

MAGAZINE

SHAHEED BHAGAT SINGH COLLEGE





PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Dear Students.

I am delighted to present the 2023-24 edition of our College Magazine, *Vani*. This issue stands out with its rich tapestry of creative contributions and serves as a testament to the diverse talents within our College community.

Vani continues to be a cornerstone for literary and artistic expression. This edition is particularly special for a number of reasons. However, the foremost among them is that *Vani* is being released after a brief hiatus of 6 years! This is also the first time that *Vani* features articles from our noteworthy alumni; busy as they are in their professional lives and careers, I truly appreciate that they have sent their creative pieces to be published in the College magazine long after they have graduated. I am also very pleased to see the inclusion of translations and multilingual articles in this edition of *Vani*, reflecting the true spirit of diversity of expression in our country, be it in the form of translations, articles in multiple Indian languages, or numerous artistic forms and media.

The Magazine includes sections dedicated to thought-provoking short stories, poems, articles and essays written by our talented students, faculty and alumni. Other significant features in the College Magazine this year are poignant tributes to poets and authors who recently passed away, inspiring narratives of our students' experiences and achievements and a plethora of visual treats, a kaleidoscope of snapshots and sketches, photo essays, and murals and a music album in the making.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to Dr. Komal Agarwal, Ms. Mohini Awasthi and Dr. Mahesh Kumar Chaudhary, and the editorial team comprising faculty members for their unwavering dedication and hard work in bringing this edition to fruition. I also applaud the student members of the editorial team for their creativity, enthusiasm, and commitment to excellence. This Magazine is a testimony to their unrelenting labour and diligence in bringing the teachers' vision to reality.

May *Vani* continue to inspire and foster a love for art and creativity in all its readers.

With warm regards,

Prof. Arun Kumar Attree Principal





Words! Mere words! How terrible they were! How clear, and vivid, and cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was in them!

- The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde

Language cuts forms in the ocean of reality.

- Vakyapadiya by Bhartrhari

Be they ancient Indian philosophers or modern and contemporary writers, the power of the word has been enunciated upon by all. It is not possible for us to comprehend our very existence or the reality around us were it not for *sphota*, *sabda*, *vakya* and *dhvani*. Literature has a profound impact on individuals as well as the collective consciousness of the society because of its power of suggestion. Literature fosters empathy among readers, bears testimony to critical thinking and history, and, in fact, preserves a whole culture/civilization. Humans have been telling stories for as long as they have existed, and as Margaret Atwood proclaimed, in the end too, all that remains of us is the stories.

Literature offers a means of expression for thoughts we may not often be brave enough to verbalize. So does art—be it photography, painting, sketching, singing, dancing—by offering avenues to express our most oceanic thoughts. After all, what is life devoid of any form of literature or art to spice it up, rake it up or shake it up?

George Orwell, in his novel, 1984, wrote: "Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing." Art/Writing accords the artist/writer that power; art and writing are seldom meant to be comforting! They have deeply emotive meaning for their creators, which is what they seek to convey to their readers, if possible, in the same measure. However, in the process of meaning-making that the audience/readers do, this art/writing gets interpreted as emotional, disruptive and even revolutionary! What Octavio Paz wrote in the *The Bow and the Lyre* about the power of poetry is indeed true of all art/writing for the artist as well as the audience:

Poetry is knowledge, salvation, power, abandonment. An operation capable of changing the world, poetic activity is revolutionary by nature; a spiritual exercise, it is a means of interior liberation. Poetry reveals this world, it creates another. (my italics)

We are elated to be presenting a new world to you through the 2023-24 edition of *Vani*, the College Magazine. This issue has been a labour of love, and a truly enriching and satisfying experience, as it is the first edition of *Vani* to see the light of the day after the Golden Jubilee edition (2016-17). Bearing in mind the brief hiatus, our team decided to open up *Vani* for submissions for the alumni, which turned out to be an excellent decision, as you will see when you read their creative entries. Since the focal theme chosen for this year was **वस्थेव कुटुम्बकम** (Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam), an allied novelty we instituted this year was to welcome articles in multiple Indian languages. Hence, the current edition of *Vani* boasts of articles in Hindi, English, Odia and Assamese. Additionally, we also invited and received a few translations for publication in the magazine.

The College Magazine this year is a vivid polychromatic assortment of creative expressions ranging from poetry, short stories, critical essays, photos, sketches, mandala art/doodle, a photo story, a write-up about the behind-the-scenes of a music album making by alumni, to name a few of the many piquant creative and visual treats that await its readers. A few other highlights of the issue are an interview with the Principal of our College, a section of memoirs on two Indian poets that recently transitioned into the next realm, and graduating students remembering their College and college life fondly and poetically. The contributions were made by students, alumni, faculty and a retired non-teaching staff member.

Our heartfelt gratitude to the wonderful editorial team comprising faculty and students. If it were not for their constant support, encouragement and dedication, this edition would not be in your hands. A special mention goes to our team of student editors, designers and member, who did not leave any stone unturned to transform our vision into reality. Hats off to their creativity, diligence and hard work!

To conclude, in *Leaves of Grass*, Walt Whitman wrote: "Do anything, but let it produce joy." We sincerely hope that this edition of Vani generates smiles, wonder, awe, dewy-eyes and fond remembrances in you.

Happy Reading!

Dr. Komal Agarwal and Ms. Mohini Awasthi Faculty Editors, English Section





संपादकीय

6 साल के अंतराल के बाद वाणी पत्रिका का अंक आपके हाथों में हैं। इस अंक में हिंदी और अँग्रेजी की विभिन्न विधाओं के साथ पहली बार उडिया और असिमया साहित्य के अनुवाद को भी जगह दी गई है। विद्यार्थियों का लेखन एन्द्रिक बोधों को जीवंत कर देने वाला है। स्व की परिधि को तोड़कर पर के अनुभव वाले साहित्य के विविध आयाम सामाजिक यथार्थ बोध को तो जागृत करते ही हैं साथ ही आर्थिक ,राजनैतिक और सामाजिक वैषम्यता पर भी गहरी चोट करते हैं। विद्यार्थियों द्वारा लिखा गया कलात्मक गद्य,संस्मरण, यात्रा वृत्तांत, कविता और कहानी मानवीय संवेदनाओं की ठोस जमीन पर खड़े नजर आते हैं साथ ही राजनैतिक और सामाजिक सरोकारों के साथ आम आदमी की मनोव्यथा को बयां करते हैं।

जब अहसास और अनुभूतियों की बदली सघन होती है तो भाव और विचार एक एक झरने लगते हैं। इन्हीं विचारों और भावों को शब्द शिल्पी कलम के जिरये जब कागज पर उतार देता है तो वो साहित्य का रूप ले लेता है। साहित्य में जीवन का यथार्थ बोध और आधुनिक बोध मानवीय संवेदनाओं को गहरे तक झकझोरने का काम करता है। जब भी साहित्य का रचियता अपने आस पास के घटनाक्रम को कलम के जिरये कागज पर उकेरता है और समदृष्टा भाव से आकलन कर गितरोध और विपर्यय के दौर में जड़ हो जाने से बच जाता है।

कविता हो कहानी हो या कोई संस्मरण यानि साहित्य की कोई भी विधा हो युगीन परिस्थियों से जन्म लेती है। जब पाठक उनको पढ़ता है तो उसका मन उस साहित्य से जुड़ जाता है।साधारणीकरण का ऐसा भाव बनता है जो पाठक के मन को अंदर तक भिगो देता है। देश काल परिस्थिति के कारण साहित्य का स्वरूप भी बदलता रहता है। उदारीकरण और भूमंडलीकरण के बाद साहित्य में अनुवाद का स्थान भी तेजी से स्थापित हो रहा है।

शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज की वाणी पत्रिका में विद्यार्थियों और गुरूओं के आलेख एक साथ संकलित किये गए हैं। भाषा और साहित्य के बदलते प्रतिमानों को ध्यान में रखत हुए इसमें संकलित लेखों का गहराई से विश्लोषण किया गया है। संपादक होने के नाते मैं नवोदित लेखकों, कवियों, कहानीकारों और कलात्मक गद्य लिखने वाले सभी विद्यार्थियों को अपनी शुभकामनाएं प्रेषित करता हूं।

डॉ. महेश कुमार चौधरी संपादक, वाणी पत्रिका



I do still wonder whether a person's writing self is their realest self, their fakest self, or just a different self than their in-the-world self?

-Curtis Sittenfeld

This was a question that knocked at my mind as I delved into the writings. It is a novel feeling to place oneself within someone else's pages, someone else's

'vani,' but it is an overwhelming power to seep through another writer's words and have the privilege to work on them. It is a power for which I thank the passionate team of *Vani* who have resuscitated the College magazine and brought a cohesion of planning, enthusiasm, and art into the publication of the magazine. The pages of *Vani* are a result of the vision of our teachers, who inspired us to create a vine threading through the College.

This vine is held up by the artists who trusted their creations into our hands. I am sincerely grateful to them for gracing *Vani* with their art and providing us with an arresting experience. I hope our readers have the same compelling experience and wish for them to give as much of themselves as they take from the writers. Enjoy!

- Himani Purwar

Student Editor, English Section



If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?

-Emily Dickinson, Selected Letters

I find Ms. Dickinson's take on poetry closest to what

I generally feel about good writing. Our college magazine provided me with one such opportunity to work with some of the most prospective works, and I've tried to do them justice and bring them as close as I could, to their underlying beauty.

It has been an absolute honour to be part of the editorial team of our College's annual magazine. The supervision by our brilliant teachers and students' creativity combined with the expertise and suggestions of my co-editors has been quite helpful. The opportunity allowed me to work with some of the most imaginative and intriguing works of some of the most creative individuals from our College, where, the submissions ranged from academic articles on economy and politics to inked souls on paper in the form of poems and stories.

To conclude, I'd like to thank our college administration, the entire editorial team of Vani and the students and alumni who responded with their wonderful submissions. I hope you have as much fun reading and appreciating the works, as we did while working on the magazine, Bonne Lecture!

- Ansh Gurjar

Student Editor, English Section

'साहित्य समाज का दर्पण हैं' सरीखे लिजलिजे मुहावरों ने साहित्य का एक अर्थ में नुकसान ही किया है। हालांकि मुख्यधारा में जिस तरह की वैचारिक बहसें खड़ी की गईं अंत में उन्हें मुँह की ही खानी पड़ी क्योंकि जहाँ सिर्फ़ विमर्श ही विमर्श बहुतायत रूप में उपस्थित हो। वहाँ आलोचना का अभाव हो जाता है और इसी के साथ वैमनस्यता का निरूपण भी। सामान्यीकरण की जल्दबाजी ने विमर्शों की टांग अलग तोड़ रखी है। समाज में साहित्य के प्रति अकृतज्ञता का भाव चारणगान और फर्ज़ी व्यक्तिप्रेम में उतर जाने से प्रबल हुआ।



भारतीय भाषा के आलिम-फ़ाज़िल और दानिशमंदों ने भी इस बिगड़ रही प्रवृत्ति की परवाह तक नहीं की। वे खाये-पिये-अघाये लोग थे जिन्हें किसी बात से फ़र्क नहीं पड़ता। किव केदार से दो बित्ता शब्द उधार लेकर कहूँ तो हमारे ही युग का मुहावरा है

—फ़र्क नहीं पड़ता।

कभी त्रिलोचन ने कहा था- 'कविता से मिलता क्या है?' मगर परिस्थितियाँ ऐसी हो चलीं हैं कि त्रिलोचन ही नहीं अब कोई भी मुँह उठा कर कह सकता है- कविता से मिलता क्या है? यह बिलबिलाहट भाषा के अकाल के आलोक में है क्योंकि जिस तरह से कुपाठ, संवादहीनता और पढ़ने की संस्कृति विपन्न हुई है, कह सकते हैं कि यह साहित्य के माँब लिंचिंग का दौर है। साथ ही संस्कृति की सड़ांध में साँस ले रहे कलाबाज़ों को याद रखना चाहिए कि एक दिन उनकी यही कलाबाज़ी उनकी ही कलई खोलेगी।

नयी सदी में व्याप्त संकटों, हंता विचारधारा और विश्व में छिड़े युद्धों के बीच जब बदलाव सामूहिकता में लिक्षित हो तब उसे नए रूप में पिरेभाषित करने की आवश्यकता होती है। लगभग एक तरह से 'वाणी' के इस अंक का आना ज़रूरी भी था। यहाँ दर्ज़ रचनाओं के मतैक्य न होने में एक खूबसूरती निहाँ है। जो ज़ाहिर तौर पर हमें सुनिश्चित करती है कि युवाओं में कम-उम्मीद तलाशते लोगों के हाथ अब भी निराशा ही लगेगी। ब-क़ौल मीर तक़ी मीर:

"मत सहल हमें जानो फिरता है फ़लक बरसों तब ख़ाक के पर्दे से इंसान निकलते हैं"

जीवन जैसी विराट चीज़ को तीस सेकेंड की सनसनी में परिवर्तित करने को आतुर कुकुरमुत्ते सरीखी उग आई इस पीढ़ी में भी कुछ अपवाद स्थितियाँ बन रही हैं। जो अपनी रचना के माध्यम से इस बात की तसदीक़ करती हैं कि रीढ़विहीन, कलाबाज़, सत्ता-पोषित, छद्म राष्ट्रवादी गुटों के प्रतिरोध में अब भी कुछ आवाज़ें शेष हैं।

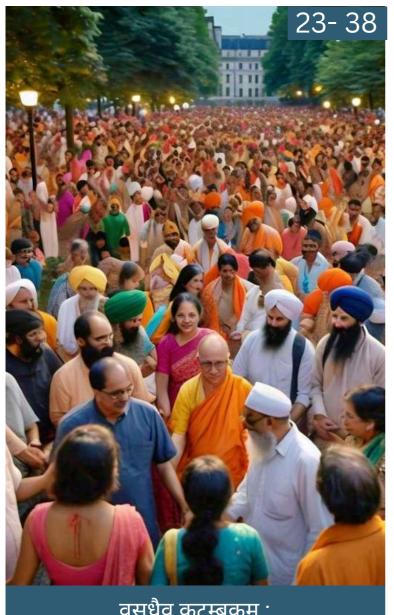
वाणी के इस अंक में संगृहीत रचनाओं के बरक्स हमारे पास और कई सौ रचनाएँ आईं। यद्यपि प्राप्त रचनाओं में कई ऐसी थीं जो हमारे मानक पर खरी नहीं उतरीं लेकिन इससे यह परिणाम न निकाला जाये कि वे निम्नस्तरीय थीं या शामिल करने योग्य नहीं थीं। महाविद्यालय स्तर की पत्रिका होने के कारण हमारी भी कुछ सीमाएँ हैं जिन्हें हम पार नहीं कर सकते। अपितु रचनाकार कर सकते हैं।

अकारण ही असंतोष के खटराग को साहित्य की परिणीति के तौर पर देखा जा है। ऐसे अनेक संभावनाशील स्वरों के प्रति हम कृतज्ञ हैं जिन्होंने इस अंक हेतु अपनी रचनाएँ हमें प्रदान की। युवा रचनाकारों का उत्साह, विवेकचेतनाशीलता, नयी-शब्दावली-निर्माण, भाषाई-प्रयोग, बिंबात्मक शैली, नये रूपक गढ़ने की चेष्टा सरीखी असामान्य गतिविधियों को दर्ज़ करने का प्रयास 'वाणी' ने सफलतापूर्वक किया है। इन सभी संयोगों का एक साथ घटित होना सुखद और तसल्ली-बख़्श है।

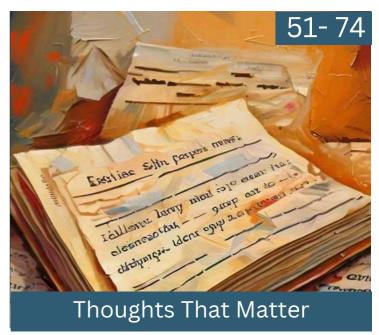
- **पीयूष तिवारी** छात्र संपादक, हिंदी खण्ड

Student Editors' Message

SECTIONS



वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम : Unity in Diversity





An Artistic Odyssey: Bringing the Mural to Life

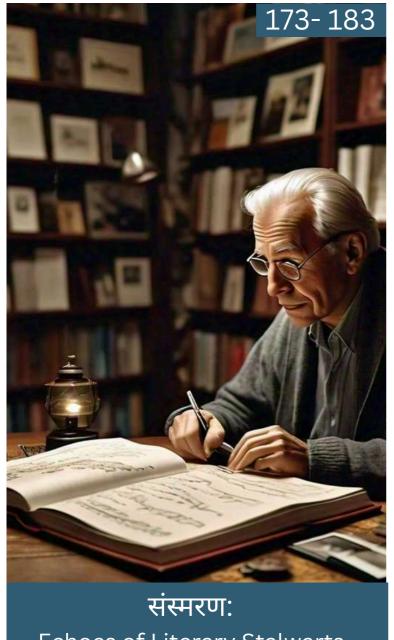
163-171



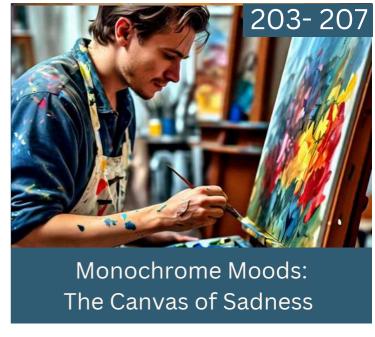




SECTIONS



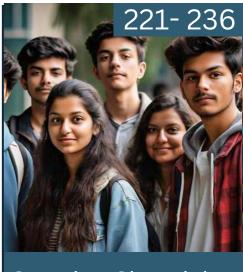
Echoes of Literary Stalwarts











Creative Chronicles of Life at SBSC

IN HOURS

Up, Close and Personal: An Interview with the Principal



Interviewed by-- Ms. Mohini Awasthi, Assistant Professor, Department of English

Mohini:

Thank you for agreeing to give this interview, Sir. You are the youngest Principal in University of Delhi, and you also have the additional charge of Shaheed Bhagat Singh (Evening) College. Everybody looks up to you for inspiration and guidance. Can you shed more light on your own background and what inspired you to take up education as a career?

Principal: Thank you, Mohini. I come from a very humble background. I was born and brought up in a government colony. My father was in Delhi Police, and we never thought that we would have this life. During all those days of struggle, there was no plan of becoming a teacher. It was only after I passed the senior secondary examinations that I thought I should earn something. Usually, students get money from their parents, but that was not the case with me. So, I thought that I should start taking tuitions.

> So, I started teaching students of standard 11 and 12 while pursuing first year of B. Com (Honours). I used to walk to their homes in slippers to teach them. I used to get Rs. 800 a month. After three months, I saved up Rs. 2400 using which I bought a bicycle. After another three months, I bought shoes with my savings. This is how I started off. Aided by my teaching, the students' scores improved, as a result of which I got more tuition offers. Meanwhile, I continued my studies too.

> During examinations, I would teach students till late upon their parents' requests. I reached home late, around 11 pm or midnight. The time for my own studies was post-midnight. I used to have dinner around midnight, and then study for 2-3 hours for my undergraduate degree. I used to get up a little late in the morning and often miss the first lecture. Even if I did manage to reach, the teachers wouldn't let me enter the class since I was late. So, I used to wait outside. The same teachers taught financial accounting in the first year and corporate accounting in the second year, and their class used to be the first class of the day.

So, when the first year ended, they asked who had scored the highest marks in their first year. They said, "Sir, it's the one who doesn't come to your class, the one you don't let in because he is late." I had topped my class!

Honestly, I didn't know how much I should study. I believe students often don't know their potential, nor do they have someone to guide them. I was studying and teaching, thereby earning a paltry sum of money. I bought a second-hand scooter for Rs. 4,000, which was eventually replaced with a bike after I made some more money through teaching. This is how I took to teaching. While I was teaching, I met more teachers, some of whom suggested that I prepare for Civil Services since I had a lot the knowledge of multiple subjects. I asked them what this exam was and how it worked. Someone also suggested that I should also take the NET exam. I asked what that was too, and they explained that upon clearing it, I could become a lecturer in a College. As you can guess, I didn't even know the difference between NET and JRF! Nowadays, there are so many channels and so much information available on the internet. Everything is only a click away! However, back in those days, most people came from lower middle-class families and they did not have access to the internet. There was no medium to find out what was happening! So, just like that, someone would guide us or suggest preparing for some exam. This is how I took the NET exam and cleared it while preparing for Civil Services.

