने तक हमारी दशा आकाश के मध्य लटके हुए त्रिशंकु के समान रही। धीरे-धीरे वह दिन भी आया, जब कि परीक्षा-फल प्रकाशित हुआ। बैटरी मार कर देखने पर ज्ञात हुआ कि रोल नम्बर ४२० तो ‘यथा नाम, तथा गुण’ ही रहा। अब क्या था, काटो तो खून नहीं। अन्ततः मैं उस महाबली राक्षस का जिकार बन कर ही रहा जिसके वशीभूत हो चलती हुई रेल के नीचे अपनी गर्दन और उसी समय धर्मराज के दूत मुझे यहाँ पकड़ लाये।

इतने में ही मेरी आँख खुल गई तथा ध्यान आया कि मैंने भी परसों ही अपनी वार्षिक परीक्षा देनी है।

‘चाँद आज विश्राम करो तुम’

देवीदयाल गुप्त, बी० ए० (अंतिम वर्ष)

★ मेरे मन में आस लगी है, ★
● जग को राह दिखाने की । ●
★ अन्तर में ज्वाला धधकी है, ★
● तूफानों से होड़ लगाने की ॥ ●

● मूक साधना के द्वार मैं अटल ध्येय को पाऊँगा । ●
★ चाँद आज विश्राम करो तुम मैं प्रकाश फैलाऊँगा ॥ ★

● अस्थिर अंधकार का साथी, ●
★ क्षण-भंगुर अभिमान है । ★
● मत समझो भावस को जीत, ●
★ थोथी उसकी शान है ॥ ★

● मैं अपनी वीणा के स्वर में, गीत जीत के गाऊँगा । ●
★ चाँद आज विश्राम करो तुम मैं प्रकाश फैलाऊँगा ॥ ★

● विश्वासों के तारक रूप ●
★ मेरा साथ निभायेंगे । ★
● झिलमिल आँख मिचौनी से ●
★ ये मेरा मन बहलायेंगे ॥ ★

★ विश्वास करो चन्दा तुम, मैं सागर में ज्वार उठाऊँगा । ★
● चाँद आज विश्राम करो तुम, मैं प्रकाश फैलाऊँगा ॥ ●

“यह भी एक कला है”

मोहन सिंह आहलुवालिया, बी०ए०

कुछ लोगों को चिढ़ाने की आदत होती है और उन्हें चिढ़ाने वाले भी मिल जाते हैं, लेकिन मजा दोनों को आना चाहिए। लोगों को तंग करना भी एक कला है। यदि आप इस कला में योग्यता प्राप्त करना चाहते हैं तो मुझसे मेरे पते पर मिलिये। लेकिन सावधान रहे, कहीं मैं आप ही को तंग करना शुरू न कर दूँ।

लोगों को तंग कैसे करें शायद आप सोचेंगे कि तंग करना तो बड़ा आसान है। फिर भी यह सब लिखने का क्या अभिप्राय? यदि आप सचमुच दूसरों को तंग करना चाहते हैं तो इसे तो पढ़िये और इसमें निपुणता प्राप्त कीजिये।

हम लोगों को दो श्रेणियों में बाँटते हैं, परिचित और अपरिचित। परिचित लोगों को तंग करना बहुत सरल है, कारण यह है कि हम इन की समस्त आदतों से परिचित होते हैं। बस किसी की रुचि के प्रतिकूल जरा सा काम कीजिये कि वे स्वयं ही चिढ़ जायेंगे। अपरिचित लोगों को तंग करने को जो नियम विशेष है वह यह पढ़कर पता लग जायेंगे।

पड़ोसियों को तंग करने में तो हमें विशेष आनन्द प्राप्त होना चाहिए। यह है भी उचित क्यों कि पड़ोसी होने के नाते पूरे मुहल्ले में चल-पहल जुटाने का उत्तरदायित्व आप अपने ऊपर लें ले तो क्या बुरा है। ऐसा न हो कि मुहल्ला सूना सूना पड़ा रहे। आखिर आप के मुहल्ले में आदमी बसते हैं कोई उल्लू तो नहीं और साहिब, यदि उल्लू भी रहते हैं तो वह भी रात को महफिल गम कर ही

लेते हैं। आप के मुहल्ले में चलते-फिरते, बोलते चालते, हँसते खेलते मनुष्य रहते हैं। अजी बस्ती है कोई शमशान भूमि तो नहीं, तो और आप यह भी जानते हैं कि रेडियो का मन भावक कार्यक्रम रात्रि के नौ बजे के बाद ही आरम्भ होता है। रेडियो बजे वह भी धीमे यह क्या बात हुई? यदि बजे तो फुल वाल्युम (Full Volume) पर नहीं तो न बजे। ऐसे कैसे मालूम होगा कि साहिब के पास रेडियो है आखिर पैसे खर्च किये हैं कोई सड़क पर पड़ा हुआ तो उठाया ही नहीं है।

आपके पड़ोस में यदि कुम्भकर्ण के वंशज भी बसते होंगे। उनको गहरी निद्रा की आदत भला कैसे पड़ जायेगी यदि आप शास्त्रीय संगीत का कार्यक्रम फुल वाल्युम (Full Volume) पर लगा देंगे। आखिर स्वर्गीय नेहरू जी ने भी कहा था कि विशेष तौर पर आपत्ति काल में आराम हराम है।” अजी अपना विचार तो यह है कि नींद हराम है। घबराने की कोई बात नहीं स्वयं कान में रूई डाल कर रखिये।

परन्तु एक गड़बड़ होगी। रेडियो स्टेशन तो रात के ग्यारह बजे बंद हो जाते हैं। तो फिर क्या, एक ग्रामोफोन ले आइये। और लगा दीजिये— ‘मेरे महबूब तुझे मेरी मुहब्बत की कसम’ या ‘यह मेरा प्रेम पत्र पढ़कर कि तुम नाराज न होना कि तुम मेरी जिन्दगी हो कि तुम मेरी बन्दगी हो’....

क्यो ठीक सूझी न ?

यदि आप बंगले में रहते हैं तो आप के पड़ोसी भी बंगले में ही रहते होंगे। कोठी में बगीचा होगा ही। बस आप एक बकरी या गाय ले आईये और उसे बाहर का घास मत चरने दीजिए आखिर पड़ोसियों के बेलबूटों का आचार डालना है ?

यह कहने की तो आवश्यकता ही नहीं कि आप अपने घर का कूड़ा-करकट पड़ोसियों के घर के आगे फेंकेगे। यदि आप छात्रावास में रहते हैं तो भी पोछे रहने का कोई कारण नहीं। किसी को पढ़ता पाये तो ऋः से जा पध रिये और अपने वाक्चातुर्य का प्रमाण दीजिये। सच मानिये, आप का पढ़ाई का पूरा पूरा मूड बन जायेगा। जब आपको नींद आये तो टैबल लैम्प में एक पैसा रख कर बल्ब जगा दीजिये। बस बटन दबते ही सारे होस्टल या कालेज की लाईट गुम।

अब जरा अपरिचित लोगों से सुलभ लें। परीक्षा के अवसर तो आप के घर में लाउडस्पीकर बजना ही चाहिये, कारण भट से ढूँढ निकालिये। विवाह-शादी, जन्म दिन कुछ न कुछ तो निकल ही आता है। बड़ी उचित सी बात है। आखिर वर्ष के तीन सौ पैसठ दिन होते हैं एक दिन लाउडस्पीकर (Loud-Speaker) बजा लिया तो क्या हुआ ? बाकी दिन तो पढ़ाई के ही होते हैं। आप उन्हें पढ़ाई से रोकने थोड़े ही जाते हैं। और तो और मस्तिष्क को काम के अतिरिक्त मनोरंजन की भी आवश्यकता होती है। इसका प्रबन्ध करना भी तो आप ही का कर्त्तव्य है। फिर आप उन से 'मनोरंजन कर' तो नहीं लेने जाते।

यह भाईचारा तो रहा मुहल्ले वालों से। अब यह भी देखें कि सिनेमा-हाल में हम अपनी उपस्थिति कैसे दर्शाएँ। एक नियम बना लीजिए कि हाल में तब प्रवेश करें, जब कि भीतर अंधेरा हो

जाये। फिर गेट-कीपर (Gate-Keeper) आपके साथ सेक्रेट्री की तरह चलेगा और आप गर्वनर की तरह चलिये। अपनी सीट पर पहुँचते-पहुँचते आप एकाध दर्जन आदमियों से टकरा ही जायेंगे। यदि किसी पुरुष की टांगों से भिड़ भी जायें तो डाँट दीजिए "क्या टांगें फैला रखी हैं, यह कुर्सी है, कोई पलंग तो नहीं है।" जब कुर्सी पर बैठें तो कहना आरम्भ कर दें, "अजी, क्या सिनेमा हाल बनाया है। गर्मी के मारे दम घुटा जा रहा है।" और यदि यही बात आपके पास बैठने वाला कह दे तो भट से पंतरा बदल लीजिए, 'हाँ साहिब गर्मी लग रही है आपको, बात तो ऐसे करते हैं जैसे हाल में घुसने से पहले रेफरीजियेटर में ही बन्द पड़े थे या अभी-अभी विलायत से तशरीफ ला रहे हैं।'

यह तो रही एक बगल वाले की। अब दूसरी बगल वाले की ओर ध्यान दें। जब तक पिवचर की कहानी काफी आगे बढ़ गई होगी, लिंक (Link) जोड़ने के लिए उन महाशय जी से पूछिये कि कौन से दृश्य चले गए हैं। यदि वह आनाकानी करे तो लपका दीजिए, "अजी हम तो पिवचर की कहानी ही पूछ रहे हैं कोई परीक्षा भवन के प्रश्न का उत्तर तो नहीं पूछा।"

यदि ईश्वर की कृपा से आप का कद काफी लम्बा है तो कहना ही क्या ? अपने ऊँचे सिर को और ऊँचा कीजिए, चाहे आप की गर्दन ही क्यों न दुखने लगे। अपने शरीर को एक स्थान पर स्थिर मत रखिए, कभी दाईं ओर तो कभी बाईं ओर, जिससे कि आपके पीछे बैठने वाले व्यक्ति का व्यायाम होता रहे और वह सतर्क रहे।

यह तो आप जानते हैं कि कोई भी पूर्णतया को प्राप्त नहीं होता। इसका प्रमाण आपको मिल जाएगा। जब कोई नया गीत आये, अनिवाय रूप

से आप अनुभव करेंगे कि तबला पूरे जोर से नहीं बज रहा है। भट से इस काम को पूरा कर दीजिए चीज की कमी तबले पर हाथ बजने से रह गया है, वह आपने पावों से कुर्सी बजा कर पूरी कर दी। संगीत प्रेमी होने के नाते आपको गायक या गायिका का साथ एक गेस्ट-आर्टिस्ट बन कर देना चाहिए। यदि आपके साथ बच्चा हो तो उसे घर से कुछ खिला कर मत लाइये ताकि उसके रोने चिल्लाने

की मधुर ध्वनि संगीत में कुछ निखार ला दे।

आप विश्वास कीजिए यदि आप चाहें तो सैकड़ों ऐसे साधन ढूँढ सकते हैं जिससे आप लोगों को अपनी कला का चमत्कार दिखा सकें। और कुछ हो या न हो, यह तो अवश्य होगा कि लोग आप को जान जायेंगे। और आपकी जरूरत से अधिक तारीफ करेंगे।

दो राजनीतियों की अमर वाणी

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| १. बिना कार्य के सिद्धान्त दिमागी ऐय्याशी है, बिना सिद्धान्त के कार्य अन्धे की टटोल है। | १. 'धन, जीवन, स्त्री और भोजन के विषय में सब प्राणी अनुत्पन्न होकर मरे, जाते हैं और जायेंगे।' |
| २. उचित कार्य विचार के अभाव में उत्पन्न नहीं हो सकता, उसके पहले विचार की आवश्यकता है। | २. 'आग से जलते हुए एक ही सूखे वृक्ष से समस्त वन इस प्रकार जल जाता है जैसे एक ही कृपुत्र से कुल।' |
| ३. 'आपत्तियाँ हमें आत्मज्ञान कराती हैं, वे हमें दिखा देती हैं कि हम किस मिट्टी के बने हैं।' | ३. 'कुरूप मनुष्यों का सौन्दर्य विद्या है तपस्वियों का क्षमा; कोकिला का रूप स्वर होता है और पत्नी का रूप पतिव्रत-धर्म है।' |
| ४. 'आराम उनके प्रति विश्वासघात है जो इस संसार से चले गये हैं और जाते समय स्वतन्त्रता का दीप सदा प्रज्वलित रखने के लिये हमें दे गये हैं; ये उस ध्येय के प्रति विश्वासघात हैं जिसे हमने अपनाया है। वे इन लाखों लोगों के प्रति विश्वासघात हैं जो कभी आराम नहीं करते।' | ४. जैसे काटा हुआ चन्दन का वृक्ष गन्ध को नहीं छोड़ देता बूढ़ा हो जाने पर भी गजराज अपनी मन्द गति को नहीं छोड़ता, कोरू में पैरी हुई ईख मधुरता नहीं छोड़ देती उसी प्रकार दरिद्र व्यक्ति सुशीलता आदि गुणों को नहीं छोड़ता।' |

—चाराक्ष

—जवाहरलाल नेहरू

‘लो अन्तिम पन्ना भी फलट गया’

तेज कृष्ण भाटिया बी०ए० (हिन्दी) आनर्स अन्तिम वर्ष

मधुच्छृत के आँगन में पतझड़ की धूनी भभक उठी ।
मानसरोवर की लहरों में झंझा की सन्ध्या विकट उठी ॥

हो गया विषयानिल मलयानिल ,
द्विज कर पान चेतना शून्य हुआ ।
महामेदिनी के गहन गर्भ में ,
कोई प्रलयकारी विस्फोट हुआ ।

हो उठी प्रकंपित अखिल धरा ,
एक मंयक और व्योमांक हुआ ।
हो उठा तरल सब ठोस शून्य ,
वसुधा का सुधा दहनांक हुआ ।

आहों की नगरी खमान हुई ,
क्रन्दन वन अति धनवान हुआ ।
दुखिया कातर नवकलियों पर ,
निरीह अलियों का गुंजान हुआ ।

आया भाटा नभ गंगा में ,
इन्द्रपुरी प्लावित हो बैठी ।
नक्षत्र एक के बुझते ही ,
सृष्टि स्व धीरज खो बैठी ।

मधुच्छृत के आँगन में पतझड़ की धूनी भभक उठी ।
मानसरोवर की लहरों में झंझा की सन्ध्या विकट उठी ॥

प्राची के मुख की लाली में ,
पीलेपन का आभास हुआ ।
भरी दुपहरिया के नीड़ों में ,
उलूक-ध्वनि का वास हुआ ।

वहाँ देवनन्दी के पीहर में ,
शत् शत् उल्कापात हुआ ।
पितृदेव चिन्तित हो बैठे ,
आर्यवर ! आज यमसात् हुआ ।

रोमांचित तृष्णा ले दीन पवन ,
देखो पलभर में किधर गया ।
क्या नदी नाले, क्या नील भील ,
प्रस्तर तक सूख बिखर गया ।

अम्बर ने दीर्घ निश्वास भरी ,
राका सपने में चीख उठी ।
गुंजायमान श्रम-शंख-ध्वनि ,
स्वतः ही सहसा बिलख उठी ।

मधुऋतु के आंगन में पतझड़ की धूनी भभक उठी ।
मानसरोवर की लहरों में भङ्गा की सन्ध्या विकट उठी ॥

वीणा के तारों में झीलापन आया ,
छल लिया समय ने गीतों को ।
हो गया चिरसुप्त हा । वही दीप ,
जो रहा सदा जगाता दीपों को ।

मानवता सुनकर सिहर उठी ,
शान्ति-कपोत छट-पटा गिरा ।
लो 'गुलाब' भी बिखर गया ,
नन्दन-वन में रौरव उभरा ।

विटपों की छाया कर उठी रुदन ,
लख असमय ही ऋतु का परिवर्तन ।
'लो अन्तिम पन्ना भी पलट गया ,'
कह उठा इतिहास ये कुन्द मन ।

तो क्षीरोदधि की नीरवता में ,
विष्णु की वाम दृग फड़क उठी ।
शाश्वत शारदा के मन्दिर में ,
शनि की शंका कड़क उठी ।

मधुऋतु के आंगन में पतझड़ की धूनी भभक उठी ।
मानसरोवर की लहरों में भङ्गा की सन्ध्या विकट उठी ॥

“कायरता पूछती है—क्या यह भयरहित है ? औचित्य पूछता है—क्या यह व्यवहारिक है ? अहंकार पूछता है—क्या यह लोकप्रिय है ? परन्तु अन्तःकरण पूछता है—क्या यह न्यायोचित है ?”

