

DESH

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## DESH

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Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad, M.A., A.M., Ph.D.

# Message for the College Magazine 

By Principal (Dř.) Amba Prasad

When the Chief Editor of "Desh" asked me for a message for its readers I began to wonder whether I should ageze to give one. It has become sustomary to ask for a message from a new head of an institution and it is also customary to give such a message. Such messages are more often taken for granted and as such are read by only a few. In any case they are not taken seriously. I agreed to follow the custom in the hope that the young resjers of this journal will not only not fail to go through the words printed here but will also ponder over what is intended to be communicated.

Dedication to their studies is the first duty of the students. Coming as they do from middle class families, students of this college, both boys and girls, should be able to cultivate this habit much more easily. In no other walks of life, not even in those where steady pursuit of wealth is the aim, as profession or trade or industry, is so much dedication to be found, as is required in this life of a student. A dedicated student behaves in a cha-
racteristic way of his own. He has a distinctive personality of his own. He is respected everywhere he goes. He developes a habit which remains an asset throughout his life and leads to success in whatever career he chooses to take.

Then there are the three ideals of "love, truth and service" which 1 never tire of emphasizing for the students of Deshbandhu College. If a student has no ideals, he is not fit to be a student. These three provide the beacon light which should guide a student in his student days and ever afterwards. From these ideals will flow other virtues. A student's personality shculd be based on a harmonious blend of knowledge and character. Let these ideals shape your character. You will thus become students of which your alma mater will be well proud. You will go out into the world bearing a distinct stamp of your own, so that I shall be able to say with humble pride: "Here is a student of my College ; ideals of 'love, truth and service' have gone deep down into his character." You
will always be able to keep your head high, whatever your economic status in life.

You should constantly ask yourselves the questions: "Who is fit to be free ?" "Am I fit to be free ?" Our national freedom is under stress and threat. Grave dangers within and without threaten us. We must defend freedom at home and abroad. We must be willing to have it cost us something to defend it. We must all gird ourselves for a struggle which may last for several years.

So also let us ask these questions : "Is the clever predator fit to be free ?" "Is a social parasite fit to be free ?' "Is he fit to be free who indulges in clever politics to secure his selfish ends ?' The answers, I am sure, will be the same in all the cases. If our education serves mainly to increase the power to exploit our fellow-men and widen the scope of our operation
with greater immunity, that education is not worth having at all. Are the blackmarketeers and adulterers and corrupt officials, however highly educated and highly placed and however armed with the power of wealth, fit to be free? In the present stage of social change in India and in the times in which we are living, we cannot afford to be living off the good things supplied by the society without giving back to it in equal proportion. Likewise some among us adopt questionable means to achieve their ends tempted by prospects of immediate gain. That is the misuse of higher education If means are vitiated, the ends are bound to be vitiated.

Let us then give some thought to what our duties are in the context of India of today. Let you be the bearer of the torch of love, truth and service. Let this torch be carried forward to sthers so that it may continue to burn.

## "A secret,

prayer lies hidden within the human heart. The man himsulf does not know it, yet working mysteriously within his soul, it urges him to prayer according to each man's knowledge and power."
(The W'ay' of a Filgrim)

# Address of Welcome presented to Dr. Amba Prasad 

By Members of the Staff Association

Sir,
I am glad to have this privilege of extending to you, on behalf of the members of the Staff Association, a hearty welcome on your assumption of office as Principal and as the new Chairman of the Association. Your arrival here was long and eagerly awaited. and this gives an added charm to the occasion. The question of the appointment of a permanent Principal had for quite some time been before the Governing Body, but perhaps because it was engaged in settling the bigger question of the transfer of the college, your appointment had to wait for nearly a year and a half. Now that the reins of office have been entrusted to your able and energetic hands we can confidently look forward to a period of rapid improvement in every sphere of the college Our optimism, Sir, is not without reason. Looking to your high academic attainments, in India and abroad, and your long experience as a University teacher, your high scholarship, and your proven organizing ability-locking to all these qualities we can safely say that the authorities have made an excellent choice in selecting you for this post.

This college has several requirements some of which need prompt attention. We are, in the first place, short of adequate building. The college has no good Hall, no common
room for the boys, and not even sufficient number of class rooms. Our library is housed in a narrow and stuffy corner where there is neither space nor proper atmosphere for quiet, serious study. Our staff room needs proper maintenance and refurnishing. Again, we have no staff quarters, and nearly all of us have to pay exorbitant rents for houses that can bard!y be called respectable; and some of us have to live as far away as Karol Bagh or Kamla Nagar. The contruction of staff quarters, we feel, Sir, is a must, and deserves priority.

I could dwell on our problems much longer but for fear lest this emphasis on the unsavoury aspects of the college should mar the note of joy and welcome with which I began this address. I put a halt to this strain. You will. Sir, in due course, get fully conversant with our needs and problems and we are sure you will do your very best to bring this college in line with the best colleges of Delhi. On our part we assure you of our unscinted co-operation and wholehearted devotion to our work and duties. We wish you, Sir, a very happy and successtul time is the college, and we bid you once again a very cordial welcome.

Before I end, I would thank you, Sir, for having agreed to our request to meet us over a cup of tea and for having listened to this address.

# Address of Welcome presented to Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad 

by the College Union

Sir,
In my capacity as the Vice-President of the Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, I have the honour to welcome you today as Principal of the College and also as Chairman of the College Union Committee.

For the last one and a half years we were working under the guidance of Shri R. K. Sud, the Officiating Principal, who has now resumed his teaching work after handing over the charge of the College to your worthy self. We hope that the College will rise to eminence under your guidance. If the face is an index of the mind we can safely infer that your intellectual grasp, academic attainments, teaching ability and impressive personality are bound to leave a mark on the administration of the College. On our part, Sir, we assure you of our fullest co-operation.

We have several difficulties and handicaps. To mention a few, we lack a common-room for boys; accommodation in the libraty and facilities for sports are inadquate and the College Union has no office.

We shall have to come to you, Sir, time and again for guidance and help. We hope we shall always get them. We shall discharge our duties to the best of our abilities and capacities and try to prove worthy of the offices to which we have been elected by our fellow-students.

With these few words, Sir, I once again welcome you in our midst as our Guide, Philosopher and Friend.
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## THE COLLEGE UNION



Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad thanking Dr, B.N. Ganguly

## THE COLLEGE UNION



Dr. B.N. Ganguly, Pro-Vice-Chancellor, University of Delhi, inaugurating the College Union.

# Address of welcome presented to Dr. B. N. Ganguly 

Pro-Vice-Chancellor, University of Delhs.
on 14th September, 1963

Revered Sir,
On behalf of the students of the Deshbandhu College. Kalkaji, I, as the President of the College Union, extend a hearty welcome to you. Today is an important and duspicious day for the college but it is also a day which your august presence amongst us has made all the more memorable. When we approached you with the request to grace our function, you, Sir, responded to it with the traditional readiness of our Gurus of celebrated memory. Your blessings, Sir, we are sure, will help to sustain our humble efforts to make the working of the College Union during the year a success. We could not have chosen a better person than you, Sir, as our Guide, Philosopher and Friend. You, Sir, combine in yourself the best traditions of our country as a gentleman, student, scholar, teacher, a specialist in the domain of Economics, an author and an administrator. We all know, Sir, that you are a worthy son of a worthy father, a brilliant student who never missed a scholarship in any examination, the highest being the coveted Premchand Roychand Scholarship in the University of Calcutta. You are an eminent teacher who devoted himself to the honoured profession of imparting knowledge, first at the University of Dacca from 1926 to 1932 and afterwards at the University of Delhi.

Your merit as an economist was recognised by the Government and you were invited to participate in, and represent your country, as a delegate in more than one International and Commonwealth conference. You also served as a member of a number of National Commissions.

In the midst of these multifarious activities. you never let the academic interests suffer. If any proof is needed we have your many writings, both pamphlets ind books. Even at the moment you, Sir, are engaged in writing (1) Economic Problems and Prospects of Kulu and Kangra Valley and (ii) Inter-State Trade in India.

This refutes the oft-expressed appehension in academic circles that administration kills scholarship. From teaching and writing scholarly books the next step was to the Directorship of the Agricultural Economic Research Centre at Delhi, the Deanship of the Faculty of Social Sciences and lately the Pro-Vice-Chancellorship of our University. Your career. Sir, is spectacular ; a career of which anyone could be rightly proud. But you, Sir, have taken the honours and distinctions as they came with modesty and humility which characterize a true votary of knowledge.

Your manifold merit raised you to eminence. We admire that and we
cannot help wondering at it too. But it is as a teacher, Sir, that we love you most. I need not be a mirror to you to bring out your qualities of head and heart ; your very appearance speaks for them eloquently enough, Those who have come into close contact with you, as your students or as colleagues, bear testimony to your charming personality, unassuming manners, sweet and soft voice and large-heartedness. Your interest in the student community is almost paternal. It is, indeed, a privilege for us to have you in our midst today to inaugurate and bless our College Union. The Students' Union in this college has a proud and distinguished tradition. We fervently hope that this year also we shall make efforts to make the Students' Union a helpful organ for the fullest flowering of the students' personality and a useful forum for various extra-curricular activities like organizing of debates, declamation contests and lectures. We intend this year to set up a Volunteer Organization which would attempt promoting better relations between the passengers and the $\mathrm{D} . \mathrm{T}$. U. authorities. It is a matter of pleasure that the Principal has kindly
agreed to be the first volunteer of this kind. It is also our humble effort to promote National Integration and foster a feeling of oneness amongst the students.

We in this college. Sir, have certain peculiar problems and difficulties. For one thing, we are housed in a building which is singularly inadequate for the growing needs of our flourishing institution. We as students feel that our library could be improved and expanded in many respects in order to make it more useful to the students. A few other handicaps like the lack of a common-room for the boy students and an office for the Union would be apparent even to a castal visitor. We hope with your active help and keen interest in the well-being of this institution we shall be able to overcome these problems and remedy these short comings.

I once again express a deep sense of gratitude to you for having spared us some of your valuable time today, but I do feel. Sir, that you are but one of us and that in honouring you we but honour ourselves.
"There are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life and that imaginary existence which men live in their fame and reputation."
(doseph Addison)
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## Jhe Independence Day Dledge

"I, on this the 16 th Anniversary of our Independence, take this solemn pledge in the presence of members of the Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, and with faith in God, that I shall strive with all the strength, courage and determinaticn that are given to me, to preserve our national freedom, national unity and national integrity. I shall not flinch from even performing the supreme sacrifice of life whenever demanded of me in the cause of the motherland. I am quite conscious that our freedom is facing a grave threat today. I take the firm pledge to meet this threat from whatever quarter it may come.

As a student, I will always worship at the altar of learning because I know it is my sacred duty. But I know at the same time that the community has also a claim on me. I resolve further to rededicate myself to the task of building up of the nation to the best of my capacity.

Above all, I believe that nothing can be achieved without character and, on this day. I take a pledge to build my character on the foundations provided by the ideals of love, truth and service."
"And why, indeed, should we have to take a pledge of solidarity? Solidarity is a natural thing which the people of every nation must possess because the whole concept of a nation is that the people hold together, that the people have many common features, that the people attain freedom and retain it, and that the people realize that in the freedom of the nation and in the progress of the nation lies their progress and advancement. If in a country there is no solidarity, no proper solidarity, that country is doomed. It goes to pieces. It cannot fight the many dangers that beset it.......

We are, ever since the sad experience of last year, trying to build up our strength, our military strength, our air strength and all that, but remember that the real strength of a nation lies in its mind and heart, in its firm determination to face all dangers and to preserve the freedom and integrity of the nation.

Who was the bravest man that India has produced in our times? You know that. Mahatma Gandhi was by far the bravest man whom I have ever met. He was not a man of arms using arms; he was not a man who suppressed others, but he was a man who was invincible in the strength that nobody could suppress him or buy his soul for any thing that could be done. Now, we are not wholly following Gandhiji's way, because we have resorted to arms, to armies and air force and navy.

That is true because the conditions of today in India require us to dc so, because unless we did that we would become weak, we would become cowardly and we would betray our nation. But the fact remains that whether you take to arms or not, the real courage lies in unity, solidarity and strength of will and strength of heart. And even in having to fight with arms, this has to be supported by the work and courage and unity of the nation.

If a country is united in this, if there is solidarity among the people, then not merely arms can conquer it."*

Shri Jawahar, Lal Nehru

* Reproduced from the Hindustan Times, New Delhi.


## Editarial

Here we are once again at the commencement of a new academic year. Some of the old familiar faces gone, but in compensation we have many more enthuasistic youngsters all around. An embarrassing, yet entertaining time over, which is given and taken also in good humour, they are now settling down. Let us make this an opportunity to welcome all the freshers who are now going to be a part and parcel of the college.

After a long waiting of almost two years we have now among us our new Principal. Well, they say, patience is ultimately rewarded and so it seems; for we have in him a perfect gentleman. His very inspiring presence has lent an air of discipline and dignity to the college. Under his kind and capable guidance we are sure to improve and prosper.

Our college has a reputation for being chivalrous to the whole lot of applicants; mind you, to all those who are deserving and even to those who are in distress. From 850 the strength has now gone above a thousand. While there is such an over-crowding the premises temain the same which
could hardly accommodate even the eight hundred we had two years ago. The space-problem has now cost us even a 'sacrifice'. The college hall has to adopt a waxen look. Normally it is to be a reading room and only on occasions a hall, or an auditorium in the real sense of the word. Since the University has to take charge of us very soon let us now hope for a speedy execution of all that is promised to us; a spacious building and better facilities.

We should not let ourselves be overwhelmed by these petty grievances of ours. Indeed, they are petty when compared to the catastrophe confronting our nation at the present moment. To retain the hard-won freedon and to preserve the prestige of cur sacred soil should be the sworn duty of all the students. The compulsory N.C.C. training has already fostered a certain amount of discipline and a high morale in us. So let us drown all our personal grouses. With all the limitations and shortcomings let us try-and succeed-in being useful to ourselves and to our nation.

## BOTTOM'S DREAM

Snout : "O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bottom: "What do you see ? You see an ass-head of your own. do you ?" (Exit Snout)

## Re-enter Quince

Quince: "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated."
Bottom: "I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; ;-..."

The truth of Bottom's words dawned upon my mind the other day when I saw the ass's head of Ravana, the Demon-king of Lanka, go up in flames. Every year we take immense pains and spend thousands of rupees to celebrate the triumph of Rama over Ravana: the triumph of Good over Evil or of Reason over Folly. But are we any the wiser for that; that is to say, a bit more reasonable than we were last year or the least bit less foolish than our forbears? We do celebrate this triumph but if truth must be told-though it is the bitterest of truths--we cherish our folly more than the much trumpted wisdom. Which sane-headed fellow will cut his nose to spite his face? Or in plain words, man alone will manufacture the deadliest nuclear bomb to blow himself up and put an end to civilization. The ass's head, which Puck placed on the head of Bottom in Shakespear's play : A Midsummer Night's Dream, seems to
stick to us as our very shadow. Shake it off even if we will, it will not leave us ; the ass has parted with it once for all and made a free gift of it to Man, his Master. This was the broad meaning in the long drawn out bray of the ass who timed it with the explosion of the first cracker and who. as I turned to look in his direction. slunk away with a jeering and snarling laugh on his lips.: "It is not I who possess the ass's head but you who perpetuate the memory of this day.......". And I felt guilty.............. returned home with my head hanging in shame. An ass to teach me wisdom! What an ass of an ass! He seemed to have a head that was not that of an ass; at least not of the type Buridan's ass in the fable is credited with.

Till that day and till that hour and minute I had always wondered whether the ass, or to give the more familiar name, the donkey, had a sense of humour ; to make us laugh at ourselves. To say that he has any sense at all, you would say, is to make a tall claim for him-a claim difficult to establish in face of stories, fables and dictionaries galore. We need not waste our efforts. It would be, indeed, a pity to endow the ass with the proverbial ass-head. For what is an ass with the ass-head ; a living specimen of man without man's head on his shoulders or man with the ass. bead. What is in a name? The ass would not change his name with
man.....not with what man has today made of himself.

Did the ass ever have a head? The ass who carried the infant Jesus had no head; she had a heart." a heart obviosly full of humility that vied fairly with the adoration of the Magi. If she had a head she would certainly have lost it and become swell-headed and claimed a part of the glory that was the Lord's. She would have not have used her hind legs to proclaim her dignified existence and hurl defiance at man, who worshipped the Lord she carried. but on the contrary she would have strutted, like the proud steed of Bolingbroke during his triumphal march into London, with his head held high. Look at the Nandi Bull, the mount of Lord Shiva, and you at once see the difference.

Once again, look at the dignified self-effacement with which the ass suffered Titania, Queen of the Fairies, to make love to Bottom 'translated' or crowned with the ass-head. Not a hair of his did turn under the soft caresses of Titania: neither did he put forth his usual bray of gratification or an outburst of humour at the sight of this monstrous absurdity : Oberon's Queen making love to a weaver, and that too with the ass-head...... ; neither did he break forth into a twist-dance at the smell and taste of tiny delicacies offered to his tickling palate
"Great-hearted is the horse: the donkey bears
A so:l bowed down beneath his load of ears.
(Bernardus Sylvestris)
by the whole crew of elves and fays. What heroic self-effacement! Could you or I have done it? With the same indifference or passivity of decorum, if you choose to call it so, he heard the give of Puck :' O Lord, what fools these mortals be !" He being mortal, even though not human, would have kicked Puck in the wings if he had a head. He had a heart and sutfered Titania make love to him. Why spoil the fun of the moment

Yet another handy instance that comes to mind is that of Mcdestine. the she-ass whom Robert Louis Stevenson adopted as his companion on his celebrated rour in the Cevennes. R.L.S. was a perfect Bohemian and only an ass-and she-ass, if you will permit-of the nature that Modestine had would have put up with his vagaries and indiosyncrasies. If R.L.S. ultimately realized that it was he who had to come to terms with Modestine and synchronize himself with her preferments the credit shou'd go to him for possessing a head that could think; Modestine had no bead. The prudunt reader while he reads the Travels with a lonkey in the Cevennes has a disturbing feeling that Modestine wonders whether R. L. S. had not lost his head long before he decided to undertake the present tour and launch himself and her-the poor she !together on what at best was a fool's errand. On the sly she laughs at R.L S. and hums Puck's immortal words: 'O Lord, what fools these mortals be !' Only a crazy head, that is to say, a fool, would have hit upon the quixotic idea of travelling in the Cevennes-- or tor the matter
of that, across the virgin tropical wilds of Africa or the Sahara, and this all by himself. Kinglake knew better. Possessed of a heart, she willy-nilly joined him to bear him company. How generous of her ! To begin with she had a head. Did she not put up her hind legs and throw the luggage and the accoutrement ? But ultimately her heart triumphed over her head and she surrendered her head to R. L. S.'s head.

Instances could be multiplied. I shall content myself with one more. Who does not know the story of the father and the son who could not decide whether the old man or the young son or both of them should ride their donkey and who in the end decided to carry the donkey on a pole -to drop the poor little dear into a pool of water. A typical donkey with the free use of his legs, will not easily allow himself to be leg-tied and
slung across a pole and be mocked at by every Tom, Dick and Harry. But the story cannot tell a lie: this donkey submitted himself or herselfthe story does not specify the sexto the ridicule of an entire town and to an ignominous end. Call it martyrdum or, if you need must use your pet epithet, folly. But whose folly? The ass's or the master's ? that is the question! $\qquad$
Man is conscious that he has the ass-head and also that be must not have it if he is not to be an ass; yet he cannot helpit. Call it cruelty of fate or just a dirty trick of Powers that be: but it is as much there to-day as it was with Ravana, the Demon-King of Lanka. The ass-head is much more man's than the ass's. He has bartered his soul for it. One need not be a patch'd fool to interpret Bottom's dream or his words : 'Methought I was, methought I had.......'
"When we talk of socialism, we mean socialism of an ethical character. It is an attitude of mind, a pattern of behaviour, a way of life. In the socialistic pattern of society, the individual should subordinate his self-interest to national welfare. A new type of being who has developed an ethical sense is essential for the socialistic reconstruction of our society.

Ir is well to recall the words uttered by Gandhiji in 1925 about the seven sins which afflict our society. They are Politics without Principle, Wealth without Work, Pleasure without Conscience, Knowledge without Character, Commerce without Morality, Science without Humanity, Worship without Sacrifice".
-Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India.

# The Scientific Method 

By Shri D. N: Pasricha

SCIENCE is a large and important part of our world to day. In fact our very existence depends on it although we may not be conscious of it. It will be interesting to understand how science progresses; in fact what science is and how the scientists work. Scientists are not totally different from other human beings like artists, poets, writers and businessmen. They are intelligent in their own field no doubt but they possess an extra quality, curosity. which is their peculiar business and a starting point of scientific investigation. A few of the great scientists, like Maxwell, Ramanujam and Henry Perkins have been child prodigies, but not all. Einstein, the great genuis, was dull and slow in his childhood. Same can be said about Newton and Faraday. But all great scientists had the child's curiosity which they pursued. They were not satisfied with everyday explanations of the world around. Many of them were day-dreamers. In fact many of the world's great ideas have sprung from simple day-dreaming. Intelligence, devotion and intuition go a long way in building up scientific progress, but far more important is the method employed by scientists. It is due to a correct method and approach to work that science has made such a stupendous progress in the last two hundred years. The credit for forwarding and expounding a new
scientific method goes to giants like Copernicus, Galileo, Harvey, Newton, Boyle and Pasteur.

Let us see how a scientist works. To explain something he begins with what he already knows, by careful observation and experimentation or by experiences gained ty others. He states the problem clearly and then advances a hypothesis (a Greek word meaning something put underneath) which is the starting point in his systematic search of truth. A hypothesis is an explanation, answer or theory of some kind which is not yet proved. The scientist now deduces by argument what ought to be true if his hypothesis were true. Deduction is a technical term meaning the process of reasoning out what must necessarily follow if a certain statement is true. Next he devises an experiment to test his hypothesis. The result of the experiment may support his hypothesis. If testing and retesting confirm his hypothesis it becomes a theory which if it stands the test of time may become a law.

Let us follow two children, A and B, discussing why a dog is licking a piece of paper. A says the dog likes paper (Hypothesis I). According to $B$, there may be something good on the paper which the dog likes (Hypothesis II). To disprove the first hypothesis, B conducts a control
experiment by offering the dog a clean piece of paper. The dog rejects it but keeps on licking the first piece. This proves B's hypothesis. Without knowing, the children are using the basic element of scientific method.

Using this scientific method, Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, gave a deadly blow to the previously existing phlogiston theory of combustion. According to this theory or concept, a hypothetical substance named phlogiston was a necessary part of a combustible substance and escaped on burning. I.avoisier observed burning objects and asked himself what really happens when things burn. Based on his work and others' he proposed a hypothesis that a vital part of air was responsible for combustion. To test his hypothesis he heated mercury in a measured amount of air and obtained red oxide of mercury. He showed that the residual air did not support combustion and was not fit for breathing. After heating the oxide of mercury he recovered equal amount of 'air' used earlier. This tecovered 'air' was shown to support combustion copiously. In fact, combustion occurs only due to this part of air, called Oxygen. After repeating his experiments a number of times, Lavoisier confidently restated his hypothesis, now a theory, that fire is caused by chemical reaction between the burning substance and the oxygen in the air.

An example from crime detection can further establish the soundness of the hypothetico-deductive method.

In a story by Arthur Conan Doyle. Sherlock Holmes, the great sleuth, visits the scene of a murder. After studying the corpse and evidence carefully he pronounces that the murder has been commitred most probably by a British sailor, with a limp, and who has just returned from China. He suggests looking for such a person after finding if a ship has recently returned from China. Then he explains to his friend Watson his conclusions based on his deduction and reasoning. His keen eyes have noticed a peculiar angle of the left footprint (of the inurderer) compared to the right. He has found bit of ashes, half smoked, near the corpse. His experience of pipe tobacco shows that the ashes are from a cheap type of adulterated opium sold to British sailors in certain ports of China. The knot round the victim's throat reveals that the murderer is an experienced seaman. Holmes is reasoning that if the murderer were a certain kind of person, certain things would follow. He is thinking of just that kind of person who, if he were the murderer, would leave exactly the traces that were actually left at the scene of the crime. In other words he is thinking of a theory which world fit the facts observed. The more facts a theory fits, the better it turns out to be.

Many important discoveries have been made by deduction. Copernicus reasoned: If the Earth were rotating round the Sun the apparent motions of planets could be easily explained. Later astronomers reasoned: If the Copernican theory and Newton's law of
gravitation are correct, then a new planet should be detected at a certain position. Archimedes reasoned: If the crown is made of pure gold it will displace the same amount of water as pure gold weighing the same as the crown. Lister reasoned: If putrefaction and wound infection are caused by harmful bacteria in the air then the wound will heal if the germs are killed by a disinfectant like carbolic acid.

The scientific method thus consists of observation, hypothesis, deduction, experimentation and drawing conclusions. In this way one arrives at true knowledge. Knowledge thus built up reveals more knowledge and is incentive for new ideas to appear. Science itself is not simply knowledge. It is a systematic observation of phenomena, the collection and classification of facts and logical deduction of generalisation or laws from these facts. The scientific method discussed above is also called the Inductive method of which the Deductive method is a part. The Greeks were remarkable philosophers and scientists some 2,500 years ago and contributed a lot to the progress of science. The downfall of Greek science was due to the defective scientific method which was purely
deductive and not based on experi. ments to support deductions. Experiments play a major role in the development of science. They not only prove or disprove a concept but also give new information. As a matter of fact, experimental results are of permanent value whereas one theory may replace another in the light of new facts. Another condition of healthy growth of science is that theory and experiment must go together.

History of science shows that only by correct scientific method any kind of enquiry is able to make a headway. Every body cannot become Rutherford, Curie or Bohr, but one can adopt the method. This method is an exacting discipline which demands that a scientist must not take any thing for granted, must not trust his senses, must lay aside all his prejudices. marshal his facts without fear or favour, frame his hypothesis accordingly and verify results. New ideas in science do not come out of nothing. They come with discipline, experience and reflection. If you keep on turning a problem in your mind they will come sooner or later. They come to the prepared minds who keep on looking for them.
"It is no longer the forces of nature which threaten us. At the moment, blind social and economic forces which have come into existence as a by-product of our non-scientific civilization are controlling us. We must control them, or perish; and the first step to controlling them is to understand them."

# Lebanon, Land of Milk and Honey 

By Emely Zalami, Pre-Medical 2nd year

FEW countries in the world have so successfully combined the old and the new as Lebanon. A pocket sized democratic parliamentary Republic, (it has only four thousand square miles of territory) skirting the Mediterranean, it has been picturesquely described as "rich in time but poor in space."

Layers upon layers of history lie beneath this thriving and modern Republic of the East and the West. It draws its harmony from the beauty of the Cedars; "the Cedars of the Lord" are parpetual and tease the march of time. Its green valleys, softened by the shade, are ever smiling. lts snow-capped mountains overlook the sunny waters of the warm, blue Mediterranean.

The Ancient ruins of Baalbeck, Biblos and Sidon and the historic cities of Tripoli and Tyre, co-exist with the most modern architecture and civic conveniences of the midtwentieth century.

Lebanon, blessed by geography to provide a meeting ground for the East and the West, has made the most of the blessing. It is the West's gateway to the East. Its capital, Beirut, is touched and adorned with progressive ideas from the West, and the rich traditions and heritage of the Orient. The fruit of this union is everywhere
evident. It has made the Lebanese the most cultured people of the middle East and a credit to all those lands to which they emigrated in such large numbers at various stages of history.

Lebanon's contribution to the world's culture is immense. The Phoenecians, the forefathers of the modern Lebanese, gave us the Alphabet, the twenty-two "Magic Symbols" with which to record our thoughts and emotions for the benefit of posterity. The Phoenecians have settled in different parts of the world. In the South-American countries, the Lebanese emigrants have distinguished themselves in all walks of life.

Unlike emigrants of other lands, and other times of history, the Lebanese have brought credit and lasting benefits to the land of their adoption. To-day to Lebanon's home population of two million there is an equal number of Lebanese emigrants, or persons of Lebanese origin living in different parts of the world.

The Lebanese can never forsake their business instincts nor their passion for their native language. In Santiago Del Estero in Argentina, the Chamber of deputies consisted of an overwelming majority of Lebanese emigrants. Naturally, the Arabic
language dominated the debates, until the whole thing had to be stopped by vigorous campaign followed by the intervention of the Federal authorities. Dr. Arturo Elia, the recently elected President of Argentina. is also of Lebanese origin.

The Lebanese overseas can be described as Ambassadors Extraordinary of their homeland abroad. They bring credit not only to those countries where they have flourished but also to Lebanon from where they have hailed.

The plural society of Lebanon, a mixture of Christianity, Islam and Judaism, makes for a fine blend of culture and thought. Racial minorities, like the Armenians and Kurds, add colour and variety to the composition.

Arabic, French and English. are the mediums for teaching and social intercourse.

Truly, the winds of change, blow freely over Lebanon not only from the depth of time, but also from all the corners of the globe.

Eighty per cent of Lebanon's population is literate. There are five universities in Beirut alone. Therefore it is called the "city of universities" Thirty five thousand students belonging to fifty five foreign countries are now studying in Lebanon.

Lebanese authors were pioneers in the modern Arab cultural renais-
sance, and have taken part in French and English cultural movements. The best known Lebanese writer in English is Khalil Jibran whose books, specially the widely read book "The Prophet", have been translated into many languages including Indian languages.

Beirut is the architectural farrago of sky-scrapers, minarets, churches and apartment houses. The city is growing so fast that street maps become out of date, before they come out of the press. Planes from the world's leading air-routes hop at Beirut and Lebanon is a must for the globe-trotter and the tourist.

Beirut is the oldest university city of the world, and bids fair to the rank of Oxford, Paris and Nalanda, in this respect. It was once the seat of a Roman Schcol of Law, until its destruction by an earthquake. Two of its distinguished Professors, Papinian and Clpian were among the major contributors to the Justinian code.

Lebanon's long sandy beaches, and its ideal Mediterranean climate have made it a land for water sports, whether the holiday-maker is intent on swimming, water skiing, underwater fishing or just lolling in the sun, he can have his choice of the most modern beach clubs. Some hotels have their own swimming pools.

The visitor in fact, may bathe in the beautiful warm sea near its coastal plains on an early spring
morning, and an hour later ski on its snow-topped mountains without difficulty.

Beirut ranks well, with any of the famous resorts of France, Italy or

Spain, not only from the sunshine it enjoys all the year round, but from its modern hotels, gay night clubs and beautiful beaches. The most modern casino in the world is a few miles to the north of the city.

## Reminiscences of Life

By Shri G. S. Mamik*

R
ECAPITULATION of the bygone days fills our heart with exquisite joy and thrilling enchantment. The memory of the past is the spice of future and an expectation of the future is a matter of curious excitement and thrill. This is the way "to look into the life of things."

The immediate question ariseswhat is life, after all? How is it to be defined comprehensively? If life were to be defined elaborately and explicitly it will be a thesis in itself. But, precisely, life can be defined as an inseparable, heterogeneous mixture of "weariness, fever and fret" (in Keats's words) and a few sparkling moments of happiness.

Fate or Chance plays a very dominant role in life. Thomas Hardy has beautifully presented this ideal in his Novels, such as "The Return of the Native" and others. It is Fate
which plunges Man more into sorrows and sufferings than joy and glee. This makes gloom predominant over bloom in life. (Readers should not take the writer as a pessimist but as a realist). It is no doubt that pain and pleasure are contrary to each other, yet they are complementary to each other. One without the other cannot survive and flourish.

The memories of the past always haunt us exceedingly and passionately. Retrospection and memory are al ways enjoyable and soothing. A mere flashback at them, say at the rapturous sea-side, can provide one with enormous mirth and consolation. It does act as a healing agent. Such a recillection and at such a place, is the most effective and solacing ointment for an "aching heart" which has been torn by failures and disappointments in life. It gives supreme joy to a happy and prosperous person as well.

[^0]One can never imagine and express the immense pleasure which one derives trom concentrating upon one's past and visualising the future, which is, of course. blurred. Such an enjoyment is enhanced if one were to be at the quiet and enticing sea-shore or in some deserted and remote place. (Sea-side affords more of consolation and joy since it makes a vivid and clear comparison to life, especially because of its vastness, storms, and tides). Mere thought of being seated on a bench at the beach, all quiet nearby, in the midnight and the shining moon being the only accompolice, can confer a tremendous gratification and joy and enchantment. One should really be charmed if one were to witness the endless ocean before one-self with the waves and tides splashing the water and a tiny boat, far off in the mid-ocean hopelessly struggling to reach the sea-shore by piercing through the stormy waves. A poetic heart would certainly burst into tears--tears, which are the representative, of overflow of happiness or sorrow, by being an eye-witness to such a compassionate and terrific scene, which throw a flash-light on life itself.

The span of life can be split up thes : Birth, childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old age and then ultimate Death. (Of course, death keeps no calendar, it can and does attack all of a sudden without any regard of age or time). Man weeps while coming into this world and also while leaving it. This is a strange and mysterious experience which is difficult to understand. It is an insoluble mystery.

Childhood is the most glorious part of one's life. Everyone experiences it though some may miss the rest This is the period of complete happiness and bliss. No worry and no despair, but complete freedom and joy is the essence of this period. There is a glow of innocence and complete freedom for the child. It is rightly said: "Man is born free but he is always in chains'. It is only during this stage that he escapes this torment. A child is nearest to God and therefore, there is a Divine Spirit in hin. which leads him from joy to joy. The child is un-contaminated with the treachery and misery of life and therefore, he is happy and full of zest. With the passage of time and so of childhood the delight and thrill of life starts evaporating, giving place to agony and suffering. The cause of all this is the growth of 'Reason'.

Youth is also full of happiness and thrill, but it is not so very joyous a period of life as childhood is, because by this time Reason and Argument start troubling one in the mind. Reason is the greatest and the most fatal enemy of happiness, and Instinct the greatest friend. A grown up man goes for, atleast thinks in terms of going for, reason than instinct. And there is the birth of misery and suffering, as one is thrown into the sufferings of life which arise out of frustration, disappointment, despair and hopelessness. True happiness is attained and can be attained only through Instinct and not through Reason.

Old-age is the period of suffering
and pain, more mental and psychological than physical, because one is neglected and left forlorn. No one seems eager to give company to an old fellow, who is otherwise quite rich in experience and realities of life, having himself experienced all that.

Then Death snatches away Life from the body leaving it as a piece
of clay, to be mixed and lost for ever in the earth. Death spares no one, may he be rich or poor, weak or strong. Death treats all alike. Death is very just that way. It does not distinguish between man and man. The Chapter of Life ends with ultimate death.
"Life is a sentence of Sorrow punctuated with happiness."

## Radioactivity and Medicine

By Goutam Banerjee, B.Sc. Final

$\mathrm{W}^{\mathrm{E}}$often come across or read or hear some sensational news about the atomic power, its uses, radioisotopes and atomic radiations. Some of them speak about the immense benefits which the atomic power proves to be; of such as the development of atomic energy as a substitute for conventional power, the utility of radioactive atoms as tracers in biology, medicine and industry, the uses of large doses of radiation for the cure of malignant maladies and its use to destroy bacteria in the food. Besides these we also learn about the damage done to living tissue and genetic organisms by the radiations emitted by radioactive atoms. We also read that as a result of the increasing uses of radiation a greater portion of the population will be subjected to radiation exposure and this might conclude in irretriev-
able damage to the genital heritage.
The common man is confused by this contrast between the beneficial and the hazardous uses of the atom. As a result the common man is confronted with an association of concern and fear when the question of atomic radiation is raised.

Every living or non-living thing on this earth is made up of atoms. The atom consists of a central nucleus composed of protons and neutrons, with peripheral electrons revolving in orbits, like the planets round the sun. Atoms of different elements may be different in structure but they are all made up of the same fundamental particles-protons, neutrons and electrons.

The nucleus of the atom where
the whole mass and energy of the atom is concentrated is hard to break since it is not affected by heat or chemical reactions. If, however, the nucleus is unstable it has the tendency to disintegrate emitting bursts of radiation such as alpha, beta and gamma rays. Atoms with high atomic weights emit such invisible rays. This phenomenon is known as radioactivity. The unstable atom is known as a radio-active atom or radioisotope such as Radium which emits radiation.

A large number of artificial radiois $s$ topes are being produced in the atomic reactors such as radiaiodine, radio-phosphorus, radio-gold, radio-cobalt etc. which emit atomic radiations.

Jt will be interesting to know that wherever we go over the surface of the earth we are exposed to cosmic rays and atomic radiation from radioactive substances present in rocks and soil. We also get exposed to minute quantities of radiation from radioactive carbon and potassium present in our body. We thus see that right from the days of dim antiquity when man started his existence he has been subjected to atomic radiations, both internally and externally.

In recent times, along with radiation from natural sources we are coming into contact with radiation from artificial sources, such as diagnostic X-rays, radioisotopes in medicine and industry, watches with luminous dials, nuclear reactors and
television sets.
There is, however, another source of radiation which is not very serious. It is the radioactive fall out from the atomic test explosions. Radioactive substances are thrown up in the atmosphere as a result of every explosion and these drift to long distances, ultimately settling down on the earth's surface. These radioactive sutstances ate not visible to the naked eye but they have the property of emitting radiation. These substances are taken up by the plants and vegetables growing in the soil. Such fall out may also be taken up by the grazing cattle. Radioactivity thus passes in to their milk. When these vegetables and milk and its products are taken by human beings radio-activity gets deposited in the human body.

It is clear from the above facts that man today is blended with atomic radiation. In understanding how these radiations affect living tissues and human beings we must know their nature and the way they interact with living matter.

The atomic radiations consist of alpha rays, beta rays, gamma rays and neutrons. They are very energetic and produce ions or charged bodies when they are absorbed in matter, such as in air, water or living tissue. Light or heat radiations do not produce such ionizations.

Atomic radiations react with living tissue and affect the cells-the basic units of life. They prcduce
ionization in the atoms and molecules of the cells and also in those of the fluids around them. The production of electrically charged particles initiates physical and chemical charge and this finally leads to radiation and damage.

When the body is subjected to these radiations rather acutely it may lead to a form of severe injury called 'radiation illness.' When a certain part of the body is highly exposed to radiation that part may get radiation burns. When the body is similarly exposed for a long period of time it may cause diseases of the blood and malignant changes. Reproductive cells have also been reported to be affected by radiation. Excessive consumption of drugs which are generally used for curing illnesses may also result in damage to body and reproductive cells.

As people became more and more familiar with the nature of atomic radiation, it also became apparent by experiments and experiences on living beings that these radiations might not prove to be a source of damage to the body cells in all cases if they were used judiciously and the exposure was kept below danger level. This lent confidence to medical men and scientists to harness it on a large scale in the fields of medicine, research, industry and power production.

By far the most important application of radioisotopes in medicine is their use as tracer atoms inside the human body. Insid? the body these atoms serve as miniature X-ray
apparatus emiting radiation which can be detected externally.

This useful property of the radioisotopes help medicators to follow them inside the body when physiological processes are going on. For instance, when such substances as radio-iodine, radio-iron and radiocalcium are introduced into the body their course of circulation in the body can easily be brought to light. Since these substances are the normal constituents of the human body, medical investigators can discover the changes that they undergo in their course during an abnormal state or illness. Thus several valuable tests are being carried on in hospitals with the help of radioisotopes such as diagnosis of heart, kidney, bone and liver diseases and also detection of brain tumours. Patients suffering from hyperfunction of thyroid glands-a serious illness-can now be treated by drinking radioactive iodine. The radioiodine goes to the thyroid gland and emits radiations which dissolve the gland Before the advent of radioisotopes patients had to undergo risky surgical operations. Radioactive iodine is now also used to cure angina pectoris-pain originating from the heart which could not be easily treated. This technique is also being used for heart failure with waterlogging. Cancer of the chest and abdomen is cured by installing radioactive gold solution. This helps to better the painful symptoms. A large number of victims of different types of cancer and malignant diseases are relieved by the use of gamma radiation from radioactive cobalt and
by the beta radiation from radiophosphorus. Radio-phosphorus is also used to cure blood cancer.

We thus find what significant role do radioactive atoms play in the rields of research, diagnosis and therapy. In practically all the aspects of biochemical and biological studies such as metabolism, virus infections, immunology, heredity, cancers and bionomics of insects and vectors carrying diseases we notice the march of atom and its radiation unwinding green knowledge and fresh hopes for the welfare of mankind.

The public today has grave concern and confusion about the hazards of radiation The scientists and medical men have, therefore the obligation of educating the public. It is necessary for us to be aware
that as a consequence of the tremendous advance that medicine is making life has become prolonged for thousands of people suffering from chronic diabetes, blood diseases and other reproductive deformities and now they can marry and reproduce. People can now accept the hazards that may come from smoking, driving an automobile, flying an aeroplane and many other sources in their daily life. This awareness would certainly assist in the cultivation of healthier mental attitude towards the uses of radiation in medicine. However, the need for proper judgement in the use of radiation cannot be doubted. Within the scope of controlled radiation and its use upto a safe limit we can be proud of the achievements derived from the uses of radioactive atom and its energy. In recent times this certainly is the most exciting development of modern science.
"Society is largely composed of sons-in-law; a fact which has only recently been established and one of which only a few are as yet aware. The fact for a rising man to grasp is that your father is given you and there is little you can do about it; but your father-in-law you can choose. Upon the choice of a father-in-law much of your future career may, moreover depend. Assuming that you have successively made yourself a public school man, a traveller, a graduate and businessman, you have now a crucial decision to make. You must choose your father-in-law, first looking round carefully to see what fathers-in-law there may be available."
(C. Northcote Parkinson : In-laws and Outlaws)

## A TETE-A - TETE

## By Sujata Varma, B.A. (Hons) III year English

Ihad never felt satisfied in my life. My very name had always irritated me. Bhagyam ! What a name ! Leela, Mala, Kala-any blessed name would have been better than this. A thousand times I had asked my father why he chose to call me Bhagyam. There were millions of beautiful, modern names to choose from. Or, he could have even chosen one of those traditional names of the goddesses-Lakshmi, Parvati, Saraswati. But because on the very day I was born my father was given a promotion and our cow Nandini gave birth to a calf, I was to be named Bhagyam. As the name suggests, I had brought luck to the family.

You will certainly sympathise with me if you come to know of the humiliation I often had to suffer because of my name. Arithmetic had always been my weak point and my teacher never missed a chance to tease me.
"So, Bhagyam has no 'bhagyam' in getting the sums correct ?" I would hang my head in shame and curse myself while there would be a chorus of laughter in the class room. Even in the office where I worked my name had caused me a good deal of embarassment. Some of the lower division clerks who seemed to have nothing to do but gape at women and
loose their flippant tongue, used to comment as I passed.
'Oh ! Bhagyam refuses to bless us! Mother had told me that the best way to look dignified on such occasions is to walk on ignoring them. So I passed on looking neither to the right nor to the left keeping my eyes rooted on my toes.

You may ask me, 'What is there in a name? It's not even worthy of serious thought.' I do agree that it is not so grave a thing as I used to imagine once.

But, what if your life takes an unexpected turn to which you have to submit yourself against your will? Won't you naturally feel dissatisfied with yourself? Your ideals blown off, your dreams shattered, won't you feel that you have cheated yourself? As you might have already guessed, I will now tell you that this is what happened to me.

I had always been a dreamy, moody-I do not venture to call myself imaginative-sort of person. Whatever story I read or heard I used to visualise and imagine myself as the heroine. I still remember how I used to picture myself as Cindrella. First, of course, as the beautiful princess dressed in gorgeous silk. And, then, as the poor girl in rags,
serving her cruel sisters, receiving their blows calmly. I wonder why I used to feel a secret pleasure in the supposed pain I was suffering. The romantic novels I read, the picture I saw or the very novelty of the dea-I do not know which of this gase me the idea that I should really taii in love and then marry. I was sure. after all the expenses at my sistet's wedding held only a few months back, at least for another two sears, my father wouldn't dare to think of a marriage for me. And I could very well afford to wait for the 'divine spark' for I was still too young!

But my dreams were soon dashed to pieces. My father had a sudden attack of illness. We had never tefore seen father ill and it was indeed a shock to us when the doctor told us that he was suffering from heart trouble. He was not yet in a critical stage. But another attack might occur at any time and he had to be very careful. Father, who had always been jovial, now confined himself to his room with pills and bottles all around. He who used to ply me with questions about my goings-on-in the office now lapsed into total silence and it distressed me deeply.

One day when mother said that he wanted me in his room, I thought that he had come back to his normal mood. Once in, I saw that he was not alone. His nephew was also there. He must have come to pay a courtesy call on his uncle, I thought, But as my father's introductory re-
marks dragged on, the significance of his presence dawned on me.

Father was not satisfied with his own condition. Suppose, something serious happened to him. After all, I was a girl, young and unmarried. He could not think of leaving me as a burden on my mother. He wouldn't even dream of my seeking help from my brothers-in-law. He was anxious to see me settled and safe.

Balan was a good, sensible young man and his mother, my aunt, too, was very fond of me. So father hoped I wouldn't have any objection. I had half a mind to ask him, 'Why do you try to meet death half-way?" I would have liked to assure him that I was quite capable of looking after myself. But, if I said that it would only puzzle him and offend him for I had always been a quiet, obedient sort of daughter. And how could I forget that he was a heart-patient and the slightest excitement might prove fatal to him. A voice within me seemed to say, 'What will become of the vow that you would only. marry for love?' Another seemed to whisper, 'Fulfil your father's wishes.'

But all my romantic notions soon gave way to a deep sense of duty. And one fine morning I found myself inside a decorated 'pandal' facing the sacred fire. So, it was dune.

At the call of what I considered my duty, I had sacrificed my cherished ideals. And naturally I remained aloof and reserved. My poor husband tried his best to please me. But I
would not even glance at him. By marrying him, I had ignored the call of my soul. He had no right to demand any more sacrifice from me. I was determined about that. But as I had been a dutiful daughter, I was a dutiful wife too. I would cook his food, mend his clothes and keep the house for him. He accepted me as I was with such serenity that it almost irritated me.

Life does not stand still. Soon, something happened which wrought a miracle in me. Through the window of our drawing rom I often used to watch the activities next dour. The couple who lived there was very quarrelsome. Heated arguments often led to blows. The maid servant was common to both our houses. Gossip seemed to be in her very blood. Every morning she would bring spicy news of the happenings at our neighbour's. The husband was a drunkard, she said, who never missed an opportunity to beat his wife.

One day, since the postman dropped one of their letters by mistake in our box, I had to go to them. The woman was alone and she received me with great warmth. She was one of those who takes you into confidence at the very first sight. I usually dislike such type. But one could appreciate her position. Poor girl! She must have been pining for an opportunity to pour out her agony to someone. I listened to her kindly. Theirs had been a love marriage. He had promised big. After marriage she found out that it was all a blatant bluff. He was afflicted with T.B.

His mother had succumbed to the same dreaded disease. So the tale of woe went on. She ended at last, 'It's not necessary that everyone should make mistake as I did. But I would not advise anyone to have a love marriage now. If your parents chose you can at least blame them, if your marriage went wrong. But look at me now, I am responsible for all my worries and it really goes to my head.'

I still found it difficult to agree with her. After all, she could have waited and tried to know him better. On one point, though, I was with her. If you choose the responsibility is yours and so also the consequences. But, if it is someone else put the blame on them in case it turned out to be wrong.

After all, nothing had gone wrong with my life. My husband does not drink. He does not beat me. No romance may have preceded our marriage, but could we not make it romantic enough to last a lifetime ? What a selfish, conceited prig I had been! What about the dream and ideals he must also have cherished ? Oh ! My poor, poor husband !

Thus I went home, a changed woman. Arranging fresh flowers in a pot, I wondered what big surprise I would spring on him when I would go myself to open the door for him and look at him directly in his eyes.

No one would say that I am anything but happy now. But a little
(Continued on page 27)

# Wedding Invitation 

By Shanta Butani, B.A. (Hons) English, III year

To be sure it was a wedding snvitation $\qquad$
As usual, at noon, I had a peep ar our little letter box, just to see if any one had dropped a letter. There was no letter but yes. $\qquad$ there was a wedding invitation. As I took out the card out of the envelope the first thing I noticed was that space for the boy's name was left empty. I rried to solve the riddle yet I could not get any thing out of it. I put the card inside the envelope and kept it on Dad's table.

In the evening when Dad had a look at it he toared into laughter and shouted. Look here-a boy wanted...... ...any one so generous..........' Mind you, it was an invitation for the whole family; and my father decided to accept it. I on my part decided to accompany my parents and attend the mysterious marriage. Next Sunday was the day.

Sunday evening came and we went to the place mentioned. As it was getting dark, the twinkling lights in huge rows warmly welcomed us. It seemed that even the sparkling lights were searching for handsome boys. We went in. There was hustlebustle every where. It was of course a strange sight-a girl bowing quite low was sitting as a bride. I really felt ashamed at the pitiful sight of
the bride. I couldn't believe what I was witnessing with my own eyes. After a few minutes there was an announcement.......... the voice spoke.... 'glad to see you, ladies and gentlemen................you have of course been generous to take the trouble of coming here $\qquad$ but you have also to oblige me..........I am speaking on behalf of the Matrimonial Bureau which has organized this function. This bride is an unfortunate girl..........she is not unfortunate in financial affairs but in not having being settled so far. She took refuge in our bureau as early as 1950 ......... We pitied her, for no one proposed to her or thought of doing something practical for her. We have arranged this function at our own expense. If any hero would step out and take her hand...........be would set an outstanding example for both mankind and womankind........... There was pin-drop silence for some-time-every one looked at every one else's face. Every body felt so embarrassed at the last sentence. The voice spoke again..........mind you, it is for your own good...........you also won't have difficulty in getting partners in life...........

It so happened that when the voice had uttered the sentence the hero wculd set an example for mankind and womankind', some one just stepped inside the hall and heard the last sentence. He felt very glad.

Jumping and hopping he went to meet the voice and announced from the mike : 'T'll be that hero.........' And eyes were on him. The man at the mike gently led him to the place where the bride was sitting. The so called hero felt so embarrassed and continuously said 'what.....what.........? The speaker thought that he was feeling shy and said, "Mind you, you are setting that brave example-now be brave......... Oh! you can think of that hero........the poor guy couldn't get away from that masterful man. Unwittingy he was tied into the
eternal bond of marriage just to set an example of a great hero.

We went back home discussing the success of the Bureau. Next day the photo of the couple came out in the papers. The Editor had congratulated the couple on the success of the marriage.

For a few days we just couldn't forget the marriage we had attended..... ....especially the wedding invitation we had.........

## W R I T I N G

By Bal Krishan Pardal, B.A. (Hons) English, I year

SOMEONE, the other day in the S lobby; a friend of mine, was suggesting "Hey. you write a splendid hand, you ought to try for the papers, why don't you ?" "To write" is an easy word to say but for a commoner it is very difficult to practise. Few people believe that the writers are born, not made. I believe that writers too can be made. What actually writing is ? Writing is thinking. A perception arouses a thought, this thought excites another thought, this in turn a third and so on. A long series of thoughts arising in succession is called thinking which everyone of us is capable of.

So dreams are an essential for a writer. I mean by dreams, thinking or imagination. Rossman, an Ameri-
can Psychologist, once commented: "Imagination is the basis of invention.

So then, one wants, "to write", and that to have or acquire ideas that are so interesting that if fully converted into words, penple should like to read them and will even (though we must pretend to forget that) pay money to read them. But how to acquire an idea? A real headache, not only to you, but to everyone who had ever dreamt of becoming a writer.

I suggest the following example to explain my above paragraph. Take an instance--You see a girl-a pretty good object to be seen. You see her, try to guess who she can be, where she is staying, what is

## OUR ROLL OF HONOUR



Rajeshwari Aiyer receiving the 2nd prize for light vocal singing at the All India Sangit Sammelan, New Delhi.


Major General Sitarawala Sticking the Silver lee Axe on the day of Graduation Ceremony


Members of The Sindhi Society on a pienic


Oid Girl Cadets bidding farewell to Sub. Bishan Dass Sharma on his departure for his farent Unit.
ber name, what are her interests and your curiosity begins....................Then suddenly you become aware of the fact that you have started thinking about her. That shows you have started writing a story about her in your mind. 'James Joyce' always believed in such sort of streams of thoughts which can be shaped into stories.

Supposing you want an action, or a climax or a plot in it. You guess more. I mean you think more. Imagine, she asks you, 'why are you after me ?'

And you get shocked, you had never thought of that and you are unable to say anything and she just giggles. Now it hurts you or pleases sou, that depends upon your conception and how you want to twist your thinking.

Now is it not easy to form a story out of it? (I don't guarantee a best or a 'Pulitzer Prize' story !) you have written something, that is the satisfaction you should have. I suggest a few tips for 'one', attempting to write, whether an essay, criticism or fiction.

1. Have Something to Say..... When you start writing, you must have complete knowledge of the subject, you are writing on. Write something new. Suppose you start writing about Mr. Gandhi, so many people have attempted on the same subject before it. Now unless and until, you have got something new in your mind,
you will not be able to impress others by your writing,

## 2. Shape your Writing well...

Your ideas must be in concrete form When you say your room-mate was a great joker--quote one of his best jokes.

## 3. Add Something of Human Inte-

 rest........... A general interest should be created in your writing by addressing the readers from time to time. If you are writing something of interest for younger people, then you must put something of their interest in your writing and so on.4. Formation of Sentences.........Sentences should not be very long. Rueldf Flesch gives eighteen words as the best average length for a sentence.
5. Organization of Thoughts..........If you want to pen something choose the subject, study about it, collect your thoughts and start writing. Atrange your thoughts in the best order. By repeatedly writing you will beable to organize your thoughts in the best order.

The way to start writing, is not to write but to think.

Book consulted :

> "HOW TO WRITE"

By Leacock

## THETUTOR

By S. H. Subramony, Fre-Medical, II year

Ateacher who gives his student private education-this is the definition of 'tutor'. But nowadays it is very doubtful whether the tutor imparts education to the student or just gives him questions which are "sures" in the examination. Just before the examination there is a heavy rush for tutors. The parents are particulary anxious to get hold of teachers from the very school in which their little ones are-II can't say studying-but jumping out of classrooms and throwing stones at the glistening bald head of the teacher as he steps out of the room wondering what his wife has packed in his lunch box. And the impecunious teacher always accepts the offer made by the parents. And after the examination everyone wonders how Master Ramesh who used to be always turned out of the history class for not answering questions stood first in the history paper.

Tutors are often engaged to teach somebody for an entrance examination. The tutor expects to find a tough boy who will empty the garbage basket on his head from the roof and moves into the house very cautiously. He sighs with relief when he finds that he has to prepare a four year old boy for admission to the first class. But soon he realizes that preparing a four year old boy for admission to the first class is much
more difficult than teaching the tough boy for the Defence Academy entrance examination. To all intents and purposes the tutor becomes a baby-sitter; because as soon as he enters the house the parents say, "We'll be back in an hour" and slip out, leaving the tutor alone with the beastly thing (as he calls it) or the 'restless noise with dirt on it' as somebody else put it. There is a steady flow of mucus from the boy's nose and smudges of charcoal and nail polish are visible on his face. He is munching candy without even glancing at his tutor.
"Hey! you come here with your books!," thunders the tutor.

The beastly thing shakes his head with an easy insouciance.

The tutor faced with the task of getting the boy down to his books gets an idea.
"I'll buy you a biscuit,' he says.
Again the beastly thing busy with his chewing, shakes his head and says, "No ! I don't want."
"I'll get you an ice cream," and that does the trick.

The boy makes a dash for his books and is near the tutor in a
moment. And the tutor, as elated as a tennis player who has won his first round against a tough opponent in Wimbledon, begins, "Two and two make ?"
"Five," comes the quick reply.
This comes rather as a shock to the tutor and he thanks God that the parents are out of range of hearing.
"W rong. See, two plus one three plus one four," he says counting his fingers.
"I don't like this arithmati', Suh," says the boy.
"O.K. then. We'll do English."
"No, Suh! I wan' ice cream."
"NO! You should learn. You are a good boy, aren't you?" and the tutor moves to get the book. Before he turns his head his eyes catch sight of the boy's hands nearing his slate and he wonders if he has won the second round so easily. Suddenly he feels some sharp object-something like the edge of a slate-strike against his knee and he utters a sharp cry. He loses his temper and dashes towards the child, who is now nearing the door with the slate still in his hand, with a speed that would bave done him credit at the Olympic 400 meters dash. Suddenly some flying object obstructs his vision and gets him squarely on the eye. He lets out another cry and when he opens his
eyes he observes the slate lying broken on the floor and the boy in the courtyard. Mad with rage he rushes out and taking careful precautions against further aerial attacks, he gets hold of the boy and pinches him. The boy begins to squeal. Now the tutor realizes his mistake. He lifts the child and tries to comfort him. He promises the child 2 cups of ice cream. No use. Three cups. Still no use. He looks around frantically searching for some stone or wood piece with which to cleanse the mouth of the boy. At this moment the gate opens and in stride the parents. Caught in such a compromising situation the tutor shudders at the thought of the coming encounter with the child's parents.
"So !," roars the father and fixes a basilisk glare on him.

The mother utters a cry and leaps to pull the child out of his hands.
'Let me explain...........", says the tutor still shuddering.
"No! You don't explain. YOU GET OUT !", shouts the father and the tutor gets out.
"You were fools to come in at that moment," remarks the child who has stopped crying now, "He "ad promised me three cups of ice cream and if he 'ad added one more I'd 'ave stopped cryin', Now you should buy me four cups of ice cream." And he begins to squeal again.

## A N D I DIED

By Ghanshyam Khokar, B.A. (Hons) English, 111 year

Afew days ago, lying on a sofa I was going through a story published in one of the leading magazines. The story was very interesting. There is a patient, named Ram, in the hospital. He is suffering from T. B. He is not allowed to speak. His bed is shifted to one corner because of the arrival of some more patients. He feels very lonely there. In hospitals talking to one's bed-mate is the only way to keep loneliness away and he is deprived of that.

In the evening one more patientBhupesh, comes to the hospital and is given a bed by the side of Ram's bed. Bhupesh is very talkative. Ram thinks that now his loneliness will be driven away and he will enjoy listening to him, but Bhupesh wants somebody to talk to, who can give equal response to him. He finds himself restless because Ram is not allowed to speak. He cannot resist his habit of talking to someone or the other.

It is a truth that old patients in the hospital frighten the new patients. In fact, they are always in search of such newly admitted patients. Now fortunately or unfortunately one such old patient, who is there in the hospital for the last seven months, comes to him. His bed is in the other room, but that is not going to matter much. He starts talking to Bhupesh in his usual manner, "You see, it so happens sometimes that formation of water
takes place in the lungs and causes death to the patient. If water is not formed, some other defect finds its place in the lungs which is also very dangerous, because, you know, every type of attack on lungs is dangerous in T. B. Not more than five days have passed when a patient in my room died due to the formation of water in lungs." He said many more things but I could not go through the story beyond that, because my concentration of mind was diverted to some other object by the fact that man often dies of T. B.

Knowing this fact my mind started working on its own lines. I was fed up with this world since I was unemployed after completing my studies. I wanted to get rid of this wretched life but I had no courage to commit suicide. Now this fact was like an open way for me to end my life. I started thinking, "Why does T. B. not attack me too? At least I shall get rid of the rebukes which I received from my parents because of my unemployment." When I was thinking so I felt a little pain in my chest. Just a moment later I coughed violently and to my utter astonishment I noticed traces of blood in my cough. No sooner did my parents know it than I was rushed to the hospital. After a check up my parents were told that it was just the beginning of T. B. It could be cured if care was taken immediately.

I was feeling happy now, because God had listened to me at last. I was admitted to the hospital. Whenever the nurse came to give me a dose of medicine, I took it from her hands and threw it away in such a way that she could not know that I had thrown the medicine away and had not taken it. She always remained under the impression that I took the medicine daily.

My parents used to visit me once a week and it was usually on Sundays. One Sunday when they came, the girl, whom I adored much without knowing whether she also loved me or not, also came with them. While returning home, when my parents asked her to accompany them, she told them that she would come by the next bus after about half an hour. I did not know why she stayed back, though I took it for her affection towards me. Many times I had tried to tell her of my love but everytime my courage gave way. Now in the rocm no one was there except her and me. Seeing the circumstances in my favour, I thought of unfolding my heart before her once again and really I did it, but with no good result. The conversation which took place between us was some what of this sort :
"Hey ! Listen," said I.
"Yes, I am listening," she said.
"You know, it kills me."
"What ?"
"Your indifference! Ferhaps you don't know that I love you very much, even more than my own life.

I think you also love me. Do you ?"
".
 ."
"Please, do speak something. Don't keep mum. Have you stayed back to keep your mouth shut ?" " $\qquad$ "
"Don't you like me ?"
"No, no, that is not the case."
"That means you love me."
"I don't know what to say. I'll think it over and tell you when I meet you next."
"But keep one thing in mind. Come to tell me only, if your answer is in the affirmative, otherwise please don't come to vex me. I'll wait for you."

But after that day she never came back. Now I realize, how foolish I was in asking her such a question. After all how could she love a T. B. patient? Moreover, she did not know that my recovery from illness depended upon her saying 'yes' or 'no'. I waited for her for a week. After that I left every hope of her coming back. I left taking everything required to keep one alive. Gradually I was reduced to a mere skeleton of bones and ultimately one day I died I was being carried on the shoulder of four persons to the cremation ground. In the way suddenly I felt a shock. Perhaps, someone of those four persons had stumbled on something. Due to that shock I, too, fell down and suddenly I was awakened. Oh! was it all a dream ? Again this wretched life, full of rebukes, to be led in this wretched world !

# LITERATURE 

By Keshava Varayan Pandey, B.A., 1st Year

Matthew Arnold says "Literature is the criticism of life; but this can mean only thai it is an interpretation of life as life shapes itself in the mind of the interpreter." But again we say that literdture is a developed and specialized form of languace. Language is a medium of communication of ideas. Literature communicates ideas; but it does it in a manner which gives rise to a sense of values Any good literature creates works of beauty and makes the business of lite better than otherwise it would be. It gives us joy and delight.

Literature is something like a mirror of the society. A mirror reproduces a copy of the object before it. Literature, too, is greatly concerned with life and its many problems. The different emotions and feelings, the miseries, the hap-piness---all find their reflection in the literature of the time. But a work of literature may not be equivalent to a work of history in representing the facts and aspirations of a society. In history, the details of the life of the society come in for direct description and assessment. In a work of literature, these details are still there, but they may be creating on their base a world of artistic values. For instance, Shakespeare's dramas give a fair representation of the Elizabethan society, of
the likes and dislikes, hopes and aspirations, of the Elizabethans; but these works are also made by the imagination and the creative faculty of the great poet which make his works belong to all ages and all peoples. They are not merely Elizabethan.