Once I cleared the NET exam, someone suggested that I should go to Shyamlal College to gain entry into the University as a guest lecturer. So, I went there upon hearing that the Colleges in Delhi University are good. When I reached Shyamlal College, they offered Rs. 50 per class. I waited for three days, but then they told me they had hired someone else, which was a bit disheartening. However, I decided to move on.

Afterwards, they advised me to get my name enrolled in the ad-hoc panel in North Campus. It was my first time there. After getting my name registered, I joined as an Assistant Professor on ad-hoc basis in the College of Vocational Studies. I taught at CVS for 3.5 years before securing a permanent position in SBSC in 2011.

Mohini:

You are the Principal of the College now. However, once a teacher, always a teacher! We often witness you quoting from Organizational Behaviour, which has been your forte, whenever you get an opportunity. Coupled with it is your keen interest in ensuring that classes take place regularly in the College, and more and more students come to the classrooms. What has been your source of motivation in teaching?

Principal: In teaching, a significant source of motivation comes from seeing students succeed. It's incredibly rewarding when a student says they performed well because of a particular teacher! Around the same time when I joined SBSC as an Assistant Professor in a permanent position, I was also selected as an Assistant Commissioner in the Civil Services in the Income Tax Department in U.P. However, I chose to stay in teaching because I believed the impact that I could make as a teacher was much greater!

You see, I come from a rural background in U.P. where the idea of Civil Services and the prestige attached to a car with a blue light was very attractive to the villagers. When I decided to be a teacher at Delhi University, it surprised many, including my father. However, I introspected about the real impact of being a Civil Servant as opposed to being a teacher. As a Civil Servant, you can contribute significantly to policymaking and implementation. But as a teacher, your impact is exponentially greater because you educate numerous students every year, leading to geometric progression in influence.

Many of my students have gone on to achieve great success in various fields, including Civil Services, corporate roles, and the film industry. One former student, now an Air Force officer, still sends me messages on Teachers' Day, expressing gratitude for what he learned from me. These moments of appreciation bring immense joy and satisfaction, reinforcing the belief that teachers create policymakers.

Mohini:

You left Civil Services for teaching, seeing that you can have a greater impact as an educator. Now, you are the Principal of our esteemed College. What are some of the dayto-day challenges you face as the Principal?

Principal: Life is full of challenges, and facing them leads to electrifying energy! As the Head of the Institution, my focus is on three key stakeholders: students, teachers, and non-teaching staff. The main challenge is maintaining discipline while keeping everyone motivated. Balancing these aspects is crucial because trying to please everyone can sometimes compromise discipline.

> For example, we detain a few students when necessary, but also provide additional classes to help them catch up. We've worked on extending library timings and improving classroom facilities. While some students might see the Principal as authoritative, the majority appreciate the discipline and facilities provided now available to them.

> The non-teaching staff in a government institution sometimes develop an attitude of complacency. I've worked hard to instil a sense of service in them, emphasizing that polite interactions can significantly impact students' experiences. Installing cameras and voice recording at counters is one step to ensure accountability and improve interactions.

> As an administrator, making everyone happy is impossible. There will always be some discomfort and resistance when making changes that are necessary for the development of an institution. Yet, these efforts are vital for the institution's growth and improvement.

> Shaheed Bhagat Singh College faces challenges in infrastructure development due to space constraints, especially with both the morning and evening college sessions taking place in the same campus. We need more rooms and facilities, and we are working with the university administration to find solutions. Hopefully, with their support, we will be able to achieve significant improvements in the near future.

Mohini: Everyone has high and low points in their profession. Can you tell us about a milestone in your journey of which you are particularly proud?

Principal: A key milestone in my career was getting selected for Civil Services after years of preparation. However, I realized that my true calling was in teaching. My journey at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College began in 2011, and I never imagined becoming the Principal of the institution. But dedication and hard work eventually led me there.

I believe in the law of attraction, as described by Rhonda Byrne. When you genuinely desire something and work honestly towards it, the universe conspires to help you achieve it. Hard work and dedication are essential for success.

Mohini: You have told us quite a bit about your journey of becoming the Principal. How have you grown personally and professionally over the years?

Principal: Every day is a learning experience. The transition from a teacher to an administrator brings significant growth. Over the past year and a half as principal, I've learned a lot. Life as a teacher and the Principal is different; as the Principal, one's perspective broadens, and responsibilities increase manifold.

As a teacher, I might have questioned administrative decisions, but now I understand the broader perspective needed to balance the interests of all stakeholders – teachers, students and non-teaching staff alike.

Mohini: What skills and values do you think are important for students to acquire during their college life?

Principal: Colleges should be more than just degree-awarding institutions. They should help students grow through activities and events that teach leadership, budgeting, coordination, and teamwork. Delhi University's structure supports this, nurturing both knowledge and leadership qualities in students. Values are something students should focus on in their studies.

However, what is happening now-a-days is that there is intense competition, a race to advance in life, owing to which students feel that they should complete graduation just for the sake of it. They reason with themselves and realize that everyone around them is graduating, what is it that they are doing that makes them different! As a result, they enrol in some course, pursue CA alongside, or do business.

What happens as a result is that they neither grow in College nor receive the grooming that College life should provide. For instance, we are a government-funded institution. Recently, someone came to interview me and asked if we detain students. They questioned

if detaining students means that we are against them. I want to clarify that the detention is graded: if a student has attended less than 50% classes, he/she is not allowed to give one exam, if they have less than 30%, they are not allowed to give two papers and so on. Our purpose was to send a message that the government is spending money on the students, so they should be making good use of the opportunity that life has afforded them.

The College is taking a small amount as fees from students. The government, on the other hand, is spending Rs. 15,000-20,000 on each student, and yet they don't come to classes. A poor child who could have availed this benefit did not secure admission. Poor students who cannot afford educational institutions cannot reach the Colleges of University of Delhi because those who can afford it and have the money get admission here. Maybe they are good at studying and have cleared the cut-off, and are also preparing for CA or CAT. They can comfortably pay hefty fees and prepare for competitive exams too.

But in this scenario, the College seat has been denied to a poor student for whom the government is spending huge sums of money to ensure subsidized education and education for all. If students enrol in Ashoka University or other private universities, they do not pursue additional courses simultaneously. Why don't they do that there? Because they will have to pay 12-15 lakhs there. Here, in government institutions, they don't seem to care! They think that since they are getting education for a paltry sum of money, it is really nothing! They can do other things as well, alongside. Why don't students do that in private institutions? There they also have to pay hostel fees and have other financial commitments.

So, when we talk about values, I feel that understanding national values is very important. What should we do for the country? I believe it is very important to instil this sense in today's youth. What can I contribute to my country? How will my contribution matter? It's fine to get attractive packages and live a comfortable life, but are we instilling good value systems, human values and national values in children? It is very important to do that. Making contributions towards the growth and betterment of one's country and not just for oneself is what we should strive for.

Mohini:

Right Sir. As you mentioned, students are under a lot of pressure these days. Along with their programs, they have to do coaching and other things. But the society is also demanding a lot from them. Teenagers, in their formative years, feel they have to do this, that, and basically, everything. They think that if they do two to three things at a time, they will probably succeed in one.

Principal: I believe this is not about luck. Life is not about buying lottery tickets and hoping one will win you a jackpot. That approach is very wrong. Let me tell you an instance. Just yesterday, a student came to me. He was a third-year student who had secured an admission to IIM Amritsar. He had taken his final year exams and said they were asking for a provisional degree. I told him that there is no provision of a provisional degree before the declaration of the final result. If you have appeared for exams in all six semesters, we

can make a provisional certificate based on that. The degree will come eventually. He then told me that the institution is not confirming his admission without a provisional degree. We made a certificate saying that this student is good and also requested the institution not to cancel his admission. The student had taken a loan of 2 lakhs to pay the fees, but they are not ready to give him admission because the result is not out yet.

I was thinking about the student who worked so hard for CAT coaching, and now he will be given admission only if the degree results are out. If the results aren't out, the institutions offering higher degrees are not ready to wait. What's the hurry? What will we achieve with such a rush? The admission is gone, and the experience of college life that we could have provided is also gone! Sometimes, I feel that it's also our responsibility as teachers. When students say they are not attending class, I think part of the reason may be the teacher whose class the student is not attending. If people don't go to a good movie in a cinema hall, is it the audience's fault or the filmmaker's? It means the movie is not interesting, which is why the cinema hall is empty. When a movie is a hit, it's because it's good. Similarly, if a class is empty, the teacher needs to introspect. So, teachers ought to reach out to students and find out what is keeping them from coming for classes. Somethimes, the reasons could be personal, emotional, economic, and even psychological! As teachers, we need to prod further and solve the problems of students, wherever possible, so as to ensure that they resume their classes.

Mohini:

These days, numerous pressures are weighing down on the students. Sometimes they have additional responsibilities because they are growing up; they have to take care of their parents, and their parents' expectations from them also shoot up. During this time, how should they keep themselves motivated? Can you give some examples from your own life?

Principal: I wouldn't want students to follow my example in today's time because my story is totally directionless: it so happened that I kept moving forward, the path seemed like it is taking me somewhere, and I kept progressing. Back in those days, there was no concept of career counselling. Today, there are many resources available. Students should decide what they want to do and analyse their potential. Self-analysis is paramount. Additionally, willingness and ability are crucial for achieving any measure of success.

> There are two types of abilities: self-perceived ability and the ability recognized by mentors and teachers. This is why mentors are important in life; they can notice or affirm a certain quality in you. The mentor-mentee program that our College provides is designed for this analysis. Teachers are in a better position to understand you than parents, who always see their child as good and meritorious. So, if you have self-ability and your teachers acknowledge it, then it comes down to your willingness.

> Parents often want their child to become a doctor, engineer, or an IAS officer. But until the child aligns with the parents' dream and strives for it, it wouldn't be achieved. Parental and

societal pressure won't yield results. In the end, what happens is that students who took science in the 11th grade due to parental pressure or seeing neighbours' kids succeed, realize later that they cannot even pass a paper of Mathematics or Physics. Parents need to identify and understand their child's capabilities and encourage the child to move forward accordingly.

Just like prescribed doses of medicine, strictness and scolding should be balanced and necessary. Too much or too little can be harmful. I don't completely believe in giving children full freedom, in a manner in which they need no direction or supervision. Children often need direction and a small dose of strictness. Otherwise, they tend to become directionless.

Mohini: Yes Sir, since you mentioned the mentor-mentee program, I would like to add that when I got to know more about the seven or eight students I was mentoring, I became personally attached to them and was able to look into their lives with a deeper meaning, understanding their problems and helping them accordingly.

Principal: These children will never forget you if you help solve their problems. In your life, students will come and go, but you will remain their teacher.

Our Vice Chancellor often says: 'close your eyes and remember which teacher in your life inspired you the most, taught you well, and whom you liked the most.' If we think, which teachers come to our minds? It is usually a school teacher! A school teacher is more likely to come to mind because at the school level, the teacher was more connected with the students. At the College level, such a connection is not easily established. But if a College teacher can establish that connection, think about whether you can become that teacher whom students will remember fondly! If, ten years later, someone asks them who their best teacher was, will they recall your name? If they can, then you have done justice to the teaching profession; if not, you were merely treating teaching as a job.

Mohini: Generally, parents and teachers are ideals for students. However, do the students of our College inspire you in any way?

Principal: Absolutely, they do! Any person can inspire you. I had experimented with a concept—and we still practice it— called the "Sparsh Sabha" (Student Interaction Meeting), where we meet with class representatives, non-teaching staff, teaching staff, and others to discuss their problems and suggestions. In one such meeting, a student gave a very good suggestion: to collect a fund that can be used for emergency medical help or other needs for students who come from outside Delhi. I felt this suggestion was important, so we incorporated it. Along with increasing fees, we also increased the Student Aid Fund. This time, we distributed approximately 30 lakh rupees, the highest amount ever, to students who couldn't afford the fees or needed medical help.

The students give good suggestions, and we learn from them on a daily basis. Without stakeholder input, you wouldn't know what is really needed. Feedback is essential for a robust system.

Mohini: Your reputation has always been one of having an open-door policy with students. How do you stay connected with your students and understand their needs and aspirations?

Principal: The open-door policy allows any student to come and meet me. We also conduct regular meetings, such as the "Sparsh Sabha" mentioned above. We also meet with sports students, ECA students, and even have evening meetings with students through NSS initiatives. Students have told us that they didn't know that the Principal could be this approachable and would be all ears to them. This balance is necessary; just as parents scold and love their children, a teacher and administrator must also maintain this balance. You are the vanguards of the entire institution, so you must strike a balance.

Mohini: Everybody looks at you as a leader of the college. However, at the end of the day, you are also someone's father, son. and husband. How do you strike a balance between your professional and personal life?

Principal: Balancing personal and professional life is indeed challenging. My parents are elderly, I have a wife and a child, and I dedicate Monday to Friday entirely to the College. I spend Saturday evenings with my family and Sundays are for my parents. Although sometimes College commitments spill over into weekends, but I ensure that I spend at least half an hour with my family every day. Maintaining this balance is crucial, and sometimes it requires personal sacrifices.



Mohini: Do you feel that we, the students and teachers, are your family too?

Principal: Absolutely, the entire College feels like my family! Enjoying your work is essential. I have a passion for Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, and I don't want to stay home even if I'm unwell. Over the last year and a half, I've enjoyed working here because of my commitment to the institution.

Mohini: Sir, we got to know a lot about you through this conversation. My last question to you is: what are some of the future goals and projects you are excited about as the Principal of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College?

Principal: Several projects are lined up, and one of my dream projects is the construction of a huge multipurpose hall with a capacity of 1200, which will also serve as a basketball court and will be fully air-conditioned. We are also planning to construct 20 more classrooms in the College. The library renovation is in the tendering process, and we plan to build four rooms in front of it. The new library will be entirely air-conditioned and Wi-Fi enabled. These developments will greatly improve the facilities available in our College.

Mohini: Thank you Sir for taking out time from your busy schedule and talking to Team Vani.

Principal: Thank you. It was a pleasure!

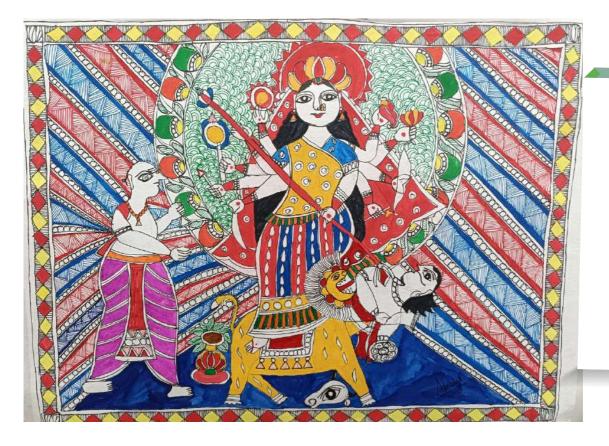




**Team Vani is thankful to the Gyan Prasad Kendra of the College for facilitating the recording of this podcast and clicking the photographs printed here. This podcast is available on the College's YouTube channel.

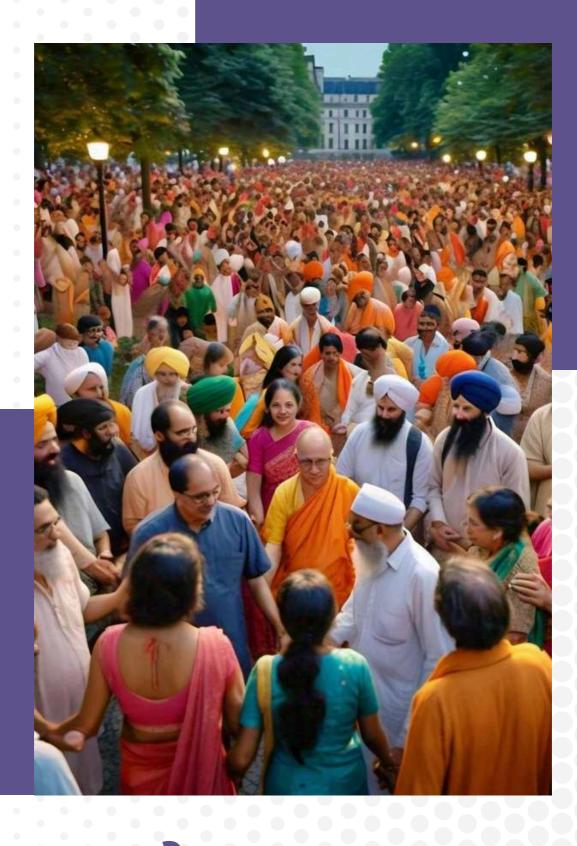
ART

BY STUDENTS



Aayushi Palak HINDI (HONS.) SEMESTER VI

Anchal Choudhary HINDI (HONS.) SEMESTER VI



वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम : UNITY IN DIVERSITY

THEMED SECTION

Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam -India's Eternal Message of One World, One Family

Sarvālokeşu ramyaṁ sadā Bhāratam, sarvadeśeşu pūjyaṁ mahadbhāratam. Delightful is my Bharat to the whole world. Respected is my Bharat in all countries.

Article 1 of the Indian Constitution proclaims India, that is Bharat. But what truly defines Bharat? It transcends mere geographical confines; it embodies a millennia-old civilization and cultural ethos, shaping not only a nation but influencing the global community with timeless wisdom and principles. In the vibrant tapestry of India's diversity lies the essence of its unity—a unity forged through shared ideals, values, and traditions passed down through generations. These ideals, encapsulated in the Hindi concepts of "vichar" and "sanskar," have not only preserved Bharat as a nation but also propelled it as aguiding light for humanity.

Amidst the complexities of the modern world, where nations grapple with existential challenges such as climate change and geopolitical conflicts, the concept of global citizenship emerges as an imperative. While economic prosperity fuels nations, it is the cultivation of global citizens that fosters true interconnectedness and cooperation. Economic development is indeed the cornerstone of a nation's strength, yet solely relying on it is as limiting as we witness in today's world. What we lack is thecultivation of global citizens. Here, the thought process of Bharatvarsha comes into play.

Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam—the ancient Indian philosophy that means "The World Is One Family." This timeless ethos transcends national boundaries, urging us to prioritize collective welfare over narrow self-interests. It beckons us to embrace diversity, promote peace, and collaborate towards a sustainable future for all. Vasudhaiva Kutumkamb, is the guiding philosophy that advocates for the creation of global citizens alongside globalized economies. Even amidst discussions on Global Citizenship within the framework of UN SDG 4, one can recognize the foresight of ancient Indian thinkers who derived this concept of Vasudev Kutumbakam. Despite the presence of ethical, social, and cultural differences, Bharat stands strong due to its deep-rooted ethos that remains relevant today. In today unipolar world, the scarcity of resources underscores the necessity of embracing Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam in contemporary times. As British economist Lionel Robbins articulates, scarcity refers to the finite nature of resources on Earth, necessitating global cooperation. Recent global crises, including the COVID-19 pandemic, have highlighted the interconnectedness of nations and the importance of solidarity in times of crisis. Bharat exemplified the spirit of Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam by providing assistance to nations in need during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam

Despite facing its own challenges, Bharat extended medical aid and vaccines, demonstrating its commitment to global well-being. As we navigate the challenges of the 21st century, the philosophy of Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam offers a guiding light towards a more inclusive, sustainable future. It calls upon nations to transcend narrow self-interests and embrace a holistic worldview that prioritizes the well-being of all beings and the planet.

In conclusion, the propagation of Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam represents an unprecedented opportunity for humanity to transcend divisions and work towards a common vision of unity, peace, and sustainability. By embracing the principles of global citizenship embedded within this ancient philosophy, nations can collectively strive towards a brighter future for all.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ansh Garg

B.Com. (Hons.) Semester IV



Under the Shadow of Sky

It is a loud noon in the blurry hustle of the market. As a car enters the crowdy market, the air becomes suffocated with the horn of the car, the bells of Rickshaws, and the curses of people around them. A girl with pimples on her dark face and with roses in her hand walks with a girl pushing herblue cycle. She smells her armpits sneakily and lowers them tightly to her thin chest, smothering the roses. A wrinkled Lala Ji is sitting in his shop, which is the last home of everything orphaned, unless alive, with his clothes on his waist (my pen turns away from the windy view below), and his hands are taking turns with the wooden fan, tiring in this heat. A young man in white tatters awaits under the drooping tree at the end of the market, standing on the balls of his heels. His neck is almost running away from his shoulders in its haste to assist the eyes to peer over the heads in the market.