—पुन्सन

हिन्दी साहित्य में शृंगार रस

भीमसेन भित्तल हिन्दी (आनसँ) तृतीय वर्ष

काव्य शास्त्र के नव रसों में वीर, शांत तथा शृंगार रस मुख्य माने जाते हैं। प्रथम हमें देखना है कि 'शृंगार' का व्युत्पत्तिक अर्थ क्या है। शब्दार्थ की दृष्टि से 'शृंगार' कामोद्देक अथवा काम वृद्धि की प्राप्ति का द्योतक है। 'शृंगार' में दो शब्द मिले हैं शृंग तथा आर। 'शृंग' का अर्थ है कामोद्देक अथवा काम की वृद्धि; 'आर' गत्यर्थ 'वट' धातु से बना है, जिसका अर्थ है 'प्राप्ति'। अतएव शृंगार का अर्थ हुआ 'काम वृद्धि की प्राप्ति'। अतएव जो रचना मानव हृदय की मधुरतम भूख काम को उज्जीवित एवं परितृप्त करेगी, वह शृंगार रस की रचना कही जायेगी। विश्व साहित्य का एक अत्यन्त विस्तृत परिमाण इस हृद्य रस की मन्दाकिनी से श्रोत-प्रोत है। इस रस के दो रूप हैं: संयोग शृंगार जिसमें नायक-नायिका का परस्पर दर्शन, भू-भ्रम, कटाक्ष, अश्रुविमोचन, विवर्ण, एवं स्वर-भंगता; तथा वियोग या विप्रलम्भ शृंगार में अश्रुविमोचन तथा वैवर्ण्य आदि। संयोग की अपेक्षा वियोग शृंगार कावियों की दृष्टि में भावों को अधिक उत्तेजित करने वाला होता है, इसलिये कवियों ने जितना वियोग शृंगार का वर्णन किया है उतना संयोग शृंगार का नहीं।

जब से कवि और लेखक नाम के प्राणी का प्रादुर्भाव हुआ तभी से शृंगार रस की रचना होने लगी। हिन्दी साहित्य की अपेक्षा शृंगार वर्णन संस्कृत साहित्य में, कहीं अधिक उपलब्ध है। महा-कवि कालीदास का 'मेघदूत' और 'कुमार सम्भव' विप्रलम्भ शृंगार से श्रोत-प्रोत है। हिन्दी साहित्य में प्रारम्भ से ही शृंगार की सरस धारा प्रवाहित रही है। यों तो रासो ग्रन्थों में शृंगारी चित्रण

उपलब्ध होते हैं, पर शृंगार का उन्मुक्त प्रवाह विद्यापति की पदावली में ही सबसे पहले प्रवाहित हुआ है। सौन्दर्य एवं प्रेम के विलासपूर्ण चित्रों से पदावली श्रोत-प्रोत है। नख-शिख एवं वयः-सन्धिइत्यादि के वर्णन में परम्परा युक्त उपमानों का प्रचुर प्रयोग होने पर भी कवि का स्वतन्त्र निरीक्षण तथा उसकी रसलिप्सु चेतना के असन्दिग्ध दर्शन होते हैं। विद्यापति की पदावली से एक उदाहरण देखिए जिसमें प्रियतम के सौन्दर्य का वर्णन है :

कि कहन हे सखि आजुक बात, मानिक पड़ल
कुवनिक हात।
काच कांचन ज जन्म मूल, गुञ्जा रत्न करइ
समतूल।
जे किधु कभु नहीं कला रस जान, नीर रवीर
दुहैं करे समान।
तन्हि सो कहां पिरितरसाल, वानर कण्ठे की
मोतिय माल।
भनइ विद्यापति इह रस जान, वानर मुंह की
शोभिय पान।

पदावली के संयोग चित्रों में विलासिता की स्पष्ट गंध आती है तथा प्रेम विवहलता, लालसा, अतृप्ति, सम्मिलन-सुख की तल्लीनता एवं आत्म-विस्मृति इत्यादि की जैसी मर्मस्पर्शी प्रवृत्ति पदावली में मिलती है वह अवलोकनीय है। विप्रलम्भ वर्णन में विद्यापति ने स्थूल ऐंद्रियता का परित्याग कर नायिकाओं के प्राणों की भीतरी सिहरन को उन्मीलित किया है। 'गीतगोविन्द' का सा गहन माधुर्य यदि हिन्दी साहित्य में कहीं उपलब्ध है तो वह विद्यापति में ही है।

कबीर, दादू इत्यादि संतो की रचनाओं में शृंगार पार्थिवता से विमुख होकर आध्यात्मिकता की ओर उन्मुख हो गया है। जायसी का शृंगार निराले ढंग का है क्योंकि 'पद्मावत' में एक लौकिक प्रेम कथा को आध्यात्मिक प्रेम के विकास एवं परिणति पर घटाने का उद्योग किया है। लौकिक घरातल पर बहता हुआ भी 'पद्मावत' का प्रेम-प्रवाह अलौकिक संकेतों से परिपूर्ण है। अर्थात् रतनसैन और पद्मावती के संयोग वर्णन में जो मादक विलासिता समाविष्ट हो गई है, उसमें भी जायसी की स्पष्ट सोद्वेश्यता, यथेष्ट रसचवर्णन में बाधा पहुँचाती। 'पद्मावत' के शृंगार वर्णन में नागमति अवश्य विशुद्ध लौकिक रस का परि-पोषण करता है तथापि जायसी मूलतः साधक है, शृंगारिक कवि नहीं।

जायसी के 'पद्मावत' से संयोग शृंगार का चित्रण देखिये। इसमें पद्मावती के शृंगार का कैसा अनूठा वर्णन जायसी ने किया है।

धीर धीर सब कंचुकी सारी । सर वर मंह पैठी
सब नारी ।
पाई नीर जानों सब बेली । हुलसहि करहि
काम के केलि ।
करिल केस बिसहर बिस-भरे । लहरें लेहि
कवल मुख धरे ।
नवल वसंत संवारी करी होई प्रकट जान हूँ
स-भरी ।
उठी कोंप जस दारिखे दाखा । भई अनंत प्रेम
कै साखा ।
सरिवर नहि समाइ संसारा । चंद लहाई पैठ
लेइ तारा ।
धनि सो नीर सभि तरई ऊई । अब कत दोठ
कमस औ कूई ।

सूर इत्यादि भक्त कवियों ने अपने उपास्य कृष्ण की प्रेम लीलाओं का गान किया है। जहाँ विद्यापति एवं जायसी नायिकाओं के नख-शिख वर्णन में ही सम्पूर्ण कौशल प्रदर्शित कर देते हैं, वहीं सूर कृष्ण के सौन्दर्य को बार-बार चित्रित करने में अपने को कृतकृत्य मानते हैं। वस्तुतः गोपियों की सम्पूर्ण आसक्ति कृष्ण के रूप पर ही केन्द्रित है तथा कवि अपूर्व तन्मयता पूर्वक उस रूप सुषमा का गान करता है। संयोग सुख का जैसा मादक एवं विलासमय चित्रण सूर ने किया है उतना ही मर्म-स्पर्शीवर्णन वियोग का किया है। सूर के वियोग शृंगार का एक उदाहरण द्रष्टव्य है।

कहत कत परदेसी की बात ।
मन्दिर अरध अवधि हरि वदि हम सों हरि
अहार चलि जात ॥
सीसरिपु बरष, सूर रिपु जुग सम, हररिपु
किये फिरै घात ।
मघ पंचम लै गए स्यामघन ताते जिय अकु-
लात ॥
नखत, वेद, ग्रह जोरि अरध करि को लरज
हम खात ।
'सूरदास' प्रभू तुमहि मिलन को कर मीड़त
पछतात ।

इस पद में सूर ने विरह की आग में जलती हुई गोपियों का कितना मार्मिक चित्र खींचा है। प्रिय की दी हुई अवधि बीत जाने पर, प्रियतम को ना आते हुए देखकर जीवन से विष खाकर मरना अधिक पसंद करती हैं। सूर ने प्रेम विद्ध हृदय की जितनी अगणित वृत्तियों का अंकन किया है, स्वाभाविकता के साथ सुरम्यता का जैसा मंजुल मिश्रण किया है, वह हिन्दी साहित्य में अन्यत्र उपलब्ध नहीं। तुलसी दास ने भी मर्यादा के अन्दर रहते हुए सीता का शृंगार और राम-वन-गमन के

समय ग्राम वधुओं के शृंगार का अनोखा वर्णन कर शृंगार साहित्य को चार चांद लगा दिये हैं। तुलसीदास का एक उदाहरण देखिये।

दूल्हा श्री रघुनाथ बने, दुलही सिय सुन्दर
मन्दिर माहीं।
गावति गीत सनै मिलि सुन्दरि, वेद जुआ जु रि
विप्र पढ़ाहीं।
राम को रूप निहारति जानकी कंकन के नग
की परछाही।
याते सबै सुधि भूल गई, कर टेकि रही पल
टारति नाहीं।

जितना मर्यादित वर्णन तुलसी के शृंगार में मिलता है उतना कहीं किसी और कवि के शृंगार में नहीं। भावुक कवि की सबसे बड़ी विशेषता यही है कि मनुष्य के हृदय में घुसकर उसकी भावनाओं का सूक्ष्म निरीक्षण कर ले और फिर उसका कला-पूर्ण निरूपण करे। यह विशेषता तुलसी में है। सूर और तुलसी के पदचात मीरा का सम्पूर्ण काव्य वियोग शृंगार से ओत-प्रोत दृष्टिगत हाता है। वे अपने इष्टदेव श्री कृष्ण को अपना पति मानती और उनसे मिलने के लिये तड़पती थीं। इसी कारण उनके गीतों में मिलन की उत्कण्ठा और विरह की वेदना है। इनके समस्त पद सच्चे हृदय की वेदना के गीत हैं। वे अपने प्रियतम को पाने के लिये जोगिन बनने को प्रस्तुत हैं, उनके निकट जाने के लिये पंखों की कामना करती हैं। मीरा ने बड़ी मार्मिकता से अपनी विरहावस्था का वर्णन किया है।

डगर बुहारूँ, पंथ निहारूँ,
जोड़-जोड़ अखियाँ राती।
राति-दिवस मोहिकल न परत है,
हियो फटत मेरी छाती।

विरहिणी मीरा प्रेम की पीर से व्याकुल है-उनमें लौकिक और अलौकिक दोनों प्रकार के प्रेम की अनुभूतियों का समन्वय है। दर्द की दिवानी मीरा का स्वर और उसकी प्रेम भावना निम्न पंक्तियों से स्पष्ट है। :-

हेरी में तो प्रेम दिवाणी,
मेरा दरद ना जाने कोय।
घायल की गति घायल,
जाने की जिन लाई होय ॥

रीतिकालीन कवियों के शृंगार वर्णन पर युग की विलासिता तथा संस्कृत के काव्यशास्त्र का प्रभाव पड़ा है, तथा जो शृंगार भक्तियुग में भावना के मधुर सौरभ से ओत-प्रोत था, वह कामुक विलासिता का गान करने लगा। यद्यपि राधाकृष्ण अब भी आलम्बन रूप में गृहीत रहे, पर परकीयाओं तथा खण्डिताओं की बाढ़ सी आ गई और स्वाभाविकता का स्थान कृत्रिमता ने ले लिया, तथापि, सौन्दर्य एवं प्रेम के मार्मिक चित्र भी इन कवियों ने अंकित किये हैं। नायिका-भेद कथन के ध्याज से केशव, मतिराम, देव तथा अन्य परवर्ती आचार्य कवियों ने अत्यन्त सरस पद्यों की रचना की। राम चन्द्रिका से निम्न उदाहरण जिस में शक ने सीता के मुख की चांद और कमल से उपमा करके मुख के सौंदर्य के आगे दोनों उपमानों को फीका प्रस्तुत किया है कितना सुन्दर है।

एक कहें अमल कमल मुख सीता जू को एक
कहें चन्द्र सम आनन्द कों कदरी।
होइ जो कमल तौ रयनि में न सकुचै, रो चंद
जौ तौ बासर न होइ द्युति मंदरी।
बासर ही कमल रजनी ही में चंद मुख बासर
हू रजनि बिराजै जग बंदरी।
देखे मुख भावै अनदेखेइ कमल चंद, ताते मुख
मुखै, सखि, कमलौ न चन्दरी।

बिहारी की सतसई समस्त शृंगार-साहित्य का भूषण है। हावों एवं अनुभावों की जैसी रमणीय योजना उसमें हुई है उससे बिहारी की रसिकता का मिलता परिचय है। बिहारी का एक उदाहरण देखिये :—

अंग अंग नग जगमत दीपसिखा सी देह
दिये बढ़ाए हूँ रहै बड़ौ ऊजरी गेह।

घनानन्द, बोधा इत्यादि रोतिमुक्त कवियों ने प्रेम की पीर की बड़ी अनुभूति पूर्ण व्यंजना की है। कुल मिलाकर कहा जा सकता है कि रीति युगीन शृंगार अमानिष्कता से विद्रोह कर धरती पर आ गया है और पार्थिव प्रेम की सम्पूर्ण श्यामलता एवं उज्ज्वलता, विलासिता एवं नैसर्गिकता, कुरूपता एवं कमनीयता उसमें एक साथ प्रतिफलित हुई है।

छायावादी युग में शृंगार पुनः स्थूल से उठकर सूक्ष्म धरातल पर आ गया है और सौन्दर्य एवं प्रेम की वायवी, एवं कोमल भावनाओं की अभिव्यक्ति हुई है। परवर्ती साहित्य फ्रायड के कामवाद से स्पष्ट प्रभावित है। परन्तु वर्तमान युग के साहित्य में मानव मन की सूक्ष्म तथा सघन अभिव्यक्ति प्रभावशील रूप में की जा रही है अतः शृंगार भावना भी अधिक विषय तथा विविध रूप में व्यंजित हो रही है। आज के छायावादी युग में जयशंकर प्रसाद, सुमित्रा नन्दन पंत, मैथिलीशरण गुप्त, अयोध्यासिंह उपाध्याय “हरिऔध” ने अपने सौन्दर्य के सागर में उठी लहरों के भावों को जिन २ प्रतीकों द्वारा अभिव्यक्त किया है उनके कारणवे आज के युग के प्रसिद्ध सौन्दर्य रस में तल्लीन कवियों में से गिने जाते हैं।

प्रसाद जी ने ‘लहर’ में नायिका के शारीरिक सौन्दर्य व मानसिक शील-सौन्दर्य के कुछ विशिष्ट संकेत दिये हैं।

१. शशि की सुन्दर रूप विभा—

२. जिसके अरुण कपोलों की सुन्दर छाया में-
अनुरागिनी उषालेती थी निज सुहाग मधुमाया में।

लहर में ‘बीती विभावरी जाग री’ गीत कवि के उद्भूत गीतों में से एक है। यौवन विलासमय चित्र का बड़ा ही व्यंजनात्मक और संकेतिक भाषा में कवि ने चित्र खींच डाला है। विरह विदग्ध, परित्यक्ता एवं विमुक्ता नायिका का यह चित्र बड़ा ही सुन्दर बन पड़ा है। ‘हरिऔध’ जीने प्रियप्रवास में प्रकृति सौन्दर्य का कितना सुन्दर चित्र प्रस्तुत किया है।

दिवस का अवसान समीप था, गगन था कुछ लोहित हो चला, तरु शिखा पर थी अब राजती, कमलिनी-कुल-वल्लभ की प्रभा।

मैथिलीशरण गुप्त ने अपने ‘पंचवटी’ नामक काव्य में प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य के अनुपम दर्शन कराये हैं।

है बिखेर देती वसुन्धरा मोती, सबके सोने पर,
रवि बटोर लेता है उनको सदा सबेरा होने पर।
कटिके नीचे चिकुर जाल में उलझ रहा था बांया
हाथ-खेल रहा हो ज्यों लहरों में लालकमल भौरों के साथ।

इस भाँति मैथिली शरणगुप्त जो न ‘पंचवटी’ में संयोग शृंगार तथा ‘यशोधरा’ एवं ‘उमिला’ में वियोग शृंगार का अनूठा वर्णन किया है।

प्रसिद्ध कवियित्री महादेवी वर्मा ने वियोग शृंगार का जितना मार्मिक चित्रण किया है उतना अन्यत्र दुर्लभ है। उनकी प्रत्येक पंक्ति में हृदय-रूपी दीपक मधुर-र जलता रहता है :—

मधुर मधुर मेरे दीपक जल
प्रियतम का पथ आलोकित कर।

अन्त में हिन्दी साहित्य के सभी युगों के इतिहास के पृष्ठों का अवलोकन करके हम इस निष्कर्ष पर पहुँचे हैं कि हिन्दी साहित्य शृंगार रस से परिपूर्ण रहा है एवं रहेगा।

ज्ञान

संकलन कर्ता :—निर्मल कान्ता बी०ए०
(आनर्स) अंतिम वर्ष

हर क्षण शिक्षण देता है, और हर पदार्थ, क्यों-
कि ज्ञान हर रूप में भरा हुआ है।

—एमर्सन

ज्ञान का पहला काम असत्य को मालूम करना
है, दूसरा सत्य को जानना।

—लेकटेन्टियस

जहाँ पूर्ण ज्ञान और तदनुसारिणी क्रिया है, वहाँ
नीति, विजय, लक्ष्मी और अखंड वैभव है।

—गीता

जिस ज्ञान से मनुष्य अलग अलग सब जीवों में
एक ही अविनाशी अत्मा को देखता है वह सात्विक
ज्ञान कहलाता है।