So long as man does not merely want to eat, drink and be merry and longs for a life of beauty, there will be need for literature and literary values. The pursuit of literature is different in and from the pursuit of scientific and other types of studies. The latter yield certain materialistic results. For instance, sputniks are soaring into the 'high heavenly' and man is aspiring to conquer the moon before long. Then evety home is full of the newly, indispensable services, rendered by science---the electric bulb, the fan, the radio the telephone and so on and so forth. As against this, obviously reading or writing of poetry does not create either a refrigerator or a cosy aeroplane to fly in. But, still literature has its own inviolate place in its own sphere. There is an innate urge in man for a better and refined life; the scientific equipments have not altered his need or scope for love, faith, or basic emotions and feelings. It is here that the man of literature has his eternal role. He responds to the call of the human being for a better life; more
tumane, more catholic and wider in appreciation of man's feelings and emotions It seeks to give to man's life a glow of beauty.

The point can be illustrated with reference to Virginia Woolf's personal essay : "In the death of the Moth." A poor moth hanging by the glass pane of the window is nobody's concern. It lives or dies unnoticed by those around it. If a biologist looks at it, he would probably try to understand it threadbare; its anatomy, its physical existence. But here, Woolf pierces beneath what the scientist would seldom be bethered with. The struggle of the moth for life, its agonies, its pathetic hold to life-all these, and not its anatomykeep. Woolf absorbed. It is this all-absorbing sympathy and understanding which is the corner-stone cf all good literature, of all art that stands the test of time.

Milton says "Personal experience is the $b$ isis of all literature. A good book is the :precious-blood of a
master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on a purpose to a life beyond life." So accotding to Milton we consider literature gives and shows the experience and character of a man. Again Ruskin gives his ideas that "no vital work is possible in literature without sincerity. The virtue of originality that men so strive after is not newness." So for a good and effective literature one should be sincere because it opens new fields of experience, new lines of thoughts and speculation. This is why sincerity is promptly solicited for a good literature.

At last we clear our point; what do we want from literature? In this connection Henry Lewes says "The value of the tidings brought by literature is determined by their authenticity....................we cannot demand from everyman that he have unusual depth of insight or exceptional experience; but we demand of him that he give us of his best, and his best cannot be another's."

## Continued from page 18)

of the old dissatisfaction still lingers somewhere in the background. I tell my husband that we should not name our child until he grows up. He
should be allowed to make his own choice. I do not know what makes him laugh so much. He says, I still have many things to learn!

# THE FULFILMENT 

By Arun Madan, B.A. (Hons) English, III year

NIRANJAN had been to the Royal Astrologer. After hesitating for a few moments he stretched his palm towards His Highness. The Royal Astrologer told him, "I do not read palms, my child.'
"No ?" Niranjan, murmured, "then how can you talk about a person's past, present and future?"
"I do it by examining the forehead ?"
"Can you? Can you tell all from the forehead ?"
"I surely can", the astrologer smiled and asked Nitanjan to move a little, and, now let me study the wrinkles on your fore-head."

Niranjan moved to the corner of the bed. Through the open window the sun shone on him. The astrologer looked at him for quite sometime minutely, and then he twisted his eyebrows and said, "Your mind is very restless! You need not commit suicide-it won't do, won't do at all!'

Niranjan sprang in surprise and feebly countered. "What are you talking about, I am not.............'
"I am surely telling you the right thing." the astrologer stopped him in the middle. I can see on your
forehead two definite signs of unnatural death. Once about five years ago. Wasn't it that you tried to take your own life? Yes, I see it was because you tried to take your own life. Yes, I see it was because you were disappointed in a love affair. Yes?"

To Niranjan it was nothing less than a miracle. This time be muttered, "Yes, ynu are quite right. Because I had attempted suicide, I got the girl I loved. You see, it happened so that the parents of the girl should allow us to marry for fear of a scandal."

But the Astrologer just smiled. Nothing was unknown to him. After sometime Niranjan asked, "You are quite sure you know every thing? I am feeling restless for sometime. could you tell me why this is happening to me?"
"I know, my child, your married life hasn't been all that happy. Constantly you and your wife are quarrelling with each other. Who you thought would bring fulfilment and happiness in your life has failed to do so. You had built castles in the air, you had day-dreamed, but you are, if I may say so, just an ordinary human being. You are neither a prince nor a god. What could you do if your wife's dreams
-ere shattered? Human mind is Ese that. You don't any longer want to be tortured by the sharp and riolent tongue of your wife, You want an opportunity to get away from it all. But, my child, to commit suicide is a sin and a great sin at that, and this is written in the scriptures. And moreover, you are a man and not a mere mouse. Brace up my child, don't let this flimsy thing get hold of you. Make your mind as strong as granite and then alone may I be in a position to help you."
"And you'll help me out of it all?" Niranjan's face lit up like the fellow who had just noticed a piece of straw to hold in the limitless ocean of hopelessness. He fell on the feet of the astrologer overwhelmed, and stammered, "You are the person I was looking for. I have complete faith now in your extraordinary powers. I am driven to desperation owing to my wife's incessant tortures. Please, please tell me the way to remedy this evil." Joyous tears came out of Niranjan's eyes.

The Royal Astrologer picked him
up from the floor and let him stand and soothed him. "The stars are playing ditty tricks on you now. They are very very angry somebow. There seems to be some planetary influence also playing havoc. But never mind; I shall put them right. All I have to do is to make peace with the stars and planets. For that you have to wear a very highpowered sacred trinket for six months."

Six months were not over when the Royal Astrologer received a letter from Niranjan It read :

## Dear Royal Astrologer.

You are a prophet. The trinket has done wonders. I am in peace now and happy beyond description. I am ever grateful to you for what you have done for me. The main trouble is over now. My wife died yesterday of malignant malaria.

With all my regards,
Yours etc.
P. S. Here is a cheque for Rs. 101.00 for the kindly stars and planets.
"And made the stars, And set them in the firmament of heav'n, $T$ 'illuminate the earth, and rule the day In their vicissitude, and rule the night."

Milton : Paradise Lost

## T O B E A U T Y

By Shashi Dhar Kabtiyal, B.A. (Hons) Final

Give me beauty to behold, That can cheat nor scold. For years that will not die, Diffuse on the earth or fade into the sky.
O. Beauty, give me thy hand, Guide me straight to thy peaceful land; On thy gracious lap a moment let me lie. Let me cast a last glance and die.

Thou the spring of heavenly bliss, Thou, who hath never known worldly sorrow, Thou never let'st the man to kiss, That goes astray on the path of hot pursuit.

Ye call it the penance of sin, That inherited goes from kin to kin ? But what the judgment in vain, That the sin of one should consign all to pain!

Or is it life's flooded river that doth sway, All things that come in its way ? Or the judgment for the doings of Cain, That man commits again and again?

What ? the same despising darkness upon my soul From a distant, dreary land lays a strong hold, The same scorn and anger again in my ear fall, And after him jealousy, malice and scolding call.

No, it will not spare me till ThouIn fast chains do bind me, O Beauty, If Thou cannot, no more shall I survive; Then let me cast a last glance and die.
( 30 )

## M Y SISTER

## By Dijaya Lakshmi Rajan, Pre-Medical II year

A
door slammed and an angry form burst out of the room, vowing: -r'll never speak to you again!" All tecause I had teased her only a moment earlier over a trifling matter

My Dad, safely perched in his cushioned comfort pouring over his Vedantic books exclaimed: "Oh, leave her alone. They are just the movements of a monkey stung by a scorpion. She will soon be quiet if you don't provoke her further."
"Whether she is a direct descendant of the Darwinian primate or not, I am sure I am not a member of the class Arachnida, dating back to the Silurian period. Nor have I hurt your touch-me-not."
"Forgive me Vijay, I had forgotten you have taken biology as your optional. But surely you will agree that your passional outbursts only prove the complicated psychophysiological machine that our brain is, that is incessantly grinding away, throwing up into consciouspess selections from that indefinite number of mental permutations and combinations which its random functioning makes possible."

Before I could disentangle the complicated structure of his usually long sentences and try to grasp the mearing, a tousled head made its
appearance through the door and asked "Hey, Do you know what Miss Brown said in class today.........?"

That's my sister all over. One moment she is a raging tornado and the next she is as fresh and cool as an evening breeze.

She is the most unpredictable person in the world. Easily excitable, she flarcs up into a hot-tempered Amazon but the very next moment she calms down.

She has the fire and spirit of Anna Magnani, the absent-minded ness of Dr. Spooner and the gentleness of Ophelia. The sight of misery is enough to move her to tears. whether in a book, a film or in real life.

When she first saw my pockmarked uncle some years ago, her heart went out to him. "Poor thing! have the birds been pecking at your face ?'

She has a passion for books. When she is engrossed in a book, no sound on earth can rouse her. You know the evening when the earth shook in Delhi and all the families rushed out into the garden fearing lest their houses should fall down. Just when we realised that my sister was not with us, she stuck her head out of the

## THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION



Shri Shanti Narain, Principal, Hans Raj College, Delhi, inaugurating the Mathematics Association.


Dr. Ram Behari, Director, of Correspondence Courses,
University of Delhi, speaking on 'Modern Picture of the Universe'.


# Africa's Lhasa : Timbuctoo 

By R. C. Dutt, B.Sc., I year

THE sluggish Niger, after struggling through dense equatorial forest, strikes north and on meeting the Saharan sands, makes a great loop or "buckle" before dropping again and resuming its course through forest and swampland. A little west to the loop's greatest penetration into the desert lies Africa's Forbidden cityTimbuctco, strategically placed for both overland and water traffic. Since the city lies about 5 miles north of the river's normal course, it has a satellite extension--an outport called Kabara. from where goods are unloaded from the boats and carried on donkeys to the city.

Timbuctoo has a fantastic historical record. Ever since the Middle Ages to the 19th century it has waxed and waned in wealth; and changed hands with many a warring and ambitious kings. In the eighth century it was an unimportant seasonal camp. Today, although it has lost its former importance, it is a settled habitation-with a maximum population of 50,000 , and can boast of an airscrip.

Three major factors contributed towards its former importance. These being that it was accessible to both land and water traffic all the year round, which was not so with other ports along the Niger; that it was located just beyond the area where
the river made a wide inundation (and therefore made habitation possible); and that, finally, from its earliest stages it had been a focal point of travellers.

As soon as Timbuctoo became a permanent settlement, scholars from as far away lands as Spain began to filter into it. Timbuctoo was certainly well-suited for meditation, then being thousands of miles away from any other major commercial centre in North Africa!

Some of the greatest emperors under whose rule Timbuctoo rose to its zenith were of the Songho. Dynasty who succeeded the Tuarag chiefs, who in turn had taken over the reins of administration from the Mandingo rulers. Of the Songhoi rulers, Sonni Ali was the first and probably the greatest ever. His historic march to Timbuctoo was a bloodless revolution. During the 28 years of his reign, the empire extended 350 (more) miles westwards. In the south, the primitive Mossi were defeated, and in the north, the fierce desert pirates, the Bedouins, were silenced.

Sonni Ali's successor, Asika the Great, annexed to the empire a further 500 miles long stretch to the east. It is said that his domains stretched to the Atlantic seaboard
in the west. At that time, with increasing trade, the trade-routes radiating from the city were protected. In the city itself, commerce and learning flourished, and it became the dominant focal point of the vast Empire. Truly, Timbuctoo had reached its zenith.

Timbuctoo's might was dependant on the exploitation of the salt mines in the north; and the conveyance of that commodity to it. These mines were very near the Moroccan border. It was about the time when Asika the Great died that the Mcors were completely driven out of Spain (then united under Ferdinand and Isabella). For the Mcors, Asika's death gave an impetus to their aims at expanding southwards, which they did unsuccessfully for nearly a century. But in 1591, after the conquest of the salt mines and a hard-won victory against the remnants of the Sudanese army, the Moors triumphantly entered Timbuctoo. Peaceful existence came to an end. Revolt succeeded counter-revolt. Timbuctoo's wealth took a sheer drop into the abyss of disintegration and never rose again.

In the beginning it was the Sultan of Morocco who chose the Pasha for his newly-won colony. I ater it was the army which chose the Pasha; and when it did. the Sultan consequently lost authority. No wonder the first century of Moroccan rule saw 132 Pashas deposed in the Sudan! In the meantime, Timbuctoo had been very much weakened by
family feuds; and the nomadic Tuan egs, the true founders of Timbuctos easily overcame the Moroccan ove: lords.

While the Sudanese were strus gling openly for the control (1 Timbuctoo, many brave explorey ventured to reach it. Of thess Dr. Mungo Park heriocally met hd death by being forced down th rapids near the city's outport, Kabar and M. Laing, a Frenchman, wa ambushed and slain outside the cit: In 1828, another Frenchman, M. Rer. Caillie reached Timbuctoo after a: overland trek and stayed there fc: 2 weeks disguised as an Arab. Upas his return to Europe, and his dis. closure that be had lived in Tin. buctco, he was denounced as a lici by prominent English explorers. Tid German explorer, Lenz, lived in the city openly for 16 days, and fortund tely enough, lived to tell his tale; This was in 1880. Upto this period the objective of the Europeans hal been solely to locate Timbuctoo. In 1887 a French gunboat was sent out to capture the city. This was success fully repulsed. Another expedition was also wiped out by the Tuaregs The advance party of the column under General Joffre was sent in December 1893, and also met with the same fate.

But in the next month, the main column marched into Timbuctod victoriously, and ended another arresting phase in the history of this grim, Forbidden city of Africa.

# Asoka and his Dharma 

By Asha Sharma, B.A. (Hons) History, III vear

$I^{\mathrm{N}}$N ordet to appreciate a great man of history, one must appreciate the doctrine or ideal with which be identified himself; thus, it is very essential to understand Asoka's Dharma in order to give him his proper place in the history of mankind. Before discusssing his Dharma we should actually know the meaning of that. In simple words it is like this: "Holding morality to be an essential condition of true happiness, he picked up some of the great principles of ethics from various religions. These were collectively styled, "Dharma," which was not Buddhism or any other religious system, it was the essence of all religions, a code of duty based on practical ethics."

There are divergences of opinion on the real nature and character of Asoka's Dharma. In Fleet's opinion Asoka's Dharma is but a form of 'Rajadharma' consisting in the po-litico-moral principles such as those emtodied in the Great Epic. Vincent Smith opines that the principles promulgated by Asoka are common to all religions without being identical with those of any one of them. It is in agreement, more or less, with this view that Mookerjee is inclined to appraise Asoka's Dharma as something like a universal religion. Both Sonart and Hultzsch are inclined to interpret Asoka's Dharma in the light
of Buddha's words. Both Bhandarkar and Ray Chaudhuri rightly draw one's attention to the ideal of the righteous Chakravartin upbeld by Buddha. Asoka's Dharma is wholly consistent with principles of secular Buddhism and not altogether inconsistent with those of other systems of faith and belief. Whether it is treated as a form of Rajadharma, or as a form of Buddhist upasakadharra, or even as a universal religion, this position remains unaltered.

Ascka became a Buddhist in the ninth year of his reign. For one year he did not exert himself seriously on behalf of his new religion. But there after a change came over him, and he was seized with an unflagging zeal. After a few years he began to live with a Buddhist Sangha and continued to do so for more than a year, visiting the holy places of the Buddhists, that is, places connected with important events in Buddhâ's life. After becoming a disciple in the Sangha he became completely transformed and soon developed into a zealot. To such an extent, indeed, did he display his religion during the year or so of his sojourn with the Sangha, brief as it was, that he could impartially and fearlessly say about his work now mixed that "men who were so long unmixed with gods were now mixed with them throughout Jamt uduipa."

That Asoka could achieve to such an extent the elevation of the people certainly shows that he was a man of exceptional genuis; that he was a man of individuality in the matterof religion too is amply proved by the meaning he attached to the word Dharma. He not only enumerates the attributes that fall under Dharma but also mentions the specific practices thereof. According to him Dharma consists of 'Sadhane' or bahu-kayane, (much good); 'apasinav' (freedom from depravity), 'Daya' (Mercy), 'Dana' (Charity), 'Satya' (Truthfulness), 'Saucha' (Inner and outer purity) and 'Madave' (Gentleness). Asoka also tells us how to translate these vittues into action. Thus 'Daya' means 'non-slaughter' of animal beings and non-injury to creatures, 'dana' is liberality towards friends, to Brahmans and Siamana ascetics. By 'Sadhave' he evidently means works of public utility such as he carried out himself, and such as he describes in the following passages. "On the roads I planted the banyan trees. They will offer shade to men and heart; and wells dug at every half 'kos', rest houses put up and numerous watering places and hospitals provided for man and beast; medicinal herbs and drugs were planted and supplied.' [says Pillar Edict VII]. Thus not only the performance of moral duties and charities commemorated by him, but also freedom from the passions are necessary for the full and adequate fulfilment of Dharma.

Asoka's Dharma may be called a 'Universal Religion', the term being
used here in the sense that it is broad based upon the principle of tolerance. The Asokan idea of toleration differs, however, from the general Indian idea in that it offers a scheme of active co-operation among all sects for their growth in essential matters, and does not have any sect to itself under the belief that all faiths lead ultimately to one and the same goal. In Asoka's point of view "we designated one and same deity by many a name." It wants all sects and exponents to come together for frank and free inter-changes of their thoughts and ideas in mutually helping spirit. It urges that one must not unduly extol one's own sect and condemn another's. He who does that, does so because of his devotion to his own sect and with the desire of glorifying it. In doing so; he not only does a great injustice to other sects but also digs the grave of his own sect.

With regard to the position of Asoka's 'Dharma' as a form of Upasaka Dharma, Rhys Davids observes: "It was the Dharma for layman, as generally held in India, but in the form, and with the modification, adopted by the Buddhists. The curious thing about this Dharma, as a description of the whole duty of man, the good layman, is, especially when we consider it's date--it's extraordinary simplicity.'

Asoka is a conspicuous instance of a great monarch with whom renouncing was an instrument of policy in the hour of victory. But although he never again indulged in warfare,

Lere is no evidence of his own Epire failing against foreign invasin. His figure has been decorated Ey numerous colourful legends, but Euch more alive and imposing than 2ny legend is the real Asoka as he energes from his words and his work. Asoka is sometime compared with Constantine and St. Paul. But the comparsion is unhappy, for Constantine was superstitious, and cruel following religious toleration only for political policy, unlike Asoka's noble and lofty klealism and true toleration. Asoka no mere patron, but an active apostle of Buddhism, can best be compared to St. Paul, who raised Christianity from a small sect to a world religion. Asoka too, "was supremely concerned with the dynamics of conduct, leaving no stone unturned to restore his faith to it's proper conduct."

In the end we can say that Asoka's achievement was indeed tremendous, and the effect of his rule on India was very far-reaching. As Otts Stein says: "That position of India between the cultures can not be better circumscribed than by a word of one of the noblest tulers in the list of mankind: 'Dharmavijya.' India's relations towards West and East were never defiled by waging wars of material gain and only selfdefence forced the weapons in her hands. Thus she won her victory in accordance with the command of Dharma; be it religion, be it morality, call it culture or humanity. This is the importance of India's role in history in which a place hardly shared by any other country belongs to her, from the remote past unto this day: that is her unique and noble position between the cultures."

This lovable tomboyish sister of mine (who, incidentally considers me a snob and a sissy) is fast growing up and acquiring those graces essentially feminine in character, such as modesty and reserve and bashfulness
which uptil now were unknown to her. But whatever else may change, her bubbling enthusiasm, her irrepressible spirit and deep love for the poor and distressed will not.

# Two Poems 

By Shri J. K. Jain

## A Fancy, A Dilemma

You turned me down and clinched it there.
I suppose you knew what you did.
You had either somebody else in mind or a different plan for yourself.

Now when we bump into each other without our contriving it, you look embarrassed and wish you or I were gone.
As though you felt you were not quite right.

Suppose now that you know how I feel about you and as time passes I impinge on you more and more and one day you're helpless as I was, what shall I say ?

Much water would have flowed.
I'll not be quite the same.
You would not cringe, not for love; nor did I.
You would still be clear.
What shall I say ?
It would be a reversal ;
tragic or comic? --I dare not think.

## Time

Today I read the story of a love similar to mine for you.

I tried to recollect the pyramid of your hair, the large bowls of your adonis eyes, bubbling with amusement and sometimes sad;
the exquisite fruit of your luscious figure.
But your face remained indistinct, like cedars on a disrant hill.

There was a time when I could measure the width of your mouth even in your absence.

The past is a mere carcase.

Does it indicate
that the flame in my soul was spurious,
fed by imaginary caresses and the real No
flicked it off?

Or that the passage of time can dispel
drop by drop
even a most genuine passion ?

# Future of English After 1965 

By Khem Chand Lassandani, B.A. II year

THE question of future of English has achieved tremendous significance these days. The Official Languages Bill was introduced in both the Houses of Parliament and with the support of sensible supporters it was decided that English would continue as an associate official language even after 1965. It was a wise decision, indeed, as English seems to be already on the upward curve. This will probably be the pattern in the foreseeable future because English has undoubtedly no serious rival in the field as yet. Many English schools are springing up and there is a heavy demand for such schools. Departments of Education are attempting now to introduce English in the third year of a child's education. Some regional institutes of English are being set up in order to train secondary teachers of English in new methods and techniques. All this means that English has a flourishing present and bright future as well.

Every well-wisher of India feels utmost importance of retaining English as an associate official language even after 1965. In spite of this decision some protagonists of Hindi, have by their misplaced zeal done more harm than good. Their main aim is to undermine the importance of English and persuade the younger generations to focus its attention on the development of our regional
languages. That English will be replaced by Hindi is more a political slogan than a social reality. The arguments against English we find are mostly born out of narrow self-interest or false national prestige. So this sort of unwise move will undoubtedly undo all that the English Janguage has contributed to the progress of our nation.

As a matier of fact, choice of language is purely personal. Taking the choice of individuals, we will certainly find that English language is the choice of majority of a people. But the Englishist (if the term is permitted) should not be so very glad on dreaming this picture of the continuity of English. In doing so he has overlooked the fact that the position which English language occupied during the British rule cannot be sustained in future. The writer thinks that it is the duty of every patriotic person in India to switch over to a language of his own (Hindi)

But the problem ahead is that can we displace a language so suddenly which has been holding its own for the past century and more in our country? If we do so, we will not be able to solve the problem of linguage. So English cannot be replaced by Hindi at the cost of

India's progress purely for sentimental reasons.

Moreover, Hindi, I am sorry to say, has defects of its own. First of all it is not a world-established language. This language is not a powerful vehicle of thought and a ready medium for expressing and intrepreting our ideas to the outside world. To establish contact with the international world of thought and science by means of this language is certainly a Herculean task This language also cannot help us to keep pace with the quick progress being made in science and technology. Hindi does not serve us equally well because many of the non-Hindi speaking people exist in our country. At the same time it is a matter of great sorrow that this language of ours is underdeveloped and poot in literature. We find that Hindi and other regional languages suffer from woeful limitations also. Ample time is needed to develop Hindi so as to help it to become the official language of our country.

But let us see what we have gained by having English as an associate official language and why should it continue to be so even after 1965.

English has travelled far and wide in India. It has equalled all the regional languages ander its influence to such an extent that no language in India is spoken withont its aid. We hated the British rule and the English language was misunderstood to be the medium of that rule. But now it is
widely accepted that English was the most important single factor respor. sible for unification of India and at last proved to be helpful in the causs of our freedom. We can regard th:s language a treasure, therefore, whic the Britishers left in India. So w: cannot afford to replace it by Hind: After all unity which exsists in our country at present also, due to this language, is more important than the language.

There is another paramount reason why we should stick to English for a few decades more. As obvious tc everyone of us this is the age of science and technology and English is the only language of international importance that can sufficiently help us to make progress in this field. We have once determined to face Chinese future invasion, as it is ex. pected, by strengthening our defence powers, expanding industries and adopting new methods and means ot making progress in every sphere of life. There can be no turning back now. In the circumstances, it would be sheer foolhardiness to do away with this language which is the mediam of expression of the greatest scientists and thinkers of the world. So banishing English would mean to close doors to the progress of our country.

Also English literature is one of the best literatures of the world because its literature is very rich. Matthew Arnold said, "By nothing is England more glorious than by her
(Continued on page 42)

# Some Unexpected Visitors 

By C. Parvathi, Pre-Medical II year

I mas then a student of the higher secondary class. To spend the F-ja holidays quietly, away from the Eziding crowd,' I had gone to my cusin's place. This was a sleepy Exn in Madras State, on the borders E: Mysore. Feeling tired after the Eag journey, I went to bed early on E e night of my arrival, determined E.t to get up until noon the next day.

But at cock-crow next morning, I was awakened by some noise which sermed strange to me and could not ctarefore be identified by me. Lookias through the window in that cirection. I saw some 'buffaloes.' Sarely the buffaloes here were unzually large, I thought. When I tas relapsing into sleep, my cousin zushed to me and asked me whether -would like to see circus elephants. Sy I was right. They were not euffaloes. I went out to the veranذith. What did I see? Five huge :uskers led by a cow-elephant. But There was the mahaut? There was -one. This looked puzzling. But tiat did not prevent mefrom having a full view of the unexpected visitors. Their magnificence presented a spectacle of unsurpassed beauty. Waving tieir ears as if they needed a fan and moving their trunks up and down, they seemed to be in a happy mood.

We continued to exchange glances, and this went on for half-an-hour.

Then there suddenly appeared a police inspector and a dozen constables, all armed with guns. My cousin and I rushed to them and asked them what it was all about. But they were in no mood for conversation. They just said in grunts that we girls were stupid and foolhardy because the visitors were wild elephants. They added that they had come to shoot them down in order to save the town's population.

Though knowing little about guns and less about hunting, we felt that this was a foolish idea. How could six elephants be killed that way? The police people seemed to think that their knowledge of the physiology of the 'wild' in our midst gave them a claim to know the anatomy of the wild of the forest. To dissuade them from their venture, I reeled off all that I knew about elephants. I told them that like Achilles's heel, the elephant had certain weak spots. One was in the middle of the skull. Another was behind the ears. And so on. Elephants were also afraid of fire. The police people were impressed. They accepted me as the leader of the operations. I asked them to send away their guns. Meanwhile the elephants slavishly moved away to the tank. They seemed thirsty and went on drinking water. Feeling contented they remained by the side of the tank. I then started
drawing up a plan for sending the visitors back to where they came from. People who collected in large numbers advanced the theory that the elephants had strayed from the neighbouring Mysore forest where Khedda operations were going on. I collected all the information about the lay out of the land. I decided that our plan should be to send them back to the forest. But the elephants did not seem to be in a mood to go back. They were happy at the sight of the crowd, men, women and children, which was growing larger and larger. All day long they remained where they were. I timed my action for night-fall. By then I had collected fifty drummers. What were the drums made of ? Kerosine tins. Not to scare away the elephants, I had asked them to beat the drums slowly. At a signal from me when the sun was about to go down, they began to
beat the drums. As expected, th: elephants responded. But they begat to move in precisely the opposita direction. That way would hava meant the ruin of my plan. Ther would have gone to the very heart of the town and destroyed everything: But I was not daunted, I was pre: pared for this emergency. I asked my torch-bearers to light theis torches and to wave them. I called my ace marksman to throw a stond at the cow-elephant exactly at tha centre of her skull. The moment tha stone hit her, the cow-elephand turned and saw in the direction $c$ the forest. The female of the specie: being the leader, the tuskers toj changed their direction and followes her. To the immense relief of th: older people, but to the disappointment of the children, the elephant: vanished into the forest.
poetry." And the study of English literature can be a rich experience and an ennobling influence for all of us. Moreover, in all civilized countries, it is expected of every civilized person that he has fairly good knowledge of at least one foreign language; the one we can easily learn is English; for the use of English by Indians over a century and more, has produced an easy familarity with that language. After all, it is a flowery language, easy to understand, easy to read, easy to write and easy to express oneself in. It is a sort of priceless legacy left to us by the

British. It is also a fascinating scudy full of possibilities and likely to shec much light on Indo-cultural reiations. English, therefore, can never be dispensed with; it has taken deep roots in the intellectual life of India. English provides the link for Indians to live together in a happy world. Therefore, English will bave to be learned by every Indian boy and girl. It is a matter of pleasure that Indiar. universities also are now aware o: the value of and necessity for maintaining English as the medium 0 : instruction in colleges for a long time to come.

## About Ourselves

Since the publication of the last issue of the Desh in March many events took place which need must te recorded and reported officially in cur columns.

The Annual Prize-giving was presided over by Dr. C. D. Deshmukh, the Vice-Chancellor, University of Delhi.

Dr. Amba Prasad, the new Principal, took over from Shri R. K. Sud who had been working as Officiating Principal for about a year and a half. We welcome him and hope that the Desh will flourish under him as it has done all along since its inception.

## The Staff

There have been a number of changes in the Staff. We have kept up cur 'export and import' quota. Shri Surinder Kumar, Shri Vinay Kumar and Shri S. K. Jain have gone to the States for higher studies. The first two tesigned the service of the College and Shri Jain has gone on one year's study leave. Shri Baldev Mitter and Shri S. P. Malhotra returned from the States and resumed duty. Shri R. P. Budhiraja is also expected to join early next term. Shri S. M. Sehgal did not return to the college on the expiry of study leave.

Shri S. K. Jain (Mathematics) obtained the degree of Ph.D. Our heartiest congratulations.

Dr. R. K. Dewan (Chemistry) left us and joined the Punjab University at Chandigarh. We wish him the best of luck.

Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj has been granted extension of service for one year more.

Hymen bad his toll: pretty heavy this time. Miss Usha Sachdev, Shri R. K. Sharma and Shri Kaushal Kumar got married. Our heartiest congratulations.

We congratulate Mrs. R. K. Parshad and Shri Lalit Mohan Sharma on the birth of their sons. We congratulate Shri B. S. Puri on the marriage of his daughter.

We express our deep sense of sorrow and convey our heartfelt sympathies to Shri D. S. Mann on the sad death of his infant son.

The following persons have joined the Staff :-

1. Shri V.P. Kukreja (Chemistry)
2. Miss Manjit Kaur (Economics)
3. Mrs. Tapti Chakravarti (Bengali)
4. Shri Rajender Nath (Sanskrit)
5. Shri Chhattar Singh (Political Science)
6. Shri P. S. Dabas (Hindi)

We welcome them to the 'family'.

## Admissions

The admissions to the college this year reached the record figure of 1075 as against 965 last year. This includes about 500 women students.

The college started this year Honours Class in Sanskrit with 12 students.

## The Office and the Library

Shri B. S. Aggarwal, the Head Clerk, has gone on one year's leave to take up a job in the local YWCA. His subsitute has not so far joined. Shri N. C. Vashisht, the Assistant Librarian, resigned his post to join the local office of the Indian Institute of Science. Our best wishes !

Shri Ravi Bhatia joined as Typist Clerk in'place of Shri Raj Wadhwa, Officiating Clerk.

## The College Union

The annual elections of the College Union and Supreme Councillors were held on 9th August 1963. The following were elected office-bearers of the College Union for the year 1963-64.

President : Jagjit Singh Nayar B.A. (Pass), III year

Dice-President: Ashok Kumar Chopra B.A. (Hons), II year

Secretary : Anil Roy, B.A. (Pass), II year

Assti. Secrtary: Satish Grover, B.A. (Pass), II year

## Class Representatives :

Virender Bhatti, Pre-Medical
Vinod Sethi, B.A. (Pass \& Hons),
I year
Yug Prakash Dar, B.A (Pass \& Hons), Il year
Iqbal Bhutani, B.A. (Pass \& Hons),
III year
Jugal Kishore Dogra, B.Sc. (Gen.
\& Hons), I year
R. C. Grover, B.Sc. (Gen \& Hons),

II year
K. K. Malhotra, B.Sc. (Gen. \& Hons), III year

The following teachers and students were nominared by the Principal to be members of the Union Committee.

Shri R. L Kakar
Mrs. R. K. Parshad
Shri K. C. Kanda
Shri V. N. Pasricha
Dr. M. M. Abluwalia
Kanwal Nain Bahl, B. A. (Pass),
III year
S. Kamalam, B.Sc., III year

The Union Committee recommended to the Principal that the following students might be assosiated with the Canteen Committee.

Mohinder Chopra
Gurpal Singh
S. Kamalam

Asha Bawa
The Union decided to collect money to celebrate the Teachers Day (5th September, 1963) which also happens to be the President's birthday. This was done in collaboration with


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NCC


Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad inspecting the cadets on the NCC Day.


Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad taking the Salute on the NCC Day.
the Social Service League. Our students collected money from within the College as well as from outside. Total amount collected was Rs. 810/Fbich is more than the collections Erom any other College. We have, therefore, topped the list of Colleges crace again in regatd to collection ci money.

The inaugural function of the Cu:lege Union was held on 14th Sepzember 1963, Dr. B. N. Ganguly, Pro-Vice-Chancellor, University of Delhi, delivered the inaugural address. His address was followed by a short rariety programme.

Names of Members of the Supreme Council of Delhi University Students' Union from Deshbandhu College for the year 1963-64 are given below :

Kamlesh Khanna, B.A. (P), II year Urmila Malhotra, B.A. (P), III year Lily Baweja, B.A. (P), III year Avtar Ganju, Pre-Med., II year Y. S. Bhist, B.A. (P), II year Suresh Popli, B.Sc., I year
Narendra Sharma, B.A. (Hons), II year
Goutam Banerji, B Sc.. III year
Jugal Kishore Dogra, B.Sc., I year Sbam Kumar, B.Sc., II year

The third annual Inter-college Declamation Contest, for the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy, was held on 2th October 1963. Teams from 8 colleges participated in the Declamaron. Deshbandhu College was refresented by Yug Prakash Dar and Davinder Mamik. The following constituted the panel of judges.

Shri Harish Chandra, Member Board of Administration

Dr. V. D. Mahajan, Advocate, Supreme Court of India

Mrs. B. Rajan, Lecturer in English, Lady Shri Ram college

The trophy was awarded to the Hansraj College team. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Sunder of the Hansraj College and the second prize was shared by Nilima Shorie of the Miranda House and Mr. Ashok Roy of the Stri Ram College of Commerce.

A prize competition in Music and Mono-acting was held on 30th and 31st October, 1963. Same items were presented on both the days and the prizes were also awarded on the basis of the performances of both the days. This was done to enable maximum number of students to attend the functions.

The following members of the Staff acted as judges.

Music :
Shri V. N. Pasricha
Shri J. K. Jain
Shri Lalit Mohan Sharma
Mono-acting :
Mrs. R. K. Parshad
Shri S. P. Kapoor
Shri M. M. Verma
Prizes were a warded to the following students :

Music:
1 Prize
S. Rajeswari, B. A., III year

II Prize
Sarojini Kapoor, B. A., II year
Yug Prakosh Dar, B. A., II year
Honourable mention:
Tejinder, B. A. (Hons), I year
Mono-acting :
Tribhuvan Kaul, B. A., II year
S. P. Ganguli, B. A. (Hons), II year

## The Planning Forum

The following were elected the office-bearers of the Forum for 1963-64.

President : Sudershan Narula B.A. (Hons), III year

Vice-Presideet : Om Prakash Kohli B. A.(Pass), I year

Secretary : Prabha Rani, B. A. (Pass), II year

Asstt. Secretaries :
Ashok Kumar Khanna, B.A. (Pass), I year
Sneh Lata Bansal. B. A (Hons), I year

As usual, the Planning Forum celebrated the National Plan Week in collaboration with the Uuiversity Planning Forum with great enthusiasm. The Forum has arranged a trip to the Bbakra-Nangal Project during Diwali holidays in November.

## The Mathematics Association

The following candidates. have been elected to the various offices the Mathematics Association.

Adviser $\quad:$ Dr. R. N. Kaul.
President : Sudesh Sharma, B.A. (Hons), III year

Secretary : Manohar Lal Chawla, B. Sc., year
Asstt. Sect. : Mahesh Satija, B. Sc., II year

## Class Representatives:

Anil Kumar Bhargava, B. A.
(Hons), II year
R. C. Grover, B. Sc., II year

The inaugural function of the Mathematics Association was performed by Mr. Shanti Narayan Principal, Hans Raj College, Delhi, and an eminent Mathematician, on Saturday, the 28th September, 1963. The distinguished guest was received by the Principal and a large number of students were present to hear him.

After a brief introduction by the Adviser, Principal Shanti Narayan speaking on the subject: "What is Mathematics" said that there was time when Pure Mathematics was pursued with an eye on application. rather than for its own sake. The changes in the world around $u$ demand changes in the outlook on Mathematics. According to him it is, perhaps, the result of these changes that we have several algebras and
several geometries. In the end, he referred to three interesting problems of antiquity that had intrigued the minds of many a good mathematician, namely (a) Trisection of an angle ; (b) Squaring of a circle (c) Duplication of a cube. These have been settled once for all by Galois, a famous French Mathematician of the 19th century, by proving that the above problems are not solvable with the help of rule and compass.

## The English Literary Society

Adviser : Shri J. K. Jain
Secretary : Harkirat Singh
Asstt. Secretaries:Latika Tatwawadi, Gurpal Singh

This English Literary Society held a get-together on the 30th August, 1963. The members recited their favourite poems and the recordings of some of the poems of John Denne, G. M. Hopkins and T. S. Eliot were played. Shri R.K. Sud, who was in the chair, advised the members firstly to make their recitations audible; secondly, to tehearse them well and learn them by heart; and, finally, to know the reasons for liking a particular poem. The Principal graced the occasion with his presence.

In the next meeting, held under the Chairmanship, again, of Shri R.K. Sud, four members read papers on 'The Point of view of an Essayist'. It was followed by a discussion which was summed up by the Chairman who said that the essayist looked at life in a uniquely personal way and
the essay proper was an art of intimate and informal confiding in the reader.

Dr. A. N. Kaul, Reader in English. Delhi University, presided over the next meeting. He spoke on 'Charles Dickens in Our Time' with special reference to 'David Copperfield'. While answering some of the modern criticism of Dickens, namely the lack of a unifying moral pattern in his work and the 'flatness' of his characters, he remarked that one wondered whether Dickens could not be enjoyed for his remarkable 'energy of visicn.' his social sympathies, his humorous representation of life and the diversity of his world. Moreover, the best of Dickens (as seen in Martin Chuzzlewilt and Hard Times, had structural integrity, too.

## The Sanskrit Parishad

The Annud elections of the Sanskrit Parishad were held on the 13th August, 1963. The following students were elected to the various offices of the Sanskrit Parishad for the year 1963-64.

| Adviser | $:$ Shri M.L. Chaudhry |
| :--- | :--- |
| President | $:$Virendra Pahuja, <br>  <br> B.A., II year |
| Dice-Fresident $:$ | $:$Kaushalya Wadhwan <br> B.A. (Hons), II year |
| Secretary | $:$Chiranjit Kaur, B.A. <br> (Hons), III year |
| Joint-Secretary $:$Meera, B.A. (Hons). <br> Sanskrit, I year |  |

Chand, B.A. (Pass \& Hons), III year Sukesh Vahil, B.A. (Pass \& Hons),
Urmil Mathur, B.A. (Pass \& Hons), I year
Surendra Kapil, B.A. (Sanskrit) Hows, I year

## The Hindi Parishad

The elections of the Hindi Parishad were held on 20th August, 1963. The following uffice-bearers were elected :-

Adviser : Shri R. L. Varma
President : Bhim Sen Mittal B A. (Hons). II year

Dice-President : Ramesh Kumar Sethi B. A., II year

Secretary : Tej Krishan Bhatia, B.A. (Hons), II year

Asst. Secretary : Ramesh Kumar Chitra B.A. (Hons), I year

Class Representatives :
Umesh Chandra Saxena, B.A
(Hons), I year
Champa Chugh, B.A. (Hons), III year
Sarvesh Chandra, B.A. (Hons),
Subsidiary Hindi
Vinod Sagar, B.A. (Pass), I year
Sarojini Kapur, B.A. (Pass), I year
Mukesh Bihari Twakli, B.A. (Pass),
III year

## Extension Lecture

On 20th September, 1963, Dr. K B Misra of the Dyal Singh College, New Delhi, gave a talk on 'Lahar' for the students of Honour, classes.

The Inaugural Function of the Hindi Parishad was held on 23-10-63. Dr. Prabhakar Machwe, renowned literateur of Hindi and Assistant Secretary, Sahitya Akademi, presided over the function.

Dr. Ramesh Chand Jain gave a talk on 'Philology' to students of Honours classes on 2 11-63.

The Sindhi Literary Society
The following were elected officebearers of the Society for the year 1963-64.

Adviser : Shri S. M. Jhangiani
President : Ramesh Choithani
Dice-President : Narain Bhatia
Secretary : Ishwar Nawani
doint-Secretary : Prakash Badlani
Class Representatives :
Sarojini Hemrajani, B. A., III year
Mira Rajani, B. A., II year
Asha Bijlani, B. Sc., I \& II year
Hiroo Teck chandani, B.A. (Hons),
II year
Kaushalya Sabhnani, B.A.. I year
Usha Hingorani, B. A. (Hons), I
year
Rani Manshani, Pre-Medical

Two monthly meetings were held T Bijlani. Meera Rajani, Kamla Rammkhiani, Purnima Lalwani, Narain Bhatia. Prakash Badlani, RameshChoithani and Raju Gursabani gave Einthi songs, jokes, riddles etc. to mentrain the members.

The annual picnic was held at Suraj Kund and the Qutub on 29th September, 1963. The purpose of the F:cnic was to inculcate among the members the spirit of co-operation and discipline and to train them in organizational matters. The picnic -as very well organized and proved a grand success. The credit goes to Ramesh Choithani, Sarojini Hemrajni, Lhwar Navani, Mira Rajani, Narain Bhatia, Kaushalya and Mewal Sabhnani, Bhagwati Bhambhani, Asha Ram Singhani, Usha Hingorani, Narain Gulrajani, Sarup Gehani, Mira Makhijani, Asha Bijlani, Raju, Laj Navani, Nari Daryani and others.

The Essay Competition is scheduled for 21st Oct 1963 and the Annual Day for 10th February, 1964.

## The Social Service League

The following constitute the officebearers of the Social Service I eague for the Year 1963-64:-

Adviser : Shri S.M. Jhangiani
President : Sneh Prabha Gulati
Vice-President : Kamlesh Balchandani
Secretary : Lajpat Rai Dang
Joint-Secretary : Gurmukh Masand

Student's Representative, University Social Service League:

Vasdev Gursahani
Members of the Executi'e :
Sarojini Kapoor
C. B Mehta

Urmil Talwar
Yashpal Bhutani
Gopal Krishna Kohli
The League in collaboration with the College Union collected funds on the Teachers' Day which was celebrated on 5th September, 1963.

A few tickets of the Lucky Draw in aid of the Hospital Welfare Society were also sold.

A few articles lost and found were restored to the owners.

A Students ${ }^{\circ}$ Store has been started for the benefit of the students. The following articles of daily use are available in the Store and are sold at comparatively cheaper rates than those prevalent in the market: Exercise note books of various sizes, Practical Note Books for Physics and Chemistry, Hair pins, Jura pins, Practical Loose Sheets for Botany and Zoology, Ladies Handkerchiefs, Pencils, Erasers, Ink, Needles, and Thread. Students should patronize the Store.

## Employment Information and Assistance Service

Neccessary arrangements have been made with the University Employ-
ment, Information and Assistance Bureau, University of Delhi, Delhi, under which second class graduates of this college are registered in the college itself and ex-students are saved from much botheration. Regular students are also registered for part-time jobs. Shri S. M. Jhangiani has been appointed Placement Officer for this college and any information on employment and training opportunities can be had from him.

## The Department of Health and Physical Education

Regular practice in various games i.e. Cricket, Foot-ball, Hockey, Basket-ball, Badminton, Volley-ball, Table-tennis and Athletics etc. has been started in right earnest. We are still short of good and grassy play-grounds but this year we hope to improve our grounds. Let us see how our teams fare in the coming Inter-college competitions.

The following have been appointed office-bearers for various games for 1963-64

Cricket :
Captain : Ramesh Shrivastava
Secretary: Kamlesh Mehra
Foot-ball :
Captain : Ramesh Grover
Secretary: S. P. Ganguly
Hockey
Captain : S. F. Verma
Secretary : Harbans Singh

Athletics :
Captain : Mohinder Chopra
Secretary : Gulshan Kakar
Basket-ball :
Captain : Satish Kumar
Secretary: S. Sundar
Table-tennis :
Captain :
Secretary : Parmod Kumar Bhatnan
Volley-ball :
Captain :
Secretary : Yash Pal Bhutani
Badminton :
Captain : Mohinder Perri
Secrerary: Sudarshan Lal Maini

## The F.istory Association

The following have been elected office-bearers of the History Association for the year 1963-64.

President : (Km.) Sudarshan Gupta B.A., III year

Vice-President : (Km.) Uma Vabil B. A., III year

Secretary : Narendra Sharma, B. A. (Hons), II year

Joint Secretary : Ashok Behari, B. A. (Hons), I year

Cless Representatives:
(Km.) Asha Sharma, B. A. (Hons). III year
(Km.) Kulwant Kaur, B. A. III year
(Km.) Raj Kumari, B. A. (Hons), III year
(Km.)Puneeta Kapur B. A. (Hons), I year
Vijay Khosla B.A., I year, (Km.) Shoba Arora B. A., II year (Nominated)

The members of the History Association will go on a picnic-cum-local historical excursion on 2nd October, 1763. The party will visit Tughlakabad, Surajkund, Shamshi Talab, Jogmaya Temple, the Qutub, the United States Embassy, Nizamuddin and Humayun's romb. The party will be led by Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad, Shri B. B. Saxena and Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia.

## The Science Association

This year the Science Association seems to have made a good start. Membership of the Science Association has been made compulsory and as a result practically every science student is a member of the same. Keeping in view the healthy tradition of democracy, the election of officebearers and class representatives were held on 22 August, 1963. The following have been elected officebearers.

President : Krishna Mahendra, B. Sc., III year.

Secretary : Raman K. Dhawan B. Sc. II, year

Asstt Secretary: Ajit Singh Sahni Pre-Medical, II year

Class Representatives :
Y. D. Mathur, B. Sc., III year

Tejinder Singh Hazuria B.Sc., II yr. Srivastava B. Sc., I year
Anil Kumar Singhal, Pre-Medical, II year

This year the constitution of the Science Association has been written in which the aims and objects for which the Science Association stands and also the functions of various office-bearers, from the Adviser to each member of the Executive Committee, have been well defined and elucidated. This is a very significant step in the direction of making the Science Association a more effective and efficient body in due course of time. It is against this background that the offlce of the Vice-President has been created and provision made for three more members of the Executive Committee. The following have been nominated as members:

President : Vinod Kumar Sood, B. Sc., III year

Nember $\quad$| : Shobana Chaudhary |
| :--- |
| B. Sc., II year |

Member : Vinod Kumar Wali B. Sc., I year

Member : Indra Aggarwal, Pre-Medical

Thus the number of members of the Executive Committee is eleven. The Principal nominated Mr. M.L. Sanduja as the Adviser and Mr. D. S. Mann as the Treasurer.

The Association has started lecture competition on scientific sukjects amongst the science students.

Ranvir Datta, B. Sc. I year, gave a talk on "Space Travel" and Jagdish Kishore Dogra, B. Sc. I year, spoke on "Science and Modern life."

The sole object of starting lecture competition series is to inculcate a senise of academic interest in students. These contests will continue.

Shri C.L Kumar and Shri V.Verma have kindly agreed to act as judges for the same for the whole year.

The Science Association takes pleasure in announcing the starting of a Wall Magazine in the science laboratory corridor. It would be a fort nightly magazine. S. Kamlam, B. Sc. III year, has been appointed student Editor of the same.

The Association intends to take students to places of scientific interest in the near future.

Some of the other important items besides the above are showing documentary films in varicus scientific fields and holding paper reading contests and debates on scientific subjects.

## The Political Science Association

The elections of the members of the Executive of the Political Science Association for the year 196364 were held on 17th August, 1963. The following students were elected officebearers.

Adviser : Shri M. M. Verma
President: Narain Bhatia B. A.

Dice-President : Mohinder Pal Singh Bakshi B. A. (Pass). II year
Secr.tary : Vinod Sethi B. A (Pass), I year
Asstt. Secretary: Ramesh Sethi B. A
(Pass), II year

## Class Representatives:

Sneh Prabha Gulati
Hiren Tekchandani
Sarvesh Chander
Kamal Chopra
Bhim Sen Mittal
Krishan Satija
The Inaugural Function of the Association was held on 18-10-63. Shri Gurmukh Nahal Singh, formen Governor of Rajasthan, presided and Prof. V. K. N. Menon, Director, Indian Institute of Pubiic Administration, delivered the inaugural address.

## The National Cadet Corps

The most significant feature of this year is the Compulsory Enrolment in NCC. This was started somewhat late in the session last year under the impact of the Chinese invasion. This year it takes effect as a compulsory measure for all undergraduates. The students, both boys and girls, have risen to the occasion and have accepted the challenge. It is bound to transform the youth of the country. It will not only shake off their lethargy, and give them a new toughness and discipline but will also fill them with a new spirit and patriotism. The rewards for the

## NCC



Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad on routine inspection of Cadets at Farade


Training in First Aid to Girl Cadets

## NCC RIFLES



GIRL CADETS at Parade


Boy Cadets at Rifle Drill
training are many. 39 of our cadets from the various NCC wings have been selected for Emergency Commission. G.D. Pilot and the Navy. So many of them have already finished. their training and have been posted to various battalions in the army. Dne of our cadets, Cpl. Ashok MalButra, has gone o attend a six week's Mountaineering Course at Darjeeling. He will join us on 16th October, 63. We have got three wings in the college for Boys and one for Girls, namely; Two NCCR Coy-Strength- 425 Cadets, Naval Wing-One Troop-,. -50 Cadets, Artillery Wing-One Troop-20 Cadets, Girls : Two NCCR Coys- 418 Cadets.

375 Boys and 125 NCC Girls from our college took part in the Promise Parade inspected by our beloved Prime Minister on 14 August, 1963 at the Hans Raj College grounds.

Our first Route-March for NCC Rifle Cadets (Boys) was organized on Sunday, the 29th September. They went to the Humayun Tomb and stayed there for the day. Lunch and tea etc. were provided from NCC funds.

Compulsory NCC training in the college was formally inaugurated by the Principal on 7th August, 63. He stressed the need of the hour and advised the cadets to come upto the standard and, if need be, to give their lives for the honour of the country and the glory of NCC. It was a heartening feature.

Shri D.S. Mann, an energetic member of our staff, completed his Pre-
commission training in the last week of March and brought credit to the college and himself by standing second in the course. We congratulate him and welcome him.

One of the senior and most efficient members of our P. I. Staff, Subedar Bishan Dass Sharma, left us recently after completing three years with us. He has been posted back to his parent Unit. Suh, Ram Datta has come in his place. We wish him a happy time here.

## NCC Day Celebrations

This time NCC day was celebrated on Solidarity day i.e. on 20th Oct., 63. An impressive parade and spectacular Flag March by about 800 cadets (Boys \& Girls) marked the NCC Day celebrations in the college. 60 girl cadets from our college went to take part in the central parade at I. T. I. Pusa Institute.

Our P:incipal, Dr. Amba Prasad, took the salute at the march past in the college. He told the importance of the Day to the cadets. He praised their training and turn out and said that NCC in this college had got good tradition-it was to be kept up by cadets by their hard work and good discipline. They must be ready for all eventualities, if need be.

Earlier at 9-30 A. M. the cadets took a pledge to preserve the freedom and integrity of the motherland. Messages of greetings from the President. Union Defence Minister and

Director General of NCC were read out to the cadets,

After the ceremonial March Past in the college Girl cadets went on a Flag March towards Kalkaji Temple and Boy cadets went to Malviya Nagar side. Girl cadets inspite of shoe bite on their feet marched like trained soldiers.

## The Inter-College Youth Festival

The University of Delhi held the Inter-College Youth Festival Competition from 20th to 27 th September, 1963. Our college participated in as many as five items: dance, drama. group song, instrumental music, and modelling

We presented the Santhal Folk Dance which, it is a pleasure to report, was adjudged second best in the University. The dancing troupe consisted of six members: Rama Kapur, Dev Nita, Varsha. Prabha, Rekha and Promila, and to them all we extend our congratulations
'Kamra No. 5', a one-act-play in Urdu, was our contribution to the drama competition. The play was very well received by the audience and admired by the judges. The acting talent of Mr. S. P. Ganguli, who played the Hakim, won special applause and prolonged cheers. The other commendable roles were performed by Tribhuvan Kaul, the Actor, and Ram Babu Sharma, the Darwan. The success of the play, however. was due to the excellent work and cooperation of every memher of the cast which consisted of the following
students: Vinod Sethi (Doctor). Tribhuvan Kaul (Doctor),S.P. Ganguli (Hakim), Miss Surinder Sandhu (Lady Teacher), Ram Babu (Darwan). Virender Ganju (Agent) and Ravinder (Editor).

Likewise, our Group Song went off very well. Though we did not win any position, it evoked an encouraging response from the audience. The following students comprised the team: Rajeshwari, Harmohän, Sarojini, Gita, Tejinder, Harvinder Singh, Ghanshyam and Radhey Shyam.

Before being sent up to the University these three items were also presented on the college stage, and the students witnessed the programme in two shows arranged in the afternoon of 22nd September, 63.

The entire programme was arranged under the auspices of the College Dramatic Club, and owes its succcess in no small measure to the enthusiasm and interest of its advisers : Shri K. C. Kanda and Shri J. K. Jain. Thanks are also due to Mrs Thomas, Mrs Parshad, and Mr. Pasricha for their valuable help and suggestions.

## The Music Club

Adviser: Shri V. Verma
The Music Club started its activities this year with the selection of the office-kearers. Narendra Sharma and Sarojini Kapoor were nominated as President and Secretary respectively. Besides, an Organizing Committee was also formed to ensure the success of the vatious functions.

The inauguration of the club was be.iormed by our Principal, Dr. Amba Fisad, on the 19th October, 1963. Fie Principal who is also the patron ع: the Club, advised the students E sine college to come forward and to E E the hest possible use of their E sical talents.

The function was by far a success. I: was unprecedented in several resFats. A song by Tejinder, a duet E: Sarojini Kapoor and Tejinder R-d a Punjabi song by S. Dixit were Eill rendered and well received, Mr. Fina (a guest artist) played on the e.ectric guitar and delighted the aslience very much. Shri Narinder Kipoor, an ex-President of the Music Cub, gave a very nice performance.

## Teachers Day Collections

In this years' Teachers Day Col lection, Deshbandhu College has sopped the list. Our College collected 'Rs. 810'. The second College is Pramila College which has collected Rs. 570 - and 3rd is Lady Irwin Col-- ege which has collected Rs. +07/-. Last year the highest collection was Rs. $500-$ of I. P. College for Women Thus our College has beaten the secord of the last year and has stood :ary high this year and the difference. between the 1st and 2nd college collection is considerable. There were 45 institutions which made the collection.

## The World University Service

On 22nd August, 1963, the Principal and Chairman (WUS) nominated
the following persons to constitute the W. U. S. Committee of our College:

Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia : Adviser Satinder Vij. B.A. (Hons), II yr. Arun Rastogi, B.A. (Hons), II yr. Y.P. Dar, BA. (Hons), II yr. Latika, B.A (Hons). II year Shobha Arora, B. A. (Pass) II year Kamlesh Khanna, B.A. (Pass), II yr.

The inaugural meeting of the W.U.S. was addressed by the ViceChancellor on 10th September, 1963, and was attended by three representatives of this College, namely Dr. M. M. Abluwalia (Adviser), Y. P. Dar, and Shobha Atora.

The W.U.S. Committee of this College interosted itself in the problems of the foreign students of this College and an informal get-together was arranged for them in the Principal's office on 21st September, 1963. for the same purpose. Consequently, a 'Foreign Students Association' came into existence with Hardev Kaur Panesar as President. Emily Zalani as Secretary, and Dr. M.M. Ahluwalia as Adviser. All this was done under the gudence of the Principal who met the foreign students and W.U.S. Committee over a cup of tea.
W. U.S. is also running a Book Bank in the college for poor students. Steps are being taken to expand it considerably.

The Vice-Chancellor has approved nomination of Dr. M.M. Ahluwalia as a member of the General Committee of the Delhi World University Service.



मह्दृप्र एवं सत्समालोचक पाठक वृन्द,
'देश’ पत्रिका (हिन्दी विभाग) का एतदवर्षीय प्रथम ग्रंक अ्रापके समक्ष है । 'देश' वृक्षवासी विभिन्न विहिंगों का गुंजार है जो सम्भवतः म्रापकी हुत्तन्त्री को भंकृत करने में समर्थ हो मकेगा।
‘देशा’ के सम्पादक-पद्द पर ग्रासींन होने के निमित्त में नव-प्रवेशा-प्राप्त छात्र एवं छात्राग्रों का ह्रार्दक स्वागत करता है, जो विभिन्न उचच माकांक्षाश्रों की प्र र रागाग्रों से इस भारती सदन में प्रविष्ट हुए हैं तथा इस प्रकार 'देश' के पाठठकों की श्री वृद्धि में जिनका महत्वपूर्णा योग है ।
‘देश’ का कलेवर सजाने में जिन साथियों नें अ्रवना सह्द्य सह्योग प्रदान किया है, नै उनका श्रत्यधिक ग्राभारी हूं। नवोदित लेखकों का उत्साह मुभे इस ग्राशा से परिपूरित कर देता है कि सर्व श्री सूर्यकान्त त्रिपाठी निराला, पुरुषोत्तमदास टंडन, गुलाबराय, सियाराम शरा गुप्न, राहुल सांस्कृत्यायन, रोंगेय राघव तथा डा॰ रघुवीर प्रभृति विद्वानों के ग्राकस्मिक शोक-निधन

से साहित्यय-सेवी-संसार में जो महत्वपूर्गा स्थान रिक्त हुए हैं, उनकी पूरि शीधातिशीघ संभव हो सकेगी।
‘देश' पर विदेशी ग्राकमएा को ध्यान में रखते हुए जिस प्रकार की रचनास्रों की ग्रावइयकता ग्रनुभव की जा सकती है, 'देश’ के प्रस्तुत भ्रंक में तत्सम्बन्धित श्रधिकाधिक रचनाएँ प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयत्न किया गया है ।
'देशा' के पाठको ! स्म श्रापका भी ग्रत्यधिक ग्राभारी हूं वयोंकि ग्रापका महृत्व उनसे भी कहीं श्रींधक है जिनके कहिन परिश्रम के फलस्वरूप ही ग्रापको मनोवांघ्वित रचनाएँ प्रस्तुत कर सका हूं तथा मुभे पूर्गां ग्राशा है कि, भविष्य में भी, उटक्षष्टतम रचनाश्रों के द्वारा ‘देशे’ को सुसीजजत कर, उसे, लोकप्रियता के पावन-मंदिर में महत्वपूर्ग योगदान देते रहेंगे।

सर्वे सुखिनः भवन्तु सर्वें सन्तु निरामया:, सर्वे भद्रारिए पइयन्तु मा कर्थ्यचित् दु:खभाग भवेत्।।

खों ! शांति: ! शांति: ! ! शifत: ! !!