And amidst this every day, a creature clings to the feet of every one and bottom of everything, overlooked by all eyes but two. A child, sifting through the garbage beside Lala Ji's shop for his meal, notices the creature. It moves as the child moves. The half-invisible fingers of the child, and his hanging head is mimicked by the dark shapeless creature. Startled thus, the child falls on the dusty ground. And the creature seeing the child also falls. The child's eyes become as big as depth of his stomach. His hesitating hands reach towards the critter but find it untouchable. The child moves his hand and the critter traces its place on the dirt-ridden ground. And just as children are, the child laughs and begins the show of hands.

The black fingers, tinged with colours of skin peeking, make the shape of the horse in Lala Ji's shop, colourful, proud and lying in the pile of his toys. As the dark shape on the ground rises to mimic the horse riding on the fingers of its delightful audience, the car turtling in the crowd, comes to a stop in the little vacancy behind Lala Ji's shop. A man with shoes so shiny that they mock the light of the afternoon sun, smart black pants, and long brown coat, steps out of the pristine white car. He lights a cigarette in his hand, throwing back his mane of hair not daring to let loose one strand. But the shiny shoes turn too late towards the drunken man lost in his dreams, smiling in this harsh heat, and they both collide. The man with shiny shoes, black pants, and long brown coat, falls on the ground, while the drunken man staggers and disappears into the crowd. Curses fly and the white car neighs and haltingly disappears into the crowd taking away the proud shadow of rich clothes now shadowed with grimy drunken grins, while the black critter on the ground mimics the ride of the horse strutting on the fingers of the child. The man in white tatters jumps and parts through the crowd, unaware that his bustle has pushed a child playing with dark shapes and interrupted his delight.

Unaware, the man stops the postman beside Lala Ji's shop and snatches away his letter. As the dreary postman cycles away, the man's fingers, trembling and rushing, tear away the shroud of white envelope. Even before the torn white pieces meet their shadow on the ground, the young man staggers and falls against Lala's shop. Lala looks at the young man and sees a youthful face of a creased paper and blotted ink, for tears were running down his face. Lala asked the man in his hoarse voice "What do you mope for?", gifting a turn of the fan towards him. And the man said with glass in his eyes, his hands hugging the paper towards his chest "my brother's home is lit by bombs....his nights of moon has disappeared into days of fire...is this his aakhri khat?...my...chitthi?..." the man's words disappear into his knees where he hides himself, and the unnoticed shadow on the ground joins him in the contorting shape, crouching and shaking.

Meanwhile the fallen boy, disturbed from his delight rises from the ground, and returns to the search of his meal. The two girls and two wheels of blue cycle whisper to each other with smiles and tittering glances around the crowd, the shadow becomes one at their feet and listens to their words, privy to the words which block the crowd. Lala ji s's eyes look around him, and his mind feels the crowd of afternoon. As he groans, and stands, his body announcing his first grand movement of the day. He bends and picks up the dusty books lying in the corner of his shop. With his tired arms he picks through the books, Bible, Dhammapada, Koran, and,...Lala's blurring eyes struggle to read,...,Bhagwat Gita- books with rigid spines, burned at one corner, a torn paper here, a list of grocery there. Lala puts these scarcely recognizable books on the dusty shelf lining, for every orphaned thing has home in his shop. A man passing by stops in front of the books. His gaze shadowed by the bush of his eyebrows, residing in the dark orbits, glances at Lala and then towards the book. Lala stares back as the man's trembling hand reaches towards the shelf. In the blink of an eye, the fingers close around the corner of a 10 rupiya note peeping through the leaves of Bhagwat Gita and he runs away with the note snatched in his hand. Lala ji still blankly stares back.

The child finally finds the treasure he has searched for the whole morning in the garbage, and just then he feels the creature at his feet joining its brethren at others feet, as the clouds above their heads crowd together. The child looks up with the same wide eyes he had first found the creature and finds the sky dark as the shadow it makes on the ground, hiding the sun, and giving grey to the crowd.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Himani Purwar

B.A. (Hons.) English Semester IV



Artists

We are all artists.

Some paint trees with clear skies,
Some cut them with a wicked smile.
Some mould mud into herding cattle
Some inject it for a purple apple.
Some work under a street light,
While some burn their eyes, all day and all night.

We are all artists.

Someone who knows how to bond,
And someone who knows how to start a war.
Only if we don't turn a bat eye on,
Carefully listen to the whispering hollows of the nature around us,
We'll understand the agonizing pain and sufferings
Of all those poor and downtrodden,
Ridden of this situation,
Just by and for us.

We are all artists.

Who have the power to build a world.
A world with humans and animals,
And plants and birds.
A vial of hope and courage is just required,
No arms and no blood.
We have the power to convert this monster,
Into a happy, liveable place called earth.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Vaanshi Agarwal

B.A. (Hons.) History Semester II



Yasudhaiya Kutumbakam

KALEIDOSCOPE

Unity in Diversity



Yasudhaiya Kutumbakam















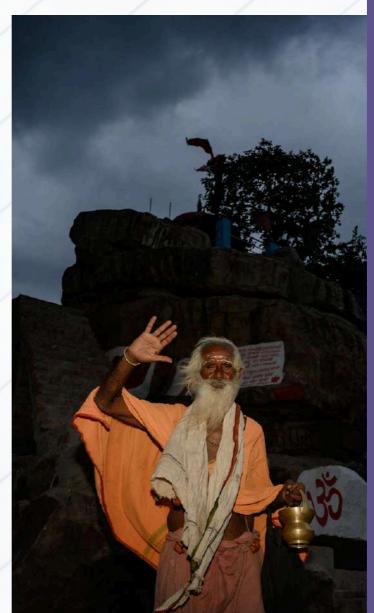


Yasudhaiya Kutumbakam











Unity in Diversity





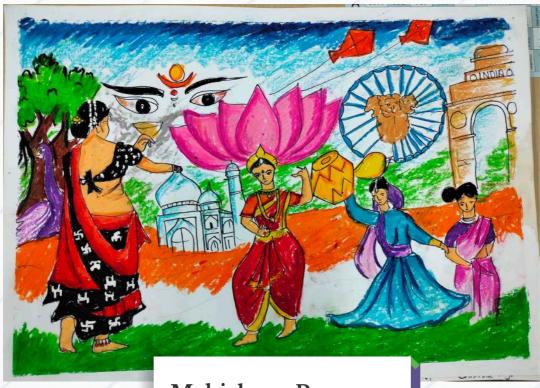








Festive Flashback: Glimpses of Divyotsav



Mahjabeen Parween
B. COM. SEMESTER II



Riya Garg

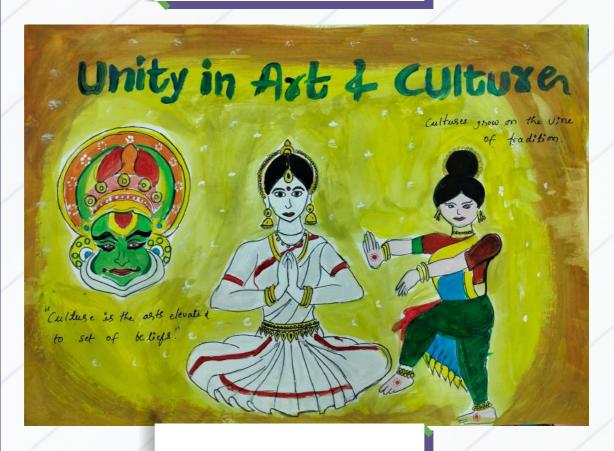
B. A. (PROG.) SEMESTER II

Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam

Unity in Diversity



Karan Singh
B. A. (PROG.) SEMESTER VI



Satyajeet Ratre B.COM. (PROG.) SEMESTER II



Chandni

B. A. (HONS.) POLITICAL SCIENCE SEMESTER IV



Monika Sharma

B. A. (PROG.) SEMESTER IV



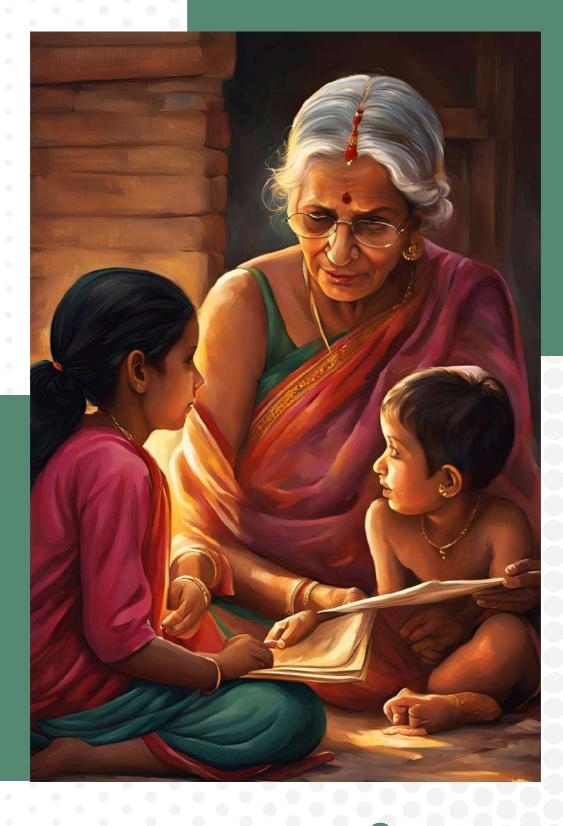
Anchal Choudhary

B. A. (HONS.) HINDI SEMESTER VI



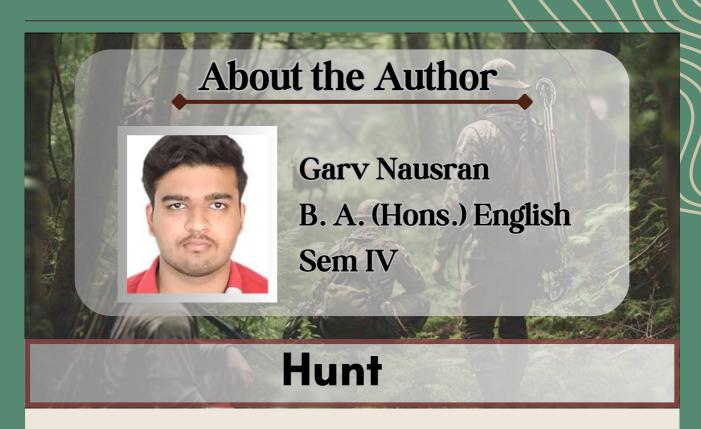
Sadhna

B. A. (PROG.) SEMESTER IV



कथा-कहानीः ECHOES OF EXPERIENCE

SHORT STORIES AND MEMOIRS



Did you hear about the killings?

A man reportedly drunk shot down almost half a dozen people with a rifle near the riverside. The beautiful claim made by him still echoes in my mind!

He claimed that he went on a hunt to kill wild beasts and the next thing he remembered was returning back to his house without anyone's head as a reward, as the group of them gathered around the injured ones, which he told shockingly without having much concerns. He carries on to say that he has been hunting for a decade now in various jungles but never saw them act like that. Can you believe this man? We were standing in a circle around him back then and one of my juniors asked him, "How do you choose your victims? Do you plan beforehand or is it random?" Our ears until then were already full of his hunting tales and we all hoped to find some clue behind his motives.

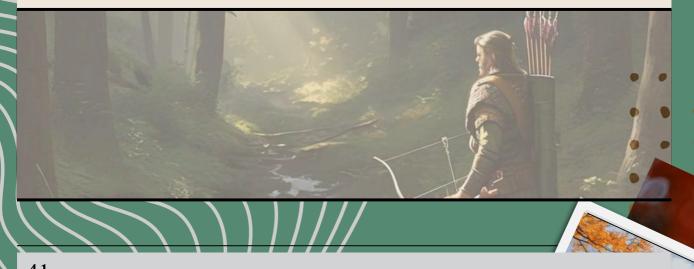
The issue we had were majorly two, all victims were random people. We could not connect any dots except a couple who were taking a walk with their kid, both died on the spot. I was not there mapping the bullet's path to his head but that bullet went across his skull leaving two holes in his head.

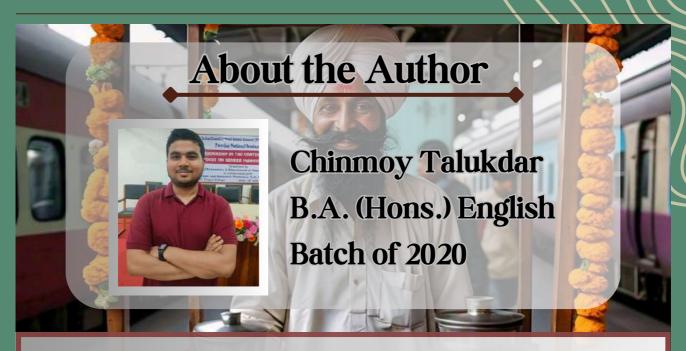
Nah, I wasn't allowed to explore if someone could see through them, but - would it not be interesting to dive into this? But I was saying something earlier. Yes- my question! The man replied, "I was once best among us but now I am not much a

hunter left. I see weird things floating in air from quite some time and my memory power is somewhat lost too. I used to hunt the best among the best of them, go and visit my collection at my place sometime. But now, I hunt whosoever seems vulnerable and an easy prey." We were absolutely certain now that it was him behind those four deaths. Everything pointed towards him - the bullet size, his mental condition, his sniping experience, his accuracy, which was as good as my own and I used to claim myself the best but never mind that. His car which was found parked near the spot was our biggest clue, we found it in wretched condition with a broken clutch wire. Though there were no witnesses or even something close to it. He claimed that he had walked to the jungle from there, not much far away, and has done this multiple time.

Yes, I went to see his collection, and it was just as he claimed. I had heard about his collection before from my uncle as well. He was his hunting mate. Weirdest animal I found was a giraffe so I guess he lost his taste and was hunting any animal now. I also want to have a fine collection, shining enough to compete his collection someday, but I am not sure about going into the jungle by myself, for I myself sometimes see weird things floating in air from quite some time.

Till the end he never confessed it but with all these proofs that we collected and looking at his mental condition, he is convicted for four years imprisonment for killing some monkeys. And would you believe it? Coincidently that same day, few monkeys were actually found shot in the jungle. He was just stupid enough not to bring one of their heads or we might have to look more for the murderer; for I knew from the start that he actually went to the jungle as I made sure of it myself.





The Tea-Seller at Ambala Station

The train halted at the Ambala station for about fifteen minutes. It was enough for me to have a sip of tea, and as I had to travel a bit more, I thought this would be the best time to quench my thirst.

I waved my hand out of the window to see if anyone was selling something to drink. Generally, in this station, a lot of vendors talk about selling a lot of eateries, but I had to seek out any tea-sellers out there.

I noticed a man selling tea outside the window in the other coach and called him. Tired as he looked, the man resembled a figure in his late 60s and talked quite little. He noticed my hand and came near my window.

"How much a cup?" I asked

"Five," he replied.

"Okay, give me a cup," I asked again.

He started pouring the tea and gave it to me once he had poured it.

I paid him the money and asked him if there was anything good to eat at that station.

He looked at me and said, "There are a lot of items outside; if you have time, you can have a look."

The train started to move, and I realised that was it for me. I managed to grab a cup of tea and begin my journey with the flow of the train. It was afternoon, and the hot wind of Ambala started to annoy me every now and then. Despite all the odds, the journey went smoothly, but there was something about the tea-seller that I could not stop recalling. There was his tone and his face, which conveyed a lot. He talked very little, wasn't even shouting like the other vendors, and had a calm and cold look on his face, which made me wonder.

I had been teaching in Chandigarh for over a year now and everytime I went back to my home in Delhi, I preferred my train journeys as I am more eager to notice the world of characters. Literature teaches you a lot of things and I make sure to notice each and every person that I meet. Not every time you meet people who amaze you more than anyone else. But this time it was different, the tea-seller had me going throughout the journey as if there was something behind his quietness.

Anyways I arrived in Chandigarh and started to begin my teaching. During the lunch breaks I would grab a chat with my mates and would chatter about our pedagogies and all regarding food and everything.

The next time I went back to Delhi, I made sure to probe into the Ambala station whenever the train halted and meet the tea-seller again. Often, I would see him selling tea in the other coaches. I used to wave at him and have tea from him. His behaviour regardless was always the same: very less conversing and quite the grim cold face.

Several weeks later, while travelling during the Diwali holidays, I caught up with the ticket collector of my train and had a laugh with him regarding the hue and rush of the passengers. Suddenly, while speaking about the passengers, the topic of the tea-seller sprung up, and I got serious.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing: it's just there is something about a tea-seller: I feel something is hidden!" I said.

"Are you talking about the one who doesn't talk much and has a very calm face?" he asked .

"Yes, do you know him?" I eagerly asked him.

"Of course I do!" He joyfully replied.

"I was first posted to Ambala station and have known him since then," he added.

"Oh! That's good," I replied.

"But I wonder sometimes why he does not shout or talk much, and I feel like there is something hidden in his silence," I added.

"And why is that?" he asked.

"Normally, you see vendors walking out there shouting and running for customers, but this man is different. I even tried conversing with him, but he did not seem very interested," I added.

The ticket collector looked at me and said,

"You know what? It is because of his past that he has run cold now."

"I once talked to him while I was first posted in Ambala, and after almost an hour, he started his story."

I grew more concerned in the conversation regarding the tea-seller and more eagerly asked, "What did he say?"

To which the ticket collector replied,

"His whole life was affected by the partition and he somehow managed to run from the riot ridden areas but his family stayed behind"

"He never saw his wife and his daughters again"

"He somehow managed to earn a living in Ambala by doing menial jobs and others even as a refugee but he never got his family back"

"It has been ages since he started selling tea in the station"

"He comes quietly in the morning and gathers his footsteps for every train. Once he is done, he leaves with that soothingness again"

"He told us that he didn't like the colors of the seasons and the sweetness of the festivities"

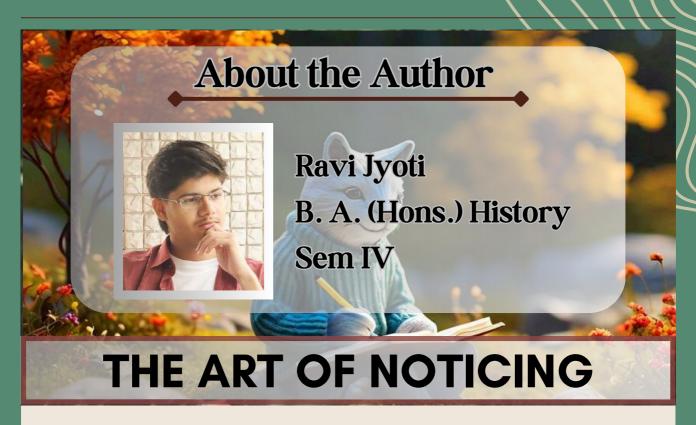
"Tears rolled down his eyes as the horrors of partition ran in his head"

"This is why he never talks much and you would not find him even smiling"

As the ticket collector finished his words, the emotions sent shivers down my spine. I was able to say nothing after that and shortly got my talks finished with the ticket collector.

Later when I came home I got time to reflect on the words of the ticket collector and began wondering a lot of things. Some people are just devoid of emotions, and now I understood why, because the situations play a very important role.

The next time he handed me a cup of tea, nothing was so curious anymore because I knew a man, I knew the silence was because of an outrageous suffering and that loneliness was equally brutal to him. I often meet interesting characters on my journeys but none might have quite an effect as the teaseller did.



There's a hollow silence in your eyes that I can't quite place and an effort in your smile that I can't fully understand. It's not the darting pain of an injured child; it's the resigned silence of a bedridden grandpa, stealing furtive glances at the hands of the clock, desperately wishing they would move faster. We are surrounded by people, yet it feels as if you are talking to ghosts, your pupils dilated and your voice box struggling. Laughter surrounds us, barely acknowledged by your lips, a forceful crescent like Atlas himself, carrying the weight of the sky.