—गीता

एक ईरानी दार्शनिक से पूछा गया : 'आपने
इतना ज्ञान कैसे प्राप्त किया ?' जवाब मिला :
'जिसका मुझे ज्ञान न होता उसके विषय में प्रश्न
पूछने में संकोच न करने से।'

—अज्ञात

बादल चाहे पदवियाँ और जागीरें बरसा दें,
दौलत चाहे हमें ढूँढ़े, लेकिन ज्ञान को तो हमें
खोजना पड़ेगा।

—यंग

काम क्रोध को आपस में लड़ाकर मारना इसमें
ज्ञान का कौशल है।

—विनोबा

ज्ञान तीन प्रकार से मिल सकता है। मनन से,
जो कि सर्वोत्कृष्ट है; अनुसरण से, जो कि सबसे
सरल है; अनुभव से, जो कि सबसे कड़वा है।

—कम्प्यूशियस

विषेकानन्द वाणी

संकलन कर्ता :—चानन लाल बी० ए०

मेरे नौजवान दोस्तो ! बलवान बनो ! तुम्हारे
लिये मेरी यही सलाह है। तुम भगवद् गीता के स्वा-
ध्याय की अपेक्षा, फुटबाल खेल कर कहीं अधिक
सुगमता से मुक्ति प्राप्त कर सकते हो। जब तुम्हारी
रगें और पुट्टे अधिक दृढ़ होंगे तो तुम भगवद् गीता
के उपदेशों पर अधिक अच्छी तरह चल सकते हो
गीता का उपदेश कायरों को नहीं दिया गया था
किन्तु अर्जुन को दिया गया था, जो बड़ा शूरवीर,
पराक्रमी और क्षत्रिय—शिरोमणि था। कृष्ण
भगवान् के उपदेश और आलौकिक शक्ति को तुम
भी समझ सकोगे जब तुम्हारी रगें में खून और
तेजी से दौड़ेगा।

'संभव असंभव से पूछता है कि "तुम्हारा
निवास कहाँ है?" उत्तर मिला "निर्बल के
स्वप्न में"

—रवीन्द्र

‘ चार तुक्तुक ’

त्रिभुवन कौल, बी०ए० (अंतिम वर्ष)

- १ नया मिनिस्टर, भाषण देने आया,
साथ अपने, अपना घरबार लाया।
दर्शक फटीघर,
प्रबन्धक बेहाल।
मोची की दुकान का उद्घाटन करने आया।
× × × ×
- २ ससुराल माना कि पत्नी का मैका होता है,
घर जंवाई का भी तो कुछ हक होता है।
रोज जाना बाजार
ओ’ लाना आचार
सास के लिये यह तो करना ही पड़ता है।
× × × ×
- ३ ऐलेक्शन से पहले वोट लेने आते हैं
बार बार आकर चौखटा दिखाते हैं
सब्ज बाग दिखाया
सबको ही पटाया
अब तो अपनी झरत दिखाने को तस्साते हैं।
× × × ×
- ४ कहते थे हम कुछ कर दिखायेंगे,
जब सुनो बस तारे ही तोड़ लायेंगे।
शादी हुई
भाग फूटे
अब कहते हैं ‘राक हण्ड रोल’ सिखलायेंगे।

‘ चि थ डे ’

तेज कृष्ण भाटिया बी. ए. हिन्दी (ग्रानर्स)

जीवन के चौथेपन में आकर शरीर इतना कुश हो गया है कि अधिकतर 'अस्पताल' में ही पड़े रहना पड़ता है और वह भी बिल्कुल खाली। अवकाश के समय न जाने जीवन के किस किस कोने से स्मृतियाँ उभर कर मस्तिष्क के आंचल में विखर जाती हैं! तो उस दिन भी मैं 'अस्पताल' में खाली पड़ा हुआ था और मस्तिष्क में स्मृतियों की घटाएँ बेरोक टोक बरस रही थीं। एक चित्र जाता और दूसरा आता तथा मैं पहले से भी अधिक आत्म-विभोर हो उठता। यौवन काल की मधुमय स्मृतियाँ यदि वृद्धावस्था में भी याद नहीं आयेंगी तो फिर कब आयेंगी? कभी मैं लेटा लेटा ही गर्व से तन जाता और कभी मधुमक्खी के छत्ते के समान लटकी हुई जंघाओं पर हाथ फेर कर अपने शरीर को जरा और अकड़ा लेता और तभी बचपन की नट-खटता एवं यौवन की चर्चलता वृद्धावस्था की गंभीरता पर हंस पड़ती। मैं और भी प्रसन्न हो उठता।

परन्तु मन की गति भी बड़ी विचित्र है—ठीक सागर जैसी। भावावेश में मन मनुष्य को प्रसन्नता की चरम ऊँचाई तक भी ले जाता है और फिर दूसरे ही क्षण नैराश्य एवं दुःखों की गुंजान वीथियों में सहसा अकेला ही छोड़ देता है। यह मन की प्रकृति है यहाँ मस्तिष्क का प्रतिवाद काम नहीं करता। बस यही हाल मेरे साथ भी हो गया। अचानक मन जीवन के प्रति कुठां, रोष एवं आक्रोश आदि भावों से तित्त हो उठा और आँखें अन्तःकेन्द्रित हो उस आघात को समझने का प्रयास करने लगीं जो कुछ दिन पूर्व ही मेरे हृदय पर हुआ था। तभी सहसा मैंने अपने शरीर की जर्जरता पर

दृष्टि-पात करके करवट बदल ली, शायद मैं अपने विदीर्ण मर्म को और देखने का साहस न कर पाया। और जब इससे भी चैन न मिला तो अपने पड़ोसी से मांगकर, तकिये का आश्रय लेकर एक उपन्यास पढ़ना आरम्भ कर दिया। पहले तो यह कार्य भी नीरस सा लगा परन्तु कुछ देर के बाद उपन्यास के वातावरण ने स्वयं ही मुझे अपने में समा लिया। उपन्यासकार ने अपने उपन्यास में प्रेमी और प्रेमिका के लम्बे चौड़े चित्र खींच रखे थे। यौवन के मधुक्षण स्वतः ही एक के बाद एक मेरे मस्तिष्क में उभर मेरे मानस को आन्दोलित एवं आलौडित करने लगे। मैं रोमांचित हो अपनी यौवनवस्था में ही रमण करने लगा और फिर तो मुख पर एक असाधारण सी प्रसन्नता फूट पड़ी जो एक वृद्ध के चेहरे पर मिलनी कठिन ही है।

परन्तु दूसरे ही क्षण में सहम गया। कमरे में एक नारी कंठ गुंज उठा—“बाबा आज तो बड़े प्रसन्न दिखायी देते हो.....क्या बात है? कुछ हमें भी तो पता चले?”—मेरी तत्कालीन मुख मुद्रा में एक घबराहट एवं लज्जा मिश्रित क्षणिक स्थिरता आ गयी, मानो कोई चोर रंगे हाथों पकड़ा गया हो! मैंने सिर उठाकर देखा तो आशा के अनुकूल ही 'नर्स' खड़ी थी। हाथ में दूध का गिलास लिये। मुझे अपनी ओर निहारता देख नर्स जरा मुस्काई और मैंने भी उत्तर में पागलों की सी हँसी हँस दी, जैसे मुझे अपनी प्रसन्नता का भान ही न हो। तभी एक विचार आते ही मैं चौंक पड़ा और मैंने उपन्यास को बन्द करके तकिये के नीचे रख दिया। मुझे भय था कि कहीं इसने मेरे उपन्यास को देख लिया तो ये भी मेरा उपहास करेगी कि वृद्ध हो कर भी ऐसा

चटकीला उपन्यास पढ़ता है, आखिर में है तो ये भी नवयुवती ही। इन लोगों के विचार में ऐसे उपन्यास पढ़ने का अधिकार तो केवल युवक—वर्ग को ही है। फिर इसे ये क्योंकर सह्य होगा कि एक वृद्ध युवकों की रुचि पर अपनी आंख लगाये। उस दिन 'सिनेमा—हाल' में भी तो यही हुआ था...। बस यही सोचते सोचते मैं फिर उदास हो गया और 'नर्स' की तरफ से उपेक्षास्पद भाव से मुख विरत कर लिया। 'नर्स' बड़ी सूक्ष्मता से मेरे चेहरे पर उभरे मनोभावों में परिवर्तन को पढ़ने का प्रयास कर रही थी। सम्भवतः उसने मेरी आंखों में उपेक्षा की झलक स्पष्ट देख ली थी, तभी तो उसने आगे बढ़ कर दूध का गिलास मेज पर रख दिया और प्रगाढ़ स्नेह से अपने कोमल करों को मेरी पीठ पर रख, मेरे से जरा दूर ही पलंग पर बैठ गयी। निश्चल सहानुभूति तथा आत्मीयता युक्त प्रश्न वाचकता उसके चेहरे पर स्पष्ट विद्यमान थी। थोड़ी देर चुप रहने के बाद वह स्वयं ही पुनः बोली, "बाबा आप अभी तो मुझे बड़े खुश नजर आ रहे थे। कमरे में प्रवेश करते ही मैंने देखा था कि आप पुस्तक पढ़ते हुए मन ही मन मुस्करा रहे थे, परन्तु मेरे प्रसन्नता का कारण पूछते ही आप अनमने हो गये। बाबा, क्या मुझ से कुछ गलती हो गयी है? मैंने तो केवल औपचारिकता वश ही वह प्रश्न कर डाला था और आप एक दम उदास हो गये। अच्छा, लाओ जरा मैं भी तो देखूँ वह पुस्तक क्या है?" अन्तिम वाक्य उसने मुझे बहलाने के से अन्दाज में कहा और फिर तकिये के नीचे से उपन्यास निकालने लगी। मुझे अपना रक्त जमता सा प्रतीत होने लगा। परन्तु मैंने भट से अपनी कोहनी तकिये पर जमा कर उस की चेष्टा को विफल कर दिया और उसे टालने के से भाव में कहने लगा, "कुछ नहीं बेटी, ये तुम्हारा भ्रम ही है। मैं जैसा पहले था वंसा ही अब हूँ, बिल्कुल वंसा ही।"

परन्तु 'नर्स' मेरे इस उत्तर से सन्तुष्ट नहीं हुई। वह बार बार मुझे अपनी अप्रत्याशित उदासी का कारण बताने को विवश करने लगी। मुझे केवल इतना ही संकोच था कि वह एक नवयुवती थी और वैसे भी मजाक उड़ने का भय था। यदि कोई मेरा हम उम्र होता तो मैं उसे सारी बात बता कर अब तक अपने हृदय का भार हलका कर चुका होता। अचानक 'नर्स' उठ खड़ी हुई और दूध का गिलास उठाकर मेरी तरफ बढ़ाती हुई बोली "अच्छा लो दूध पीलो नहीं तो टंडा हो जायेगा।"

मैंने दूध पीने से इंकार कर दिया क्यों कि उस समय तक मेरा मन विकल हो उठा था और 'नर्स' भी दूध पिलाने के लिये ज्यादा जिद्द न करके एक दम पूछ बैठी, "बाबा, अभी अभी आप ने मुझे अपनी बेटी कहा है न?" मैं इस अनापेक्षित प्रश्न से एकदम चौंक उठा और कहा—

"हाँ कहा, तो?"

"तो फिर क्या अपनी बेटी को अपने दुःख का कारण नहीं बताओगे"? उसके स्वर में इतना आत्मीयता थी कि मेरी आंखें नम हो उठीं और मैं अब अधिक टाल मटोल करने का दुस्साहस न कर सका। मैंने अपनी आंखों को जरा सिकोड़ कर 'नर्स' के चेहरे को ध्यान से देखा और फिर उसे समझाता सा कहने लगा,—“बेटी तुम तो जानती ही हो कि मनुष्य का जीवन सुख और दुःख का सांझा व्यापार है, सो जब कभी भी मुझे जीवन के मधुर क्षण स्मरण हो आते हैं तो मैं आत्म-विभोर हो उठता हूँ। पर कुछ दिन हुए मेरे आत्मसम्मान और स्वभिमान पर एक ऐसी तीखी चोट पड़ी कि मैं मर्महित सा होकर रह गया हूँ, अब तो इस दुनिया से मुक्ति चाहता हूँ बस मुक्ति—।” “ऐसी भी क्या

बात है बाबा जिसने तुमको इतना मर्माहत किया?" 'नर्स' अत्यन्त ही अनुरोधपूर्ण स्वर में बीच ही में बात काट कर बोल उठी और मेरी आँखों में छलके दो अश्रुबिन्दु कोरो में ही अटक कर रह गये।

मैंने अपने चित्त को व्यवस्थित किया और एक एक शब्द को तोलता सा कहने लगा, "विटिया ये सब बात जान कर क्या करोगी—वृद्ध का हृदय बालक सा होता है। सो एक दिन में अभाग्यवश 'पिकचर' देखने चला गया। संयोग के कुछ ऐसे चित्र एवं वार्तालाप आये कि मैं भ्रूम उठा। आस पास बैठे हुए लोगों की चिन्ता किये बिना ही मैं मौज में आकर जोर जोर से 'वाह वाह' कर उठा। बस फिर क्या था युवतियाँ तो एक दूसरे को कोहनी मार कर आँचल के दाँतों तले दबाकर दुस्कराने लगी, परन्तु युवक— "। युवकों का ध्यान आते ही मेरे मन में तूफान सा मच गया युवकों के प्रति घृणा एवं क्षोभ की ज्वाला धधक उठी। मुझे ऐसा प्रतीत हुआ कि आवाज नेरे गले से न निकल कर कहीं दूर पानी में डूबते हुए खड्डर में से आ रही हो हृदय में उठी घृणा एवं क्षोभ को मैं उगज देना चाहता था परन्तु मैं यह सोच कर व्यथित हो उठा कि— "ये नर्स' भी तो नवयुवती ही है। ये नवयुवकों की बुराई भला एक पोपले मुख से कैसे सुन सकती है। आखिर ये सब युवक हैं तो एक थैली के चटे बट्टे। बुढ़ापे पर तो व्यंग कसना इनका परम धर्म है।" बस इसी बात का मुझे सशंय था और यही सोचते सोचते मैं क्रीधित हो मन ही मन कहने लगा— "क्या ये भी युवक हैं— नीच कही के—सम्यता का तो नाम निशान भी नहीं इन में— बड़े शिक्षित बने फिरते हैं— किसी की भावनाओं को ठेस पहुँचा ना तो इन के लिये खेल ही है— हमने कभी इतनी उच्छृङ्खलता नहीं दिखाई, हालां कि हम पढ़े इन से भी कम थे— हमने कभी अपने बड़े-बड़े

की खिल्ली नहीं उड़ाई— परन्तु ये युवक कितने उदड हैं— इनके सामने छोटा बड़ा सभी एक हैं— धिक्कार है ऐसे जीवन पर— ये तो योवक के नखे में यह भी भूल जाते है कि इनका अपना भी ऐसा समय आयेगा— धिक्कार है धिक्कार— "।

युवकों के प्रति धधकते क्रोध की भावना को मैं उन्हें धिक्कार कर ही शान्त कर लेना चाहता था। परन्तु मेरा हृदय अभी भी शान्त न हुआ था वारवार मन में यही विचार आकर मुझे भ्रंभोड़ जाते— "आखिर इन युवकों को अधिकार ही क्या है मुझ पर व्यंग कसने का— मैं भी युवक था परन्तु क्या वृद्ध होने के कारण मैं मनुष्य नहीं रहा— क्या मेरा हृदय नहीं रहा— क्या मुझे अब दुनिया में ये भी अधिकार नहीं कि मैं चुगली स्मरण कर सकूँ— क्या मैं अपने जीवन के मधु-मय जिंदगी को भी याद न करूँ— क्या अब यह दुनिया मुझ से यही चाहती है कि किसी मीठी चीज को खाकर मैं उसे मीठा तक न कहूँ— मैं भावों का अनुभव तो करूँ परन्तु वृद्ध होने के नाते उन्हें 'अनुभावों' द्वारा व्यक्त न करूँ— ?...?...?? ? .. मैं वृद्ध सही, पर कोई युद्ध-बन्दी तो नहीं कि अब लोग हंसने-बोलने उठने-बैठने— पहनने उतराने र भी प्रतिबन्ध लगा दें— मैं अब भी मनुष्य मानव-हृदय में उठने वाली प्रत्येक भावना में भी उठेगी ही— परन्तु ये युवक-वर्ग इसे देख कर जलता क्यों है— क्यों आखिर क्यों...?..?"

बार-बार मेरे चेहरे पर क्रोध एवं विषाद की रेखाएँ खिच खिच रह जाती थीं। कुछ देर विचारों मैं निमग्न रहने के बाद हारे हुए जुआरी की सी बेबसी में मैंने गिर उठा कर 'नर्स' की ओर देखा। 'नर्स' न जाने मुझे कितनी र से एक टक देख रही

नी । मेरे सिर उठाते ही वह बोल उठी— “तो क्या किया, उन युवकों ने बाबा ?”