# "जिसका श्रन्न जल ग्रहा कर 

फुंकुम सक्सेना, बी॰ए० (ग्रानर्स) ग्रन्तिम वर्ष

श्राज यही प्रशन हमसे समाधान मांग रहा है कि क्या हम हाथ पर हाथ रख कर बंठे रहेंगे या मातृभूमि के संकट मोचन के लिए कटिबद्ध होंगे ।

प्राएि-जगत् का यह स्वभाव होता है कि जिस वस्तु से उसका निकटतम सम्पर्क होता है उसके प्रति उसका मानस-मराल श्रनुरवत एवम् श्रासक्त हो जाता है । प्रारिजिजत् की इसी स्वभाविक प्रक्रिया से वस्तु भूमि एवम् प्रेम को जन्म दिया। इस वस्तु भूपि के प्रति उसकी निष्ठा श्रडिग, ग्रविचल एवम् ग्रनुपमेय होती है। इसी इसी के सहार्चय से मातृभूमि का संचालन होता है习्रौर नव-निर्माएा की नई पौध ग्रनुर्वर भाव-जगत को रास्पइयामला एवम् भाव-पूरिता बना देती है। निष्ठा ग्रौर विशबस की इस भूमि में धरती का जन्म होता है ग्रौर मातृरूमि का गौरवपूर्ए स्थान उसको मिलता है।

जिस प्रकार एक श्रबोध बालक ₹्रपनी माता को उद्विग्न एवं उन्मना, देखकर स्वयं भी दुखी हो जाता है तथा माता के दु:ख दर्द को मिटाने के लिए चेष्टावान हो जाता है ठीक इसी प्रकार जब मातृभूमि पर संकट के बादल छाते हैं तो उसके लाड़ले बालक ग्रप्नी लाड़ली माँ के दुःख निवारा के लिए मचल उठते हैं। ग्रसीम साहस श्रौर ग्रनुपम तेज लेकर सहिब्णुता के कवच पहिन कर भाता के समक्ष वे निर्मम ग्राक्रान्त को ललकारते हैं-

$$
\begin{array}{lcc}
\text { त्वदोयाय } & \text { कार्यांय } & \text { बद्धकिटीयं } \\
\text { शुभाशिशं } & \text { देशि } & \text { तःपूर्तंये । }
\end{array}
$$

इतिहास साक्षी है कि ग्रनेक बार धरती के

पुत्रों के सामने' कठोर प्रशन उत्पन्न हुए, श्रनिन्न पनी क्षाएँ ली गइं। महाराराए प्रताप, शिरानी, गुत गोविंद जी के बालकों का बलिदान श्राज भी इः प्रेरएा के श्रमर स्वर हैं जिन स्वरों की लय साथ उन्होने ग्रपने जीवन का ताण्डव नृत्य किती था। भाग्य की कैसी विडम्बना जी। महलों रहने वाला प्रताप श्रौर उसके बालक घास की रोत्री के लिए तरसते रहे। शिवाजी पहाड़ों की गुफांच में छिप छिप कर माता के सुख सौभाग्य को लौटना के लिए अ्रमर साधना करते रहे । भाँसी की रानी लक्ष्मीबाई ग्रपने दुधमुं हे बालक को छाती से लग राचंडी का ष्टृंगार करती रही।

श्राणिर इद सबका स्रोत क्या है। मिथिलीशारत गुप्त के शब्दों में :-

जिसको न निज गौरव तथा tिंज देश का श्रभिमान है वह नर नही पश्यु निरा है और मृतक समान है ।"

मातृभक्तों को तो ग्रपनी भूमि प्यारी होती है। उसके विनिमय में वे नन्दन वन को भी तुच्छ तथा हेय समभते हैं। उसका मानस हंस मततृभूरि के मानसरोवर के फूलों पर विहार करना चाहता है :-
'श्रस्ति यथापि सर्वत्र नीरंनीरज मणिडतम् रमते न मरालस्य मानसं मानसं बिना ।'

जब कभी मातृभूरि के मरालों के मानस पर किसी ने ठेस पहुँचाई तो वे तिलमिला उठे श्रौर हर

बलिदान के लिए वे तैयार हुए 1 बलिदान दिये, बातनाए" सहीं ग्रौर परिगाम स्वहूप मiतृ मन्दिर की, श्रर्चना का ग्यवसर उन्हें प्राप्त हुग्रा।

परतन्वता ग्रभिशाप है श्रौर स्वतन्त्रता परम बग्दान। इसी वनदान को पाने के लिए महान् हुतात्माश्रों ने श्रपने नइवर शरीर की ग्रंचुति देकर मातृ-मfन्दर को ग्रपने जीवन का नैवेद्य चढ़ाया।

महागुयों की घ्रवदात भूमि स्वर्गसहोदरा भारत भूभि ग्राज झ्रपने उस पड़ोसी से च्रसित है जिसको कभी उसके महान पुत्र हुद्ध ने घपने उपदेशों से आप्लावित किया था। गर्वंमित और रवंत-रंजित उसका दुस्साहसी हाथ माता के लिए मंडित मुकुट तक वहुँच चुका है। यह वही दस्पुराज चीन है जिसका इतिहास इस बात का साक्षी है कि उसने सदा ही कपटाचराए घ्रौर डाकेजनी पर fिश्वास किया। नालन्दा की शिक्षा वह भूल गया है ग्रैर भूल गया है कि उसकी श्रतीत ग्रांमा का विकास किसने किया था। इस ग्राहमहंता का दुस्साहस इस सीमा तक बढ़ गया है कि ग्राज लद्दाख घौर पूर्वी उत्तर भारत भूमि की सीमा पर युद्ध की विभीषिका छाई हुई है तो ऐसे समय में हम क्या करें ? वया हम जिसके स्रन्नजल को ग्रह्रा कर बड़े हुए हैं उसे छोड़े दें ? या श्रपने देशववासियों को ललकारें ? राराप्रताप की संतानों ! राष्ट्रीिता के पुत्रों ! श्राज दुइमन तुम्हें लूटने चला ग्रा रहा हे । वह उस रास्ते से ग्रार रहा है जिसको तुर सदैव ही श्रपना रक्षक समभते रहे हो, तो वीरो ! क्या तुम्हारी रगों में घपने पूर्वजों का वह रक्त नहीं

जिसकी गर्मी के सामने दुरमन भुलस जाता था।
हे ग्रटल विशवासी! इस कुऊक्षेत्र में एक बार फिर से ललकारो :-

हतो वा प्रास्स्थसि स्वर्ग जित्वा वा मोक्ष्यसे महीप्।
उठो ! धर्मेक्षेत्र ग्रीर कुुक्षेत्र के इस संघर्ष से जूभो। कटक तुम्हारे पास है, श्रटक क्यों रहे हो। कोटि-कोटि कंठ तुम्हारे साथ है। साहस ग्रोर्स धैर्य बटोरो। मातृर्भम ग्राज तुमसे बलिदान चाहती है। ग्राज स्वर्ग सी सुन्दर इस धरा के गौरवर्गिर के शिखर, गंगा, जमुना की ग्रमृत धार, सागर की कघ्छारें ग्रोर मलय पवन की हुँकारें तुमसे एक ही प्रश्न पूछती हैं ग्रोर समाधान चाहती हैं :-

| राकित प्रदर्श्रन को जब कोई, गनित झानु प्रवल दल सज कर या बहु वैभव देख लोभ वश बुपके ग्राता है सीमा पर तब वया स्वतन्र्र देश के बासी छुपके बंठे रहते घर पर |
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धर्र चीन की समस्या का उत्तर है :-
कुद्व सिंह सम निकल प्रकट कर
ग्रत्रुलित भुजबल विषम पराईम
युद्ध भूमि में वे बैरी का
दर्ष दलन कर, लेते हैं दम
या स्वतन्त्रता की वेदी पर
कर देते हैं प्रारा निछ्छावर ।

## मँँ चरारें में.0.000.0

सुधीर चन्द्र उपाध्याय, बी०ए० (ग्रानसं) श्रंतिम वर्ष
यह भारत के उत्तराचल पर है घनघोर घटा छाई, माँ! चरराों में शीरा चढ़ाने की यह मृदु बेला ख्राई।

श्रादि काल से श्रद्य काल तक हमने शांति का पाठ पढ़ा, धिसा हमारा धर्म नहीं है न यह हमारा धर्म रहा, इसी शांति ग्रीिंसा निमित ही था ग्रयोक ने राज्य तजा, ‘परम धर्म है शांति ग्रींसा' याद दिलाती राष्ट्र घ्वजा। यह शांति-श्रहिंसा-त्रियता ही एक मिश्र को न भाई, ग्रौर दिंट्र उसकी सेना हैं उत्तराचल पर चढ़ घाई।

भूल गया है कृतहन चाऊ भारत माँ का वह उपकार, बुद्देव के श्रमिय तत्व से वह नवजीवन का संचार, चिर प्राचीन मिश्रता कारएा राष्ट्रसंब में पक्ष लिया, तिब्बत के ग्राकम का भी था चुपचाप सहा । मिन प्रेम की वह सद्वृत्ति देख़ो क्या है फल लाई, उसी मित्र की चतुर चमू है मातृ भूरि पर चढ़ ग्राई।

युगों युगों से जहाँ हमारी धर्म पताका भी फहृरी, साम्यवादी उस दुष्ट चीन की कुदृष्टि उस पर ठहरी, भ्रातृ भाव से किर भी जिसका श्रादर श्रौ सत्कार किया, उसी पुनीत भ्रातृ भाव का यह उसने परियाम दिया, चाऊ को हम भाई समभे न समभ सका हमको भाई, हम उससे ये गले मिले पर उसने पीछे छुरी चलाई।

रव उठा सहस्तों कंठों से या, जिंदाबाद चाङ-एन.लाई, घद्य वेश में वह था गरजा, हिंदी-चीनी भाई-भाई, कहते सुनते कुछ वर्षों तक उससे कुछ ऐसा कुचक्त चला, फँस कर जिसमें भारत देलो है ख्वयंमेव ही गया छला। भाई की ग्रान निभा न सका है दुष्ट की देखो पदवी पाई, कृत६नतः का दुष्फल भुगतेगा निरंकुश श्रासक चाऊ-पन-लाई।
(4)

मानव विह्नीन निर्जन प्रदेश में जो रखे ये कुछ प्रहरी, दुष्ट चीन ने मार काट कर पीड़ा पहुँचाई गहरी, वरवास घात से उनको मारा, भूमि हमारी भी छीनी, निर्लज्ज वे फिर भी कहते रहे भाई-भाई हिंन्दी-चीनी । छलकपटावेष्टित नीति देखो 'सत्य' नहीं चाऊ 'लाई', ग्रनधिकार इस चेष्टा संग है ग्रन्तिम बेला भी झ्राई ।

नेका और लद्द्रख हमारा गू"ज जठे जय जय जयकार, मातृ भूमि की बलिवेदी पर रीश चढ़ाने हों तैयार , 'वरस झ्रठारह क्षत्री जियें' गूँज उठे फिर से हुैकार, नाच उठे राएचण्डी फिर से संग लिए तांडब भनकार 1

दीख पड़े ग्रातंकित স्राँग में नवजीवन की लहरें ग्राई, माँ! मस्तक के इस कलँक को दूर करेंगे हम भाई। माँ ! चरगों में रींश चढ़ाने की यह्ह मृदु बेला श्राई।

## भारत में श्रंग्रेजी

बलभद्र प्रसाद ग्रोफा, दी०एससी० द्वितीय वर्ष

लो भाषा विल पास हुग्रा
हिन्दी का सत्यानाश हुग्रा ।
घंग्रंजी के बोल बने फूल सम
हिन्दी वन की घास हुग्रः।।
हिन्दी में ग्रवगुएा भरे पड़े
भ्रंग्रं जी गुएा की खान।
तबही सब श्रंग्रंजी बोलन लगे
क्या हिन्दू क्या स्बान।।
गोरे तन वालों ने सोचा,
मन को भी ले जरा निखार।
किया हेट fहन्दी को
श्रौर भ्रंग्रेंजी से प्यार ।।

नहरह हुए श्रंग्रोजी के पक्ष में
नेतग्रों के सिंहासन डोल उठे ।
ले ढोल गले में चढ़े मंच पर, हिन्दी नेता
अ्यंग्रंजी की जय बोल उठे।।
राजः जी चीसे ग्ररें ग्रार्यो
म्मंग्रे जी ही मध्धुरिम भाषा है।
इसी भाषा में भलां देश का
निहित भारत की ग्राशाए है।
इसी भ|षा को पढ़ने से भवयुत्कों
होगा बेड़ा पार।
बड़े होने पर संकट काल में
मांग सकोगे उधार ।।

## प्रेम विजित

राक्कि सूरी, बी० ए० (ग्रानर्स) द्वितीय वर्ष

नीलम राजीव का चित्र देख कर फूट-फूट कर रो उठी। उसकी ग्राँखों से ग्राँसू बह चले श्रौर उन श्राँसुश्रों से उभरे कुछ्ध श्रतीत के चित्र।
"दादी दादी कहानी सुनाश्रो" दो बच्चे मचलते हुए दादो के पास झ्माए, एक छ: वर्ष का बालक तथा एक तीन वर्ष की बालिका । दोनों पड़ौसी थे ।
"दादी सुनाम्रो न" बालक ने हठ किया।
"नहीं राजा बेटा, शाम को सुनाऊँगी"
"ग्र: श्रः श्र:… दादी श्रबी सुनाग्रो न" बालिका मचलने लगी ग्रौर दादी ने कहानी अ्रारम्भ की $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ एक राजकुमार था, वह ग्रपनी मां को बड़ा ध्यार करता था। एक बार जब राजकुमार महल में नहीं था तो एक राक्षस ग्राया।
"राक्षस ! द/दी"
हाँ राक्षस, बहुत बड़ा राक्षस, उसने रानी माँ को जंजीरों से बाँध दिया ग्रोर श्रपने साथ ले जाने वाला था कि राजकुमार श्रा गया ।
"फिर दादी ?"
फिर बहुत लड़ाई हुई, राजकुमार ने राक्षस को मार भगाया ग्रौर उसकी माँ बहुत प्रसन्न हुई ।
"दादी, राजकुमार बड़ा बहादुर था न"'
‘‘हाँ बेटे - ...........
वे दिन व्यतीत हो गये । बचपन जव।नो में

बदला। बालिका नीलू नवयोवना नीलम बन गई बालक राजू लैपटीनेंट राजीव सेठी बन गया बचपन का स्नेह यौवन का प्रेम हो गय। बचपन के वयार के बंधन श्रट्टू हुए। नीलम श्रौत्र राजीव विवाह-सूत्र में बँध गये ।
"राजीव जी'"
"合"
"तुम मुभ्भे प्रेम करते हो ?"
"हौँ"
"ग्रीर भारत माँ को ?"
"तुमसे बढ़ कर"
'पर मुभे बड़ा डर लगता है। न जाने क्यों’
"किसका"
"उस राक्षस का जिसके पास बड़ी-बड़ी जंजीर" हैं।"

ग्रोर वह्ह दोनों खिलखिला कर हुँस पड़े।
परन्तु वह कहानी कहानी न रही, सत्य हो गई । हजारों वर्षो पइचात् चीनीस्रों ने किर भारत की सीमा को पार किया। प्रथम वे ज्ञान की खोज में भारत श्रये थे। ग्राज उन्होंने भारत भूरि पर शान्रु बन कर ग्राकमसा किया। दानव बन कर मां भारती को जंजीरें पहनाने के लिये ।

डाकिया श्राया। उसने राजीव को एक पग्र दिया। समय की पुकार ने लंक्टीनेंट राजीव को सीमा पर पुकारा था $T$
"नोलू"
"जो"
"मैं सीमा प्रान्त पर दानव से लड़ने जाऊँ ?"
"जी"
"नीलू ... "
"जी "जाश्रो प्रियतम जाग्रो, सहर्ष जाग्रो।"
"तुम मेरा इन्तजार करोगी ?"
"श्राजीवन"
राजीव को ग्रपने कानों पर विश्वास न ग्राया कि क्या संत्य ही उसकी नीलू उसे इतना हौसला दे रही है। प्रेमवश दोनों की श्रांखों से ग्राँूू बह निकले, ग्रौर दूसरे दिन राजीव सीमाप्रान्त की पोर चल दिया।

राजीव ने सीमाप्रान्त पर चीनिग्रों के छकके हुड़ा दिये। बारूद खर्म हो जाने पर उसने संगीन बढ़ा कर शानु को पीछे हृटा दिया । चीनी चौकी पर कबजा न कर सके। राक्षस चीन भारती माँ को श्रपनी जंजीरों से न बाँध सका । राजीव को हवाई जहाज से दूसरी चौकी पर भेजा जा रहा था, जहाँ चीन ने ग्रवक्कमा किया था। परन्तु प्रभाग्यवश जहाज में श्राग लग गई ग्रौर जहाज लापता हो गया। नीलम को छः मास से राजीव का कोई पत्र न म्राया। वह व्याकुल हो उठो । एक दिन अ्रचानक तार ग्राया कि लैप्टीनेंट राजीव जहाज सहित लापता है।

नीलम रो उठी, परन्तु उसका हृदय कहता था कि उसके प्रियतम उसे श्रवइय मिलेंगे। नीलम ने कई बार श्रात्महत्या करने की सोची परन्तु ज्यों ही वह ग्राट्महत्या केलिए प्रसात होती उसकी श्रन्तरा₹मा में बैठा राजीव कह उठता :-
"बस नीलू कर चुकी मेरा इन्तज़ार"
"नहीं नहीं मैं श्रात्महत्या नहीं कह"गी । मेरे प्रियतम जीवित हैं। वह श्राट्महत्या न कर सकी ।

एक साल बाद
अ्याज घ्यचानक हो राजीव का चित्र देखते नीलम को ऐसा ग्राभास हुश्रा मानो राजीव का चित्र उसे कह रहा हो कि वह ग्राज झ्रपनी प्रिया से अ्रवश्य मिलेगा। वह रोती रहीं भ्रोर चित्र को ग्राँसुग्रों से भिगोती रही।
"नोलू .......... ,
विचारों का प्रवाह टूट गया ।
नीलम ने घूमकर दरबाजे की श्रोर देखा तो राजीव भागा उसकी ग्रोर ग्रा रहा था।
"श्रियतम" कह कर दोनों ग्रालिगनबद्ध एकदूसरे को श्रांसुग्रों से भिगोते रहे। दोनों की वाशी मूक बन गई।

दादी की कहानी संय हो गई। राजीव राजकुमार ने चीन दानव को भगाकर माँ भारती की रक्षा की।

## दो कवितएँ श्रौर एक पथिक

## बलभद्र झ्रोभा, बी० एससी द्वितीय वर्ष

एक चेहरा
बाँध दुख का
घना सेहरा
त्रसित मुख
सुखों से विमुख
कर्बे से
सूखे से
उलभे बाल
दोनों नयनों में
दो बूँ दें गली हुई
सीपों में मोती से
ढजी हुई
उसड़ी २ सांसों से
व्यथा भरी ग्रांखों से
ताकती हैं
भॉॉकती हैं
पर नजरें
फिर गिर पड्ती
जँसे ठेस लगे पग
या पंख विहीन खग
सबने देखा
व्यथा को लेखा
कह उठा पथिक
श्राह! यही तो मेरी कविता है।

राह में
घरीं छाँह में
हैसती सी
मुसकाती सी
लगता ऐसे,
हो स्वयं इन्दिरा
लिए ग्राँख में
हर एक साँस में
माया, रही शर्मा
कमलिनी सम
उसका मुख
मिलता सुख
fिंसे लख
जो हर धान में
हर बात में
इक विन्नय सा करती
ग्रभिनय सा करती
शरमाने का
मुस्काने का
भली लगती थी
वसन्त के प्रभात की
कली लगती थी
पथिक को सरिता सी लगी
एक कविता सी लगी।

पधिक पथ में भटक गया, भूल गया निज ध्येय। किस रूप को दे श्रद्धा, किस रूप को दे श्रेय। वह रूप कौन सा है जिसने, मुभसे मेरा मन छी़न लिया कुछ राब्द जुड़े जिससे, कबिता का बाना छी़ीन लिया।

## \% कामढ़व

श्रुति कान्त, बी०एं० श्रन्तिम वर्ष

काव्य को माधुर्य प्रदान करने में यदि श्रृंगार घ- का महत्व्वपूर्ग योग है तो ष्टृंगार को \#ौर मेन श्रधिक ष्रृंगारिक बनाने में कामदेव सम्बन्धी र्स्गन का भी ग्रभाव नहीं। वस्तुतः श्रृंगार के दोनों巨न्तुग्रों में कौतुहल का संयोजन, विषयानुरूप भाषा बाहु में जान एवं भाबों को श्रधिक स्पष्टतर ग्रनुहनि केवल कामदेवार्मक सम्पूर्या ग्रथवा ग्रांशिक जर्गनों से ही उपलब्ध हुई है।

प्रत्येक क्षेत्र ग्रथवा कार्य के निरूपक एक देव विरोष को मानने की वैचित्यूपूर्ग इस भारतीय रीति E. रूप एवं सौंदर्य पति कामदेव को माना है व इसके विभिन्न गुएों के कारा इसे मदन, कुसुमायुध, कन्द्र्वर्प श्रादि विशेषरा प्रदान किये हैं। संस्कृत के खादि कवि वाल्मीकि से लेकर ग्रद्यतन कवियों नक ने इसको पूर्गापूर्या प्रत्यक्ष अ्रथवा परोक्ष रूप में चित्रित किया है वस्तुत. जिस दृरय को देख कवि हद्वय वाल्मीकि के शोक ने इलोकर्व प्राप्त कर उनसे रामायया जससे ग्रद्वितीय काव्य की रचना क.रवाई थी वह् हुईय ग्रौर कोई न होकर कामदेव मादता एवं मृत सहचरी मादापक्षी की करूागमयी चीत्कार ही थी।

दो युदा प्राfखायों में प्रेमांकुर बपन कार्य में रत इस कामदेव के विशेष लक्षरा एवं गुएा कहे गए हैं। मधुमक्षिकiंग्रों की प्रत्य₹्चा वाले, पुष्पों के कोमल दलों से निनिमत इस धनुर्षारी की किशोरावस्था कही गई है व मादक उत्ते जक एवं चक्षुप्रिय अ्रां्र मंजरी, घशोक पुष्प, नीलकमल व नवोत्पल अ्रादि पाँच पुषप विशोष इसके वारा हैं। श्रपने इन कोमल वाशों से वयक्क व युवा

जनों को प्रहारित करने में गौरव ग्रनुभव करता हुग्रा यह विरहविलाप व प्र म जागरूक होता है। ग्रपने इस वृहत् कार्य में रवयं रत रहने के साथसाथ यह ग्रपनी सेना को भी सहायतार्थ लगाए रख्बता है । इसकी श्रनुगामिनी सेना में अ्रमरपंक्ति, चन्द्रमा, कमल, मीनयुगल, शंख, नवपल्लव, चक्रव।क, कमलनाल, कमलकलिका, कदलीस्तम्भ हैं। वे यह सब मलयानिल के ग्रधीन रहे, जिसे सेना का पूर्या नेतृँ्व प्राप्त है, श्रपनाग्रपना कार्य सम्पन्न करते हैं।

संदर्यपति कामदेक व योग-विद्या के अ्र धष्ठाता शंकर का पारस्परिक वैमनस्य भी बहुत समय से चला ग्रा रहा है। कहते हैं कि एक बार शंकरजी ध्याननमग्न तपस्यारत थे कि श्रपने स्वामी व मित्र लोगों की सम्मति से यह उन्हें तपस्याच्युत करने जा पहुंचे। सेना को श्रधिकधिक सामर्थ्य व उपकर्याiं से प्रह्रार का ग्रादेश दे स्वयंमवि जुट गये। तपस्या भंग होने फे भय से शंकर ने इन्हें रोकना श्रनुचित समभा किन्तु ग्रति करने पर श्रॅटन्त क्रोधित हो उन्होंने मस्तक से तृतीय चक्षु निकाल कामदेच को तो भस्म कर दिया किन्तु इसी बीच सेना के लापता हो जाने के कारा डसे छोड़ दिया। उसके परचात् पुनर्जन्म प्राप्ति पर भी इनका वैमनस्य नहीं मिटा

वास्तरिकता
वास्तविकता ग्रथवा श्रवास्तविकता पर मतभेद हो जाना साधारा ही है। वस्तुतः कामदेव कोई वस्तविक प्रारीं नही है जो कुसुमझारों

के प्रहारों से ठ्यथा प्रदान करता है किन्तु विरहातुर व्यक्ति की निज कल्पना एवं विचार ही होते हैं। प्रकृति मानव को निज स्वभावानुसार ही प्रतीत होती है। एक सुखी को वायुप्रवाह से भुके पत्तो, हिलती हुई शाखाएँ खिलते बसंती पुष्प व विकसित कमल सुखदाई प्रतीत होंगे किन्तु विरहजनित कोषयुक्त को भुके पतो स्वानुहूप चिन्तित मुख धार्शा किये हुए प्रागी की तरह वायुवेग से हिलती राखाएँ सांसारिक मोहमाया से फसने के नकराड्मक ढंग से हिलती हुई, खिलते बसन्ती पुष्प एवं पूर्या विकसित कमल ग्रधिक वेदनादायक ही प्रतीत होंगे भ्रस्तु इसी प्रकार जब कोई वियोगी किसी उद्यान में बैठा समीपवर्ती ग्राम्रतृक्ष की भीनी सुगन्ध वाली मझ्जरी से सुवासित हुई प्रात:कालीन मलयानल का पान करेगा, प्रेम कीड़ा में भग्न पक्षियों को देखेगा श्राप्रमझ्जरी की तीखी गन्ध से प्रभावित, हॉंषत एवं कामातुर कीट पतंमों का दर्शान करेगा तो स्वत: ही वहु ऐसे मनोरम मौसम में ग्रपने से श्रधम, श्रभाग्यवान एवं पुरुषार्थविहीन ग्रौर किसी को न पा ऊब सा जायगा, ग्रन्त में उपरोक्त अ्रादर्शों से शिक्षा सा लिया हुग्रा वह विरहजनित कष्ट को प्रिय समरए से दूर करने की कोशिश करता हुग्रा उसी में श्रधिक गहनता प्रापत कर लेगा। यही कन्दूर्प का तीर हो सकता है।

यह तो हुई कन्दर्पमुक्ति श्रत्र रही इसकी सेना ! ध्यान पूर्वक देखने से यह विदित होगा कि इसकी समस्त सेना के सदस्यों का भी स्वामी के श्रनुतूप कार्य है। दूसरे शब्दों में यह सब वियोगी के हृदय में ग्रधिक विरह, प्रेमी के हृदय में ग्रधिक भावुकता प्रंमोव्याप्त ही है। मलयानल, मीनयुगल, नवो-

त्पत्र, कमलकलिका, शंखचक्रवाक ग्रादि सव बस्ब कामोत्रेरक ही है । इसीलिए इन्हें इसकी सेना श्रद्ध माना जाता है। कल्पना कीजिए कोई प्रात:बेला में सरोवर तट पर बैठा हुझ्रा प्रकृति के मनोरमत्व का श्रास्वादन कर रहा है। सद्व उसका ध्यान छ्रन्य हृ्यों से हटकर सरोवर केन्द्रित हो जाता है --सरोवर की मादकतामय का कलिकाए" इसमें किलोल करते सुन्द्र मीन यु समीपवर्ती पोधों के फूटे नवपल्लव, निज निव पंखों में बंठे कीट परस्पर मूक सम्भाषरा, एवं रा के ग्रसहनशील प्राकृतिक वियोग के पइचात् कु स्थिल प्रसन्नबदन चक्रवाक युगल की मीठी ग्राध उसके हृद्य में पीड़ा सी उत्पन्न करती हुई पूवों व्वक्ति सी श्रथवा उससे भी गम्भीर श्रवस्था ले ज:यँगी। इन्हीं लक्षएों को हम मदन।नुगामि सैन्य का पराक्रम कहते हुए उसके श्रधिक रत्रै को प्रतिपादित करते हैं।

पूर्वोक्त शिव-कन्दर्प युद्ध में लापता हुए संन्प महार'थगों ने नारी के रूप में ग्राश्रय लिया ऐ भी कहा जाता है । मलयानल का रवास मीनयुग काय झ्राँखों में, शांख का ग्रीवाप्रदेश में कमलकलिक का चरगा में भ्रमरपंक्ति का केशाराशि श्रादि में जं ग्राश्रय बताया है वह सब कन्दर्पस्सैन्येन गुएा धारिए होने के कारसा ही नारी में कहा गया है । कही का सरल 尹भिप्रंय यह है कि जो परिएाम द्विती। व्यक्ति के सम्मुख मलयानल पान, कमल एवँ मीज दर्शान श्रादि से श्राया था वह सब सौंदर्यभूति गज़ गामिनी, मीनाक्षौ, ग्रायतक्षि, श्रननद्यःङि: ग, विशक न्भरनन्दिनी, तन्वी, वन्धुरगाजि एवँ करभोरु संत्र के तत्सम उपमानों से पूर्गारूप से सम्भव है।

# मिला कहाँ बह सुख जिसका 

नरगिस च्रैहन, बी०ए० तृतीय वर्ष

गाड़ी श्रपने पूरे बेग पर थी । दीपक बम्बई जा रहा था ग्रौर उसके विचार भी तीव्रतम गति से पलटते जा रहे थे। वह् सोच रह्र था कि यदि वह्ह कल वाली इन्टरव्यू में सफल हो सका तो सवित मदा के लिए श्रगले बैसाख में ग्रपनी हो ज़ायगी ग्रोर तब रह्ठ
........गाड़ी ने तीव्रत्तम ध्वनि की ग्रीरर उसकी चीख के साथ ही दीपक के विचार भी एकदम पलट गए। कल ही की तो बात है जब रेत में घरोदे बनाती हुई स्ववता बोल उठी थी, "दीयक हम यह घरौदे बना रहे हैं ग्रोर तोड़ रहे हैं—कहीं ऐसे ही बनते हुए हम भी न ढह जाए"।’ "दुए पगली तूँ इस रेत से क्या ग्रपने जीवन की तुलना कर रही है, ऐसा भी कभी होता है ।" तब वह केवल तेरह वर्ष का ही तो था।
"सविता ! मेरी सविता! मन नहीं लग रहा इस शाहर में । हर समय श्रॉँखों में तुम ही तो रहती हो, फिर भला उन ग्रांखों में यह काले ग्रक्षर कंसे समा सकते हैं ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ यह ग्रौर इसी प्रकार की कई बातें जब वह्ट गाँव से राहर में ग्राकर सचिता को लिख भेजता था तो सविता बड़े प्रेम से पत्रोतर में समभ्काया करती थी, "दीपक ! तुम क्या जानो, ह्मारा यही विगोग तो सुख को लनि का काराए ब्रनेगा ।" पिछ्वुले चार वर्ष दीपक ने इसी प्रकार से स तिता के प्रेम में व्याकुल हो कर व्यतीत कर दिये थे । किन्तु वे चार वर्ष गाड़ी की भॅनि तीव्रगामी होते हुए भी दीपक के लिए उसी प्रकार बीते थे जँसे बम्नई का मार्ग ।

बो० ए० की डिग्री प्राष्त करने के पइचात् दीपक तथा सविता के विवाह के मध्य यदि कोई समस्या भी तो वह नौकरी की ही थी तथा दीपक उसी नौकरी की ही खोज में बम्बई जा रहा था। नौकरी मिल जाने पर प्रटाय-सूत्र में बंध जाने की कमनीय कामना मात्र से दीपक का शरीर रोमांचित हो उठा तथा न जाने कितनी देर तक वह इसी विचित्रावस्था में पड़ा रहा। भौसी का स्टेशन श्राने पर जब गाड़ी एक भटके के साथ रुकी तो कुछ तो गाड़ी के उस भमके के कारएा तथा कुछ प्यास के तनिक श्राभास के काराए जमकी विचारों की षृं खला टूटी तथा वह ट्लेटफार्म पर पानी की खोज में डतर पड़ा । पानी पीकर जब उसने श्रपने कम्पाटंमेंट में प्रवेश किया तो उसने ग्रपने सामने वाली बर्थ पर एक संत्री को बंके पाया जो सु₹्दर न होते हुए भी कृत्रिम सुन्दरी कहीं जा सकती थी ।
"ग्राप कहाँ जा रहे हैं,' इस ग्राकस्मिक प्रइन ने दीपक को चीका दिया था, जो कि उसके ग्राधुनिक वाक्यों, कृत्रिमता एवं हाव भाव के काराए उसकी लज्जःविहीनता एवं श्रस्त्राभाविकता पर मन ही मन ग्राईचर्भ्रचकित हो रहा था। उसने श्राज तक सविता के र्य में नारी का श्रादरखीय एवं लज्जापूर्णा हूप ही देखा था 1 मुँह फेर कर दीपक ने उत्तर दिया, "बम्बई।"
‘चनलिए ग्रच्छा साथ रहेगा’’ निरारा हुए बिना उसने कह ही डाला। दीपक के मन में तो ग्राया कि वह कह दे कि ग्रापके सथथ की तनिक भी श्राबइयकता नहीं है किन्तु कुछ विचार करे कह चृप ही रहा ।
"や ! मिस्टर ! चुपचाप पपनी घड़ी श्रीर अ्रंगूठी उतार कर मेरे हवाले कर दो $1^{\prime \prime}$ गभीर, कठोर वाशीी से दीपक चौंक पड़ा 1 भाँसी के पशचात् कई रटेशन ग्रा कर निकल गए थे किन्तु वह स्त्री फिर कुछ न बोली थी ग्रौर दीपक भी इसे श्रथवा सौभाग्य समभ कर निरन्तर बाहर की ग्रोर ही दृष्टि किए थे। किन्तु इस भ्राकस्मिक एवं दुष्टतापूर्रा ग्राज्ञा को सुनकर तो उसे ऐसा प्रतीत होने लगा मानो वह ग्राकाश से पृथ्वी की ग्रोर ढकेल दिया गया हो । फिर भी उसने साहस करके कह ही दिया दिया कि, "क्यों ? श्राखिर ग्राप ऐसी ग्राज्ञा देने वाली होती कौन हैं।

इस प्रर्न का उतार देने वाले ख्वर में न तो वह पूर्व जसी कठोरता ही थी तथा न उन नेत्रों में वह रोष श्रपितु नेग्रों से कृत्रम मादकता ढुलकाती हुई बोली, बदले में मैं तुम्हें सब कुछ दे सकती हूँ ।"
'चुप रहो। मुभे तुम जसीं स्नी से किसी भी वस्तु की ग्रावइशकला नही है। चुप चाप बंठे रहो श्रन्यथ। मैं तुग्हें पुलिस के हवाले कर दूँगा," दीपक ने धमकी भरे स्वर में कहा।
"देख लेना कि पुलिस के हवाले तुग होगे या में" यह शब्द उस स्ती ने ऐसे कहे कि जैसे पुलिस की उसे तनिक भी fंचता न हो तथा यह कहने के साथ ही उसका वह श्रसुन्दर हाथ जन्जीर की श्रोर वढ़ गया जिसको छूने मात्र से ही गाड़ी खड़ी हो सकती थी।

उस श्रन्धेरे कमरे के एक कोने में बैठा हुग्रा दीपक देख रहा था कि उसका सुनहरा सपना उजड़ गया था। वही स्त्री जिसने कुछ समय पूर्व उस प? कुकर्म के प्रयस का ग्रारोप लगा कर पुलिस का संरक्षगा प्राप्त कर लिया था ग्रब उसके नेत्रों के सम्मुख इन्स्पेक्टर के साथ हास्य एवं व्यंग में मस्त थी। दीपक सोच रहा था कि न्यायाधिकारी सत्य रूप में वह कर रहा था जिसका उस पर भूळा भ्रारोप लगाया गया था किन्तु उसकी सस्ष्यतः का साक्षी देने वाला कोई भी न था।

कारावास के उस श्रन्धेरे कमरे में पड़ा हुग्रा दीपक, रात्री के श्रन्धकार में दुख़ से पीडित होकर ग्रपने भाग्य पर रो रहा था कित्तु उस समय उसे दिलासा देने वाला कोई न था 1 उसकी सुर्वकियां जो धीरे-धीरे हिचकियो में परिर्वसत हो गई थीं। उसके श्रन्तर्गत के गहन दुस का साक्षात प्रमारा थीं। इधर उसका सुनहरा स्वप्न नष्ट हो रहा था क्योंकि इन्टरव्यू में उसका पहुंच पाना कठिन ही नहीं म्रसम्भव भी था। दीपक का हृदय चीत्कार कर उठा किन्तु उसका चीकार साथ वाले कमरे से श्राने वाली हसी की किलकारियों में विलीन हो रहा था तथा दीपक-उसको एक ही कल्पना बारबार प्रताड़ित कर रही थी । सfवता श्रपने प्रियतम की सफलता के लिए मंगलकामना कर रही होगी। उसने सुख का सुनहरा स्वप्न देखा था तथा ग्रब उसके समक्ष ही वह़ स्वप्न धूलि धूसरित सा दृष्टिगोचर हो रहा था ।

## मारत के टूटे खलएडहर पर

ग्रनिल कुमारी सक्सेना, बी,ए. (ग्रानसंस) प्रथम वर्ष
भारत के टूटे खण्डहर पर, मैं दीप जलाने ग्राई हूं। बरबादी में श्राजादी का, संगीत सुनाने ग्राई हूँ ॥

टूटा है ग्राज हमारा घर, टूटी छानी टूटा छप्पर । पर ख्वागत झ्चाजादी का देती, श्राहें हैं इसके भीतर ।। जब तुम्हें बुलाने को निशिदिन, हमने मेले खूनी हमले। तब धन्य हुए तुमको पाकर. च्रर्गरित बलिदानों के बदले।

में श्राज स्वयं के शोरिात से, वह मूल्य चुकाने श्राई हैं । बरबादी में श्राजादी का संगीत सुनाने ग्राई हूं।।

इस भीषएा बलिदानी पथ पर, कितने मोती लाल लुडे । तिल-तिल कर इसकी मिट्टो में, हैं तिलक गोखले दास fिटे ॥ सरदार भगर्तसिह से कितने, फांसी के तल्ते भूल चुके । ग्रोर स्वतन्त्रता पाने को, सब श्रपना वैभव भूल चुके ।
स्वतन्र्रता मिलने पर उनकी मैं याद दिलाने ग्राईे हूं। बरबादी में श्राजादी का संगीत मुनाने श्राई हूँ ।।

इस स्वर्शा मयी पृथ्वी पर हैं गाँधी जँसे सुपूत हुए । जो सत्याग्रह के शस्र्र को लेकर हथथकड़ियों को भी चूम चृके ।।

झ्राए जो बिजर्ली बन करके, श्रैर बिजली बनकर चल भी दिए। जो अ्रपनी सुख़ स्मृति देकर, पृथ्वी के श्रंक प्रविष्ट ।।

उनकी उस धूरिल समाधि पर, दो पुष्प चढ़ाने श्राई़ हूं। बरबादी में ग्राज़ादी का, संगीत सुनाने श्राई हूँ ।।

सन् सत्तावन का बलिदान, इस भारत का व्यास्यान बने ।
यह जलिया वाला उपवन, बीरों का तीर्थ स्थान बने ।। सन् बयालीस का ग्रान्दोलन, नव युदकों का प्र्र्रमान बने।
नेता जी का रएा संचालन,
युग-युग का गौरव गान बने ।।
विद्यार्यिनी मैं उसके स्वर में निज गान मिलाने ग्राई हूं । बरबादी में अ्राज़ादी का संगीत मिलाने ग्राई हूँ।।

(14)

## गुलाब

श्री श्रार० के० चित्रi

प्राय: रात को सैर करना मेरी ग्रादत बन गयी घी। उस दिन में कुछ श्रधिक दूर चला गया था मामने ही रिंग रोड पर कब्रिस्तान था । न जाने क्या मन में ग्राया कि मैं चल दिया उसी ग्रोर । घुं ही घूम रहा था कि एक कब्र पर मुभे कुछ गुलाब के फूल नजर ग्राए वह फूल ऐसे प्रतीत होते ये मानो कोई ग्रभी रख गया हो। मुभे कुछ घ्राइचर्य हुम्रा कि इस समय यहां कौन फूल रख सकता है। मैं वर्fपस लौट ग्राय। ।

घ्रगले दिन मैं राचित्रि से पहले ही वहाँ वहुँच गया था थोड़ी देर उपरान्त मैं श्रागे बढ़ा ही था कि सामने से एक युनक उस कब्र पर फूल रख कर उठता दिखाई दिया। मैं चुपके से उसकी श्रोर बढ़ा, नजरें टकराई। उसकी ग्राँखों में एक श्रदभुत वेदना थी। साहस कर मैंने नमस्ते की। वह सिर हिला कर चल दिया। मैं भी उसके पीछे-पीछे हो लिया ग्रागे कुछ बढ़ने पर उसने मेरी ग्रोर घूम कर देखा मैं कुछ कहने को हुग्रा ही था कि वह बोल उठा, "आ्राप कौन हैं ? ग्रोर क्या चाहते हैं।'
"मैंने थोडे से शब्दों में उसे समभाया, कि मुभे नित फूल चढ़ाते देख श्राइचर्य हुग्रा था, सो यूं ही जानने के लिये चला ग्राया ।’'
"क्या तुम सुन सकोगे ? कहानी लम्बी है ।’ मेरी समभ में कुछ नहीं त्रा रहा था "तुम कया समभोगे, समाज के ठेकेदार जो ठह्रे ।’

में रात को खड़ा देखता परन्तु कोई बात न हो सकती। गौर फिर एक दिन वह नही ग्राया ।

दूसरे, तीसरे, चौथे दिन भी नहीं श्राया। मैंने वहाँ के चौकीदार से पूछ्छा। चौकीदार ने बताया $\mathrm{f}_{\mathrm{F}}$ उसका नाम 'जनक' था ग्रौर वह ज्ञान नगर में रहता था। कोठी का नम्बर उसे मालूम नहीं था। परन्तु मुभ को उसकी कोठी ढूढ़ते देर न लगी कुल मिलाकर सोलह्ट या सत्रह को िियां थीं इसे सभी लोग प्रायः जानते थे परन्तु उसके बारे में कुछ कहना सुनना नहीं था। वह ग्रकेला रहता था । खाना होटल से ग्रा जाया करता था। वह प्र।य: कोठी से बाहर ही रहा करता था हाँ दो तीन रोज से उसको किसी ने नहीं देखा था।

मैंने दरवाजा खटखटाया, तो ग्रन्दर से एक धीमी सी ग्रावाज ग्राई, कौन है ?"

मैं अन्दर ही चला गया। एक छोटा सा कमरा था जिसमें एक पलंग एक छोटी मेज झौर दो कुर्सियों के ग्रलावा कुछ नहीं था। पलंग पर वह स्वयं लेटा था चेहरा बिल्कुल उतरा हुग्मा था ग्रौर श्रौर श्मांबों के नीचे एक प्रकार के गड्ढे, कालिमा छाई हुई थी । रंग हल्लदी के समान छील। हो रहा था। पलंग के पास मेज पर कुछ दवाइयां पड़ी हुई थीं। मुभे समभते देर नहीं लगी।

बातों ही बातों में उसने बताया कि वह कुछ दिन से बीमार है ग्राफिस से छ्घुट्री ले रखी थीं। होटल वाला कभी खाना लाता था, कभी नहीं। एक मामूली डाक्टर उसका इलाज कर रहा था। हास्पोटल जाने के लिए उसके पास पैसे नही थे।

धीरे २ हमारी मैंत्री बढ़ने लगी, मैं उसके यहां

रोज जाया करता，खूब बातें होतीं श्रब वह हैसता भी था श्रौर कुछ दिनों तक वह चलने फिरने के लायक हो गया था।

फिर यूँ ही एक दिन गुलाव का किस्सा छिड़ गया वह उदास हो गया，मेरे बहुत पूछने पर उसने कहना ग्रारम्भ किया ：－
＂जानना चाहते हो कि में उस कत्र पर फूल क्यों चढ़ाता हूं ？व्योंकि उसे गुलाब बहुत प्यारे लगते थे वह्ह स्वयं भी गुलाव मी भाति सुन्दर ग्रौर सुरील थी ग्रौर उसका नाम भी गुलाब था । पर हाय री यह किस्मत！वह एक मुसलिम थी और गौर में एक हिन्दू। पर धर्म की दीबार तोड़ी न जा सकती थी। सब समाज सुधार की बातें करते हैं कोई ऐसा नहीं देखा जो उस पर ग्रमल कर सके।

समाज के ठेकेदार जो ग्रपने श्राप को सभ्य एवं सुशील समभते थे वे भला यह सध कैसे सहन कर सकते थे कि एक कोंे पर रहने वाली，गाने वाली उसकी मौज की वस्तु，किसी एक के गले का हार बन कर रहे। सच कहता हहां＇fचन्रा＇वह बिल्फुल निर्मल श्रौर रवच्छ थी। वरना मैं उसको प्यार क्यों करता ？

उसकी ग्रांखों से ग्रश्वृ की धारा बह्ह निकली वह् झ्रागे कहने लगा ：－
＂गुलाब मुभे काशमीर में मिली उस दिन वह बाज़ार में कुछ लेने ग्राई थी। सहासा मैने डसे देखा गौर उसने मुभे। नजरें टकराई। वह मुस्कराई ग्रौर एक ग्रजीव सी सदा से सिर हिला कर चलदी।

में अ्रपन ग्राप को खो बैठा श्रौर मेरे कदम श्रपने ग्राप ही उसके पीछे चलने लगे। उसने घूम कर देखा，ग्रौर किर वह मुरकरा दी। मैं घायल

होकर（जिस प्रकार शेर घायल होकर）उस्साहिग हुग्रा मैंने उसको नमस्ते की उसने भी हाथ जो⿰七刀 दिये। गुलाबी साड़ी ग्रौर सफेद ब्लाउज में कितन्न सुन्दर प्रतीत होती थी। मेंने साहस कर नाम पूद्ध वह बडे प्यार से बोली＇गुलाब＇।
＂बहुत व्यारा नाम है＂
＂तुम्हें पसंद ग्राया।＂
＂मुभे तो ऐसा लगता है कि रखने वाले ने बिल－ कुल ठीक नाम रखा है।＂

वह हलकी सी हैसी हँस दी।
＂झ्यच्छा म्यव मैं चलती हूँ＂उसने अ्यन्दाज से कहा।

मिने देखा कि हम बातों ही बातों में बहुत अ्रागे घढ़ गये ।＂कल फिर $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ ？
＂तुम बड़े चालाक हो＂
．．．．．．．गुलाब चली गई ！
इसी प्रकार हम दोनों की मिन्रता बढ़ती गई स्रौर वह मेरे निकट अ्रती गई धीरे－धीरे यह ममन्री प्यार के रूप में बदल गई। एक दिन मैंने उससे पूछा．＇गुलाब＇，एक बात तो बताग्रो ？तुम रहती कहाँ हो ？＂
＂कयों ？＂वह चौंक पड़ी।
＂＇यू＂ही，ग्रगर कहीं तुम किसी दिन न ग्राईं तो－．．．ग्रौर फिर तुम्हारे श्रब्बाजान की भी तो $\cdot \cdots$ ？＂

मैं ग्रभी ग्रपनी वात पूरी भी न कर पाया था कि वह् रुंचे स्वर से बोली－＇ज़नक＇मुन सकोगे ？＇
＂भला मैं तुम्हारी वात न सुतू＂ग। 1 मैंने उसको भपनी ग्रोर खींचते हुए कहा।

## THE POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION



Prof. V. K. N. Menon, Director Indian Institute of Public

Administration, addressing the Association.

Prof. V. K. N. Menon taking tea with the members of the Political Science Association Executive.


## THE COLLEGE UNION



Inter-College Declamation Contest for the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy


Members of the English Association, with Dr. A. N. Kaul, Reader in English, Delhi University.
"ग्रौर फिर "चित्रा" उसने मुभे श्रपनी पूरी बद्दानी सुनाई I उस समय मेरे मन में घोर द्वान्द घट्ड चल रहा था श्रत: मैंने सोचा कि लोग समाज हैार की बातें करते हैं क्यों न उसकी ग्राड़ में
 W्ट नो कोई समाज सुधार की श्रोर प्रवृति न थी फनें उससे विवाह के लिए कहा। वह घबरा गई। कह्ने लगी 'नही, जनक नहीं, कयों तुम घ्यपनी जिसगी बरवाद करते हो। मैं तो स्वार्थी की तरह न्म्टारे प्यार से खेलती रहीं। । नहीं, यह कभी नहीं है सकता।" ग्रोर वह "वह वहां से, मेरे पास戸 भाग गई-दूर बहुत दूर $\cdots$ ज्ञायद फिर कभी - मिलने को ।"

मेंने देखा कि 'जनक' की ग्रांसों से घ्रांसू बह ंद्ध थे वह कह रहा था, "चित्रा" ! फिर जानते (i) क्या हुग्रा। मैने ग्रपना सिर fंला दिया ।
"भैंने उसे बहुत हुंढ़ा, परन्नु कुछ पता न चला एक दिन पूछते २ में उसके कोठे तक जा पहुंचा। एरन्तु $\cdots$ परन्तु, वहाँ के लोगों ने कहा कि $\cdots$ द्वलाव को समाज के ठेकेदारों ने मार $\cdots \cdots$

अौर 'जनक’ अपने ग्राप को न रोक सका उसफी हिज्चिी बँध गई परन्तु वह रुका नहीं ग्रावेग मे कहता गया :-
"गुलाब ने ग ने बजाने से मना कर दिया ग्रीर नं, भ्रीर उसने पुलिस को धमकी दी की उसी कार सा ठेके दा दों ने, समाज, समाज के यारों ने हमने श्रीर तुमने जो श्रपने श्राप को सम्य, सुशील प्रोर शांतिमय नागरिक कहते हैं। एक मासूम जूही की कली को $\cdot \cdots$ !"

जनक ग्रागे न कह सका ग्रोर मेरी ग्रंांखों में भी एक छोटी जल धारा के स्रोत बन_ गये 'जनक’

ने बताया कि उसने पुलिस से लाश लेकर दफन कराया था औौर गुलाब चढ़ाया करता था।

रात काफी बीत चुकी थी प्रत: मैं उससे छ्ट्टी लेकर चला श्राया श्रगले दिन रविवार था में निंट्य की तरह उसके पास जा पहुंचा परन्तु जनक वहां नहीं था केवल मेज पर मेरे नाम एक पत्र पड़ा था। लिखा था।
"प्रिय चिश्रा",
मुभे क्षमा करना. जो इस भाँति जा रहा हह सम्भवतः तुम मुभे पागल समभोगे दुनिया ग्रारंभ से मुभे पागल कहती ग्रा रही है। परन्तु मैं तुम्हें इसलिए कह रहा है कि तुम मुभे नीच, गिरा हुत्रा न समभो।

मेरी केषल तुमसे यही प्रार्थना है कि मेरा बचा हुम्रा वेतन ग्राफिस से ले लेना ग्रोर गुलाक की कब्र पर फूल चढ़ा दिया करना। याद है न गुलाब ? घगर लोग उसे बेइज्जत समभते थे तों इज्जत वाले क्यों उसके पीछे भ" वरे बन कर पडे हुए थे।

मेने भी एक दिन ग्रपने ग्राप को खोकर, अ्रपने घ्रापको भूलकर, जीवन का ग्रानल्द लेना चाहा था। मुभे वह दिन भी याद है जब उसने मेरे गले में बाहें डाल कर कहा था ‘जनक’ तुम कब तक मेरा इन्तजार करोगे ? "मिं एक काइमीर की कली हैं मुरमा गई तो कभी नहीं खिलू गी, कभी नहीं कभी नहीं कभी नहीं। जब तक में गुलाब की कली है तुम भोंरा क्यों नहीं बन जाते । देखो लोग मेरी अंगुलियों पर नाचते हैं, घोर में तुम्हारी $\cdots$ में तुम्हारी दासी हूँ।"

जब भी मुभे तुम्हारी याद झ्राती है तो मेरा मन भारी हो जाता है इस जगह, इस जगत् से दूर. इस दुनिया से दूर जा रहा हूं मुभे भूलने का प्रयतन

फरना, ग्राशा हैं तुम फूल चढ़ा दिया करोगे ।
तुम मुभे कहीं भी खोजने का प्रयत्न नहीं करना घ्रोर श्रगर मुभसे कोई भूल हो गई हो तो क्षमा करना।

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { त्महारा } \\
& \text { 'जनक' }
\end{aligned}
$$

ग्रोर फिर गुभे वह न मिला, घ्रोर न मैंने ही

उसे ढूंढने का प्रयत्न किया। अ्रगर खुरा किस्म से उससे मुलाकात हो र्भी गई तो कुछ पा सकूं मुभ्के यह अ्रसम्भव सा प्रतीत होता है। उसके म में कुछ था श्रोर न मुभे बता पाया ।

वह क्या था, क्या बात थी, उसका दर्द क था, वेदना क्या थी, पागलपन क्या था ? क्या च सब प्रेम था ? यह न जान सका।

## पुकार

शाक्ति सूरी, (ग्रानर्स) बी०ए० द्वितीय वर्ष
उठो सुनो, ग्रावाज़ दो, ग्रावाज यह है ग्रा रही, तुम्हें स्वयं स्वदेस की, स्वतन्र्रता बुला रहीं।

हिमालय की यह ऊँची ग्रौर नीची चोटियाँ, यह नेफा की पुनीत ग्रौ सुरम्य घःटियाँ,

इन्हीं से ग्राज गोलियों की गूँज ग्रा रही, तुम्हें स्वयं स्वदेश की स्वतन्त्रता बुला रही।

राग द्वेष ग्रापसी को श्रब तो छोड़ दो,
दीन श्रपने देशा को न तुम स्वयं करो,
पुकार वक्त की सुनो डंका बजा रही,
तुम्हें स्वयं स्वदेश की स्वतन्भता बुला रही।
नीच चीन की खानियों को मोड़ दो, श्रपना बूँद बूँद रकत तुम निचोड़ दो,

पुनीत मातृभूमि त्याग हेतु कर हिला रही,
तुम्हं स्वयं स्वदेशा की स्वतन्त्रता बुला रही।
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## साहित्य का दायित्व

## भुफ्काकुमारी बी॰ ए० हिंद्दी श्रानर्स श्रत्तिम वर्ष

श्रन्बकार है वहाँ जहाँँ ग्रादित्य नहीं, ग्रन्धा है वह देश जहाँ साहिंत्य नहीं।

साहित्यकार द्वारा रचित साहिंय हमें ग्रालोक प्रदान करता है जिसके प्रकाश में ग्रात्मा के भेद मुलने लगते हैं। साहिएय जींवन के महारासगर से उठी हुई उच्चतम तरंग है । वह जीवन विटप का मधुमय सुमन है । साहित्य जाति के उत्थान, पतन उसकी स्वतन्वता श्रौर दासता. उसके सामाजिक, गजनीतिक श्रौर धारमक जीवन का साक्षात् प्रतिविम्ब है । जिस प्रकार बेतार के तार का प्राहक श्राकाश में विचर्या करती हुई विद्युत् तरंगों को पकड़ कर इंद्दों का रूप दे देता है। उसी प्रकार कवि या लेखक समय के वायुमण्डल में ध्रमशा करते हुए विचागों को पकड़ कर मुखरित कर देता है।

यद्यदि श्रेष्ठ साहित्यकार के लिए कहा गया है कि वह देग़-काल से ऊपर उठकर कल्पना के द्वारा उठा स्वर्गीय भाॅ-भूमि का निर्माएा करता है जिस मिट्टी का स्पर्शं करके तुच्छ स्वार्थमयी वृतियों में बंठा मानव ग्रपने सहज स्वभाव को विस्मृत कर मानव-मात्र के प्रति भाई चारे का सम्बच्ध स्थ. पित कर लेता है। एक उच्च म।नवत।वादी साहिं्यकार के मादर्श भले ही दिशब-जनीन एवं विशवबन्धुत्व पर ग्राधारित हों परन्तु जिस घरती की मिट्टी से उसके शरोर का निर्माएा हुग्रा है, जिस वनयु ने उसके प्रारों की रक्षा की है, जहाँ की संस्कृति से उसने ज्ञान एवं संसकारों की प्राप्ति की है उसकी वह कमी भी जाने ग्रनजाने श्रवहेलना कर ही नहीं सकता। उसकी कला जीवन से पलायन कर ही

नही सकती। यदि नह ऐसा करती है तो वह कला कार को समाज से विच्छिन्न कर उसे ग्रूपूर्गा बनाने में सहायक होगी। निम्नर्लिखित पंक्तियां कला की प्रवृतिमूनकता की द्योतक हैं :-

- जिसे तुम समभे हो ग्रभिशाप, जगत की ज्वालiग्रों का मूल ।
ईश का वह रहस्य वरदान, कभी मत इसको जाग्रो भूल ।।

सफल कलाकार को प्राय: निजी रचि एवं लोक भावना का समव्वय कर लोकरुच की परम्परा को भ्रागे बग़ाना होतग है। साहिंय्यकार साहित्य को जीवन से प्रेर्या लेकर हो लिखता है। उसका सबसे बड़ा दायित्व समाज की गीन के साथ $२$ हो चलना है। प्रेमचन्द ने ग्रपने युग की परिस्थितियों से प्रभावित होकर ही ग्रपनी ग्रमर-कृति 'गोदान' का सृजन किया था। उसकी सक,लता का रहस्य यह था कि उन्होंने जो कुछ भी लिखा वह जीवन की श्रनुभूति से प्रेरित होकर। समय के परिवर्तन से जो सामाजिक, राजनीतिक, धामिक धाराएँ" समाज में ग्राया करती है उनकी ग्रभिव्व्यक्ति सीहिंयकार द्वारा होती रहती है :-

बारह बरस लौं कूकर जीयें, श्रों तेरह लों जिये सियार । बरस अ्रठारह क्ष्षर्री जीये, श्रागे जीवन को अधिकार ।"

ग्राल्हखंड की उपरोक्त पंक्तियाँ थीरगाथाकाल के क्षतित्यों की भावना का कितना सच्चा प्रतिबिंब है। मुस्लिम राज्य की स्थापना ग्रीर हिन्दू-जनता

पर भ्रनेक ग्रत्याचारों के कार्या जो निराशा छाई ग्रौर जिसके परियामस्वरूप जनता भगवान् की श्रोर उन्मुख हुई। मीरा की ये पंक्तियों :-
"मेरे तो गिरधर गोपाल बिन दूसरो न कोई" उस भावना की प्रतिध्वनि मात्र है।

साहित्यकार समाज सुधारक होता है। वह समाज में चेतना उत्पन्न करता है, वह उसे सजग कर देता है। एक ‘बार निराश fिन्दू जनता को तुलसी के "राम" ने कितना बड़ा सम्बल दिया था। भारत में श्रंग्रेजी राज्य की स्थापना होने पर हर तरफ, युद्ध श्रव्यवस्था, मारकाट से तंग ग्राई हुई जनता ने ग्रारम्भ में कुछ सुख की साँस ली ग्रौर सुन्दर शासन-ध्यवस्था, रेल, तार घ्रोर पुलिस श्रादि के सुप्रबन्ध के कारा म्रंग्रे जी राज्य को ईइवर का वरदनन समभा श्रैर कवि भो उसके स्वर में स्वर fिलाकर गा उठा।
"धन्य विहारौ राज झ्ररी मेरी महारानी, fिंह्राजा संग पियत जहाँ एकही कल पानी'

पर्त्तु शीध ही जनता ने ग्रनुभव कर लिया कि ऊपर से भला लगने वाला यह ग्रंग्रंज मककार है। भारतेन्दु की यह मुकरी घ्रंग्रेजों की कूटनीति पर सीघा व्यंग्य है।
"जाहिर बातन में ग्रति तेज़, कयों सखी साजन ! नहिं अंख्रेज"

बीसबीं श्राब्दी के श्रारम्भ से भारत की राजनीति में एक हलचल सी मच गई। महाल्मा गोलले लोकम.न्य तिलक श्रौर महात्मा गाँधी के राजनीतिक क्षेत्र में ग्रागमन से राष्ट्रीय चेतना भारतवासियों में ग्राई जिसका प्रभाव तत्कालीन साहिट्य पर भी पड़ा । मंधिलीशर गा गुप्त की भारत-भारती सुपद्रा कुमारी चौहान की "वोरों का कैसा है बसंत"

श्रोर माखनलाल चतुर्वेदो की 'फूल की चाह' श्रोर 'जदानी' उस राष्ट्रीय भावना का सच्चा प्रतिनिधित्व करते हैं। ‘ूूल की चाह देखिये :-
"चाह् नहीं मैं सुरवाला के गहनों में गूथा जाऊं, चाह नहीं प्रं मी माला में बंब्ध प्यारी को ललचाऊँ, मुभ्षे तोड़ लेना वनमाली उस पथ पर देना तुम फेंक, मातृभूभि पर शीश चढ़ाने जिस पथ जाते वीर ग्रनेक"

छायावादी कवि पन्त भी छाया-लोक को छोड़ कर बेस धरातल पर श्रा गया ग्रौर :-

गूंजे जय ध्वनि से ग्रासमान, सब मानव मानव हैं समान !