You say a few words, barely enough to avoid drawing attention to yourself. You were all right a few minutes ago: did we say something wrong? Did we trigger something you had buried deep down, hoping to never encounter again? Or was it a sudden tsunami of thoughts, reminding you of the grim realities of your life? Or are they the ghosts of conversations, you wished to forget? At this moment, I would give anything to know, but I'm too scared of the truth. So I'll just sit here, watching, waiting and wondering

A few minutes have passed now and subconsciously, others have started to realize the void around you too, your hesitancy all too palpable. And I can see you realize that. You bury your trembling fingers deeper into your pocket and force your breathing to slow down as you plaster the most realistic grin you can muster, lean in, and speak. A few people laugh, some smile. All are fooled. All except me, who is the part of you that wished that you were discovered, for once. The conversation goes back to normal, the camaraderic continues, as you lean back

into the sofa, with dilated pupils and trembling hands, stealing furtive glances at the hands of the clock, desperately wishing they would move faster.





कौन कहता है कि मर्द रोते नहीं, रोते हैं, चुपके से रोते हैं कुछ के आँसू निकल आते हैं तो कुछ के पानी और जो बच जाते हैं उनके आँसू पलकों तक आकर उस कठोर जिस्म के मुलायम आँखों के नीचे के गड्ढों को देखकर लौट जाते हैं और लोग कहते हैं कि मर्द रोते नहीं।

मैंने उस इंसान को रोते देखा है जिसने आजतक कभी ग़म के बुराहीन पलों को अपने बच्चों की तरिबयत पर आँच ना लगने दी और हल पल मुस्कुराता रहा। अपने हर एक आदर्शों को नम्रता की सुई से अपने बच्चों के लहूँ में पिरोता गया और हर इक शानदार लम्हों को अपनी सुनहरी यादों की डायरी में संजोता गया। बाप का अस्तित्व बड़ा विकट होता है बाहर से नारियल की तरह कड़क तो अंदर से उसकी गुद्दी समान करुणामयी। भावनाओं की प्रचुरता के जैसे बर्फ़ के बगल में जल रहा सूक्ष्म अलाव।

मैंने कभी अपने बाप को रोते नहीं देखा, हाँ शायद रोया होगा उन्होंने कभी अपने बचपन के समय में कुछ ना मिलने पर या कुछ खो जाने पर, पर मेरे संज्ञान में तो मैंने कभी नहीं देखा उन्हें रोते, बस एक पल को छोड़कर जब वो ख़ुद अपने दोनो बेटों को उनके सफ़लता के सफ़र में उम्मीदों की रेलगाड़ी में बिठाने आए थें। इंसान हर एक चीज़ देखना चाहता है, छूना चाहता है, परखना चाहता है पर शायद कभी अपने बाप के आँखों में आंसू नहीं देखना चाहता और मैंने भी उस दिन वही झाँकी देखी जो मुझे ना कभी देखनी थी और ना कभी पापा चाहते थें कि उन्हें रोते हुए मेरे बच्चे मुझे देखें।

आदर्शों से लिपटी ये बाप की बापता मुझे गहराइयों तक लीन होने का संकेत दे रही थीं और मुझसे चीख-चीखकर ये बताना चाह रही थी कि:-

"बच्चे कभी अपने लक्ष्य से भटकना मत और अब रुकना तभी जब तुम्हें तुम्हारी मंज़िल खुद तुम्हारा स्वागत करे। तुम्हारा पापा तुम्हारे साथ तुम्हारे हर इक अवस्था में साथ खड़ा है।" प्रस्थान के एक दिन पहले तक हर वो चीज़ दिलाने कि प्रक्रिया चलती रही जो सफ़र के दौरान और वहां पहुंचने के बाद आवश्यक हो, पैिकंग करते वक्त सब कुछ का ख़्याल रखना -" बिस्कुट रखा?, दवाई रखा?, सेब रखें? खाना रखा? खाना टाइम से खा लेना!, बाहर का कुछ मत खाना!, इधर-उधर से कोई कुछ भी दे तो मत खाना, पानी रखा?, काजू दिला देता हूं, किस्मिश भी, खजूर भी, बादाम रोज़ भीगा-भीगा के दो-चार खाते रहना और रास्ते में कोई दिक्कत हो तो कॉल कर लेना पहुंच के कॉल कर लेना और आराम से जाना खाते रहना कोई दिक्कत नहीं।

अनाउंसमेंट बॉक्स से आवाज़ आती है!

यात्रीगण कृपया ध्यान दें गाड़ी क्रमांक 12595 हमसफर एक्सप्रेस गोरखपुर से दिल्ली रवाना होने के लिए प्लेटफॉर्म न0 09 पर तैयार है, और इतने में ट्रेन में बैठते हुए खिड़की से देखा तो पापा के चेहरे पर रुख़सती के आंसू सराबोर बह रहे थें और उनके ये अनमोल मोती मुझे अप्रत्यक्ष रूप से संकेत दे रहें थें कि लम्हों में सिर्फ औरतें नहीं मर्द भी रोते हैं उनके ख़ामोश नेत्रजल भी पूरी दुनियाँ में शोर मचाने का काम करती है।

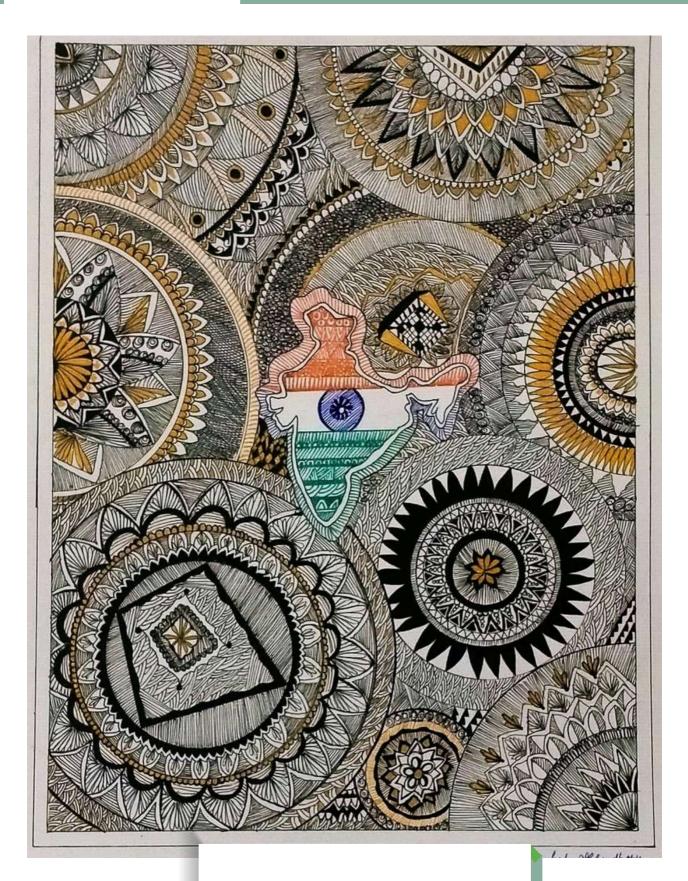
मैंने अपने बड़े भाई के आँखों में शांत आंसू भी तभी देखे थें जब झटके से पापा के आंसू मुझे अप्रत्यक्ष रूप से दिख गए थें। बोगी में जा दरवाज़े पर खड़े होकर मम्मी-पापा को अलविदा कहते हुए शांत आंसुओं की धारा सिसिकयों के ज़िरए बहाता रहा और फिर जब ट्रेन चल पड़ी तो अपनी ज़ेब से रुमाल निकाल बहते मोतियों को जलहीन किया और मुझे निर्बल एहसास ना हो इसिलए थोड़ी साहस की स्फूर्ति भर हसीं ठहाका लगाते हुए अपने कंपार्टमेंट में आकर सीट पर बैठ गया और मैं स्तब्ध बस उसके नम चेहरे को देखता रहा। एक तरफ़ मम्मी-पापा के रोदन-विलाप का मुखड़ा मेरी नज़रों के सामने घूम रहा था और दूसरी तरफ़ मेरे बड़े भाई की इस मुस्कान भरे मुखड़े के पीछे वो सिसकता बेटा नज़र आ रहा था और मैं बिल्कुल ही तटस्थ इन सब भावनाओं से वंचित था।

और तब मेरे ज़हन में सिर्फ़ एक चीज़ का परिसंचार तेज़ गति से हो रहा था कि

"" क्या मर्द सच में रोते हैं "" ?



ART BY STUDENTS



Anchal Choudhary

HINDI (HONS.) SEMESTER VI



THOUGHTS THAT MATTER

CRITICAL ESSAYS

THE NEXT BLACK SWAN: CAN WE NOW BETTER PREPARE TO ANTICIPATE RANDOM EVENTS?

All of us have read about swans, seen them, and imagined them in our thoughts as a white duck that swims in water bodies gracefully. In Hindu scriptures, white swans are seen as a vehicle of Goddess Saraswati (the goddess of education and learning). As swans are said to have the ability to distinguish milk from a mixture of milk and water, swans symbolize the power of discriminating between good and bad, precious and useless, and most essentially, right and wrong. Similarly, in Greek mythology, the goddess of love travelled in a chariot drawn by swans. So be it any culture, history, or belief, swans are associated with grace and peace and considered to be promoters of peace in the world. But if you realize, we are constantly talking about 'white' swans, but swans are swans, right? They can be of any color, and how does that even make any difference? Actually, it does make a huge difference. For instance, black swans. Immediately after hearing these words, our mind makes up a vivid image of a swan, which is black in color. But our brains don't allow us to believe that there is such a thing because, unlike some, most of us have never heard of or ever seen a black swan, which makes it unique, and it feels that their existence is unnatural or unexpected. That is very close to the actual definition of the black swan. The black swan is a metaphor that means an unpredictable or unforeseen event, typically one with extreme consequences.

If we look at the history of the origin of this metaphor, we will have to go back to 17th century Australia, where a Dutch explorer named Willem de Vlamingh discovered some black swans. At that time, people in Europe used to have the same perception that swans were white. So, watching those black swans by that Dutch explorer was an unexpected thing. Hence, the black swan came to be described as any phenomenon that occurs even when people think it is impossible. So, now we know that swans can have two extremely different meanings based on their color.

In 2007, Nassim Nicholas Taleb introduced to the world the "Black Swan Theory" through his New York Times bestseller book "The Black Swan: The Impact of the Highly improbable." In this book, he discusses the extreme impact of atrocious, unpredictable, and rare outlier events. He tried to give examples of all the black swans that ever happened in human history, no matter how small or big. The main focus of this book is to tell people about the everlasting consequences of these events on our society and our future. Hence, through this book, he tried to explain the Black Swan theory to all humankind. According to the Black Swan Theory, some unexpected events occur with a large scale of effect and some atrocious consequences for humankind. Analysing this theory, what we can call a black swan in an event must have three attributes, which are: first, that the event is an outlier or surprise to mankind; second, that the event has a major impact on society; and lastly, that human nature concocts the situations

leading to such events, and hence those could have been predicted. To sum up, to call something a Black Swan event, it must be unexpected, consequential, and could have been predicted by analysing human behaviour. Some of the unfortunate black swan events witnessed in human history include the 9/11 attack on the USA and the sinking of the RMS Titanic in 1912. The list can go on, as there have been around 40,000 such black swan events reported in human history.

Let us talk about COVID-19, that is, the coronavirus pandemic of 2019. Life was not so beautiful yet not so bad. 2019 was just like any other year till the very end of it, until news popped up of people in China fainting and dying due to some unknown disease. Within a few weeks, the same cases started coming in more countries until March, when the World Health Organization declared that our world has entered a coronavirus pandemic. It felt like that small, invisible virus pressed the pause button on the remote of our lives. Nobody ever expected that our lives would turn upside down and we would lose so many lives within a few months. While the world was learning to cope with this, an ancient French philosopher named Nostradamus became really popular in the media because he published a book in 1555 where he mentioned the onset of a deadly virus in 2020. People consider it a false prediction, and maybe the onset of fear in the world made them believe in that prediction. COVID was anything but a black swan because, if we look at human history, COVID is considered a oncein-a century virus that has plagued mankind in the past as well. Hence, it is considered a white swan but not a black swan.

Nobody was expecting the unsinkable ship, the Titanic, to sink; nobody ever thought the Chernobyl atrocity would cause so many innocent lives. Hence these unpredictable events, where no science, no astrology, no mathematics work can be termed a black swan. Prediction is to tentatively claim an event's occurrence that has never happened before. Or, in other words, claiming something to happen of which there is no previous data. The consequences of these historical events shape our future through our experiences of pain and atrocity.

If we google The Black Swan, there is a site about Black Swan Events. Here, all kinds of research work is done to try all possible permutations and combinations to come to some conclusion where we can possibly predict some of the future black swan events. Twelve ambitious MSc computer science students thought of creating this site with the motivation of researching and trying to predict and prevent the atrocious consequences caused by the Black Swan events. The tagline of this particular site is "Discovering events that matter."

Nowadays, black swan events are more or less associated with economic crises, inflation, and the and the crash of the stock market. This is because if we look at the past records, every black swan event has brought economic downfall attached to it. In the case of the sinking of the RMS Titanic, a lot of valuable goods, luxurious items, and the Titanic itself went into the ocean, and the company had to face huge repercussions for its founder. Similarly, right after 9/11,

economic growth went down along with increasing unemployment rates in America. So, these black swan events have a huge impact on the economy and are hence very wisely studied by banks and economists around the globe.

Black Swan events can be classified in terms of health-related events, just like the recent pandemic, scarcity-related events occurring in the world, and economic crises in the world. To begin with, the Center for Disease Control and Prevention gave guidelines recently for preparedness for the zombie apocalypse. This came as a shock to many of us. We always thought of zombies as fictional or adventurous in films, but thinking of a real-life situation where zombies can attack us is petrifying to another level. Yet, to be on the safer side, as a preventive measure, people did consider the CDC guidelines seriously after the circulation of news that some Russian scientists had started an expedition to find the zombie virus. Any careless act by Russia can turn the world upside down. Yet here we are, prepared as much as we can be.

Apart from that, the recent press release says that the World Bank has warned the world of a global recession in 2023. This came out as a huge issue and concern for many employees around the globe, as recently so many governments have collapsed. There has been a lot of instability in the professional lives of people and in their personal lives too, as the prices of all essential commodities are skyrocketing while salaries are increasing at a turtle speed. The Reserve Bank of India and many other national banks are already coming up with strategies to control the recession to a certain degree, if possible.

"No amount of observation of white swans can allow the inference that all swans are white, but the observation of a single black swan is sufficient to refute that conclusion." No matter how hard we try, we cannot ignore the fact that if life stabilizes for a certain period of time, there will not be any downfalls in the future. But as humans, we do know that we always need to be prepared for the worst of situations. COVID-19 has taught us that no matter how subtle life can be, it can be extremely harsh sometimes, and those are the times where we regret not enjoying and being thankful for the moments we live.

In astrology, black swans are considered a sign of robust growth and new opportunities. And I totally agree with it, for I believe that this must be the growth and determination that one gets after coming out of an excruciating and atrocious phase of life. We must not forget that even the black swan proves to be an omen for a better future. We just need to keep our eyes open for them.



Decoding Gandhi's Economic Thought in the 21st Century

Reflecting on Gandhi's thoughts on the economy: The economy is the focal point of every country, and certain economists believe that the current problems of India could be solved by following Gandhian economics. Now, whether this is true or not would require scholarly faculty! While Gandhi was not a thinker like Karl Marx or Adam Smith, he was trying to give solutions to the problems India was facing under the yoke of British rule: poverty, unemployment, exploitation, etc. As Arthur Koestler described, "Poverty in India is Fathomless," pointing to the colonial economic exploitation and the plundering of the country's resources. If we applied his economics today, it would miserably fail. But it should be kept in mind that it is owing to the then prevalent situations that Gandhi gave such a radical economic thought, which has had an inestimable impact on the Indian economy for a long time. Who could have known that a man born into a simple middle-class family would have such a huge impact on the freedom struggle of the country? There have been debates as to whether his thoughts are relevant today, and many of his ideas have been vehemently criticized by the right-wing, owing to the rise of Hindu nationalism, regarding him as responsible for the partition the country had to go through. While Gandhi did not explicitly give any economic principles, they can certainly be derived from his speeches and writings, and they continue to influence the actions and motives of left-wing people, which center around redistributing resources, called redistributive justice.

Today India is facing many problems with inequality of income being one of the biggest along with the top 10% of the population owning 77% of the national wealth as per Oxfam America report. 73% of the wealth generated in India went to the richest 1% in 2017, and 670 million containing the poorest half saw a 1% rise in their wealth. It is, therefore, imperative for us to look into his economics, and analyse whether or not it is capable enough to solve the undercurrent problems India and the world at large is facing

.

The Self-Sufficient Economy of Gandhi: Gandhi divided the economy into two types. One of them is called a parasitic economy, which is dependent on the consumption of other countries' products. The British economy was parasitic. It destroyed the economic well-being of the poor. The idea was based on the workmanship model, which meant that the people who produce goods and services should have control over them and should consume them, and no one else should have control over them. Those who exert control over it are robbers. The second and ideal type of economy is the mother economy, or service economy, which nourishes its people like a mother does. The mother economy had solutions to every problem the world was facing:

world wars, poverty, etc. Moving from a parasitic economy to a service economy would reduce violence. Mother Economy could be described in his words as "from each according to his capacity to his according to his needs," meaning that everyone would contribute to the best of his abilities and distribution would be done based on needs. Needs would outpace desires. His concept of the economy was need-based, which produced enough so that everyone fulfilled their basic needs of food, health, education, etc. For him, needs meant not only material and physical needs but also the ones that enrich one's existence. Desires lead to violence and the destruction of the world at large.

We can divide his economy based on desires and needs into two types. The first one is called the reservoir economy, which uses limited resources, and when the economic organization is based on the reservoir economy, there would be more violence. The second type is the current economy, which relies on utilizing unlimited resources and, thus, protects itself from various furies. Water in general is unlimited and would be in the current economy, but water in a bottle is limited and would be in a reservoir economy, the competition for which would lead to conflicts. Humans must use alternatives to limited resources; instead of iron, he advocates the use of wood. His economy was self-sufficient and primarily based on village industries, and was not modelled on the exchange of goods and services for money. We can also divide his product as per its use into two categories: those goods that are produced and exchanged for other goods, essentially called use-value, and the goods that are produced with the motive of exchanging goods and services and earning profits. He goes on to say that as more things are produced to supply our basic needs, there will be less violence. He disapproved of the Industrial Revolution, which had pushed so many people into poverty. He said, "If you starve people, it will lead to violence," highlighting the proletariat revolution that could result from exploiting the poor. His idea of a self-contained economy is famous, which typically means producing everything in the same village and having little scope for the exchange of goods and services. Money is the root of every problem, which depends on the production of profitable commercial crops like tobacco. He called for a sufficient economy based on exchange in surpluses, wherein one person has more of a thing and gives it to another person to get the thing he wishes, which another person has in surplus, leading to an environment of cooperation and progress. Exchange for needs through barter is good, and there is no harm in it. It is only when we have profit motives that compel producers to do everything bad that it does not matter. The more we produce luxuries, the greater the violence.

His ideas are an antithesis of the capitalist mode of economic organization, which depends upon increasing profit, and the provision of private property. The capitalist mode essentially rests on overproduction to create monetary value for goods and services. The idea has indeed led to more and more people becoming poorer and the rich getting richer. It has created deep socio-economic problems in the community, which could be taken away if we apply Gandhian economics. However, the capitalist economy can't be rejected altogether; it has its merits and

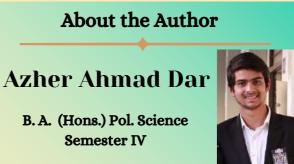
demerits. The fall of the USSR in 1991 is a testimony to the fact that capitalism is the best mode of production, and though it exacerbates inequalities, it is still preferred for its trickle effect combined with redistribution and has the potential to solve every problem.

Gandhian economics is faulty at its base and does not look into human nature, which is incentive-based and self-centered. He appears to have a moral nature of individuals defined, which has failed the test of empiricism, which looks into the actuality of things. His idea is community-based production, where there is no provision of private property and everything is produced for the welfare and needs of the community. However, everything based on needs lacks the possibility of innovation owing to the lack of motivation for producing goods in a service economy, which could negatively impact production and indirectly the welfare of people. Human nature is intrinsically competitive and works efficiently in an environment where there is a quest for increasing wealth. We can see the impact of community-based production in the erstwhile USSR, which included monopolies of production, gangster economies, and compromises on the needs of the people. He considered the popular methods of production as those robbing the poor population of its essential nature, and prices determined by the market as imperfect tools and robbing the rural farmers by consumers and the government. He considered private property to be God-given special property, and everyone must enjoy its fruits. Land should be distributed to those who plough it, and a special arrangement should be in place to facilitate the flow of low-interest loans to farmers. Agriculture was more of a social service than an occupation, and payment in kind was prioritized over payment in price, which was considered unjust for the farmer. Social justice essentially meant distributing goods in the village where they were produced, and the barter system of exchange should have primacy over revenue in money-type exchange.