मानों किसी ने पटाखे पर चिगारी धर दी हो । मैं तिलमिला कर चीख उठा— “करना क्या था ? जो सदा से करते आये हैंतानों की बौछारें..... बेहूदी हंसी.....तक्षणी व्यंगों के जलते शर मुझ पर आने लगे कोई बोला-अरे भाई फिर से जवानी चढ़ने लगी हैपीछे से किसी और की आवाज आयी— अरे वाह..... रे बुढ़े वाह ..और किसी ने कह ही दिया—देखो बुढ़े भी इश्क फरमाने चले हैं.....बद तमीज कहीं के—।” मैं क्रोध से कांपने लगा था । क्रोध के कारण ही मेरे शब्द भी टूट टूट कर निकल रहे थे और स्वर में शायद काफी हद तक तेजी आ गयी थी । सान्तवना देने के लिए ‘नर्स’ ने अपना हाथ मेरी पीठ पर रखा और कहा— “छोड़ो बाबा, ये लोग अपने सामने किसी को कुछ समझते ही नहीं—” ये कहते हुए वह निरंतर मेरी पीठ पर अपना हाथ फेरती जा रही थी । वहां युवकों ने मुझे मर्माहत किया था, मुझ पर व्यंग किया था और यहाँ एक युवती की सहानुभूति पाकर यूँ तो मुझे थोड़ा सा आश्चर्य भी हुआ परन्तु मैं अन्दर ही अन्दर बिलख उठा । मन ‘नर्स’ के प्रति अगाध कृतज्ञता के भाव से भीग गया । ‘नर्स’ एक बार फिर कह उठी बाबा शान्त हो जाइए.....युवकों से गलतियाँ तो होती ही रहती हैं ।” मैंने सिर नीचा किये, दीर्घ निश्वास लेते हुए तथा हाथों को मलते हुए कहा— “ठीक कहती हो बेटीवास्तव में युवकों का दोष ही क्या है.....

अब हमारा जीवन है ही क्या बेटी..... अब हमारा जीवन निःसार है इस दुनिया में हमारा जीना बेबसी और अनादर का जीना है... क्योंकि बेटी में अब वृद्ध हूँ ..वृद्ध.....हाँ वृद्ध ।” मेरे इन शब्दों में असीम वेदना छलक रही थी । ‘वृद्ध’ शब्द कहते ही मैं मौन हो गया । मेरा गला भर आया और जीवन के प्रति भी गहन निराशा का भाव आये बिना न रह सका । आँखें फिर से सजल होने लगी । ‘नर्स’ ने मेरा ध्यान दूसरी तरफ आकषित करने के लिये कहा— “बाबा, ये क्या अभी तक फटे पुराने कपड़े पहने हो.....इन्हें अब फेंक दो.....‘अस्पताल’ से अभी तुम्हें नये कपड़े मिलने वाले हैं ।”

कभी-कभी सत्य प्रत्यक्ष रूप से कहे नहीं जाते परन्तु अप्रत्यक्ष रूप से स्वतः ही प्रकट हो जाते हैं । (यद्यपि ‘नर्स’ ने ये बात सहानुभूति पूर्वक ही कही थी) मैं लड़खड़ाती जिह्वा से बोला— “तुम ठीक कहती हो बेटाये अब पुराने हो गये हैं— बिल्कुल पुराने इनका अब महत्व ही क्या है—मेरे जीवन की तरह—फेंक दो बेटा.....इन्हें जाहर फेंक दो.....इन्हें फेंकना ही होगा.....इनका अब और हो ही क्या सकता है..... मेरे जीवन की तरह ये भी बिल्कुल निरर्थक हैं...निरर्थक है.....इन्हें जल्दी फेंक ही दो.....अच्छा है.....अब इनका फेंकना ही अच्छा है.....।”

इतना कह कर मैं तकिये में मुँह छिपा कर जोर जोर से सिसकियाँ भरने लगा । और ‘नर्स’ आवाक् खड़ी रही.....मौन बिल्कुल मौन ।

दो मल कि याँ

द्वारा आर० के० चित्रा बी० ए० आनसं हिन्दी द्वितीय वर्ष

(दोपहर का समय, एक मनुष्य सोया हुआ,
खराटों से भरा हुआ एवं सपनों में खोया हुआ)

पत्नी : अजी मुनते हो, हकीम के पास जाओ, और
जाकर कहो कि मुझे नींद नहीं आती और
रात को सोया सोया बड़बड़ाता रहता हूँ।”

पति : “धत् तेरे की, कमबख्त, तू मुझे सोने नहीं
देगी नाक में भेरे दम कर रखा है, न दिन को
चैन और न रात को आराम से सोने देती हो
कभी कहती हो डाक्टर के पास जाओ ! कभी
कहती हो हकीम के पास जाओ, यह सब
सुनते सुनते तो...तो भेरे कान पक गये हैं।”

पत्नी : ओ फो आप भी अजीब किस्म के आदमी
हो, आपको हकीम कोई खा तो नहीं जाएगा
वह तो केवल तुमको दवा देगा.....दवा,
जहर नहीं ! अगर आपको डर लगता है तो
लो मैं भी साथ चले चलती हूँ।”

(हकीम के पास)

दोनों : नमस्ते हकीम जी,

हकीम : “नमस्ते।”

हकीम : “कहो कैसे आना हुआ !”

पत्नी : “बस यूँ ही, बात यह है कि इनको एक
प्रकार का रोग हो गया है कि रात को सोते
समय बड़बड़ाया करते हैं और बड़बड़ाते

समय कभी कभी भागने लगते हैं। मैं तो
बीसियों बार इनका इलाज करा चुकी हूँ पर
इनका रोग तो बस बाबा.....भागने का
नाम नहीं लेता ! केवल सोते समय एक ही
रट लगाये रहते हैं मुझे बचाओ.....मुझे
बचाओ.....बचाओ...बचा.. बचा.....न...!
और फिर बच्चों की तरह मचलने लगते हैं।

हकीम : “क्या यही बात है जनाब ?”

(कहते हुए पति की ओर देखता है)

पति : “हाँ (गहरी सास लेकर) बात तो ठीक है
हकीम साहब ! बात दरअसल यह है कि
रात को जो मुझे सपना आता है वह...वह...
वह एक लड़.....लड़की का आता है।”

पत्नी : “क्या कहा.....लड़की का ! हूँ तभी तो मैं
कहती.. ..”

हकीम : “देखिये आप चुप कीजिये वरना मैं मरीज
को देखना छोड़ दूँगा।”

हकीम : हाँ जनाब आप आगे कहते जाइये.....

पति : “हकीम साहब क्या बताऊँ वह लड़की
अत्यन्त खूब सूरत है, अत्यन्त शर्माली और
वह मुलाव की कली की तरह विकसित हो
रही है और उसकी आँखें ओफ क्या बताऊँ।

हकीम : “क्या आप उस लड़की को जानते हैं।”

पति : "हाँ...हाँ... बहुत अच्छी तरह ! इतना ही नहीं बल्कि उसको अच्छी तरह पहचानता भी है ।"

पत्नी : तभी में कहती हूँ कि रात को यह.....।"

हकीम : देखिये मंडम आप मरीज को परेशान मत कीजिये, मुझको अच्छी तरह देखने दीजिये ताकि मैं उसके रोग का पता लगा सकूँ ।"

हकीम : "कहाँ रहती है ?"

पति : "वह हमेशा मेरे साथ रहती है, खाती है, बैठती है ।"

हकीम : "क्या आप कभी उससे मिलते भी हैं ।"
"हाँ जनाब, कह तो रहा हूँ कि वह साथ बैठती है, खाती है, फिर मिलने का सवाल ही पैदा नहीं होता इतना ही नहीं बल्कि खूब मीठी २ बातें होती है और बातों में हम इतना लीन रहते हैं कि पता भी नहीं चलता कि रात कब हुई और दिन कब हुआ ।"

हकीम : अच्छा बताइये जनाब, वह कौन है ?

पति : हकीम साहब, बता दूँ सच, ! वह कौन है ।

हकीम : हाँ हाँ बताओ सच, सच ! कौन है ?

पति : वह.....वह.....वह ! थोड़ा खांस कर वह.....वह.....वह तो ।

हकीम : "बताओ, बताओ ।"

पति : वह.....वह मेरी बीबी है ।"
(और तीनों की हँसी गुँज उठती है ।)

(द्वितीय भ्रूलक)

मियाँ : "आओ.....आओ बेगमा साहिबा क्यों क्या तबीयत ठीक नहीं ! चलो थोड़ी देर नदी के किनारे की सैर कर आएँ ।" नदी के तट के पास थोड़ा बैठते हैं और इतने में एक कैमरामैन हाथ में कैमरा लिए हुए आता है ।

फोटोग्राफर : आ.....हा.....किताना सुहावना मौसम है, कितना रमणीक स्थान है यह ऊँचे ऊँचे पेड़ और यह खिली हुई डालियाँ और उस पर गुनगुनाते हुए यह भवरें, नये नये पल्लव ? क्यों न मैं इस प्राकृतिक की फोटू ले लूँ !

मियाँ : ओ.....ओ कैमरे वाले.....जरा इधर तो आना ।

फोटोग्राफर : "क्या बात है ?"

मियाँ : क्या बात है ? क्या बात है ? लगा रखी है जैसे तुम कुछ जानते ही नहीं..... । तुमने मेरी बीबी का फोटो क्यों लिया ?

फोटोग्राफर : "नहीं जनाब...मैंने आप की बीबी का फोटू नहीं लिया है ।" "भूठ बोलता है तूने मेरी आंखों के सामने मेरी बीबी का फोटू लिया है ।"

"नहीं साहब में कौन होता है आपकी बीबी का फोटू लेने वाला, मैं तो केवल इन पेड़ों और कलियों जिस पर मंडराते तथा गुंजन करते हुए भवरों का फोटू लिया है और कसी का नहीं ।"

“मैं कहता हूँ तुमने फोटू लिया है क्योंकि मैं जनता हूँ कि तुम विज्ञापन के द्वारा अपनी वस्तु की माँग बढ़ाना चाहते हो ! और इसके लिए तुम किसी हसीन युवती का फोटू लेना चाहते हो जो कि ऐसे रमणीक स्थान पर बैठी हो। लाओ इधर लाओ अपना कैमरा मैं तुम्हारी रील फाड़ दूँगा।”

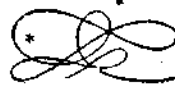
“भापको कैसे यकीन दिलाऊँ जनाब ! आपकी बीबी से यह रमणीक स्थान अत्यन्त सुन्दर है फिर भला मैं क्यों लगा आपकी बीबी का फोटू लेने।”

(मियाँ क्रोध में आकर)

मियाँ : “क्या कहा तुमने, मेरी बीबी का फोटू नहीं लिया ? कौन सी बुराई है इसमें क्या यह फूलों की तरह सुन्दर नहीं है ? बताओ-बताओ नहीं-नहीं तो तुम्हें मैं पीट दूँगा।”

जबाब क्यों नहीं देते बताओ.....बताओ
.....बता.....बत.....ब।

फोटोग्राफर : ‘हाँ लिया है’ और मुस्कराता हुआ वह वहाँ से चल देता है !



- (१) ‘प्रेम में, ज्ञान में और सौंदर्य में कभी अति नहीं होती, जब ये गुण पूर्ण शुद्ध रूप में समझे जायें’ —एमर्सन
- (२) ‘अध्ययन खण्डन और असत्य सिद्ध करने के लिये न करो, न विश्वास करके मान लेने को करो, न बातचीत और विवाद करने के लिये करो बल्कि मनन और परिशीलन के लिए करो’ —बेकन
- (३) ‘व्यथा और वेदना की पाठशाला में जो पाठ सीखे जाते हैं, वे पुस्तकों और विश्वविद्यालयों में नहीं मिलते’ —अज्ञात
- (४) ‘एक बार अविशस्त ठहराये गये का कभी विश्वास न करो’ —पंचतंत्र

प्रगति—शील साहित्य

डॉ० रामदत्त भरद्वाज डी०लिट०, पीएच०डी०, एम०ए० (त्रय), एलएल०बी०

'प्रगति' शब्द का अर्थ है चलना, बढ़ना, उन्नति। प्रगति शीलता और प्रगतिवाद में अन्तर है।

प्राक्कथन

डॉ० गुलाबराय के अनुसार, वीरगाथा-कालीन हिन्दी के साहित्य में राष्ट्रीयता का अभाव खटकता है, तथापि उसमें भी आक्रमणकारियों के प्रति विद्रोह की भावना प्रकट है। सन्त कवियों ने समता के भाव का प्रतिपादन किया; कबीर और गुरु नानक का प्रभाव उत्तर कालीन कवियों पर स्पष्ट है। वर्णव्यवस्था और सूर्ति-पूजा पर कुठाराघात हुआ, और 'जाति-पाँति पूछे नहीं कोई, हरि को भजे सों हरि का होई' इस नारे ने वैष्णवों पर भी कुछ कम प्रभाव न डाला। मर्यादावादी गोस्वामी तुलसीदास भी अपनी परिस्थिति से प्रभावित हो बोल उठे :—

खेती न किसान को भिखारी को न भीख बलि,
वनिज के बानिज न चाकर को न चाकरी ॥

तथा

जासु राज प्रिय प्रजा दुखारी, सो नृप अवस
नरक अधिकारी ॥ इन युक्तियों में साधारण जनता के प्रति तुलसी की सहानुभूति और समवेदना स्पष्ट हैं। सूरदास भी 'खेलत में को काको गुसइयाँ' आदि शब्दों के द्वारा समता का पक्ष लेते प्रतीत होते हैं। भारतेन्दु बाबू हरिश्चन्द्र ने भारत की दुर्दशा पर चार आँसू बहाये और बताया कि भारत की दरिद्रता का कारण अंग्रेजों के द्वारा भारतीय धन को विदेश

भेजना या राष्ट्रीय कवि मैथिलीशरण गुप्त की 'भारत-भारती' तत्कालीन देश की अवस्था में प्रगति और राष्ट्रीयता को प्रोत्साहित करने वाली सिद्ध हुई। मुंशी प्रेमचन्द के उपन्यासों में पुलिस, जमींदार आदि के अत्याचार भोली जनता और अमहाय किसानों पर चित्रित किये गये हैं। और भी अनेक कवि और लेखकों ने समय-समय पर अपने सामर्थ्य के अनुसार जनता-जनार्दन का पक्ष लिया, यह सब प्रगति का द्योतक है। परन्तु प्रगति-वाद का अर्थ कुछ भिन्न है। यह वह वाद आगे बढ़ने में विश्वास रखता है, परन्तु इसकी विचार-धारा मार्क्सवादी या साम्यवादी दृष्टि के अनुकूल है। 'प्रगतिशील' साहित्य किसी वाद-विशेष से संपृक्त नहीं, परन्तु 'प्रगतिवादी' साहित्य साम्यवादी मार्ग का अपनापने के लिये उन्मुख है।

प्रगतिवाद की उत्पत्ति

सत्रहवीं शताब्दी के पश्चात् वैज्ञानिक चिन्तन धीरे-धीरे बदल रहा था, अन्ध विश्वास घटने लगा और तर्क बढ़ने लगा था। काल्माक्स के दर्शन ने जोर पकड़ा था। उसके द्वन्द्वात्मक भौतिकवाद में ईश्वर-शैतान, पाप-पुण्य, स्वर्ग-नरक सब तिरोहित हो गये। भारत में प्रगति का बीज भारत की राष्ट्रीय भावना के रूप में, महर्षि दयानन्द, राजा राम-मोहनराय आदि के समाज-सुधारकों में बाबू हरिश्चन्द्र मैथिली शरण गुप्त तथा अन्य कवियों की रचनाओं में तथा काँग्रेस और अंग्रेजी शासन के संघर्ष में विद्यमान था। 'मेरठ षडयन्त्र केस' के पश्चात्, रूस की वर्गहीन सामाजिक व्यवस्था आकर्षण का केन्द्र बन

गयी। मजदूरों में संघटन का भाव जाग्रत हुआ और ट्रेड-यूनियनों की जड़ जमने लगीं। सन् १९३४ के लगभग, भारतीय कम्युनिस्ट पार्टी और समाजवादी दल की स्थापना हुई। ऐसी राजनीतिक परिस्थिति ने साहित्यिक प्रगति का मार्ग परिष्कृत कर दिया और जैसा कि कुछ लोग कहते हैं, 'प्रगतिवाद' छायावाद की प्रतिक्रिया के रूप में उपस्थित हुआ। सन् १९३६ में सर्वश्री मुल्कराज आनन्द और सज्जाद जहीर के उद्योग से 'भारतीय प्रगतिशील लेखक संघ' की स्थापना हुई। इसके प्रथम अधिवेशन के सभापति प्रेमचन्द जी हुए और दूसरे के डा० रवीन्द्रनाथ ठाकुर। 'प्रोग्रेसिव राइटर्स एसोसियेशन' जो अन्तरराष्ट्रीय स्थापना है संस्था हो चुकी थी। सन् १९३७ न विशाल-भारत' में श्री शिवदानन्द चौहान ने भारत में प्रगतिशील साहित्य की आवश्यकता' पर एक लेख लिखा जिसमें उन्होंने बताया कि कला कला के लिये नहीं वरन् संसार को बदलने के लिये है।

उन्हीं दिनों द्वितीय महा युद्ध छिड़ गया १९४७ तक रहा। राष्ट्रीयता की भावना से देश गुँज उठा; स्वतंत्रता के आन्दोलन ने जोर पकड़ा, बंगाल में अकाल आया, आजाद दिन्द फौज के सिपाहियों पर मुकदमे चले रूस की विजय, और हिटलर-मुसोलिनी की पराजय हुई।