द्वारा समता स्थापना के स्वष्न देसने लगा झ्रोर निराला भी श्रमीरों की हवेलियों को किसानों की पाठशाला परिर्वर्तत होने का हृश्य चिन्तित करने लगा :-

ग्राज श्रमीरों की हवेली.
किसानों की होगी पाठराला।
भारत की ग्राध्यान्मिक मिट्टी से ग्रपने शारीर की लाद खींचने वाला कलाकां< कभी भी भोग के हाथों योग को नहीं बेच सकता, धन के हाथों ग्रात्मा को गिरवीं नहीं रख सकता। वह रवाग्तः सुखाय का गीत ग्रलापता हुश्रा भी 'तुरसरि' सम सब कर हित् होई" के दृष्टिकोएा को सम्मुख रखकर अ्रपने व्यक्कित् कल्याया में समिष्टगत कल्याएा के दर्शन करता है। कलाकार का यह मुख्य उद्दे श्य होता है कि कला द्वारा जीवन का सदाचार पुष्ट करे। उसकी कला द्वांरा समाज व्यवस्था में सहयोग, समाधान, सामर्थ्य, समृद्धि ग्रौर सुसंगति का संगीत उत्पन्न किया जा सके । साहित्यकार कीं दृषि? ग्रधिक संवेदनझील, प्रधिक विशवसनीय एवं निष्पक्ष होती है। वह श्रपने युग का प्रतिनिषि होता है।
(शेष पृष्ठ २४ पर)

## प्रतीत्ता

सुदेश विमोनी बी० ए० श्रानर्स (हिन्दी) तृतीय वर्ष

उस सन्ध्या को
प्रकाश स्तम्म
था लुप्त हुग्रा,
पल पहले था जो चमक रहा
थी श्रव
केवल निर्जनता हो
या, नभ नेत्रों की ग्रहुााई।
छ्घुटपुट मेघों का समूह
ग्ररुएाई को कालिमामय कर
उसकी शोभा को दूना कर
पृर्वी पर दूर दूर तक ज़ल
जिसमें लहरों का चग्चलपन
कमलों का हैस हैस कर भुँदना
कुमुदों का स्मित में खिल उठना, इस मादक सौम्य समय में भी उस दूर पुलिन पर बैठो थी बेसुध सी वह इक विरहन, ग्राँचल उसका एक ग्रोर पड़ा
साथीं पाने को उद्वे लित
मन में ग्राशाएँ लिए हुए
ग्राँखों में ग्रॉसू भरे हुए
ग्राहट पर उसके कान लगे
प्रतीक्षा में बस ध्यान लगे

बैठी वह विरहन व्यार लिये ।
तब रात धूम ग्राई मधुबन
श्र गड़ाई लेकर लहरों पर
क्चा बैठी उस ग्रोर तभी
रजनी रानी विश्राम हेतु
श्राँचल में ले चन्दा तारे $\ldots \ldots$.
पर विरहन को श्रंगार लगे
तन भुलस गय।
मन विरस हुग्रा
विक्षित्त हुई उठ चली कहाँ
यह कोई जान नहीं पाया
इतने में छप घप धवर्वन श्राई
जल में ही बस वह् लीन हुई
अ्रपने ख्वत्नों को साथ लिए
विरहन उस पल ही विलीन हुई $\cdot$.......
रजनी रानी थी दुखित हुई
जी भर कर वह
उस पर रोई
ग्राँँद् उसके तब
फैल गए,
फूलों,
कूलों,
अौर पृथ्वी पर

## बड़ी माँ की श्राज़ादी

जगदीश कपूर बी० ए० (हिन्दो) ग्रानर्स तृतीय वर्ष
'ध्रंधेरे में क्यों बैठी है बहू ?" बिरजू की मां ने पुकारा, पर ग्रंधेरे कमरे में से कोई ग्रात्राज नहीं ग्राई। बुढ़िया फिर रसोई घर में चली गई ग्रौर एक दीया जला कर ले ग्राई। लौट कर उसने देखा कि बहू श्रभीं तक कमरे से बाहर नहीं निकली। संध्या की बेल। कब से बीत गई थी । चारों ग्रोर धीरे २ ग्रन्धकार छाने लगा था। पास पास पड़ौस की सरीभ भोंपड़ियों में दीपक जल गये थे। एक छ्रोटी सी डिब्शी बुढ़िया ने रसोई में ला दी थी मगर उनका एक मात्र कमरा श्रंधेरे में डूबा था। दीया लेकर बुढ़िया के पास ग्राई अौर उसने एक बार फिर् पुकारा-"बहू, दीया ले ले ।"

इस बार भी जब कोई उत्तर नहीं मिला तो बिरजू की मां दरवाजे के पास ग्राई, किन्तु दरवाजा बन्द था। बुढ़िया ने दरवाजा खटखटाया, जोर से खटखटाया मगर बहू ने दरबाजा नहीं खोला। हार कर बुढ़िया ने दरवाजे की चौखर पर दीया रख दिया और नल पर नहाने चली गई।

इस घर में श्रब केवल यही दो प्रारीी रहते हैं बिरजू की मां ग्रैर उसकी बहू जो द्रार बन्द किये ग्रन्धेरे कमरे में श्रपने को केद किये है। ग्राज पन्द्रह बरस दोनों को ग्राये, बिरजू की मां और बहू इस घर में रह रही हैं, दो ग्रजनवियों की तरह्। श्रासप. स की भोंपड़ियों से कभी कोई इस घर में नहीं ग्राता । बिरजू की माँ ही कभी-कभी किसी के पास श्राग मांगने चली जाती है।

पन्द्रह साल पहले की बात है, पंजात्र के एक छोटे से गांव में इनका पवका मकान थए, तीन गायें थों, वैलों की जोड़ी थी और चालीस बीचे खेत था।

बिरजु के बाप दमे के मरीज थे, बारह महीने चाए पाई पर पड़े रहते थे। इकलौता बेटा बिरजू खे। की देखभाल करता था ग्रौर बाप की देखभाल लिए एक मुसलमान नौकर था रोखू । बिरजू बहू को करी किसी ने घर से बाहर नहीं देखा च पर उसके रूप की चर्चा पूरे गांव में ही नहीं प: के चार गांवों में भी थी । बिरजू की मां फूली नहीं समाती थी, चाँद सी बहू पाकर पति की बीमा० के काराा वह बेचारी दुखी रहती थी परन्तु च बेटे को देख २ दु:ख भूली रहती थी। ग्रीर उस दि तो उसकी ख़ुशी का पारावार ही नही रहा ज़ वह एक फूल से बच्चे की दादी बनी । किन्तु $=$ सुरी़ी ज्यादा दिन नहीं ठहर सकी। पष्पू ग्रभी सा: का भी नहीं हुग्रा था जब गांव की शांति में हलच. ग्रा गई। हिन्दुस्तान के बटवारे की कहानियां सुन में श्राने लगीं। पाकिस्तान बनेगा, पंजाब के टुक होंगे : बिरजू ने गांव कीं चौपंल में यह किस्से सुं ग्रौर मां को बताये । मगर इन किस्सों पर किस को विशवास न श्राता था। बिरजू ये सब बातें करत उठ कर हैस पड़ता था। शोखू से कहता ' सुन मंन्नु हैं कि तुम हुमें हमारे गांव से निकाल दोगे।"

रेखू भी मुस्करा कर ही जबाव देता-"छोंच मालिक ऐसी बातें करते हैं, छ्राप हमारे मालिज़्र हैं, भलत नौकर मालिक को कुछ कह सकता है डर तो यही है कि कहीं मालिक नौकर को न। निकाल दें।

बात भी सच थी, उस गांव में हिन्दू ही मालिक थे, मुसलमान तो नीकर थे। जमीन के, खेती ंें मालिक हिन्द्र ही थे, मुमलमनन तो नौकर हे

## चकर थे ।

फिर श्रागे क्या हुग्रा ? चाकर मालिक बन गये च्मोर मालिकों को देश निकाला निल गया । गांव के नोकरों में इतनी धєष्टता नहीं थी कि श्रपने म।लिकों产 साथ ऐसी गुरताखी करके नमक हराम बनते । मगर दूसरे गांवों के मुसलमझंों ने श्राकर जब गांच के हिन्दुम्मों पर हमला किया तो बेचारे चाकर मालिकों की रक्षा नहीं कर पाए।

गंव पाकिस्तान की सीमा के भीतर श्राया था पर गांच चाले जँसे बेखबर थे इससे । १२ या १३ घ्रगस्त की बतत है बिरजू पप्पू को लिए गोद में घर से निकला था। मुसलम/नों का गांव पर हमला हुग्रा बिरजू ग्रौर पपू फिर नहीं लौटे । बीमार जुड्ढं ने चारप।ई पर ही दम तोड़ दिया श्रीर बिरजू छी मiं, बहू को लेकर शोखू झ्रपनी कोठठरी में श्रपनी बीबी के पास दिर्रा ग्राया। अर्रौर फिर रातों रात उन बेसहारा श्रौरतों को श्राठ मील दूर के कस्बे में छोड़ श्राया जहां से उन्हें हिन्दुस्तान पहुँचाने का
 गाम को हिन्दुस्तान की जमीन पर उन्होंने पैर रखा था।

बिरजू की बहू मुंह सिर लपेट कर एक कोने में पड़ी रही थी ग्रौर मां ने कैम्प के श्रन्य लंगों की देग्वए देखी दीपक जलाया था। हिन्दुस्तान ग्राजाद हुग्रा था, भारत मां श्राजाद हुई थी, वह मां जो बिरजू की माँ से बड़ी थी, हर मां से बड़ी थी । पति, पुत्र श्रौर नन्हे पपू को देकर भी बुढ़िया यह समभगई थी कि वह बड़ी मां ग्राजाद हो गई है सी उसके स्वागत में जजालए करना चाहिए।

उसके बाद हर बरस १८ ग्रगस्त का दिन ग्राया ग्रौर बिरजू की बहू इसी प्रकार कमरे में किबाड़ बन्द कर ग्रन्दर पड़ी रहती। बुढ़या ग्रपना काम निपटा कर दोपक रख जासी है, दरवाजे की चौखट पर । फिर नहा धोकर घर फे वांगन में दींपक जलर्ती है, उसी 'बड़ी मां' के ₹ब्बागत में श्रौर फिर रात भर श्रांगन में बैठ कर गुजार देती है। सुबह होने पर बहू दरबाजा खोलती है तो ऊँघती हुई बुढ़िया श्रांखें खोलती है. दोनों एक दूसरी की श्रोर देखती हैं। ग्रौर फिर दोनों ग्रपने काम पर चली जाती हैं ज़ँसे कभी कुछ हुझ्ञा ही नहीं। दोनों ग्रजनवीं हैं जो एक साथ यात्रा कर रहीं हैं।

## ग्राइए तो जरा हैस लें !

शाशि बवेजा बी० ए० तृतीय वर्ष
१. एक वकृतल :—ग्राप मूर्ख हैं। दूसरा वर्कील :—ग्राप महामूर्ख !
जज :-वकील साह्हेबन एक दूसरे से भली भाँति परिचित हो च्रुके हैं। श्रब मुकदमे की का₹ंबाई शुरू की जाए।
२. नगरनिगम के एक श्रधिकारीं की शाव, याँ्रा के समय एक व्यनित ने मेयर से पूछा, "न्या झ्राप मृत व्यक्रक का स्थान मुभे देने की कृपा करेंगे ?" 'भवइय,', मेयर ने उत्रार दिया, यदि इमशान वाले अ्रापत्ति न करें।
३. दुकानदार :-स्रब तो मैं इस धन्धे से ऊब गया हूँ जी करता है कि पुलिस में भर्ती हो जाऊँ.
-क्यों ?
—वही एक ऐसा स्थान है जहाँ सदैव ग्राहक ही गलती पर होता है।
૪. वकील :- ग्रापने उस तारीख को श्रथवा किसी अन्य समय मुद्दालय से ग्रथवा किसी ग्रन्य व्यक्ति से, वह बात जिसका ग्रारोष लगाया गया है ग्रौर जिसका मुद्दूई ने खर्डन किया है खुद ग्रथवा ग्रापकी ग्रोर से किसी व्यक्ति ने कही, यह सच है या भूळ, कृषया हां या ना में उत्तर दें ।

गवाह्र :-किस बात का जबाव दूँ, वकोग साहब ?

थ. एक व्यगपारी ने विज्ञापन विशेषज्ञ से पूछ्छाकोई ऐसी तरकीब बताइये जिससे मेरी चीज को सूचना शहर की प्रत्येक विवाहित सत्री तक पहुँच जाए। 'यंह तो बहुत ही सरल है,' विरोषज्ञ ने कह् ग्राप प्रहयेक पुरुष के पते पर एक खत डालिए ग्रौग उस पर 'ठ्यक्तिगत तथा गोपनीय लिख' दीजिये।
६. सट्टं बाज सेठ के घर ज़ब उसकी पत्नी सीढ़ं से गिर गई तब घर की नौकरानी भाग कर मालि₹ के पास पहुंची श्रौर जलदी से बोली, सेठ जी हे गयीं। ग्रौर तत्काल सेठ के मुंह् से निकला-'गिर्र तो बेचो ।'
(शेष पृष्ठ २० का)

उसकी वारीी में समस्त युग करवटें बदलता है। युग की ग्राशाए, ग्राकांक्षएएँ रोती गती हैं।

ग्राज का युग नये मोड़ पर खड़ा है जहाँ से ह्मारा विगत एवं ग्रागे का मार्ग दृष्टिगोचर हो रहा है। स्वतन्त्रता प्राप्ति के पशचात् भारत में सँप्रदायिक भगड़े एक बार फिर उभर उठे शे, देश की कितनी ही प्रतिभाएँ उसमें खो गई। साहित्यकार ने ग्रवनी लेखनी द्वारा जनता की साम्प्रदायिक भावनः को शान्त किया। ग्राज का युग शोषरा ग्रैर ग्रर्गथिक संकट का युग है। साहित्येकार सजग है उसने म्रपनी ग्राँखों से देखा है :-

हरियाली में देखे हैं,
जिसने भूखे सूखे किसान, वह कैसे ग।ये प्रसायगान ।

वर्तमान संकटकालीन 尹्रवस्था में साहित्यकार

का दायित्व भी बढ़ गया है। उसे सुप्त जनता को देश-र्रेम का पाठ पढ़ाकर जाग्रत करना है 1 श्राज का साहित्यकार श्रपने इस दायित्व को समभता है उसका साहित्य युग की श्रभिव्यक्ति करने में समर्थ है। श्राज वह प्र्राय गीतों के सथान पर प्रयाएागीत गाने की श्रोर उन्मुख है। क्या ही जोरदार शबद्दों में साहित्यकार के दायित्व की श्रोर निर्देंश किया गया है :-

तुम प्रकाश़ के स्रोत निष्य नव, प्रतिनिधि संस्कृति, के जीवन के, प्रगति पदों के मार्ग प्रदर्शंक, प्रेरक हो जग के यौवन के । सार्थकता ग्रपने जीवन की, जग के नवजीवन में पांश्रो, साहित्यकार श्रपने प्राएाों में, मानवता के प्रारा जगांग्रो 1

## शिच्तित नवगुक्क

तेजकृष्णा भाटिया बी० ए०० (हिन्दी) ग्रानर्स द्वितीय वर्ष


## कहार्नी की कहार्नी

डॉ．०．रामदत्त भारद्वाज

कहानी को कहने－सुनने के लिए सभी लोग वड़े उत्सुक रहते हैं। क्या त्रालक，क्या वृद्ध，क्या स्त्रो， वया पुहष सर्भी ग्रपनी रुचि के श्रनुसार कहानी को बड़े चाव से कहते－सुनते हैं। इसका साक्ष्य हमें मानव के प्राचीन ग्रन्थों में उपलब्ध होता है। ॠब्बेद में यम－यमी，पुरुरवा－उर्वशी तथा ग़ग्मा－ पडिगरा के संवाद ब्राह्मरांं के सौपर्णी－काद्रव जँसे हूपात्मक व्याख्यांन उपनिष दों के＇सनन्कुमार＇ग्रौग नचिकेता जैसे द्यारुपनन，महभारत के गंग।वतन्रा， शंग，नहुप．ययानि，चकुन्तुलі，नल श्रादि के ग्राख्यान，ग्रौर हुरिंश परि सिष्ट，ब्रा丁ग，ब्रह्तनैवतं， िशच सक्न ग्रदि पुरारों के बार्तागःप कहानी की कमनीयता से ग्रोतप्रोत हैं। बौद्ध श्रवद，न ग्रौर जात干 कथाग्रंं के भंडार हैं। गुएाढ्य्य की वृहत्कथा झ्रब ग्रभाव्य है，किन्तु क्षेमेन्द्र की वृहत्कथा इलोक संग्रह बड़े मनोर्म हैं 1 पश्चतन्त्र और छितोपदेश की कहानियो में धार्मिक ग्राग्रह नहीं है，किन्तु उनमें नीति－शिक्षा के साथ मनोर्ुजन को प्रधानता दी दी गई है श्रौर ये दोनों ग्रन्थ वड़े लोक्रिय सिद्ध हुत हैं। ग़ुसरो नौझेर्खाँ ने प₹नतन्र का 尹्रनुवाद पहलनी भाषा में कगाया श्रौग उसी इतनिहो में ईसाई ๆादगी बुछके ने सीरियन भाबा में उसना अनुवाद किया। ग्रगली दो चदियों में सीरियन भाधा से ग्रर्बी भ，षा में पंचतन्त्र के कई छनुचाद ह्ठाँ，श्रौर पंचतंत्र के ग्ररबी ह्थान्त़ के ग्रथवा इसकी कुछ्ध कहानियों के श्रनुत्राद नौटिन，ग्रीक， फं च．स्पंनिग श्रौर श्रंग्रेजी में हुए। सोलह्वीं मद्वी नक पंचतन्न्र के ग्रे अन्नेक अनुजाद हो चुके थे जिन्होंने संशार के कट्रानी मानित्य को प्रेरित क्रिया। यूनान के प्रानीन साहि्त्य में श्रनेक कश्याँं मिलतो

हैं जो गय्य ग्रौऱ पद्य में लिखी गइए थीं । वाई़干 तो कहानियों का कोष है। मध्ययुण में यूरोप बहुत कुछ कहानी－साहित्य रचा गया। ग्रार्धुन्तन कहानीी का प्रारम्भ $9 \varepsilon$ वीं हाताइदी में हुश्र कहानी－लेग्नक，प्रध：नत：चार देशों के थे अद्या जर्मनी，इंगलंड，रूप ग्रैर ग्रमरीका के। इनमें पो ने कहानी कला के सिद्धान्नों का प्रतिपादन किज उसकी कहानियों में कथानक का उत्सुकता－पभ ग्रनिइनय（मसपेंस）की प्रधानता होती है गाइदि मोपासा ने कहानी को कठोर नियम बच्ध्र से सदा के लिए मुन्ति दिलाई उसकी कुछ कहात्वि वार्जव में महत्व्वपूर्गां हैं यद्याि उसने निकृष्ट कत्र नियों मी वहुत लिखी। कुछ हो，हसकी फहानी जीवन का संस्पर्श है। चेग्रन्न ने कहानी को स्व न्त्रता，ग्रवसाद，ग्रावर्षया घौर सुषमा से सम्प＝ किया। घ्रो० हैनरी तो कहानी का श्रन्त करने जाढूगर की भाँति कुछात्र था। ग्ररव देग्र की ग्रनि लैला ग्रौर ईरानान की लैला－मजनूं，शीरी－फ़रहाः घूनुफ़－जुलेखा उत्यादि की प्रेम कथाएँ＇लोक－विश्र हैं। हिन्दी कहानी पर बूरोष का प्रभ．ब बंगालः द्वारा पड़ा है।

पुग्नी ग्रीर नई कहानियों में कुछ ग्रन्तर है प्रान्चोन कह्टानियों के पात्र पगु－पष्षी भी हो ज
 होते हैं ！प्राचींन कह्नानियों के गजा－गनी．सेठ－सेठान तथा दौंर－नत्रश्रत का उल्लेख ग्रधिक होता था，कि： घ्राजकल की कहानियों में जनसाधारया के जीन का चित्रशू घ्रविक होता है। प्राचीन कहानियों नगित्र－चिक्ना कम होता था．ग्र्धुनिक कहानिः

में ग्रधिक है। प्राचीन कहानियाँ देशकाल के वाताउराए से प्राय: ग्रतीत रहती थीं, वे ग्रधिकतर प्रलकिक ग्रस्वाभाविक ग्रथवा ग्रादर्श-परक होती घी ; कित्तु अ्राधुनिक कहानियाँ लोकस्वभाव एवं सथार्थ पर श्राधित होती हैं । प्राचीन काल की कहाभनयों का उद्दे इय किसी गम्भीर विषयका विवेचन प्रथवा नीति ग्रैग्र धर्म की शिक्षा होता था। कुछ्ठ ₹हानियाँ मनोरंजन के लिए भी लिखी गईं किन्नु इनकी संख्या ग्रधिक नहीं है। स्चद्नवासवदत्ता, वर्रक्कमारचरित, कादन्बरी ग्रादि रचनाएँ साहिधिद्यक हैं। कालिदास के समय में लोंक-कथाश्रों का भी पचारे था। ग्रवन्ती नगरी में बृद्ध लोग उदयन. मुंज, भोगे, भर्षृ हरि, विक्रमादित्य स्रादि की कथाएँ मनोरंजन के लिए कहते-पुनते थे। बेताल पंचविशंनिका, निलः।सन द्वार्शिशिका, भोजप्रकन्ध ग्रादि ग्रनेक कहानी-रचिताश्रों ने राजाग्रों तथा झूरवीगों के शौर्य, प्रेम, न्याय, ज्ञान, वैराज्य, समुत्र-याग्रा तथा ग्राकाश़वंत्रा ग्रादि का वर्गान क्रया है।

व्यौहारों के श्रवसर पर सित्र्यां भी कहा|नियां कहतरा-सुनती हैं। डनमें नाम वाले, प्राय: बबना नाम के, न।यक-नायिका दोनों ही हैं, यद्यवि प्रधानढा नायिका की ही है। ऐसी कोई कहानी नहीं जिसमें ₹त्री पान्र नहीं। साधाररात: प्रसंगवग, भfक्तनिषयक एवं नैनिक ग्राभास भी इन कहृानियों में लंक्षत है। ये कहानियाँ प्रसाद गुया-समन्वित श्रीर चेचक भी हैं। इनकी भाषा में ग्रूर्थ सूत्रह्प से गुमिकित है, जिसमे विस्तार्भय है, गब्द्याउन्रर नहीं। हिंद्दी की एक सरल बोली में हन कहृानियों का एक साधारगता सा उदाहृर्या कदानित रोचक प्रनीत हृंगा। तुलसी की कहानी का ग्रारम्भ हस प्रकार है :-
"घठ में नन्द-भावज थीं। नन्दू खवारी थी । वह्ठ तुलसी की बहृन सेवा करती थी। भावज को

बुरा लगता, वह कहती तेरा व्य.ह होगा नो इसी का दहेज टूंगी। यह तेरा व्याह कर देगी। नन्द का उ्याह रचा, बरात श्राई। भाभी ने तुलसी का गमला फोड़ कर बरानियों के ग्रागे रगववा दिया, पर बरात के सामने उस गमने से भाँनि-भौँति के भोजन बन गये । भारज ने गहने की जाहम नन्द को तुरसी की
 वन गईं। नन्द्य तुलसी को जो जनेऊ पहनलती उसे भाबज ने तोयल की जगहृ रख दिया, तो जनेऊ की रेशमी तीयलें बन गईं। ससुराल में दहेज की बहुत बड़ाई हुई इ यादि 1 ग गुज भी दादी ग्रपने पोंते को ऐसी कहीनियां मुनाती है। मुभे ग्रासा है कि ऐसी ही तथा ग्रन्य प्रकार की कहानियाँ ग्रापभी ग्रपनी मातः, बुग्रा, दादी ग्रादि से मुनते होंगे । मैं तो बचनन में मुनता था ग्रौर मुभे श्राज भी उनकी स्मृति बड़ी रुनिकर प्रतीन होती है।

कहानियों का तथाकथित दूसरः युग तेरहवीं गती मे ग्रारम्भ होता है। उन दिनों मुसलमानों का प्रधिपन्य था। भार्त में पौगएशिक कथाग्रों का प्रचनन था, ग्रौर जैसा कि कहा जा चुका है ग्रर्व वाने 'ख्रलिफ़ लैला' (घर्रर्थात सहृस्र्र ₹जनी चरित) को तथा ईगन वंले खीरी-फ़रहाद, लैला मजनूँ ग्रदि प्रेमास्यानों को ग्रपने साथ ने म्वाये थे। दिद्नुमुस्लिम का पार्स्वनिक संपक हुग्रा। इसके फलरव्वस्त प्रेममार्गी सूपी कवियों के म्र्नेक प्रेमाख्यानों का ग्राविर्माद हुत्रा यथा जायसी का पदुमावत्, कुनवन की मृपावती, मंभन की मधुमालती, उसमान की चिशावली : और माथ ही अ्मकबर बीरवल की विनोद वार्ताएँ ग्रनेक प्रवार के चुटकुले उपस्थित हुण । लगभग हसी समय व्रजभापा में चैप्रान-वार्तींग्रों का उद्रय हुण्रा, यथा : चौरासी वै’ग्गाव वार्ताएँ, दो सं त्वावन वैध्राव्र वार्नाएँ जिनमें वैष्याख भक्तों की जीवनियाँ उदन्थित की


सदल मिश्र, जटमल, राजा केशव प्रसाद सितारे हिन्द के ग्रनूनित कथा-ग्रन्थ प्रकारा में ग्रांये। तोतामेंना, दबीली भटियारिन, किस्से चार यार ग्रादि ग्रनेक रचनाग्रों में प्रेम कहानी उपलबध होनी है। यों तो संस्कृज सहित्य में भी प्रेम का चित्रा़ पर्याप्त मात्रा में हुग्रा है किन्तु उक्त मुसलमानी प्रेम-कंथाओं का प्रभाव इस युग की कहानियों पर ग्रचिक स्पष्ट है। इन कहानियों में गंभीर तत्त्व का श्रभाव था पर अवाध कल्पना की प्रचुरता थी। इनमें पारलौकिक तथा विशुद्ध प्रेम से लेकर ग्रक्लील प्रेम तक का चित्रशा मिलता है उौर हस्स्य-निनोद का पुट भी, यद्यवि इनमें ग्रस्वाभाविक ग्रौर ग्रति-प्रक्कनिक प्रसंगों का उपयोग हुश्या है ।

कहानियों का तीसरा युग बीसीीं ग़ाबईी से प्रा़न्म होना है जर्वक, जससा कि संकेत किया जा चुका है, ग्रंग्रे जों का र।ज्य सुद्दढ़ हो गया था ग्रैर प;इन्चाह्य शिक्षा का प्रभाव बढ़ चला था। बुद्धिवाद मनोवँजानिक निइलेषगा, च्रौर जीवन का यथार्थचित्र्शा इस युग की विशोषताए" हैं। इसकी कहानियों का क्षेत्र व्यापक हो गया है, क्योंकि उनमें क्लाईं, किसान, च्मार जैसे साधार्रा जन भी कहानी के पात्र बन जाते हैं। प्रारम्भ में संस्कृत श्रौर अ्रंग्रेजी के नiटकों के श्रनुवाद 'सरख्वती' ‘मुदर्शन’ अ्रादि पf चकाग्रों में प्रकाधित हुए।

सन् 9.800 में किरोरीलऽल गोस्तामी की इन्दुमती नामक कहानी प्रकाशित हुई। यद्यमि इस पर रोक्समीयर के टैम्पैस्ट तथा किसी राजपूत कहानी का प्रभान माना गया है, किन्तु शिल्प के दृष्टिकोगा से यह नवीन प्रकार की कहानी समभी. जाती है। तथपइचात् कुछ्छ समय तक पीग! एवं बंगला कहानियों के कुछ ग्रनुवाद निऋले। बंगला कहानियों के ग्रनुनादकों में निरिजा कुमार घोष, लाला ंर्वती नन्दन तथा ‘बंग महिला’

उल्लेखनीय हैं । पौरासिएक ग्राखूयायिकाग्रों ग्रनुवादकों में माधव मिश्न का नाम नहीं भूला सकता। १९०७ में ‘बंग महिला’ की 'दुलाई वा’ कहानी 'सरस्वती' में प्रकाशित हुई जिसे हिन्दी प्रथम मौलिक ग्र|धुनिक कहांनी समभा जाता है दूसरी कहानी ‘ग्राम’ है जिसे जयरांकर प्रसाः ने इन्दु में ?हः? में प्रकाशित कराया था। च: वर्ष चन्द्रधर गर्मा गुलेरी की 'सुख़य जीः: कहानी भारतfमिन में प्रकाशित हुई। १२ःン १८ै ११६ तक जय्शांकर प्रसाद, जी०पी० श्रीवाइ: विशवम्भरनाथ कौनिक, चन्द्रधर रार्मा गुलंं ज्वालादत्त शमी, चतुर्सेन गास्त्री, राधिकारमः सिंह की उक्कृध्ड कहानियाँ प्रकाश में श्रायीं ।

तत्रव, विषय ग्रौर शैली की दृष्टि से कहानी ग्रनेक्र भेद किये जा सकते हैं। वास्तव में उसन दर्गीकर्शा नहीं किया जा सकता। उसका कान्त है कहानी कला की विकास-शीलता ग्रौर मौलिकतः कहानी-कला के त्रिभिन्न तस्तों के ग्राधार ण? कहानियों का वर्गीकर शा कुछ इस प्रकार हो सक्है :-घटना-प्रधान, चर्चत्र्र-प्रधान, बातावरग्. प्रथान ग्रौर भाव-प्रथान। विषय की दृष्डि से कहांनियाँ ग्रनेक प्रकार की हो सकती हैं यथा :-ऐनिहासिक, सामाजिक, मनोवैज्ञानिक, मनोकिक्लेषराःत्मक, साहसिक, रोमांसिक ग्रौर जासूसी। ₹ौली 亏े दृष्टिकोएा से विभाजन इस प्रकार हो सकता है :ऐतिह्एसिक, पत्राॅमक, नाटरीकाय, ग्राॅमचरितार्मक डागरीपग्क ख्यौर्र निश्रित कहा जा सकता है ।

हिन्दी के बहुल ग्राधुनिक कहानी-साहित्य मे उक्त सभी प्रकारों के सुन्दर उदाहर्र्या विद्यमान हैं। घटना-प्रधान कह्ञिनयों में दैवी घटना कौन संदोग का विशेष ग्राश्रय लिया जाता है, यथः कौनि़क जी की प्रसिद्ध कहानी 'ताई' में। गोपाल राम गह्मरी ग्रौर दुर्गाप्रसएद खश्री जासूसी, रहस्म.

फस्सं तथा श्रद्न त कहानियों के प्रतिनिधि समभे जा =क्से हैं । चरित-प्रधान कहातियों का उद्देख अन्त्र-विइलेषया होता है। इस दिशा में पेमचन्द्द F. ‘कफ़न’ आौर ‘‘ब़ीकाकी’ प्रसाद की 'ख्राकाग इं ' झौर 'मधुप्रा' तथा गुलेरी की 'उसने कहा था' चविक सुपदर हैं। जैनेन्द्र कुमार, घ्यझ्तय, इलंच्चन्र्र गानी मनोविइलेषया के घरातल से चโित्र-प्रधान न्दीनियों के कुशल लेखक हैं। वातावराए के
 चक हैं । ऐतिहासिक कहानियों में वातावरशा -वश्यक तन्व है जो प्रेमचन्द की 'गुल्ली डंडा' ज्रौर इनाद की 'सगलवती' में ग्रस्यन्त उढकृष्ट रूप में न्द्धमान है। भाव-प्रधान कहानियों में रवीन्द्रनाथ चकुर की 'भूसई पंथर' नामक कहानी विशेष रूप = उल्लेग्वनीय हैं। भाव प्रधान कहानियों में एक ंज्य भावना की प्रधानता रखीं जाती है जो प्रायः त्रोकवादी कहानियों का रूप ग्रहला कर लेती हैं, चया जैनेन्द्र की 'लाल सरोवर' औौर 'राज़ पथिक' जज्ञ य की पंगोडा वृक्ष ग्रौर चिड़िया घर। जातीय नंरव, प्राचीनता-मोह, राष्ट्र-पं म, श्रादर्शं-स्थापना, जंरूपजा की भावना से वृं्दावन लाल वर्मी, चतुरन्न शास्र्री, प्रं मचन्द, जयरांकर प्रसाद ग्रादि लेखक नरित हुए हैं। सामाजिक कहानियों में शोष्या फ्रत्याचार, सुधार, संवेदना श्रादि की चर्चा मिलती ः। इस विषय में प्रेमचन्द यथार्थवादी ग्रैर यशनल समाजालोचक तथा स्रीसमाज़ की हीनावस्था -र प्रकाग डालने वाली महादेवी वर्मा विशेष छल्लेखनीय हैं। मनोवैजानिक ग्रोर मनोनिश्लेषज़ात्मक कहानियों में जैनेन्द्र, घ्रज्ञ य ग्रौर पेमचन्द चथः सहृसिक कह़ानियों के लिये मधुर्रा प्रसाद ₹ंर्री ग्रौर श्रीराम गर्मी स्यासिलब्ध हैं।

ग्राध्धुनिक कहानी के सम्राट् ्रेमचन्द हैं। इनकी कहानियाँ मानव-जीवन के भीतरी रहस्यों का उद्धाटन करती हैं। इन्होंने लगभग 3.00 कहानियं।

लिखी हैं जिसमें बूद़र काकी, पंच परमेइवर, बड़े घर की बेटी बहुत्र प्रसिद्ध हैं। यदि प्रेमचन्द जी ने मानव-जीवन का साधारसा पहलू ग्रपनाया तो जननेन्द्र कुमार, भगवती प्रसाद वाजपेयी. विनोद शंकर व्यास श्रादि ने ग्रसाधाररा परिर्थिथियों में चरितों का मनोवैजानिक विशलेष्या किया। इस विष्य में जैनेन्द्र जो की कहानी 'मिठाई वाला' बड़ी प्रसिद्ध है। सुदर्शंन जी की कहानी 'हार की जीत' वातावरशा प्रधान है। चन्द्रगुप्त विद्यालंकार की ‘कामकाज’ श्रौग 习习्रेय की ‘रोज' नामक कहानियों में सट्य की स्पष्ट ग्रौर सु सदर व्यंजना हुई है। महतो की 'कवि' उग्र की 'देशश्यक्त' नामक कहानियफ़ प्रसिद्ध हैं । कमलाकान्त वमां की 'पगडण्ड़' 'तिकली' ग्रौर ‘बण्डहर’’ नामक कह्टानियाँ मानव बुद्धि ग्रौर चेतना से युक्त हैं।

कहानी को भंई ईीलियाँ प्चलित हैं जिनका उल्लेख हो कुका है। ऐतिद्टासिक शौली में चमत्कारपूर्गां उक्तियों से ग्रौर श्रलंकृत भाषा से साहितियकता की भलक ग्रा जाती है जो राधिकारमशा जो की कहानी 'कानों में कंगना' में [मिलती है। ऐसी झैली में स्वाभाविक वर्गान ग्रौर यथार्थ नित्र्या रहता है। कौनिक ओौर प्रसाद ने इसमें .नाटकीयता का सfिम्रश्रका वार्तालाप के द्वारा किया है। अ्रान्मचरिताइ्मक संली में सत्य का ग्राभास तो अ्र्यधिक fिल जाता है. किन्तु कहने वाले के ग्रीतिरिवत ग्रन्य पाश्रों का fचः रा ठीक से नहीं हो पाता। इन शैली की कहानी में सफलता दो-तीन पाश्रों तक ही सीमित रहती है। प्रेमचन्द्र की कहानी ब्रह्म का स्वांग' दस दिशा में प्रसिद्ध है। इलाचन्द जोशी, सुदर्शन श्रौर ग्रत्नं य ऐसी शौली के प्रमुल लेखक हैं। पत्र झंली में प्रत्येक पान्र पत्रद्वांरा चपनी कहानी कहतता है। इसके द्वारा कथानक धौर चरित्र का विकास अच्चेछ्का होना है। कित्तु इस शौली में कुज


## नई़ योजना

दू० एम० एम० श्राहुलिवालिया

## नए तराने <br> नए कंठ से <br> गीत अ्रनोखा गाया

गंश्रियारा शग्म:या !

नए सितारे
ना इड़ारे
नण fकनारे
नए सहारे
जाग ग्हे हैं

भाग ह्मारे
राग हमारे
चन्द्रमा है लाया
ग्रं尹्रियारा गरमाया !

जोन जगेगी
गतन क्टेगी
गीत बनेंगे
मीन बनेंगे
चलिह्टानों में
नई माधना
नई योजना
उजियारे की छाया
श्रंनियाग़ गरमाया !
( 30 )

## साहिल्य समाज का पतिर्बिंक है

साहित्य किसी जाति या देग के महापुरुषों की नाबनाग्रों, विचारों ग्रौर क्लपनाग्रों का लेखबद्ध दंडार है, जो उस जाति के उदय से निरंतर भरता प्राया है, ग्रौर जब तक उस जानि का श्रस्तित्व इस मृनल पर है सदा भरता रहेगा । साहित्य जीवन से भिन्न नहीं है वरन् उसका ही मुखरित रूप है। इह् जीवन के महासागर से उठो हुई उचचतम नरंग है। सहिहित्य जीवन-विटप का मधुमय सूमन है। वह् जीवन का चरम विकास है परन्तु जीवन से बाहर उसका श्रस्तित्व नहीं। इसलिए जीवन के मूल प्रेराएाएँ ही साहित्य की मूल प्रेरक शक्तियाँ हैं। जो वृत्तियाँ जीवन की ग्रौर सब कियाग्रों की मूल स्रोत हैं वे ही साह्हित्य को जन्म देती हैं। बही काराण है कि साहित्य में किसी जाति के जीवन का स्पष्ट fचश्र देखा जाता है। साहित्य जाति के उत्थान, पतन, उसकी स्वतःम्रता ग्रौर दासता, उसके सामाजिक, राजनीतिक ग्रोर धारमक जीवन का साक्षात् प्रतिबिब होता है। जिस प्रकार बेतार के तार का ग्राहक ग्राकाश में विचर्एा करती हुई चद्युत तरंगों को पकड़ कर गब्दों का रूप दे देता है उसी प्रकार कवि या लेग्जक समय के वायुमण्डल में घूमते हुए बिचारों को पकड़ कर मुखर्रित कर देना है । इसीलिए यदि हैम किसी जाति के वास्तव्रिक जीवन को जानना चाहते हैं तो उसके लिए मने, संवत् देकर जाति की सफलताश्रों ग्रीर विफलताग्र्रों का उल्लेख माग्र करने वाला इतिहास पढ़ना ही पर्याप्त नहीं होगा ग्रपितु उसके साह्टित्य का गम्भीर ग्रध्ययन करना ही श्रावए़क होगः ।

बैदिक कालन में मनुष्य प्रकृति के श्रधिक निकट

था । वह प्रकृति के उन्मुक्त गोद में उसके सौंदर्य का ग्रानन्द लूटता था जिसका प्रभात्र त₹कालीन साहि:्य ग्रर्थात् वेदों पर सपष्ट रुप में दिखाई देता है । 'ऐंग्लो सँक्सन' जानि के जीवन पर उसके चारों तरफ फैले हुए, ग्रपनी घोर गर्जना से मानो ललकारते हुए समुद्र का अं्यन्यन्न गहरा प्रभाव था। समुद्र के ग्रावाह्न को स्वीकार करने के लिए वे सदैव उन्मत रहते थे। समुद्र यात्री (The seafarer) को इन पंक्तियों में उनके ममुद्र के प्रति डस ग्राकर्षग़ा का कितना यथार्थ चित्र है :-

No heart for harp has he, nor for acceptance of treasure. No pleasure has he in wife, no delight in the world Nor in aught save the role of the fillows but always a longing.

A yearning unlasiness hastens him to sea.

इसी प्रकार फीरोजदीन ‘ग़रफ’ की निग्नलिखिच पंक्तियाँ पंजाबी मौजमस्ती ग्रौर पंजाबी जीवन का कितना स्वच्छ प्रौर स्पः्ट चित्र प्रस्नुत करती है :-

सोट्रण्यां देसां अ्रष्दर देस पंजान नी सहियो। जिवें फुल्लां ग्रंदर फुल्ल गुलाब नी सहियो । रल मिल बागी पींगा भूटन कुड़ियां नागर वेन्वी। जोग़ जुग्रानी ठाठां मारे लिशक हा हार हमेलों पहिनगग़ हीरे मोती मुख मनाव नी सहियो सोह्णणनं देसं

मौज लाई दरियावां सोहगीी बाग जमीनां फलदे शरक़ पंजाबी धरती उते ठुमक ठुमक पए चलदे

सतलुज रानी जेह्लम श्रयक चनाब नी सहियो।। सोहृ्यां＇

यदि श्राप जानना चाहृते हैं कि शृ२०－३० के भारत के ग्रामीगों की क्या दगा थी，उनके क्या ग्राचार－विचार थे，क्या समस्याएं थीं，उन पर जमींदारों ग्रौर सरकारी कर्मचारियों के केसे ग्रल्या－ चार हो रहे थे，उनके प्राचीत विशवास ग्रौर संरकार कंसे उन्हें ग्रागे बढ़ने से रोक रहे थे，फिर भी उतके ग्रन्दर धीरे २ कंसे जागररा ग्रा रहा था तो यह व्रात ग्रापको हजारों इतिहास－ग्रन्थ पढ़ने से भी इतनी स्पष्ट नहीं होगी परन्तु मुन्दी प्रेमचन्द के कुछ उपन्यास पढ़ने से सारा चिच्र ग्रापकी ग्राँखों के सामने स्थष्ड हो जाएगा।

समय के परिवर्तन से जो सामाजिक，राज－ नीतिक，धार्मक धाराएं समाज में श्राया करती हैं उनकी श्रभिव्यक्ति साहिल्य में निरन्तर होती रहती है।
बारह बरस लौं कूकर जीयें，ग्रैर तेरह लों जियें fियार।
बग्न ग्रठारह् क्षत्री जीयें，ग्रागे जीवन को धि尹कार ।

म्राल्टखण्ड की उपरोष्त पंक्तियाँ वीग्गाथा काल के क्षत्रियों की भावना का कितना सच्चा प्रतिबिंद हैं। इसके ग्रतिरिखत भाग्त में ग्रंग्रंजी राज्य की स्थापना होने पर हर तरफ युद्ध，ग्रव्य－ वस्था，मारकाट से तंग ग्राई हुई जनता ने ग्रारम्भ में कुछ्ध सुख्व की सीस ली ग्रौर सुन्द्वर गासन－चपवस्था रेल，तार：gुलिस झ्रादि की सुप्रच्धना के काग्रा अंग्रेंजी नाज्य थे । ईईवर का वरदान समभा। प्रौर कवि भी उसके स्वर में स्वर मिला कर गा उすた

घन्य निहा़रो राज म्ररी मेरी महारानी fंदह म्रजा संग पियत जहाँ एक ही कल पानी पर्नु शीध्र ही जनता ने यह ग्रनुभव क लिया कि ऊपर से भला लगने वाला यह अंश्रें बड़ा मककार है। भारतेन्दु को यह मुकरी अंप्रे： की कूटनीति का सीधा ह्यंग है ：－

भीतर－भीतर सब रस चूसं，हैंस－हैंसि के तन－मन धन मूमं जाहिर बानन में ग्रति तेज，क्यों सीखित सजन नfि，श्रंग्रंज
₹०बीं शतातद्धी के ग्रारमभ में भाग्त की रान नीति में एक हलचल सी मच गई। महात्मा गौँः महाष्मा गोबले，लोकमान्य तिलक के राजनीं क्षेत्र में ग्रागमन से नई र．ष्ट्रोय चेतना भारतववfि：－ में श्राई जिसका प्रभाव तल्कालीन भारतीय सादिए पर भी पड़ा। मैथिलीशररा गुप्त की भारत－भारें सुभद्राकुमारी का＇वीरों का कंसा हो इसंत＇अं： माखनलाल चतुर्वेदी की＇फूल की चंह＇ख्रो० ＇जबानी＇उस राष्ट्रीय भावना का सच्चा प्रति． fिधित्व करते हैं।＇फूल की चाह＇द्वेवियेय－

चाह नहीं，मैं सुग्राला के गहन्नों में गूंथा जाँ चाह नहीं，प्रेमी माला में बिंध व्यांी़ को ललचाほँ चाह नहीं，सम्राटों के शव पर हे ह्वि डाला जाजे चाह् नहीं देदी के सिर चद़，भांग्य पर हठलाऊँ मुभे तोड़ लेना बनमाली ！उस पथ पर देना फेंक मातृर्सूरि पर होशा चढ़ाने जिस पथ जाते वीः
ग्रनेक

ग्रोर पंजाब की बहु यौननोन्मत्त सुन्द्री जः पहृले मस्ती से गाया करती थी－

मैं क्जजां किंवे जब！नी，

नहीं लुकदो यह दीवानी।
मे हो चली प्रां बौरानी।
मैन् बाग जापदे सोंडे,
₹ोई तोड़े वे कोई तोड़े"।
प्रद्न देश भर्भित की भावना से प्रेरित होकर


चं में उसदी (देशा) बनां
ंत मैं उस लई जियां
दे मैं उस लई मरां ।।

समाज जिन जिन ग्रनुभबों से गुजरता है ग्रोर जो स्वप्न देखता है वे सब साहित्य में प्रतिबिम्बित होते हैं। इस प्रकार हम कह्ट सकते हैं कि 'साहित्य समाज का प्रतितिंब है' इस तथ्य को भलीभांति समभ.ने के लिए एक तो हमें अ्रवना ग्रध्ययन केवल तथाकथित गिष्ट साहित्य तक ही सीमित नहीं रख़ना चाहिये श्र्रपपतु लोक गीतों प्रौर लोक कथाग्रों का भी ग्रध्ययन कर्ना चाहिये। दूसरे प्रत्येक साहित्यकार की प्रत्येक वंक्ति पर यह सिद्धान्त लागू करने का यं्दद भी नहीं करना चाहिए, ग्रभितु लेखक की व्यवित्तगत रुचि, निक्षा ु्रैर संस्कृति, विइदासंों ग्रौर मान्यताश्रों के लिए भी पर्यष्त स्थान छोड़ देना च, हिए। । ग्रथवा एक भारी भ्राँनि इत्वन्न हो जाने की संभ!वना है।

## शलभ

श्रुतिकान्त, ब्री० $\Gamma_{0}$ ( (ु्रनिन्नम वर्ष)

वासन्ती गत्रि का प्रथम प्रहर, नगर मध्य चन होते हुप भी कोलाहल विहीन उस लोकोना का बहु कुज, समीपर्वत्वनि, सरोजमयी निर्भर्र ; यमर्व से सुवंसिज श्रम विहारिका मन्दगामिनि न्य. ममेप स्जिजन विद्युत स्तन्भास्थिता दीपिका से ग़न्न हुई झ्रझोक छ्राया उनकी प्रसाय वार्ता में :़ीयी ही प्रतीव होती थी। पुरुष नित्तीर्शा द्रू - FTपर नतनग्रन हो शायद कुछ्ध प्रगट करना चाह ना या ज不不 रमगी निस्सकोच भाव से ऊध्ध्वननत हुई मानो श्रपनी चंचल ग्राखों से उसकी मूक $=$ चुभावा को $q$ ढ़ने को ग्रातुर थी। युवक पुरुषोचित ज्ञ प्रम, ज्ञान कराते हुए उसके कोमल प्रेमालाप पूर्न के नीरस व एकाकी जीवन की तुलना ग्राज सर्न एन्वं प्रेमपूर्गा जीनन से करता नहीं श्रघा ग था जबर्वक वह्ह एक लधु हरित दूबतृरा को मुंह् : छाले इन सब को मूर्खता पूर्एा मान उपेक्षा सी $\rightarrow$ रही थी।

च्वत्ता का ऋम चालू था, युवक प्रशायवन्धनोपरान्त स्वरिग़ल स्वत्नों के श्राधार पर घ्यतीत होती हुई-भावी-निन्दगी में विचराा कर रहा था कि विद्यत दीपिका से टकरा कर पर विहीन एक गलभ उसके श्रद्क में ग्रा गिरा "ग्रो दीपिक" ! इतनी निषट्टुरना ! बेचागी गलभ इतने श्रम से तेरे ही ग्राँ्वान पग तेरे समीप ग्रायः श्रीर तूने राख कर डाल! रमरी को प्रत्यक्ष सम्बोधित कर ब्बोल उठा "देखा प्रिय ! है न शलभ का प्रम वास्तविक, जो निज निरछल प्रोमोद्दे रय के सम्मुख जीवन तक को निस्सार समभते हुए, प्रेम की पवित्र ग्रणनिन में ही उसे ग्राहुत्वित करने में गौरव श्रनुभव करता है और उधर दीविका को देबो जो ग्रश्म चलभ पा पुराने को भूल, डन्हें भी पूर्वैव दीड़ित कर नही है-कफर भी कितनी नतीना व्र प्रस्नवदनी है।
"कित्तु यह्र मत भूलो दीपिका अ्र.द्वर श्रन्दग

गलती है-तिल तिल करके ! दीपिका का यह घुलना शालभ के एक दम जल जाने से श्रधिक विकट धातक व दयाद्र है" युवर्वते का तर्क था।
'‘किन्तु श्रब वह्र दीविकाएँ कहैँ । इस विद्युत दीविका को ही लो जो पतित्र, निरछ्छल प्रेमविपासु इस प्रेमी के इच्छानुरूप वाहक परों का दहन कर उसे पंगु बना श्राजीवन दयाद्र बना देती है व स्वयं बिना जले गा जले उसी उत्साह से प्रकाशमान रहती है। बेचारा निइक्रल हृदय झलम पूर्वेव विचार लिए ग्राता है किंन्तु पहले की भांति एक दम जल कर तड़फन मुक्त हो जाने की बजाय गल गल च तड़फ लड़क ही मृत्यु को प्राष्न करता है।" युवक का प्रतिवाद था, किन्तु इस २-३ युवकों को गालभिक पीड़न देने से चतुर बनी युवती व्यंग्य कर ही उठी 'तुमसे श्रेष्ठ तो शालभ ही है जो दीपिका के हेतु कम से कम प्राए तो दे सकता है, किन्तु तुम लोग ! तुम तो केबल वाकचतुरि ही जानते हुो, बात बात में बार-बार ‘प्राए न्यौछ्छावर' कहना ही जानते हो पहले सोचो कर भी सक्ते हो या नहीं ? ${ }^{\prime}$ इतना कहते ही रमशी चलने को उद्यत हुई किन्तु बिना प्रतिवाद किए युवक ने भी प्रस्थान क्रिया।

सूर्योदय में विलम्न था, निज कान्त को श्रस्त

देख सरोजिनि—मण्डल भी मुस्काने लगा थ। पक्षो-गरा घोंसलों में बैंे प्रभाती किरा प्रतिक्षा में थे कि नगर से एक युवक की शव यात्र निकाली गई जिसने ग्रर्ध रार्त्र के निकट ही ग्रान्द हत्या की थी। रावानुगामी, सभ्य किन्तु मौन नास रिक थे । शव ग्रभी इमशान पहुँचा ही था कि नग्र में एक स्त्री द्वारा श्राट्महत्या का समाचार मिल दोनों प्रेमियों के शावों को एक साथ श्रम्नि सर्मा़ किया गया, उनकी चिता-जव।ला की तीव्रता 1 ऊहर्वगामी हुई चिगारियाँ मानो समस्त कार्यों नइवरता प्र्रतपादित करते हुए ग्रपनी तरह इन्न दूर भागने का उपदेग सा देती शांन्त हो गई। उनते अभिन समर्पया के समय समीपवर्ती वृक्षों ने पीतपन द्विटका शोकाकुल हो श्रश्रु-त्यजन कि,या-पुष्प बिख़ मृतों के प्रवत श्रादर्र प्रकट करते हुए चिता की गन के कारए नि़िल हुई निज डालियों को भुज उनका श्रभिवादन किया । इमगान वासी पक्षियों = चिना की ज्वाला को सूर्य का रूपमान भय से म्रथः इनके शोक में क्रन्दन घ्रवरय किया, पर किन्न 'सभ्य' नागरिक के मुख से उनके प्रति कोई शब्द : निकला, निकलता भी कैसे - क्योंकि शालभ के तुज्ड्ड कथित ज़ीवन के ीीछे निज महान कथित दीपिक द्वारा जीवन का शायद प्रथम, ग्रनित्तुम उत्सर्ग जो था
( शेष पृष्ठ र्ट का)

दोष भी हैं यथा : शिष्टाचार के रूप में ग्रावशयक त्रातें, सोच-विचार की उपेक्षा, ग्रनावश्यक चरित्रों की योजना। विनोद खंकर ब्यास कृत ग्रपर।धी, ग्मइक का, नरक का चुनाव ग्रोर ग्रजं य की 'सिगनेलर' नामक कहानियाँ उदाहराए स्वहूप उपस्थित की जा सकती हैं। ग्रात्म-चर्चरताॅनक शौनी से मिलती जुलती डायरी शैली है। इलाचन्द जोशी कृत मेगी डायरी के दो नीग्स पृष्ठ ग्रौर भगवती प्रसाद वाजपेयी की ‘ग्रन्ना’ इस जैली की ग्रचक्छी रचनाएँ" हैं।

श्रशधनिनक कहानी की ग्र!त्मा का त्रिकास साध राए दैवी घटनाप्रों श्रोर संयोगों से लेकर मनं वैज्ञानिक विशलेषाए, चिनन्तन सत्य की च्यंजन कर्पना, तथा जीवन के उताॅ-चढ़ाव के चित्रों तक हुश्रा है । श्राज कहानी कलापक्ष की ग्रो: ग्रधिक रुचि गखती है ग्रोर कथानक की श्रोर कम। प्राचीन कहानियाँ स्वर्गलोक की मूर्त कल्पनाएँ थीं, अ्राधुनिक कहॉिनिट दुख ग्रौर संघर्षों का स्मर्रा दिलती हैं यद्यापारिब सुख का ग्राभास भी देनी हैं।

# हिन्दी भाषा श्र्रोर तद्मव शब्द 

पूर्गासिंह डबास

किसी भी भाषा के शब्द समूह को ग्रनेक ये ऐसे गब्द ही विभ्रष्ट या तद्भव शब्द्द कहलाते ट़ष्टियों से वर्गों में विभाजित किया जा सकता है। ज्ड्ब्दों के इतिहास या उद्वम की हृष्टि से भी यों नों ग्रबद समूह के झ्रनेक भेद किये गये हैं परन्तु प्राय: मरी वर्गीकर गाों में वैज्ञानिकता का श्रभाव रहा है। अ्मारे विचार में हिन्दो भाषा के इब्द समूह को उस दृष्टि से निम्न वर्गों में विभाजित किया ज़ा नकता है :-

テेगज गl मूल गबः

ग्रहीत शबनद
Borrowed words

समान शब्द्य (तथ्सम) विभ्रष्ट शब्द (तद्भव) उदाहरा के लिए हिन्दी में धड़धड़ाना, खटपट, रिमभिम, सन्नःटा, जगमग तथा चंपत श्रादि देशज चब्न हैं ग्रौर बगावत, कलम, साहब, पुस्तक, हाथ, बरम, हस्पताल, कप्तान, कोट तथा बटन ग्रादि गहीत शब्दै हैं जिनको हमने कमशः ग्ररबी, संख्कृत उथा ग्रंग्र"ंजी भापा से ग्रह्रा किया है। ये शब्द भी दो प्रकार के हैं। एक तो वे जो इन भाषाग्रों से हिन्दी में ग्रवने मूल स्वरूप को विकृत किये बिना ज्यों के त्यों ग्रा गए हैं जैसे बगावत, कलम पुस्तक, कोट तथा बटन श्रादि। ऐसे शब्दों को समान या नलसम शब्द कहते हैं। दूसरी प्रकार के वे शब्द हैं जो हन भाषाग्रों से ग्रपना मूल रूप खोकर या विकृल-विकमित होकर हिन्दी में श्राए हैं जैसे :साह्ब, हाथ, धरम, हस्पताल तथा कत्तान ग्रादि । ये क्रमश: प्रग्बी साहिब, संस्कृतं हस्त, धर्म तथा


हैं।

इन विकसित राब्दों के लिए श्राघुनिक काल में तद्भन्न नाम का प्रयोग किया जातः है । तब्भव तत् + भव) का ग्रर्थ है जो 'जो उससे बचा हो ।' 'उससे' यहाँ संस्कृत भाषा की ग्रोर संकेत है क्योंकि प्राचीन काल में जब यह विभाजन किया गया उस समय भारतीय ग्रार्य भाषाश्रों की शब्दाबली में संसकृत के ही गबद थे। यदि ग्रनार्य भाषाग्रों के भी कुद्ध गब्द शे तौ प्रथम तो उनकी संख्या बहुत कम थी, दूसरे उनके ग्रध्ययन की ग्रोर व्याकरागों का ध्यान नहीं गया था । फलतः 'तत्' का प्रयोग संक्कृत के लिए सर्वथ। सार्थक था । परन्तु ग्राधुनिक कालीन दिन्द्धी का शबद समूह संस्कृत के ही गब्दों से युक्त नहीं श्रपितु उसमें ग्ररबी, फारसी, तर्की, अ्मंग्रेजी, पुर्तगाली, द्रविड़ भाषाग्रों के शबदों का भी बहुत पहले से समावेश हो चुका है $i$ दूसरे गब्दों में 'तत्' की उतनी सर्थकता नहीं रही है। ऐसी श्रवस्था में 'तद्मन्न' के स्थान पर श्राचार्य भरत्त के "विभाइड" ग्न्द का प्रयोग किया जाए तो习्रधिक संगते होगा।

उस गीर्षक के श्रन्तर्गत वे सभी ग़ब्द ग्राजायंगे जो केवल संस्कृत से ही नहीं ग्रपितु किसी भी भाबा से विक्रन या विकसिन होकन ह्मारी शब्दावली में ग्राए, हैं।

यदि ध्यान पूर्वक देखा जाए तो किसी भाषा का मूल या वास्तविक सम्पत्ति उसके देगज शब्द होते हैं। इस दृषिड से दूसरा स्थान तद्भव या विभ्रष्ट गबदों का है। यहाँ इन्हीं विभ्रष्ट शबदों पर दिचार किया जा रहा है।

व्यक्ति स्रभाव से हो कठिनता से सुगमता की ग्रोर आाता है। प्रत्येक कार्य को कम से कम प्रयत्न ओर सरल से सरल ढंग से करना चाहना है। उसकी यह् सरलीकररा की प्रवृत्ति शब्दों के उच्चारा में भी देखी जा सकती है। वह् कठिन ध्वनियों को या तो परिवर्वत्त कर देता है या बिलकुल छोड़ देता है ताकि उसको प्रधिक ग्रधिक प्रयन्न न करना पड़े । कृष्गा से 'कान्ह्र’ हस्त से 'हाथ' हासि्रिल से ‘हस्पताल’ ग्रौर उपाध्याय से ‘ग्रोभा' बनने के मूल में यही सिद्धान्त कर्य कर रहा है। भाषा विज्ञान की शाब्दावली में इसे मुख-सुख या प्रयत्न लाघव कहते हैं । प्रयत्न ला'वव का गह सिद्धान्त ग्रपनी मात धवनियों से इतर धवनियों के उचचारा में ग्रौर भी श्रधिकसत्यता से लागू होता है क्योंक ये धचनियाँ हमारें उचचाराए ग्रवयबों तथा प्रकृति के ग्रनुकूज नहीं होतीं। परिए।ाम यह्ह होता है किबहुत जिक्षित व्याक तो व्याकरणानि की सहायता से उनकі वास्तविक उच्चारसा कर लेता है पर्त्तु सामान्य रिक्षित या ॠ्रपढ़ व्यक्ति उनका उच्चाररा वंसा करता है जस सा वह सुगमता से कर सकता है। विभ्रष्ट गब्दों के निर्माशु के पीछे गही प्रकिया है।

हिन्द्री भाषा के त्विकास के प्रथम चर्रा में विभ्रष्ड गद्दावली श्रत्यधिक संख्या में प्रयुकत हुई है। गुसो श्रादि ग्रश्थों में तहंसम (समान) गत्दों का ग्रभाव सा ही है। त्रिकास के दूसरे सोपान में (जिसमें साहि्निक्यि दृषि से भाक्ति और रीतिकाल भने हैं ) एन ख़कों की संस्या कुच्ट कम हो गई।

इस युग के साहित्य का भक्ति ग्रान्दोलन संस्कृत ग्रंथों पर ग्राधारित था जिसका परिरानम यह हुग्रा कि संसकृत के प्रति मोह बढ़ा ग्रौर देवी-देवताग्रों के गुरा कथन तथः रूप वर्गान में पूर्व प्रयुæ्त संस्कृत की समान (तः्सम) शबदावली का ही प्रयोग किया जाने लगा। भक्ति का शास्र्रीय विवेचन भी संस्कृत के श्राधार पर ही किया गया फलत: श्रनेक समान शब्द काष्य ग्रन्थों में घर कर गये। रीतिकाल में रीतितुक्त धारा के काव्य में इन शबदों की सिथति लगभग पूर्ववत् रही परन्तु रीतिबद्ध कविता में विभ्रष्ट शब्दों की संख्या कुछ कम हो गई । ऐसा होने का पहला कारग्ग तो यह था कि रीति ग्रन्थों के श्राधार ग्रन्थ संस्कृत के ही काव्य शास्त्र्रीय ग्रन्थ थे । यद्यदि रीनि युग का रीति विवेचन उचच कोटि का न था तथापि इसमें गब्दावली तो बहुत कुछ्छ संस्कृत काव्य गास्त्र की ही थी। दूसरे इस युग की कविता का मुख्य विषय शृंगार है ग्रौर उसका भी क्षेत्र बड़ा संकुचित है जिसके परिग़ामस्वरूप उसमें राज दरवार ग्रौर शाही महलों तक वी सीमित शब्दावर्ली का प्रयोग हुग्रा है। समग्र रूप से यह कहा जा सकता है कि हिन्दी भाषा के विकास के दूसरे चराए में बाहुल्य तो चिभ्रष्ट या तद्भव शब्दों का ही है परन्तु समान (तःसम) शब्दों की संख्या पह्ले चर्रा की ग्रपेक्षा बहुतु ग्रधिक हो गई है ।

घ्राधुनिक काल में विभ्रण्ड एब्दों के प्रयोग को सबसे ग्रधिक ठेस पहैंची है। इसका कान्ता है इस युग की र, ल्ट्रीय सांस्कृतिक चेतना जो हैमें श्रती़त वी़ ग्रोग ले गई। संश्कृत ग्रौर संस्कृति का प्रेम बढ़ा तथा हमने संसकृत के समान शब्दों का प्रयोग धड़ल्ले से किया। उर्दू विरोधी दृष्टिकारा ने भी इन गयदों के प्रयोग को बढ़ावा $f$ सा । श्रब श्रवस्था यह् है कि साहित्य की भाषा (कुछ श्रपवादों को छोड़ कर) जनसाधाररा से दूर ही नहीं बह्दूत दूर

श़ों गई है। उसमें ग्रावइयक रूप से संस्कृत शब्दों का समावेश़ किया जा रहा है। उदाहरा के लिए प्रौर' राबद को सभी समभते हैं, इसीलिए कृ् ग्रत्यधिक प्रच्चलित है, परन्तु फिर भी हम इसके घ्यान पर 'एवं’ श्रौर तथा का प्रयोग करने लगे हैं। नूर्य' से बने 'सूरज' को छोड़े कर फिर से रवि, मासकर श्रौर प्रभाकर ग्रादि की स्थ!पना की जा ग्टी है। संस्कृत के ये शब्द कभी भी जनसाधारा में प्रचलित नही हो सकते । जनता में तो वही शब्द प्रर्चलित होगा जिसे वह ग्रपने ग्रनुकूँ विकुत विकfित करके ग्रहुा करेगी। संस्कृत साहित्य में एक ही पदार्थ में लिए ग्रनेक सबदों का प्रयोग हुखा है परन्तु जनता ने इनमें से केवल किसी एक को ही भपना कर उसका विकास कर लिया प्रैर शेष कोष या साहित्य की ही झोभा बढ़ाते रहे। जंसे संस्कृत भाषा में हाथी, कॅवल, चन्द्द तथा घोड़i के लिए कमश: हस्ती, कमल, चन्द् तथा घोटक इस प्रकार के शब्द थे जिनका प्रयोग साहित्य के साथ साथ जनता में भी होता था। यही कारा है कि इनका विकास हो गया है। इसके विपरीत इन्हीं शब्दों के दूसरे पर्यांों का, जो केवल पुस्तकीय शब्द थे, विकास नहीं हुॠ्रा। नीचे की तालिका से यह बात प्रासानीं से समभी जा सकती है .-

वे शब्द्ध जो जनता में वे पर्याय जो कभी भी प्रचलित होने के जनसाधारएा में नहीं कारशा विकसित हो ग्राये। उस युग में भी गए।
१. हस्ती 7 हाथी द्विप, कन्ग नाग, द्विरद. वितुणु तथा वाग्रा घानि ।
३. चन्द्र 7 चांद
४. घोटक 7 घोड़ा

जलज, प्ररविन्क, उन्पल, राजीव, ग्रम्बुज, पुण्डरीक, सरसिज, नलिन, तामरस, तथा ग्रज्ज ग्रादि ।

गाशि, ग्रौषधीश, हिमांचु, द्विजराज, विधु, सुधाकर, मयंक, रजनीश, सोम तथा राकेज झ्रादि । हय, बाजी, अ्ञरव, संधव, तुरंग श्रादि ।
इन उदाहरराों से समभा जा सकता है कि तर्सम (समान) शब्दों के ग्रपनाने का मोह उचित नहीं है। भाषा का इतिहास बताता है कि ये शब्द कभी भी जनता के नहीं हो सकते। वर्ग विशेष तक ही इनका प्रयोग सीमित रहा।

साहिंत्य की कुछ धारायें तो इस तत्समता के कार्खा बहुत दुरूह हो गई है। इसका परिएाम यह हुग्रा कि भाषा को सरल बनाने का स्वर बराबर सुनाई पड़ने लगा है। कुछ भी हो यदि हम भाषा को किसी सीमा तक भी जनता की भाषा बनाना चाहते हैं तो इन ज़बदों का म्रावशयक मोट छोड़ना दोगा श्र्रन्यथा हमारी भाषा श्र्रनी स्वाभाविकता को छोड़ कर कृत्रिम बन जायेगी।

भाषा का परिवर्तन या विकास कोई योजनाबद्ध व्यापार नहीं है ग्रत: इस परिवर्तन के विषय में निरिचत नियम निर्धारित नहीं किये जा सकते। समान शब्दों से विभ्रष्ट शब्दों के निर्माशा में भी यह बात सत्य है। फिर भी यहाँ ध्वनि परिवर्तन के कुछ ऐसे नियम fिये जा रहे हैं जो समान शब्दों से विश्रष्ट राब्दों के निर्मारा में प्राय: घटित होते हैं:-
१. संयुत्ताक्षर 'क्ष' का 'घ' या 'ख', 'त्र' का 'त' तथा 'ज' का 'ज' हो जाना है।

क्षार 7 छ्वार या खार, भिक्षव 7 भीख, शिक्षा 7 सीख ।
गांत्र 7 गान, गराश्रि 7 रात, मू₹ 7 मूत्न ।
ज्ञान 7 जान. ज़ाति 7 ज़ाति।
२. महाप्रार्श ग्रक्षर (ख, घ, च्र, भ, 万, ढ, थ. ध, फ, भ) प्राय: ह में परिवर्वतत हो जाते हैं।

नख 7 नह, मुख 7 मुह।
मेघ 7 मेह, नाथ 7 नाह, वधु 7 बहै।
३. संयुक्तक्षरों में स्थित य, र, ल, य का प्राय: लोप हो जाता है ।

ब्याध्र 7 बाघ, पारस्य 7 वारस, कल्य 7 कल।
૪. 'ट' का 'ड' हो जाता है।

साटिका 7 साड़ी, घटी 7 घड़ी, वटी 7 बड़ी। भाट 7 भाड़ा, कटु 7 कड़ु वा।
४. 'य' का 'ज' ग्रोर 'व' का 'ब' हो जाता है ।

यमुना 7 जमुना, याचक 7 जाचक।
पूर्व 7 पूरब, सर्व 7 सब।
६. 'त' वर्गीय ग्रक्षरों का 'ट’ वर्गीय 尹्यक्षरों घं परिव्र्तन हो जाता है।

पत् 7 पट, गति 7 गड्ढा, ग्रन्थि 7 यांठ, दाह् 7 डाह ।
७. पंचम बराों (ङ, डा, एा, न, म) के स्थान पर ग्रनुस्वार या ग्रनुनासिक हो जाता है।

ग्रइन्मल 7 ग्राँचल, पणड 7 साँड, तन्तु 7 ताँत, कनपन 7 कापना।
5. ग्रनेक चद्दों में यह परिवर्तन बड़ा विचित्र होता है । कहीं वर्गो का लोप हो जाता है तो कहीं श्रागम। कहीं स्वर तथा ब्यंजन ग्रा जाते हैं तथा कहों लुप्त ही जाते हैं। कुछ उदाहरखा देखे जा सकते हैं :-

उपाध्याय 7 झ्रोभा, ग्रादित्यवार, एतबार 7 इतवार, ग्रमावस्या 7 मावस, कररक्षी 7 कलक्षी, गवेरुक 7 गेरु, रवसुरालय 7 ससुराल, चक्रवाक 7 चकवा।

इन सभी में लघुकरश़ा की प्रवृत्ति देखी जा सकती है। जिसका प्रमुख कारएा मुख-सुखही होता है।

TWINKLING FEET AND RHYTHM SWEET:


Our Group Dance team performing a Santhal Dance. -adjudged second best at the University.