Village and cottage industries: It would take 941 years for a worker in rural India to get the salary that the top-paid executive at a leading government company earned in a year, pointing to the vast disparities between rural and urban areas. Colin Clark about the cottage industries says, "If I were an Indian minister, I would say to have as much of our development in the form of a cottage industry as possible; regard the factory as a necessary evil." The quote relates to India's overt dependence on small-scale and cottage industries, which were the backbone of the Indian economy then, employing many millions of people. However, the condition we see today is disturbing, owing to the rise of the monopolistic nature of production and exchange. They are on the verge of shutdown, facing financial problems, government regulations, the cap on their investment, and other structural problems. Gandhi regarded them as the backbone of employing the largest number in the country. His idea of village industry meant that it produced and consumed goods in the same village, pointing to a self-sufficient village economy. He says, "The entire foundation of the spinning wheel rests on the fact that there are crores of semi-employed people in India. And I should admit that if there were no such, there would be no room for the spinning wheel."

There is a rise of rich people in India who are constantly eating the share of the cottage industries. According to Oxfam America, between 2000 and 2012, the number of billionaires increased from 9 to 101 due to their economies of scale in buying small firms. What is particularly worrying in India's case is that economic inequality is being added to a society that is already fractured along the lines of caste, religion, gender, etc. But are cottage industries a viable option for economies? If we look at their potential to employ a large number of people, that is morally right, but the long-term impact would not be desirable. Cottage products are usually expensive compared to those produced by machines, thus reducing the demand for them. If we were to go along these lines, with no alternative to procuring machine-made goods, the poor would have become poorer, and it would have been difficult for them to get their basic needs fulfilled. Gandhi once said that it is this industry that has the potential to go global, which seems wrong today given the price of its products and the problems the industry is going through.

Conclusion: Gandhi's economic thought continues to influence the economies of various countries; however, it is replete with various inefficiencies. He tends to ignore cities and wants the development of villages at the expense of urban areas, which eventually leads to inequality, which he is opposed to. He is thus himself opposed to his idea of reducing inequalities as much as possible. Cities are a non-sine quo of each country, and they are centers of economic growth, and the development of village areas is dependent upon them. The large-scale migration of rural people to urban areas is a testament to the fact that urban areas are more effective comparatively, and they are hubs of employment than villages. Gandhi was also critical of industrialization, which exacerbated structural inequalities, but industries have made life easier, though they have increased inequalities. He seems to be critical of globalization for its egoistic nature, which, however, has been a tool for emancipating people through the exchange of employment, etc. No country is itself self sufficient; there is a comparative advantage principle underlying the international trade of goods and services, which is beneficial for every country. Globalization has made life convenient and has produced goods like railways and airways, which have decreased the labor and time involved in doing things. So it could be that, though his ideas are still debated, they have largely become irrelevant. However, they offer solutions to the problems.



Magahi: The Forgotten Language

Language is a defining feature of humankind, a trait so unique it is not found in any other species in this rich and varied world. It is a fundamental quirk which makes us human. It is also inseparable from culture; languages are the heart and soul of a culture and by extension an extremely important part of any person's identity. In the words that from the language is stored the legacy of our forefathers, the lives, and experiences of a people, their glories, and their failures, everything. In his story, "The Last Lesson," Alphonse Daudet wrote, "When a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language it is as if they had the key to their prison." The quote perfectly encapsulates the strength that languages possess.

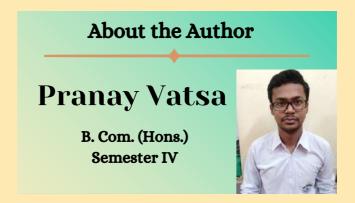
But what if, that language, that fiber of one's identity, is degraded and ridiculed? For languages, as they are so closely intertwined with humans are also defiled by the whims and constructs of humans. Discrimination is one such institution which they have fallen prey to. Linguistic Chauvinism as it may be called, the belief that your language is better than all others, is almost omnipresent.

Now, after all that, I introduce you to Magahi, the tongue of the people that reside in the Magadh region of Bihar. The very same Magadh which was the heart of the first empires that the Indian Subcontinent saw. But history has not been kind to it. The language is dying a very slow death. Magahi shares the state of Bihar with two other major regional languages, Bhojpuri and Maithili, languages who are relatively doing very well. The Bhojpuri language boasts of a ₹2000 crore film industry, the reason it is also the most recognizable language to a non-Bihari. Maithili, according to the 8th schedule of the constitution, is one of India's 22 official languages. Magahi in stark contrast lacks both, the soft power, and the backing of the state. It gets overshadowed by its two large and very popular neighbours. To pile onto the misery, in the Government of India Census in 1961, it was clubbed under Hindi, threatening its claim as an entirely different language, demoting it to a mere dialect. To be forgotten.

The tongue is considered vulgar and uncivilized by a certain echelon of society, unfit to be spoken by the refined and educated gentlemen of the city. A language spoken by the boor and the illiterate. It has been given a slightly different name by the educated, Magadhi, they call it. Urbanization is ever-increasing, and with it also grows Hindi's influence. As people immigrate to the cities for employment they are greeted with sneers and contempt, forced to change they start forgetting. This language is termed as 'Dehati,' which can be loosely translated to mean 'of the village.'

But this cannot be further from the truth, Magahi along with Bhojpuri, Maithili and many other languages is a descendant of Magadhi Prakrit, the language believed to be spoken by Gautam Buddha and Mahavira. Among its descendants, Magahi is considered to be the closest to Magadhi Prakrit. Boasting a rich cultural tradition of folk and devotional songs, although it lacks in written literature. Many songs sung during the Chatth Puja, the largest and most important festival in Bihar, are composed in Magahi.

Everything is not bleak, there have been recent attempts to steady the fall, the government of Bihar has plans to introduce Magahi along with Bhojpuri and Maithili as mediums of instruction in elementary schools. In 2018 the Government of Jharkhand awarded Magahi along with several other languages the status of an official language. But one of the first steps required to bring about a meaningful change is to de-club it from Hindi, as a separate language. A person should never face a choice between his identity and the chance at a good life, both should not be mutually exclusive. He should not feel uncomfortable expressing himself in his language, especially in his own country. He should not feel ashamed of speaking the tongue of his ancestors, carried throughout the annals of time. It should not be forgotten by the very people who should have been its custodians.



HOW INDIANS PERCEIVE WOMEN

Ms. Sarita is an independent woman. She is a PGT in a private school in her hometown. She's also married and has a lovely family with two children. Her husband is a financial advisor and is his own boss. Both contribute equally to the finances of their household. But when it comes to the household activities of everyday life, like cooking, doing the dishes, cleaning the house, or washing clothes, Sarita manages it all. Her husband has no contribution. One day, when she asked her husband to help her do the dishes, her mother- in-law interrupted and told her that as a woman, she should be doing all the household work and a good wife should never bother her husband. Her husband didn't defend her, and thus, Sarita remained silent and continued with her work. This is an example of a typical Indian household of this age. People in our society have created certain stereotypes around women, and expect all women to adhere to these 'rules' or stereotypes. Every individual may have different perceptions about women, and how they should conduct themselves. But we can categorize Indian society into three major sections, based on how they perceive women.

The first section consists of the people who believe that women and men are equal and they should get equal opportunities in every field, and their share should be equal in all work, be it household work, or a role in the office. These people do not believe in any stereotypes. They respect women the same way they respect men, consider women to be worthy of all roles and positions, and don't expect them to behave in one particular way. They think that all women should be independent to make decisions of their own, without any external influence. These are the people we often call the 'Feminists.'

The second section consists of people who consider men to be superior to women and are considered more agentic, while women are expected to remain at their homes and lookafter their families. This section usually consists of people in the older age groups, with an orthodox and backward mindset. They don't believe in the ideas of education for women, having careers of their own, and being self-reliant & independent. The birth of a girl child isn't celebrated; rather they believe that girls are a burden on the family and should be married off as soon as they come of age. However, we cannot entirely blame these people for their conservative mindset. They learned what they saw in their homes as children. Their fathers, and grandfathers treated the women in their family in a certain way, and they started following their footsteps, without even thinking if it was the right thing to do or not. There exists a third section in our society, which is the least talked about. People in this section are not opposed to women getting equal chances as men, neither do they want women to be dependent on others, but they do believe in the stereotypes as far as women are concerned. They support the upliftment of women in society, but also restrict them from doing what their hearts want, and

instead have a set of 'unsaid rules' that should be followed in order to be considered a dignified and respectful woman.

This section of people wants a woman to have a professional life but prioritize her husband over her career; sit in a certain way; laugh in an 'appropriate' manner; wear something that the society considers 'appropriate'; and behave in a particular manner, which other people approve of. A woman is not allowed to do even the simplest things of life, the way she likes. Whereas, men are never told how they should sit, talk, or laugh, by these people. People in this section also associate women with certain roles. For example, all the household work should be done by the woman of the family, as we saw in the case of Sarita's household. Women are also expected to get married by the age of 25-27, and bear children, even if they don't want to. A report by Ashoka University found that 50% of working women in India leave their jobs at the age of 30 to take care of their children. Most of these women quit because of societal pressure and fear of judgment. Whereas, it is a rare case in India where men quit their jobs to look after their children. If a woman fails to adhere to these rules and does as her heart wants, she is considered 'unladylike' and 'unprincipled'; and she ends up becoming a topic of gossip among the people of this section.

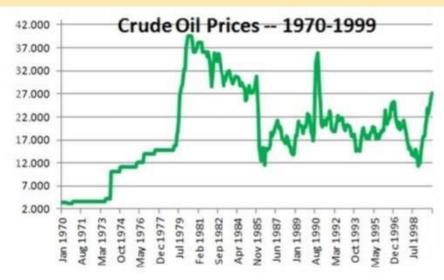
Nevertheless, women today are more knowledgeable and aware. They are learning to speak for themselves and break the biases of society. As a member of our society, we should encourage women to achieve great things rather than imposing such rules on them. It's high time that people stop stereotyping women and let them live their life without any fear of judgment. Every individual in our society, irrespective of their gender, deserves to be treated with respect and should be allowed to live their lives as they desire. After all, our society can progress only when our mothers, daughters, and sisters are safe, secure, and capable of fulfilling all their dreams.



The Art of Geopolitical Strategy: Safeguarding Firms in an Unpredictable World

It is an era of globalization which is marked by interconnected economies of the world. The geopolitical situations which are posed by the tensions between the nations and ever-changing global economy lead to both opportunities and threats for the firms who are operating on the global scale. Then it becomes very necessary for the firms to take sustainable measures so that they can safeguard their organisation in the long term. Firms who fail to recognize that how these risks would be navigated, find themselves in a very vulnerable situation.

Understanding the effect of geopolitical changes can be easily understood by delving back into 1973 when The Organisation of the Petroleum Exporting Countries raised the oil prices by 70 percent and the economic activity in the entire world slowed down. Safeguarding themselves was the most important task for the oil firms Therefore, with the passage of time several firms have taken many steps to reduce the impact of the price increase posed by the OPEC nations. For example, ONGC Videsh Limited [OVL] an oil firm started engaging itself in several strategic partnerships and alliances such as with Russia through SAKHALIN-I project which involves oil and gas exploration in the northeastern island of Russia. This helped them to secure energy resources from diverse geographical locations instead not only relying on Arab nations for the supply of crude oil.



If we now look to a current situation of geopolitical change which is happening around the world, it is of the political tensions which are rising between India and Maldives. Relating this fact as an opportunity and threat for the firms is the question which needs to be answered. This

political change between the two countries closed and opened many opportunities for the firms which are associated with the tourism industry. So, nowadays firms are taking several steps to turn this threat into an excellent opportunity. For example, most of the firms related to tourism have started promoting the packages of Lakshadweep in the place of Maldives to attract the consumers and earn higher profits. Also, companies like Ease My Trip have even suspended all flights and hotel bookings to Maldives to attract the sentiments of the people of India and increase their customer base.

Since we all are aware that in present the geopolitical dynamics are changing between the countries every day, so it becomes particularly important for the firms to take some permanent measures which could help them in reducing the impact of that geopolitical change. One of the permanent measures which every firm should take and currently which the firms is also opting is of building strategic partnerships and alliances with the other multinational corporations because it emerges as a powerful tool, providing avenues for market expansion, resource sharing and risk mitigation.

Strategic partnerships and alliances open many opportunities for the firm such as market expansion by collaborating with local partners, companies and acquiring their partner's market knowledge, regulatory landscape, and consumer behaviour. Strategic alliances also allow firms to access complementary resources such as technology, intellectual property, manufacturing facilities, distribution networks and can also acquire their research and development expertise. Partnerships can even lead to cost efficiencies through economies of scale, for example they can share their infrastructure, distribution channels, and joint marketing efforts which can reduce their costs drastically, improving profitability.



Most important aspect which arises out is the firms risk management ability and future scenario planning about the changes and the possible changes which arise out from the geopolitical changes happening around the globe. Sharing risks can be a significant advantage

for the firms, which can be through alliances or strategic partnerships between the firms, or by entering a new market, launching new products, and by undertaking major projects which are aligned with the current situation around the globe. This also helps a particular firm to enhance its competitive position in the global market.

If we go back in time, then we can recall that how Tata Consultancy Services [TCS] has successfully managed the risk arising out from the geopolitical changes which includes the change in the immigration policies and movement of skilled talent across the boundaries of India. They used various strategies to reduce the effect of this geopolitical change by diversifying their client base across different regions and industries. Also, establishment of robust global workforce in various countries helped TCS to adapt with the immigration policies and talent availability in different regions. In this way only, other firms are also rapidly modifying their policies to reduce the impact of geopolitical changes around the globe.

Creating a structured approach for tackling the uncertain future scenarios can function as a shield for the firms. This can be done with the help of scenario planning as it helps in responding to the uncertain situations effectively. It is particularly important because in most of the situations the time to respond or act to a particular situation is extremely limited and to answer the complex challenges of the geopolitical world demands great amount of time. Like if we talk about a famous smartphone brand which is Nokia, then everyone is aware that how its market share declined because it had not done any sort of scenario planning for the upcoming challenges which it could face in the future.

Mastering the art of geopolitical strategy is a paramount for safeguarding firms in an unpredictable world because the dynamic nature of global politics and economics requires firms to adopt a comprehensive and initiative-taking approach to seize the opportunities which arise due to the changing environment in the geopolitical world. Principles such as adaptive business models, strategic partnerships, scenario planning and risk assessment are some of the key aspects that if followed by the business firms would highly benefit them in reducing the impact of the changes in the geopolitical world. Therefore, business firms must continuously monitor the global landscape, engage with governments and stakeholders, and adapt their strategies to thrive in an ever-evolving environment.



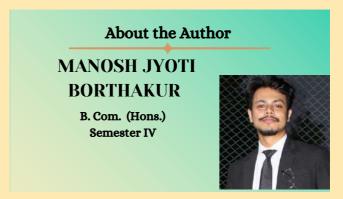
India's Youth and the Idea of *Viksit Bharat*

India, a tapestry of diversity and a symphony of diverse traditions, has embarked on a journey to make it a paradigm of advancement or development. The idea is termed as "Viksit Bharat." It signifies the vision of a developed India comprising a collective aspiration for progress, prosperity, and inclusive growth. India, being the pivot of economic evolution in the South Asia region, has always shown its potential to become an economic powerhouse of the world. The idea of "Viksit Bharat" depicted in the recent times has shown the proclivity of the nation with a sprinting pace to make India a developed country by 2047.

A nation's future is in the hands of the youth and the youth implies a promise for a better tomorrow. While conceptualising the idea of "Viksit Bharat', the role of the youth cannot be taken aside. The youth of India is actually the apparatus for accomplishing the goal of a developed India. When it comes to "what role the youth will be playing", we should understand the basic roles as citizens of this nation. As students, nothing but a revolutionary education can make the deal. The contemporary ideas of the youth somehow stand in contrast to the conventional education of the country and knowing it is very important for the policy makers. The National Education Policy (NEP)-2020 has been brought forth to make the revolution, but the crowning achievement is something impossible without the efforts of the youth. The youth is supposed to share the execution related ideas at least at their individual levels be it in schools, colleges or universities. The idea of "Viksit Bharat" seeks for the youth's critical and logical thinking to make new inventions and innovations in every field. The empirical examples set by the youth over the years have already unveiled the potential of the country to make it happen.

The youth needs to play the role of entrepreneurs of the country shaping new business ideas and modern contentment of the world. The manifestation of mercantile skills is very necessary to lead India as an economic superpower of the globe. The youth should focus on attaining real-world entrepreneurial skills and try out with zeal. Quality like risk management, finance and other relevant things should be taken care of. The youngsters have the responsibility to make new innovations in the fields of science and technology, business etc. which narrow the complexities of the world. Solving problems on the ground is essential to learn new things which can make our view augmented to nurture the concept of "Viksit Bharat."

The youth should play another crucial role in transforming the poor rustic life into a standard of living without harming the countrymen's origin. The people of the soil are to be changed with new ideas for agriculture, awareness for a better knowledge house and a planned initiative to let them live a life of their wants! In conclusion, the youth has a specific role in every aspect of their lives to make the idea of "Viksit Bharat" happen. Over and above, the integration of learning, applying and solving attitudes of the young generation can build up India a nation of economic strength, political power, technological advancements, social progress and a horizon of hope to the rest of the world. Meanwhile, the youth should not forget the idea of sustainability and environmental commitment to foster a growth where India displays a 'Viksit' form. It is not just an economic goal but a shared commitment to building a prosperous and harmonious nation for generations to come.



The Power of Her Narrative: Shifting Paradigms and Redefining Women's Narratives in Mythology Retellings

Mythology, with its rich tapestry of gods and goddesses, heroes, and monsters, serves as a mirror reflecting the hopes, fears, and dreams of humanity since time immemorial. From the ancient Hindu epics to the majestic stories of Greece and Rome, the mystical legends of the Far East, and the enduring folklore of indigenous cultures, myths form the cornerstone of our collective imagination, offer insights into the mysteries of creation, the nature of existence, and the complexities of the human psyche. I am still reading some original texts, but to get a different perspective, I also attempt to read something called, a *retelling*, which amalgamates fictitious liberty as a powerful way. I've read many mythology fictions and retellings, from Norse, Greek, Hindu to Celtic. The number is enough for me to predict the direction the story will go in, and the path it will choose. This also comes with knowing the tale passed on to human ears, stories told over the years.

Nevertheless, the story is always of the hero. Be it Ram, Krishna, Achilles, Thor, Baldur, or Aengus. My mind wandered to know the whys of the women in these legends. Were they just to act as support, as a means, as a fuel for the saga to move, indeed driven by the male characters?

However, in recent years, there has been a notable shift—a reclaiming of the divine feminine, a reimagining of ancient tales through a lens that celebrates and empowers women. This essay embarks on a journey into the realm of women-centric mythology retellings, exploring the resurgence of goddesses, heroines, and matriarchs who defy convention and rewrite their destinies. I present reviews of the three recent books I read in the genre.

The Forest of Enchantments by Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni

Many will come after me with axes but I was vexed with the *Ramayana*, never enjoyed it. I was furious and being a girl, then a woman it only increased. Although I have started to read the Valmiki *Ramayana* and some of it has been pacified, still that anger stays, maybe because I am a woman.

I was the child in the living room who raised questions and criticized all the morals and protocols the Ramayana played on the screen. I was the child who without fail interrupted her elders in their stories of the Ramayana by asking blatant and unacceptable questions.

Every time I watched or read a *Ramayana* adaptation, I was uneasy and that is why I refrained from continuing the retelling or adaptation. When Sita embraced every misfortune in her life with a smile of lotus and silence of midnight. It was a consternation to me. Not to mistake it with faith, I am an ardent believer in gods and goddesses and their incarnations. But, taking birth as humans, the gods and goddesses possess some flaws and morality quotients. Why do we try to find a pass, a reason to justify their actions? Ram asks Sita to walk into the fire because the real Sita is safe with Agnidev and standing before him was her illusion. If we read Valmiki Ramayana, it says that Ram never doubted Sita for a second, the *Agnipareeksha* was to prove her chastity to the world, so that the world dares not question her. Shree Ram as I see him, was a king and *Maryada Purushottam* before he was a lover or father.

How can she?