माक्सवाद

प्रगतिवादी विचारधारा की आधार-शिला माक्सवाद है, जैसा कि ऊपर इंगित किया जा चुका है; इस वाद को साम्यवाद भी कह देते हैं। इसके प्रवर्तक काल माक्स हैं जिनका समय १८८६ ई० से लेकर १९१९ ई० तक है। माक्सवादी विचार धारा का विभाजन त्रिविध हो सकता है—(१) द्वन्द्वात्मक भौतिक विकासवाद, (२) मूल्य वृद्धि का सिद्धान्त और (३) मानव सभ्यता का विकास।

१. द्वन्द्वात्मक भौतिक विकासवाद में ईश्वर के लिये स्थान नहीं संसार की उत्पत्ति नहीं हुई किन्तु उसका विकास धीरे-धीरे हुआ। यह विकास जिस शक्ति के द्वारा हुआ वह आध्यात्मिक नहीं थी, भौतिक जगत् ही विकास का कारण है। आत्मा-परमात्मा, स्वर्ग-नरक तथा मृत्योपरान्त स्थिति का अस्तित्व नहीं है। विकास को परिचालित करने वाली प्रवृत्ति को संघर्ष कहते हैं, क्योंकि दो विरोधी शक्तियों के संघर्ष से तीसरी शक्ति या वस्तु का विकास होता है। अतएव इस विकास को द्वन्द्वात्मक कहते हैं।

२. मूल्य वृद्धि सिद्धान्त के अनुसार वस्तु का मूल्य बढ़ जाता है। इसके चार अंग हैं: मूल पदार्थ, स्थूल साधन, श्रमिक का श्रम, और मूल्य-वृद्धि। यद्यपि लाभ श्रमिक के श्रम पर निर्भर होता है, तथापि पूंजीपति ही लाभ के अधिकांश भागको हड़प लेता है। अतएव मावर्स के अनुसार संसार में दो ही प्रकार के वर्ग सम्भव हैं—शोषक और शोषित' अथवा पूंजीपति और श्रमिक।

३. कार्ल मावर्स ने मानव सभ्यता के विकास की नयी व्याख्या की है। जैसा कि कहा कहा जा चुका है संसार में दो ही वर्ग हैं—शोषक और शोषित। मानवसभ्यता का इतिहास भी इन दो के संघर्षों की कहानी है। इस कहानी को चार युग में विभक्त किया जा सकता है—दासयुग, सामंतयुग, पूंजी-युग, और साम्यवाद युग। इन में से प्रत्येक युग उत्तरोत्तर विकास का रूप है। अतः लक्ष्य है साम्यवादी समाज व्यवस्था को स्थापित करना जिसकी पूर्ति के लिये हिंसात्मक क्रान्ति वरिजित नहीं, प्रत्युत जिसमें शोषित वर्ग को शोषक वर्ग के विरुद्ध क्रान्ति करने के लिये उत्तेजना प्रदान की जाती है।

दार्शनिक आधार

कार्ल मार्क्स के द्वन्द्वात्मक भौतिक विकासवाद में विकास की भावना स्पष्टतः डार्विन के विचारों से और भौतिकता फायरबाखसे प्रेरित है, द्वन्द्वात्मक रूप हीगल के डाइलैक्टिक के है। हीगल के पहले भी उसकी विचारधारा के बीज प्राचीन काल में विद्यमान थे। यूनानी 'डाइलेगो' शब्द से 'डाइलेक्टिक' निष्पन्न है, जिसका अर्थ है वाद-विवाद। यूनान में वाद-विवाद वह साधन था जिसके द्वारा एक दूसरों की बातों में, तार्किक असंगतियों और आत्मविरोध की ओर संकेत कर सत्य का अन्वेषण किया जाता था। वहाँ कुछ ऐसे विचारक भी थे जो यह स्वीकार करते थे कि सत्य की उत्पत्ति दो विरोधी बातों के संघर्ष में होती है। प्लैटो ने अपनी दार्शनिक रचनाओं में इसी पद्धति का अनुसरण किया है। द्वन्द्वात्मक प्रणाली की तीन विशेषताएँ हैं—प्रथमतः द्वन्द्वात्मक प्रणाली प्रत्येक विकास का लक्षण है और इतिहास उसी लक्ष्य की प्राप्ति करता है। द्वितीयतः द्वन्द्व-सिद्धान्त किसी एक अंग-विशेष का अध्ययन नहीं करता क्योंकि किसी 'अंग' का अध्ययन बिना 'सम्पूर्ण' के अध्ययन के नहीं हो सकता। अतः 'पूर्ण' ही समग्र सत्य है और 'अंग' आंशिक सत्य है। सम्पूर्ण की सापेक्षता में ही अंग का अस्तित्व है। तृतीयतः इस सिद्धान्त के अनुसार वास्तविकता गत्यात्मक है और इसी गत्यात्मकता का कारण वास्तविकता की विभिन्न अवस्थाएँ हो जाती हैं। गत्यात्मकता ही विकास है जिसमें एक अवस्था को दूसरी अवस्था में बदलने के लिए एक निश्चित प्रणाली का पालन होता है।

'विकासक त्रयी' अथवा डेवलपमेंट ट्रायो का रूप इस प्रकार है:—जो अवस्था स्थिर है और जिसका हम अध्ययन करते हैं उसे 'वाद' अथवा 'थीसिस' कहते हैं। उक्त दोनों अवस्थाओं से एक

तीसरी अवस्था का जन्म होता है, जिसे संवाद अथवा 'सिंथैसिस' कहते हैं। इस अन्तिम अवस्था में उक्त दोनों अवस्थाओं के कुछ अंग विद्यमान रहते हैं। अतः इस सिद्धान्त में चार तत्त्व लक्षित हैं। (१) विरोधों की एकता, (२) विरोधों का आपस में संघर्ष (३) इस संघर्ष से नयी समन्वित अवस्था का जन्म और (४) वाद से संवाद तक का परिवर्तन जो मात्रा से गुणों की ओर चलता है। मार्क्स और हीगल के लिये यही गत्यात्मक सत्य है; परन्तु यदि हीगल के लिए वह सत्य 'प्रत्यय' में (आइडिया) विद्यमान है तो मार्क्स के लिये वह जीवन की 'भौतिक' परिस्थितियों में उपस्थित है।

ऐतिहासिक भौतिकवाद

मार्क्स के अनुसार मानव-सभ्यता का समस्त इतिहास, शोषक और शोषित, इन दो जातियों या वर्गों में बाँटा जा सकता है; और इतिहास को चार युगों में। पहला युग दासप्रथा का था, जबकि मालिक का पूर्ण अधिकार दास के व्यक्तित्व, उसके श्रम, उत्पत्ति के साधन, एवं उत्पादन पर था। दूसरा युग सामन्त-प्रथा का था, जबकि सामन्त का अधिकार नौकर के व्यक्तित्व को छोड़कर और सब पर था। तीसरा युग पूँजीवाद का है, जिसमें पूँजीपति का अधिकार मजदूर के व्यक्तित्व और उसके श्रम को छोड़कर उसके उत्पत्ति के साधन और उत्पादन पर है। आजका युग पूँजीवादी है। कार्ल मार्क्स का लक्ष्य साम्यवादी उस चौथे युग की स्थापना करना था जिसमें मजदूरी की प्रतिनिधि सरकार उत्पादन के समस्त साधनों पर नियंत्रण कर और प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को उसके परिश्रम के अनुसार फल प्राप्त हो सके। इस लक्ष्य की पूर्ति के लिये हिंसात्मक क्रांति का निषेध नहीं, जैसा कि पहले निर्देश किया जा चुका है।

प्रगतिवाद की विशेषताएँ

जो दर्शन में द्वन्द्वात्मक भौतिक विकासवाद और राजनीति में साम्यवाद है, वही साहित्य में प्रगतिवाद कहलाता है। इसवाद की कुछ विशेषताएँ ये हैं। प्रथम है धर्म, ईश्वर और परलोक का विरोध। प्रगतिवादी, कला के माध्यम से, ऐसे नारे लगता है, यथा : ईश्वर असफल हो गया है, धर्म अफीम का नशा है। द्वितीय है पूँजीपति के प्रति घृणा का प्रचार। प्रगतिवादी रचनाओं में पूँजीपति को अत्यन्त स्वार्थी कपटी और क्रूर प्रायः बताया गया है। तृतीय है शोषित वर्ग के जीवन की दीनता और कटुता का चित्रण।

प्रगतिवादी लेखक प्रायः किसान-मजदूरों के प्रति सहानुभूति उत्पन्न करने के लिये उनकी दयनीय दशा और जीवन की विषमताओं का चित्रण करता है। चतुर्थ है नारी के प्रति यथार्थवादी दृष्टि कोण। प्रगतिवादी कवि महलों-वाली राजकुमारियों की अपेक्षा खलिहानों में काम करने वाली स्वस्थ कृषक-बालाओं एवं मजदूरनियों के चित्रण में अधिक रुचि रखता है। पंचम है यथार्थ के प्रति मोह प्रगतिवादी को यथार्थ के परिचित्रण में भी अभिरुचि है। साधारण वस्तुओं में भी सौंदर्य की प्रतीति होती है। उसे तो :—

पोले पत्ते टूटी टहनी, छिलके कंकर पत्थर ।
कूड़ा करकट सब कुछ भू पर लगता सार्थक सुन्दर ॥

षष्ठ है सरल शैली। प्रगतिवादी केवल सुगठित जनता के लिये नहीं लिखता; वह तो जन-साधारण के लिये रचना करता है। उसे साहित्य की प्राचीन रूढ़ियों में अकर्षण नहीं, अतः उसकी दृष्टि में, काव्य के लिये, छन्द और अलंकार आवश्यक नहीं।

प्रगतिवादी रचना के कुछ उदारहरण

प्रगतिवाद से किंचित् प्रभावित श्री सुमित्रानन्दन पन्त अपनी कल्पना को आकाश से पृथ्वी पर इस प्रकार लाते हैं :—

ताक रहे गगन ?

मृत्यु नीलिमा गहन गगन ?

निस्पन्द शून्य निर्जन निस्वन ?

देखो भू को स्वर्गिक भू को,
मानव पुण्य प्रसू को ।

निराला जी 'विधवा' में उसके दुःख से पिघले हैं और उन्होंने 'कुकुरमुत्ता' में गुलाब को चुनौती दे डाली है। दिनकर जी ने भी निश्चय कर लिया कि :

आज न उड़कर नील कुंज में,
स्वप्न खोजने जाऊँगी ।

आज चमेली में न
चन्द्र किरणों से चित्र बनाऊँगी ।

जीवन की विषमता को देखकर दिनकर जी व्याकुल होकर इस प्रकार बोल उठे :—

स्नानों को मिलता दूध दही
बच्चे भूखे तड़पाते हैं ।

मां की हड्डी से ठिठुर चिपक
जाड़ों की रात बिताते हैं ।

युवती की लज्जा वसन बेच
अब ब्याज चुकाये जाते हैं ।

मिलमालिक तेल फुलेलों पर
पानी सा द्रव्य बहाते हैं ॥

श्री रामेश्वर शुक्ल अंचल भी किसानों की
दीनावस्था से द्रवित हो लिखते हैं—

इन खलिहानों में गूँज रही
किन अपमानों की लाचारी ।
हिलती हड्डी के ढाँचों वे
पिटली देखी घर की नारी ।
युग युग के अत्याचारों की
अकृतियाँ जीवन के तल में ।
घिर घिर कर पूँजी भूत हुई
ज्यों रजनी के छाया छल में ।

चन्द्र किरण सौनरिवता जी की पुकार है—

दुनिया के मजदूर भाइयो
सुन लो एक हमारी बात ।
सिर्फ एकता में ह बसता
इस दुनिया के सुख का राज ।

श्री नरेन्द्र शर्मा का उपदेश है कि—

है जीने का अधिकार नहीं
हमको किस्मत की मर्जी पर ।
जड़ रूढ़िवाद के शव को जो
जीवित कहता है आह, आज ॥

श्री शिवमंगलसिंह 'सुमन' लाल सेना के साथ
मनोवेग से इस प्रकार आगे बढ़ते हैं—

बर्लिन अब नजदीक है ।
फासिस्टों की कालरात्रि में घोर घटा घिर आयी
चली लाल सेना ज्यों चलती सावन में पुरवाई ॥

अंचल जी अपने रबर अथवा अछन्द छन्द में
मजदूर की अन्धी लड़की के सम्बन्ध में गाते हैं—

वह मजदूर की अन्धी लड़की
कुम्हलाती, बुभते चिराग-सी टिम-टिम करती,
देख न पाती कच्ची धूप
रोशनी उजली—
फूली-फूली रातें ।
बीन रहा आंगन में बिखरे
किस दिन के भूँठन के टुकड़े
उसका छोटा भाई ।
मिल की सीटी बजते ही
तड़के जाते माँ-बाप
आँखें मलते छोड़ उन्हें चुपचाप
जहाँ सुलग उठती दिन चढ़ते
मीठी-मीठी दोजख की-सी आग ।
यहाँ अंधेरे खन्दक में खामोश
सूखो, जर्जर कभी-कभी बेहोश
पड़ रह जाती
वह मजदूर की अन्धी लड़की ॥

प्रगतिवाद के कतिपय दोष

हिन्दी साहित्य में प्रगतिवाद का प्रचार बड़ी
शीघ्रता से हुआ । कुछ आलोचकों की समझ में
यह वाद उतनी स्थिरता प्राप्त नहीं कर सका जितनी
आशा की जाती थी । लगभग २५ वर्ष की अवधि
में, आलोचक कहते हैं, प्रगतिवादी साहित्य कोई
ऐसी विशिष्ट रचना नहीं दे सका जिसे 'कामायनी'
या 'गोदान' के स्तर पर रखा जा सके । यद्यपि हमें
प्रगतिवाद से कोई विशेष सहानुभूति नहीं, तथापि हम
पूछ सकते हैं कि क्या भूत काल में भी हर पच्चीसवें
वर्ष में 'रामायण' या 'महाभारत' जैसे महाकाव्य
और 'शकुन्तला' अथवा 'उत्तर रामचरित' जैसे
नाटक लिखे गये थे ? यदि प्रगतिवादी साहित्य में
अभी तक अत्युच्च कोटि की रचना नहीं है, तो
उससे स्वयं प्रगतिवाद के महत्व में क्या कमी आ
जाती है ? हाँ, प्रगतिवाद में, जैसा आजकल है,
निम्नलिखित कतिपय बातें अवश्य खटकती हैं ।

प्रथमतः : प्रगतिवाद आध्यात्मिकता का पूर्ण तिरस्कार करता है। इस विषय में इतना अवश्य मानना पड़ेगा कि भारतीय साहित्य में आध्यात्मिकता पर आवश्यकता से अधिक आग्रह किया गया है, कि-तु जब तक वच्चा रोता नहीं तब तक मा भी उसे दूध नहीं पिलाती। स्यात् इसी कारण प्रगतिवादियों को भौतिकवाद और यथार्थवाद के नारे बुलन्द करने पड़े।

द्वितीयतः : प्रगतिवादियों का आग्रह साम्यवाद पर है। मार्क्स ने स्वयं कहा था कि कोई भी अवस्था अन्तिम नहीं होती, अतएव साम्यवाद को भी परिवर्तित होना पड़ेगा। समय-रूपी दिवाल-घड़ी का लटकन कभी व्यक्तिवाद से साम्यवाद की ओर और कभी साम्यवाद से व्यक्तिवाद की ओर आता-जाता रहता है। घोर साम्यवाद और घोर-व्यक्तिवाद दोनों ही अनुचित हैं। ऐसा कोई समाज नहीं जिसमें व्यक्ति न रहते हों, और समाज में ऐसा कोई व्यक्ति नहीं जिस पर समाज की छाप नहीं। व्यक्ति के आँख, नाक, कान और निजी रंग रूप तक अन्ततोगत्वा समाज की ही देन हैं।

तृतीयतः : हिन्दी के अनेक प्रगतिवादी कथाकार अति-यथार्थवादी हैं। वे नग्न-चित्रण को ही सच्चा मार्क्सवाद समझते हैं। हेय नग्न चित्रण से लेखक की प्रतिष्ठा को ठेस पहुँचती है, समाज कलुषित होता है और प्रगतिवाद को भी धक्का लगता है।

चतुर्थतः : शैली और भाषा की दृष्टि से प्रगतिवादी साहित्य उच्च स्तर का नहीं बन पाया। यह ठीक है कि प्रगतिवादी साहित्य को जन-साहित्य होना चाहिए, अतएव उसे सरल भाषा में ही उपस्थित होना चाहिए, किन्तु सरलता का यह अर्थ नहीं कि स्तर नीचा हो जाय। यदि चटकीली

रेशमी साड़ी में चमत्कार होता है, तो शुद्ध और स्वच्छ खद्दर की साड़ी का माधुर्य भी निराला होता है।

पंचमतः : छन्द और अलंकारों की सप्रयत्न उपेक्षा वांछनीय नहीं। अच्छी कविता के लिये छन्द और अलंकार की विशेष आवश्यकता नहीं। यदि सत्कवि उनका आवाहन नहीं करता, तो वह उनका तिरस्कार भी नहीं करता। सत्काव्य में छन्द और अलंकार सोने में सुगन्ध के समान हैं। प्रगतिवादियों पर यह लाञ्छन लगाया जाता है कि वे अपनी विचार-धारा को आत्मसात् नहीं कर पाये, अर्थात् वे उसे अपनी बुद्धि का ही विषय बना सके, हृदय की वस्तु नहीं बना पाये, अतएव उनकी रचनाओं में शुष्क विचार हैं, अनुभूति का अभाव है। कुछ गण्य-मान्य समालोचकों को शिकायत है कि प्रगतिवादी साहित्यकार स्वयं किसी पूंजीपति से कम नहीं। "पहाड़ियों के वैभवपूर्ण वातावरण में बैठकर निश्चिंतता से मजदूरों के दुःखदर्द के गीत लिखे जा सकते हैं, किन्तु उनमें अनुभूति की सजीवता आ जाय यह आवश्यक नहीं"। हमें यह आलोचना अतिरिजित प्रतीत होती है। संसार में सभी स्तर के लोग होते हैं। जो राजवंश में अथवा धनी कुलों में जन्म लेते हैं, उनका अभ्यास उन लोगों के देखे भिन्न होता है जिनका जन्म अकिंचन धर और दारिद्र्य-पूर्ण वातावरण में होता है। फिर भी समृद्ध व्यक्ति हृदय से दीनों के दुःख से द्रवित और प्रयत्नशील पाये गये हैं, और पाये जाते हैं। अतएव सोफा पर बैठकर दीन-दुःख पर लिखनेवाला व्यक्ति नगण्य या निकृष्ट ही हो, यह आवश्यक नहीं। रही आडम्बर पाखण्ड और धोका-धड़ी की बात, वह तो सभी वादों में मिलेगी, कायावाद, छायावाद, मायावाद सभी में। हमें यह अवश्य मानना पड़ेगा कि भले ही प्रगतिवाद ने कोई अत्यन्त उच्चकोटि का साहित्य प्रदान न किया

हो तथापि यह क्या कम है कि इसके प्रभाव से सभी वर्गों के साहित्यकारों के दृष्टिकोण में पर्याप्त विकास हुआ है ?