Our Group Song team singing a group song on the otcasion of the Inauguration of the College Union.

## OUR ROL OF HONOUR



Dr. S. K. Jain,
M.A., Ph.D. (Delhi)


Dr. R. K. Dewan,
M. Sc., Ph.D. (Illinois)


Dr. Pritam Singh M.Sc., Ph.D. Pusa


Dr. M. P. Singh,
M.A., Ph D. (Baroda)


Shri D. S. Mann, M.Sc., Lt. (NCC)

## संसकृतविभागः

| स्रध्यक्न: | सम्पादक: |
| :--- | :--- |
| मनोहरो विद्यालंकार: | सुखवरः: |

## श्रनुक्रम गिका

| विषय : |  | नтम | पृषठ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| सम्पादकीयम् | ..... | सुख़ीर: | ? |
| कुक्वन्नेवेह कर्मा去 जिजीविषेच्छत\% समा: | ..... | मालती | २ |
| मेशपालिका | $\cdots$ | चम्पा चुष | $३$ |
| भारतचीनसंघर्ष: | $\cdots$ | रवीन्द्र: | $\checkmark$ |
| डाल्डा | ..... | वीरेन्द्र: | 4 |
| जननी जन्मभूपिशच स्वर्गादवि गरीयसी | $\cdots$ | सुभाग माथुर | $\xi$ |
| सरस्वति शागदे | $\ldots$ | त्तो भारद्वाज: | $\checkmark$ |

## सम्पाढ़कीयम्

प्रियपाठका: !
ग्रस्मन्महाविद्यालयस्य संस्कृतविभागः स्वायुष: सप्तमे वर्षे पदमर्पयन् प्रथममेव प्रार्थयते भवतां प्र्रायभरमषाह्यपातम् स चायं संक्कृतिभागो नवागतानां संखृताध्येत्रांां छात्ररागां सप्रेम स्वागतं विधत्ते। हृष्षस्य विषयो यदस्मिन् वर्षे 'संग्कृतम्रानर्स' इति पाख्यक्रमडऽ्यत्र प्रारव्धोरमूत् यदर्थ तग्रभवतां श्रीमतां गिक्षामन्त्रालयधधिकानिएगां देढ़लोविश्वविद्यालयस्योपकुलपतिमहाभागाना₹न्न ग्रतिश्रयं धत्यवादें कुमों वयम्। प्रथमे वषें एवासिमन् प। ख्यकमे ग्रयोदश छाभा: प्रवेशं गृहीतवन्तः।

माचंमासस्य द्वादश्शनिथौ म्रस्मन्महानिद्यालयस्य संस्कृतपरिषदो वारिकोटसवो म्रन्नर्राष्ट्रीयभारतीप्र सभ्यताशिक्षगससंस्थानग्य निदेधेगकानां श्रीमतं डाकटररधुवीरमहाभागानां माभापये ससमारोंहं समजनि । छ्वात्रा: विविधकार्यक्रमे सोत्साहं भागं गहीतनन्तः। वार्ाषकोससबस्य सभर्न एव पुरोगम: संसकृतभाषायंमेवानीत् । ड.कृगरघुवीग्महोंदया: घ्यम्मन्महाविद्यालयस्य संस्कृनपरिपद: कार्यकला-

पांशच प्रशंसन्तः ग्रध्यक्षीयभाषखो इदमभिहितवन=
 भाषा जीविता द्रसते। डाक्टरमहोदयः: सोदाहृँ स्षष्टीकृतवन्तो यद् संस्कृतभाषा श्राचतुदंशगतानी मध्येशियायां ग्रन्तर्राष्ट्रोयभ।षा ग्र|सीत्। सम्र्रत्व च इन्डोनेशिया लंकामलायाक्ब्बोडियादिषु दे जनानों संस्कृतं प्रति महती ग्रभिछचि: दरीद्दरयते
 जनानाइचापि शभिधानानि संसकृते पव विद्यन्न संस्हृतभापाया महृत्व्वं प्रतिपादयद्यद्र्: सभापी़ी महाभागै: कधितं यद् संस्कृतं संसारस्य नानभापाएां म्राकरभाषा वर्तते। हयं भारतस्य ज्ञात विज्ञानयो: इतिहासभूगोलयोर्भाषा वतंते। भारतीक जोवनेन सह़ घ्यस्या: श्रविनाभावसम्बः्धो विद्यते भारतस्येतिहमसं सभ्यतां संरकृति ग्रन्याइच विशेषत: संख्कृतर्य जानमृते श्रवगन्तुं न शक्यन्ते। श्रन्ते ₹ उाซटग्महीददया: र्पष्टीकृतवत्तो यद् भारतीकसंस्कृते: सुरक्षायै बौन्विकस्वातःः्यप्राप्यं च संस्कृतक्ज
 यद् वय सर्वे संख्कृतभाषाया ग्रध्ययनं कतंध्यबुद्या। कुम्म: । ग्रस्मन्नेव च देशस्य कल्ल्याएँ निद्धितमिनि।।

## कुर्वन्नेवेह कर्माएय जिजीविषेछ्बतॅॅँ समा:

('मालती, बी०ए़० ग्रानसं)

वेदा: 尹्रार्यागां न केचलं संखकृते: धर्मस्य ३र्चंनस्य, ज्ञानस्य ग्रपितु सकलवाए्ड़मयस्य ग्राधारा: मन्नि। जीवनस्य fवििधिषु क्षेत्रेषु वेदा: प़व प्रेररा़द्रायका: मन्त्ति। धर्में श्राचारे च्यवहारे च वेदा: ए़व आन्या:। वेदै: सकलकर्म एां ग्रनुष्ठानमवबुध्यते । बेद्रेषु चतुर्वर्गानां माधनायए: सुन्दरं विवेचनमस्ति।

वेदेषु कर्मकाण्डं उपासनाकाण्डं ज्ञानकाष्डक्चेति भागत्रयं दृरयते । विशवस्य मूलतश्न्त्य ब्रह्मगए: विवेचनं ज्ञानकाण्डे घस्ति। कर्मोपासने तत्तश्वस्य प्राव्यां सहायकतर्त्वौ स्त:। एवं कर्म च उपासना ₹ साधनौ ज्ञानं तु साध्यम्। वेदान।मिदं ज्ञानकाण्डं उपनिषदिति संज़या विभूषितमस्ति। ग्रते एव उपनिषत्स्सहिंयंय ब्रह़निद्याया: ग्रादिस्रोतोस्ति 1

उपनिषस्स्यु ईशावास्योपनिषद: शीर्ष स्थानमस्ति। श्रि्मिन् वेदकिहितकर्ममार्गस्य जानमार्गस्य च प्रतिगदन्नं वर्तंते । ज्ञानमार्गस्य साधक: शुद्धचित्तीभूत्वा स्रह्मजानं लभते। यस्य साधकस्य वृत्ति: परिब्दुजा नान्रि स वेदनिहितकर्म मार्गमनुसरनि। यो मनुष्यत्वाभिमानी पुरुष: श्रणिनहोत्रादीनि कर्मीराए कुर्वन् आ्राशतवर्षॅभ्गो जीवितुविचछ्र्रति सोउस्युभ: कर्मभि: लोकमिमं स्वर्गतुल्यं कतुं प।रयति। प्रस्मिन् संघर्षमये लोके य: कर्मिजिना स चिरमुखं प्रंध्नोति।

केचन जना: ग्रस्थ[यीवैराग्यभावेन वशीमूता: इमं संसारं परित्यचज्य निष्कियजीवनं यापयितुं इच्छ्धन्ति। ते कर्मपथं त्याज्यमिति मत्वा काषायागिए

वस्त्रणिए धुत्वा भिक्षएनं कुर्वनिन परं तेषां समस्तो वैराग्यभाव: स्वोदरपूरगा:यैव भवर्वन । वास्तकिकवैराग्यस्य ग्रभावे तु वेदविहितः कर्ममार्ग: एव श्रवलम्वनं भवनि । वह्हवो लोका: कर्ममार्ग ग्रात्रागमनस्य काइरां विचिन्त्य राभाश़भफलं ग्रवरग मेव भोक्फव्यमिनि विश्वस्ता: नित्वित्तिमार्गमनुमरन्ति । परं केवलं गृहैयागेनेव निवृतिमार्गस्य साधना न भवति । सिद्यूर्थ तु ज्ञानं ग्रावइयकम्। ज्ञानमार्गे साधनावि 尹्रपेक्षिता, साधनामार्गे च कर्म ग्रानवार्यमfि्त । ग्रतः प्रकृतिमार्ग एव ग्रह्यः । गीतायां कृष्याशेकि कथयति यन्मनुब्य: कर्माशएा कुर्बन्नेव fिद्विं प्रгनोति ।

स्वे स्वे कर्मण्यभिर्त: संसिंद्धि लभते नर: ।।
कर्ममार्गेडीि संसाग्वन्धनात् निवृत्तेरुपाय:
कर्मकलतयाग n वास्ति-
कर्मण्येवःधिऋारस्ते मा फलेबु क.दाचन।
कर्मंशिए तब तव श्रधिकार: फलानां ग्रासा न त्वया कर्गीपया। यो मनुष्यो निजस्वर्थ विमुच्य निर्लित्तभावेन कर्म करोति स ख़लु मर्त्यलोकस्य बन्धनं न प्राषन्नोति । लोककल्याएास्य उदात्तभावनया लित्तो नर: कर्मबन्धनेणु न लिप्यते ।

महैदद्दिं कर्मक्षेत्रम् 1 यो नरो निष्कियो भूल्वा ग्रचिम्मन् संसारे विचर्ति स चास्तीवकरुपेग्र विरक्तो
 कन्रोति । केचिजजना: विधनानों ग्राश ह्थया ग्रसफलतायाइच भयेन वा कर्मरो विरमन्ति परं नैत

दुचितम् । कतंक्यभावनया करगीयमेवैतरकरोमि इति बुद्धाए कर्मस्वासज्जते जन: चेन्न तदा साफन्यासफल्ल्यन्चिन्ता भवरति। कर्मण्येन हि जनस्याधिकारो न फले । दुर्भक्षाश़्ड़्रया किं कृष को त्रीजमेव न वपति ? ग्रवितु वपट्येव। भिक्षुका: श्रागभिष्यन्तीति कि भि भोजनमेव न पच्यते ? ग्रपितु पच्यते एव। ग्रतः फलाशां विह्राय कर्तव्यदुद्ध्या कर्म विधेयमेव। यदा जीवनरक्षायं करंम करराीयमेव जनेन तदा कर्मपालनाय कथं न कुर्गत्। कर्तव्यभावनया क्रियम[यो च् कर्मीशि ग्रभिएचि: उढृपद्यते । ‘योग:

कर्मसु कौझलम्' अ्यस्यंव विचास्स्य ग्रभिव्यनि कृष्टोन गीतायां कृतम्-

श्रत एव उचचतमं लक्ष्यं कृत्वा कृतं निषकान कर्म एव तपोडस्ति । ग्रस्तु निष्कामकर्मरांज धीमन्तो जन्मबन्धनं विमुच्य ग्रनामयं पदमधिगच्छन्ति। निर्लिप्तभावेन कर्मकरलांमेत्र मानवस्-1 ज्येष्ठ: श्रेष्ठरच धर्म:। ग्रत एव साधूक्तम्-

कुर्वन्नेवेह् कर्मारिए जिजीविषेचद्धतक्ष* समा: ॥

## मेषपालिका

(चम्पा चुघ, बी॰ ण़॰ श्रानर्स नृतीयो वर्ष:)
कस्यचन कासाग्र्य कूले करिचत् युत्वा निष- ग्रासीत्
ण्लोडरभवत् । कासार: लघ गभीरशच ग्रासीत् । सलिलञ्च शुभ्रं, स्वच्छम् । म्रत्पशिलोच्च।यमाल।भि: परिवेष्टित: खलु स कासार:।

युवा मनोज्ञः, मांसलं, बलिष्ठञ्च तस्य शरीरं ग्रवनतः्च शिर: 1 कदानित् ग्राकस्मिकरीत्या वग्रोम विलोकयति सम, किन्चिक्कालं यावत् हृषिएसृष्टि विधाय नतमस्तकरच भूत्वा गहनविचारे लुष्तोऽभवत् ।

ययौ काचित् मेषपालिका निज मेषगयेन सह् तेनैव वर्र्मना। ग्रासीचच तस्या ग्रंके नवजात: मेषशावकः, हिमनत् शुभ्रः समाकर्षकइच। मेवपालिकायाइच सौन्न्र्य अ्रासीत् ग्रवर्शांनीयम् । भ्रलंकुता न तस्याः कवोलस्थली, निथिलगिन च तस्या वसनानि परं श्रंगेषु संनद्ध यौवनं परिस्फुटं fि

सा तं समवलोकयत् उपगम्य च विस्मयाभिभूता, समुत्सुका ग्रपृच्छछच्च कस्त्वं, किन्ते प्रयोजन श्रत्र ग्रागमनस्येति । मळ्जुला खलु वाशीं विस्मयाम्बभूव तम् । ग्रक्षिलक्ष्यीग्चकार तां भूरि वेलं १रं न किल्चिदवि जल्पितम् । मेषपालिका सतृष्रा वीक्ष्य क्षराद्वद्यं च स्थि₹्वा गतवती।

ग्र्परस्मिन् दिनसे सा मेषपालिका तज्शैव तस्मिन्नेव च कले समगच्छ्त् समाध्नोति च तग्र तस्य शवम्। गान्तं सौम्यं तुषारकासंयुतं च तस्य वदनम्। मुंहर्त खलु सा स्तब्धा बभूव । स्वीयं श्रकरां कंपोलस्भलं किलन्नं विधाय. ......

निजोत्ररीयांशुकेन तस्य रावं ग्रावृत्य अ्रनन्यमना ध्यधितचित्ता ययौ गेहं मेषगरोन साकम् !

## मारतृच्चिस्संघर्ष:

(रवीन्द्र: शर्मा, बी०ए० तृतीयो वर्ष : )

प्रादो यदा चीनेन वयं ग्राक्रान्ताः तदा ग्रस्माकं नवो जात इति तु सत्यं परं चीनेन वर्यं वह्चिता: ह-न्ं विरवासघातः च कृतः । "हिन्दी चीनी Г亏 भाई" इति पुन: पुन: उद्धोण्य ग्रस्माकं हत्वरदेखं ग्राक्रम्य च मधु तिष्ठति जिह्वार्शे हृदये हच्चहलर्लमिति' दुर्जनवृत्तेः परिचयो दत्तः। सीमाFन्वपपदेरेन ईशान्यसीमाप्रदेशो महत्या सेनया उनिकगस्तास्त्र्: निष्ध रा ग्राक्रान्त:।

भारतराब्ट्र स्वविकासं घटयितुं पश्न्वर्वीय न्नासु मग्नमासीत् । सत्तवर्षेश्य: प्राक् भारतस्यद्य Fमात्यः भारतीयसर्वकारस्य प्रार्घुराक्त्वेन चीनF गत: अ्रासीत् । तत्र द्वादश्शदिनात्मके निवासे F परस्परराजकीयसम्बन्धा द्रदीकृताः। सहस्र्र-न-वर्षेश्य: राष्ट्रदयं मित्रत्वेन एव स्थितम्, न Гंनि संघर्ष: तयोरवर्तत इति अभिमानास्पदमेव है कथितमासीत् भारतमहामाट्येन ख्वागतसमाहैसममये, परं चीनमहामत्येन सह संभाषमारा:
राष्ट्रदयस्य सीमा: उद्दिएय चीनशासनप्रकाह.नानiं केषाक्चित् मानर्चत्राशां उल्लेखं कृतवान् । न्दा चीनदेग़्र्य महामात्य: ग्राह—"तानि मानचवत्राशि चाङ्द्राईशेकस्य शासंनेन भुक्ते: पूर्वंमेव |र्नामतानि ग्रासन् । ग्रस्माभिः तु सीमाविषयको |नियंयो न कईिच्क् कृत:।" उत्तरेशा ग्रनेन समाहितो भारतस्य महामाल्यः प्रतिनिश्तुत्तः

ग्रधुना ग्रसमाभिः चीनदे ग्र्य ग्र्तन्बर्बांयं स्वरूपं म्म्यक् ग्रभिज्ञातम् । ग्रहिंसाशान्त्यादिभ्रन्तक्वन्युपु परिबुठत् राष्ट्र तक्षकेरा दल्टमित जग्रतम् | ग्र|पनितं राष्ट्रव्यसनं निलोवय तृत्रति-

कारं कतु सह्टसा उf्थितम् । भाग्तन्य पक्ष: त्याय्य: चीनस्य ख्याक्मयां ग्रन्यार्यम् इति जगतः चव्वारि-
 केनेडा, पांस, जर्मनी चेच्यादिगष्ट्रं : सैनिकसामप्रीप्रेषखोन भारताय साहाएययं कतुं न केवलं शु०्कं ग्राइवासनं दत्तं ग्रीपनु ग्रात्मन: ग्र्राइवासनस्य पूर्ति कतु झस्तास्ताशिए द्रुतगत्या ग्रश्रोरानं विमाने: प्रीधितानि । अभ्यां राष्ट्रविपत्तौ यें: ये: राब्ट़े: म्र्र्मः्संहाएयंयं कृतं तेपां वयं च्रिश़नः स्म:।

तवं चीनेन सहै चिरं तुमुलं संघर्ष कनुँ ग्रधुना जाग्रनं भाग्तराष्ट्र सर्वंचिधां सज्जां कुरते प्रभारापऐनन च चीनाईमखां परावर्तयितुं प्रयतते । धँच्यें द्रद्रदेन ग्रविरतपरिश्रमेगा अ्रार्मविश्वासेन ग्रन्यराष्ट्राएां सहानुभूत्या सदिच्छया सहकार्येया च नीनं नि०कास्य ग्राः्मन: चीनाक्रन्तभूभागान् पुन: भारतं प्राव्य्यति इत्यत्र न संशयलेशः

भाग्तस्य तथस्थता तु स्थिरा ग्रद्यापि ।
 ग्रधिकाधिक साह्हार्यं च घ्रेक्षते, परं कड्चित् द्लनितेषं प्रविश्य स्वाधारभूतसिद्धान्तानां बर्लि कर्तु नेच्छ्धिनि: इदमेव हि काउरां यदन्य राष्ट्रविपत्तौ श्रीि भारतद्रेग्र: तटस्थोडस्ति।

ग्रद्य ग्रस्माकं भारतर्भूमि: संतः संकटमेघपटलेन ग्रावृता । ग्रस्मात् ग्राक्रमझात् भारत स्वन्नन्न्यस्य महृद्भयं विद्यते । भारतीयप्रदेश प्रसनमेव केबलं न चीनाकमसस्य उद्दे शय: ग्रीवनु भाग्नीयसंग्कृते: विनाश प़ चीनस्य तन्वाकंक्षा।

भारतस्य भविष्यं जनसाया：ह्स्ते निष्ठति। बास्तfिकसंचर्षस्य कुते पूर्णा सज्जा ग्रपेक्षते द्वति हृष्टं ग्रस्माभि：। श्रत：वयं सर्वे श्राॅ्मन：तनु：मन： धनञ्च मातृभूमे：सेवायां समर्य सर्वविधं त्यागं कतुं कटिब्ना：भवाम । प्रन्तिमो विजयोडसमाक भविष्यति नात्र संदेह्र：। साधूत्तम्－

सुप्रसिद्धं हि सूक्त’ तत् ‘यतो धर्मरततो जय：’। तेन गौरवपूर्णोड़्ते भारत：खलु जेष्यकि ।। मा स्म तात ！पुनः कार्षी：ग्रधम्याक्रमयां ववचिन् दीनो न भारतेशचीन！प्राचीनतम ऊ़जितः ॥

## डाल्डा

（बीरेनद्रों बी० ए० द्वितीयो वर्ष：）

मोह्न：－साधु डाल्डा साधु ！
मोहन：－किं त्वं डालड़ाधृनस्य प्रशसां करोषि？干थमेतत् श्रेष्ठं अस्ति ？

मोह्न：－मिश्र ！fक त्वं म्यस्य लाभान् न जानाfि ？एतत्तु सर्वर्र षठं घृतं ग्रस्ति ।

मोहन：－श्रहृं श्रस्थ लाभान् न जानामि। मह्यं ग्रस्य लाभान् कथय ।

मोहन：－ध्यानेन श्रृयु। श्यस्य प्रथमोऽयं लाभो यदस्य प्रभावेन कुक्कुर：कई्चिदवि नरं न दशति ।

मोहनः—कथमेनद् ।
मोहन：－इदं तु सर्वे जाननिच गत् डाल्डा घुत्य्य भक्षरोन मनुष्यः केषुचिदेव दिवसेषु क्षीरोो भवनि। यदा न丁：क्षीगोो भवनि，स：काषठ－

यष्ट्या मह्ट चलनि । यष्टिश्च दृष्ट्वैव बिभ्यां इबा पल।यते च सत्वरम् । एवं नरो रक्षितो भवनि

मोहनन：－श्रस्य ग्रन्ये लाभा：के के सन्ति ？
 चोरा：गृहं न प्रविर्शन्ति ।

मोहन：—〒थमेतद् ？
मोहनः一त्वमीप एतत् जानासि यत् डाह： घृतेन मनुष्य：केषुचिद्ध दिवसेषु कासरोगेएा पीड़ऩ भर्वति । तेन मनुष्यः सर्वंस्यां रात्रो खखों खें इनि गब्दं कुर्वन् निद्रां न लभते। यदा चौरा：तन： गृहं प्रविश़्ति，तं जाग्रतं च ज्ञात्वा प्रत्यागचछछन्ति। झ्रनेन प्रकारेशा तस्य गृहं चौरा：न प्रविशान्ति घ्रतः साधूक्तं केनावि कविवरेए－

उभौ—साधु डाल्डा साधु ！！

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Mrs. Durgabai Deshmukh
addressing the Staff and Students.

## D E S H



## Editorial

In Western countries University education is given only to those who really deserve and desire it. If you put the question, 'how do you avail yourself of university education they could naturally tell you with much conviction something to the effect of those stock definitions of education that it spiritually enlightens you or that it teaches you the art of living, that is, how to be better men and women. But if you put the same question to an Indian student he would only frown. Should you really avail yourself something of the education?

With most of them going to a College is almost an inevitable, and a necessary course, more or less a fashion. Some of them who have the good fortune to have time and money at their disposal might say that it is obviously a better and nobler way to spend theit resources. But the majority would say they want a degree so that they might earn their living. It is neither surprising nor sad that students have this materialistic view before them for each and every column of advertisement, even for the meagre post of a clerk, demands you to be atleast a graduate. To think nothing of any luxuries, for bare sustenance even one has to earn.

This being the aim of an average lndian student, how can we apply the professed purpose of education so him? Certainly there would he cases of exception. A few amongs us have a clear view of the trie purposes unobstructed by any kind of ends.

When circumstances will change for the better, when unemploymer would cease to be so great a problem in the country, the student community will also attain even in their aims a much higher level.

But even under the circumstances even in the present situation along with the worldly interest the student can give, if not primary, atleast $\begin{gathered}\text { a }\end{gathered}$ equal importance to the other side of the problem.

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The month of April is fast approaching, bringing in its train the enervating Examination. Let us hope that we shall have all the pluck tc emerge triumphant in our tests.

On behalf of all the outgoing students, let me make this an opportunity, unpleasant though it is to bid farewell to you all. Well, our race is run and let us hope that it would really win some palms.

## Whence the World ?

Translated by Dr. R. D. Bharadwaj

No being or non-being then
There was; no air, no sky beyond.
How wrapped ? Whose protection and where?
Was water there deep and profound?
Death nor undeath there was neither;
No sign or mark of night and day;
The windless One by Itself breathed;
Save That sole was nothing away.
The darkness dense by darkness made, And water lay there unperceived; Covered with void the One arose
All by the greatness of Its heat.
Wish, to begin with, rose within,
Being the first seed of the mind.
The bond of the is and is not
Shrewd sages discerned in their hearts.
Its slanting rays began to shoot
Directions, namely, high and low;
Impregnators and powers rose.
The drive above self-hold below.
Who could know or truly say, then,
Whence the World was born and brought forth?
The gods themselves came afterwards;
So who can tell where from it sprang ?
O from whom the world has come,
Who whether held it or did not.
The highest heaven's Surveyor,
He sure knows it or He does not.
-Rg. Veda, Nasadiya Suktam

* Reproduced from The Hindustan Times, New Delhi.


## Birds of Kashmir

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

Kashmir is a land of dazzling beauty. Here nature's charm seems to be concentrated in hills and woods, snow-covered peaks and sweeping dales. There is unique resplendence in the meadows of Kashmir and a seductive loveliness permeates its waterfalls, springs and lakes. The whole of the valley is replete with picturesque landscape of elemental splendour. The artistic beauty is enhanced by splendour of colouring on every side in the form of elegant, glossy winged creatures, the birds. abounding every inch of space.

There ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings.
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings.

How truly this can be said of Kashmir. There are birds of all sizes and shapes, birds with multifarious hues, birds with all shapes of beaks, birds that sing melodiously, chuckle, whistle, twitter and chatter. There are birds with long trailing tails and without tails, birds with crests and birds without, birds gliding smoothly in the air or rummaging through leaves in forests.

When I speak of birds of Kashmir that in no way pertains to birds exclusive to Kashmir. Here diverse climatic conditions exist within the span of a few miles. There is com-
paratively warmer valley towerel by snow-covered mountain regions One comes across conditions similar to the tropical forests of the Indian plains as well as those of the frozed arctic regions. This has produced a unique medley and a vast variety a species of flowers, birds and animals thus making Kashmir interesting to laymen and naturalists alike.

Bird watching has got its orn pleasures. One can start it withour any specialization and prerequisites Man has always enjoyed birds for their beauty of form, movement, colour and song. Every bird when it is seen for the first time brings a thrill of discovery. Some people might complain of not having seen any bird of importance in Kashmir (leaving aside common birds like sparrow, pigeon, crow, dove, myna etc.) or for that matter even in their own town. It does require a little effor: and patience to see birds, and once you get accustomed you find them everywhere. There may be many lands devoid of human habitation but not of birds, but there is hardly a place where man lives and birds do not.

I had my first encounter with birds of Kashmir on the Dal lake in Srinagar. On the muddy banks sat several kingfishers with brilliant turquoise blue upper parts showing


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Winners of Inter-Coy Drill Competition in NCC Camp. 1963-64.
prominently even against the blue of the lake, and against the blue of the sky when the birds flew. Kingfishers have unbelievingly long bills, asually red. I was fascinated to see 2 couple of golden orioles flying sver the lake against a background of greenish grey hills. They looked like specks of fire as their golden yellow colour shone in the sun. In :he grassy lawns and parks all around the lake, particularly in Naseem gardens, I came across various types of thrushes, black birds and magpie :obins. Himalayan whistling thrush is a common bird of all hill stations. It is a blue black bird with patches of glistening cobalt blue on shoulders. It is easily distinguishable due to its yellow bill. One cannot miss its song whether one is in Kashmir. Mussoorie, Simla or Darjeeling.

Common swallows, houseswifts. hoopoes, bulbuls, bushchats and robins are as common in Kashmir as anywhere else. Here one comes across a particular variety of jungle myna. The Kashmir roller (Nilkantha), a bird with brilliant bands of dark and pale blue, is perhaps more common in Delhi than in the Kashmir valley. The low altitude forests in Kashmir are full of a variety of pheasants, tree pies, buntings and warblers. Pied kingfishers are found at slightly higher altitudes. At lower altitudes, near jheels, one comes across two or three varieties of larger green bee-eaters. Gaudily coloured dumpy green barbets and coppersmiths are quite common both at lower and higher altitudes. Another interesting bird, common
in Kashmir, is goldfronted chloropsis or green bulbul, a grassy green bird with purple throat and slender curved bill. It is an accomplished mimic of the calls of many birds.

A bird of specific interest in Kashmir is the Kashmir dipper. It is found all along the torrential mountain rivers, particularly the river Lidder. Its piercing shrill calls are a match against the noise of a waterfall. This bird can dip in water, remaining submerged for a considerable time. It can walk on the floor of a turbulent river. It is a very agile and active bird, blackish brown in colour, and is found perched on boulders in a fast running river.

In Pahelgam, near the river Lidder, I came across a large number of white wagtails, running about briskly in spurts, and wagging their tails incessantly up and down. There was no scarcity of thrushes. I had a glimpse of white-crested laughing thrush, a vivacious but comical looking bird. Black throated jays, in groups of five to eight, were a common sight. These are beautiful birds. bold like crows, skipping like thrushes, with body colours of pink, brown and grey. On my way to Lidderwat I had a glimpse of fantail flycatchers. I also came across some queer types of woodpeckers. Near Kohlai, at a height of 11,000 feet, I saw the Indian redstart. It is a slim, active, black and orange bird. It is sheer delight to watch its shivering tail.

There are plenty of birds in the extensive undisturbed meadows of Gulmarg which indeed is a paradise for bird watchers. Here I saw a number of redstarts, rose finches and flower peckers. I came across a number of thrushes and crested cuckoos. Near Khilanmarg I noticed some blue and green throated birds resembling Indian Robins. Above Khilanmarg, near the snowline, I had a glimpse of a golden finch. In the snow I came actoss a variety of sparrow-like tree pipits. It is difficult to differentiate their various races. I recollect with pleasure having seen two rare flycatchers in Gulmarg. One was bluish sparrow size with a blackish patch below its head whereas the other was brownish with orange-chestnut throat.

Multi-coloured pheasants are said to be abundant in the jungles of Kashmir but I did not succeed in seeing any. I also missed many water birds in the precincts of Wular lake.

In the words of Tennyson, nothing in Nature is unbeautiful. All one requires is an appreciating eye. Birds can bring immense relief and alleviation to worried and vexed minds One can make the best of ones leisure by watching birds and studsing their habits. One need not go $t$ Kashmir, for most of the birds described are winter migrants ti our plains. What a pity, we know so little about birds! Does ne: Longfellow rightly hint at ou: ignorance by saying :

Do you ne'er think what wondroes beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters $o$ : thought?
Where household words are song: in many keys.
Sweeter than instrument of mar e'er caught!

| $\mathbf{X}$ | $\mathbf{X}$ | $\mathbf{X}$ | $\mathbf{X}$ | $\mathbf{X}$ |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |

"It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise."
-Edmund Spenser

## English Fiction in the last Decade*

By Shri Radha Krishna Sud

To say something about English fiction in the last decade is puzzling and fascinating. It is puzzling because no very decisive verdict has so far been pronounced on the worth of the novels by authors who are much talked of among critics, reviewers and readers of fiction. The author who is praised today is decried tomorrow, Deplorable as it may be, he is caught in what has been called the anti-success campaign. The best guide to know an author is the book or books written by him. And here the fun comes. It will be idle for me to pretend that I have read or could have read all the important novels during the last decade. I have read a few and I enjoyed reading them. When we say that we enjoyed reading a novel, to my mind, we give the author of the novel the highest praise. A novel must read. The better and smoother it reads, the more popular it will be. The novels of the last decade read beautifully. I mention a few well known titles which were published during the last 5 years: Lucky Jim, I Like It Here and That Uncertain Feeling by Kingsley Amis; Room at the Top by John Braine; Hurry on Down and The Contenders by John Wain. There are many more worth mentioning but these stand in a class by themselves.

These writers have rescued the English Novel from the dark depth and morass of Freudian analysis of the subconscious mind; the tortuous analysis of character such as we meet in the best writings of James Joyce. However brilliant the achievement of James Joyce might have been in Ulysses it was too much for an average reader to go through it and understand it. Only the highly qualified persons, mostly the leading authorities on the subject, could make anything out of it. In the process of finding out its meaning they missed the delight of reading the novel. Say what you like, a novel fails to be a novel if we require a handbook or commentary to understand what is writen in it. In the hands of D. H. Lawrence too the English Novel did not recover the naturalness of flow. His obsession with the inhibitions from which he had suffered in his early life and his thesis on the body of love as separate from the spirit of it did not allow bim to write with an unfettered hand. The writers of the stream-of-consciousness fiction also provided to the readers a very heavy fare. The remarkable work of Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf was for the intellectals and scholars. Flashes of poetic expressions, analysis of motives and recording of minute to minute

* With the courtesy of A.I.R., Delhi.
impressions are but poor subsitutes for an engaging narrative interlarded with appropriate descriptions of places and things, turns of phrase: witty and humorous, persons of either sex who are well within the range of daily concourse of the average reader. Of course, every writer will have something to say: the ideas which constitute the intellectual core of his book. But this must not in the case of a novel either retard the progress of the plot or the flow of the narrative or else give the reader the impression that the story in the novel is merely a convenient peg for the novelist to hang the sermon on. The novels of the last decade are conspicuously free from these blemishes. The narrative therein is direct. The dialogue is as racy and gripping as in a play. The descriptions are there but kept strictly within limits of necessity. The style is easy, occasionally a little colloquial or provincial. Here is a specimen from the novel, Hurry on Down by Jobn Wein.
"And where do you work? I've asked you that two or three times, Mr. Lumley, but you've never given me any answer," said Mrs. Smythe.
"What the hell has it got to do with you where I work?" he would have liked to say. But after all he supposed it was, to some extent, a question she had the right to ask. He had puzzled her from the beginning, he knew that; neither in speech nor dress resembling the dapper young clerks and elementary-
school teachers to whom she was accustomed to let rooms. And yet it had been out of question to sas. bluntly :
"I have just come down from the University with a mediocre degree in History, I have no job and no prospects, and I am living on fifty pounds I happen to have left in the bank, while I consider my next move."

The concluding words of the writer may be taken as his comments on the funny situation in which the educated youth of today find themselves in the world for which they are the least fitted and equipped. How subtle is the satire and the method: the age speaking through its product about its lamentable waste of talent, time, labour and resources.

If the narrative is straightforward. the characters presented are easily identifiable. They are the typical products of the Age: the drifting youngmen and women who eat, drink. work and make merry but do not know what for they are living. Have they anything like soul? They doubt very much. They have their bodies, desires and ambitions, no doubt, and these they live for. Their creators have felt the malaise of the Age: it is the vacuity, the uncertainty and the profanity that surrounds us all and the censequent purposeless lives that we are constrained to lead. These writers are not merely entertainers. They are critics of the Age and the Society
they live in. An artist, says John Wain, can have only one principle : to treat whatever seems to him to present itself insistently for treatment, in the bit of life lived by him, in the corner of history and geography he inhabits. In his novel Hurry on Down, the main problem which had presented itself in bis own existence was the youngman's problem of how to adapt bimself to life, in the sense of an order external to himself, already there when he appreared on the scene, and not necessarily disposed to welcome him, the whole thing being complicated by the fact that in our civilization there is an unhealed split between the educational system and the assumptions that actually underlie daily life...... . In his novel, The Contender, he tried to tackle the problems of the corrupting powers of material ambition and rivalry along with two others. These books were not theses. The author allowed these issues to spring naturally from the interplay of theme and characters.

The same is true of the characters of Kingsley Amis. The hero of Lucky Jim, an Assistant Lecturer in a University, has the gift of creating most impossible situations which he cannot explain away. He assaults his Professors and parodies his Principal and the usual lectures on popular themes. He is not a Chaplin-figure, who from his very innocence, exposes the sham, but one who plays the racket and enjoys the fun. He, along with his precursor, the hero of the novel

Hurry on Down, has been called the 'New Hero' in English Fiction. In the words of Walter Allen, the new hero is intellectually tough, or tough intellectual. He is consciously, even conscientiously, graceless. .........It is the phoney to which his nerve-ends are tremblingly exposed. and at the least suspicion of the phoney he goes tough. He is at odds with his conventional university education, though he comes from a famous University: he has seen through the academic racket as he has seen through all the others. Another variation of this new hero of the English Novel of the last decade is the hero of the novel, That Uncertain Feeling. He is the assistant Library Counter Clerk who suffers from a feeling of boredom and plays into the hands of the vily heroine. a wealthy lady who feels bored for want of something really worth doing and whose whole existence is devoted to seeking thrills in spending her husband's money in driving expensive cars, drinking and love-making. He is ultimately saved by his virtuous and faithful wife. Fidelity in love and mutual affection between wife and husband are probably the only solace and virtues in this otherwise debased world. The hero of the novel, I Like It Here, sees through the futility of seeking a holiday in touring foreign countries. "Going abroad," he says, "teaches you how important small comforts are..... .. Weather........ It does make everything seen romantic, there's no getting away from that. It's just as much an evasion as looking at the tally, only more expensive.

Then when you get home you realize how much you like it here." He too has a loyal and loving wite who waits for him. The hero of the novel, The Room at the Top, is class-conscious and pursues his ambition of crossing the 8th grade, to which he belongs by birth, to the first or the second grade. His only qualifications are his well-built. handsome body and virility. He allows his senses the fullest play little caring what havoc he causes thereby to others who really love him and would sacrifice their home and reputation for his sake. He is fully conscious that he is responsible for the tragic end of his beloved, the wife of a rich man. Nobody can blame him; that's the trouble. Even though he feels guilty, yet ambition-blind as he is, he smothers the voice of his conscience -his conscience which he seems to retrieve from the colossal wreck for just a moment or two. It is very doubtful if he will ever love his wife, who has with one stroke pushed him into the first grade, with the same love with which he had loved his beloved. If he does not, it will be to say the least, a mockery of love.

The writers of the last decadeJohn Wain, Kingsley Amis and John Braine-have always a story to tell about persons whom we recognize and whose problems are our own and of our Age. Their manner of
narration is direct. The narrative is packed with all conceivable thrills. shocks, escapades, fights, love-making. wit and humour. These top-dressings make these novels extremely popular with the scenario-writers. Well below, however, reposes the theme. the ever-recurrent theme: the exposure of the Age and the Society. Their characters may not be great. Their themes may not be universal. The fault is not theirs. The fault is of the Age and the Society. While they entertain us, they caution us about the dangers towards which we are drifting. In an indirect way they remind us of the reai essence of life which we are missing in our mad race for tinsel : success in life. We, it may be said, are living under the shadow of the atomic war in the not too distant future. Man's future is uncertain. But his faith in the verities of life must be preserved and respected. "Man has been transtormed from the creative, spontaneous, living thing into an automaton made to function in a compulsive drama of success, the meaning of which be can never grasp......The heroes of today are concerned with a return to the primal unit-the sensing. feeling self. And to do this, the means are not important. The crucial thing is that beneath the debris of defeat, shame, insanity and orgiastic spree, man should once again come to terms with his nahed and only true identity." The novelists of the last decade wish this to happen.

# Mahabalipuram - Symbol of Pallava Glory 

By Dijaylakshmi Rajan, Pre-Medical II Year

Mahabalipuram !
The very name conjures up, before our eyes, exquisite and artistic designs carved on stones. beautiful temples and majestic pagodas, all built in those halcyon days when the glorious Pallavas ruled Tamilnad.

How I longed to visit this worldrenowned, historical place! Very often I had gaped open-mouthed at my cousins waxing eloquent about the beauty and grandeur of Mahabalipuram. Finally, I mustered up enough courage and went hesitantly to my uncle and blurted, "Uncle, please. could you take me to Mahabalipuram this week-end ?',

My joy knew no bounds when be nodded assent, and my mind impatiently chafed at the thought that I had to wait stix long days before the red-letter day arrived.

After an age, Sunday finally came and it dawned on a heaven blue sky. "So far. so good. At least Mother Nature didn't seem to place any impediments in our way !'

I had spoken too soon-when we were all set to start, my cousin slipped and sprained her ankle badly, so that the trip was in danger of being cancelled. However. seeing the look of utter disappointment
writ large upon my face, everyone agreed that we should go without her and off we went.

The first glimpse I had of Mahabalipuram was that of a massive stone carving depicting various stages in the lives of the Pandavas. I gazed awe-struck at the colossal carvings in front of me-Lord Krishna in various poses:milking a cow: holding up mount Govardhan, providing shelter to man and beast alike; stone chariots of the Pandavas, and "Krishna's butter ball" a huge boulder resting on smooth, sloping, ground, illustrating the law of gravity. All these and many more stood before me, depicting the rich and glorious heritage of Aryavarta.

Last. but surely not the least, came the Shore Temple. the only remaining proof of the histuric seven pagodas-six of which ate already under the Sea.

But man's glories-Mahabalipuram and all-seemed insignificant when compared to the Sea itself. The surf-laden waves, lashing against the rocks, pushing and jostling one another, like wanton children at play, each wanting to reach the shore first, filled me with exhilaration.

I was oblivious of the joyful cries of the children playing on
the sands, deaf even to the voices of my cousins, who were sitting on a stone wall. I just stood on the brink of the sea, drinking in the wondrous scene before me.

I was far, far away from this world, my imagination took on golden wings, and I flew on fancy's fire-tipped, golden winged chariot.

I was transported to the 7 th century -the Pallava period.I saw the Pallava king Narasimha Varma with his daughter and royal retinue of soldiers, walking on the sands, surveying the beautiful works of his sculptors. The seven Pagodas were before me, and the king's daughter, for whom this Mahabalipuram was built, walked in and out of them, exclaiming over the magnificent carvings which the sculptor's dexterous hands had fashioned. I could hear her voice. sweet and euphonious, like the sound of the seven stringed 'veena'; and the very waves which lashed the shore in front of me, seemed to be echoing her laughter which was like the mellifluous sound of tinkling bells......

I was rudely shaken out of my reverie by my cousin's voice, saying, "Come on Vijay, it is high time we went home."
"Please," I begged, "let us stay here for just 10 more minutes."

My pleading eyes would hare melted the heart of a Hitler, and m: cousin, who was the softest hear in the world, readily consented.

Once more, I joyfully turned mr gaze to the scene in front of me-the sun, like a red ball of fire, was slowly sinking in the opposite side. its mellow light flooding the Easterr sky, and the whole beach was bathed in its watery sun-shine. Far, fat away, a steamer was silhouetted against the pink sky, and, nearer the shore, here and there, one could see the tops of scattered boulders, the only remnants of the six pagodas which the sea had hungrily swallowed. These were constantly washed by the indefatigable waves which beat incessantly on the rocks, as if urging them to join in their never ending game.
"I gazed and gazed but little thought what wealth the show to me had brought".

All too soon the ten minutes were over, and reluctantly, we climbed into the car to go home. This trip shall ever remain fresh and lasting in my memory.
> "Happiness is not a possession to be prized, it is a quality of thought, a state of mind."

THE HINDI PARISHAD AND THE COLLEGE UNION

«- Shri Bairagi
reciting his poems.

Shri Sajjan $\rightarrow$ reciting his poems.



Sarojini Kapur, B.A. Il Year, got the first prize in The All India Light Music Competition arranged by the Sangeet Niketan, New Delhi.

Yug Parkash Dar and
Ashok Bihari Mathur won the trophy in the InterCollege Debate held at the Dyal Singh College, New Delhi. $\rightarrow$


# No Trace, No News Of You.... 

By Bal Krishan Pardal, B.A. (Hons) English 1 Year

Yes, for a long, long time no srace, no news of you. Lying on this sa sand I am watching the waves come in and go out, endlessly and their rhythmic movement seems to pass over the land My mind is alive, but not as the restless sea, it is alive with your sweet memory. I am remembering you and only you, know not why? Perhaps, I love you.......... But how can that be? I have never loved anyone, then why You?
"Why You ?', I keep on asking myself, dazedly, "of all the people around, Why You? Why You?, Why You? It becames like a pulsebeat......" I do not have the answer sor myself, nor for anyone else. It is difficult for me to put that in words..........I can only say that you nade me love you.

I have been wanting to talk to rou, I want to expose my heart, but then I restrain myself. Perhaps, I bave no power for its confirmation. It is only the language of eyes through which I can confirm the same, which I believe you cannot conceive. It is impossible you should Jook with such eyes on me as I had
upon you.
And there is a young man across there standing on sea sand who looks at a girl. They might be in love, might be about to meet. If this were a romance...........In looking at herself, she tries to look beyond herself, and half becomes another, admiring and resenting, may be dreaming g........... Her lover might see her so. As Shelley once wrote :
"Love me as I love you, be in as once I fondly hoped you were--"

Suddenly, I see the full moon brimming on the other end of the ocean. The tides go up as if they want to touch moon's mockery. I feel a tumult in the ocean. All around bue and cry is there, as if just before my eyes, a "TIT ANIC'* has been sinking to those dreary depths and my 'love' is there watching hopelessly for me, but still with a ray of hope, looking up towards the moon.

And again the sea is as calm as it was before, except its nunnery waves Beneath the moonlight, I see the crabs are racing with the
*Loss of the Titanic
At 2-20 a.m., on April 15, 1912 the White Star Liner "TITANIC", at that time the largest ship afloat. went to the bottom of the Atlantic resulting in the loss of 1513 souls out of 2,224 on board.
waves and they would let themselves be caught by a wave. And by the shifting sand in the same way thoughts about you will come and go out of my mind. It is like an encyclopaedia of memoirs-both conscious and unconscious. But you know our thinking about life, about love, is shaped by opinions, conclusions and traditions. You want to remain with love, but you break it up calling, it personal and impersonal, you cover it with words, giving it the ordinary meaning; you think of someone whom
you loveror who loves you. But : is a never-ending querry-a wide ocean, a false horizon.. ......

The sea is in high tides, the waves are coming with a greater force, wit: a greater whirl, with a greater speè. A boatman is in vain trying to row his boat out of that rough sea..And I am in vain trying to forget you. It is almost impossible for me $t=$ forget you.

Adieu.........Impossible!
"I have yet to be persuadad that art is a universal language as is so frequently asserted. Indeed, art is not necessarily a system of communication at all; and there is much in art history to contradict the notion that a particular message is or should be conveyed from one person to another. Like events in nature, such as a sunset, works of art..........which are interpretations of nature.........do not speak to the people; peorle react to them. The interpretation is, in its own way, an event for the beholder to see (like the sunset); it stands by itself. And like a sunset, whether or not it is understood is irrelevant to its structural existence.

Consequently, I like to think that the value of an artistic event is one assured by the nature of human responses to it, just as in the case of a natural event. Like the natural phenomenon, the artistic event is rarely a 'language'..........particularly in the twentieth century when the artist and the beholder are so often remote from each other in terms of experience.......... but, rather, it is positive evidence of human involvement with nature and with other human beings. The act of producing such evidence to which the beholder may react in his own way appears to be the valid function of art."

Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr.——The Span

# The Pedagogues of the Past 

By Jenifer Lobo, Pre-Medical II Year

"Hoppitty, skippitty high and low Summer's the time for fun."

I turned at the sound of those familiar words and the sight of a young teacher hopping up and down in a fair imitation of the immortal 'Grasshopper Green’ brought back to me memories of my first teacher. She was a plump and lively lady who executed the 'hoppitty skippitty' with such verve, that we children often wondered what the consequences would be should she lose her balance. But, of course, she had taught the same poem for so many years that she was quite sure of herself and never faltered.

With her, our kindergarten days were spent singing and playing inside and outside the classroom. She was a magician, who with the wave of her wand could transport us to Fairyland and charge us into fairies and flowers. Most of us at that age were physically incompatible with fairies or flowers, but we exuded such happiness that the audience generally overlooked our fat little legs and clumsy movements.

The teacher who was always seen armed with an evil-looking, green umbrella was dreaded by small girls. Her very name silenced the naughtiest child and to spend an hour in her class was a punishment indeed.

On the first day her classroom was always the scene of profound misery, at intervals the deep silence which roigned inside would be broken by loud crying, as a miserable girl clinging to her father's legs was brought into the class. One look at her prospective teacher and the girl was running down the corridor and out of the building, refusing to return. But time and tide wait for no man and though girls may come and girls may go, she went on forever, her agelessness a proof of her continuity.
'Neatness' was the maxim of yet another teacher who demanded it from all her pupils. Dare anyone give up untidy work, the page was immediately torn out and the work had to be re-done. Exercise books began their existence with sixty-four pages and ended with only half-adozen dangling precariously from the covers, while the waste-paper baskets overtlowed with paper balls. Stationery shops benefited greatly by her drive for neatness and we girls were broken into tidy habits. Fond parents whose views differed from her's were talked round to her way of thinking and generally decided to leave their daughters to be made or unmade by her.

Elocution was one of her many attributes and as such she was chief-
producer of all the school plays. A more versatile director would be hard to flid. One moment a hoary-bearded gnome, the next a pompous old man or a merry gypsy, she changed her identity with sach rapidity that the amateur actrlsses were always left dismayed not knowing what to do. But all said and done, the plays were unqualified successes even though occasionally a voice supposed to be sweet and mellifluous suddenly became hoarse due to excessive strain.

One, two, three, four, keep time!' that was the music teacher who taught me the piano in an atmosphere that was most unmusical. The metronome ticking away unrelentlessly, the teacher singing the melody and I trying my best to keep time with both and to strike the correct notes. The result was discordant. She would then seat herself at the piano and go crashing through the piece, while I listened and wondered if I was hearing aright, for her version was entirely different from mine.

Preparing me for the music examination was a task that she enjoyed and I detested. Hours had to be spent practising at the piano and I was always so tense that my fingers made the most silly mistakes. This called down the wrath of the teacher and sometimes the piano keys were watered by my tears. Her heart would melt and she would be as sweet as honey until the next mistake.

A dear old lady walking up and down the corridors looking folornls at her time-table and popping her head into classtooms to ask if she was expected there, was a familiar sight. This absent-minded teache: never remembered which class she had to go to, what she had to teack or where she had left her spectacles Girls would be running about looking for her spectacles. when she had pushed them back upon her head to keep them safe. Drawers and desks would be opened and turneć upside-down in search of books which had already been distributed.

She was very imaginative and made the lessons interesting by relating stray incidents from her life. The tales she told were sometimes most improbable, but we believeй them and looked forward to the stories of her strange experiences.

In the final year we were shepherded by authority with a capital A Her word was law and she made herself heard and felt throughout the school. At the sight of he: the girls fled down the corridor and simply vanished, out of sight: classes kept complete silence and a general air of meekness prevailed. She had, however, a soft corner for her own class and we definitely enjoyed many privileges, though when it came to noise, she wouldn't tolerate it even from us.

There was the English teacher. who bemoaned our scant knowledge
(Continued on page 20)

## A Fragment of Fact

By R. C. Datta, B.Sc. Ist year

He had come from Mauritius-a long way to this quasi-city of Delhi. to study. He was of Indian orisin and yet as foreign to India as a Norwegian. Almost a century ago his great grandfather had seen the last of India and sailed westwards to this gem of the Indian Ocean, the paradise known as Mauritius.

They were a well-established family there, holding an important position as copra-traders. Copra was the life and blood of that island in those days, and still is. A copratrader in Mauritius was the equivalent of a gentleman-farmer in England.

And that was the first thing that his fellow-students came to know about him and his family.

Not very amusing is it, to be nicknamed Coconut? He thought it was, though. In his own way of thinking he found relief in the fact that he had visualised all this in his pre-conceived notions about India. He knew more would come and waited with a cynicism characteristic of his mental make-up. He waited for everything to fall into its proper place before he could put into practice what he had charted and re-charted in his brain. Manipulations, moves; countermoves, advances and counteradvances-every-
thing had been anticipated.
Every conceivable move which was within his comprehension had been anticipated, that is. For, and it is sad to record this, he didn't know how to handle girls. And he was aware of this weakness but confidentially hoped that his abilities in other spheres would act as a mask to cover this one weakness. Perhaps, he was overconfident.

It is the sad duty of this chronicler to relate a sequence of extraordinary events that led to the conclusion that he was, indeed, overconfident.

He was alone in the college library hall, reading the weekly edition of the American "Time" news magazine. Tucked away beneath this was an abstract from the Journal of Organic Chemists of America. At this juncture, it is perhaps appropriate to divulge to the readers the fact that he was an avid reader of anything that had even the remotest connection with organic. chemistry-in patticular, biochemistry. Biochemistry was, so to speak, his life and blood.
"Excuse me for interrupting you," said a tolerably pleasant voice, "but I understand you're from Mauritius."

He raised his head and directed
his hazel-brown eyes towards the intruder-a girl; and regarded her critically. Funny the way people pronounce "understand" here, he said to himself. No I'm mistaken, it's not all of ; me'it's only these girls who are so very particular about words $\qquad$
"Yes, you are correctly informed, Miss--'
"Soni," she interposed.
"Oh, Miss Soni. Well Miss Soni what can I do for you ?"
"I'm awfully sorry to interrupt you Mr. M., but I thought you could recommend a good work of fiction to me."
"Certainly, or certes, if you prefer it the other way." he responded, grinning widely, "But I must warn you that you may not find my tastes to your liking. I go-if you'd forgive the expression-for egg-head stuff and Science Fiction, I'm an incurable S-F fan, y'know."
"Science Fiction!" She exclaimed. "You really must be a wonder to stand that rubbish ! I like pedestrian novels-boy-meet-girl variety," she said, without flinching a muscle.
"The sort of stuff that you'd like to happen now, isn't that so ?" he cynically thought. For a moment his mask of impertubability slipped and the mocking face was momentarily exposed. But with a dexterity inherent in him, he at once assumed
a serious mein.
"Uh-huh," he said, clearing his throat, "well, if that's so, I'm afraid..........."
"Oh no, not in the least," she said anticipating him, "I also like historical fiction-what about that particular! field ?'
"Ah, here we are on common ground," and then advancing towards the bookshelves, "I would strongly recommend M . Alexandre Dumas to you-you've heard of him, I presume?"'
'No, I'm afraid I haven't."
"I must say this is surprising However, you would immediately like M. Dumas. I suggest that you begin with "The Three Musketeers"-the first of a famous series of romances that cover the period of the France of Louis XIII and Louis XIV."
"Thank you so much, Mr. M."
"So let me know whether you liked it or not,". he said, before returning to his porings through the newsmagazine.

So it's begun at last, he said to himself, with some satisfaction. Well. let's see what happens next........

A lot happened next time, and next time and

He became aware of someone calling him "I must have dozed off", he thought.
"Mr. M. !-oh there, you're awake at last! I wanted to know whether you'd come with us for boating today."
"The pleasure's yours, ma'am; and half's mine," he said, quoting one of his oftsaid phrases.
"Then do be at Krishi Bhavan at six.......... . don't forget Mr. Absentminded prof..........." Miss Soni disappeared in a peal of laughter.

It wasn't Miss Soni alone who found him irresistable. There were others; and they flocked around him and persisted in his company because he could afford to spend money like water.
"They think I'll go on this way, do they? Well, well, well! Wait and see, just wait and see!" and he chuckled derisively.

The rebuff came in a most surprising way to Miss Soni and company. They wanted his support in a risky venture, whose exact nature, cannot -unfortunately enough-be imparted by this chronicler. He refused-point-blank-even to give them moral support.

This hurt her. But what hurt her more was considered an insult in India-she had been snubbed in frant of the whole class by him!

Later, he was to admit that snubbing Miss Soni that way was the greatest blunder that he had committed that year.

There was an animated discussion on literature in the English period. The professor knew him very well and was on very friendly terms with him. He didn't need to draw the professor's attention towards what he intended to say-Mr. Yajnik was always pleased to hear him air his views Miss Soni had just finished saying something "on the evaluation of Dickens by Hazlitt; and it was utterly incomprehensible-she had just beaten about the bush and uttered three five-syllable words during her discourse, he noted. He had a sneaking suspicion that Miss Soni wasn't really certain whether William Hazlitt existed at all. Upto then she had pretended she knew a lot about literature-that she was, what we would call, a blue stocking most of the time her "guesses" had been dead accurate. She had tripped this time-and it wasn't an opportunity that he was going to miss. To add fuel to the fire, after the rebuff, he stood up, and facing her, said what he was to regret ever afterwards.
"I doubt whether you have even remotely heard of Hazlitt-it is dangerous to express an opinion without careful consideration. Miss Soni. A little knowledge is a selfdestroying weapon, y'know."

It left her benumbed. The boys cheered him. He wanted to continue further, but Mr. Yajnik motioned him to sit down.
"My dear boy-you shouldn"t have been that outspoken. Do you know
that you've hurt the poor girl's his tutors. feelings? You must apologise."

He stood up rather slowly this time.
"If you think so, Sir, I have no other alternative but to apologise," and resumed his seat with a haughty air.

But Miss Soni had had enough. The green-eyed goddess of jealousy had bitten her. She was enraged that she, the celebrated beauty of Surajkund College. University of Delhi, had been slighted in a way exceedingly detrimental to her reputation. He had, indeed, made a severe inroad on her popularity.

She set out for revenge-sweet. bitter revenge. For a girl of her potentialities, it was not difficult. She made short work of it by creating bitter animosity between him and

When the final year results were announced, the boy from Mauritius that "whiz kid"-had been detained
'And here I must conclude,' saic the foreigner, 'I hope you didn't find it dull.'
'Not in the least old chap,' said his friend, 'but-no offence meantwhat happened to Miss Soni ?'
'She's at the university now.'
'Really ! Migrated ?'
'No-she got transferred to an Honours course.'
'Really !'
'Yes, I must admit,' he said with some deliberation, 'that she was really a very clever girl, too clever by half, if you'd ask me.
(Continued from page 16)
of English Grammar; the Physics teacher from whom would emanate a high pitched squeak everytime we made a mistake; the Chemistry teacher who looked at the ceiling and informed us that there was no hope for anyone and there were many many more.

All the past pedantry flashes by me now, in an interesting, amusing and lively panorama, as I am listening to the lilt of the old refrain.
"Hoppitty, skippitty high and low
Summer's the time for fun."

# The Purpose of Living 

By Maheshwar Prasad, B.A. III Year

Life is very complex and its rexture is most baffling. From the primitive man to the man of this scientific age life has been a mystery. Some regard life as a struggle while others regard it as a game worth playing; some regard life as a song whereas some regard it as the greatest tragedy. Philosophers had always tried to explain the purpose of living. We can offer different explanations regarding the purpose of living.

Approaching from the moral or theological point of view, life is created by God and we must live according to the wishes of God. According to this view we must worship God otherwise we will incur this great displeasure and we have to suffer in hell for ever. In this scientific age this idea seems to be fantastic. The existence of God, though regarded as the necessary postulate of morality, is always questioned by philosophers and |scientists.

Philosophers have advocated two different kinds of purpose of human life. These two view points are as old as human life. These two schools of thought were represented in olden times by Cynics and Stoics on one hand and by Cyrenaics and Epicureans on the other hand. In modern time these two views were
represented and developed by the Rationalists and Intuitionists on the one hand and the Hedonists on the other hand.

According to the Stoics good life consisted in the passionless life of reason. The Stoics found good life in the rational pursuit of duty. They treated man as if he were made for the sake of law and duty. They treated man as a mere means and thus violated the golden rule of morality which was expounded by Kant who said, "Treat humanity whether in thy own person or that of other, as an end and never as a mere means." The Epicureans, on the other hand, found good life in the pursuit of pleasure. According to the epicurean philosophy the purpose of life is to enjoy, to eat, drink and be merry.

These principles were developed by Rationalists and the Hedonists. Rationalists advocated the theory that min should lead a life of reason; man should act in such a way that his act may be regarded reasonable. So, the Rationalists gave the principle: "Duty for duty's sake." The Hedonists on the other hand, taught that life is to enjoy, to seek pleasure.

But we should not pay much attention to what had been said by moralists, we should pay attention
to what life means to us.
Life is a song and we must sing it. Life, no doubt, is very short and this short period must be enjoyed. Thus, life is not a tragedy, it is pleasure and happiness. What life should be? It should be a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of pain.
"Youth is a stuff will not endure," says Shakespeare. Really youth is a nine days' wonder. We have come to this earth for a while; bence we must not waste this time in fcolish and silly activities, like thinking of heaven and hell. What will come tomorrow is unsure. Why, then, should we postpone our present pleasutes ? Those people are stupid who think that if they postpone their present pleasures, the future will give them more (in heaven or elsewhere.) No one knows what is in store for him. No one knows whether he will be alive (our procedures are dead and we will also die one day) or dead. Why should we not enjoy our life as much as we can.

The ultimate end of human life is happiness-a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of pain. All persons, poor or rich, common men or saints, seek happiness. But where in does happiness lie? Happiness lies in the world and in life itself. We can achieve happiness by satisfying our desires. We must not care for anything which is practically useless in life. Similarly, we must not care for the future. Why to worry about a thing which is doubtful and
unsure? Why to spoil the present joys? The joys which we have missed once will never return.

But excess of everything is ba If everybody sings and dances $t:]$ it is midnight, the world wou. become a noisy place. If people sed 'only' pleasure and ignore other' things the world would come to standstill. The pleasure-philosophr. as advocated by Cyrenaics ari the Epicureans would reduce life inis a night club.

What we have discussed above is that we should seek pleasure but should not disregard the pleasure of others. In more clear terms. each man ought to seek not only his pleasure but the pleasures of others also.