She silently accompanies her husband into a forest for an exile of fourteen years! There must have been a fury in her heart when she discarded those silks and embraced deer skins on the day of her coronation as the queen. Walk into a pyre of fire to prove her chastity and held his hands who asked her to enter fire. I refuse to believe it. Abandoned by the father of the twins in her womb she silently goes into the forest. I refuse to believe it. Though it is said that *Uttar Ramayana* was a later addition

Sita was a woman who was the epitome of strength, gentleness, love, forgiveness, forbearance, and calmness. Or was she made of Ahalya's stone? Maybe like Mandodari who silently accepted her husband's cruelty? Perhaps Urmila she was to bear separations? There is a Sita in every woman of the *Ramayana*. Sita must have cursed. Sita must have yelled. Sita must have fought. Sita must have reasoned and debated. Sita was a human, a goddess incarnated, but a human too.

Circe by Madelline Miller

Coming to *Circe*, to begin with, it's not just her story. It is the story of every girl growing into a woman. She is naive, unwanted, innocent, curious, and timid, and after long years, she is taming lions and bending the nature to her whims and will. She gnaws on her own heart, and her desires and walks a path of thorns to stand on the mountain cliff.

My information about *Circe is* limited. I had read her in *The Odyssey*, the havoc, the chaos there. The bards portray her as a villain, a cruel dark witch who seduces, goes insane in love, and turns men into pigs. It is only quite enigmatic and fresh that I read this book about the

witch when I don't know much about her. Unquestionably, I researched more about her. This is my first Madeline book though, and I must say that she embodies whoever she writes about.

I could find parts of myself in *Circe*, and I know for sure every other person who read this saga did. *Circe* treads on every path of womanhood, she becomes everything. Not for a moment I felt that the words I was reading were not written by *Circe*, this was the power. In the other mythology retellings I've read, particularly Greek, there was a subtle sense of familial/ kin, divinity, a godly allure and element in it. But *Circe* was like a brutal reality. "Only that: we are here. This is what it means to swim in the tide, to walk the earth and feel it touch your feet. This is what it means to be alive." *Circe* made me feel about life, to think about life, to know real life.

Sarasvati's Gift by Kavita Kane

There is not much talked about Saraswati. There are many myths about Saraswati. There are many misconceptions about Saraswati.

If you step out to research and know more about the goddess, the goddess of wisdom, knowledge, art, music, literature, and voice, you'll find fewer resources compared to other gods and goddesses in the triumvirate. In the same vein is her spouse Brahma, whose lone single temple is found in Pushkar, Rajasthan, and nowhere else.

Surprisingly, Saraswati and Brahma are the creators and creativity. It leads me to wonder why are they shrouded and veiled with a mystery, formless, unpredictable. Finding books and authentic information around them is not easy. Even in retellings and adaptations, you will not find them centering around the concerned. They are depicted as dainty, philosophical, and very textual rather than highlighting the traits and attributes.

Is it because of the information, which is either less or which is dubious?

Some texts mention an incestuous relationship between Brahma Saraswati, the father and daughter. It hints towards the infatuation of a creator towards its creation. The incest is solidified with Brahma being depicted as an old man with white hair and, a long beard and Saraswati as a young, serene woman. You will not fail to notice even in adaptations, they've their separate *asana* the white lotuses, while others in the triumvirate are not. Vishnu and Lakshmi share the same *Sheshnaag* as their seating. Shiva and Parvati are shown sitting together on Kailash Parvat. Romanticization and romanticism are absent in the creators.

Rigveda is the first Sanskrit text to mention Saraswati. Vasant Panchami celebrates her bestowing the gift of art, music, voice, sound, literature, and knowledge to the earth and some even celebrate it as her birth.

At long last coming to *Sarasvati's Gift* by Kavita Kane, at some level helped me quench my thirst to read more of a sentimental and an emotional, romantic version of Brahma Saraswati. I have always imagined Brahma as a young, fair- and light-haired god who is brimming with knowledge, who spoke the Vedas, and who is responsible for the creation. Saraswati is his creativity, she inspires him, and her passion, and boldness, create creativity with him. It is known to everybody that this is an attempt of a fictional retelling, full of liberty in the same area, but somehow it stays true to the imagery some may have created in their heads.

In conclusion, these women-centric mythology retellings may not stay entirely authentic to the original texts, they may be the perspective of the author, which will resonate with many on the psychological and emotional terms, but they open doors to new possibilities. By putting women at the forefront of these ancient stories, they show us the strength, wisdom, and importance of female characters. These retellings challenge old ideas about gender and inspire us to see women in powerful roles. They remind us that everyone's story deserves tobe heard and valued. It becomes evident that these narratives transcend mere storytelling. The women-centric mythology retellings inspire us to envision a world where women's voices are not only heard but also celebrated, where their stories are not confined to the margins but occupy the center stage.



राग गाँधी मल्हार

वह मुख— अरे, वह मुख, वे गाँधी जी!! - मुक्तिबोध

दुर्घटनाग्रस्त सड़कों, जननायक-रिहाई-केंद्रित धरना-प्रदर्शनों के बीच। (कु)भाषणों और पाँच वर्षों में एक बार आने वाले लोकतंत्र के महापर्व की उत्सवधार्मिता सीमापुरी से होते हुए मध्य दिल्ली में घुसपैठ को आतुर थी। यह वही वक्त है जब सालभर टर्राने वाले मेंढ़कों में जुकाम की शिकायत बढ़ रही है। आम भारतीय शहरों की तर्ज़ पर कनॉट प्लेस में खड़े खिलहर तमाशाबीन— 'भैयाजी कहीन' जैसे फूहड़, सत्तापोषित, उन्मादी-शो की गैर-ज़रूरी बहसों में खुद को स्थापित करने पर आमादा थे।

विश्वविद्यालयों में गर्मी इस कदर चरमोत्कर्ष पर थी कि उनका पतन शीघ्रपतन से भी शीघ्र हो सकता था। अपनी दोगली नीतियों, हिंदी विभाग से अन्यमनस्क की भावना— किसी बंगाली बाबा के चूरन के इस्तेमाल के उपरांत भी ठीक होने का नाम नहीं ले रही थी। गुप्त रोग के विज्ञापन सरीखे विश्विद्यालयी मीटिंग के इश्तिहार पूरी दिल्ली में चस्पा थे। वाइस चांसलर आसमान-आसमान चलने की ख़ुदयक़ीनी में मुब्तला थे— और धरती नापने जैसी बातों में उन्हें कोई दिलचस्पी नहीं रह गई थी।

विश्विद्यालयों में प्रेम ढूंढने वालों की जगह आरक्षित हो रही थी। चेहरे पर सफ़ेद दाढ़ी में खड़ा पुतला किसी तानाशाह की याद दिला रहा था। मधुमेह की तरह सामान्य आत्ममुग्धता से पोषित

जननायक—गोह की तरह अपनी जगह पर चिपका बैठा था—िकतना भी छेड़ो, दुरदुराओ, अपनी जगह से टस से मस नहीं। वह साँपों के बीच गेहूँमन और लोगों में होरहोरवा हो जाना चाहता था। इस नृशंस शहर में आग इतनी थी कि अपनी कविता में कोई भी मुक्तिबोध— 'बेहतरी की ख़ोज में ख़ुद को झुलसाने में अक्षम था।'

राजधानी में धर-पकड़ की सुनियोजित कार्रवाई, इलेक्टोरल बॉन्ड की ख़बरों, अति सामान्य हो चुके हत्या-बलात्कार जैसे (कु)कृत्यों की ऊहापोह के बीच— 'तीस जनवरी मार्ग' स्थित 'गाँधी स्मृति' जाना हुआ। चारों तरफ़ सरकारी अभिजात्य का दख़ल था। पूँजीपित के.के. बिरला द्वारा घर के साथ बेचे गए पेड़ों पर बैठे पंछियों की ध्विन में 'वैष्णव जन तो तेने किहए' की धूम इतनी थी कि— पिरसर में फैले गांधीजी के महात्म्य को अलग से रेखांकित करने की जरूरत नहीं मालूम हो रही थी। सब कुछ सुरम्य, सब कुछ शांत—ठीक अभी-अभी हत्या के बाद वाली ख़ामोशी।

प्रवेशद्वार पर स्थित शिल्पकार श्री राम सुतार कृत गाँधी जी की मूर्ति के ठीक नीचे सुंदर अक्षरों में लिखा था— 'मेरा जीवन ही मेरा संदेश है'। हालांकि गाँधी जी ने यह कहते हुए कभी नहीं सोचा होगा कि— वे विचारों से ज्यादा स्मारकों में पाये जायेंगे। पक्की इमारतें उनकी स्मृति कम प्रदर्शनी ज्यादा लगेगी— जो देश-विदेश से आने वाले सैलानियों के लिए लहालोट होने और सरकारी तंत्र हेतु आंकड़ों में इज़ाफा पाने का कारण बनेगी।

लोक के फर्जी लालित्य से संक्रमित, उबाऊ और कामचलाऊ गाइड ने सर्वप्रथम हमारे सम्मुख समूचे परिसर का कु-पठित आधा-अधूरा ब्यौरा प्रस्तुत किया। जिसे सुनकर दृश्य परम्परा से अपरिचित सूरदास भी नक्शे पर घाव के पठार बड़ी आसानी से पहचान सकते थे। उनकी जानकारी इतनी रोमांचक और सुपाच्य थी कि हर सुनने वाला जूते की नोक से ज़मीन में चार फीट गहरा गट्टा खोद सकता था। अपनी लुकी-छुपी प्रतिभा से अनजान खड़े लोगों को देख कर यह साफ़ ज़ाहिर हो रहा था कि 'खोदने का निर्वाण' सिर्फ़ प्राचीन संस्कृती की खोज करने वाले शोधकर्ताओं को ही नहीं, आम जनों को भी प्राप्त है।

इस बात से लगभग संतुष्ट-सत्ताधारियों द्वारा पूजित— 'हत्यारे' का नाम लिए बिना बड़ी ही चतुराई से उन्होंने मानव हत्या की समूची घटना को अपनी चहलकदमी में निपटा दी। अपनी गौरवपूर्ण उपलब्धि पर उनकी उग आई मंद स्मिति इस बात की तस्दीक कर रही थी कि— अगर लोमड़ीयों के सिंग होते तो वे बारहसिंगा होतीं।

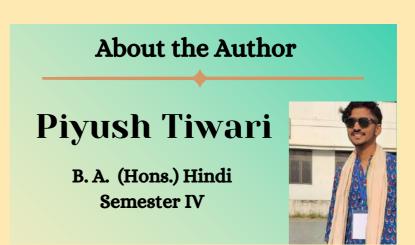
चलने से धैर्य आता है। संगीत सुनने से त्रासदी कम होती है। वह कौन सी त्रासदी थी— जिसने कुमार गंधर्व को मजबूर किया होगा 'राग गाँधी मल्हार' रचने के लिए। वह कौन सी बे-हयाई थ — जो सत्य- अहिंसा-सत्याग्रह जैसे शब्दों में उन जैसों की उपस्थिति सुनिश्चित कर रही थी। उन्माद भरे इस समय में यह चमत्कृत करने वाली बात हो सकती है मगर भीतर समाहित करने के क्रम में एक चमक में विलीन भी।

इस पिघलती हुई भयावह दुपहरी से आजिज़ होकर प्रतिरोध की शक्ल में हम खैनी रगड़ रहे थे। हर रगड़ के बाद की थाप दांडी मार्च वाली बकरी के लेंड़ी की ताज़ा गंध आब-ओ-हवा में घोल रही थी। शहर में धूल उड़ रही थी और इस क़दर उड़ रही थी जैसे ज़मीन ही ख़त्म हो जायेगी। पसीने की बदबू बता रही थी कि हर देह के भीतर एक नमक सत्याग्रह था और हर मेहनतकश देह को तोड़कर नमक बनाया जा सकता था। अब कोई भी औसत आदमी किसी हिंदी किव का रूमानी अंदाज़ अख़्तियार कर कह सकता था— 'तुम्हारी देह ने एक देह का नमक खाया है।'

'सुमना' के सामने स्थित 'विश्व शांति घंटा' पर इजरायल का झण्डा है और फिलिस्तीन अब भी कहीं कोने में बैठा विलाप कर रहा था। वहाँ उपस्थित अधिकारियों-पदाधिकारियों से सुमना, गाँधी, हत्यारे इत्यादि केंद्रित कई प्रश्न पूछे मगर फुसफुसाहटों के अलावा कुछ सुनाई देना जैसे विरल था। इस आधार पर यह प्रमाणित हो रहा था कि सामूहिकता की शक्ति उनमें काफ़ी मात्रा में मौजूद थी— निरुत्तरता की स्थिति में वे आंदोलन-जैसाकुछ छेड़नेवाले थे। माकूल जवाब न मिलने पर यह सुनिश्चित हुआ— कि उन्हें अपच की शिकायत है और समूचे देश का पेट खराब हो रहा था।

सबकुछ निपटने के दौरान की सामान्य मगर ज़रूरी बातचीत में एक उदारवादी प्रोफ़ेसर ने बड़े ही आर्द्र स्वर में करुणा न उपजाने के उद्देश्य से कहा— 'उनके दौर में यह जगह ऐसी नहीं हुआ करती थी।' बात ठीक भी है। मगर विश्वविद्यालयों में स्थायी प्रोफेसरों की एक बात बड़ी निराली होती है कि उनका दौर दूसरों के दौर से हमेशा अधिक प्रगतिशील होता है। मसलन उनके दौर में रिश्वत, रिश्वत नहीं एक कनस्तर घी थी, भ्रष्टाचार जेल का नहीं मुक्ति द्वार था, कुछ सूक्ति वाक्य— चाकू चलाने की नहीं घोंपने की चीज़ है, तमंचा दिखाने की नहीं चलाने की चीज़ है। समझ नहीं आता कि उनका दौर रेंडी के तेल में बना था कि सांडे के तेल में। वैसे भी अब कौन पंकज त्रिपाठी के 'रिस्क है' की तर्ज़ पर जोख़िम उठाए और ललकार कर कहे— वे दिन लद गए प्रोफ़ेसर, वे दिन लद गए।

एक व्यवस्थित कमरे की सबसे बड़ी दुर्गति उसका अति-व्यवस्थित होना है। यहाँ आने वालों के लिए मुख्य गेट पर चस्पा होना चाहिए— 'बिखराव में सौन्दर्य' खोजने वालों के हाथ सिर्फ़ निराशा लगेगी। यह कौन सी स्मृति है जहाँ अतीत का महुआ नहीं टपकता और चौथी गोली की ठाएँ अब भी किसी म्यूजियम की पिस्तौल में कैद है।





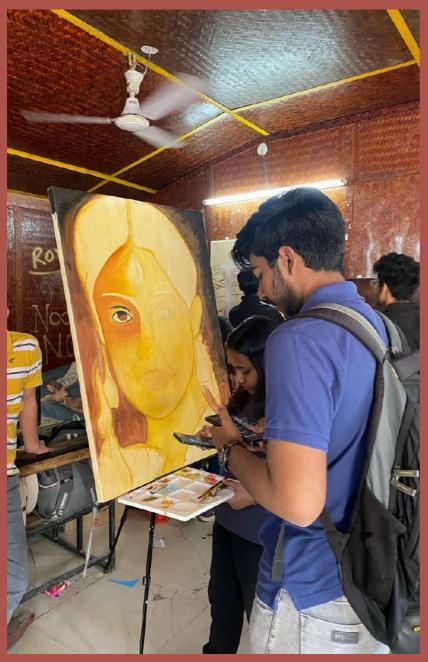
AN ARTISTIC ODYSSEY: BRINGING THE MURAL TO LIFE

BY PROMETHEAN, THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY, SBSC

AN ARTISTIC ODYSSEY: BRINGING THE MURAL TO LIFE By PROMETHEAN, the Fine Arts Society, SBSC



A captivating portrait of grace and beauty,
In traditional attire and ornate jewelry.
The woman's serene expression exudes quiet strength,
Her attire a testament to cultural heritage.
Vibrant colors and textures come alive on canvas,
A true masterpiece of traditional art.
Elegance and sophistication shine through in every brushstroke.









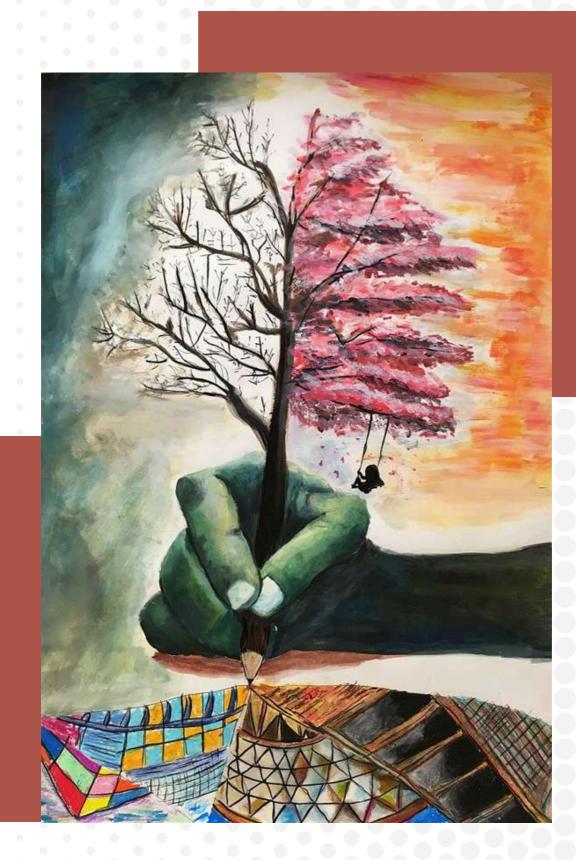




ART BY STUDENTS



Keshisha Ghosh **B COM (HONS.) SEM II**



WHISPERS OF THE HEART

THE POETRY SECTION

असमय दिवंगत कवि



About the Author

पीयूष तिवारी हिंदी विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

तेज़–तेज़ लू में पताकाएँ पूरे वेग से लहरा रही हैं सागौन के इतने बड़े पत्तों में भी समा नहीं पा रही उद्घिग्नता

कट गई है गाँव को शहर से जोड़ती नदी धूल का बवंडर उठा है गाँव में और आक्रांत: थरथरा रहा है पूरा शहर

यह दुनिया अपना चश्मा कहीं रख कर भूल गई है सारे दृश्य-परिदृश्य धुंधले नज़र आ रहे हैं

कुछ तो घटने वाला है इन गर्मियों में वरना दस गर्मी देखे हुए भी दस वर्ष हो गए हैं फिर भी कोयल को कभी आम का पेड़ छोड़कर नींबू की डाल पर बैठते नहीं देखा

विश्वास के पीठ का ओट लेकर छुपी बैठी हैं आशंकाएँ यह किसी कवि के असमय दिवंगत होने का संकेत तो नहीं?