विषय का सिंहावलोकन करते हुए हम कह सकते हैं कि वर्तमान और भविष्य का संश्लेषण ही प्रगति है। यह यथार्थ और आदर्श की संश्लिष्ट है। इसमें वर्तमान से (अथवा वर्तमान के बृहत् रूप से) असन्तोष और भविष्य के प्रति आकांक्षा की सत्ता है। प्रगति में 'है' और 'है नहीं' का सामञ्जस्य 'होने' में है, 'इज्' और 'इज्नांट' का 'विकमिड्' में, अथवा 'अस्ति' और 'नास्ति' का 'भवति' में। प्रगति में दो विरोधी तत्त्वों का विरोध तथा उन दोनों विरोधों के सामञ्जस्य की प्रतीति उच्चतर तत्त्व में होती है।

ऐसे सामञ्जस्य की भावना प्राचीन भारत में रही है। दार्शनिक विचारधारा में ऐसे औपनिषदिक वचन मिलते हैं यथा अणोरणीवान् महतोमहीयान्'। बल्लभ-सम्प्रदाय की वेदान्त चिन्तामणि में तथा अन्य ग्रन्थों में भी ऐसा भाव मिलता है कि ब्रह्म सब विरुद्ध धर्मों का आधार है। जैनों के स्याद्वाद में यही तथ्य निहित है। पश्चिमी विद्वानों ने भी इस ओर ध्यान दिया। प्लेटो ने 'डाइलोगो' में सत्य का दर्शन किया। जर्मन के प्रसिद्ध दर्शनिक हीगेल का थीसिस (वाद) एण्टिथीसिस (प्रतिवाद) और उनका सिन्थेसिस (संवाद) प्रसिद्ध ही है। हीगेल ने जीव, जगत्, ईश्वर आदि के सम्बन्ध में उक्त कल्पना की, किन्तु कार्लमार्क्स ने इस विचार-धारा का उपयोग सामाजिक दृष्टि कारण से किया है। उनका सिद्धान्त 'द्वन्द्वात्मक भौतिकवाद' कहलाता है। प्रगतिवादी हिन्दी कविताएँ हीगेल की दार्शनिकता और मार्क्स की सामाजिकता से प्रभावित हैं। प्रगतिवादी साहित्य दर्शन-धर्म से इतना प्रभावित नहीं, जितना राजनीति से है।

प्रगतिवादी कविताओं में समाज के कुत्सित और वीभत्स रूप का भी चित्रण है। इसके साहित्य में जमींदार-पुलिस के अत्याचार किसानों पर; सरकार के जनता पर; पूँजीपतियों के मजदूरों पर; और सूदखोरों के निर्धनों पर प्रदर्शित किये गये हैं, जिस कारण कुछ विचारक प्रगतिवाद में साम्यवाद का अभास पाते हैं।

जैसा कि ऊपर कहा गया है "प्रगतिवाद में जीवन के प्रकृत, कुत्सित एवं विस्तृत रूप के चित्रण को प्रधानता मिली है, क्योंकि जीवन का यही रूप वास्तविक और अधिक उपयोगी है।" भौतिकवादी होने के कारण इस वाद की आस्था ईश्वर और आत्मा में नहीं; वह सामाजिक, राजनीतिक, धार्मिक और साहित्यिक रूढ़ियों का भी विरोधी है। उसके लिए 'पिगल शास्त्र का महत्व अधिक नहीं'। कुछ प्रगतिवादी तो महर्षि वाल्मीकि, महाकवि कालिदास, गोस्वामी तुलसीदास' एवं मनीषी जयशंकर प्रसाद जैसे उच्च साहित्यकारों को प्रति-क्रियावादी घोषित कर देते हैं। स्वामी दयानन्द सरस्वती ने न केवल सत्यार्थ प्रकाश के द्वारा मानव की आलोचनात्मक प्रवृत्ति को प्रबुद्ध किया अपितु हिन्दी को गौरव भी प्रदान किया। भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्र और उनके साथियों ने राष्ट्रीयता को प्रदीप्त किया। पं० महावीर प्रसाद द्विवेदी ने हिन्दी व्याकरण के घास-पात को उखाड़ कर उसे बहुत कुछ व्यवस्थित किया।

रीतिवादियों से उकताये हुए छायावादियों ने रहस्य-जलदों को विदीर्ण करने के लिए नवीन कल्पना-छैनी का प्रयोग किया, और कदाचित् कुछ प्रतिभाशालियों ने घन-पट को विदीर्ण कर 'उस पार' का भी दर्शन कर लिया हो। प्रेमचन्द जी ने सामाजिक यथार्थ को आदर्श की ओर, लाखों शब्दों के द्वारा सफलता पूर्वक, प्रेरित किया। अंग्रेजों से संघर्ष करते समय अनेक नवयुवकों ने

उत्साह-पूर्ण एवं संगीतमय रचनाएँ कीं । इन सभी ने भारत का और भारत के साहित्य का कुछ न कुछ कल्याण अवश्य किया, सभी ने भारत को प्रगति-पथ पर अग्रसर किया । रवर खींचने के बाद सिकुड़ती भी है । गुरुदत्त जी अपने उपन्यासों में संयुक्त-परिवार आदि कतिपय प्राचीन व्यवस्थाओं में भी सार परखते हैं । उनके लेख पश्चिमी चश्मा वालों के लिए चेतानवी प्रदान करते हैं । पं० हरि-शंकर शर्मा ने अपने युग के समाज की कैंसी व्यंग्यात्मक आलोचना की है, कैंसी भीठी चुटकियाँ ली हैं; क्या चुंगी, क्या कविसम्मेलन, क्या समाचार पत्र, सभी स्थानों में उनकी पहुँच रही । वे प्रगतिवादी भले ही न हो, किन्तु उनकी प्रतिभा यथार्थ का एक्सरे करती है; किन्तु इसीलिये कि उसका सुधार हो, उसका रूप सुन्दर और कल्याणमय हो । जहाँ मार्क्स समाज-कल्याण के लिए उद्यत हैं वहाँ फ्राँयड व्यक्ति-कल्याण के निमित्त कुंठा क्रीडाओं को प्रकाश में लाते हैं । फ्राँयड की धारणा से मत-भेद हो सकता है परन्तु उसमें सार अवश्य है । डॉ० नगेन्द्र ने तथा कुछ अन्य लोगों ने भी हिन्दी जगत् में इसकी कुछ चर्चा की है, जिससे यह स्पष्ट है कि साहित्य मौन भावना से कहाँ तक प्रभावित रहता है ।

प्रगतिवाद को किसी उपदेश की अपेक्षा नहीं । नया मुसल्ला अल्लाह-अल्लाह पुकारता है । यदि कोई प्रगतिवादी कभी-कभी जोश में इधर-उधर

बहक भी जाता है तो कोई चिन्ता नहीं । प्रत्येक व्यक्ति अपनी भूल का अनुभव स्वयं कर लेता है, अथवा उसकी भूल स्वयं प्रतिक्रिया के विविध रूपों में प्रस्फुटित हो जाती है ।

श्री शिवदानसिंह चौहान, श्री रामविलास शर्मा, श्री अमृतराय तथा श्री प्रकाशचन्द्र गुप्त इस शैली में प्रमुख आलोचक हैं । इनके अतिरिक्त अन्य प्रगतिवादी लेखकों में हैं सर्व श्री निराला, राहुल, रांगेयराघव, यशपाल, कृष्णचन्द्र, नागाजुन, भगवत्शरण उपाध्याय, चन्द्रबलीसिंह, नामवरसिंह आदि । जिस वाद के समर्थक, पोषक, प्रशंसक, अथवा सहानुभूति-प्रदर्शक ऐसे लब्ध-प्रतिष्ठ और प्रतिभाशाली व्यक्ति हों उस वाद का भविष्य उज्ज्वल है, ऐसी ही आशा करन चाहिए । वास्तविक 'प्रगतिवाद' को रूढ़ियों की प्रतिष्ठा और रूढ़ियों के उत्पाटन का सामञ्जस्य ही अभीष्ट होना चाहिए । महाकवि कालिदास के शब्दों में, जो कुछ पुराना है वह सभी साधु नहीं, जो कुछ नवीन है वह सब अनवद्य नहीं । नवीन और प्राचीन दोनों की परीक्षा करके ही विद्वान् तथ्य को ग्रहण करते हैं ।

पुराण मित्येव न साधुसर्वं
न चापि काव्यं नव मित्यवद्यम् ।

(मालवि० १, २)



हिन्दी परिषद् प्रगति के पथ पर

भीमसैन मित्तल (प्रधान)

गत वर्षों की तरह इस वर्ष भी हिन्दी परिषद् की कार्यकारिणी के पदाधिकारियों का चुनाव २२ अगस्त १९६४ को इस प्रकार हुआ :—

प्रधान:—भीम सैन मित्तल—हिन्दी (आनर्स)

अन्तिम वर्ष

उपप्रधान:—सरोज बाला—हिन्दी (आनर्स)

द्वितीय वर्ष

मन्त्री:—रमेश कुमार चित्रा—हिन्दी (आनर्स)

द्वितीय वर्ष)

उपमन्त्री:—श्रेष्ठा कुमारी—हिन्दी (आनर्स)

प्रथम वर्ष

(१) १७ अगस्त ६४ को नई देहली की "चौधरी लिटरेरी सोसाइटी" की तरफ से हुई "भीम सैन मित्तल वैजयन्ती" अन्तः कालेज वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता में, 'देश बन्धु कालेज' के तेज कृष्ण भाटिया हिन्दी आनर्स (अन्तिम वर्ष) एवं बलभद्र प्रसाद ओझा-बी. एस.सी. अन्तिम वर्ष ने क्रमशः प्रथम एवं द्वितीय पुरस्कार प्राप्त कर वैजयन्ती जीती। अतः परिषद् दोनों छात्रों को बधाई देते हुए भविष्य के लिये शुभ कामनाएँ प्रकट करती है।

(२) ३ सितम्बर ६४ को 'जानकी देवी महा-विद्यालय' में सुप्रसिद्ध कवि 'श्री नरेन्द्र शर्मा' की अध्यक्षता में हुई अन्तः कालेज कविता-प्रतियोगिता में देशबन्धु कालेज की ओर से भीमसैन मित्तल, तेजकृष्ण भाटिया और बलभद्र प्रसाद ओझा ने भाग लिया। तेज कृष्ण भाटिया ने तृतीय पुरस्कार प्राप्त किया। अतः परिषद् तेज कृष्ण भाटिया को बधाई समर्पित करती है।

परिषद् कार्यक्रम

परिषद् के तत्वावधान में ५ सितम्बर ६४ को "डाक्टर ओम् प्रकाश", (रीडर, हिन्दी विभाग, देहली विश्वविद्यालय) का "हिन्दी साहित्य के आदिकाल" शीर्षक पर भाषण आयोजित किया गया। भाषण हिन्दी पढ़ने वाले सभी छात्रों व छात्राओं के लिये अत्यन्त उपयोगी था। परिषद् डाक्टर साहिब के प्रति आभार प्रकट करती है।

परिषद् का इस वर्ष का आगामी कार्यक्रम

इस वर्ष के आगामी कार्यक्रम के अन्तर्गत हैं:-

(१) "रायबहादुर जोधामल कुठारिया चल वैजयन्ती" अन्तः कालेज वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता

(२) "श्री भीम सैन मित्तल चल वैजयन्ती" अन्तः कक्षा कविता-प्रतियोगिता

(३) अन्तः कक्षा वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता

(४) कवि-सम्मेलन

(५) विविध विषयों पर हिन्दी के सुप्रसिद्ध साहित्यकारों तथा आलोचकों के भाषण आदि का आयोजन उल्लेखनीय है।

अन्त में मैं श्री राम लाल वर्मा (परामर्शदाता) का जिनके संचालन में परिषद् सुचारु रूप से कार्य कर रही है एवं परिषद् के सभी सदस्यों का उनके सहयोग के लिये कृतज्ञ हूँ।

इस वर्ष के पुरस्कार

इस वर्ष हमारे परिषद-सदस्यों ने विश्वविद्यालय के विभिन्न कॉलेजों में वाद-विवाद एवं कविता प्रतियोगिताओं में सोत्साह भाग लेकर निम्न पुरस्कार प्राप्त किए—

१. चौधरी लिटरेरी सोसाइटी—
ट्राफी—देश बन्धु कालेज
प्रथम—तेज कृष्ण भाटिया
द्वितीय—बल भद्र ओभा
२. श्रीराम कालेज आफ कामर्स—
(अन्तः कालेज वाद-विवाद)
द्वितीय पुरस्कार—सुरेन्द्र आनन्द
३. श्रीराम कालेज आफ कामर्स—
(अखिल भारतीय वाद-विवाद)
तृतीय पुरस्कार—बलभद्र ओभा
४. लेडी श्रीराम कालेज—
(अन्तः कालेज वाद-विवाद)
द्वितीय पुरस्कार—सुरेन्द्र आनन्द
५. जानकी देवी महाविद्यालय—
(अन्तः कालेज कविता प्रतियोगिता)
तृतीय पुरस्कार—तेज कृष्ण भाटिया
६. दयाल सिंह कालेज—
(अन्तः कालेज कविता प्रतियोगिता)
तृतीय पुरस्कार—अनिल कुमारी

देश बन्धु कालेज (परिषद के कार्यक्रम)

१. अन्तः कालेज वाद-विवाद—
(राय बहादुर जोधा मल कुठालिया ट्राफी)
ट्राफी—रामजस कालेज
प्रथम—श्री मरवाहा
द्वितीय—के० खोसला
तृतीय—गीता भट्ट
२. अन्तः कक्षा कविता प्रतियोगिता—
ट्राफी—बी.एस.सी. तृतीय वर्ष
प्रथम—बल भद्र ओभा
द्वितीय—सुभाग माथुर
तृतीय—त्रिभुवन कौल
३. अन्तः कक्षा वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता—
ट्राफी—इकनॉमिक्स आनर्स
प्रथम—सुरेन्द्र आनन्द
द्वितीय—अभय कुमार
४. भाषण माला—
छात्रोपयोगी भाषण माला के अन्तर्गत इस वर्ष अक्टूबर में बड़ौदा विश्व-विद्यालय में प्राध्यापक मणिक लाल चतुर्वेदी ने “भाषा विज्ञान के अध्ययन के मुख्य अंग” विषय पर भाषण दिया ।

پاڻ سنڀال ڙي گوري!