Man is a social animal, he cannot live without society. And man br nature is kind and sympathetic. We should not be egoists, we should always care for the happiness c: others. The purpose of life is nc: to seek individual pleasure; the purpose of life is to seek universal happiness. Birds and animals live fo: their own pleasures. Man after a: is man. A man who always seek for his own happiness and comfort: is leading an animal life. Suct. persons die a double death. The - selfish life is one death and actual deat? is the orher death. No one weeps for a selfish person, no poet sings song in his praise. Why do we remember Gandhi and Gautma?
(Continued on page 26)

## Socialism In Ancient India

By Dr. R. Bharadwaj

Both the individual and the society without each other are mere abstractions, the concrete reality being 'the individual in society' or the society of individuals'. This 'suggests that 'society' and 'individual' Jo not stand contradictory to one another. It is only the undue emphasis on either which creates misunderstanding. 'Individualism' and socialism' can be likened to the two sides of a clock, the pendulum of political economy oscillating between them. History has witnessed how the pendulum has swung to and from the two extremes of the worldclock - monarchy - republic - monarchy. Nations have viewed this pendulum from its different positions, from the extremes, at the mean or from a position between the mean and an extreme. They have striven ro study and reveal their experiences with the best of their intentions and to the best of their abilities. Of those that have watched it at the mean is the ancient Indian.

The patriot of ancient India considered himself to be part of the cosmos and viewed the cosmos in his
self. He never thought of himself as unattached or separate. As, for example, he woke up early in the morning he would have a look at his hands to sight the Goddess of Wealth in the fingers, the Goddess of Wisdcm in the palms, and the creator in the wrists.(1) Proud of his planet, he, before stepping down the bed. bowed to the Earth who has the oceans for her clothes, and the mountains for her breast.(2) Ignorant of all provincialism, he remembered his Lord who resided in every part of his countrySaurashtra, Shri Shaila, Ujjayani, Onkır, Kedar, Varanasi, Rameshwaram; and therefore he prided over the seven cities of India-Ayodhya, Matbura. Maya, Kashi, Kanchi, Avantika and, Dwarawati, situated in the various distant parts of India.(3) Just befcre his morning ablutions he would invariably invoke all the main rivers of india thus (a)
"Let the rivers Ganga, Jumna. Godavari, Saraswati, Narbada, Indus and Cavveri reside in this water for bath(3)

To him, indeed, India was an undivided entity, which he held in the greatest esteem.
(१) कराप्रे बसंते लक्ष्मी: करमध्ये सररवती। कर मूनो स्यितो ब्रह्मा प्रभाते कर दर्शनम् ॥
(?) समुद्रव्वसने देवि वर्वतस्तन मण्डले। विष्युपर्नि नमस्तुभ्यं पाद-६र्ं क्षमस्वमे।।
(३) सौराट्ट्रे सोमन।थंच श्रीशाले मल्लिकार्जु नम्। उज्जयिन्यो मह्ाकालमोंकारे ममलेइवरम् । केदारं हिमवत्पृष्ठे डाfऋन्यों भीमशंकरम्। वाराएास्यां च विशवेशः ड्यक्बकं मौतमी नड़े। वैद्यनाथं चिताभूमौ नागेशं दाईका वने। सेतु अ्धे च रामेशं घुईमेशं च शिवालये ।
(४) गंगे च यमुने चैव गोदावरि सग्स्वनि, नर्मदे सिन्धु कावेर् जलेऽस्मिन् सन्निधिकुरु।।

The ancient Indian society was based on Varnasrama. The four varnas or castes were the Brahmana, the Kshsatriya, the Vaishya, and the Shudra, and the four Ashramas, or stages of life, were Brahmacharya, Grahastha, Vanaprastha, and Sannyasa. The caste-system stood for division of labour, which can be traced to the Rigvedic verse, which read:
"That the Brahmana was his mouth, the Kshatriya His Arms, and the Vaishya His Thighs, the Shudra was born from His Feet". This division is based on merit and action in the Gita.* Whatever may be the defects of such a system in modern times, it had one great merit; namely, that of its emphasis on cultivation of virtues. not on acquisition of riches. As a check on separatist mentality, India had a number of fairs named after Kumbha, Kartika, Margashirsa, Rama-Lila, or the Ganga, to which all castes had free access. The festival of Holi, in particular, aimed at the union of the friend and the foe. the rich and the poor, the high and the low, or the Brahmana and the Shudra, who on other days had rare opportunities for contact. A very appreciable regard is evident from the respectful bow for the carpenter, the potter and the like, in a verse of the Yajurveda, XVI, 27.

The joint family was an emblem of cooperation, affectionate understanding, and sacrifice. It is because
the sons after marriage often lived in the house and under the control of their father of whom sons' wives were expected to stand in awe. When the father got advanced in years and it became rather difficult for him to maintain control, he witb his wife would retire to the forest. that is, he became a vanaprastha. Later on, he gave up the forest also. and renounced every thing he had. With no personal aspirations, he dedicated his life to the service of the country or to the uplift of the general good.

Of the four stages mentioned alteady, student-life or Brahmacharya is the first, the second being the married life, which is the most important stage. For, in fact, it is the foundation on which the other three depend. The householder earned not only for himself but also for his wife and children. Nay, he was expected to feed casual visitors and guests. and also to provide food for his servants, domestic animals, pets and even for the tiny birds that lived in his house. It was enjoined on him that he should dine only after having fed all his dependents. Thus it was that charity began at home.

The house-holder was liable to cause injury to small lives while using the oven, the quern, the broom, the waterjar, and the pestle. To compensate for the sin arising thereby. he was advised to perform five
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THEDESHBANDHUDAY

Hon'ble Shri Sham Nath, Deputy Minister, Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, addressing the Staff and students of the college.


Shri Ram Lal Verma, Public Relations Officer, Delhi State Administration, Delhi, addressing the Staff and students of the college.


## THE COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

A scene from the Winslow Boy showing<br>Yug Parkash Dar (Dickie) and indira Sharma (Catherine

Another scene showing S. P. Ganguly (Sir Robert Morton), Pradeep Banrerji (Arthur Winslow) Arun Kanda (Ronnie), Vijay<br>Lakshmi Rajan (Grace) and Inira Sharma (Catherine) $\downarrow$


merifices, namely. the Brahma-Yajna ty reading or teaching the scriptures, tie Pitri-Yajna by offering libations Lnd oblations to the manes, the DevaFajna by kindling incense or by Forshipping deities, the Bhuta-Yajna Iv feeding insects, birds and quadrupads , and the nri-yajna by receiving kholars and guests. The head of a tmily would give alms to beggars, eds to students, grants to educational institutions, or perform the marriage $r$ indigent girls.

From the Mahabharta it appears Wat Svetaketu was the first to ropagate the institution of marriage. Before him there may have been pmmunity of wives. But there kem to be no limits to ownership it private property. The law did tot, probably, stand in its way. But pligion always stepped in to remedy the evils that might creep in. Foople were exhorted to give away ia charities as much as they could If a birth, marriage or death in the lome. Donors were forbidden from bating any fruit of their donations, lthough they had promises of rewards or blessings in the other world, and received applause from the pablic and recognition by the government. They, therefore, vied with ne another in being generous and sharitable.

The caste-system and incentives charities must have solved much bf the problem of unemployment. Sons generally followed the hereditary trade of their father. Shatrarthas fr debates were organized and the participants were given handsome
rewards by the rich. The incapcitated were provided with the necessaties of life from such institutions as the sadavartas. Education received public encouragement. All perhaps went well, because in those days emphasis was laid on plain living and high thinking, there being less show and fewer wants. Above all, character weighed much heavier than wealth or knowledge.

In the Vedic times the king realized the importance of a samiti, that is, a council of elders and also of a sabha, the assembly of the people who gathered to take important decisions. Kings were also elected. The office seems to have become hereditary by divine right later on. In monarchy, too, there were democratic elements. Even as popular a king as Rama could not disregard the washerman who criticized him for having accepted Sita from Ravana's home, Dasharatha took council with his ministers, chiefs and priests on the issue of Rama's coronation. Crude despots like the notorious Vena were done away with by the subjects, connived at by the sages. A king could not rule against the wishes of his subjects. Rajasuya and ashvamedha sacrifices were undertaken to display power and might, but the subjected princes were seldom deprived of their freedom and territory. The ruler generally sat, in private, at the feet of the teacher. so the politicians could not over-awe the teacher. According to the Atharva Veda, scholars werc conducive to the prosperity of a kingdom because the kingdom where
a scholar resides becomes prosperous and free from disturbance. The subjects too had great reverence for the sabha and its chairman and also for the gana and its president and also for the young and the old.

In ancient India, to conclude, more, perhaps all. emphasis was laid on 'duties', not on 'rights.' One had a right only to do; as the Gita prescribes. There was general consciousness for
the commendation of good and condemnation of evil. The rici owned a lot only to give it away of their own accord. Their greatnes lay in their character and in the amounts they spent for their brethrer. In the West, socialism contrc's earnings through legislation, in Ind: it equalized enjoyment throug $=$ religion. In the former case, :: smacks of fear and duress; in the latte: it breathes freedom and elation.

नम सेनाम्य: सेनानिभ्रइन्न
नमो हैख्व,य च वामतायच नमो बृत्त्ते च वर्पीयसे च नमो बृद्धायं।
(२) कर्मंण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा कलेषु कदाचन ।

## (Continued from page 22)

because they rendered selfless service to humanity. They never cared for their own comforts but we must note that all men are not like Gandhi and Gautma. An ordinary man cannot lead the life of a saint. What I mean is that man should seek his happiness but at the same time he must not be so selfish as to disregard the comforts and pleasures of others. Those who render selfless service to humanity are worshipped and given the highest tribute. Is is why the world lamented and mourned on the assassination of President John Fitzerald Kennedy. People wept for him because he was a peace-loving President and he fought for the rights of the negroes.

So, we see that the purpose of life is not only to seek individual
pleasure. The purpose of life, no doubt, is pleasure. But each membe: of the society ought to seek the greatest happiness of all the people. Man's life is very short and this short period should not be speni in leading a purely sensualistic life. Out minds need sone spiritual food. Thus the true happiness may be achieved by serving humanity and by fighting for the rights of oppressed and exploited people. Man gets immense joy in doing a work whick is useful for other people. This gives him spiritual happiness. Hence, to conclude, we may say that the purpose of life is to seek pleasure selflessly. At the same time everybody ought to seek the greatest bappiness of all the peoples of the world, and one should always be ready to serve mankind. That is what life means.

## My First Trek In The Hills

By Shrid. K. Jain

(Shri J. K, Jain took to hiking in a spirit of challenge : to prove that he was not 'soft' and 'did not lack either courage or the spirit of adventure that is ever hungry for new experiences'-the spirit that young globe-trotters display. We are proud of him. His passion for it takes him to the hills every year in the long vacation : the result is his joy and our pleasure in reading about the great 'discoveries' of men and places made by him. .....His first trek was from Simla to Kirti, beyond Kotgarh, the home of the red delicious and of the golden yellow apples.

Shri J. K. Jain has an eye for the
picturesque and majestic in Nature. for the comic, for the fake and the hoax in 'society' and for the innocence of unsophisticated hill-folk. It is not easy to forget some of the inimitable characters whom he met and 'immortalized' in the first part of his article: My First Trek in the Hills (From Simla to Theog) which appeared in Desh. 1962. Vol. XI. Nos. 1-2,-the bania at Charraba, clumsy and awkward par excellence, Sita Ram of Dumbair, the cook at the Fagu Dak Bungalow; the lawyer at Theog who did not believe in hospitality and Bal Singh, the flamboyant youth with a theatrical air.. the chum of chums,) -Editor.

## (II) From Theog to Chikhar

The next morning 1 started for Chikhar. Bal Singh accompanied me He had bought biscuits and toffees for children. He knew how to endear himself to them with his peculiar outfit. clownish manner, and little presents. Wherever he went, he aroused interest. Whomsoever he met. he charmed with his 'hail-fellow-well-met' look. Passing through a number of villages and attracting the curious eyes of women, we reached a confluence of brooks. Their cool, crisp and crystalline water invited us to have its feel. At its first touch I shivered but after bathing I felt fresh as a lark. My fatigued body was
cooled. There we lay reclined against stones under a warm sun, My mind was wrapped up in stillness; it slipped into a trance of aesthetic joy. The spell was broken by the inquisitive tone of a full-bodied woman in her later twenties. Nothing happened, of course! Her curiosity satisfied she moved on amused as well as perplexed. Bal and I smiled after the retreating figure.

There were several water-mills in the Valley. I saw one at work. A special drain had been constructed to lead water to that mill. As the water approached the mill, it fell over a
height and the wheel moved and the grinding stones rumbled. The millowner was paid by his clients not in cash but in kind, about three seers of wheat pet maund. We passed a shop, run once again by a Hoshiarpuri. All the business bere is in the hands of these outsiders. The local folk are only peasants and agriculturists, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'.

After a short but stiff-climb which made us breathless, we reached Chikhar. a village of Brahmins. The Brahmins are a proud. healthy and well-off people. All of them are farmers showing that caste-divisions here are not functional but conventional. Many of them are educated and go out for their jobs. All are polite and cultured. whether literate or not. Their politeness is not merely a social gesture but springs from centuries of a philosophical outlook that tells you that a stranger is a representative of God. Drinking or addiction to drugs is very rare among them. Their womenfolk do not smoke; they would feel outraged at the mere suggestion of it They form, as a matter of fact, the most enlightened and the most prosperous part of the community of the Himachalies.

Chikhar is the biggest and the oldest village of that area and the sacred centre of a ring of Brahminvillages. It is dedicated to the lord Chikhershwar in whose bonour a temple was built centuries ago. The spire of the temple looks curiously like that of a church. Its doors are heavy, small and elaborately carved. The responsibility of worship is that
of the residents of Chikhat and they perform it turn by turn. This village consists of about forty houses, many of which are decent and spacious. All the houses are huddled together in a sort of compact mass, A round of the village makes you feel as though you were in a congested bazaar with buildings on both sides running inte each other, separated by a narrow lane. It should be possible to reach all the houses from the roof of any of them.

At Chikhar we selected a freshly renovated house that stood out from its neighbours. Its doors were ponderous, wrought with traditional patterns. In the corridor a young boy of eighteen was sitting. His shirt hung out of rrousers and his eyes looked bored. He lolled on his comfortable perch with apparently nothing much to do. Languorously did he get up to greet us. He was shy and self-conscious. When I learnt that he had studied at the D.A.V. College. Julhundur for the Intermediate Course. I sighed with relief. I knew he would deem it a great privilege to have a Lecturer at his place. It took methree days to hreak his reserve and then I found him stirring with life under neath an impassive $x$ terior. He chatted volubly and we became good triends, despite the difference in age, taste and education. We bathed and washed our clothes together; climbed up mu.berry tres s and sucked their dark red velvety luscious truit; ranged over the bills and played cards. [Incidentally I may mention that the game of cards called 'sweep' is almost universally played in the Himachal Fradesh, and even in

Banjar, Kulu and Lahoul valleys. Ability to play this game well serves as a good asset in being informal with these hill-folk.) We went to the fields to cut the harvest and he found it quite interesting, I was amazed to learn that he had not worked in the fields for several years! On the top of it he had no interest, not even reading. Agriculture had no independence or dignity for him. His bitth-place did not interest him in any way. Educated lads may sit around doing nothing but they must not go to the fields to work. What's the big point in studying at college. if you did the same work as your father did or if you stayed on in your village? Any petty clerical job in a city (the land of dreams!) was infinitely preferable.

He was married and felt shy about confessing it. He wasn't even willing to own up his wife at first. When I asked him who she was, he only said. "A cousin of mine." People here get married at an early age, boys at about 15 and girls at 13. Now, of course. the marriageable age is rising.

My stay of several days with this family was the most pleasant and the most memorable. I felt as if I were at my own place, in the midst of my own people. I was given one full room to myself and a soft, cushiony bed. Everyday I was treated to one delicacy or the other 'bathoroos'(with 'poust' grains and taken with pure ghee), "kheer', green vegetable-curry and 'siddoo' (prepared from fermented wheat flout in steam, taken, again, with pure ghee), I got attached to
his pecple all of whom were quite warm. pleasant and sober. His father was in his forties, a tall strong man with a keen sense of the laughable. Referring to his shirt and narrow pyjamas of coarse grey cotton, with holes gaping all over, he said that was his working-suit and laughed gaily. His mother had a plain, care-beaten face and a plain mind. His grandmother was a fair, handsome woman of 70, quite fit and going, sweet and mellow like Keats' Autumn, His younger sister, a fair slim girl of 12 , covered ten mıles every day to sell off milk. His brother, a young slight lad of 13 , was very food of his father and wanted to be a farmer like him. His wife-God! What a beautiful young woman of eventeen she was! Tall, upright, high-bosomed, with a soft skin glowing like a fresh white almond and cheeks like a red, red rosebud newly-sprung. She was bedecked in her traditional costume, a black chooridar, a gay kameez, a bright saffron scarfon her head, ear-rings, a nose-top and a necklace. which added greatly to her exotic charm. I felt stunned as I looked at her for the first time. I wanted to gaze and gaze but being aftaid lest I should be noticed, I lowered my eyes to hide my emotion. Her tesh was ripe and firm ; her face angelic, guileless, radiantly happy. She was not an urban beauty who makes you feverish with hot lust, or La Belle Dame Sans Merci who holds you in wretched thrall. She looked a replica of Parvati and Radha as we see them in the usual pictures, representing the idea of Indian womanhood, serene, innocent, happy and beautiful inspiring adoration and peace.

At night, she came to wash my feet. (In these regions, it is a custom for the youngest married woman in the family to wash the feet of guests with warm water. The traditional belief is that a guest is a sacred person!) I felt embarrassed and tried to reason her out of that, but she said with an unself-conscious smile, like a bird, that it was a part of their way of life. When she spoke, as though strains of some thumri were being sung sweetly. When she smiled, it was as if the day had dawned. The freshness and naturalness of the hills. the gaiety of birds, the rippling music of mountain streams had all been distilled into her person. I burned with a longing to fall at her feet, adore her and beseech her to allow me to live in the umbra of her presence.

I have yet to see a more lively and more energetic woman. Her charm did not languish in idle cushions. She worked and worked hard without a moment's rest. Hard work was not a
burden on her; it was her mode of sel:expression which gave zest and deligh= After cutting the harvest the whole day, she carried heavy loads on he: back-huge ridges of hay. On returnire home, she looked after the cattle anz did the usual household chores. She was a goddess, I thought, who bȧ descended from her divine abode ti work gladly among mortals out c : abundant compassion.

The scenery around Chikhar made its own contribution of calm delight. The squadrons of pines and cedars standing firmly on firm slopes, the terraces golden with ripe corn, the brooks singing 'kirtans' at the feet o: hills, the crystal air and a delicious blue expanse above, all evoked in mr a ready response of participation. A: night the moon looked compassionatelr through a 'gauzy veil' of cloud and al.' the objects got refined into something like mental phenomena and mergei their separateness into the grand synthesis of moonlight.

## A LIMERICK

"There once was a man who said, 'God Must think it exceedingly odd If He finds that this tree continues to be When there's no one about in the Quad."
"Dear Sir,
Your astonishment's odd.
I'm always about in the Quad;
And that's why the tree will continue to be Since observed by

Yours faithfully, God."
(Ronald Knox)

# Is Romanticism an Escape ? 

By Sujata Varma, B.A. III Year, Eng. (Hons)

If we try to trace the origin of the word "Romance" we come to know that it is derived from an adverb 'Romance'. It first came to be applied to old French and later on to all the Latin tongues. From the French vernacular it came to denote also the kind of literature composed in that vernacular, all the fictitious stories written in prose or verse. From this it gradually came to mean anything that is strange, unearthly and dreamlike as a fairy tale.

Thus an element of unearthliness or unreality is in the very nature of Romanticism. Disgusted with the dull, drab realities of life all the Romanticists desire for a release and with their imaginative sensibility they try to create a compensatorny world for themselves. The preset, what they already bave, is somewhat stale to them, It is either the nostalgic memories of the bygone days or the anticipations of a bright future that sustain them. This longing for the unknown, the exotic, is to be found in all the major Romantic poets.

Wordsworth feels that the world is too much with us, He would prefer wild, secluded areas to the din of towns and cities. Coleridge would like to be back in the world of magic and chivalry, to some savage, enchanted place where women wait for their demon lovers. Keats would also like
to be transported to some "fairy land forlorn", with magic casements and captive maidens. To Shelley life is the bad copy of a remote ideal, and he is in search of a utopia.

Thus every Romantic poet is a dreamer of some remote fairyland. But it is not fair to suggest that they shut themselves out from life in some isolated ivory tower, that they are always opposed to and try to escape from reality. A poet like Wordsworth, who found the essential passions of human heart in the short and simple annals of the poor, whose main mission in life was to bring poetry nearer to the language of the common man, can not be condemmed as an escapist. It is true that in hours of weariness he would fly to the lap of Nature. But "the little unremembered acts of kindness and love" which go to mould the moral being of man are equally important to him. And it is the "soothing thoughts that spring from human suffering" which give him strength to live. Shelley indulges too much in foreseeing the fruition of his idealistic dreams. The vision of the eternal world which how-so-ever does not seem to have much bearing on life becomes almost an obsession with him and it is not always justifiable. Yet no one can say that Shelley lacked interest in humanity for all his idealistic visions were meant to reform mankind. A
poet was to him "an unacknowledged legislator of the world".

Keats, though he does not cry out in frenzy like Shelley that he is bleeding upon the thorns of life, often exclaims that it is "rich to die." To fade far away and dissolve with the nightingale would be preferable to him to the "fever and fret of the would where men sit and hear each other groan". The Middle Ages with all the chivalry and magic were an enchanting land to him to which he often fled. The knights, the damsels, the attic shapes of fine artistry of the ancient days-all had a spell on him to which he often surrendered himself. Thus he did escape to the past at times. But this is not an abiding mood with him. Though, then, real is Flora and old Pan is the choice of his impulse, he is aware that he should leave them for "a nobler life", where he could share "the strife, the agony of human heatt". He knew that the poet must not rest in poetic dreams only, but should share the sorrows of humanity, Poets: he says in "Endymion", are those:
To whom the miseries of the world are miseries,
And uill not let them rest.
And we know that Keats is such a poet. The painful elements of life always leave him restless, they tease him out of thought. Even while he is lost himself in the full throated song of the nightingale he is reminded of the transience of human lite, its beauty, and its joy which are in reality the essence of mortality. The ever green boughs and the happy lover, car-
ved on the attic shape of the Grecia: Urn remind him of the beauty that mus: die, of the world where lovers cease $t=$ love and cease to be, But these tratsient human values can be given permanence by being embodied in the realm of art. Once transfixed in ar: they achieve a lasting significancz which is beyond mortal power. ans decay, Thus in the realm of art the conflict of transience vanishes. Keats as a poet, on the level of imagiation, o: the level of his art, his poetic creation. is able to eliminate the conflict. But "fancy can not cheat so well" and he is aware that on the level of ordinary buman experience there is no solutior. to such a conflict. He falls back to the realm of art because he might thereby offer a little consolation tc himself and the man who suffers.

If the miseries of the world tease him out of thought, the joy of life elevates him, It is the world of sensations, which is most dear to Keats. And the sensations are stimulated by the external world. It is the joyous sensation of sight, sound, smell and touch that he sets himself to explore. His poetry is thereby perceivable. tangible and even audible. Thus, it is the earthly and the definite that he mostly deals with. This ardent sensuousness of Keats itself proves that he is not a man who shrinks from life. In his "Ode to Melancholy" he has even given a gospel of sensuous gratification. A man should, he says. "burst joy's grape against his palate fine." This is not a denial of life. It is on the contrary a poignant affirmation of life by a man who feels life throbbing within him. The incense
of all the flowers, the melody of music, the beauty of woman, the joy of wine -these are the things which inspire him and all these are in themselves very much earthly.

Thus, Keats is a poet who feels in bis pulses the joy and grief of life and be cannot be dismissed or condemned as a man who escapes from life. At times he does long for a world where he may never know :
....how change the moons? or hear the voice of busy commonsense."

But this kind of escapism is a passing mood with him. He is fully awake to the "wakeful anguish of the soul" and his attitude towards the external world is that of a full-blooded man.

The evanascence of human values is painful in itself and it engenders conflicts in our mind. This kind of conflict is knit in the very texture of life. It was there in the Classical Age also. The Classical poets repressed the conflist for to sing their personal sorrows was something which they thought below their dignity. The Romantic poet, is driven by the con-
flict and is in search of a new and unchanging order of reality. Thus while the Classical poet is ashamed to admit his conflicts the Romantic poet. facing it achieves a triumph through despair. And this is, indeed, better for as Graham Hough says, "it is better than saying you do not believe in ghosts while there is one breathing down your neck."

Not Romantic poetry alone but literature or art in general has been condemned by some people as an excuse for escape. But they obviously fail to see that literature is not a carbon copy of life. Literature is life recteated or remoulded through individual imagination, And its aim is to reveal that inspite of the grim realities life is worth living. In such a process one is permitted to be idealistic or even unrealistic at times, because it is this unreality which makes reality possible. To some people literature and all its idealization may appear like mere mirages. But one has to remember that without such mirages even the idea of crossing the desert is unpalatable and even impossible.
"A mind that seeks peace and establishes itself in the routiue of peace is not a peaceful mind; it has mainly disciplined itself, compelled itself to conform to a pattern, and such a mind is not a living mind, it is not innocent, fresh ; only the mind that is innocent, fresh, free to discover, is creative."

# A SEANCE 

By Lalita Narasimhan, Pre. Medical, II year

"Gosh! Do you really believe in calling spirits?" I asked incredulously.
"You have to believe your eyes." she said. "I was like you at one time, not believing in it." She told us how surprised she had been when she found that she was a medium.

When yet another friend said it was impossible. she offered to demonstrate to make us believe. So we decided to meet at her room that night at eleven: $0^{\prime}$ clock when the day's work would be over. Then she gave us some information as to the procedure. It was the spirits of dead people that were always called. We were also warned not to test the spirit. Her point went home when she narrated an incident that had taken place in her locality.

A young girl, it seems, had a seance alone. The spirit came as expected and she wanted to test its powers. Then she asked it to tilt a glass of water, that was on the table. The water was spilt, but she was never the same again since she had become partially deranged. "Whew !" I let out a shudder inspite of myself.

It was nearing eleven that night, when I slipped out of my room and went to the medium's. It was pitch dark outside and as I approached the door, I felt a hand on my shoulder

Suppressing a scream I turned round sharply and found it was my friend. Seeing that she had given me a scare. she whispered an apology, and we entered the room together.

Everything being ready, we took our places round the table. The arrangement seemed rather peculiar to me. In the centre was an inverted glass, one of the ordinary ones used for drinking. On opposite sides were YES and NO written on two slips of paper. Arranged in order were the alphabets from $A$ to $Z$ and numbers 1 to 10 . They were placed in a circular manner around the glass.

The medium told us then to concentrate on her grandfather's spirit. I didn't know what to think about her grandfather, but on her advice I kept repeating his name to myself.

Time dragged slowly and it seemed ages before the medium spoke. It was all quiet. but somehow, the silence was very depressing. There was an eerie atmosphere about the medium. The lamp from its corner had lighted her visage, while we were in the gloom. She asked us to place our forefingers on the glass along with hers. In a low voice she asked, "Have you come, if so indicate your presence." Almost immediately the glass moved towards 'YES'. I knew for certain that neither of my friends
was moving it, because I exerted a little pressure on it. If they had tried, their movement would have been obvious. As I looked up, I saw a satisfied expression on the medium's face. It gave an affirmative reply when asked if it would like to answer questions.

Then she asked us if we had any questions. I did but I didn't want to start. So my companion asked a few personal questions. I was amazed when every word was spelt out, each time the glass moved to a particular letter. In a matter of minutes ber answers were in complete words. I still had a hard time believing that. When it was my turn I asked about a business transaction that was being
dealt with by my uncle. It spelt out the date and sum he would get. There was absolutely no alternative for me, but to believe when the propbecy came true.

After a few more questions the medium politely asked the spirit to go away. Fortunately for us it was obliging enough to do so. I was shocked when I saw how tired and worn out my friends looked. I was worse off than they were. Oh! why had I let my curiosity get the better of me. I would have been much happier if I had been in ignorance of the future and now I know why it is such a bliss. Will I ever get a restful night?
"A beautiful verse is like a violin bow drawn across the resonant fibres of our soul. It is not his thoughts, but ours, that the poet sets singing within us. When he tells us of a woman he loves. it is our loves and griefs he awakens entrancingly in our souls. He is an evoker of spirits. When we understand him, we are as much poets as he. We have in us, everyone of us, a copy of each of our poets which no man know of and which will perish utterly and forever, with all its variants, when we shall cease to feel and know. And do you suppose we should love our lyric bards so fondly, if they spoke to us of aught else but our own selves ? ........The best of them are sheer egoists. They are thinking of themselves all the time. It is only themselves they have put into verses-it is only ourselves we find there".
(J. Lewis May: Charles Lamb)

## About Ourselves

Our last report covered the events which had taken place till the end of October, 1963. The shadow of December examinations did not very much dampen the spirits of organizers of functions in the College and we had a crowded programme.

## The Annual Prize-giving

The Annual Prize-giving function was held on the l0th of March, 1964. It was presided over by Dr. B N. Ganguly, Pro-Vice-Chancellor, University of Delhi. We give below a resume of the Principal's Report and the proceedings of the day.

The proceedings started with the reading out of the Annual Report by Principal (Dr.) Amba Prasad. He paid a befitting tribute to Dr. Ganguly for his scholarship. charm, large-heartedness, modesty, sincerity and dedication to the cause of education. Dr. Ganguly's presence, therefore, was a source of joy and inspiration to the Staff and students of the college.

The college made all round improvement: in the realm of sports and athletics, cultural and extramural activities, NCC and studies. The lack of accommodation for lectures, Preceptorial and Tutorial work: too small a Hall for dramatics and cultural shows; a suffocatingly patcked libraty and an inadequate reading room; non-existing 'common rooms
for boys and girls are some of the many, too obvious shortcomings that stood in the way of a fuller collegeatmosphere. The number of students notwithstanding the overcrowding was 1092. It was gratifying to no:e that the general discipline in ans outside the college was very satifactory. If the students contribute ${ }^{3}$ to the gaiety of the atmosphere, the Staff made it intellectual. Ther delivered Weekly Extension lectures on varied topics. Their efforts were supplemented by Guest speakers: Shri P. N. Kirpal, Prof. M. Mujeet. Mrs. Durgabai Deshmukh, Hon'ble L Sham Nath. Shri Shriman Narair. Prof. V.K.N Menon, Shri GurmukE Nihal Singh and many others. Fo: their own delectation the Staff hel Seminars. It is contemplated to bring out a Research Bulletin containing original work done by them.

Our results in the various University Examinations (1962-63) mostly compared tavourably with the University Pass Percentage. In B. Sc. Hons (Mathematics) Shri Inderjeet Malhotra stood first. In B. A. Hons (Maths) Shri T. L. Goel stood third in the University. We won other honours too. In the NCC camp our Gitl Cadets won I prize in (1) Inter. Coy Drill Competition, (2) Lay Out and General Discipline Competition. (3) Best Shot. Our Artillery Cadets. in theit camp, bagged the first prizes in Tug of War and Gun Drill Comperition. Out athletes: Kanwal Nain
the social service league


Members of the Executive Committee.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION


Members of the Executive with the winners and Judges in the Kathpalia-Jain Trophy Debate

THE SINDHI ASSOCIATION ANNUAL FUNCTION


A scene from the one-act play: NURI JAN TAMACHI


Members of the Sindhi Association singing Lado

Bahal, Om Prakash, Charan Singh and Gulshan Kakar won positions in Hammer Throw, 1500 Metres and 500 Metres. Kanwal Nain stood first in Hammer Throw in the University. Our Kabaddi Team won the Nangloi Block Tournament. Our speakers and debaters did well in debating and recitation contest in and outside the college. K.V S Ramani won II prize in the Kathpalia-Jain Trophy Debate and the Lajpatrai Memorial Debate. Our team, consisting of Ashok Behari and Yug Prakash Dar, won the trophy and II and III pilize in the InterCollege Debate (English) at the local Dyal Singh College. Abhaya Kumar won 1 prize at the All India Hindi Debate at the local Dyal Singh College and II prize at the Inter-College Debate in Hindi at our college. T.K. Bhatia was awared I prize at the Inter-College Kavita Pratiyogita held at the local Dyal Singh College. T. K. Bhatia and Balbhadra Ojha won the trophy and I and III prizes in the Story-Writing Contest in Hindi held at the local S.R.College of Commerce. In the Inter-College Youth Festival held at the Delhi University our dancing troupe presented a Santhal Folk Dance and secured II place.

The College Dramatic Club made history by staging The Winslow Boy by Terence Rattigan-a play in 3 Acts. The performance was AI. Other functions worth mentioning were the Kavi Sammelan, the InterCollege Debates for the Deshbandhu Trophy, the Mehr Chand Khanna Trophy, the KathpaIia-Jain Trophy and the Jodha Mal Kuthiala Trophy.

Our students distinguished themselves by collecting a sum of Rs 810 on the Teachers' Day. It was the highest amount collected by any local college.

Dr. Ganguly, in his presidential remarks, congratulated the Principal, Staff and students for having had a very successful year. He also congratulated the prize-winners. He appreciated the various activities and functions, particularly the Staff Seminars and the Extension Lectures. He said that the University was evolving a scheme of General Education which would include extension lectures. The college could get further guidance in this respect after some time. He was particularly happy over teaching of Sindhi in the college-the only college teaching this beautiful langu. age'. He noted the problems and the needs of the college and hoped that the future administration of the college would give careful consideration and tackle them.

The function came to a close with singing the National Anthem.

The Dramatic Club organized a short, colourful and delightful programme after tea which followed the Prize-giving. It contained songs, scenes from a Bengali Dance Drama: Samanya Khati, based on a poem by Tagore, and scenes from Macbeth in Hindi translation by Shri Harbans Lal Bachchan. The performances elicited vociferous applause from the audience. Shri Harish Chandra, the first Principal of the college who was very closely associated with the

College Dramatic Club, publicly commended the performance in Hindi. He remarked that from what he had seen he was convinced that Shakespeare's plays could be well staged in Hindi. The acting of S. P. Ganguly, who played the role of Macbeth, was superb.

## The Staff

A few changes took place during the period under report. The following members of the Staff left the service of the college :

Deptt. of Political Science
Shri Chattar Singh
Shri O. P. Verma
Deptt. of Chemistry
Shri V. P. Kukreja
Shri S. K. Dhir
Deptt. of Botany
Dr. Pritam Singh
Dr. R. P. Budhiraja resumed his duties in the Deptt. of Chemistry on the expiry of his study leave. We congratulate him on getting the degree of Ph .D. from the University of London for his thesis: "Studies in Tetracyclic Triterpenes".

Dr. C. L. Nahal got his leave extended upto the end of June, 1964, ni order to be able to accept the post of a Reader in The Post-Graduate (Evening) Institute of the Delhi University.

The following additional appointments were made:

Shri K. K. Baksi (Chemistry)
Dr. C. B. Sehgal (Botany)
Shri S. P. Bedi (English)
Miss Ranjit Kaur (Pol. Science)
Shri S. R. Sharma (Maths)
Shri G. S. Limaye (Library)
Shri R. C. Iyer (Physics)
We offer our felicitations to a:: of them and wish them a happy star in the college.

Shri S. P. Kohly and Shri K. K. Suri of the Evening College assistei the Department of English in the Preceptorical work.

We congratulate Shri R.K. Sharme on the birth of a son and Shri J. K. Jain on his selection as an OfficerCadet in the NCC (Naval Wing).

## Office

Shri Amar Nath, Cashier, has beer. appointed Head Clerk, Shri J. K. Sur: has been promoted as Cashier in place of Shri Amar Nath and Shri Jaswan: Singh has been made the Junior Assistant. These changes have beer: made for the period of leave of Shr: B. S. Aggarwal, Head Clerk.

We offer our heartfelt condolences to Shri M. L. Rustogi, ou: Accountant. on the sad demise of his revered father

## The College Union

The Union arranged a magic shor: by Mr. Dev Kumar and Party of

Calcutta on 7th November, 1963 More than 1100 persons (Staff and students) watched this very interesting performance.

Tea for all the students of the College was arranged by the Union on the second day of the Annual Sports, viz 9th November, 1963.

Lala Deshbandhu Gupta's death anniversary was observed on 22-11-63. Shri R. L. Verma, Public Relations Officer, Delhi Administration and Shri Sham Nath, Deputy, Minister of Information and Broadcasting, spoke on the occasion.

A prize recitation contest was held on 2nd December, 1963, in four languages viz English, Hindi, Urdu and Punjabi. The following members of the Staff acted as judges:

Mrs. M. Thomas
Shri K. C. Kanda
Shri C. L. Kumar
Shri Lalit Mohan Sharma
The following students were awarded prizes:

| English: | Yug Prakash Dar |
| :--- | :--- |
| Hindi : | Manohar Lal Chawla <br> and Ramesh |
| Urdu: : | Harkirat Singh |
| Punjabi: | Inderjıt Singh |

A prize debate in English was held on 25th January, 1964. The motion for the debate was: "In the opinion of this house, politicians have failed, let the scholars rule the
world." Shri R. C. Pillai, Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia and Shri J. K. Jain acted as judges. The following were awarded prizes :

I Prize: Yug Prakash Dar<br>B.A. Hons. II year

II Prize: Ashok Behari Mathur
B.A. Hons. I year

The eleventh annual Inter-College Debate for the Deshbandhu Cup was held on 7th February, 1964. The motion for the debate was "In the opinion of this house, the citizen today is less free than a century ago." The panel of judges consisted of

1. Shri Sant Ram Grover, former Principal, Dyal Singh College, Karnal.
2. Mrs. Rana, Head of the Deptt of History, L.S.R. College.
3. Shri S. P. Kohli, Deptt of English, Deshbandhu College (Evening).

The trophy was awarded to the St. Stephen's College. The following speakers were awarded individual prizes.

1. Shri J. Pires -St. Stephen's College
2. Miss Reddy -Indraprastha College
3. Yug Prakash Dar - Deshbandhu

A prize debate in Hindi was held on 20-2-64. The subject for the debate
was :"इस सदन के मतृ में समधजनाद ग्रौग. प्रजालन्त्र एक साथ नहीं चल सकते',

Shri L. M. Sharma, Shri R. L. Verma and Shri R. K. Sharma acted as judges. Prizes were awarded to

## I Abhaya Kumar $\}$ I year Econs. <br> II Surendra Anand Hons.

The Philosophy Association
Adviser : Mrs. M. Thomas
President: Maheshwar Prasad
Secretary: Manohar Lal
Dr. Mrs. Margaret Chatterji, Reader in Philosophy, University of Delhi, spoke to the Members of the Association on the subject: 'Is Man Rational ?' The discourse was eloquent and learned. Mrs. Chatterji developed the theme historically and told the audience how at times Man was considered, as Aristotle had defined. a rational animal; but at other times, as in the Medieval Ages. and, then again, today, with Freudian Psychology, thinkers were doubtful if Man was fully rational.

It is a pity that the lecture was not as well attended as it ought to have been.

## Weakly Extension Lecture Series

The Weekly Extension Lecture Series has been started this year for the benefit of Staff and students of the Collese. It has been started, for the present. on an experimental basis. It is hoped to make it a regular feature with effect from next year. A
committee has been appointed by the Principal to plan and arrange thesi lectures. The following members o: the Staff constitute this committee:

1. Shri S. P. Kapoor
2. ., V. N Pasricha
3. .. Lalit Mohan Sharma
4. .. S. P. Chaudhree
5. ., V. N. Khanna (Convener

The inaugural lecture on "The importance of Extension Lectures" was delivered by Shri P. N. Kirpal. Secretary, Ministry of Education and Chairman. Board of Administratior. of the college, on 3rd December, 1963

The following other lectures have been delivered so far:

Shri V. N. Khanna spoke on "The Indian Political Scene Today' or 22nd January 1964. The lecture was followed by a brief discussion.

Shri Brij Mohan, Chairman, Stand--ing Committee, Municipal Corporation of Delhi, delivered a lecture on "Martyrs' Day" on 30th January. 1964.

Shri Ram Lal Verma spoke on "Nationalism in Modern Hindi Poetry' on 6th February, 1964.

Prot. M Mujeeb, Vice-Chancellor. Jamia Millia, gave a talk on "My Idea of Discipline" on 13th February. 1964.

Mrs. Durga Bai Deshmukh addressed the Staff and students on 'General Current Froblems: Planning


Throwing the Hammer


Cbstacle Face for Giris
Photos by R. C. Grover, B.Sc. II Year


Shri Jairamdas Doulatram, M. P., Ex-Governor of Assam, delivering his presidential speech in the Annual Function of the Sindhi

Association.

T. K. Bhatia got the lst prize in the Inter-College Kavita Pratiyogita.


Abhay Kumar of B. A. (Hons) Ist year won the Ist Prize in the all India Hindi Debate and the 2 nd Prize in the Inter. College Debate.
in Education and Social Welfare on 22nd February, 1964.

## The Dramatic Club

'The Winslow Boy' was produced and directed by Mrs. M. Thomas. It was staged on three successive zvenings in the College Hall, and each performance was a success. Though all the players acquitted themselves creditably on the stage, S. P. Ganguli, Banerjee and Master Arun Kanda did their parts remarkably well. Among the female cast Vijay Laxmi Rajan and Indira Sharma deserve special mention.

The cast of the play consisted of the following :

Ronnie Winslow
Arun Kanda
Violet, the Winslows' maid Rita Grover
Arthur Winslow, Ronnie's father Pradeep Banerjee
Grace Winslow, his mother Dijay Lakshmi Rajan
Dickie Winslow, his brother Yug Prakash Dar
Catherine Winslow, his sister
Indira Sharma
John Watherstone, Catherine's fiance Satinder $\nu_{i j}$
Desmond Cury, the Winslows' solicitor

Ashok Mathur
Shri Robert Morton, a successful barrister Shyama P. Ganguli

Besides the above programmes. the Dramatic Club was also the chief

Organiser of the cultural show which was presented on the Prize-giving day of the college on 10 th March, 1964.

## The History Association

Members of the Association went on an historical trip on 2nd Oct, 1963. Shri B.B. Saxena and Dr. M.M. Ahluwalia led the party. The party visited Suraj Kund, Tughlaqabad. Qutab, Jogmaya Temple, Shamshi Talab, the United States Embassy, the Humayun Tomb and Nizamuddin.

Dr. Dasrath Sharma, Reader in History, University of Delhi, delivered the inaugural talk on "Delhi and Chauhans" in November, 1963.
B. A. III year and B. A. (Hons) students paid a visit to the National Archives. The party was led by Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia.

Dr. M. M. Ahluwalia read a paper on "The character of the revolt of 1857'' in February, 1964. The paper was followed by a very lively discussion.

## The Social Service League

The League collected funds on the 'Flag Day' organized by the National Association for the Blind, New Delhi. A few tickets of the Film Show arranged by the All India Women's Conference were also sold.

A number of articles lost and found were restored to the rightful owners. The articles found included
purses, bus passes, identity cards, a lady's wrist watch. a golden chain, books etc.

A party led by Shri S. M. Jhangiani and Shri M. N. Bajaj and consisting of Sneh Prabha Gulati, Kamlesh Balchandani, Santosh Mathur, Vasdev Gursahani, Subhash Dixit, Gurmukh Masand, Harish Kalra, Krishan Kumar Bhutani, Mohinder Chopra, Hari Tahiliani, Hiroo Teckchandani and Bhagwanti Bhambhani visited the local Cheshire Home (a Home for the invalids) on 29-11-63. Fruit and sweets were distributed among the inmates and they were entertained with songs and jokes.

## The Sindhi Literary Society

A Prize Essay Competition was held on 4th November, 1963. Miss Sarojini Hemrajani of B. A. III Year secured the first prize and Ramesh Choithani of B. Sc. III Year bagged the second prize.

The Annual Day of the Society was held on Monday, the 10th February. 1964. Shri Jairamdas Doulatram; Ex-Governor of Assam, presided. Solo songs by Kamlesh Balchandani, Sushila Dalwani, Ramesh Choithani and Bharathi Karnani; a tune on Mouth Organ played by Sundar Vanjani; and a scene from Noori-Jam Tamachi (a Sindhi folk-tale) enacted by Asha Bijlani (Noori), Ramesh Choithani (Jam Tamachi), Shyam Malhani (Noori's brother), Raj Kumari Gursahani (Rati) and Mira Rajani (Rani Naurangi) were some
of the highlights of the function The function came to an end with the National Anthem. Raj Kumaji Gursahani played the part of Bharas Mata.

Shi Jairamdas in his presidentia speech said that Sindbi was one $c$ : the fragrant and beautiful flowers in the flower pot of India. He advised the Sindbies to preserve the:cultural heritage and retain thaz beauty and fragrance

Dr. Amba Prasad, Principà. thanked Shri Jairamdas Doulatram ca behalf of the College.

## The UNSA

The UNSA celebrated the Human Rights Day on 1Ith January, 1964, a little later than the scheduled date The Principal was kind enough to enlighten the Staff and students on "The Declaration of Human Rights".

## The Bengali Literary Society

Staff Adviser-Shri A. K. Poddar Secretary--S. P. Ganguly Joint Secretary-Santona Bannerjee Treasurer-Pradeep Bannerjee

The Inaugural function of the Society was held in November, 1963. The programme consisted of songs. dances, humorous skits and a colourful ballet based on Tagore's poem: "Samanya Khati", Dr. S.N. Rar. formerly Head of the Department of English. University of Dacca, was present as the chief guest and inaugurated the Society's function. The
members who contributed most towards the success of the function were Mamata Chakravarty, Urmi Dasgupta Swapna Mukherjee, Bandana, Geeta, Saraswati and Devjani.

The Annual Picnic of the Society was held on 9th February, 1964, at Surajkund. Nearly 40 members, including 4 Staff members attended the picnic. It was highly enjoyable. Thanks of the Society are due to Pradeep Banerjee, S. P. Ganguly and Tarun Bhattacharya for making proper artangements.

## The Mathematics Association

The Association organized a number of discussion groups in which the members read papers and participated in the discussions. Ram Ratan, B.A. Hons III Yeas, read a paper on 'Lobachevsky', the eminent Russian mathematician. Ashok Ghosh B.Sc. Hons. III Year, gave an account of the life and work of Euler. Gopal Das and Ved Prakash, B. A. II Year read interesting papers on the life of Newtor and of Galileo respectively. Sarla Harpalani offered a few suggestions on mathematics.

## The NCC

Our girl cadets went to attend camp (Summaran Lines, Delhi Cantt.) in two batches during the December holidays. Our Principal paid a visit to the camp site.

They won the first prize in :

1. Inter-Coy Drill Competition.
2. Lay-out and General Discipline Competition. 3. Best Shot.

Our congratulations to them and the P.I. Staff.

Our Artillery cadets attended camp in the college and won first prizes in 1. Tug of War. 2. Gun Drill Competition.

Our Naval Wing cadets attended camp at Bombay (Heavy Bridging Area-Marve)

All of our cadets have done firing and it has given them confidence and courage. 12 of our cadets ( 8 girls and 4 boys) who were selected for the Republic Day Parade, attended a 21 day Camp before taking part in the parade. Col. Qadam Singh, Director National Cadet Corps (Delhi \& H.P.) was the chief guest at the Principal's lunch given to them.

## The Hindi Parishad

The Hindi Parishad arranged three debates during this year. The InterClass debate took place on 19th November, 1963. 20 students participated in the contest. Manohar Chawla was awarded the first prize and Sudhir Upadhayya and Surendra Anand the second prize. The trophy was won by the first year, B.A. Hons. in Economics. The Inter-College Jodha Mal Kuthiala Trophy debate was held on 23rd November, 1963. Ten teams from different colleges took part in the contest. The trophy and the first prize were awarded to the Sri Ram College of Commerce.

A grand Kavi Sammelan was held under the joint auspices of the Hindi Parishad and the College Union. Sarshri Sajjan, Mehboob, Vairagi, Virendra Mishra, O. P. Sharma, and other eminent poets entertained the audience with their poems for about three hours. This Sammelan was presided over by Shrimati R. K. Parshad, Head of the Deparment of Hindi The function was a grand success.

Bhim Sen Mittal. President of the Hindi Parishad, donated a trophy and two individual prizes for the Inter Class Kavita Pratiyogita. It was held on 17th February, 1964 \& the trophy was won by the students of B. A. (Pass) II Year. Ramesh Choithani of B. Sc. III Year and Balbhadra Ojha, B.Sc. II Year stood first and second respectively. Shri T.K. Bhatia and Balbhadra Ojha were awarded the first and third prizes and also got the Premchand Trophy in the Inter-College Story-writing contest held in the Sri Ram College of Commerce in February, 1964.

Prof. Krishan Chandra Shukla delivered an extension lecture to Hindi Elective classes.

Our students participated in various Inter-College Debating contests. Abhay Kumar of B.A. Honours, Ist year won the Ist Prize in the All India Hindi Debate and the 2nd prize in the Inter-College Debate. T. K, Bhatia got the lst prize in the InterCollege Kavita Pratiyogita.

## The Sanskrit Parishad

The inaugural ceremony of the Parishad this year was performed $\mathrm{c}=$ 31st October, 63 by Dr. Satya Vra: Reader in Sanskrit. University c: Delhi.

A shloka-Recitation contest was held in the College on 7th February. 1964. Krishana Mathur of B.A. Hons. II Year was awarded the first prize and Saroj Bala and Sobhag Mathur the second prize. Krishana Niathur and Saroj Bala participated in the InterCollege Recitation Contest held on 12th February, 1964, in the S. G. T. B. Khalsa College.

A Sanskrit Essay contest was held in January, 1964. Champa Chugh and Virendra Pahuja were awarded firs: and second, prizes respectively.

An Extension Lecture was delivered on 20th February, 1964, by Acharya Amir Chandra Shastri. He gave an illuminating and instructive talk on the "Philosophy of the Ishopanishad.'

The Annual Function was celebrated on the 5th March, 1964. Dr. N. N. Choudhuri, Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Delhi University, presided. The items included a variegated fare of speeches, paper readings, stories and lyrics. Prof. Choudhuri gave away the prizes to the winners in Sanskrit Essay-writing and Shloka Recitation contests. In his presidential address, Dr. Choudhury, by citing a Vedic tale, explained the importance of devotion and faith in
life. In the end, thanking Prof. Choudhuri, the Principal said that Sanskrit had played an important role in the iives of Indians and it had preserved our cultural hetitage. He further said that Sanskrit had ever maintained the national unity and its knowledge was essential to comprehend the culture of the whole ot Asia.

## Department of Sports and Athletics

Our college competed in Intercollege tournaments in Cricker, Football, Hockey, Athlecics. Basket-ball, Badminton and Table-tennis. In the Inter-college Athletic Meet, four of our Athletes won positions in various items.

Kanwal Nain Bahl, who has been securing position in Throws for the last three vears, stood first in Hammer Throw in the University this time also. The other thres position-holders were, Om Parkash, Charan Singia and Gulshan Kakar in Hammer Throw 1500 Metres and 5000 Metres respectively.

The Annual Sports of the college were held on 8 th and 9 th November, 63. Dr. Amba Prasad declared the Meet open. A sufficient number of boys and girls participated. Kanwal Nain Bahl and Gulshan Kakar created new records in Throwing the Hammer and in the 5000 Metres Race respectively.

Charan Singh was adjudged to be the Best Athlete from amongst the men students and Rajeshwari Iyer from amongst the women students.

The Inter-class Tournament champioaship was won by the B.A. Classes by a big margin over the B.Sc. classes. The Pre-Medical gitl-players showed their supremacy in Net-ball matches.

Tournaments in Badminton and Table-tennis were held as usual and attracted : good number of entries.

Our Kabaddi team won championship in Ningloi Block tournaments. Out congratulations to them. An exhibition Kabaddi match was also arranged in the college. It was a very thrilling match.

# List of Prize-Winners <br> 1963-64 <br> ACADEMIC \& UNION 

## Roll of Honour (Academic)

1. Inderjeet Malhotra
(B. Sc. Hons.)
2. Tarsaimlal Goyal
(B. A. Hons. Maths.)

Prizes on the basis of last University Examination

1. Inderjeet Malhotra I in Maths. Hons. in the college
2. Malti
3. Sulakshna Kumari
4. Y. Hari Shankar
5. Dilip Kumar Saha

I in Hindi Hons. in the college
6. Suraj Prash G. Pass in the college
7. Arun Kumar Sombir in B. Sc. Gen. in the college
7. Arun Kumar Sood I in Pre-Medical in the college

College Prizes (Academic)
B. A. (Hons) III Y $\epsilon$ ar
$\begin{array}{lll}\text { Sujata G. Verma } & \text { English (Main) } & \text { I } \\ \text { Sudhir Chandra Upadhyaya } & \text { Hindi (Main) } & \text { I } \\ \text { Narain Bhatia } & \text { Pol. Science } & \text { I } \\ \text { K. Gopalan } & \text { Maths. (Main) } & \text { I }\end{array}$
B. A. (Hons) II

Shyamal Bagchi
Gopal Krishna
Updesh Kumari
Prem Kanta
Anita Misra
English (Main) I
Philosophy (Subsidiary) I
Maths. (Main) I
Hindi (Main) I
Economics (Main) I
Pol. Science (Main) I

## B.A. (Hons) I Year

Saroj Bala
Vinod Kumar Maini
Sarvesh Chandra
Sushila Devi
Meera
Lalit Kumar
Hindi (Main) I
Economics (Main) I
Pol. Science (Main) I
History (Main) I
Sanskrit (Main) I
Maths. (Main) I

| Abhaya Kumar | English Subsidiary | I (Br.) |
| :--- | :--- | :---: |
|  | Hindi Subsidiary | II |
| Sneh Lata Bansal | English Subsidiary | I (Br.) |
| Jyoti | Hindi Subsidiary | I |
| Sushila R. Sukhramani | Sindhi Subsidiary | I |
| Kusum Kapoor | Econs. Subsidiary | I |
| Sarla Harpalani | Econs. Subsidiary | II |
| Kanta Grover | Pol. Science Subsidiary | I (Br.) |

B. A. (Pass) 111 Year

| Sukhbir Singh Verma | Aggregate  <br> Engligh I <br>  Hindi |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
|  | Sanskrit | I (Br.) |
| Maheshwar Prasad | Maths. | I |
|  | Aggregate | I |
|  | English | II |
|  | Pol. Science | I (Br.) |
|  | Philosophy | I |
|  | Elective Hindi | I |
|  | Sindhi | I |
|  |  | I |


| B. A. (Pass) II Year |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Sudarshan Lal Maini | Aggregate | 1 |
|  | English | II |
|  | Hindi | I |
|  | Economics | I |
|  | Pol. Science | I |
| Narendra Nath | Aggregate | II |
|  | English | I |
| Usha Sharma | Hindi | II |
|  | Pol. Science | II |
| Mamata Chakravarty | Philosophy | I |
|  | Economics | II |
| Virendra Pahuja | Sanskrit | I |
| B. A. (Pass) I Year |  |  |
| Pushpa Pathak | Aggregate | I |
|  | Sanskrit | I |
|  | Pol. Science | II |
| Navneet Rai | Aggregate | II |
| Vijay Kumar Khosla | English | I |


| Meenakshi Bharadwaj | Hindi | I |
| :--- | :--- | :---: |
| Raj Kumari Arya | Hindi | II |
| Kanta Ramrakhiani | Sindhi | I |
| Uma Chakravarty | Bengali | I |
| Chandra Gajria | Pol. Science | I (Br.) |
| Purnima Lalwani | Pol. Science | I (Br.) |
| Asha Sehgal | Philosophy | I |

B. Sc. III Year

| Makrand Kumar | Aggregate | I |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
|  | Physics | Chemistry |
| Rekha Kumari | Cotany | I |
|  | Zoology | I |

## B. Sc. II Year

| Mahesh Kumar Satija | Aggregate <br> Physics | I |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
|  | Maths | I |
| Baljeet Kumar | Chemistry | I |
| Kunti Devi Ratwani | Sindhi | I |
|  | Botany | I |
| Om Prakash Nangia | Hist. of Science | I |
| Bir Bhan Rakhija | Hindi (II year Basis) | I |

B. Sc I Year

Ramesh Chopra
T. V. Mythili

Krishan DayaI
Rajinder Shah Singh
Padma Rani Chawla

Mahinder
Ram Cband Bareja
Usha Yadav
Indu Khanna

AggregateI

Maths I
Aggregate II II
Physics I
Maths II
Chemistry II
English I
Chemistry I
Zoology
Botany
I
Hindi Subsidiary I
Hist. of Science I
Botany I (Br.)
Botany I (Br.)

| Pre-Medical II | Year |  |
| :--- | :--- | ---: |
| S. Harihar Subramony | Aggregate |  |
|  | English | I |
|  | Physics | I |
|  | Chemistry | I |
|  | Biology | I |
| Kr. Chandra Mohan Singh | Aggregate | II |
|  | Physics | II |
|  | Chemistry | II (Br.) |
|  | English | II (Br. |
| Savita Puri | Biology | II (Br.) |
| Sharda Luthra | English | Chemistry |
| K. Hem Lata | Cher.) |  |

## UNION PRIZES

## College Colour

Jagjit Singh Nayar
K. V. S. Ramani

Yug Prakash Dar
Abhaya Kumar
Ashok Behari Mathur

## Prizes

Yug Prakash Dar

Ashok Behari Mathur
Abhaya Kumar
Surinder Anand
S. Rajeswari

Sarojini Kapoor
Tribhuvan Kaul
S. P. Ganguly

Manobar Lail Chawla
Ramesh Choithani
Harkirat Singh
Inderjeet Singh
Sumitra Mitra
Sukh Versha Vohra
Shyama Prasad Ganguly
Harish Chandra Medal for best actor

Union President
Debating
do
do
do

| English Debate |  |  |
| :--- | ---: | :--- |
| English Recitation | I |  |
| Music | II (Br.) |  |
| English Debate | II |  |
| Hindi Debate | I |  |
| Hindi Debate | II |  |
| Music | I |  |
| Music | (Br.) |  |
| Mono-acting | II |  |
| Mono-acting | I (Br.) |  |
| Hindi Recitation | I (Br.) |  |
| Hindi Recitation | I |  |
| Urdu Recitation | I |  |
| Panjabi Recitation | II |  |
| Fancy Dress |  |  |
| Fancy Dress |  |  |
|  |  |  |

## SPORTS AND ATHLETICS



| 12. | Suresh Kumar | First in Javelin Throw |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Jagbir Singh | Second in Pole-Vault Second in High Jump |
| 14. | Inderjit Singh | First in Musical Cycle Race |
| 15. | Vijay Kumar Samuel | First in High Jump |
|  | Yashwant Singh | Second in High Jump |
| 17. | S. Sundar \& Party | First in Relay Race |
| 18. | Gulshan Kakar and Chaman Lal Chadha | First in Wheel \& Barrow Race |
|  | Ramesh Srivastava | College Colour in Cricket |
|  | Sardari Lal Verma (E) | College Colour in Hockey |
|  | Mohinder Singh (E) | College Colour in Athletics |
|  | Mohinder Berry | College Colour in Badminton |
|  | Ramesh Grover | College Scarf |
|  | S. P. Verma | College Scarf |
| 7. | Satish Kumar | College Scarf |
| Sports Photography |  |  |
|  | 1. R. C. Grover | First |
|  | 2. Rajinder Singh Daggar | Second |
| Women's Events |  |  |
| 1. Rajeshwari Iyer |  | First in Discus Throw <br> First in Putting the Shot <br> First in Cricket Ball Throw |
|  |  | All Round Best Athlete of the year from amongst the Girls |
|  | Rita Sahai | First in Broad Jump <br> Second in 100 Metres <br> Second in Obstacle Race <br> Second in Discus Throw |
| 3. | Indra Sharma | First in Slow Cycling Second in Broad Jump |
|  | Santosh Chawla | Second in Putting the Shot Second in Cricket Ball Throw |

5. Swarn Prabha
6. Sneh Lata Bansal
7. Harbans Kaur
8. Prabha Singhal
9. Kaushalya Wadhwa
10. Vijay Lakshmi Tandon
11. Sneh Lata Mahajan
12. Sushma Sahni and Prabha Singhal
13. Rekha and Prabha Bhargava

First in 50 Metres
Second in Chatti Race
First in 100 Metres
First in 800 Metres (Walking)
First in Obstacle Race
First in Chatti Race
Second in 50 Merres
Second in 800 Metres (Walking)
First in three-legged Race
Second in three-legged Race Subordinate Staff Race

1. Tara Chand
2. Saihtu Ram

Administrative Staff Race

1. Inderjit
2. Amar Nath

First
Second

First
Second

Teaching Staff (Musical Chair Race)

1. Dr. Amba Prasad

First
2. Shri M. L. Chaudhry Second

## BADMINTON PRIZES

## Men Singles

Winner
Runner-up
Women Singles
Winner
Runner-up

## Men Doubles

Winners
Runners-up

Mohinder Berry
Surinder Kumar Sahni

Miss Santwana Banerji
Miss Santosh Chawla

Shri I.S. Kapur and Mohinder Berry
S. K. Sahni and Subhash Ranade

## Mixed Doubles

Winners
Runners-up
Lucky Doubles
Winners
Runners-up

Mohinder Berry and Santosh Chawla Sudershanlal Maini and Urmil Malhotra

Shri I. S. Kapur and Mohinder Berry
Vijay Vohra and Charanjit Singh

## TABLE TENNIS PRIZES

## Men Singles

Winner
Runner-up
Women Singles
Winner
Runner-up
Urmil Malhotra
Santosh Chawla
NCC PRIZES

Award of NCC Colours

1. Senior Under-Officer
2. Under-Officer
3. Cadet Captain
4. Sgt. S. P. Gangoli
5. Sgt. P. L. Nahar
6. Senior Under-Officer
7. Avtar Singh Bhalla
8. Cadet Pushpanjli
9. C. S. M. Shukla

Sita Ram Sharma
Narinder Kumar Tuli
Ravinder Sharma
(All round Best Cadet of the Year Naval Wing)
All round Best Cadet of the year NCC Rifies
All round Best Cadet of the year
Artillery Wing
Miss Sudershan Gupta
All round Best Cadet of the Year NCC Rifles Girls
Best Shot from amongst Boy Cadets
Best Shot from amongst Girl Cadets
Best Discipline in NCC Camp

## Inter-class Tournaments

| Trophy | B. A. Classes |
| :--- | :--- |
| Runner-up | B. Sc. Classes |
| Ramesh Grover and |  |
| Sudesh Sharma | General Captains |