दुर्दिनों का आत्मकथ्य -पीयूष तिवारी

यातायात संबंधी नियमों में उलझे लोगों के पास नहीं होता तटस्थ रहने के नियम-कायदे समझने भर का समय जीवन के सबसे उदास दिनों में निर्विकल्प झेलनी होती है एकाकीपन की पीड़ा बुनना होता है उदासी के उघड़े हुए ऊनी रेशों से विवशता का स्वेटर

अपनी जिजीविषा तलाशते दिनों में अपरिहार्य दुःख की ख़बरें सुनेंगे और खंड-खंड टूट जाएँगे सामूहिक न होने की सामूहिकता में आवृत्तियों के होने की गाँठ से बचना है मुझे

सबमें लगी है एक-दूसरे के कंधों पर पाँव धर कर आगे छलाँग मार बढ़ जाने की होड़ सभी को निर्बाध ही पार करनी हैं बाधाएँ इन दिनों सबसे ज़िम्मेदार नागरिक के अपने सबसे ज़िम्मेदार वक्तव्य में चलन है चुप रहने का

उम्मीदों को भी एक दिन मरना है मौत अपनी आत्महीनता के कचरों के ढेर पर बसे इन आत्ममुग्ध शहरी बाबुओं से सिद्धांतों का अरण्य बचा लेने की कोई उम्मीद नहीं मुझे

आत्ममुग्धता से पीड़ित व्यक्ति आत्मचिंतन में कभी समय व्यर्थ नहीं करता

दिवास्वप्न कर रही है दुस्वप्न की अनुकृति खो रही मौलिकता में याचक बन कर भटकना है जीवन भर

इस उजाड़-ऊसर दिनचर्या में घृणा और ग्लानि से भर देता है ज़रूरी नहीं हर बार किसी के होने का बोध प्रदान करे संबल बना रहे प्रेरणास्रोत।

गाँव से शहर



About the Author

कृष्ण कुमार गणित विशेष, सेमेस्टर-६

हो गई अब सपने पूरे करने की उमर हमारी आ गई अब घर से निकलने की बारी हो गई शहर जाने की तैयारी हो गया तैयार एक बस्ता भारी सब कुछ रख लिया? रख लिए कपडे, खाने से भरा एक जार (बर्तन) भी रख लिया कुछ यादे रखली, थोड़ा-सा प्यार भी रख लिया एक कागज पर लिख के सपने रख लिए चलने से पहले दिल में सारे अपने रख लिए अब कभी-कभी और त्योहारों पर मुलाकात होगी अब चले जाएंगे घर से इतना दूर बस फोन पर थोड़ी देर बात होगी अब तो घर के बैगर दिन होगा, घर के बैगर ही रात होगी सहर में होगा एक कमरा लेकिन घर जैसी कहाँ उसमे बात होगी जब पहँचे गाँव से शहर; हमारे तो प्रदूषण और भीड़ में प्राण गए समय लगा लेकिन इसमें भी जीने का तरीका जान गए ये नहीं कि सब कुछ बुरा है शहर में; यहाँ कुछ दोस्त-यार मिले पड़ी जब भी जरूरत हमें हमेशा तैयार मिले कुछ प्रश्न मिले कुछ उत्तर मिले जीवन जीने के नए-नए सूत्र मिले जिसके लिए आए थे वह कर के दिखाएंगे नई जगह है तो सपने थोड़ी भूल जायेंगे कभी हारेंगे कभी जीत जायेंगे घर से निकलेंगे तभी तो मंजिल पाएंगे

कोई समझ न पाएगा

विभिन्न रंगों से बना अद्भुत यह संसार है, हर जीव अनूठा इसका इसकी विविधता का न विस्तार है।

अलग को गलत है समझा जिसने तेरी विवशता उन्हें कौन बताएगा, सफ़र तेरा यह खास है इसे कोई समझ न पायेगा।

हर मासूमियत को मिटाने वाला समाज का झूठा ज्ञान है, प्रेम को कभी न जाना इसने झूठी इसकी शान है।

तेरी पीड़ा को करके अनदेखा हर कोई अपना उपदेश सुनायेगा, सफ़र तेरा यह ख़ास है इसे कोई समझ न पायेगा।

दिल के सच्चे अंदेशों को अनदेखा न कर ओ! राही, दुनिया के वंचक नियमों से मचा न अपने मन में त्राहि।

मन में प्रेम-सद्भावना रख बस यही सच्चा धर्म कहलायेगा, सफ़र तेरा यह ख़ास है इसे कोई समझ न पायेगा।

About the Author

ध्रुव वाणिज्य विशेष, सेमेस्टर-६

ख्वाब



आयुश हिंदी विशेष, सेमेस्टर-२



क्या होता है ख़्वाब? जब हकीकत भी एक सपना लगे या जो सिर्फ़ आपने सोचा हो या जिनसे आपको मिलना था, जिनसे आप बात करना चाहते थे जिस दुनिया को आपने बनाया था जब यह सब प्रत्यक्ष हो जाए और यह भी स्पष्ट हो जाए जो तुम देख रहे हो वह सत्य ही है यह सब होने लगे तो जान लेना कि हकीकत है ये

यह ऐसी हकीकत है जो एक ख़्वाब प्रस्तुत करती है और ये ख़्वाब और कुछ नहीं आपके ही अंतर्मन की एक रचनात्मक कृति है जिसके रचयिता आप स्वयं हैं।

जिनसे ख़्वाबों में मिला करते थे उनसे अब बात हो रही है, 'हक़ीक़त है, लेकिन किसी ख़्वाब से कम नहीं।'

राँची: शहर से जाते हुए

छूटते शहर में वह इमारत सबसे आख़िर में दिखी जो आते हुए शहर में दिखी थी पहली बार

शहर से अनुरक्ति शहर में रहते नहीं शहर छोड़ने के क्रम में उभरती है मूक रुलाई बन कर

छूटते शहर की सड़क बिछाए रखती है अमलतास के आभूषण जिसे देख कर हर आते हुए यात्री की आँखों से टपकती है लिप्सा जाते हुए की आँखों में चमकती है संतुष्टि

छूटते शहर की ट्रेन इतनी धीमी चलती है कि स्मृति में बैठे सारे दृश्य रफ़्तार में चलने लगते हैं भीतर सावधानी से पश्चाताप करते हुए भी काँप जाता है शिथिल प्राण

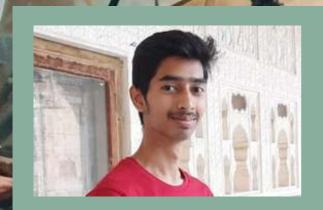
छूटता शहर हम में छोड़ जाता है अपने गलियों-चौराहों की पीली शाम संवाद में अपनी उपस्थिति एक गंभीर लहज़ा एक विचित्र कोलाहल

छूटता शहर संदिग्ध परिस्थिति में झटक कर बंद की गई खिड़की है जिसके जालीदारनुमा वेंटीलेटर से नहीं आती रौशनी प्राणवायु छूट जाता है बहुत पीछे फैल जाता है तनाव भरा सन्नाटा।



About the Author
पीयूष तिवारी
हिंदी विशेष,
सेमेस्टर-४

तन्हा ही लड़ा था



About the Author

मो. जुनैद अंसारी

बी ऐ प्रोग्राम (अंग्रेजी + इतिहास), सेमेस्टर-२

अपनों का चेहरा जो याद आये पर कभी ना उनसे कुछ तू कह पाये मर्सिया हो जाना उनका एक समय के बाद क्या यही सफ़र का मज़ा है?

साथ में इंसानों का होना क़रीब हो कर हँसना उनका पर दुःख में किसी का न पास होना क्या यही हमसफ़र होना है?

किया फ़तह यह पर्वत भी है लड़ा बहादुरी से जमकर ही है मगर शिखर पर कोई न हो जब क्या यहाँ मुसाफ़िर तन्हा नहीं है?

हाथ ना बढ़े मिलाने को जब सपेरों का ख़ौफ़ दिल में हो जब कहाँ मिले हमराही तुझको क्या यही हर दम बुज़दिली नहीं है?

मैं हिंदी थी

मैं आधार थी, सत्कार थी, मैं जननी थी इस हिंदुस्तान की। मैं लफ़्ज़ थी, पहचान थी, वज़ह थी सबके अभिमान की।

मैं थी एक अहम कड़ी , उस समय पूर्ण स्वराज की। भावनाओं के रंग की, विविधताओं के सार की।

मैं सभ्यता थी, संस्कृति थी, भारतीय विरासत की बुनियाद थी। आम लोगों की भाषा थी, पहचान थी इस जहान की।

मैं मीरा की भक्ति थी , रामचरितमानस का सार थी । आदि हो या आधुनिक हो, हर काल में मेरी एक पहचान थी।

मैं दिल में बसी साँझ थी, हर सुबह की प्यास थी। स्रोत थी राष्ट्रीय एकता की, मैं भारतीय परंपरा का आधार थी।

कई वीर गाथाओं की ज़ुबान थी, ऋषि-मुनियों की शान थी। अपनों की पहचान थी, फिर भी देश की दूसरी ज़ुबान थी।



About the Author

राहुल रतूडी भूगोल विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

मुझे डर था



About the Author

राहुल रतूडी भूगोल विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

मुझे डर था उस फूल के मुरझा कर गिर जाने का, उस आज़ाद परिंदे के वापस ना आने का, चाह कर भी नींद न आने का, और रात के सन्नाटे में अकेला हो जाने का।

मुझे डर था रातों के उन हसीन ख़्वाबों का बिना चाँद की उस रात का, छोटी-छोटी गलतियों के बड़ा हो जाने का, और मैख़ाने से एक दिन आवाज़ न आने का।

डर था एक दिन खुद से नज़र न मिला पाने का उन छोटी-छोटी गुदगुदाती यादों का सब्र करते एक दिन टूट जाने का और उन महफ़िलों में ख़ुद को भूल जाने का

मुझे डर था ख़ुद के अस्तित्व के मिट जाने का, शेफालिका के फूल बन जाने का, जीवन के अंतिम सत्य को जान लेने का, और ख़ुद में मुकम्मल हो जाने का।

मुझे डर था

मकान

कुछ मकान हमारी कहानियों से भी पुराने हैं, जो कहानियाँ हमारे बचपन से भी अधिक पुरातन हैं, और हमारा बचपन हमारी यादों में बसा है एक ईंट सरीखा।

जाने कितनी कहानियाँ उन मकानों के रगों में दौड़ रही होंगी जैसे हमारा रक्त हमारी कोशिकाओं में दौड़ता है जाने कितने ही साथियों को उन मकानों ने गिरते, संभलते, टूटते देखा होगा जैसे संजय ने देखा था कौरव पाण्डवों के युद्ध को

जाने कितने धर्मों से वह मकान परिचित होगा जाने कितने आक्रमणकारियों ने उसमें बसेरा किया होगा जाने कितनी ही विचारधाराओं का जन्म उसके सम्मुख हुआ होगा जाने क्या! जाने क्या!

ये सब सिर्फ़ प्रश्न हैं और प्रश्नों से जन्म लेती है उत्सुकता और उत्सुकता से उदित होती हैं कहानियाँ

कुछ मकान हमारी कहानियों से भी ज़्यादा पुराने हैं।



About the Author

हानू वर्मा भूगोल विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

ऐ तिरंगा तेरी महानता का क्या बखान करूँ



About the Author

ध्रव वाणिज्य विशेष, सेमेस्टर-६



हर हिंदुस्तानी के रोम-रोम में करता गर्व का संचार तू भारतभूमि के कण-कण में देशप्रेम का करता संचार तू,

छलियों से भीषण रण के उपरांत विजय श्री का वरदान तू, आज़ादी का अमृत कलश है तुझमें ऐ तिरंगे तेरी महानता का क्या बखान करूँ

केसरिया रंग में छिपा शौर्य और सफेद शांति का प्रतिरूप है अशोक चक्र में वास हो धर्म का और हरा समृद्धि का स्वरूप है

ले कर बहता अपने संग हवा में भारत माँ के भक्तों की पहचान तू सर्वस्व है हमारा तुझसे ही

गंगा-यमुना है बहती जिसमें और अनोखी सी बात है अनेक धर्म बसते हैं इसमें और विभिन्न रंग की सौगात है

रखता ऊँचा आसमाँ में ऐसे अद्भुत देश का मान करोड़ों हृदयों का गौरव तुझसे ऐ तिरंगे तेरी महानता का क्या बखान करूँ

बलिदान भगत का सना है जिसमें गूँजती सुभाष की पुकार है लक्ष्मीबाई की वीरता से संजा ये स्वाधीनता का हाहाकार है

कैसे एहसान चुकाऊँ तेरा तेरी आन के ख़ातिर जान दूँ हर समर्पण से बड़ा मूल्य है तेरा ऐ तिरंगे तेरी महानता का क्या बखान करूँ ऐ तिरंगे तेरी महानता का क्या बखान करूँ

मर जायेंगे...

यादों में घूमते हैं तेरे हम एक आह किए बिना मर जायेंगे

यूँ ही हर रोज दिखा करो मुझे जो एक रोज़ न दिखी उस दिन हम बिखर जायेंगे

जो तवज्जोह ना दी, एहतियात न बरता हम यूँ ही उनके इंतज़ार में थक जायेंगे

काफ़िर हैं हम आपके दिल-ए-कश्मीर में रहते हैं जो हमे कोई निकाले, हम उनसे बल भर लड़ जायेंगे

सुना करता हैं यश राहत को ख़ूब जो तू ना हुई यश की, वो हर मुशायरे तेरे नज़्म गायेंगे

एक मुस्कुराहट की ताक में बैठा है ये यश तेरा एक हँसी क्या आई उनकी हम यश को उन्हें सौंप मर जायेंगे

About the Autho यश अग्रवाल हिंदी विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४



खोना-पाना

एक नन्ही कलम जो गुलाब की सोई थी इस बंजर ज़मीन में सींचा जिसे मेरे आँसुओं के वर्षा ने उग रही थी आशा की किरण में फिर एक सूनी रात की आँधी कर गई स्तब्ध मृत जिस्म की भाँति उस उदास अकेले मन को एकाकी से भरे सूने घर को निर्जीव आँखों से देखें अब क्या सूखे गुलाब के काँटों के सिवा देखो अब इन आँखों के अँधेरे सपना जिसकी अनंत गहराई में खो गया है।



4bout the Author मो. जुनैद अंसारी बी ऐ प्रोग्राम (अंग्रेजी + इतिहास)

ये कलयुग है मेरे नाथ



About the Author

हर्ष गोयल बी.ए. प्रोग्राम (इतिहास + राजनीती विज्ञान), सेमेस्टर-४

हे प्रभु धूरा खींचो रथ रोको अब क्यों प्रलय की तैयारी है ये कलयुग है मेरे नाथ यहाँ क्या दुर्योधन, कर्ण और अर्जुन और क्या ही भीष्म पितामह यहाँ सारे अहंकारी हैं यहाँ सारे अहंकारी हैं अब ना होगा ये कलयुग का अधर्म सहन हमसे कि हे मृत्युंजय अब ना होगा ये कलयुग का अधर्म सहन हमसे अब किस बात की मौन तुमने ठानी है ये मानवों की बुद्धि ही तो है प्रभु जिसने प्रलय मचाया विनाशकारी है

इस बिना शस्त्र के युद्ध में कितने अपने चले गए यूँ कितने परिचित मारे गए शवों के ढेर पर जानवर भी अब नाच गए और घर के घर अनाथ हुए और अर्जुन जैसे हारे गए और न जाने अभिमन्यु जैसे कितने ही मारे गए अब साधु-संत हैं खुलेआम मरते और कोई कुछ ना बोल पाता है उस समय पितामह और आज मनुष्य मिथ्य धर्म को श्रेष्ठ बतलाता है कब मरा वो साधु, मौलाना, पादरी ये सबको याद दिलाता है फिर निर्भया जैसों को क्यों यह कानून और समाज इंसाफ देने में कतराता है? क्यों इतना समय लगाता है? मंदिर-मस्जिद अब है टूटते लोग बट गए हैं अलग- अलग धर्म विचारों में धर्म तो है बस सत्य का नाम यह भूल गए हैं अपने दुष्कामों में "अहिंसा परमो धर्म:" ये सबको याद दिलाता है फिर "धर्म हिंसा तथैव चः" ये बतलाना क्यों भूल जाता है अब तो आपको अवतरित होना पड़ेगा भू पर सिखलाने ये पाठ जीवित प्राणियों को कि चाहे कितना ही बुद्धिमान वो बन जाएँ लेकिन मिलता नहीं स्थान गो-लोक में किसी अहंकारी को

हे राघव-माधव मृत्युंजय सुन लो ये अर्ज़ हमारी कि ये तो बिना शस्त्र का युद्ध था प्रभु जो इतना विनाशकारी है सोचता हूँ मैं कि क्या होगा जब माधव कल्कि अवतार में आयेंगे क्या वो लड़ने के लिए अश्वत्थामा और बजरंगी जैसे वीर भी संग में लायेंगे? शिक्षा लेंगे वो परशुराम से जो उनको लड़ना खूब सिखलायेंगे और कल्कि अवतार से मिलकर तो भगवन भी ना फूले समायेंगे ख़ुशी का माहौल है अब तो शाप का अंत जो निकट में आया है कल्कि अवतार के बाद तो राधा को कृष्ण और माँ जानकी को प्रभु श्रीराम का हो कर रह जाना है सोचता हूँ कितना सुखमय पल वो होगा जब भगवन विनाश के बाद नव-निर्माण लायेंगे कलयुग का जब होगा अंत, सतयगु फिर बसायेंगे अब तो अवतरित होना पड़ेगा धरा पर सिखलाने ये पाठ जीवित प्राणियों को कि चाहे कितना ही बुद्धिमान वो बन ले पर मिलता नहीं स्थान गो-लोक में किसी अहंकारी को।

आख़िर कब तक



About the Author

विष्णु बिश्नोई बी.ए. प्रोग्राम (इतिहास +अंग्रेज़ी),सेमेस्टर-२

ये बिना बात के रोना-धोना, आख़िर कब तक? शाम होते ही एक कोने में छिप जाना, खुद की तुलना दूसरों से कर बिना किसी वजह मायूस होना, आख़िर कब तक?

दोस्तों से बात न करना और बनी हुई को बिगाड़ लेना, ख़ुद की गलती न होना फिर भी हर बात के लिए ख़ुद को कोसना, आख़िर कब तक?

अपने आज को बिना जिये अपने कल के भार को लेकर चलना, बिना कुछ किए ही, बिना कुछ समझे ही बार-बार ग़लत कदम उठाना, आख़िर कब तक?

शाम होने से पहले ही जिंदगी को रो-रो कर आहत कर देना, प्यार उसे बेइंतहा करके भी उसके संदेशों को अनदेखा करना, आख़िर कब तक?

मैं चाहूँ कुछ और करना, कर कुछ और रहा हूँ, जमाने की मानना उसके बनाये बेंचमार्क्स पर चलना,



आख़िर कब तक? ये नया शौक चढ़ा जो शायरी का, सब चीज़ें नजरंदाज करके केवल यह शायरी करना, आख़िर कब तक?

सारा जहाँ बाहें फैलाए तो बैठा है फिर भी उस जहाँ को भूलकर, अपने आप में गुमसुम रहना, आख़िर कब तक?

माना मैं खुद को खुद से समझने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ, जो हुआ है मेरे साथ उसको बदलने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ, पर ये जानते हुए कि इससे ज़िंदगी मेरी बिगड़ेगी, फिर भी आये दिन खुद की ज़िंदगी को यूँ तबाह करना, आख़िर कब तक??

देश

शहीद हुए जो वीर यहाँ, उन्हें शत-शत नमन हम करते हैं। राष्ट्र-प्रेम के ख़ातिर जो अपनी जान की बाज़ी लगाकर, इस तिरंगे की हिफ़ाज़त करते है। अपना फ़र्ज़ निभाने को सब कुछ न्यौछावर कर गये, जरा देखो तो यारों, इस देशभक्ति में कितने वीर जवान मर गये। जनाब परिवार तो इन्हें भी बड़ा प्यारा था, पर इनके फ़र्ज़ ने इन्हें पुकारा था। एकता में ही शक्ति है, देशप्रेम ही सबसे बड़ी भक्ति है। ये आजादी मिली है इन्हीं लोगों की मेहनत से, इसको यूँ ना गँवाओ तुम, करो काम कुछ तुम भी ऐसा कि, बरसों तक याद किये जाओ तुम।

इस धरती माँ की गोद में इन्होंने अपने प्राण दिए, नहीं दे सका अब तक कोई, यहाँ जितने इन्होंने बलिदान दिए। इस मिट्टी से बने हैं इस मिट्टी में ही मिल जायेंगे, अगर हो सका तो एक दिन हम भी देश के ख़ातिर अपना खून बहायेंगे। हर माँ को फ़ख़ हो कुछ ऐसा करके दिखायेंगे, तिरंगे के लिए अपना लहू बहाकर प्राण भी दे जायेंगे। मत बाँटो लोगों को धर्म के नाम पर, लड़ो एक साथ मिलकर वतन के नाम पर, ये वतन हमारा है शान झुके इसकी कभी भी ये हमें नहीं गवारा है।

अपने लिए तो सब लड़ते हैं, तुम लड़ो वतन के लिए, जियो तो वतन के लिए और मरो तो वतन के लिए, वादा करते हैं हथियार सिर्फ़ दुश्मनों के लिए उठायेंगे, अगर हमारे तिरंगे की तरफ़, किसी ने आँख उठाकर भी देखा तो, हम उसे अवसान की ओर ले जायेंगे। चलो आज फिर करें शुक्रिया, जिनकी शहादत से हमने आज़ादी पाई, आख़िर में इतना ही कहूँगी, आप सभी को गणतंत्र दिवस की हार्दिक बधाई।।



About the Author
ऋतिका नागर
वाणिज्य विशेष,
सेमेस्टर-४

रूको नहीं तुम....

रुको नही तुम, थको नही तुम, थकना तुम्हारा अधिकार नही कोशिश करो करते रहो, क्या तुम्हे अपने ख्वाबों से प्यार नहीं?