گوري،
 توکي پنهنجي سرؤ قد،
 لڳڪڻي ۽ ڪمر،
 هر ٿي ۽ جهڙين اکين
 ۽ ڏيل جهڙي ۽ چال
 ئي ناز آهي ۽
 پنهنجي حسن ئي نظر
 پر
 ڪاڏ نه وٺي ڪنهن جو،
 کير ۽ گاءُ ۽
 چو نه
 قدرت جو ذرو ذرو
 سونهن جو سر آهي
 ۽ پوءِ به توڙائي ۽ کان والجهل .
 تون به جيسار جو
 هڪ جزو آهين
 تنهن هوندي به
 سرڪش ۽ مغرور .
 دل جي درٻار ۾
 لڳو پاءُ ۽
 پاڻ کي بس .
 ڏسندين ۽ نه تون به
 انهيءَ ساگر جي چل جو

فقط هڪ قطرو آهين -
 روشنيءَ جو هڪ ڪرڻو .
 پوءِ پلا
 هيءُ هڪ چا لاءِ
 ۽ ناز و ادا ڪنهن لاءِ ؟
 * * *

شايد ٻار آهين
 جو آرسيءَ اڳيان ويهي ،
 پنهنجي پاڇي سان
 ڳالهائيندو رهندو آهي ،
 لٽرا ڪندو آهي ،
 ويچارا ڏيندو آهي
 ۽ پوءِ پنهنجي ئي پاڇي کي
 ڏک هڻندو آهي ،
 نه سندس هڪ
 آرسيءَ کي لڳي
 ايڏا پائيندو آهي .
 انهيءَ کان اڳ
 جو ڏک کانين
 ۽ پوءِ پڇتائون ،
 پڳلي ،
 سڄي ئي پاڻ سنڀال!

ديال هور جاڻي

چاهيان ٿو مري وڃان!

اها ڪانفرنس ناهي
مگر آهي
دڪن کان چئڻ جي ترڪيب،
جنهن چئڻ جو
هجي نه وسيلو،
ان کي
گھاي مان ڇا سوڏ؟
چاهيان ٿو مري وڃان!

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پوءِ
مرڻ کان اڳ
آئڻ هڪ آرزو -
هن ڪٿي جي موت کان
هڪ بهادر جو موت
مرڻ چاهيان ٿو مان.
حياتي هجي ڀل ٿوري
پڻ گلاب جي گل چئن
خوشبوءِ ٿهلائڻ جي
آئڻ اڃا.
مر وڃان ڪچلجي
ڪٽجي، ٻٻ ٻٻ ٿي،
پڻ اڃان ڪم ڪنهن انسان جي
جانيءَ جي؟ ملڪ جي
اهڙو موت
مرڻ چاهيان ٿو مان!

اڄ منهنجو گيس
بدلجي ويو آهي.
ان جو لهنجو
۽ ساز جي هر ٿار
چوڪا
اڳ سر ۾ وڃندي هئي
ٿي پيئي آهي -
سر بدلجي ويو آهي،
چئڻ ۾ جس
نه رهيو آهي؟
چاهيان ٿو مري وڃان!

پلا هن زندگيءَ جو ٿار،
هيءَ دڪن،
هيءَ دڪن ٿوري دنيا -
منهنجو بهار
لڳندڙ طوفان جو زور
ڪيئن سهي سگهندو؟
آها جو دٻ
ٿر ٿر ڪري اجهامي وڃي
ڇا ڪريان؟
چاهيان ٿو مري وڃان!

ڪنهن وقت
لوڪي ڇهو هوم
”مرڻ آهي ڪانفرنس“
پر اڄ؟

تن من ڏن سڀ قربان ڪيو نه ٿو، اسان پنهنجي آزاديءَ جي رکڻا ڪرڻ ۾ پنهنجي جان وڃائي نه ڪهڙي وڏي ڳالهه ٿي. پر اسان کي ياد رکڻ گهرجي ته جنهن ديش جا رهواسي پنهنجو شخصي سوارت وساري پنهنجي ديش جي پلي ۾ پاڻ وڃائين ٿا، ان ديش جو سر مٿي ٿئي ٿو. اهوئي ديش وڌندو ۽ ترقيءَ جي راھ تي اڳتي قدم رکندو. مٿين ڳالهين مان خبر پوي ٿي ته ان ترقيءَ جي خطري جي وقت اسان شاگردن جي نازڪ ڪلهن تي ڪهڙو بار آهي پر ان کي ڏسي ڏکيو نه آهي. پاڻ بهادريءَ سان مقابلو ڪرڻو آهي.

اهي ماڻهو پليءَ ۾ رکن، جي بار وٺن ۾ لولي ڏين،
 ته صدقي ديش تان ٺن من، ڪرڻ جهڙي نه ٻي خدمت.
 (بهوس)

سنڌ داس جهانگيائي

مٽي ٿي مٽي!

جوڙو ٺو هيءَ جهان .
 ٻارن والڪر هڙ نه
 واريءَ جا گهر
 ٺاهي ٿو ۽ ٺاهي ٿو،
 ٺاهي ٿو ۽ ٺاهي ٿو.
 اسين مٽيءَ جا پٽلا،
 ڪم پٽلين والڪر
 هن سوئر ڌار جي
 هٿ جي اشارن تي،
 سنسار جي رنگ منڇ تي
 ڪم ڪريون ۽ ٺهون ٿا .
 سندس ڪم ٿي جهٽڪي سان
 حياتيءَ جي سنهي تند
 تندي پوي ٿي
 ۽ اسين مٽيءَ پٽوڙا،
 پڇي پڙي،
 مٽيءَ سنوان ٿي وڃون ٿا .

مٽي !
 تون نه مٽي ،
 مان به مٽي -
 راجا ۽ راجڪ به مٽيءَ
 ڪير جوڙي ٿو
 مٽيءَ مان رانديڪا،
 ٻار ٺوڙي ٿو
 مٽيءَ جا رانديڪا -
 مٽيءَ جا ٺهيل
 مٽي ٿي وڃن ٿا ،
 ۽ الهيءَ مٽيءَ مان
 وري ٺهن ٿا .
 تون ۽ مان ٻئي
 آهيون رانديڪا ،
 الهيءَ ڪير جا
 جنهن مٽيءَ کي ڏيئي مان

ٺٺو ڦٺو اسان جا جوان ئي چڱي طرح سان لڙندا رهن. پر ان کانسواءِ اهو به ضروري آهي ته اسان گهرو موڙ ڇو به مضبوط بڻايون. ديش ۾ رڳو ديش پرڻي ئي نه ٿا ٿين پر ڪي وري ديش دروهي به ٿين ٿا. تنهنڪري اهڙي نازڪ وقت اسان کي ديش کي اهڙن ديش دروهين کان بچائڻو آهي. ان کانسواءِ غلط افواهن کي پنهنجو ٻڌڻو نه آهي. شاگرد جيتوڻيڪ سيمانن تي وڃي لڙي نه ٿا سگهن پر سندن فرض آهي ته پنهنجي صحت سٺي رکڻ ۽ N.C.C., First Aid وغيره جون سکياون وٺڻ جيئن وقت آئي ديش جي شيوا ڪري سگهن.

جهڙي طرح هرڪا ماءُ چاهي ٿي ته وقت نسي سندس ٻار سندس رکيا ڪن تهڙي طرح اڄ اسانجي ڀارت مائٽن کي پنهنجي رکيا جي ضرورت آهي. قومي خطري وقت اسان شاگردن جا فرض جوانن کان به وڌيڪ آهن. اسان جو فرض آهي ته جوانن جي ڪنهن جي مدد لاءِ اسان پيا ڪندا ڪيون ۽ جوانن لاءِ سوپڙ، مٿان جا پڪيٽ وغيره ٺاهي، کين هوڪليون، اڄ اسان هن خطري جي وقت ٺاهڻ ڪري ٿيڪار بنداسين ته هماليه جهڪو اسان جو بهترين صدين کان وٺي سنڌي (بهر ڀدار) ٻڌي پيو آهي، اسين تنهنجا رکيڪ بچينداسين. نه ڦٺو اهو، اسان پنهنجي آزاديءَ جي رکيا لاءِ سؤ سمنڊ به پار ڪري سگهون ٿا. اسان ۾ ته ڄڻ جوانن کان به وڌيڪ مرڻ جي مستي پوري آئي آهي. دل ۾ پيو اچي ته

ديش ٻي مرلي ڪي لمانا
اب هماري دل ۾ ههه
ديکنا ههه زور ڪتنا
بازوئي فائل ۾ ههه.

هرڪو ديش واسي اسان ٽانهن اميدن پوي لنگاهن سان ٽسي ٿو ڇو جو کيس خبر آهي ته هيءُ گلستان جون مڪڙيون سڀاڻي گل بڻجن ٿا آهن. ان ڪري شاگردن کي پنهنجي همس، شيوا ۽ ٺاهڻ دوزارن، پنهنجي ملڪ جو منهن مٿي ڪرڻو آهي. اسان کي خبر آهي ته ديش جي صدي سور سختيون سهڻا، وطن جي واڌاري واسطي ڪشالا ڪندڙ ۽ ملڪ جي پلائيءَ لاءِ ڪجهه نه ڪجهه ضرور ڪرڻو آهي. ڀلا جنهن وطن جي ان چل سان انسان وڏي وڏو ٿئي ٿو، جنهن جي آبهوا ۾ چستي ۽ ٿڌي حاصل ڪجي ٿي، تنهن لاءِ سڀاويڪ لڏو ڪيئن نه لڳندي. ان آزادي حاصل ڪرڻ لاءِ اسان جي ديش جي مهاڀرشن

قومي خطرو ۽ اسين

رامت جا سوا اُت ليا هئا. ماني ڪائي، بستري تي لپي، ويديو ٻڌي رهي هيس. ڄمون جا سرا ٻڌي، وائت ٺٺائي ويرو. بدن مان رت سڪي ويو جڏهن ٻڌم ته ڄمن اسانهي پياري وطن ڀارت تي ڪاهه ڪئي آهي. عجب پيو لکيم ته ڄمن جي ٻرڌان منبري ۽ ڄائو ائين لائي ته ائين پئي ڇو نه ڄمئي هندوستان تي ڀاڙ ۾ ڀاڙ آهن پوءِ هيءَ ڇيڙ ڇاڙ ۽ رتو ڇاڻ ڇا لاه؟ ڀاءُ ڀاءُ جي پٺيءَ ۾ ڇڙو ڇو ٽنڀو هو؟ اب! پڪدم قومي خطري جو اعلان ڪيو ويو. جوان ڇو ڪرن ۽ ڇو ڪرڻ جو ڪرم خون جوش وڃان لهرون مارڻ لڳو. ٻڌا ۽ ٻار، مرد ۽ زالون، هر ڌرم ۽ مذهب جو هر هڪ فرد سٽيءَ جي ٺٺ مان سوچيت ٿي، حرڪت ۾ اچي ويو. زال پنهجا ڳهه ٺٺا، نونين پنهجن گهوڙن کي ٺٺائيءَ جي ميدان ۾ وڃڻ جي مرڪي هو ڪل ٺٺي ۽ جوان ڌراڌر فوج ۾ ڀرتي ٿيڻ لڳا. نوجوان ٽيون نائيٽنگيل جو مثال وٺي نرسون بطحي قتلين جي شيوا ڪرڻ لاه ٽڙ ٽڙ لڳيون. ٻار پنهجين خرچن مان پيسا بچائي قومي فنڊ ۾ ڏيڻ لڳا، مڙور وڌيڪ پور هيو ڪري هر ڪيترو ۾ پيدائش وڌائڻ لڳا. ملڪ ۾ سنگهن ٺاڻ وڃي ويو. سڀ ويڃا وساري ڀارتو سڀي هڪ ٿي ويا.

ڀارت جي فوج جي جوانن سرحدون سنڀاليون. هو ته اڳڀر ئي اهڙي وقت جي نظار ۾ هئا جڏهن مهاراٽا ڀرتاب، شيواجي مهاراج، پرٺوڙاج چوهاڻ ۽ رائي جهالسيءَ جي سنڌ پنهجي ماتريوميءَ جي آن بچائڻ لاه خون جي آخري ٽڙي ٺٺي مان ٺٺي مان ٺٺي ملهائي سگهن. آهي ڪو اهڙو مرد دل انسان جنهن ڪڏهن به ڀاڙ کي انهن نه ڇو هجي ته هي آهي پنهجي پنهجي ماتريوميءَ، اهڙي ٺٺي ٺٺي سمي شاگرد به ٺٺي وقت لاه پڙهائيءَ کي پاسيرو رکي ملڪ جي شيوا جي ڪمن ۾ جنبي ويا.

هيءَ سائنس جو رنگ آهي. اڄ ڪلهه جي زماني ۾ ڪڏهن ڪنهن ڏينهن ۾ ٺٺي ٺٺي نه اها ٺٺي نه صرف ان ڏينهن جي مورچي تي نه ٺٺي ٺٺي پر انهن جي واسين کي هڪ ٻي نه ٺٺائيءَ کي منهن ڏيڻو پوي ٺٺو جنهن جو مورچو سڄاڻن ٺٺي نه آهي پر اهو آهي پنهجي ڏينهن ٺٺيءَ جو ٺٺائيءَ وقت اهو ڪافي نه آهي

مان اوڏي مهل اچي اتان لنگهيس ۽ بادشاهه سلامت کان اتي وهڻ جو سبب پڇيو. هنن فرمايو ته هو رستو ڀڳي ويسا هئا. مان کين پنهنجي گهر وٺي آيس ۽ کين ماني کارائي ۽ سندن خاطرنداري ڪيو. هو منهنجي غريب خاني ۾ سمهي پيا ۽ صبح جو جڏهن نند مان اٿيا ته منهنجي شيوا مان ايترو ته خوش ٿيا جو مولڪي هڪ لک رپيا نقد انعام ۽ سرويانه ڏيڻ جو اچار ڪيائون. پر افسوس! تون ئي ڏينهن کانپوءِ هو جنت آراي ٿيا. هو پنهنجو اچار پاڙي نه سگهيا. شايد هنن جهان بناه سان انهيءَ باري ۾ ڳالهه ڪئي هجي.

انهن چئي هو شخص راجا جسي جواب جو انتظار ڪرڻ لڳو. راجا شش وينج ۾ پهچي ويو. هو سمجهي ويو ته ڪنهن هرفن مولائي سان پلڪه اٽڪيو آهي. جي ٿو چوي ته ”ها، بادشاهه سلامت ڳالهه ڪئي هئي“ تڏهن به ٿي لڪ رپيا ڏيڻا پيس ۽ جي ’نه‘ ٿو ڪري ته به ٿي ڏيڻا پيس جو اها ڪهاڻي ’اڳ ٻڌل‘ ڪيئن ٿي ٺهرائي ويئي. ’مٺي به مٺي به مٺي‘ پيو ڪو چاڙهو نه ٿي، راجا ڪسندي لڪ رپيا ڏيڻا ڪيا ۽ پوءِ اهو سلسلو بند ڪري ڇڏيائين.

ميران راجاڻي

جاڳڻ ڏي!

جتي حجت جي صاف ٺهر،	جتي من ٻي ڊڳو آهي
پنهنجي وانگ،	۽ ڳامت اوچو،
بيڪار عادت روپي ريگستان مان،	جتي گيان آهي بنا قلمت،
نه وڃائي آهي،	جتي دنيا کي،
۽ جتي تون من کي،	سوڙهين گهرؤ ديوارن سان،
هميشه وشال ٿيندڙ ويچارن،	ٺڪرن ۾،
۽ ڪرم ڏانهن،	نه ورهائيو ويو آهي،
اڳتي وڌين هلين ٿو—	جتي لفظ،
الهيءَ آزاديءَ جي سرگ ۾،	سچ جي عميق مان،
منهنجا پتا!	ٻاهر لڪن ٿا،
منهنجي مائر پويءَ کي،	جتي اٽڪ ڪوشش،
جاڳڻ ڏي!!	پنهنجون ٻانهون،
(گر ڊيو ننگور)	ڪمائيت ڏانهن ڊگهيري ٿي،

بڌل ڪهاڻي

ڪنهن راجا جي ڳالهه ڪندا آهن ته ڪيس ٿي وزير هئا. انهن مان هڪ اهڙو هو جو ڪا به ڳالهه صرف هڪ دفعو بڌڻ سان اکر به اکر بڌائي سگهندو هو. ٻيو وزير وري ڪا به ڪهاڻي به دفعا بڌڻ سان ساڳي آکاڻي بنا ڪنهن غلطيءَ جي دهرائي سگهندو هو. اهڙيءَ ريت ٽيون وزير ڪا به ڳالهه ٿي دفعا بڌڻ سان جهٽي ۽ اوڳاڙي سگهندو هو. راجا خود به ور ور ڪري چار دفعا بڌل ڳالهه چڱيءَ طرح سان ورائي چئي سگهندو هو.