उनुक्रम्रसिका
हिन्दी - विभाग

| fिषa | नाम |
| :---: | :---: |
| सम्पादकीय | सुधीग्नन्द्र उपाध्याय |
| माँ, कर दो | मुक्त |
| नव-वर्ष |  |
| नारी विधाता की सुन्दर कृति है | - |
| उठो-उठो ए बीर जवानो लेकर विजय का नांरा | राजकुमारी के |
| १९६३ मृत्यु वर्ष | नरेश शार्म |
| सम्भल साग तोड़ मुटियारे | भीमसंन मित्तल |
| कालिज जिन्दगी की बातें | राजन्द्र कुमार ग्रग्रबाल |
| एक प्रहन | तेज कृष्या भाटिया |
| नुढ़कता पत्थर | रमेग़ कुमार fचश्रा |
| श्राश्रो बदल दें | र.मेश कुमार |
| मेरा मन्दिर | प्रनिल कुमारी सवसेना |
| साधारसीकरण | चर |
| ऊँचे मकान-तंग गलियों | रमेश कुमार |
| दे दो सवेरे का कदम | सुरेन्द्र कपिल |
| हिन्दी साहित्य में हास्य रस | भीमसैन मित्तल |
| खोज | सुदेश विर्मिनी |
| प्रकृति क्यों मुस्काती हैं | भीमसैन मित्तल |
| प्रीत के ग्र्रांगन घंधेरा | सुधीरचन्द्र उपाध्याय |
| स्वार्थ ग्रौर प्रेम | राजेन्द्र कुमार घ्रग्रवाल |
| दीवाली पर | बलभद्र प्रसाद श्रोभा |


'देश़’ के प्रिय पाठको.
'देश' पत्रिका का एतद्वर्षीय द्वितीय श्रंक श्रापके सम्मुख है । पिछ्झले ग्रंक में ग्रधिक से ग्रधिक समयानुकूल रचनाएँ प्रस्तुत करने का पूर्गा प्रयत्न किया गया था, किन्तु किर भी कुछ ज्रुटियां रोष रह गई थीं। इस श्रंक में उन ग्रुटियों को दूर करने का भरपूर प्रयास किया गया है, किन्तु किर भी यदि कुछ शुरुटियाँ रह गई हों तो मैं क्षमाप्रार्थी हूँ ।
'पत्रिका' को ग्रधिकाधिक निखारने तथा उरकृष्टतम रूप में ग्रापके समक्ष प्रस्तुत कर सकने के लिए पूर्य गुरुदेव श्री रामलाल वर्मा जी द्वारा जो समयसमय पर रचनात्मक परामर्शं तथा सहयोग प्रदान किया गया, मैं उसके लिए उनका ग्रत्यधिक ग्राभारी हू :

## माँ, वर दो

मुक्ता, बी०ए० ग्रानर्स तृतीय वर्ष
वर दो माँ, यह् वर दो।
जीवन के मंगल प्रभात का, ग्रनुपम सर्वोदय हो। चराए चिन्ह हों पथ-प्रदर्शंक, ग्रादर्श महापुरुषों के।। बढ़े लक्ष्य की ग्रोर निनन्तर, श्रपना दृढ निइचय हो।

वर दो माँ, यह्त वर दो।
जियें श्रौर जीने दें सबको, हो सिद्धान्त हमारा। मानव द्वारा मानवता का, कभी नहीं क्षय हो।। हमें हमारा 'भंडा' निशिदिन, हो प्रारों से प्यारा । जिसके नीचे नहीं किसी को, कभी किसी का भय हो ।। वर दो माँ, यह वर दो।
'देवनागरी' सुलिषि हमारी, जय-जय हिन्दी भाषा। 'विशव-भारती' से भारत की, अ्रमर कीर्णित ग्रक्षय हो ।। समय पड़े पर ग्रमर-ईहोद के, बलिदान न भूलें। प्रिय देशा के लिए सर्वदा, तन-मन-धन ग्रीपत हो ॥

वर दो माँ, यह वर दो।

## नख-पर्ष

बलभद्र प्रसाद श्रोभा, बी०एस०सी द्वितोय वर्ष

एक वर्ष-एक वषं श्रोर यूँ" ही बीत गया,
कुछ ने नव वर्ष को सुखमय शांतिमय उल्लास से सम्पूर्यां कहा
कुछ ने गौरव में वृद्धि हो
कुछ ने भाग्य से हो सम्पूर्या कहा।
बस कहा चाहा नहीं भाग्य को सराहा नहीं।

बस मौत को एक वर्ष श्रौर करीब ला दिया
 पर कहां समय भी कमी रका है, नव को कोई पुरातन रोक सका है ?
यूं हो परम्परावश कह उठे ज्यों दीप दीवाली का विधवा के भ्रांगन में बिन भाव लिए ही जल उठे । जैसे कोई फर्ज था पूरा कर दिया

कर्ज था, सभ्यता का, संस्चृति का चुका दिया।
पुरातन बीता नव का ग्राभास हुग्रा उल्लास नहीं हुग्रा हर्ष का विकास नहीं हुग्रा ।

नव है पर नवरंग कहीं नहीं है, नये पर की उमंग कहीं नहीं है। मन भुँभला उठता है ।
कुम्हला उठता है ।
नव ने मुभे भी क्या दिया,


## न下री क्छिक्ता की सुन्दुर क्षत्ति है

यदि हम सूक्ष्म दृष्टि से "नारी विधेरहो सुरम्या कृति:" पर विचार करें तो यह घ्रक्षरशः सत्य प्रतीत होता है। इसमें संदेह का लेश भी नहीं दिखाई देता। सफलकर्मी विधाता की निशचय ही नारी मंजुल कृति है। केवल नारी ही इस जगतीतल में दिव्याक्कृत से शोभा फैल। रही है।

नारी कल्पत्रृक्ष का सुन्दर फूल है, मंदार वृक्ष की सुरीभ है, संसार-रूपी सागर का रत्न है, मानवता की सम्पत्ति ग्रोर इस विस्तृत चसुधा का भूषरा है, संसार का वह निइचय ही सार है और स्वर्ग का वह नित्य देदोप्यमान नक्षत्र है, विधाता की, वह मन को लुभाने वाली कविता है श्रौर वह है शैंययुक्त श्रालोक, चन्द्रमा का। वह उषा के प्रतिरूप है, दिव्य जगत के fवलक्षरा करोों से उसका निर्माएा हुग्रा है।

नारी ग्रनेक गुएों की विधाता है। वह चंचल होते हुए भी स्थिर है। एक ग्रोर कठोर है तो दूसरी घ्रोर कोमल । उसका एक पक्ष अ्रबला है तो दूसरा पक्ष सबला। वह ज्ञात होते हुए भी ग्रज्ञात है। वह 'लघ्वो' भी है ग्रौर भारवती भी। ग्रपूर्गा होते हुए भी पूर्गा है।

मानव नारी के बिना विकारग्रस्त हो जाता है। इतना ही नहीं, कोई भी नारी के बिना संसार-सागर पार करने में समर्थ नहीं हो सकता ।

कन्या-रूप में नारी निर्मल शारिकला के समान है. उदान्त प्रकृति वाली है जिसका कि सब हारदक ग्रादर करते हैं। इसके श्रतिरिक्त भातृ-रूप में वह ममता की मन्दाकिनी है, स्नेह की ऐसी राशि है

जिसका कभी क्षय नहीं होता। वह दया की साक्षात् प्रतिमा है। वाससल्य का शारीर है। त्याग श्रौर तपस्या का वह प्रतीक है। पुत्र इसकी पूजा करता है तो समाज के लिए यह्र सम्मान का पात्र है। राष्ट्र इसको श्नद्धा की दृष्टि से देखता है। चिरकाल से संतान के लिए इसका करूपापूर्एा हृदय रहा है। कुपुत्र ग्रौर सुपुत्र के बीच में उसको श्रन्तर नहीं दिखाई देता। वह्म मन लगाकर श्रपना सर्वस्व छोड़ कर भो संतान को उदात्त गुरांं से युक्त बनाने के लिए श्रविराम प्रयत्न करती रहती है । नारी संस्कृति का उद्गम-स्थल है, सभ्यता का प्रवाह ग्रैर समादित गुएों का श्रक्षय भंडार है।

इससे बढ़ कर भला श्रौर क्या श्रारचर्य हो सकता है कि मध्यकालीन तूफानी हृाग्रों से सताई गई भी, खण्डित मान-मर्यादा होने पर भी उसने मानृ-गोरव को निलांजलि नहुं दी ।

यदि हम ध्यान से देखें तो सःहित्य-संसार में घूमती हुई नारी के अ्रनेक रूप या चिं्र दृष्टिगोचर होते हैं। उन रूपों में संतान के प्रति ममता ग्रोर सनेह् इसके ऐसे रूप हैं जो सर्वसम्मत ग्रौर निर्विवाद हैं। उस नारी के हदय में सन्तान का कल्य खा ही हर घड़ो छाया रहता है। यदि उसे ग्रपनी सन्तान पर कोई कष्ट ग्राता दिखाई दे तो उसे दूर करने के लिए ग्रतिनिंदित कार्य भी करने को उद्धत हो जाती है। उसे भ्रवने सुखों की चिंता नहीं होती। बह कष्टों तक की कल्पना भी नहीं करती। निंदा की उसे तनिक भी चिता नहीं। परिवाद उसके हदय को नहीं हू सकता। कटुजचन उसके मर्म को दु:खी नहीं कर सकते । संतान की समृद्धि के लिए उसे सब

कुछ उचित दिखाई देता है। संतगन मां से विमुख हो सकती है, परन्नु मां कभी नहीं । इसीलिए तो यह कहा गया है-
"कुपुत्रो जायते बवंचिदपि कुमाता न भवति" बहिन के रूप में नारी -

जहां तक नारीं के बहिन पक्ष का सम्बन्ध है, वह तो ग्रनिवर्चनीय है । वहृ ग्रपने भाई तथा बहिन के लिए कठोर से कठोर, मान्य ग्रौर ग्रमान्य कार्य करने के लिए भी सदैव उद्यत्, रहती है । इतिहास में यन्त-तत्र म्ननेक उदाहराा मिलते हैं। प्रेयसी के रूप में नारी-

नारीं का यह पक्ष ग्रतीव रमएगीय ग्रैर मनोमुग्धकारी होता है। नारी का जींवन सरिता में महोत्सव उरिमयाँ उसके चित्र को सदैव तरंगित रखती हैं। इस समय इसके हदय में अ्रनन्त प्रराय राशि उदित होती है । मृदुल भाव इसके मन में हिलते रहते हैं ग्रोर ग्रसीम कोमल कल्पनाआओं का सागर उसके चित्त में ठहाके मारता रहता है । स्वर्गाम स्वष्न ग्रपनी मादक्ता विबेरते रहते हैं। ऐसी घड़ी में जबकि योवन का सुरभित बसंत श्रपनी मादकता लिए श्रा खड़ा होता है तो ऐसी कौन-सी प्रेयसी होगी जो श्रपने सर्वंस्व का समप्रंया न करना चाहेगी। उपयुक्त पान पाकर वही निर्दम्भ होकर सब कुछ्ध छोड़े देती है जो उसके पास होता है। पत्नी पक्ष में नारी-

नारी का पत्नीव्व श्रति मनोज़ पक्ष है । कह धार्मिक रीति से पति का वरा करती है ग्रौर पुछष में पूर्याता की प्रतीक्षा करती है । मनुष्य के बिना नारी श्रोर नारी के बिना पुरुष पूरांता को प्राप्त नहीं कर सकते। एक, दूसरे का पूरक होता है।

नारी के बना पुरष संसार-सागर को पार नहीं कर सकता ग्रैर न ही उसकीं लोक-यात्रा सफल हो सकती है। जैसे -
"ना ना नारीम निष्फला लोकयात्रा।"
भारतीय शास्रों में भी इसका विशाद् वरांन है, जैसे-‘पुमानर्द्ं पुनस्तावत् यावत् भार्याम् न विन्दति भ्रर्थात् पुरुष तब तक ग्राधा है जब तक वह पत्नी प्राप्त नहीं कर लेता। नारी घर की लक्ष्मी होती है । मन-रूपी सम्राट की वह रानी है, पूज्य गुखों की वह खान है ग्रौर विशवास का स्थान है, माया की वह भूमि है, बलिदान का इतिहास श्रौर ग्राम की मंजरी है तथा प्रसाय की मूर्ति है, घर को घर केवल स्री के कारया ही कहते हैं-
'गृह्री गृहमिल्याहः न गृहें गृहमुच्यते ।' पत्नी न वासना में हूबी हुई होती है ग्रोर न ही विलास में।न वह रति की कामना रसती है। वह यदि कुछ है तो श्रर्दांगिनी है। सुख-दु:खमय संसार में वह समभागिनी है, धर्णमक कृत्यों में सहयोगिनी, सत्ग्रसत् कार्यो में परामर्श देने वाली, रतिकाल में प्रियतमा, सेता के समय में सेविका, धर्म के मार्ग पर चलती हुई वहु पति को परमेशवर मानती हैं इसी लिए कवि-कुलगुछ कालिदास ने रघुवंश के श्राठवें सर्ग में कहा था-
'‘ृहरी सचिच: सखीमिथ: प्रिय शिष्या ललिते कला-विधो।

मेघदूत में यक्षकणी. श्रभिज्ञान शाकुन्तलम् में शकुन्तला, कुमार-संभव में श्यंश्या, रधुवंश में इंदुमती, रामायात में सीता, महाभारत में द्रोपदी. उत्तररामचरित में जानकी, नैषध चरित में दमयन्ती, कामायनी काव्य में श्रद्धा, यरोधरा ग्रन्थ में यशोधरा, साकेत में उमिला श्रादि, कालिदास, बाल्मीकि व्यास, भवभूति, श्रीहर्ष, जयशांकर प्रसाद गुट्त ग्रादि महाकवियों ने जिस प्रकार की नायिकाश्रों का उल्लेख किया है, उसी प्रकार की नारियां ही नारीत्व की भागिनी हो सकती हैं। इन्हीं के समान कलाकारों ने नारी के रमरीय पक्ष का उद्वाटन किया है ग्रोर कहा है-

नारी विधेरहो सुरम्या कृतिः !

## उठो-उठो ए वीर जवानों लेकर विजय का नारा

राजकुमारी केशावानी, बी०ए॰ हिन्दी ग्रानर्स प्रथम वर्ष
उठो उठो ए वीर जवानो,
जल जाग्रो ए मस्त परवानो
समय नहीं है सोने का, जागो वीर जवानो !
धन्य वही है वीर कि जिसने श्रपना सिर कुरबान किया, मातृ-भूमि रक्षा को जिसने ॠ्रपना सब कुछ दान किया. विजय-घोषताए, उल्लास से भरे हुए दीवानो, समय नहीं है सोने का, जागो वीर जवानो।

दुझमन के कारारा है अाज देश पर संकट छाया, संकट के कारा है गानो-शौकत ग्रौर माया, देश की रक्षा करने में तुम अ्यागे बढ़ो जवानो, समय नहीं है सोने का, जागो वीर जवानो।
देख नजारा सरहद का है ग्राज कलेजा मुँह को ग्राता, श्रमर वही है वीर, जों युद्ध में कभी न पीठ दिखाता, दुइमन से बदला लेने को, भक्षक बनो जवानो समय नहीं है सोने का जाग़ो वीर जवानो ।।

कभी न हो देश का, बाल ग्रोर बाँका, देश के घादों पर बस वोर का लगा एक टाँका, सुभाब, पटेल की तरह. सदूंतों बन जाग्रो मस्तानो, समय नहीं है सोने का, जागो वीर जवानो !

ध्राज चीन ने है ललकारा, भारत मीं को है फटकारा. जाग उठों हे वीर सपूतो, लेकर विजय का नारा, भारत माँ की लाज न जावे, उठो रुस्तमों उठो जवानो, समय नहीं है सोने का, जागो वीर जवानो !
बढ़ो ए वीर जवानो, देखो ग्राज तुम्हें क्या करना है, मां की चरलों में ग्रपना सिर ग्रव्वा करना है, fिरंगा लेकर हाथों में बढ़ जग्रों वीर जवानो, समय नहीं है सोने का जागो वीर जवानो।
(5)

## १ع६३ मृत्यु वर्ष

नरेश शार्मा，बी०ए० द्वितीय वर्ष

किसी से सत्ता छोन ली गई प्रौर उसकी हत्या कर दी गई। महान नेताग्रों की मृत्यु हो गई，महान इतिहासकार तथा विशव－विख्यात खिलाड़ी संसार से चल बसे，संसार के महान नेतात्रों की हत्या कर दी गई। इतना ही नहीं पकृति ने भी मृं्यु को ग्रैर ग्रधिक भयानक रूप देने गें पूरी मदद दी । भूकम्प ग्राये，बादल फटे，भीषएा तूफान ग्राये ग्रौर सागर ने श्रोर श्रधिक सूभाग पर श्रपना श्राधिपत्य ज ग।ने का प्रयास किया । केवल इतना ही नहीं हवाई दुर्घटनाओं ने झ्रपने रिकार्ड स्थापित करने का प्रयास किया । यह था १६६३। क्या इस वर्ष को मृत्यु－वर्ष के ग्रति－ रिक्त कोई दूसरा नाम दिया जा सकता है।
$=$ फरवरी १८६३ को ईराक में जरनल कासिम से सत्ता छीन ली गई श्रौर उनको मौत के घाट उतार दिया गयः ।

२२ फरवर्रा १ह६३ लिबिया में भूकम्प से प०० व्यक्तियों की मृत्यु हुई ।

२Б फरवरी १ृ६३ का दिन भारत के लिए बहुत 尹्रशुभ दिन था। इसी दिन भारत के भूतपूर्व प्रथम राष्ट्रपति डा० राजेन्द्र प्रसाद का देहान्त हो गया । उनकी मृत्यु से सारे देश में शोक छा गया ।

१ह मार्च そह६३ को बली（Bali）में बहुत भयानक प्रकृनित का प्रकोप हुप्रा। वहाँ ज्वालामुखी पर्वत के फड जाने से ११०00 लोग मरे ग्रौर ग्रसंखूय लोग श्राहत हुए ।

१४ श्र््रैल १६६३ को महान इतिहासकार रहुुल सांकृत्यायन का देहान्त हो गया ।

२ह मई १६६३ को प्रकृति ने एक बार फिर ग्रपना भग्रानक रूप धारण किया। इस दिन चट－ गाँव में भीषरा तूफान से $₹ 2000$ लोगों की मृत्यु हो गई 1

३ जून १९६३ को पोप जान २३ वें का देहान्त हो गया।

२६ जुलाई १ः६३ को युगोस्लाविया का स्कोज्ज रहर भूक्रम्प से बिलकुल नष्ट हो गया। यह्र प्रकृति का एक अ्रन्य प्रकोप था।

२द जुलाई १ृ६२ को संयुक्त 尹्ररब गराराज्य का एक हवाई जहाज बन्बई के पास सागर में गिर गया। उसमें सवार सारे के सारे ६ई व्यक्कियों की मृत्यु हो गई।

१ नवम्बर १ह६३ को दक्षिरीी व्वियतनाम में नगो दिन्ह दिम से सत्ता छोन ली गई अौर उनकी हत्या कर दी गई।

२२ नवम्बर शह६३ को श्रमरीका के राष्ट्रपति जान एफ० कैनेडी की हत्र्या कर दी गई । केनेडी की हत्या पर सारा संसार रो उठा। संसार में सदा के लिए रांति स्थ। पित करने वाला महान राजनेता संसार से सदा के लिए चल बसा।

२२ नवम्बर १६६३ को ही भारतीय सेना के पाँच जनरलों की एक हवाई दुर्घटना में मृत्यु हो गई।

२४ नवम्बर १८६़् को महाराष्ट्र के मुरुय मंत्री एम．एस．कलन्नवार का बेहांत हो गया ।

३० नवम्बर १८६३ को एक हवाई दुर्घटना में जो कनाडा में हुई, ?१६ व्यक्ति मारे गए।

२दिसम्बर १८६३ को सिक्कम के महाराजा सर तारी नामग्यलल का कलकत्ते में देहान्त हो गया ।

१० दिसम्बर १६६३ को सरदार के० एम० परिाक्कर की मृथ्यु हो गई।

२१ दिसम्बर ?६६३ को किकेट के महान खिलाड़ी की मृन्यु हो गई। गया

## सम्भल साग तोड़ मुटियारे

भीमसैन मित्तल, बी०ए० श्रानर्स (हिन्दी) द्वितीय वर्ष
गंदल वरगा लक्क गोरिये । खंं न जाए मरोडन, उड्डुएा लई पय्या काहला दिसदा जिनें घुग्गीया दौं जोड़ा। नाल तेरे खेतां दीं रोगाक, खेतां दिये बहारे ।। सम्भल साग तोड़ भुटियारे।
मक्बन वरगी बीन्नी तेरी जापे मचछछी तरदी, उह कुँजा दी डार खलोती तेरियाँ गल्ला करदी। 'हुस्न जवानी रब्बी रहिमत’ ऐह ना मिलया उघारे।। सन्भल साग तोड़ भुटियारे।
गैदला नलो नाजुक उंगला, पोटे नीरीयां कीलयां, देखीं पचछ्कीयां जाएा ना किधरे, ऐेह हथ्था दीयां तल्लीयां। צ्राशिक दे दाँगू 'मित्तल' हुन्दे रूप कुवारे ।। सम्भल साग तोड़ भुटियारे।
सावे मान सरोवर श्न्दर कुँजा वाँग उह जापु, फुल्ला दो महिफल विच्च कुडियें कोई रागराी जापे।

बांता पाँऊदें नखरे तेरे पंछी देखा हुँगारे ।। सम्भल साग तोड़ भुटियारे।
रूप सरों दौंया वरगा, फुल्ला विच्न गुवचिया, क्यों लुकदी ? की करेगा ? तेरा 'कैदो' चहा। झ्रजे तां तेरा रांभा हीरे, फिरदा तस्त हज़ारे।। सम्भल साग तोड़ भुटियारे।

# कालिज जिन्दगी की बततें 

राजेन्द्र कुमार क्यग्रवाल

बात मेरी जवानी की है जब मैं ग्रलीगढ़ University में पढ़ता था । सारे कालिज में ग्रपनी शारारतों अ्रौर ह्सोड़े स्वभाव के काराए मशहूर था । उस समय में किकेट भी मामूली खेल लेता था, कई दफे ग्रपनी टीम की हारी बाजी को जीत में पलटने का श्रेय मुभे प्राप्त हुग्रा है । हमारे खिलाड़ीपन की चर्चा इधर-उधर कालेज में हुग्रा ही करती थी श्रौर यकोन मानिये, हमें इस ग्रात्म-प्रशांसा में इतना सुख मिलता था कि कुछ पूछ्छिये नहीं। त्रात यहीं तक रहती तो ठोक था, लेकिन इसके साथ-साथ हमें रोरों-शायरी का भी शौक था। क्यों न होता, धाखिर ठहरे जो हम चुर्गलिया खानदान से। जहां पुइत दर पुइत रोरो-शायरी नवाबों के "दिल की लगी" चलती चली ग्राई है। ग्राखिर हमी नीछे क्यों रहते। जब हम रोर कहते तो एक जमघट खड़ा हो जाता, कैन्टीनों में चाय के प्यालों की खड़खड़ाहट बंद हो जाती, लोग चाय की मोठी चुसकियां लेना भूल जाते, एक तहलका मच जाता, लोग वाह-वाह कर उठते, हाय श्रल्लाह ! क्या शोर कहा है, श्रावाजों के साथ २ बुरकों की नकाबें ऊपर उठ जाती। ऐसा था हमारा जमाना, जब हम कालेज में पढ़ते थे।

ग्राज जिदगो की कुछ यादगारें तस्वीर बनकर मेरे सामने ग्राने लगी। सबसे पहले मे रे बोलचाल शामीम बांनू से एक ग्रजीब श्रोर गरीब ढंग से हुई। बात कुछ ऐसी थी कि इंगलिश के लेक्चरार उस दिन श्राये नहीं थे क्लास में बैठे लड़के-लड़कियां हैसी मज़ाक कर रहे थे, हमारा बेन्च क्लास में सबसे शौतान बैंच था। मैं श्रोर मेरे साथी खूत्र शोरगुल कर रहे थे श्रोर लेक्चरारों की नकलें उतार रहे थे, सारी

क्लास हैंसते २ लोट-पोट हुई जारहीं थी। ख़ंर, इसी हैसी-मजाक में टन, टन, टन, करके तीसरी घन्टी बज गई, हम सब ग्रपनी Economics की क्लास में चले गये। पीरियड समाप्त होने के बाद क्या देखता हूँ कि शमीम श्रपनी सहलियों के साथ क्लास के बाहर खड़ी हैं। मेरे क्लास से बाहर निकलते ही रामीम वोली-देखिये, जरा सुनिये। में ग्रसमंजस में था। फिर मैंने समभा शायद किसी घौर को कह रहल है, ग्रत: मुड़ा ही था कि फिर अ्रावाज धाई--में श्राष्य से ही कह रही हूं। जरा सुनिये ना, श्रब तो मेरे श्राइचर्यं का ठिकाना न रहा, बोला -क्या श्राप मुभे बुला रही हैं? फरमाइये, कुछ्ध मुस्कराते बल खाते हुषे शमीम बाँनू बोली-देस्विये, मेरी किताब श्रापने ली हो तो दे दीजजयेगा, व्यर्थ में तंग मत करिये। Please--में जसे २ श्रपनी श्रसमरंता प्रकट करता. उनका बँसे २ विशवास हढ हो जाता, वह मेरी इसको हसोड़ प्रकृति की एक नकल समभती । दरश्रसल बात यह थी कि मेरे बैन्च के श्रागे उनकी बैन्च थी. घ्यैर हम बदमाश मशहूर थे ही, चाहे वाकई न थे। लेकिन संहब उन्हें विश्वास नहीं श्राया। किर तो मेरी भी तबीयत कुछ ग्रा गई। मैने कहा-झ्राप Poetry Book के बारे में तो नहीं कह रही हैं यहाँ लिख दूँ। तकरीबन लड़कियों को किताब कापी लाने का गौक रहता श्रौर वे लेक्वरार की कृषा पात्र भी रहतीं। उन्हें देर से श्राने पर भी क्लास में घुसने दिया जाता, लड़के fिचारे महरूम ही रहते। ऐसे ही हमारे यहाँ एक लेक्चरार थे, हमें Economics पढ़ाया करते, थे तो बिचारे बुड्ड़े पर दिल जवान रखते, सारे कालेज में "बुड्ड्ढ़ जवान" के नाम से पुकारे जाते। शामीम बाँनू पर बहुत मेहरबान थे। हमें


Members of the Bengali Literary Society
on their Annual Picnic at Surajkund.

S. K. Sarhadi, B.A. If Year attended a mountaineering training camp at Manali in April, 1963.


A scene from 'Samanya Khati'-a Bengali dance drama: Queen, Urmi Dasgupta (centre) and
companions Swapna Mukherjee and Saraswati Poddar on the left and right sides respectively.

उनकी यह मेहरबानी फूटी श्रांसों नहीं मुहाती, श्रौर जब शमीम के साथ उन्हें हँसता हुए देलते, सच हमारी ग्राँखों में उस समय ग्रांसू निकल ग्राते। लेकिन क्या करते ? दिल मसोस कर रह् जाते। श्रौर लड़कों के बारे में तो ग्राप जानते ही हैं वे कैसे होते हैं। हम कभी भी कापी पेंसिल लेकर नहीं गये, बात यह थी कि हमारे पास होती नहीं, श्रर्सालयत तो यह थी कि हमारी ग्रालमारी एक से एक अच्छी किताबें चुनी रखी रहती, लेकन जनका बोभ उठाये कोन ? प्रौर किर हमारे साथ एक मुसीबत यह थी कि हमें रास्ते में कितनी ही बसें बदलनी पड़तीं, सबका मन बहलाना पड़ता, श्राखिर सबको खुझा करने का ठेका खुदा ने हमें ही तो दिया था। भट बोली-हाँ ही वो ही, मैंने कहा-बस तो फिर ....मेरे कहने से पहले ही बोल उठी-हाँ हाँ मैं Refreshment दे दूँगी, श्राप किताब तो दीजिये। क्योंकि किताब मालकिन को किताब चाहिये थी श्रोर हमें हमारी फीस, ग्रतः में श्रौर मेरी पार्टी तथ। शमीम बाँनू ग्रोर उनकी सहेलियाँ कंन्टीन ही तो जा दहुँचे। ग्रनुभान के ग्रनुसार सिर्फ चाय पिला कर उन्हें किताब मिल जानी थी। लेक्किन बात कुछ ऐसी बनी कि फिर तो साहब गरम २ समोसे, ग्रालू की टिकियाँ औ्रोर ग्राइसकीस भी उड़ाई । मुप्त का माल किसे बुरा लगता है ग्रौर किसको दर्द होता है। खाते जाते ग्रौर हँसते जाते. लेकिन बत्तिसी की समभ में नहीं ग्राती, कुल मिलाकर झचछछा खासा मज़ाक रहा । जब बिल ग्राया तो $\rightarrow$ रपये ध४ ग्राने का ग्रौर किताब सिफं ३ हपये 5 ग्राने की। मैंने न जाने किस श्रनुनूति से Payment स्वयं करनी चाही लेकिन करने न दी । जाद में जब ग्रसलियत का पता चल। तो बड़ी खिसियानी हुई, लेकिन कहा कुछ्छ नहीं। उस दिन रात में मुभे नींद नहीं ग्राई, काफी बेचेनी रही। लगा ऐसा करना नहीं चाहिए था, न जाने किसी की ग्राधिक स्थिति केसी हो । स्रगले दिन Book store से नई किताब लेकर उन्हें देनी चाही श्रोर साथ में

७ रपये १४ श्राने का बिल भी, लेकिन उन्होंने किसी हालत में भी उन्हें स्वीकार नहीं किया ग्रोर इस ख्यालात को दिल से निकाल देने के लिए कहा । बाद में मालूम हुग्रा काफी रईस खानदान से नवाब जादी तएल्लुक रखती हैं । तब कहीं दिल पर से एक बोभ सा हटा ।

इसके बाद मैंने कभी ज्यादा मेल-मुलाकात बढ़ाने पर ध्यान नहीं दिया ग्रोर श्रादत से में हमेशा बेपरवाह रहा है। वैसे भी में ग्रपने किकेट के मेचेज में व्यस्त रहता। लेकिन जब भी मैं उनके जमघट के सामने से गुजरता तो मुभ पर कहकहे लगाये जाते, खॉरसी शुरू हो जाती, लम्बी-लम्बी सांसें लेकर हाय ग्रल्नवह ! किस श्रदा से कहा जाता। बस पूछ्छिये मत हम श्रपन? दिल दब।ये सीधे निकल झ्राते लेकिन उन की बेरहम शरारतें कम न होतीं। लड़कों के विषय में तो बातें यह सुनने में झाई थी लेकिन लड़किदों में यह बीमारी कब से फँली, यह हमारे साथ जब गुजरी तब जाना।

शमीम बहुत ही झोख लड़कयों में से एक सुन्दन रोज नये से नये कपड़ों में सजी रहने वाली बड़ी खुख मिजाज ग्रौर नई से नई शंतानियों से भर पूर हरदमम हुससती रहती, यही बातें न थीं, बर्क्क पढ़ने में भी बहुत होशियार, Economics, History में हमेशा घ्यव्वल ग्राती, हाँ हिन्दी में जरूर कुछ कमजोर थी।

कलास में खाने के डिबन्ने रोज गायब हो जाते घ्रोर इ्धर कुछ दिनों से पर्स में से पैसे गायब होने की वारंदातें भी बढ़ गई थीं। न जाने कौन मुश्रां चुरा लेता है ? लड़कियाँ कहतीं, वो सच कहती या भूँठ, लेकिन हाँ इतना जहर था कि हम घर से कभी खाना लेकर न गये ग्रोर न खा कर, लेकिन फिर भी रोज गरमागरम परावठे पूरियाँ, ग्रालू

गोभी का साग श्रौर न जाने कितनी तरह के श्रचार हमें खाने को रोज मिल जाते। दरश्रसल बात यह थी कि लड़कियों के खाने के डिब्डे बड़ी सफाई से उड़ाये जाते $f$ कि उन्हें ह़्रचन्द मालूम न हो पाता। लड़कों के साथ इसलिए नहीं करते कि यह ग्रपनी ही जाति के साथ काँचनता होती, नौचत्ता यहीं तक रहती तो गनीमत थी। ग्रब तो (परसज) पर्सज पर भी हiँध सफाई होने लगी, जब भी कोई नई पिशचर श्राती तो देखने को तबीयत ललचाती। बहुतेरा समभाते श्रपने को पर नहीं समभा पाते, श्रौर ऐसे गन्दे श्रौर बेकार के शोक में जिससे कुछ हासिल न हो जेब से पैसे डालना कहँँ की श्रकलमंदी हृ ती। श्रतः किसी भारी पर्स (Heavy purse) वाली लड़की को हो हलाल करते, लेकिन यह शंतानी कभी-कभी ही हो पत्ती, लेकिन हैं उसको खाने के डिब्डे में 尹्रथवा पर्स में घर वापसी जाने के पैसों के श्रल।वा यह फिर ग्रवशय छोड़ देते-खाने के लिए घन्यवाद, हमने पिक्चर देस ली है, Thanks इल्यादि ।

उस दिन कालेज में Fancy dress show था। हमने भा एक मुल्ला साहब की भूरिका श्रदा करनी थी। जब हम उस ड्रेस में बाहर श्राये तो एक जमघट खड़ा हो गया, हमारे चाहने वालों का। शमीम साहिबा बोली़-हाय श्रल्लाह ! कमरा नहीं है नहीं तो फोटो ले लेती। ग्रौर न जाने इसमें मिलती जुलती कितनी बातें उन्होंने कहीं थी।

Home Annual examination में पास होने की ख़ी़ में उन्होंने Delight में हेंें दावत दी लेकिन यकीन मiनिये कि उस दिन मुभ्क जैसे मथुरा के चौबे ने खाया कम ग्रोर देखा ज्यादा, ग्रोर बहुत देर तक सिर्फ शमीम को ही देखता रहा प्रोर जब ध्यान टूटा तो माल यारों का हो चुका था ।

कालेज में उस दिन उद्न ग्रन्जुमन तरकी का

सललाना जल्सा था। शामीम का भी डान्स की एक ग्राइटम में पार्ट था। प्रोग्राम से पहले शमीम मेकग्रप झ्रौर ड्रे स में Water room पर झ्राई, हमको देखते ही शर्म से दामन में मुँह धुपा लिया। ह्मने भट कह ही तो दिया शर्म गैरों में हुश्रा करती है घ्रपनों में नहीं। इस पर वो क्या खिलखिला कर भागी कि ह्म तड़फते ही रह गये । ग्रौर प्रोग्राम में हमने बस यही देखा कि दो ग्रांखें हमें परदे के पीच्छे से देख रही हैं। ख्रोर उस दिन हम सारी रात न सोये ।

इस तरह बिना जरूरत, बिना मतलब बणंर किसी रोक-टोक: के दोस्ती दिन पर दिन बढ़ती गई। शुरू में तो ग्रपनी बेपरवाह ग्राःत के ग्रनुसार कुछ ध्यान ही उधर नहीं दिया। लेकिन ग्राखिर यह कब तक चलता ? जब ध्यान दिया तो पानी सिर से ऊपर गुजर चुका थ। 1 दोस्ती, दोस्ती न होकर कुछ्छ च्रौर हो गई थी.।

लेकिन देखिए किस्मत की बात उसमें कुछ श्रोर ही लिखा था। कालेज में लड़के-लड़कियाँ तो जलते ही थे, श्रब सुदा भी रूक खाने लगा। एक दिन की बात है पीरियड हिन्दी का था हमने उनरी किताब उठा ली ग्रौर लगे विरह का कवित्त पढ़ने । उन्होंने बहुत कुछ शर्ज मिन्नत करी, लेकिन हम न पसीजे श्रोर किताब न देनी थी ग्रोर न दी। बहुत देर तक खुशामद दुरामद करती रही, लेकिन 'पत्थर ज्रागे रोइये ग्रपने नैन खोइये वाली कहावत चरिताथं हुई। उस दिन क्लास में लंकचरार साहब ने क्या भौंका, यह तो पता नहीं, लेकिन हां, हम बैंे २ उनकी किताब पर डिग्रिया लिखते रहे जैसे, B.A. M.A. L.L.B, M.Sc. M.B.B.S. P.h.D. D.Litt; इत्यादि । गरज यह है कि हमें जितनी डिग्रियों के नाम मालूम थे वो सब उनके नाम के आगे लगा दी, ग्रौर जब इसमें कुरसत मिली तो कार्टू न बनाने लगे। पीरियड कब खत्म हुश्मा पता ही न चला । खंर सट्म

होने पर हमने किताब उनकी सहेली वहीदा बांनू को उनको लौटाने को दे दी। जब ग्रामना-सामना हुग्रा, कालेज खं्म होने पर पूछ-क्यों साहब, श्रापको प्रपनी किताब मिल गई थी ना ? मुस्कराते हुये बोली-"जी हां, लेकिन श्रब झ्राप मुभसे न बोला करें।" हैं यह क्या ? हम बड़े घ्रसमंजस में, वहले तो यकीन ही न हुम्रा। शायद हमारे सुनने में फके रहा हो। वैसे भी हम जरा ऊँचे सुनते हैं। खंर हमने फिर पूछा--किर वही बात उसी श्रदा से हैंसते हुए उन्हृंने कही।

नाराज जरूर रहे लेकिन उन्हें खका होना न श्राया, नजरें हमीं को ठंडा करती। जहाँ जाते किसी न किसी बहाने वहाँ श्रा ही जाते (कयोंकि जो दोस्त घौर मिलने वाले हमारे थे वे ही उनके भी थे ।) घ्रोर हमारी बातों का लुट्क लेते, बूत्र हैंसते ग्रौर कभी-कभी सबकी नजर बचाकर चोरी-चोरी हमें देख लेते। दिन ऐसे ही गुजरते रहे, College Union के Election नजदीक श्रा गये। उनमें मेरे एक दोस्त भी खड़े हुये, उनकी Canvassing करनी पड़ी प्रोर करी भीं खूब जी तोड़ कर, ग्रजीज जो ठहरे । Election के दोरान में उन्होंने बहुत चाहा नजदीक श्राना। बहुतेरा चाहते रहे कि हम उनसे
'वोट’ के लिए एक बार कहें तो सही। लेकिन उधर वो भी भुकना नहीं चाहते थे इधर हम भी किसी से कम न थे झ्रोर फिर एक बोट से होता ही क्या है। सो हमने भी प्राखिरी दम तक न कहा, उम्मींद थी कि यह सब तं। दिखाबा मात्र है। वोट हमारे साथी को ही जायेगा, क्या इतना भी पुरानी दोस्ती का रूय:ल नहीं करेंगे ? Election हुये, बोट पड़े, जिन्होंने वोट देने घे उन्होंने दिए, जिन्होंने न देने की कसम खाई थी उन्होंने नहीं दिये। घ्राखिर में मालूम हुग्रा कि शमीम ने वोट हमारे साथी को नहीं दिया। दिल पर एक हल्की-सी चोट लगी। हमें उनसे यह उम्मीय न थी कि वो एक जरा सी बात को इतना बड़ा तूल देंगे, ख्यलल भी नथा। दिल को यच गवारा न हुश्रा हमने भी भ्र तो न बोलने की कसम खाली ग्रौर यकीन करिये, फिर कभी हम उनसे न बोले। ग्रोर जिन्दगी भर इस कसम को मूछों के ताव की तरह ऊपर उठ.ये रहे। रसवाई, रसवाई ही रही । ऊौर ग्रब ग्रापको क्या बतायें, उस समय हमारे दिल पर क्या गुजरी जब Election result सामने श्राया। दुरमन भी रो पड़े श्रपनों की तो बात क्या ? मेरा दोसज.....मेरा जिगरी दोस्त...सिर्फ एक एक वोंट से हार गया था।
एक पश्न ?
तेज कृष्या भाटिया, बी०ए० हिन्दी (ग्रानसं) द्वितीय वर्ष

## इधर

एक श्रोस-पूरित कली
और
दो भीगी-भोगी प्राँसें
मौनता ही में, बातों में संलगन थे
बातों ही में.
कहरा-राग थ।
उमड़ रहा

उधर
दुनिया
जाने या घ्रनजाने में, इस कर्या राग को
झ्रानन्द का
साधन भी समभ बैठी;
कहो
कि
निर्मम या भोली है दुनियां ?

## ल्बढढ़क्ता पत्थर

रमेश कुमार चिश्रा, बी.ए. हिन्दी श्रानर्स प्रथम वर्ष

गर्मियों की इन छ्रुट्टियों में मेरा करमीर जाने का प्रोग्राम बना। सोचा, वहाँ की शीतल दायु सेवन से चित प्रसन्न किया जाये ग्रोर वहां की रंगीनियों भ्रोर कलियों को भी ग्रच्छी तरह देखा जाए, "एक पंथ. दो काज हो जाएंगे’ मैंने सोचा। श्रपना कीमती समय व्यर्थ नष्ट किए बिना ही मैं कालका मेल से कालका स्टेशन श्रा पहुँचा। वहाँ पर मैंने हाय-पुँह धोया, साना खाया औौर भटपट अ्रसबाब बांध चलने को तैंयार हो गया। फर्ट क्लास का टिकट लेकर में मस्ती से चल रहा था कि पीछे सामान उठाये हमारे कुली साह्व ने हमें सचेत करते हुए कहा, 'साहब, करमीर ग्राराम से पहुँचना चाहते हैं तो जल्दी. से पहले सीट पर श्रधिकार जमाएँ ।' खंर श्रच्छा हुग्रा, में जब श्रपने ‘कम्पाटरमेंट' के पास पहुँचा तो देखा, केवल एक ही सीट को छोड़कर शेष सभी सीटें भरी हैं। मैं खुखी के ग्रावेग से शीघ्रता से उस पर चढ़ा, पर मेरे बंठने से पूर्व ही. एक श्रन्य कुली ने ग्रपना सामान वहाँ पर रख दिया । मेंने चौंक कर भुँ भलाहट भरे स्वर में कहा, 'यहां पर मुभे बंठना है, यह सीट मेरी है ।' पर उसने मेरी बात पर काई गौर न किया भौर खीसें निपोरता रहा।

इतने में एक फंशनेबल, स्वच्छंद, सौंदर्यमान प्रतिमा ने उस डिब्बे में प्रवेश किया। सब युवा यात्रियों की लालायित नजरें उसकी श्रोर घूम गई। १5 वर्षीया, नीली म्रंंखों वाली उस नवयौवना ने मुभे सम्मोहित-सा कर दिया। कुली को बुला कर उसने बिना पूछ्छे दो रपपे का एक नोट उसके हाथ में थमा दिया। कुली ने सामान ठोक किया, एक जबदंध्त सलाम ठोका गौर श्रागे बढ़ गया। इतने में

हमारे कुली साहब ने भी सामान सहित डिब्बे में प्रवेश किया। उसे हसीना ने प्रशनवाचक नजरों से पहले कुली को देखा ग्रोर फिर तेजी से मेरी श्रोर घूम कर कहा. 'ए मिस्टर. ग्रापका दिमाग तो खराब नहीं हो गया है ?' 'जी हाँ, मैं गर्मी के कारा पागल हो गया हूं, अ्रत: डाकटर के परामर्श से करमीर ग्रागम फर्माने जा रहा हैं ।" भैंने मुस्कराते हुएए कहा।
"तो फिर ऐसा किजिए।" वह रक कर एक ग्रनोखी राय देती हुई बोली, "ग्रागरा भ्रापके लिए बेहतर होगः।" ग्रचानक व्यंग्य प्रधान बोली कोष में परिर्वतित करती हुई बोली, यह क्या बकवसस है. मेरे कुली ने पहले सामान रखा था घौर........्राप क्या मतलव मैंने चोंक कर कहा, पहले मैं यहां श्राया था, श्राप नहीं। पर जनाब, मेरा सामान यहां पहले से मौजूद था," उसने लोभकर कहा। "बस, ग्रापने ग्रभी तक एक ही काम की बात की है, श्रगर ग्राप करमीर भ्राराम से जाना चाहती थीं तो श्रापको वाहिए था कि श्रपनी सीट पर श्रा बैठतीं।" "पागल, बदनाश, लुच्चा लफंगा" बह एकदम श्रापे से बाहर हो कर बोली, "ग्यौरतों से बात करने की तमीज नहीं $\imath^{\prime}$ " "सुनिए" मेंने कहा, "इतनी सारी उपाधियाँ एक साध दे देने से म्रापका कोष खाली हो गया होगा। में उन्हें रीघ, श्रति शीध्र बाहर भेजना चाहता था। घ्रत: मैंने नम्र काएीी में कहा, "झ्ञजी सुनिए, मुभे एक ग्रावश्यक कार्य से कर्मीर जाना है, ग्रुगर श्राप दूसरी गाड़ी से तशरीफ ले ग्राएँ तो यह बन्दा जिन्दगी भर ग्रापका ग्रहसान नहीं भूलेगा।" "कौन-सा ऐसा आ्रावर्यक कार्य है, जनाब पर, जो वगंर, प्रापके पूरा नहीं होगा," वह

ब्यंग्य－प्रधान हैसी से मुस्करा कर बोली，＂देखिए बेहतर यही रहेगा कि श्राप दूसरी गाड़ी से ग्रा ज：यें， क्योंकि मेरा दो दिन बाद डान्स का प्रोग्राम है।＂

डिब्बे के ग्रन्य यात्री भी हमारी इस नोक－भोंक में रस लेकर भाग ले रहे थे। सब नवयुवकों ने उस का समर्थन किया，क्योंकि एक सुन्दर नवयुवती को बिना माँगे ही युवकों श्रोर श्रन्य लोगों का समर्थन प्राप्त हो जाता है। बस फिर क्या था，मुभे बड़ी इज्जत के साथ मय सामान डिब्डे से नीचे उतार दिया 1 हसीना एक विजय－भरी मुस्कान से तीर चलाती हुई डिब्बे में बैठ गई । गाड़ी चल पड़ी श्रोर मैं खड़ा दौँत पीसता रहा ।

प्रगली ट्रेन से जब मैं करमीर पहुँचा तो मैंने उन ट्रेत्र वाली देवी जी की हर जगह दो दिन तक तलाश की，पर निष्फल रहा। मेरा वहाँ एक बीस－ वर्षीय नवजवान ग्रोर मनचला युक्क भी मित्र बन गया था । नाम था राजेश । उसके जीवन का मात्र－ ध्येय था，＂खाग्रो，पिग्रो श्रौर मौज करो＂।＂

खंर हम हर रोज घूमते रहे। श्रचानक एक दिन जब हम करमीर के प्रशकृतिक हृरयों का श्रवलोकन कर रहे थे तो एक कार ह्मारे सामने रुकी । उसमें से एक लङ़की को देखकर तो मेरे पसीने हो छूटने लगे，क्योंकि वह्त वही स्ेेशान वाली देवी जी थीं। मैंने सोचा，श्रब न जाने वह् क्या गजब ढाए। मैंने श्रपने लाल रूमाल से पसीना पोंछते हुए हाल पूछा । वह बोलो，＂देखिए，हमारी कार खराब हों गई है औौर हमें ड्रामे की एक रिहर्सल के लिए शीव्र ही जाना है। राजेश ने दूसरी लड़की की श्रोर इशारा करते हुए कहा，＂ग्राप कौन हैं ？＂वह एक मृद्दुल मुस्कान बिखेरती हुई बोलीं，＂यह मिस रीटा है， यहाँ की मशहूर डान्सर ।＇थोड़ी देर बाद निस्त्री ने कार ठीक कर दी। ₹्टेशन वाली देवी जी ने गन्तव्य

स्यान पर पहुँच कर एकान्त में कहा，＂देखिए，मुभे मेरी गलती के लिए क्षमा कर दें। मेरे ही कारशा ग्रापको ट्रेन से उतरना पड़ा，अ्रापकी बेइज्जती हुई सो श्रलग ।＂मेंने गम्भीर होकर कहा，＂यदि वास्तव में ग्रापको इस बात का पाइचाताप है तो में श्रापको क्षमा कर देता हू，पर श्रागे से श्राप किसी का दिल न तोड़ा करें ।＇

उधर राजेश ग्रपनी प्रेयसी（रीटा）का वर्शान कर रहा था，हाय जब वह हँसी，तो गुलाब की पंखु－ रियों में मानों निखार ग्रा गया，मोहकता प्रोर सुन्दरता का साम्राज्य－सा छा गया। गोरा रंग， पतली कमर，लम्बी श्रोर पतली श्रंगुलियाँ，सुराही－ दार गर्दन，मोतियों केनसे दाँत，लाल सेब－से गाल．．．．． ग्रब वे प्रतिदिन शाम को मिलते，घूमते，मनोरम घाटियों में संर करते । उनकी कोई भी शाम खाली न जाती，कभीं काफी हाउस，कभी बोटिंग। इस प्रकार उनके दिन मजे से व्यतीत हो रहे थे । मैने कमी भी पैसे की परवाह न की। एक दिन राजेशा ने मुभ से दो सी रुपये उधार माँगे। मिंने उसे समभाया ＇देखो राजेश，छुट्टियों में मौज तो कर लो，पर देख लो，कभी इन हसीन चेहरों पर विशवास न करना， मेरे भाई，＇इइक है दिमाग का I＇मेरी मानों，इन चक्करों में पैसा बरबाद न करो।＂
＂चित्रा，मैं जो कुछ कर रहा हूं，श्रच्छा ही कर रहा हूं，रीटा ऐसी लड़की नहीं है，मुभ⿱中⿰㇀丶 उस पर पूरा विइखस है।＂राजेश ने तुनक कर，शिकायत－भरे स्वर में कहा।

इस प्रकार मैं कुछ भी न कर सका। राजेरा जी खोलकर पैसा बरबाद करता रहा। पर भानन्द्द सदा नहीं रह्ता，फूल की खूराबू सदा नहीं रहती，यौवन－ दरा सदा एक समान नही रहती। छ्छुट्टियाँ समाप्त होने को ग्राई।＂ग्रब मैं उससे कैसे कह．ह．ं．उस बेचारी के दिल पर क्या गुजरेगी，＂राजेश सोचता हुग्रा उस

के घर जा पहुचा, बोला, "रीटा मेरी ब्रुट्टियां समाप्त हो गई हैं, श्रब मुभे कल ही जाना होगए।"

रीटा ने कहा, "यह्ट तो बड़ी श्रच्छी बात सुनाई तुमने, पर तुमने घ्रपना चेहरा मायूस क्यों कर रखा है?

में घबरा गया कि रीटा यह क्या कह रही है, मेंने पूछा $\qquad$ ?" बह बोली, "भ्ररे इसमें क्या ञात है खाश्रो-पिश्रो ग्रोर जिन्दगी के मजे लो।" उसके सहसा इस प्रकार बदल जाने से राजेश श्राइचर्यं चकित रह गणा। वह बोला,"तो तुम मुभे उल्लू बनाकर पैसा ही गाँठती रही।"

वह बोली, "तो कौन से मेरे ऊपर सारे रुपये बचं हो गये, यह संर, खाना-पीना ही तो . ।"

मैं कुछ्ब न सुन सका ग्रोर निरूत्तर हो कर बोला "कोई बात नही, पैसा हाथ की मैल है।"

वह बोली, "जी हाँ, पहले मेरा विचार भापको बेवक्षु बनाने का न था, पर श्रापकी शाकल-सूरत देख कर रहम-सा श्रा गया श्रोर श्राप बेत्रकूफ बनते रहे । श्रच्छा श्र्य श्राप क्षमा करें, मुभे श्रपने नए मित्र के साथ विक्तर जाना है, साथ देना चाहते हैं तो ग्रा सकते हैं, वरना. $\qquad$ I'

में मायूस होकर वापिस ग्राने लगा। दूर एक गाने की म्रावाज श्रा रही थी
"बड़े बेश्राबरु होकर तेंरे कूने से हम निकले"
उसे श्रब चित्रा की याद ग्रा रही थी।

## श्रां्रो बदल दें

रमेश कुमार, बी॰एस॰सी० श्रन्तिम वर्ष

श्राश्रो बदल दें जमीन श्रासमान। फिर से बसायें नया इक जहान ॥ न उर हो यहाँ किसी दुइमन का। फलता फूलता रहे हर घ्राशियां।। ग्राग्रो बदल दें ......

जमाने की रण में नया रंग भर दें। जमाने की मुरिकल को ग्रासान करदें ॥ जमाने को चांद-सितारों से जड़ दें। कि नाच उठे जिससे सारा जहाँ॥ श्राश्रो बदल दें.......

दुइ्मन को ठोकर लगा कर चलो। ईंट को पत्थर दिखा कर चलो।। कदम से कदम मिला कर चलो। कि रह जाये दुनियां में हमारा निशां।।

भाग्रो बदल दें $\qquad$
देश सेवा का स्याल हो दिल में । हकीकत हमेशा हो मेरी गजल में॥ सन्चाई ही सच्चाई हो हर दिल में। जिससे कि महक उठे हर गुलिस्तां।।

आाश्रो बदल दें.

## मेरा मन्दिर

श्रनिल कुमारी सक्सेना, बीं.ए. श्रानर्स (हिन्दी) प्रथम वर्षं
मेरा मन्दिर है वहाँ, जहाँ,
मिट्टी में जींवन पलता है।
तन मन में है प्राग श्रोर.
ज्वाला में जीवन ढलता है।
दो बूँद ठुलक कर ग्रॉंसू की, जब श्रधरों पर श्रा जाती है।
यह ही है मेरा गंगा-जल, इसकी पूजा मन करता है। मेरा मन्दिर है वहाँ जहाँ, मिट्टी में जीवन पलता है।।
ग्रधरों पर गीत जीवन का है,
है मन में माता-सी ममता।
श्रन्तर में पीड़ा है उनके, कष्टों में है दिन ढलता है ।। मेरा मन्दिर है वहां जहाँ, मिट्टी में जीवन पलता है।
कुटिया है उनका राजभवन,
सूरज की ज्योति ही दीपक है।
सब भेद-भाव से दूर हैं वे, उनके जीवन में समता है । मेरा मन्दिर है बहाँ जहाँ,

मिट्टी में जीवन पलता है॥
खेत श्रोर सलिहान हैं मेरे,
मृदु स्वव्नों के पूज्य स्थल । हाथों में ले हल की मुठिया, जाँप लकुटिया चलता है। मेरा मन्दिर है वहीं जहां, मिट्टी में जीवन पलता है ।

## साधारणीकरए

चरराजीत कौर, के.ए. हिन्दी म्रानसं तृतीय वर्ष

साधरराीकरएा के सम्बन्ध में विभिन्न श्राचार्य एकमत नहीं हैं। फिर भी ‘साधारएी़करसा’ को साधारएा शब्दों में व्यक्त करना चाहें तो हम इस प्रकार कह सकते हैं:-

काव्य का ग्रध्ययन करते समय ग्रथवा नटटक देखते समय जब पाठक या दर्श्रक इतना श्रधिक तन्मय हो जाते हैं कि वह स्त्रगत्व तथा परत्व की भावना से रहित होकर वर्गानों तथा दृरयों को देख कर रोता ग्रौर प्रसन्न होता है-यद्याि इस दशा में रोनः भी ग्रानन्दमय प्रतीत होता है-तो यही दशा साधारखीकरगा है।

डा० इयामसुन्दर दास केशाव प्रसाद मिश्र का ग्रनुकराए करते हुए साधारएीकरशा का सम्बन्ध योग की मधुमती भूमिका से, जिसमें कि परप्रत्यक्ष होता है, बतलाते हैं :-
'"जब तक सांसारिक वस्तुग्रों का ऊपर प्रत्यक्ष होता रहता है तब तक शोचनीय पदार्थ के प्रीत हमारे मन में छुखात्मक शोक श्रथवा श्रभिनन्दनीय वस्तु के प्रति सुखाॅमक हर्ष उत्पन्न होता है। परन्तु जिस समय हमको वस्तुग्रों का परप्रश्यक्ष होता है उस समय शोचनीय श्रथवा ग्रभिनन्दनीय सभी प्रकार की वस्तुएँ हमारे केवल सुखारमक भावों का श्रालक्रन बनकर उपस्थित होती है उस समय दुखात्मक. क्रोध, शोक ग्रादि भाव भी श्रपनी लोकिक दुख़एँमकता छोड़कर ग्रलौकिक सुखाॅमक रूप धारएा कर लेते हैं। श्रभिनवगुप्ताद[चार्य का साधारगीकररा भी यही वस्तु है ग्रोर कुछ नहीं।’’

आ्राचार्य रामचन्द्र धुक्ल जी का कथन है कि
"जब तक किसी भाव का कोई विषय इस रूप में नहीं लाया जाता कि वह सामान्यतः सबके उसी भाव का ग्रालम्बन हो सके तब तक रस।स्वादन की पूर्णां राई्त नहीं घ्राती। इस रूप में लाया जाना हमारे यहाँ साधारएगीकर ए कहलाता है। इस प्रकार हम देखते हैं कि शुकल जी ने यह माना है कि साधारशी करएा के लिए ग्रालमबन ऐसt होना चाहिए कि वह समान रूप से सबका श्रालम्बन बन सके।

पणिडत रामदहिन $f$ मश्र शुक्ल जी के विचारों की ग्रालोचना करते हुए लिखते हैं :-"इससे स्पष्ट है कि शु₹ल जी ग्रालम्बनत्व धर्म को प्रधानता देते हैं ग्रौर स्पष्ट कहते भी हैं कि साघारगीकरा घ्यालम्बनत्व धर्म का होता है। इस दरा में वेत्रपरिमित को परिमित बना देते हैं, विस्तृत को संकुवित कर देते हैं। क्या रसोद्वोध में ग्रालम्बन ही श्रालम्बन है ? यदि ग्रनुभाव विपरीत हों तब । शोकातुर व्यवित को ताल-लय से मंच पर गाना गाते देख सभी शोकग्रस्त हो सकते हैं । यहाँ तो शोभ भाव का म्रालग्बन सभी का ग्रगलम्बन तो है श्रोर उससे साधारसीकराए भी होता है। पर उसके श्रनुभाव से सभी का सरधारएी़करशा नहीं हो सकता । ग्रतः केवल ग्रालम्बन का ही साधारगीकरसा ग्रावइयक है।"

उदाह्ररा के लिए मेघनाद को लीजिए। मेघनाद दस्पु को राक्षस तथा श्रसत् का प्रतीक समक कर पाठक उससे धृराग करते हैं, किन्तू माइकेल मधुसूदन दत्त का मेघनाद सबकी सहानुभूति प्राप्त करता है। वयों ? केवल लेखक की प्रभिद्यर्त्त विशेषता के कार्ए, सामान्य या श्रसामान्य भावों
(शेष पृष्ठ २४ पर)

## ऊँचे मकान—तंग गलियां

रमेश कुमार, बी.एस.सी. तृतीय वर्ष

पंजाव की धरती ग्राज तक भी उन गीतों-भरे पवन से भू耳 रही है जिसे गाकर मिर्जा, पुन्नु श्रोर रांभा ने ग्रपनी साहिबां, सस्सी श्रौर हीर को चंदन के पालने में लोरियाँ सुनाई। भले ही इन गीतों की धर्वन कभी सुखदायी तो कभी दुखदायी सी थी। यों तो पंजाब का हर शहर और हर गाँव त्रेम की रंगमयी दुनिया में डूबा हुग्रा है पर एक शाहर, ग्रमृतसर के ऊँचे मकान ग्रौर तंग गलियां श्रपनी ही कहानी को ग्रपने-ग्रापमें छ्छिपाये हुए हैं । इन गलियों में तरह तरह के रंग विलरे हैं जो ग्रपनी ही कथा कहने को बड़े ग्रातुर से जान पड़ते हैं। इनमें यह लाल रंग का गहरा दाग बहुत ही चमक रहा है fजसकी चमक मेरे मानसपट को छेदती हुई लैंघ रही है।

वेड़ों के साये बहुत ही लम्बे हो रहे थे आर्रोर शायद उस समय तो कुछ धुँ धले से पड़ने लगे जब मैं यक कर एक मचान पर बंठ गया। दिन भर की घकावट को अ्रनुभव करते हुए मैंने कुछ्ध विश्राम करना चाहा कि तभी एक बूढ़ा व्यक्ति मेंरे साथ ग्रा बैठा तथा बड़ी ही दर्दभरी नजरों से प्रपने सामने देखने लगा । कुछ देर चुप रहने के बाद उसने यों कहना श्रुरू किया, "भई, ये सामने जो कब्र तुम्हें दीख रही है न, बस रोज इसे देखने के लिए यहाँ श्रा जाता हैं अ्रौर दिल जब कुछ हलका-सा हो जाता है तो वापिस लौट जाता है । इस कत्र की एक छोटी सी कहानी है मगर बड़ी ही दर्दभरो। क्यों न तुम्हें भी इसके बारे में कुछ बता दूँ ग्रौर इस तरह ग्रपने दिल का कुछ गुख्वार निकाल लूँ 1 " मैं भी श्रवने ही विचारों में खोया-सा था श्रोर उससे यों ही कह दिया, "ग्रच्बा भई, सुना दो । शाम भी कट जायेगी

घ्रोर थकावट भी दूर हो जायेगी।"
"एक श्ररसे की बात है, लगभग २० साल हो गये होंगे जत्र देहली का एक परदेसी बाबू यहाँ झ्रमृतसर में रहने के लिए श्राया था। गौर बदन, मोटी-मोटी ग्रांबें, छोटी-छोटी मूँछें और्रौर लम्बा कद । पास की ही एक गली में चौथी ग्रौर ग्राखिरी मंजिल पर एक मकान उसने किराये पर ले लिया। करने क्या ग्राया था यह् तो ठीक पता नही, पर हाँ वो यहाँ पर रहा केवल तीन ही महीने था। देखने में कंफी शरीक अंर ग्रमीर परिवार का लगतः था। कुछ दिन तो उसने ठीक तरह बिताये, पर फिर उसका सुबह सवेरे उठ जाना श्रैर वहलते हुए ऊपर की मंंजिल से निचले घरों पर भांकना बड़ा श्रजीव सा मालूम पड़ता था। ऐसे ही में उसकी नजरें पालो पर पड़ीं घ्रौर क्षगा भर के लिए रुक गई। क्षरा संकिण्डों में बदले प्रौर संकिण्ड शायद fमनटों का रूप धारा करने लगे । मुखड़े का भोलापन श्रौर हिरसी-सी चंचल चाल उसे श्रा गई। सुन्दरता की प्रतिमा उसके मन-मन्दिर में समा गई। उसने मन ही मन उसके वारे में सोचा ग्रौर उसे पाने की पूरी इच्च्धा की।
"वह जब भी कभी पालो के घर के श्रागे से गुजरता तो किसी गीत या गजल की दो-चार पंक्तियाँ दोहरा देता। ग्रनपढ़ पालो उसके इशारों को कुछ समभने लगे श्रौर कुछ पर विचारने लगी। श्रल्हड़ जवानी ग्रौर गरीर का बाँक।पन जिंदगी की हसीन रातों के सपने देखने लगा। उसे लगा कि किसी धरती का राजकुमार इस राज परदेसी बाबू के वेश में उसे खोजने के लिए यहाँ ग्राया है । उसके

सपने साकार हुये । मुलाकातें बढ़ने लगों श्रोर उन्होंने नये जीवन को श्रोर कदम बढ़ाया।
"उन उजले महलों के तले, गंदी गलियों में पला हुग्रा पालो का बचपना श्रब जवानी के रूप में होटलों ग्रौर रेस्टोरेंट में घंटों तक बीतने लगा । श्रंधेरी कोठरियों ग्रीर तंग गलियों में खेलने वाली पालो श्रब ह्गल बाजार में खुले बाजारों में टहलने लगो ग्रौर उसने उन सिनेमाघरों में भी पाँच रखकर देखा जिसके बारे में उसने श्रब तक केवल सुना ही या। दोनों की शाम कम्पनी गारडन या किसी श्रोर बाग में कटने लगी जहाँ बैठ कर दुनिया के दु:ख-दर्द से दूर वे प्रेम की दुनियः में लीन हो जाते । कुयें में पला हुग्रा मेंढ़क श्रब बाहर निकल ग्राया था ग्रौर उसने देखा कि दुनिया कितनी हसीन है। अ्रगर जीवन की राह पर कोई हमसफर साथ दे ग्रोर इन राहों पर वे कहीं द्र निकल जायें, दूर बहुत ही दूर जहाँ लोगों के साये न पड़ने पायें, इस तरह उनके बीच कोई गड़चन न हो।
"ग्रौर एक दिन वो सचमुच कहीं बहुत दूर चल दिये। नदो का किनारा, शांत शाम, चंचल वातावरशा ग्रोर पेड़ों की धूप-छाँच में दो साये एक मंजिल की ग्रोर साथ-साथ बढ़ते ही जा रहे थे, मन में उमंग लिए उमंग में तरंग लिए। नदिया की धार में उनकी नान बढ़ती ही जा रही थी ग्रौर उन्हें ऐसा लगा कि इस जिदगी के धार में वे इस तरह बहते ही जाये कुछ्छ प्रिय कहे तो कुछ प्रियतम सुने, पर जीवन कभी सूना न हो। नदी की गहराई से संगीत बज रहा थ। श्रौर उन्हें लगा कि जल की देवी लहरों में से उठउठ कर उनके प्रेम में श्रर्चना गा रही हो। दोनों की ग्राँसें मुँद गई ग्रौर विचार गगन-मंडल को चूमने लगे । उन्हें ग्रनुभव हुग्रा कि दे स्वर्गलोक में हैं जहाँ की शांत अ्रौर सुग्चित वायु में किसी उडनखटोले में एक श्रप्सरा का जिस्म एक गं धर्व की बुली बाँहों में भूम जाता हो। श्राँखें जव खुलीं तो उन्होंने ग्रपने

सपनों को साकार पाया ।
"दिन खुरी-खुखी बीतने लगे श्रोर हर रात नये दिन के हन्तजार में बहुत जल्दी कट जाती। मगर शरारतों के दिन श्रोर सपनों की रातें चंद ही होती हैं ग्रौर ग्राखिर वो दिन भी ग्राया जिसके बारे में पालो ने सोचा तक भी न था। परदेसी बाबू श्रचानक कहीं गायब हो गये ग्रौर फिर कभी नजर न श्राये । पालो हर शाम नदी के किनारे प्रपने बाबू का इन्तजार करती श्रौर नदी कीं चंचल लहैरों से अपने खामोश प्रेम को पुकारती। उसने स्वरां मन्दिर, रहहीद गंज श्रौर शी़ला मन्दिर जैसे धर्तिक स्थानों में पहुंच कर ग्रपने ग्रट्ट प्रेम की दुग्रायें माँगी। पर तब तक उसका प्रेम ट्रू चुका था। उसका परदेसी बाबू उससे दूर किसी ग्रोर दुनिया में रह रहा था तथा वह श्रपनी पालो को भी बताना भूल गया कि वो कहाँ जा रहा है।
"पालो ने पेड़ों के पत्ते श्रौर चलती-फिरती हवाग्रों से श्रपने प्रेम का ठिकाना पूछा पर वे सब के सब चुप रहे । वह मजब्र थी। उसे समभ नहीं श्राता था कि वह् श्रपने प्रेम को पाने के लिए श्रपने प्रियतम को कहाँ कहाँ दूँढे । वह भगवान के दरबार से मी निराशा लौट घुकी थी। वियोग का ग्रसहनीय दर्द ग्रब उससे ग्रौर न सहा गया। तब उसके सामने एक ही रास्ता था जिसे उसने ग्रपनाया । उसने सोचा कि लोग बहुत कुछ चाहते हैं श्रोर बहुत कुछ वा भी तो जाते हैं। परन्तु उसने इस दुनिया से केवल प्रेम माँगा था, पर उसे वह भी तो न मिल सका, तो फिर वहु इस दुनिया को क्या करे ? वह्ट इस बस्ती ग्रैर इस बस्ती के लोगों से दूर जाकर कहीं ऐसे शांत वातावराए में रहना चाहती थी जहां वह श्रपने प्रेम श्रौर उस प्रेम के ग्रानन्द्द व वियोग को भूल सके । ऐसा स्थान खोजना उसके लिए घ्रसम्भव न था।

ग्रौर एक दिन उसने श्रप्ने प्रेम को श्रपने समेत उस नदी की श्रनेक तीव्र धाराश्रों में डुबो दिया । हाँ, पालो ने श्राल्महत्या करलीं। उसने चाहा कि उसका प्रेम उसके साथ उन लहरों में बह-बह कर खत्म हो जाये। लो भई, उस घटना को एक अ्ररसा हो गया है। वह खर्म हो चुकी है पर उसका प्रंम उस कब्न की दीवारों में से भाँक भाँक कर उसके प्रेमी को श्र्राज तक पुकारता रहा है। उसके प्रेम को विशवास है कि उसका साथी प्रेमी एक दिन जरूर उसके पास ग्रायेगा। उसे उस दिन की प्रतीक्षा रहेगी जब वह उससे उसकी मजबूरी का हाल पूछेगी।"

में उससे इस घटना को बड़े ध्यान से सुनता रहा श्रौर सुनता ही चला गया। मेरा यह साहस न हुग्रा कि बीच में मैं उससे कुछ पूछ लूँ। कहते-कहते उस की ग्राँखों से दो श्रश्रुजल टपक पड़े। मेरा भी दिल काफी भारी हो चला था श्रोर ग्राखिरकार अपने मन की बात उससे कह ही।
"मान लो वृद्ध महाराय कि वह राज परदेसी देहली का बाबू तुछहैं मिल जाये तो तुम उससे क्या कहोगे ।'
"'में उसे कुछ भी करूँ पर उसे बुग़ न ठहराऊँगा। जसे कोई सजा भी न दूँगा।"
"तब ?"
"मैं उसे ग्रपना भाई बनाऊँगा, ग्रपना सगा भाई आ्रौर फिर $\qquad$ I"
"फिर क्या?"
"'फिर मैं उससे यह सारी कथा कहूँगा ग्रोर उस से प्रार्थना करूँगा कि........fक यदि हो सके तो वह् श्रपनी मौत के बाद श्रपनी कब्र इस कव्र के साथ बनवाये।"
"पर ऐसा क्यों ?"
"उस तड़पती हुई ग्रात्मा को शांत करने के लिए ताकि वह यह्र न कहे कि उसने जो कुछ इस निर्दयी दुनिया से माँगा, उसे नहीं मिला। भले ही वह ग्रपने राज बाबू को जीते जी न पा सकी पर मर्ने के बाद दोनों ग्रात्मायें एक साथ सदियों के लिए साथ-साथ पड़ी रहेंगी ग्रौर शायद इस तरह पालो की झ्रात्मा तृप्त हा।"
"श्रोह बड़ी दर्दंभरी घटना है ये। श्रब मुभेजाने दो। मुभे डर सा लग रहा है, एक भयानक डर । पर हाँ, तुम्हें fमलने के लिये यहाँ रोज ग्रा जाया करूँगा।"

कह कर मै वापिस लौट पड़ा। वह घटना रहरह कर मेरे हृदय पर नाच रही थी ग्रीर मेरे दिमाग में रह-रह कर घूम रहे थे वे शब्द—ऊँचे मकान, तंग गालियां, श्रँधेरी कोठरी, मासूम पालो, परदेसी बब्ब घ्र्रोर उनका बामोश प्रेम। मैं पागल-सा हो गया ग्रौर वापिस उस कब्र की ग्रोर बढ़ा। मैंने प्रहा किया कि उसकी ग्रालमा को शांति मैं ही पहुंचा सकता हूँ। क्योंकि.....क्योंकि......वयोंकि वह राज परदेसी बाबू मैं ही तो हूं।
"वालो, देखो पालो! मैं श्रा गया हूं । ग्रब तुक्हें ग्यैर प्रतीक्षा न करनी पड़ेगी । तुम्हारा प्रेम रह-रह कग मुभे बुला रहा था सो मैं ग्रा गया हूँ । पर तुम्हें क्या मालूम कि इतने दिन मैंने किस तरह बिताये । तुम्हें क्या मालूम कि तुम्हें ग्रचानक छोड़कर मैं कहाँ ग्रौ? क्यों चला गया था। तुम्हें क्या मालूम कि मैंने तुम्ह्राी खोज में क्या नहीं किया। पालो ! जरा उठ कर तो देखो, तनिक मेरी श्राँखों में तो भौँको कि यह तुम्हें कहाँ-कहाँ ढूँढती रही है। पालो ! जरा उठ कर मेरे चेहरे की श्रोर तो देखो कि इसका रंग ग्रौर रूप कैसा है। शायद तुम मुभे पहचान भी न पाग्रो । पर ग्नब में तुम्हारे पास ग्रा गया हूँ, तुम्हारे बेसहारे प्रेम को सहारा देने के लिए ।

तुम्हारी तपती हुई श्रारमा को श्रब श्रोर न तपना पड़ेगा। पंलो, तुम्हें याद है न वह दिन.....नदी का किनारा, शांत शाम, चंचल वातावर्शा, नदिया की घार में बहती हुई हमारी नाव, श्रोर तुमने कहा था कि जीवन की बहती हुई नाव में भी हम इस तरह बहते ही जायें, फुछ में कहूं तो कुछ तुम सुनों पर जीवन कभो सूना न हो । पालो, क्या तुम सोचती हो कि हमारा जीवन सूना हो गया है ? नहीं । क्या हुग्रा यदि वह् नदी का किनारा नहीं है। क्या हुग्रा यदि वह चंचल वातावराा नहीं है। पर वह शांत रााम तो है। ग्रब हम दोनों एक ही नाव में साथ २ बहेंगे तो नहीं, पर हाँ एक ही नाव में साथ-साथ

रहेंगे जरूर श्रोर हमारी यह नाव सदियों तक यों ही पड़ी रहेगी। इसे कोई भी तो नहीं ड्रुबो सकता । तब तुम कहती ही रहोगी ग्रोर मैं सुनता ही रहूंगा पर जीवन कभी भी सूना न होगा।
... अ्रौर श्रब जब में रो-रोकर चिल्लाता हूँ ग्रौर कहता हूं कि मैं ग्रपनी कब्न इस कब्र के साथ बनवाऊँगा तो दुनिया वाले मुभ पर हैसते हैं, मुभे दीवाना कहते हैं, मुभे पागल बतलाते हैं। श्रब मैं इस दुनिया वालों को कैसे समभाऊँ कि में ग्रपनी कब्र यहाँ क्यों बनाना चाहता हूं।

## दे दो सवेरे को कदम

सुरेन्द्र कपिल, बी०ए० संस्कृत श्रानर्स प्रथ्म वर्ष
दे दो सबेरे को कदम ।
टूटे श्रंधेरे का अ्रदम।।
निर्दोष दीपक जल रहा ग्रपराधियों के गाँव में। दो दर्द को वह्ह स्वर कि जल जाये उदासी का कफन।। पा जाये फिर से जिदगी उजड़ा जहाँ ‘बियाबा’ चमन ।।

हो साफ सुथरी हरगली।
शाबनम बिछी हो मखमली।।
कांटा न लग जाये कहीं उजली किरन के पाँव में । जिस पर सफलता की नजर वह साधना कुन्दन बनी।। यश ने जड़े नग इस तरह हो मेदिनी की करघनी ।।

लेकिन मृतक जो यतन।
दुर्भाग्य को करता नमन ।।
उसकी तपन को शराए दो चन्दन सुरीखी छांव में । धबरा न मांभी प्राएा के विपरीत लख तीखा पवन ॥ किसी को नहीं इस रात की मंभदार में तट की लगन ।

ग्रालोक की शामशीर से।
काली लहर को चीर दे ।।
श्रसमय न तम भर जाये ग्रनव्या है सपने की नाव में ।

## हिन्दी साहित्य में हार्श्च रस

भीमसंन मित्तत, बी.ए. ग्रानर्स (हिन्दी) द्वितीय वर्ष

काव्य शास्त्र के नो रसों में शृंगार, वोर तथा करा रस मुख्य माने जाते हैं। सास्यरस मनुष्य जीवन का श्रावरयक स्रंग माना जाता है। इस के बिना मानव जीवन शून्य सा प्रतीत होता है। इसके रस के कई रुप हैं-विवित्र बातचीत, ग्रनोखा वर्खांन, व्यंग्य. बालक की कीड़ायें ग्रोर फबती कसना तथा बातचीत ग्रादि। हिन्दी साहिल्य में यद्याि हास्स रस का ग्रभाव है, परन्तु जो कुछ भी है, वह महत्व्वपूर्या है। पूर्वकाल में हास्य रस की रचना बहुत कम उपलबध होती हैं। ग्रमीर खुसरो की पहेलियाँ तथा मुकरियों में कहीं २ हास्य रस प्रतिभासित होता है।

जहाँ तक हमारा विचार है हिन्दी में इस रस का सूत्रपात करने वाले घमीर खुसरों ही हैं । इनकी मुकरियों में पहले जिजासा बढ़ा कर घौंर किसी श्यन्य वस्तु की ग्रोर संकेत करके श्रन्त में कुछ ग्रौर ही बतलाया जाता है। एक उदाहराता देखिये :-

जब मेरे मन्दिर में ग्रावे । मोते मुभको श्रान जगावे ।। पढ़त फिरत विरह के स्रच्बर । हे सखि़ साजन ! ना सखि मच्छर ।।
प्रथम पंक्तियों को पढ़ते समय पाठक का ध्यान पनि की ग्रोर केन्द्रित हो जाता है। परन्तु मचछ्छर से एक दम हास्स्य की लहर दौड़ जाती है।

महाकवि सूरदास की रचना में हमें शिष्ट हास्य के दर्शान होते है। महात्मा तुलसी का हास्य चुटीला, भार्मिक तथा स्वाभाविक होता है। तुलसीदास ने कवितावली के श्रयोध्याकांड में मुनियों के हृदय रुप

का कैसा सुन्दर चित्र्रा इस हास्य पद में किया है।

बिंध्य के बासी उदासी तपोब्रतधारीं महा, बिनु नारि दुखारे।
गौतम-तीय तरी, 'तुलसी’ सो कथा सुनि, भे मुनिष्टंद सुखारे ॥
हैं हैं सिला सं चंद्रमुली परसे, पद-मंजूल-कंज तिहारे।
कीन्हीं भली, रघुनायक जू, करना करि कानन को पगु घारे ।।
बिहारी का हास्य रस शृंगार से परिपूर्यां है। राधा ग्रैर कृष्ता की किस इलेष से तुलना की है-
चिर जीवो जोरी जुरे, क्यों न स्नेह गम्भीर। को घटि ? ये वृषभानुजा, वै हलधर के वीर ॥ यहाँ रोधा महाराजा वृषभानु की पुत्री है तथा श्री क्कुष्या बलराम (हलधर) के भाई हैं। साथ ही इलेष में राधा गाय (वृषभ-प्रनुजा) हैं तथा श्री कृष्या बैल (हलधर) हैं तो गाय घौर बैल में गहन प्रंम होना स्वाभाविक ही है ।

के ज़वदास जी का हास्य कठिन हास्य है, जिसके समभने के लिए भाषा का श्रचछ्छा ज्ञान -होना श्रावइयक है।

वर्तमान युग में भारतेन्दु बाबू हरिशचन्द्र ने श्रपनी 'अंधेर नगरी' देश की दशा का हास्य रस में बड़ा ही सुन्दर व्यंगात्मक चित्र उपस्थित किया है ।

हिन्द्य चूरन इसका नाम, विलायत पूरन इसका काम।
चूरन जब से हिंद में ग्राया,
इसका धन बल सभी घटाया ॥

चूरन ग्रमले साहिब जो खावें,
दूनी रिशवत तुरत पचावं ।
चूरन साह्बि लोग जो खाता,
सारा हिन्द हड़प कर जाता ॥
बाबू प्रताप नारायग्ग मिश्न हास्य बड़ा चुटकिला होता है। उसे पढ़ते समय एक विचित्र प्रकार की गुदगुदी होती है।

हाय बुढ़ापा तोरे मारे,
हम तो हैं नकन्याय गमन।
दाढ़ी पर ही बहि २ श्रावे,
कबौं तमाबू जो फाँकन ।।
नाथूराम शार्मा 'रांकर' के ग्रनुराग रत्न में एक कर्कशा स्ती सजीव चित्र देखिये :-

सास मरे ससुरा पजरे,
इस बाख़ में पल को न रहैंगी।
सोति जिठानी छही ननदी,
ग्रब एक कहेगी तो लाख कहूँगी ।।
जेठ जलवा को मारूँ पटा,
सुन देवर की फवती न सहूँगी।
ले बस श्रंत नहीं पिया शांकर, पीहर की फल गँल गहैंगी ।।
वर्तमान साहित्य में तीन प्रकार का हास्य रस पाया जाता है:-
(?) शिपट हास्य जो सरल भाषा में होता है।
(२) ग्रइलील हास्य जो श्रशिपटता द्वारा वाह वाह लूटने का प्रयत्न होता है, तथा
(ं) गम्भीर ह.स्य जो गम्भीर होने के नाते रस की श्रभिव्व्यक्ति भली प्रकार नहीं करता ।

हास्य की सृष्टि के लिए कति य हास्य रस के किवियों ने ग्रन्य कवियों गम्भीर, सारगाभत रचनाग्रों को लेकर उन्हीं में हास्यान्मक भावनएश्रों का समावेश कर दिया है 1 कुछ कवियों ने किसी

कविता की संगीतात्मकता एवं कतिपय शब्दों को लेकर परिवृति की रचना की है। इनका उद्दे इय मनोरंजन की सृष्टि करना ग्रथच्रा किसी कृति की भ्रालोचना करना है। ग्राधुनिक काल में पिरोडे प्रवृति का प्रचार बढ़ता जा रहा है। कुछ उदाहर देखिये :-
(?)
काल मरं सो ग्राज मर अ्राज मरं सो ग्रब। इंधन पैरासन भयो, फेरि मरंगो कब ।।
(२)

मानुष हौं तो वही कीव चोंच, बसौं सिटी लन्दन के किसी द्वारे।
जो पशु हौं तो बनो बुलडाग, चलो चढ़ कार में पोंछ निकारे ।। पाहन हैं तो चियेटर हाल को,

बैठ जहों मिस पाँव पसारे। जो खग हौं तो बसे रो करौं,

किसी श्रोक पे टेम्स नदी के किनारे।।
श्रब जरा श्रध्धुनिक हास्य कवि 'काका' की पैरोडियों पर द्वष्टि डाल कर देखिये-पहली १ैरोडी 'पजामा बनाय पंन्ट’ में फैशान तथा दूसरी ‘निराकार श्रौर साकार' में निराकार श्रौर साकार शब्दों के नये ग्रर्थ देखिये-
(?)
मोटे होते जा रहे हैं, मिस्टर ॠफलातून । पतली पड़ती जा रही दिन प्रतिदिन पतलून ।।

दिन प्रतिदिन पतलून, देख फैशन का ड्रामा। दाँत दिखा कर बोली चूड़दीर पजामा ।। सुन काका कविराय, एक दिन ऐसा ग्राये। मेरी काया में मिस पेंट विलय जाये ।।
(२)

ज्ञानी ध्यानी थक गये, करते करते तर्क। निराकार साकार का समभ न पाये फर्क ।।

समभ न पाये फईं, भंग का गोला खाया। तब इन शब्दों का निष्कर्ष सामने श्राया।। कहें काका कविराय,जो कारे रखे साकार वही है। निराकार वह जिसके घर में कार वही है।।
‘महाकवि चच्चा’ नामक पुस्तक में कवि ग्रन्नूरूर्रान्द्द की एक कविता देखिए:विल्ध लीज्हे गोद में, मोटर भई सवार

अ्रली भली दुँढन चली, किये समाज सुधार। किये समाज सुधार, हवा योरप की लगी,

शुद्ध विदेज़ी चाल ढालसों मर्ति ग्रनुरागी ।। मियाँ मचानें शोर, करें ग्रब तोबा-fबल्ला,

पूत धाम के गोद, खिलावें बीबी पिल्ता।।
ग्रब पढ़िये हरिशंकर रार्मा के ‘चिड़या घर, उन के कर्म फोड़ कम्बस्त यार क्या कहते हैंलेकर कर्ज किया व्यौपार, बेचे बिस्कुट सेव ग्रनार। किये न लोगों ने पेमेंट, घाटा सहा सेंट पर सेंट।

शार्मा जी ने ग्रपनी ‘पिंजरा पाले’ रचनग्रों में कवियों का हास्यमय वर्शान किया है। मंथिलीशरसा गुत्त जी ने दामपार्य परिहास का सुन्दर वर्गान साकेत में किया है। यदि पत्त ग्रौर निराला का

हास्य प्रकृतिमय है तो महादेवी के हार्यय में पीड़ा है । हास्यरस के ग्रवतार 'गोपाल प्रसाद व्यास' की 'श्राराम करो' कविता देखिये :-
एक मिश्र मिले बोले लाला,
तुम किस चककी का खाते हो ? इस छ: छटांक के राश़न में भी,

तौंद बढाये जाते हो ॥ क्या रक्खा है मांस बढ़ाने में,

मनहूस ग्रकल से काम करो। ये यौवन जीवन क्षरा भंगुर.

अ्राराम करो, श्राराम करो।।
व्यास जी की ग्रन्य रचनायें भी हास्य रस से परिपूर्यां हैं।

हिन्दी साहित्य में हास्यरस की रचनास्रों का ग्रभी ग्रभाव है। कवि-गोष्ठयों, सभा-सुसाइटियों के मनोरंजन के लिए इस की बड़ी श्रावइयकता है क्योंकि इस रस से प्रोग्राम में एक सजीवता श्रा जाती है। वर्तमान नवयुवकों को इससे पेरेरा। प्राप्त करनी चाहिए । जिस से जीवन की विषमताएँ सुकर हो जावें।
(शेष पृष्ठ ? १६ का)

के बर्शान के कारएा नहीं। इसी प्रकार तुलसी की केकेयी से सबको घृएा होती है, परन्तु गुव्त जी की कैकेयी से सबको सहानुभुभित हो जाती है।

ग्रत: स्वष्ट है कि साधारराीकर्या लेखक के विचारों के सएथ होता है पातों के साथ नहीं । लेखक जिन भावनाश्रों से प्रभावित होता है, उन्हें ग्रपने दृद्यय-रस से ग्राप्लावित कर साहित्य में व्यक्त करता

है 1 वह वर्रान इस ढंग से करता है कि पाठक को उसके भावों की तद्वत् ग्रनुभूति हो सके। वस्तुतः पाठक या श्रोता का सीघा सम्बन्ध कवि, काध्य या लेखक से होता है, काष्य में नर्वांता नायक से नहीं । घ्रत: श्रोता तथा पाठक का तादाहम्म कवि के साथ हुग्रा; नायक के साथ नहीं ।

इस प्रकार साधारसीकररा के कुछ एक मतों

का विवेचन करने के परचात् हम उसकी उपयोगिता के सम्बन्ध में गुलाबराय जी के शब्दों में कह सकते हैं :-
"साधारसीकरा की उपयोगिता काँ्यानुझीलन की उपयोगिता है। इसके द्वारा हमारी सहानुभूति विस्तृत हो जाती है । हम एक दूसरे के साथ भावतादाएक्य करना सीखते हैं। हमारे भावों का परिफकार होकर उनका पारस्परिक सामंजस्य भी होने

लगता है। शृंगार जो लोकिक श्रनुभव में विषयानन्द का रूप धारा कर लेता है, काव्य में परिष्कृत हो श्राट्मानन्द के निकट पहुँच जाता है। काव्यानुशीलन करने वाले की रति भी सातिवकोन्मुसी हो जाती है। झ्ञास्त्र-वर्वातात रति में पारस्परिक श्राल्मत्याग द्वारा पूर्ए तादात्म्य की भावना पर बल दिए जाने के कारा सात्विकता श्रा जाती है। वैयक्तिकता कटुता श्रौर तीव्रता से शून्य मनोवेगों के ही सामंजस्य की प्राशा रहती है ।"

## खोज

सुदेश विर्मानी, बी.ए. हिन्दी ग्रानर्स तृतीय वर्ष

इस सुबह से शाम तक है हूँढ़ती उस प्रिय को मैं है न मिल पाता कभी बो प्रिय जिसको खो चुकी हैं थक गये हैं नयन मेरे पर न नुभको नींद घ्राती।
रात श्राती
टिमटिमाते चाँद तारे
श्रौर धीरे से तभी
कुमुद हैंस देते उवारे
मलय भी तब,
ग्रा पहुंचती कुछ उनींदी
मदहोश-सी, बेहोश-सी
भ्यौर सो जात कहीं
फूल, पल्तव या मुकुल पर
पर न मुभको नींद ग्राती
खोजती रहती हूं प्रिय को देखती हूं

दूर से ग्राकास को जो
रो पड़ा, देख कर लुटता मुभे
विश्वास में
ग्रौर तब वह बिखेरता
प्राँसू ग्रपने
इन नन्हे-से तुहिन कराों में ।
प्रातः में ऊषा है ग्राती
नभ को रोया देख
वह भी दुखित हो जानी
श्रौर लेती है समेट
ग्राँसू उसके, श्रपने
इस भींने श्राँचल में।
तब न जाने क्यों सताती
याद उस निष्ठुर की जो
जा चुका है
दूर मुभ से
उस नदी के कूल-सा।
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## पकृति क्यों मुर्काती है ?

भीमसंन मित्तल, बी०ए० ग्रानर्स (हिन्द्दी) द्वितोय षष्ष
छिन गई मुसकानें मेरो, प्रकृति क्यों मूसकाती है। लुट गई बहारें मेरी, क्यों ये बहानें ग्राती है।।

कलियाँ हँस कर फूल भूम कर
भौरों को सुधा पिलाते हैं ।
तरूवर लिपट लता से प्रतिदिन
उनका चुम्बन करते हैं।
जब टूट गई बीराा मेरी, क्यों गीत मीत के गाती है ?

हरियाला परिधान पहन कर, श्रोढ चुनरिया पीली सिर पर। भूषरा ग्रौर नव वस्त्र धार कर, ठनी खड़ी है यह सज-धज कर। जब चस्र होन फिरता हूँ मैं, तब क्यों सज-धज कर ग्राती है?

चहुं दिशि में छिट्रक रहा योवन,
ग्रानन्द मगन पुलकित है मन।
हूप राग की नई वरंगें,
करती हैं हृत का स्पन्दन।
अ्रभिशाप बना मेरा जीवन,
तब क्यों नवजीवन ले श्राही है?

> जगमग जगमग रातों को जब, राशि अ्रठबेली करता है । प्रकृति नटी मुसकान-मसका कर, कनखिययं से उसे बुलाते हैं। श्रन्धकार जब रातें मेरी, वयों छहटक चांदनी ग्राती है ? "प्रकृति क्यों मुसकाती है? ?"

## मीत के अंगन अभ्रेगा

सुधीरचं्द्र उपाध्याय, बी॰ए० भ्रानर्स (हिन्दी) तृतीत चषं
टिमटिमाते दीप कितने.
मोत के घ्रांगन भ्रंधेरा।

## इक साँम छाई

यी सुहानी,
कह रही जीवन कहानी,
शाँत, नीरव पर प्रताड़ित,
निमूं ल ग्राशाए" ग्रजानी,
प्रति बन्घन
प्रीत बन्धन में ग्रधित हो,
चल पड़े राहें ग्रजानी,
खो गया उन राहों में हो,
ले चली पागल जवानी,
फिर छा गया गहरा श्रंधेरा,
सो गया प्रीतम भी मेरा, खाई ठोकर fगर पड़ा में, खोजता बस इक बसेरा !

फिर रात्त ग्राई, थी प्रकेली, पर तो थी दुल्हिन नवेली, संग मशि मुक्ता सहेली, उत्सुका हो ग्रागमन में, प्रेम की मेरी बजाती, घुट गया में, देख उसको, याद घ्राई नीली आँयेंबें, कह गई मेरा न होना, योवनागत गात उसके, ग्रोर वह मुखड़ा सलोना, हो गया बोभिल यह सब कुछ. सोवता कव हो सबेरा।

प्रीत के श्राँगन घंधेरा ।
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## स्वार्थ श्रौर मेम

बलभद्र प्रसाद ग्रोभार, बी०एस०सी० द्वितीय वर्ष

भाज्य भी कससा है। मतुष्य क्या सोचता है क्या होता है। वह उसको कसे कंसे नाच नचाता है, मनुण्य तो उसके प्रागे एक खिलौना मात्र है। मनुष्य श्रपने भाग्य से ग्रनुभिज्ञ भविष्य की ग्राशा में नाना प्रकार की सुखद कल्पना करता रहता है ग्रौर भाग्य एक कोने में बैठा एक कूर हैसी हैसाता है।

समस्त राजस्थान ग्रौर दक्षिरा भारत घूमता हुग्रा घ्रब झपने घर माँ के पास वारवस जा रहा था, इधर बीमारी से भी कब तक लड़ता, डाक्टरों ने दिल के पास कैन्सर बता दिया था, माँ को झ्रपनी इस भयानक बीमारी का पता केसे देता, इधर जीवन दीप का प्रकाश दिन प्रतिदिन मन्द पड़ता जा रहा था, वह अ्रपने ग्रणप में जल जल कर जल रहा था।

राश्रि का समय, स्टेशन पर जली लाल, पीली, हरी बत्तियों का प्रकाइ रेल की लाइनों पर पड़ता हुप्रा कितना श्रच्छा लगता था। रात्रि कुछ श्रधिक हो चुकी थी। इस सुनसान से प्लेटफार्मे पर एक बेंच पर बैठा ग्रपनी ट्रेन की प्रतीक्षा कर रहा था। नोकर ने गाड़ी ग्राने की सूचना दी। मैं खड़ा हुग्रा लेकिन तबियत कुछ गिरो सी श्रनुभव हुई। ट्रेन ल्लेटफार्मं पर श्राकर खड़ी हुई, रामू ने फर्स्ट क्लास में नीचे की सीट पर मेरा बिस्तर बिछ्ञाते हुए कहा"लो मालिक! ग्रब अ्राप लेट ज.यें" ग्रौर फिर मुभे सीट पर लिटा कर कम्बल उढ़ाते हुये बोला"भ्रापका तो बदन गरम है मालिक! आायद बुखार फिर हो गय। है ।" मैंने कहा-"हाँ रामू, ऐसा ही लगता है।" जरा वह खिड़की बन्द कर दो श्रौर तुम श्रपने डिब्ेे में जांग्रो।" जाते वक्त चाय को पूछ्ता गया लेकिन इच्छा न थी अ्यतः मना कर दिया। रेल चल पड़ी। ग्रौर में न जाने क्या

सोचने लगा, सोचा, मेरे बाद माँ का क्या होगा ? कितना प्पार है उसको मुभ्से। क्या २ श्रागायें लिये बैठी है। कितनी बार कह चुकी है "अ्यरे प्रकाश ! तू शादी करा ले ना, श्रब तू कितना बड़ा हो गया श्रोर क्या बुढ़ापे में करायेगा। तेरे सिवा मेरा कौन है, कौन विलमेगा यह जमीन पससा जायदाद। ग्रोर ग्रब मेरो जिंद्वगी का भी क्या भरोसा न जाने कब मर जाऊँ, चाहती हैं कि तेरी बहु का मुख देख जाऊ, साध तो थी गोते को गोद में खिलाती उसका ब्याह रचाती लेकिन लगता है यह सब कुछ पूरा नहीं होगा।" श्रौर न जाने कितनी ग्रभिलषषायें हैं उसके हृदय में जिनको वह विवाह पर पूरा करने के लिये तरसती है। लेकि.न भाग्य की बात वह नहीं जानती, एक दिन सब को छोड़ कर दूर बहुत दूर चला जाऊँगा जहां से कभी कोई वाविस नहीं ग्राता । कितना रोयेगी मौं। कंसी छलना है मेरे भाग्य की, ईखर कंसा सेल खिला रहा है हम सबको।

विचारों का संघर्ष मुभे भकभोर रहा था. मन जिसे भुलाने का प्रयत्न करता, कल्पना उसे नये २ खप देती। शू वर्ष पुरानी स्मृतियाँ मेरे मानस-पट पर चिन्रित हो गईं। उसने प्सा कयों किया ? तो क्या उसने छल किया, नहीं, नहीं, ऐसा नहीं हो सकता। मेरा भाग्य ही सहृायक न हुम्रा, न जाने उसकी क्या परवशता की।

ग्रांबों से नींद हूठ चुकी थी। बाहृर की ठंडी हवा सहीन न हुई अ्भत: सिर तकिए पर रखकर लेट गया। विचारों का प्रवाह फिर चलने लगा, सहसा दरवाजा खुला गैर शीघता में दो बच्चों के साथ एक युवती ने प्रवेश किया। कुली जल्दी से सामान गख कर सरकती ट्रेन से

कूद गया। स्टेशन कब ग्राया श्रौर गाड़ी ने कब सीटी दी, मुभे पता ही न चला। युवती कुछ परिचित सी लगी लेकिन मैंने कुछ ध्यान न दिया श्रोर शी जंनेन्द्र जो की 'सुमिता' पढ़ने लगा। 'सजीव श्रौर कान्ता' श्रब तुम लेट जाश्रो, हमने बिस्तर ठीक कर दिया है। युवती की ग्रावाज कुछ पह्चानी सी लगी, यह तो कविता सी लगती है, देखा श्रौर देखता ही रहा। कविता •... पर यहां कसे ? बहुत वर्षों के पश्चात् देखा था, कविता ने भी देखा, अ्राइचर्य ग्रौर प्रसन्नता का ठिकाना न रहा। बया वास्तव में मन की बiत कभी सच हो जाती है। श्रभी तो याद कर रहा था। उसने देखा ग्रौर ध्यान से देखा, वर्षों की खोई स्मृतियौं के पृष्ट पलटने लगे, एक पुरुनी जान पहचनान एकाएक इस क्षर्ग फिर नड़ हो गई । भ्राइचर्य से बोली—प्रकाश तुम! मैं उसी की ग्रोर देखता रहा, यह वही मेरी कविता थी ना जिसके साथ कभी बैठकर किसी सुखद कह्पना के सुन्द्रर स्वप्न संजोये थे। श्राज १६ वर्ष पशचात् ! जिसको एक क्षएा के लिए भी विस्मृत नहीं कर पाया लेकिन श्राज वह् मेरी कहां ? यह मेरे भाग्य की विडम्बना ! उसका विवाह्र प्रदेश के मन्त्री के जज लड़के से हुश्रा श्रोर मैं...... जहां था वहीं रहा। समय के साथ दुनियां में घुल मिल नहीं पाया, लेकिन मुभे ग्राज इसका कोई दु:ख नहीं। कोई गिकायत नहीं । मेरे भाग्य में यही लिखा था तो इस्ममें किसी का क्या दोष।

प्रकाज ! तुम मुभे पहचाने नहीं ? कविता का यह कैसा प्रशन जिसे निरन्तर १० वर्षों से भुला नहीं पाया। श्राज उसे नहीं पहचानूंगा तो फिर ग्रौर किसे पहचनूँगा।

नहीं कविता ! यह कैसी वात, तुम्हें न पहचान सका तो ग्रौर किसे पहचानूँ गा।

हैसते हुये बोली—नहीं शायद भूल गये हो, कितनी देर हो गई मुभे खड़े, न कुछ बोले न चाले, न बँठने को कहा ।

बोला--नहीं नहीं ग्राम्रो बैठो, सुनाग्रो श्रच्छी तो हो, भूलने की शिकायत तो मुभे. तुमसे करनी चाहिये थी लेकिन श्रब तुमने कर दी तो श्रब मैं क्या कहूँ

नहीं प्रकाश ! मैंने कई बार कोशिए़ की तुम्हारे समाचार लेने की लेकिन कुछ पा न सकी। झौर यह तुम्हारा क्या हाल हो गया, इधर बहुत कमजोर हो गये, क्या बीमार रहे ?

हां कविता! कुछ ऐसे ही कभी २ कुछ तबियत खराब हो जाती है, कोई खास बात नहीं, तुमने बहुत दिनों के पञचत् देखा है तो शायद ऐसा लगता हूं। सुनाग्रो सुख में हो ना श्रोर तुम्हारे पfत कैसे हैं ?

हां प्रकाश, सुख में हूँ, वह तो वेचारे देवता हैं। सच प्रकाश, न जाने किन पुण्यों के प्रताप से मुभे ऐसा सहृद्रयी देक्ता पुरुष मिला। वह (स्वामी) जज, स्वसुर मन्त्री, बड़ा घराना, सब कुछ ही तो है, लेकिन मन की बात तो श्रलग ही है उसे श्रच्छा न लगे तो मैं क्या करूँ। कभी २ न जाने मन कैसा हो जाता है ग्रकेले में तिकृता है फिर क्षरिाक रुक कर मेरे पर दृष्टिपात करते हुये बोली—सब कुछ होते हुये भी मन उस वस्तु के लिये व्याकुल हो उठता है जो मुभ से पीछे छूट्ट गई है लेकिन सोचती हूँ छूटी हुई वस्तु का सोचना ही क्या, ग्रन्न मिल तो सकती नहीं फिर उसके लिये दु:ख क्या करना। ग्रपने कर्तव्य की ग्रोर ध्यान जाता है जिससे विर्चलित नहीं होना चाहती, ग्रत: ध्यान शीघ्र किसी श्रन्य ग्रोर लगा लेती हूं । ग्रौर श्रब तो ग्रादत पड़ गई है। धीरे २

सब कुछ ठोक हो गया, लेकिन देखो भाग्य की वात श्राज वर्षो पइचात् फिर वही वस्तु मेरे सामने श्रा गई । ख़र, मेरी बत्त छोड़ो । ग्रब तुम बताश्रो तुम्हारी 'वह' कसी ग्राईं, मुभ से तो अधिक सुन्दर होगी ?

मैंने कहा-ग्रभी तो विवाह ही नहीं कर पाया हूं। इतना कहते ही मुभे जोर की खांसी उठो मैंने मुख खिड़की के बाहर कर कुछ उगल दिया। सांस कुछ चढ़ सी श्राई, गर्दन अ्रन्दर की तो कनिता व्याकुल से ग्राइचर्य दु:ख मिश्रित स्वर में बोली—यह क्या ? तुम्हारे मुख से खून श्रौर फिर ग्रपनी साड़ी़ के पल्ले से मुख के पास लगे छींटों को पोंघती हुई चिन्तित सी न जाने क्या सोचती रही। गाड़ी झ्रपनी धीमी गति से किसी स्टेशन पर रुकी। रामू किसी वस्तु की ग्रावइयकता जानने डिब्जे में ग्राया, कविता ने पहचान ही तो लिया ग्रोर बत्रों ही बातों में सब कुछ मेरी बीमारी के विषय में जान लिया। रामू चला गया लेकिन कविता उदास हो गई, लगता था जँसे रो देगी, बोली-मुभ से यह सब कुछ छुपाया क्यों ? क्या मैं इतनी दूर हो गई? रामू न बताता तो क्या मुभे मालूम हो पाता ? लगता है तुम्हारी सब कुछ झ्रकेले सहने की पुरानी श्रादत गई नहीं। प्रकाश ! क्या तुम मुभे कभी क्षमा नहीं करोगे ? इसी तन्ह ग्रपने जीवन की ग्राहुति देकर इस यज्ञ की पूरांनुति करोगे, तुम्हें दया नहीं ग्राती सब को कठ् द्वेते हुये, क्या तुम्हारी अपनी माँ के प्रति कोई कर्तनय नहीं, तुम केबल ग्रपने ही तो नहीं हो, इस पर किसी ग्रन्य का ग्रधिकार भी तो है। यदि मानव को कोई वस्तु नहीं मिलती तो इसका अर्य ग्र कदाषि नहीं कि वह श्रयने जीवन का मूल्य ही भूल जाये। क्रौर ग्रसफनता की ग्राग में तिल २ कर जलता रहे। सच प्रकाशा ! मैंने कभी गह न सोचा था कि तुम मुभ ग्रभाfगन

के पीछे यह हाल कर लोगे ग्रन्यथा कितनी भी बाध्य होती, कुछ भी क्यों न होता लेकिन ऐसा न करती। तुमने यह क्या किया प्रकारा, क्या मुभे इतना बड़ा दण्ड दोगे ? कहते २ उसका गला रुन्ध गया ।

कविता के प्रइनों के उत्तर यद्यपि मेरे पास थे लेकिन कुछ कह्न सका, केवल इतना कह पायाइसमें मैंने स्वयं क्या किया है। कविता, यह सब कुछ्र भाग्यवश श्रनजाने श्रनचाहे हो गया तो इसमें मेरा क्या दोष ? तुम्हें विस्मृत करना मेरे लिये क्या सुगम था ? क्या हर कार्य प्रत्येक के लिये सुगम होता है। तुम तो जानती ही हो मेरे में ग्रधिक संघर्ष की जक्ति नहीं ग्राखिर हार मान बंठा । हां भरने से पूर्व इच्छा थी तुम्हारे दर्शन की सो श्रभज पूरी हो गई। कह कर चुप हो रहा। गर्मी ग्र्रधिक लगी, सारा पसीने से भीग गया था श्रत: कम्बल उतार कर एक ग्रोर फेंक दिया। ज्वर में हवा लगने के भय से कविता ने जिद करके श्रपना कारमीरी शाल मुभे उढ़ा दिया। रात की रानी सेंट की भीनी सुगन्ध ॠ्राई । मैं जानता हूं कविता जब मेरे साथ कालेज में पढ़नी थीं तज भी उसको इसका दौग्र था। कविता कुछ सोचती रही, मैं देखता रहा। न जाने कितना समय बीत गया। फिर बड़ी भावुकता से बोली—'ग्रचछ्छा प्रकाश ! तुम चाहते हो कि मैं सुखी रहूं ? यदि मैं कुद्ध मांगू तो दोगे ?" मेरे पास श्रवं रेष रहा हो क्या है कवित「, सभी कुछ तो खो चुका हूं त्रैकन फिर भी कहो क्या चाहती हो ?

बोली-मैं जानती हू कि तुम मुभे निराश नहीं करोगे। प्रथम तुम ग्रपना इलाज ठीक प्रकार से इच्छा से कराप्रोगे और फिर विवाह्ह करोगे । बोलो क्या कर सकोगे मेरे लिये इतना ? में ग्राईचर्य-चक्चक उसे देखता रह गया फिर धीरे

से बोला-प्रयत्न करूँगा यदि जीवित रहा।
पूर्व में वो फट चुकी थी। उषा का सुहावना रंग प्रकृति के जड़ चेतन में नई उमंग भर रहा था। गाड़ी कुछ हल्की हुई, स्टेशन पास ग्रा गया था, कविता उठी बच्चों को जगाकर उन्हें तैयार करने में ठ्य干त हो गई। लाईनें बदलने की गड़ागड़ाहट की म्रावाज मन पर हजारों हथोड़े बजा रही थी। बच्चों ग्रोर कविता ने खिड़की के बाहर भांका, ल्लेटफार्म पर जज साह्वब बच्चों घ्रौर पत्नी को लेने ग्राये हुये ये ।

कह कर पिता से लिपट गये। कविता ने मेरा भो सहपाठी कहकर उनसे परिचय कराया, बहुत सुल हुये. बड़े खुले दिल से मिले, रकने को कहते रहे, लेकिन फिर कभी कह कर हाथ मिला कर विदा चाही। गाड़ी ने सीटी दे दी थी। श्रच्छा प्रकाश ! विदा, कहते हुये कविता ने हाथ जोड़ते हुये सजल नेत्रों से विदा दी, गाड़ी सरक रही थी, मैं दरवाजे के पास खड़ा उन्हों जब तक देखता रहा जब तक देख सका। डिब्बा फिर सूना हो गया, जब मैं ग्रपनी सीट पर वापिस म्राया तो देखा कविता का काइमीरी आाल सीट पर एक घोर पढ़ा मुस्करा रहा है, जिसे कविता भूल गई थी।

दीवाली पर
राजेन्द्र कुमार श्रग्रवाल, बी०ए० अ्रंतिम वर्ष
घ्रगरित दीप जले श्रवसर पर, में तो दिल ही जना सका, बस तुम्हे ही पा सका।
प्रसितत्व हींन करने याfमनी को कइयों ने कई दीप जलाये ।
कई परम्परावश केवल दीप जला कर-मुसकाये।
मेरा बोभिल हृदय भरे लोचन तुम देख न पाई। मैं हुभा दुखी तो तुमने भी गीत खुशी के गाये।। मैंने भी चाहा हैंस लूँ कुछ, पर एक श्रश्रु ही निरा सका, बस तुम्हें ही पा सका।
धनिगों के तो हास्य रदन के साधन म्रनेक, खोजें पा जाते हैं, धनी जो ठहरे-जो इच्छा करते हैं पा जाते हैं । पर हास्य वबडम्बना विधी की, निर्धन की कोई चाह नहीं, कुछ करते हैं चाह् तो पथ में-पाने से ज्यादा सो जाते हैं। मांगे बहुत से वर बहुतों ने पूजा थी मैं बस एक जता सका, बस तुम्हें ही पा सका ः।
जलते तारों से वया नभ का सूनापन दूर हटा। जलते दीपक को लखकर क्या चन्दा के दिल का तम दूर भगा। बहुत सी सुखियां मिली मुभे भी पर सिर्फ दिखावा था। न कभी मेरे दिल का गम पल को भी मुभसे दूर हुम्रा।। देख बहारें चला उूठने उनको, पर बस दुख के सरगमला सका।

बस तुम्हें हो पा सका।


Mrs. Durgabai Deshmukh having a cup of tea with the Principal and the Staff.


Tarsain Lal Goyal, roll of honour
Distinction in B.A. (Hons) Maths.


Dr. B. N. Ganguly,
delivering the presidential


Inderjeet Malhotra, Roll of Honour,
First in B. Sc. (Hons) Maths, in the University.

# संस्कृत्त— विभागः 

श्रनुकमया़ा
सम्पादकीयम्
संस्कतभाषाया श्रम्युदयोपाया:
नारी निधेरहो भुरम्या कृति:
वीरजवाहर:
उपमा कालिदासस्य

> सुखवीर:
> वीरेन्द्र: पहूजा
> चम्पा चुघ
> सुभाग माथुर
> मीरा

## सम्पादकीयम्

विद्यते 'देशपप्रिकाया:' संस्कृतविभागस्य अ्रस्प वर्षंस्य ग्रन्तिमोऽ吕ो भवतां समक्षम् । ग्रतः सर्वत: पूर्व परीक्षाधिनां वार्षिकपरीक्षासु सफलतां कामयामहे वयम्। 'देशः' मुरुयरूपेया छान्रान् संकृतभाषायं लिखितुं प्रेरयति। छात्राः ग्रवि स्वलिखितः: नवीनरचना: पुर्ख्कृत्य इमां पत्रिकाम् उत्तरोत्तरम् ग्रल

संस्कृतभाषायाम् 尹्रस्माकं रचि: स्वाभाविका प्रस्ति यतो वर्यं जानीमो यदियं भाषा संसारस्य सर्वासु भाषासु प्राक्तना सर्वोंकृष्डसाहित्यसंयुद्ता च वर्तंते। गुप्तवंशजननां भूपानां शासनकाले तु नासीत् कतमदपि क्षेत्र यत्र तस्या उन्नतिः नाभवत्। परं हत्त भो ! ग्रद्य ग्रांगलभाषयाए प्रेमियोो भारतवासिन: एव तां तिरक्कुर्वन्ति । यस्माद् उदधे: मोक्तक जायते तद् यदि तं विस्मरनि, तदा तस्य

श्रकृतज्ञतंव नान्यन् किश्चित् । परं यावत् तस्या: सम्मानकर्तरः: सन्त्ति तावन् $\begin{aligned} & \text { स्या: सम्मानं सर्वं्र }\end{aligned}$ भविष्यति . 1 सर्व जानन्ति यद् संस्कृतमेव ईहृक् साहित्यं वर्तंते यर्मिन् भारतस्य श्रात्मनः प्रतिबिन्बं द्यवते । संस्कृतं भारतीयसंस्कृतेराधारशिला। संक्कुतिसमुद्धाराय संस्कृत्योन्नतिरपरिहार्येति निरिचतम्। आ्रत एव श्रस्या: सर्वतो विकास: सर्वाहमना कर्तंव्यो येन स्वसंख्कृतेः प्रभा सर्वंग तनुयात्। स्वातंग्याधिगतेरनन्तरं भारतस्रव्वकारः संस्कृतसमुद्धाराय प्रयत्नशीलो वर्तंते। बहुभ्य: संस्थानेभ्यो धनसाहाय्यं तेन दीयते । दिल्ली-नगरस्थया साहिल्य-एकादमी-संज्ञया संस्थया प्रतिभानाम्नी षाण्मासिका पत्रिका प्रकाइयते यस्यां नूतनानां प्रतिभावतां लेखकानां रचना: प्रकाइयन्ते। सुरभारती-सेवानुरागिया: मनोषिएा: प्रतिषर्षमर्थजातेन सम्मानप्रदानेन च स!मान्यन्ते। परं नैतावदेवालं तदुन्नःयं। एते खल्व-
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किज्चिक्करा: क्षुद्रतरा श्रनुपेक्षसीया श्रपि उपाया:। मार्चमासस्य पश्चतारिकायाम् श्रस्मन्महा-

केनित्र्रला उपाया: समाश्रय्यीयास्तदुन्नत्य सत्यमेवोन्नमयति संसकृतं चेत् सर्वकार: । संसृतं मूलादारग्योग्नकक्षावधि स्वर्वासु कक्षासु प्रधानविषयेष्वन्यतमत्वेन निर्धारित भवेत्तत्र चोत्तीरांताइनुपेक्षयोया स्यात् । नूतनानां लेखकानामुत्तमा: कृतय: प्रकाशिता भवेयु: परीक्षादिषु च ता: पाठ्यल्वेन नियोज्येरच्। प्राच्चीनस्य लुप्तमानस्य वाङ् मयस्य संरंरक्षरां पुनः प्रकारानं च विधेयम्। संस्कृतभाषा च जनताया: भाषा स्यात् । विद्वांस: संसकृतं व्यवहारयोग्यं वर्तमानयुगोनसकलविषयोपयुक्तग्रन्थसमृद्धं च विधातु बद्धपरिकरा: प्रयतेरन्न । नवशब्द्धनिर्मायो नवतम-विषय-विषयकलेखलेखने च दत्तावधानताडपेक्ष्यतेतमाम्। नवीनपद्वर्या संस्कृतं fशक्षम।गानामल्वीयसी योग्यता विषये सम्पद्यते। तादृशां च विदुषां परिमाश़ामनुदिनमुपचीयमानमनुभूयते 1 संग्रहपुस्तकाध्यायिनां तेषां न सामर्थ्यं मूलग्र्रन्थावबोधे । भ्रतः प्राचीनपरिपाटीमनुसुत्य शिक्षयन्ट्य: संस्था: संरक्षरीयाएः सर्वकारेगा । स्थाने स्थने प्राचीनपद्धर्या नवीनपद्धत्या च संक्कृताध्ययनस्य व्यवस्था स्यात्, प्रोत्साहनीयाशच प्राक्तन्य: संस्थाः । एतं: प्रयत्नै हपायंशच साग्रैरवरवयं संस्कृतस्य लोकत्रियता समेधिष्यते।

विद्यालयस्य संस्कृतपरिषदो वर्षाषकाधिवेशानं देहलीविशवविद्यालयस्य संसकृृतिभागस्य श्रध्यक्षाएां परमाद्ररसीयानां डाक्टरनरेन्द्रनाथचौधुरीमहाभागानां साभापल्ये ससमारोहं समजनि। छाश्रा नांनाविधकार्यंकमे सोत्साहं भागं गुहीतवन्त:। श्रीमन्त: डाक्टरचोधुरीमहाभागा: संस्कृतपरिषद: कारंकलापांशच प्रशंसन्त इदमरिहितवन्तो यत्पश्षिषद: कार्यजातं सम्यक् सम्पः्नमभ्ष् । संस्कृतस्य छागा: बुद्धिमन्तोडध्ययनपराइच सन्ति। संखकृतविषये छाग्रायां संख्या ग्रशीर्तिविद्यते। श्रत्र खलु उपाध्यायवरस्य मनोहरलालंचोधरीमहोदयस्य महान्न प्रयत्न एव समुन्नतेन्नदानं प्रतिभाति। सम्भाव्यते अ्रस्य विद्यालयस्य परमोक्षर्ष: सुतरों सत्वरमेव भविष्यति।

एकं सरसं शिक्षाप्रदं वैदिकार्यानं संश्रावयन्तो भगवत्या: भद्धाया महत्त्वं प्रतिपादयन्तशच डाकटरचौधुरीमहोदया ग्रध्यक्षीयभाषयो सम्यक् स्पष्टीकृतं यत् जीवने साफल्यम् ग्रधिगन्तुं भद्धा भक्तिश्च नितरां ग्रवेक्ष्यते। 'मातृदेवो भव, 氏ितृदेवो भव, झ्राचायंदेवो भव" इति भावनायामेव सकलजगतः कल्यायां निहितमिति।

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A scene from Macbeth in Hindi
Veena Chawla (Lady Macbeth) and S. P. Ganguly (Macbeth)


Ganguly and Ravindra as Macbeth and Banquo in a scene from Macbeth in Hindi

भगिनिखूपन्तु तस्या वस्तुत: श्यनिवंचनीयमेव। सा स्वभ्रातु: कृते कठोरादवि कठोरं, दाहराादवि दार्यां, गहितादपि गहितं कारं कतुं सक्ता। प्रेयसी च। योषित् जीवनसरितायां चेतसम् र्जिलं विद्घाति। श्रनन्तप्रयायराशिं उन्निमिषति, यौवनसुरभितवसन्ते मादकतामापन्ना खलु बाला सर्वस्वं समर्वयितुं समीहते। समीचीनं नाम पात्रम् श्रधिगम्य निर्दग्भा सा उत्सृजति घविकलत्वेन यद् तस्पार्वे भवात।

पत्नीरूप्वरि ग्रतीव मनोज़म् । धर्णामकरीट्या सा पतिं वृरोपित। पुरुषे च पूर्शांतां प्रतिष्ठापयति। नारीं विना नर:,नरं विना नारी वा न पूर्रांतां याति। एकतर: श्रन्यतरस्य भागः एव कल्पनीय:, नारों विना तु न खलु जन: क्षम: पारयितुं जगत्पारावारम् । नापि च तस्य लोकयात्रा सफला भवति। यथा चोकतम्-
'नाना नारी' निष्फला लोकयाæा'
भारतीयशास्रेंजु एतद् विशदमेव—
"पुमानद्द्ध पुमँस्तावद्यावत् भावर्वं न विन्दन्ति।"
इयं भवर्ति लक्ष्मी: गृह्स्य, साम्राजी मानसराज्यस्य, पात्रं अ्रनवद्यगुएानानामू, स्थानं विशवस्य, भूमि: मायाया:, इतिहास: कालिदासस्य, मब्जरी रसालस्य, प्रतिमा प्राायस्य च। गृहस्य गृहमिति संज्ञा संत्रीव्वेन हि जायते । गृहिएीकार्यादेव गृहं गृहमुच्यते ।

पश्नी न वासनानिमग्ना भर्वति नापि च विलासतां य|ति । यद्यदि नारीषु शौर्यादयोडपरे गुएा: समुपलभ्यन्ते परं न तेषां प्राधान्यम् । प्राधन्यन्युत्तु त्र दया-माया-ममता-कह्याए-श्रद्धा-विइ्वास-ल्याग-तप -स्या-बलिदान्र्रभूतीनां गुरानामेव । झ्रत एव तत्र श्रशेषोदात्तगुसानां समष्टि: सृष्टौ नार्यां हि दृष्टिगोचरी भवति।

सा तु श्रद्धींझ्ञ二नी एव। दु:खसुखमये संसारे समभागिनी, धामिककृत्येपु सहयोगिनी, सदसल्कार्येषु परामर्शदात्री, रतिकाले प्रिया, परिचर्य्यायां च परिचारिका। घर्मसरशिम् श्रनुसृत्य पर्वंत् परमेखवरमिव भजते। श्रत एव कविकुलगुर्या। कालिदासेन प्रतिपादितं रघुवंशस्याष्टमे सर्गे-
"पहिरीी सचिवः सखी मिशः प्रियरिष्या ललिते कलाविध।'

मेघदूते यक्षियी, ग्रभिजानशाकुन्तले शकुन्तला, कुमारसंभवे ग्रपर्शा, रछुवंशे इन्दुमती, रामाययो सीता, महाभारते द्रोपदी, उत्तररामचरिते बैदेही, नैषधच्चरिते दमयन्ती, कामायनीकाव्ये श्रद्धा, यशोधरायां यशोधरा, साकेते उंमलाप्रभृतय: कालिदास-वाल्मीकि-ब्यास - भवर्भूति -श्रीहर्ष-जयश द्धरप्रसादगुप्तप्रभृतिभिश्च याद्वश्यः नायिका: चित्रितः:ताद्दर्य: एव नार्या नारीत्वम् ग्रहंन्ति। सनें: तै: कलाकारे: नार्या: सुरम्यन्वमेव उद्घाटितम् ग्रतो भfएातिरियं समीचीना यत्-
'नारी विधेरहो सुरम्या कृति:।'

## वीरजवाहर:

## (सुभाग माथुर, बी०ए० संस्कृत ग्रानर्स प्रथमो वर्ष:)

पुरा काइमीरे 'नेहरू' नामा एको वंशः ग्रासीत् । श्रयं वंशः काइमीरात् प्रयागं ग्रागच्छत्, तत्रैव च भ्रवसत्। नेहरूवंशर्य भूषपां श्रीमोतीलाल: श्रासीत्। स हलाहाबादनगरे विस्यातो वाक्कील: श्रासीत् ।

भारतविभूते: श्रीजवाहरलालस्य जन्म नवाशीत्यधिकाष्डादशातातमसस्य ईस्वीसंबत्स्सर्य नवम्बरमासस्य चतुर्देशे दिवसे इलाहाबादनगरे मोतीलालस्य गुहे ग्रभवत्। । म्रयं बलु स्वनामधन्यस्य मोतीलालस्य एकाकी एत्र सुतः ग्रस्ति। स्रतः तस्य स्रुपुप्रं प्रति घग सफलतां प्राप्तवान, प्रभूतं धनरानिं च समचिनोत्, घ्रतो जवाहरलाल: कामपि धनन्यूनतां न ग्रन्वभवत् । एप घंशवे सर्वंश्रकारारा सुखानि घ्रलभत । जवाहरस्य पालनं स्नेहेन ग्रभवत् ।

ग्रादशमकक्षां ग्रयं भारते एव ग्रपठत्। तदनन्तरं उच्चशिक्षाम् श्रवाप्तुमू श्रांगलदेश्रमगच्छत्। तत्र च कंन्र्बज्रजिएवविद्यालयात् बैरिस्टरपरीक्षां उत्तीर्य स्वदेरां निवृत्तः। यदा स अ्रांगलदेशाद् उच्चशिक्षां प्राव्य स्वदेशं प्रत्यागच्छत् तदा भारते भीगान्धिना प्रसारितं स्वातन्ड्यान्दोलनं उत्तरोत्तर विस्तृति लभमानं ग्रासीव् । गान्धिमहात्मनः भाष्रानि स्थाने स्थाने ग्रभवन् । यदा जवाहरः स्वदेशस्स्य दुर्दशां पराधीनतां च श्रपश्यत् तदा श्रतिदु:खितोडमवत् । ख्वतन्त्रतासमिते: सदस्य: चाभवत् । शानं: शानं:

समितेः नायकः, पुनः मन्त्री ततः ग्रध्यक्षश्चाभवत्। सोडपि गनि्घिनोऽनुयायी भूल्वा स्वातन्र्यसंग्रामे ग्रग्रिमं पदं प्राप्नोत् । बहुवारं च वैद्देशिकः कारागारे निक्षिप्त: बहुविधं न पीडित:, परं तथापि ग्रसो स्वातन्युय्रतं न परित्यक्तवान् । जवाहर: कारागारे बहूनि पुस्तकानि ग्रलिखत्। ग्रश्नम्नरे तस्य प्रिया पल्नी कमला तं विहाय दिव्यलोकम श्रणच्छत्। अ्रनेन महता बज्रपातेनापि तस्य धृत्तःः उस्साहइच नैव भन्नौ। नवविंशत्युत्तरंकोनविशातितमे वत्सरे जनवरीम!से ग्ययं लवपुरीघस्य कांग्रेसाधिवेशनस्य प्रधानो निर्वाचित:। तग्र चासो भारतलक्ष्यं पूरां स्वातन्त्र्यभस्ति इति अ्रघोषयत्।

श्रीजबाहरलालस्य ग्रायुष: महत्तरो भागः कारायामेव व्यतीतः। न केवलमयमेव श्रवितु घ्रस्य पितृमहोदयः श्रीमोतीलाल:, र्भागनी विजयालक्ष्मी:, सुप्रिया पत्नी कमला-सर्वे एव स्वाधीनतससंग्रमे गुहीतभागा: बहुवारं कारावासं लब्धवन्तः। नेहरूपरिवारस्य स्वराज्यसंघर्षे महत्तमो भाग: इति निवववादम्।

श्रीजवाहुरलालस्य म्रहानसं सुप्रयासं: भारतं सप्तचत्व्वारंशशदधिकोनविशतितमे संवत्सरे श्रगस्त्यमासस्य पश्चदशतरिकायां स्वातन्य्यम् अ्रलभत। स्वतन्त्रताप्राप्तेरनन्तरं जवाहरलालः सर्वभारतीयजनसमुदायस्य एकमत्या प्रधानमन्त्रिपदं प्राप्तवान्।


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[^0]:    * Shri G S. Mamik is an oid student of our College and an ex-Editor of the Desh.