هڪ دفعي راجا خزاڻي بڻج جو ٺئون رستو کوجيو. هن ٻوڏرو ٽياريو ته ڪو به شخص اسان کي ٺهڻ ڪهاڻي بڌائيندو ته ڪيس هڪ لک رپيا ايعاز ٿي ويندو پر جيڪڏهن اها آکاڻي اڳ ٿي بڌل هوندي ته بڌائيندڙ کي هڪ هزار رپيا ٽنڊ ٽيڙو ڏيندو. لک رپين جي لالچ تي ڪئين ماڻهو ڪهاڻيون بڌائڻ لاءِ اچي ڪندا ٿيا. ڪي پنهنجيءَ دل مان ڳالهون ٺاهي بڌائڻ لڳا پر هر دفعي راجا چونڊو هو ته اهي سندن بڌل آهن. هر ٻار هو وزيرن کان پڇندو هو ته ڪهاڻي بڌل آهي يا نه؟ هو چوندا ها ۽ سو به ٻهريون وزير اها ڪهاڻي هو تهو چئي بڌائيندو. ٻيو وزير جنهن هيٺائين به دفعا ڪهاڻي بڌي هوندي، اکر به اکر دهرائيندو. اهڙيءَ طرح ٽيون وزير ۽ راجا به ڪهاڻي چئي بڌائيندا هئا. انهيءَ نموني هر ڪا ڪهاڻي پوءِ ڇو نه اها سچ پچ ٺهڻ هجي، تڏهن به 'بڌل' ٺهرائي ٿي ويئي. ائين راجا جو خزانو دن به دن پونجندو پئي ويو. دنيا ۾ سياڻن جي ڪمي ڪانهي. استادن، مٿان استاد، حريفن، مٿان حريف ۽ چورن مٿان مور. پيا آهن سو راجا جي چالاڪي سمجهي، هڪڙي شخص کيس سڀي سڪارڻ چاهيو. هو مقرر وقت تي درٻار ۾ آيو ۽ ٺهڻ ڪهاڻي بڌائڻ جي هام هنيائين. کيس رکيل شرط کان واقف ڪيو ويو. هن شرط قبول ڪيو. راجا کيس آکاڻي بڌائڻ جي آڱيا ٿي. هن قصو هن ريت شروع ڪيو:-

گهڻن ڏينهن جي ڳالهه آهي ته حضور جن جا والد شريف (پتا) بادشاهه سلامت هڪ ڏينهن شڪار ٿي نڪتا هئا. رات جو رستو پلجي پيا ۽ اچي هڪ وڻ هيٺان ويٺا.

دل نه هوندي به ڳوڙهو ڳڻهڙو پيو ۽ قاهو ڦڪڙو پيو. اسين پڻي هڪ کسي انجام اڪرام
ڏيئي جدا ٿياسين.

ڪجهه ڏينهن کانپوءِ مون قرض کڻي، ولايت وڃڻ جو بندوبست ڪيو. سلوڪ
جي پيار جي صدقي پنهنجي ٻڙي ماءُ کي پي سھاري ڇڏي، پاڻ سان سلوڪ جو
سھارو کڻي، مان ولايت پهتس. ٻن سالن کانپوءِ ڏکري وئي، وطن واپس وريس. اھي
وڇوڙي جا ورھه مون ڪيئن گذاريا اھا مونکي خبر نه. ٻه سال ٻن صدين برابر هئا.

گھر پهچندي خبر پيم ته منهنجي سلوڪ منهنجي نه رهي هئي. هن جا سڀ انجام
پاڻي ۽ ٽي ليڪو ثابت ٿيا هئا. منهنجي اسھڙ جي ڇهن مھنن اندر ئي هن هڪ ڊاڪٽر
سان شادي ڪري ڇڏي. منهنجن هٿن مان ڪجهه ڪري پيو. ڇا هن ڄاڻي پيو
مولسان ڏوڪو ڪري، مولڪي زوري ۽ ٻاهر ڪڍڻ ٿي چاهيو؟ ڇا هوءَ پي وفا هئي؟
ها، ها، هوءَ پي وفا ۽ ڏوڪيماز اڪتي. ڪاش، مولڪي پهرين خبر هجي ها ته هن
جي سيني ۾ دل ڪاڏ هئي!

ڪجهه وقت کانپوءِ مون ٻڌو ته ڊاڪٽر سلوڪ کي طلاق ڏيئي، پنهنجي اسپتال جي
هڪ نرس سان شادي ڪئي. ويڙهي سلوڪ نه گھر جي رهي ۽ نه گھات جي.
سندس مائٽ به گذاري چڪا هئا. هوءَ اڪيلي ۽ بي گھر لوڪريءَ جي تلاش ۾
گھمندي، ڳري ڪنڊا ٿي وڃي هئي. مولڪي مٿس قياس اچڻ لڳو. شايد منهنجن
گولنگن ڳوڙهن هٿي هنڌ ڪيو هو. ولايت مان موٽڻ کانپوءِ مان هڪ وڏي فرم جو مئنيجر
هوس. مان سلوڪ جو ڏک سھي نه سگھيس. ڪنهن دوست جي معرفت کيس لوڪريءَ
۾ رکيم جو مون نه ٿي چاهيو ته کيس منهنجي خبر پوي ۽ سندس نعل نعل وري کلي
پون. روز کيس پنهنجي ڪيبن مان ڏسي، منهنجي دل جي مڪڙي ٽڙي پوندي هئي ۽
دل کي آٿت ايندو هو ته

مون نه ڪيو آهي پيار، سڄي! تون پل ڪر انڪار،
منهنجي هار به جيست آهي، تنهنجي جيست به هار،
مون نه ڪيو آهي پيار، سڄي!
تنهنجو پيار پاڻي ۽ ٽي ليڪو، منهنجو سڄو اقرار
مون نه ڪيو آهي پيار، سڄي!
پيار به ڪوڙو، اقرار ڪوڙو، ڪوڙو هي سنار
مون نه ڪيو آهي پيار، سڄي!

سان منهنجي دوست کي هڪدم وهڻ جي جڳهه ملي ويئي. هُو وينو ۽ مان ايندو رهيس. ٿوريءَ دير کانپوءِ مولڪي به هڪ ڇوڪريءَ جي ڀر ۾ وهڻ جي جاءِ ملي. مان هڪڪندي هن سان گڏ وڃي وينس. هن جو منهن دريءَ طرف هو. بگل ۾ هڪ جوان عورت کي ويندو ڏسي مولڪي سلوڪ جي ياد ستايو ۽ مان سندس خيالن ۾ ڪوههجي ويس. اوچتو منهنجن خيالن جي تار بس ڪنڊڪٽر جي ڪڙڪ آواز تي ٽٽي پيئي. هُو ڇوڪريءَ کان ٺڪيٽ ڀڃي رهيو هو. ڇوڪريءَ ڀر ۾ کولي، ڪنڊڪٽر کي پيسا ڏيندي، موٽڻا هن ٺاهيو. مولڪي ڏٺو اچي ويو. هوءَ سلوڪ هئي! اوڏي مهل پگوان کان ٻيو ڪجهه گهران ها ته شايد اهو به ملي وڃي ها. هوءَ ڪيترو نه بدلجي ويئي هئي! نئين چاڪليٽي سلوار ڪڙڙي ۾ ٻهڪي رهي هئي. دل ۾ سوچيم ته مان ڪٿارڪ ماڻهو هن سان ڪهڙن پوموڇي سگهندس؟ مگر مان پاڻ سنڀالي نه سگهيس، منهنجو صبر ٽٽي رهيو ۽ ڏڪندڙ ڇهن سان پڇيم، ”اوهانجو نالو شايد سلوڪ آهي؟“ هن عجب مان موٽڻا هن ٺاهيو. اکيون چار ٿيون. منهنجن اکين ۾ اٿولائي ڏسي چيائين، ”ها، ڇو؟“ منهنجي خوشيءَ جي حد ئي نه رهي. هن پوءِ مولڪي سڃاتو. وساري ڇڏڻ لاءِ ڏون ڏوراها ڏنائين ۽ چيائين، ”مان سمجهي ويئي هئس ته مون توکي پاڻي به هميشه لاءِ وڃائي ڇڏيو آهي پر نه. منهنجو انومان غلط نڪتو.“ اسانجون ملاقاتون هڪوار وري شروع ٿي ويون. ڏينهن مڙي ۾ گذرڻ لڳا.....

هميشه والڪر اسين هڪ شام جو ڀانڊيا گيت وقت گڏياسين. هوءَ جي جهولڪن سلوڪ جا وار وکڙائي ڇڏيا هئا، جنهن ڪري هوءَ وڌيڪ خوبصورت لڳي رهي هئي. وارن کي ٺاهيندي، هڪڪندي هڪڪندي، سلوڪ وڏي ڳالهه چئي ويئي، ”ڀار، تنهنجي هن ڪلاڪيءَ مان آخر ڇا ورتندو؟ پيسي کانسواءِ زندگي سڄي ۽ کولائي آهي. مون ڪالهه پنهنجن مائٽن سان اسانجي پيار جو ذڪر ڇڏيو ليڪن هنن اسان ٻنهي کي شاديءَ جي زنجير ۾ جڪڙي، هميشه لاءِ قرب جي قيد ۾ قابو ڪرڻ کان صاف انڪار ڪيو. چيائون ته تون نڪي جو ڪلارڪ آهين ۽ تنهنجي حشمت تي ڪهڙي آهي جو منهنجو پلڙو سان اٽڪائين. اهو ٻڌي منهنجيءَ دل کي چوٽ لڳي ويئي.“ ائين چئي، سلوڪ رٽڻ لڳي. کيس رٽندو ڏسي مان سهي نه سگهيس. کيس مٿان ڪرائيندي پڇيم ته ”تنهنجو ڇا خيال آهي؟“ هن چيو ته، ”منهنجي ڳالهه مڃين ته ولايت وڃي اتان ڪا ڊگري وٺي اچ. پوءِ تون منهنجو آهين ۽ مان تنهنجي، مولڪي تنهنجو قسم چاهي زمين ڦاٽي پوي يا آسمان اٿلي پوي پر مان تنهنجي آهيان ۽ تنهنجي رهنديس.“

سروجنی ورنڊاڻي

مون ته ڪيو آهي پيار، سڃڻي!

آلا! اڄ جيڪر هوءَ مولوت هجي ها ته مان کيس لوڪ کان لڪائي پيار ڪريان ها. سندس لپٽن ۾ لپٽ وجهي، منجهن مدهوشي پري ۽ کيس پنهنجن ٻن وڏين وڏين اکين ۾ هميشه لاءِ وهاري ڇڏيان ها. ڇا مان کيس ڏکي ڏکان ها؟ نه، نه مان هيءُ ڇا سوچي رهيو آهيان؟ ڪاش، جيڪر هوءَ منهنجي هجي ها!

مان ننڍو هوس جو سلو مولتان گڏ پڙهندي هئي. اسين ٻئي گڏ ڪائيندا ۽ راند ڪندا هئاسين. وقت گذرندي وڏو ٿي ڪانه ٿي لڳي. اسانجي پيار جو سلو وڏو لڳو ۽ وقت آئي وڏي وڏو ٿيو. اسين هڪ ٻئي کي پاڻ لاءِ اٿو لا ٿيڻ لڳاسين. پر چوڻدا آهن ته ”بندي جي من ۾ هڪڙي نه صاحب جي من ۾ ٻي.“

اوچتو ملڪ ۾ سخت طوفان آيو ۽ ملڪ جو واپو منڊل بدلجڻ لڳو ۽ ان سان گڏ بدليو منهنجو پاڻ. گڏ پڙهڻ ٿي ته اسين هڪ ٻئي کان ڪافي دور هليا وياسين. دور، هميشه لاءِ دور! مان پنهنجيءَ ماءُ کي وٺي وڃي بمبئيءَ رهيس، اجهو ته مليو پر اوڪريءَ لاءِ ڏر ڏرون. نوڪرون ڪاٺيون پيون. هڪ آفيس مان ٻيءَ ۽ ٻي مان ٽينءَ ۾ اڄ وڃ ڪرڻ لڳس پر سڀني هنڌان ”جڳهه خالي ناهي“ جو جواب ٻڌي، دل سسڻ لڳي. جيڪي آسٽيا ٻڌا هئا سي مڪڻ جي ماڙيءَ وانگر رڃندا نظر آيا. چوڻدا ڪين آهن ته ”پورهيت جو پيار، والسي ڪيم وڃائي“ سو منهنجا لائيا به سجايا ٿيا. نوڪريءَ جو آرڊر آيو ۽ مان پاڻو بڻيس. سچ نه مان سلو لاءِ ئي جي رهيو هوس. مونکي قوي اميد هئي ته منهنجي سلو مونکي ڪڏهن نه ڪڏهن، ڪٿي نه ڪٿي، ضرور ملندي. ان آشا جي سهاري نڪندو رهيس. ورنه اها به شايد پريمين کي سگهه جي گهڙي نه سهندِي آهي ڇو ته اوچتو ئي اوچتو منهنجي بدلي بمبئيءَ مان دهليءَ ٿي ۽ مان ماءُ کي وٺي دهليءَ پهچي ويس. سلو ڪي پاڻ جي رهي ڪهي اميد به ويندي رهي.

سياري جي هڪ شام جو بهري رنگ جو سُوت ڪوٽ پائي پنهنجي هڪ دوست سان ڪنات پليس وڃي رهيو هوس. گهڻي انتظار کانپوءِ بس ملي ۽ اها به پربل قسم

ٿو ته هُو لوڪرين کي ڪاليج جي تعليم کان وڌيڪ پسند ڪندا هجن يا ته سندن رغبت ڊاڪٽري، انجنيئرِي وغيره ڪورس ڏانهن هجي. هيءُ هڪ سماجڪ مسئلو آهي جنهن سانچن ان جو ڌيان لهڻو.

سنڌي لپي ڪلاس : دهليءَ ۾ سنڌي ديولسگري لپيءَ دوران سيڪاري ويندي آهي. ديولسگري اسڪولي سطح کان ٽپي ڪاليج ۾ پهچي وڃي آهي پر منجهس ڪتابن جي کوٽ آهي. آگرين تي ڳڻڻ جهڙا ڪتاب مس چپيا ويا آهن جنهن ڪري سانچن جوانن جي ڪچرين دلين تي اهو اثر ويهجي ويو آهي ته سنڌيءَ ۾ ساهت اهميتي ڪونه اهڙن شاگردن سان ”منڊي ماڪوڙي ڪوهه ۾ پيئي ڪڇي اپ“ واري چوڻي ٺهڪي اچي ٿي. منجهن سنڌي ٻوليءَ ۾ ساهت لاءِ ڇاهه ڄاڳاڻڻ لاءِ سنڌين ڄاڻڻ وڌائڻ جي خيال کان سنڌي (عربي) لپيءَ جا ڪلاس شروع ڪيا ويا آهن. جن کي ان جو فائدو وٺڻو هجي سي پنهنجا نالا ڪماري سروي ورنڊاڻيءَ کي ڏين.

سنڌي ساهت سڀا : سال ۱۹۶۴-۱۹۶۵ لاءِ هيٺيان عهد بنڊار چونڊيا ويا :-

صلاحڪار	پروفيسر سننداس جهانگياڻي
پڙڏان	پڙڪاش بدلاڻي
اب پڙڏان	سروپ گيهڙي
سيڪريٽري	ابھور ناواڻي
اب سيڪريٽري	ڪماري ڪوشلما سوناڻي
ڪاروباري ڪاميٽيءَ جا ميمبر	ڪماري وينا انسراڻي
	” مدالسا ٽڙاڻي
	” ڪميا خوشهالاڻي
	” پڳولتي پنهڙي
	” ڪنڌي رٿواڻي

سڀا جو پهريون ميٽنگ ۲۳ سيپٽمبر ۱۹۶۴ تي ٿيو جنهن ۾ پڙڪاش بدلاڻيءَ ۽ پورلما لالواڻيءَ پاڳر ورتو. پڙڪاش شعر پڙهيو ۽ پورلما سريلي سر ۾ سنڌي پڄڻ ڳاتو. سڄي سال جو پروگرام رٿيو ويو آهي، اميد ٿي ڪچي نه هميشه وانگر هن سال به سنڌي ٻانج موڪيندا.

سننداس جهانگياڻي

د ډيش

(د ډيش بنډو ڪاليج مخزن جو سنڌي وياڳهه)

سهيادڪ :
ميران راجاڻي

سهيادڪ :
پروفيسر سنڌاس جهانگيرائي

[اڪ : ۱]

ڊسمبر ۱۹۶۴

[سال : ۱۰]

پنهنجي پيچار

ڪاليج ۽ سنڌي : گذريل ٻن سالن کان 'ڊيش' جي سنڌي وياڳهه جي لسڪرائي ڪماري سروي هيمراجاڻي ۽ ٻئي ڪٿي. اپريل ۱۹۶۴ ۾ ٿيل بي. اي. امتحان ۾ ڪاليج مان ڳاڻ ڳڻيا شاگرد سيڪنڊ ڪلاس ۾ آيا جن مان ڪماري سروي هيمراجاڻي هڪ هئي. اسين کيس سندس شالدار ڪاميابي ۽ ئي مبارڪون ٿا ڏين.

راجاڻي ڪماري گرهائي هسٽري ائسوسيئيشن ۽ شمار ملڪاڻي مئجسٽريٽ سوسائٽي ۽ جا پڙڙان ۽ سروي گهڙائي ۽ پرڪاش بدلاڻي گهڙائي ۽ سان ڪاليج يونين جا جائنت سيڪريٽري ۽ ڪلاس عيوضي چونڊيا ويا آهن. ڪاليج جي سنڌين لاءِ فخر جي ڳالهه آهي جو سنڌي غير سنڌي سڃاڻن تي گهڙائي سان چونڊجي آيا آهن ۽ ڪاليج ۾ اڪثريت غير سنڌين جي آهي. اسانجون ڪين واڙيون هجن.

سماجڪ مسئلو : هن سال ڪاليج ۾ سنڌي ڪڪين جو تعداد ڪڪن کان ڇوڻو آهي. خبر ناهي ته ڪڪن جو ڇوڻو ٿيو آهي يا هو تعليم ڏانهن ڌيان نه ٿا ڏين. انهن به ٿي سگهي

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