हर पल में खुशी हो, आनंद सदा हो, ये तो यथार्थ नहीं। क्या मिलेगी मंज़िल जब तक हुई मुश्किलो से दो चार नहीं।।

असफलता अल्पविराम है, सफलता पूर्णविराम नहीं एक मंज़िल जो पा ली तुमने, यही जीवन का सार नहीं।।

रुको नहीं तुम, थको नही तुम थकना तुम्हारा अधिकार नहीं। पहुँच गए जो लक्ष्य तक, बुनो अब कुछ ख्वाब नए निकल पड़ो तुम राहों पर एक नयी मंज़िल को साद चलो।।

सांसे जो बाकि हो, अपने जीवित होने का प्रमाण यूँ दो सीमाओं को लांघ कर उम्मीदों के पार चलो।।

गढ़ो एक कहानी नई,, के तुम सफलता का नया आयाम बनो रुको नहीं तुम थको नहीं तुम थकना तुम्हारा अधिकार नहीं।।



 About the Author

 मोहित विजय चौहान

 बी. कॉम.,

 बैच-2016

तुम्हारे न होने की कविता



About the Author

जतिन कुमार बी. कॉम. विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

तुम्हारे न होते हुए, तुम्हारे ख़यालों से शुरू हुआ दिन मेरे कमरे में चुप्पी बिखेर देता है।

आलस से भरी दोपहरी में तुम्हारे चेहरे के अलग-अलग रंगों को मैं अपनी आँखों के सामने देखता हूँ

कुछ न करने की थकान हफ़्तों तक मेरे शरीर में रहती है।

बेतरतीब पड़े बिस्तर से अपना मोबाइल उठाता हूँ और तुम पर लिखी कविता ज़ोर-ज़ोर से पढ़ने लगता हूँ

तुम्हारे जाने के बाद दीवारें मेरी दोस्त बन चुकी हैं रात में जब तुम्हारी यादें मुझे सोने नहीं देतीं तब इन्हें छू लेता हूँ गर्दन से बहते पसीने की बूँद सरसराहट से पीठ की ओर चली जाती है कभी इन्हें बेवजह ताकता हूँ तो कभी इनमें तुम्हारी स्मृतियाँ तलाशता हूँ

बैठे-बैठे जब ऊब जाता हूँ तो बाहर चलने के लिए निकल जाता हूँ जिसे जानता नहीं उससे बातें करने लगता हूँ और अपनों को हफ़्तों तक फोन भी नहीं मिलाता रात को सोने से पहले कविताएँ पढ़ने लगता हूँ उंगलियाँ कब मोबाइल ढूंढती हैं और कब तुम्हारी तस्वीर मेरे सामने होती है मुझे इसका अंदाज़ा भी नहीं लगता तुम्हें देखते ही मेरी आँखें नम हो जाती हैं हाथों से पोंछे हुए आँसू जब जीभ को लगते हैं तो वह मीठे स्वाद पड़ते हैं वह अभी भी तुम्हारे होने की मिठास लिए हुए हैं

इस दशा में प्यार के गाने भी मेरा खूब साथ निभाते हैं वह तुम्हें मुझसे अलग नहीं करते वह तुम्हें मेरे और करीब ले आते हैं

तुम्हारी यादों के सताने पर एक कोने में बैठ जाना साँस का न आना महसूस करना पानी पीना और पहले ही घूँट का मुँह में रह जाना कुछ भी बोलने की शक्ति खो बैठना तुम पर लिखी आखिरी कविता का अधूरा रह जाना तुम्हारा चले जाना मेरी कविता का चले जाना है तुम्हारा न होना तुम्हारे बहुत ज्यादा होने को सहना है।

आत्मसंघर्ष

पानी को बर्फ़ में बदलने में वक्त लगता है, ढले हुए सूरज को निकलने में वक्त लगता है, थोड़ा धीरज रख थोड़ा और ज़ोर लगाता रह, किस्मत के ज़ंग लगे दरवाजे को खुलने में वक्त लगता है, जो तूने कहा कर दिखायेगा रख यकीन, गरजे जब बादल तो बरसने में वक्त लगता है।

About the Author



अभिषेक यादव भूगोल विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४



आख़िर नींद भी ज़रूरी है उन आँखो में, जो शायद कई रातों से सोयी नहीं थी, जो कई ख़वाबों में खोई हुई थी जो जाने कितने ही सपने संजोए थी। जो अनजाने ही किसी को ढूंढ रही थी। जो रोने को विवश हो गई थी और अंदर ही अंदर फूट-फूट कर रो रही थी। जिसमें अब नहीं थी वो पहले सी चमक जो जाने-अनजाने किसी को तलाश रही थी। जिसने खो दी थी सब से उम्मीद। जो बस अब सोने को विवश थी।

कर्मयोग: एक ज़रूरी सलाह

हिंसा की अतिरंजना देख जिन्हें आती है उबकाई वे नहीं बच पाते एक नज़र उसकी ओर देखने भर के आकर्षण से

आदमी तभी तक सामाजिक रहता है जब तक पाँव में दमन और शोषण का काँटा नहीं चुभता

प्रत्येक रात घुटनों में सिर छिपाए फुटपाथ पर सोने की नाकाम कोशिश के नीचे दबे ऊब में जब हम तलाश रहे होते हैं मुख्यधारा से अलगाए जाने का कारण तब पूस के दिनों में हमारे बिस्तर पर 'कोयल-कारों' (नदी) उतर आती है और हम अभ्यस्त लोग इसे समझ-समझ के फेर में समझते हैं वॉटर कैनन का पानी जिसे इतने सालों से संसद की गेट पर झेलते आ रहे होते हैं

आंदोलन के दिनों में हमें इतना पीटा गया कि हमारी पीठ पर उत्पीड़न के थक्के जम गए और किसी शानदार चीते की तरह हम चमकने लगे शिकारियों की आँखों में

हर मुकम्मल दमन के नीचे जानवरों से भरा जंगल दबा होता है

मन से ज़्यादा जहाँ दौड़ती हैं गाड़ियाँ हमने तय किया है उन अजनबी रास्तों को उड़ती धूल में कहीं छूटे हैं हमारे पैरों के निशान

तय है कि कुछ भी तय नहीं कुछ न बचाने की शर्त पर कम से कम हमारे पगचिह्नों को तो बचाएगी दाहिने पैर को बाएँ पैर से बदलने की युक्ति कौंधेगा यह विचारोत्तेजक गीत की तरह— कोई तो चला होगा इन अनचीन्हे रास्तों पर धरती को करता हुआ लाल

पीछे छूटे इन पगचिह्नों को देख कर आए भले न क्रांति सोचेगा! कोई एक मन तो सोचेगा।



About the Author
पीयूष तिवारी
हिंदी विशेष,
सेमेस्टर-४

मान



About the Author

रामलखन सिंह चौहान बी. कॉम. विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

कितना प्रेम किया था "मान" तुम्हें, किंचित भी नहीं हैं ज्ञान तुम्हें, कहते थे अपना प्राण तुम्हें, मै धनुष बनाया बाण तुम्हें,

तुमने असमंजस पाला है, हमको दुविधा में डाला है, डूबा है शोक में सकल समय, अब है बस केवल एक विनय, इस दुखी मीत के जीवन की पीड़ा हर दो, भर जाए फिर से नव यौवन ऐसी कोई क्रीड़ा कर दो,

क्या नाम मेरा क्या काम मेरा, बिन तेरे क्या अंजाम मेरा, न सुबह मेरी न शाम मेरा, मिट जायेगा ये राम तेरा,

तुम किरण सूर्य का पुण्य उजाला, मैं अंधकार का पोषा-पाला,

तुम हो गंगा का निर्मल जल, मैं मैला-कुचला गंदा थल, तुम हो शांति का श्वेत पटल, मन मेरा धुंधला और विकल,

कितने सुंदर शब्दों से दिया सम्मान तुम्हें, था दान तुम्हें ये ध्यान तुम्हें हृदय का था स्थान तुम्हें, किंचित भी नहीं है ज्ञान तुम्हें, क्या..प्रेम किया था "मान" तुम्हें, कहते थे अपना प्राण तुम्हें, मैं धनुष बनाया बाण तुम्हें,

था प्रेम मेरा नहीं अनायास, वर्षों से कहने का प्रयास, तुमने छोड़ी थी एक आस, वह आस नहीं, था नागपाश,

वो छल जो तुमने किया था कल, था पढ़ने में उसको निष्फल, जो कृत्य किया तुमने "चंचल," हिल गया मेरा समतल भूतल,

कितना प्रेम किया था "मान" तुम्हें, किंचित भी नहीं है ज्ञान तुम्हें, कहते थे अपना प्राण तुम्हें, मैं धनुष बनाया बाण तुम्हें,

क्यों स्वप्न दिखाया झूठा था, मन को मेरे क्यों लूटा था, मैने तो तुमको प्राण दिए, पर तुमने दिया अंगूठा था,

मन मेरा उस दिन टूटा था, जिस दिन भांडा ये फूटा था, मैं कर बैठा था प्रेम जिसे, वो तो किसी और से रूठा था,

मर गए प्रेम के सारे राग, आया बाहर जब छल का झाग, मुरझाया पुष्प सूखा पराग, बुझ-सा रहा था जलता चिराग,

इतना प्रेम किया था "मान" तुम्हें, किंचित भी नहीं है ज्ञान तुम्हें,

कहते थे अपना प्राण तुम्हें, मैं धनुष बनाया बाण तुम्हें

पीड़



About the Author

तरुण शर्मा अंग्रेजी विशेष बैच-2015

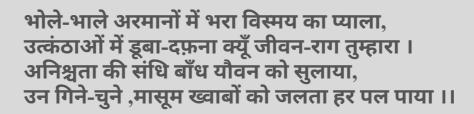
पीड़ को रखो, जाने मत दो उसे सींचो , मुर्झाने मत दो आज निर्दयी है, कल दयावान होगी आज कसैली सही, कल मिष्ठान होगी पीड़ को रखो जाने मत दो

आज के अश्रु, कल का गंगाजल बनेंगे आज के दुख, कल ढाढस बन उठेंगे पीड़ को रखो, जाने मत दो

आज पीड़ा से व्याकुल मन कल शांत होगा आज भीड़ में असमंजस सही कल का मधुर एकांत होगा पीड़ को रखो, जाने मत दो

आज की व्यर्थ पीड़ा कल अहम मालूम होगी आज जो दुख - दायिनी सही कल के सुख का स्रोत होगी पीड़ को रखो, जाने मत दो।

कर्त्तव्य-पथ



हाँ,अग्रसर जीवन-पथ पर राह अनेक मिले, कुछ उलझे, कुछ सुलझे, कुछ आपस में विलय हुए। निर्णय की नज़रों को धुंध की चादर में ऐसा खोया, पग बढ़ा ना पथ पर, व्याकुल मन इक पल ना सोया।।

हार मान मन बैठा विलास की सिसकियों में, चिंतन करती आँखें सूजी, ताकते तिलिस्म में। माना बीती यादों ने कोई मीत नहीं दिखाया, पर टूटे तारों में पलता इक नव अंकुर उग आया।।

जागो! मैंने पलकों को साहस से किंचित् सींचा, उठ खड़ा,काल के कपाल पर जीत-तिलक सहसा पीसा। अंतर को चीर नई प्राची की रेखा निकली, प्रलय की घोर घटाएँ, उजियारे में लिपटी।।

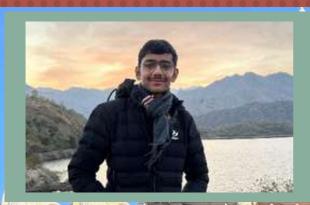
चल पड़े पग प्रतापी-गति से अब निर्भीक, न त्रास, न शंका, मिली राह में अंकुरित। यों लगा माथे पर दृढ-संकल्प की रोली, आशाओं के मैदान में खेली सामर्थ्य की होली।।

देखो,बुझे अरमानों की बाती फिर से धधकी, निज हाथों से जीवन की रेखा, हँसते-हँसते बदली। अधूरे यज्ञ को पूरा कर इक नया आलोक आए, कर्त्तव्य-पथ पर अडिग कदम सजा, जीवन बढ़ता जाए।।



About the Author रवि 'ज्योति' इतिहास विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

हम गए : रणकपुर के जैन मंदिर



About the Author

विष्णु बिश्नोई बी.ए. प्रोग्राम (इतिहास +अंग्रेज़ी),सेमेस्टर-२

मैं गया, हम गए, सुदूर अरावली की पहाड़ियों को चिरतें हुए, और. प्रकृति प्रदत्त सुंदरता को निहारते हुए, शायद किसी शांति की तलाश में. या फिर खुद को खुद से करीब से देखने के लिए, झमते,नाचते,सोचते- समझते, हम पहुंचे मंदीर, रणकपुर का जैन मंदीर मन्दिर जो. रहस्य, शांति, संस्कृति, कला और शिल्प के अद्भृत सांमजश्य को समेट हुए, ना समझ आने वाले खम्बो के विज्ञान पे खड़ा ये मंदीर, कुछ कहता है, कुछ कहता है कि भागकर हमे युं जाना है कहाँ, प्रकृति से दूर युं जाओगे कहाँ, दिन ढलने से पहले खाना खाना, न गुजरे एक पल जिसके बिना, उस मोबाइल को तो भूल ही जाना, न कुछ पाने की जल्दी है, न कुछ खोने का गम है, बस हमारे होने और शाम की आरती में खो जाने का अहसास है कुछ अलग था, कुछ नया था और देखें अगर खंभों पर खड़े इस मंदिर के विज्ञान को, खंबे खड़े इस कदर की देखों कहीं से भी किसी भी खंभों को न काटेगा कोई भी खंभा दूसरे खंभे को,

अद्भुद है,अलग है और सफेद मार्बल जितनी सफ़ेदी दिन में दीखाता है, उतनी ही चांदी सी चमक पूर्णिमा की रात को चाँद की उपस्थिति में दर्ज कराता है. और बदल जाती है यह चांदनी स्वर्ण रंग में, जब पीली धूसर लाइटें जलती हो इसे रोशन करने को, कितना मनमोहक है, सुंदर हैं, पत्थर पर की गई सुंदर नक्काशी से लेकर, नंदी, सर्प और तिर्थंकरो की मूर्ति तक मंदीर बनने के पीछे की कहानी से लेकर, मंदीर में शिल्प और कारीगरी के काम तक. इसकी भव्यता, विशालता से लेकर, धर्म, संस्कृति के गौरवमय इतिहास तक हर एक चीज अद्भुत है, मनमोहक है, रहस्यमय है, कल्पनातीत है, सुंदर है! परिपूर्ण है! शांत है! शांत है, रणकपुर का यह जैन मंदीर।

जब सबमें दिखाई देती हैं किमयां,
तब देख लेता हूं दर्पण में,
जब जमाने से हो चुका होता हूं उदास,
तब देख लेता हूं दर्पण में,
जब मुँह पर अहंकार की लग जाती है धूल,
तब देख लेता हूं दर्पण में,
जब जमाने से छुपे हुए आंसू नहीं छुपते,
तब देख लेता हूं दर्पण में,
जब किसी के जीवन की अहमियत नहीं आती समझ,
तब देख लेता हु दर्पण में,
जब समेट के सारी बेचैनियां जमाने की ढूंढना चाहूं सुकूं मैं,
तब देख लेता हूं दर्पण में।।

दर्पण

About the Author



अनुज बी. कॉम. विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

बढ़ते जाना है!



About the Author
मधुवन पाण्डेय
हिंदी विशेष,
सेमेस्टर-६

जो अंतिम क्षण तक लगा रहा, वह विजय पताका फहरायेगा । जो बीच से रण को छोड़ गया, वह क्या खाक शूर कहलायेगा॥

यह जीवन है इक संग्राम भूमि, लड़कर तुझको मर जाना है। बैठे बैठे बिन प्रयत्न किये, न हाथ तेरे कुछ आना है ||

तुझको अपने प्रयत्नों से, जीवन-मरू चढ़ना है। अपने पौरुष बल और उद्यम से, तुझको बढ़ते जाना है॥

जो जीत गया वह राजा है, जो हार गया वह न कायर निपान। असफलता हो या कि सफलता, तुझको करना है दोनों का सम्मान॥

तुझको बढ़ते जाना है ||

About the Author

ज्ञान से चाहता हूँ दूरी

मैं ज्ञान के शीतल प्रकाश से हो जाना चाहता हूँ कोसों दूर... इतना दूर कि जहाँ उसकी एक किरण तक न पहुँच सके मैंने सुना है ज्ञान के शीतल प्रकाश में प्रेम का पौधा उगता ही नहीं और/मैं प्रेम के पौधे रोपना चाहता हूँ तोड़ना चाहता हूँ नफ़रतों के सिलंसिले और बनना चाहता हूँ कवि क्योंकि प्रेम का स्पर्श ही बनाता है कवि।

सार्ज से आगे

नंगा सच

सच, बस सच अपने पूरे तीखेपन के साथ 'दान्तो'* के इस वाक्य के आसपास ज़ोर-ज़ोर से चिल्लाते नज़र आते हैं आज के खबरिया चैनल लेकिन ये चैनल धनपशुओं की दुकानें हैं जिनमें घुन लगी मानसिकता के लोग परोस रहे हैं उबाऊ और बासी ख़बरें नंगे सच के साथ।

chi sulle calcue

सुबह सवेरे
एक क़बूतर आ जाता है
हमारी छत की मुँडेर पर
करता रहता है
घंटों इन्तज़ार
अपनी प्रेयसी का
मैं
बन्द कमरे में पढ़ रहा होता हूँ
'सिमोन दा बोऊवार'* और 'सार्त्र'*
का अस्तित्ववाद
जहाँ अस्तित्व को बचाए
रखने की जद्दोजहद है
लेकिन क़बूतर का दर्शन
सार्त्र से मीलों आगे है
क्योंकि उसका वजूद जुड़ा है
प्रेयसी के प्रेम से।



डॉ. महेश चौधरी असिस्टेंट प्रोफेसर हिंदी विभाग

एकांत

बहुत मुश्किल होता है अपने आपको टूटकर बिखरने से बचाना दसों दिशाएँ जब परायी लगने लगें मन्ज़िल खुद से ही पता पूछने लगे दर्दों की संगत करने को संवेदनाएँ मना कर दें वितृष्णा और घृणा कोध से मिलकर विवेक का क्षय करें आपको अपने ही छलने लगें सूरज से तम का गठजोड़ हो जाए विश्वास धोखे के हाथों छला जाए चन्दा, अमावस की ओर आकर्षित हो तब विवेक का स्थिर हो जाना लाज़मी है तब तुम केवल और केवल तुम एकांत को ढूँढो और अपनी वीणा के स्वर टटोलो।

मौन ढूँढता सत्य

कौन हो तुम? क्या ढूँढ रहे हो भाई ? शाम ढलने को है मैं मौन हूँ निकला हूँ सत्य की तलाश में ओह मौन! जो सत्य को देख अक्सर आँख मींच लेता है वही 'इण्टलेक्चुअल' मौन जो जीता है विडम्बना और विसंगतियों में वही मौन जो गूँगा है देश की अव्यवस्थाओं पर जिसके कारण बढ़ रहा है अपराधों का ग्राफ वही मौन हत्यारों को देखकर कोर्ट में नहीं देता है गवाही वही मौन जो हर अन्याय पर है चुप इसीलिए सत्य ने ले ली है समाधि वह चुप हो गया है संदेह होता है कहीं वह तुमसे तो नहीं मिल गया?



About the Author
डॉ. महेश चौधरी
असिस्टेंट प्रोफेसर
हिंदी विभाग

धूल



About the Author

मोहित विजय चौहान बी. कॉम., बैच- 2016

कच्ची सड़क पर चप्पल पहन निकला हूँ, डगमगाते कदमों का कसूर है शायद हर कदम पर थोड़ी धूल उछल पैरो को आ लगी है, सफर लंबा है, बेशक कपडों पर भी दाग लगेंगे अभी,

उठेंगे कई प्रश्न बस यूँ ही, क्यों स्थिर नहीं, क्यों है अनिश्चितताओं का तिमिर ? पैरों से लिपटी धूल की परत सी क्यों, धुंदली मंज़िल,

खेर बेकसूर बदनसीब ज़माना, उसके पास उम्मीदों का दूरबीन नही, नग्न नज़रों को मोहित कर ले ऐसा कोई मोहक दृश्य भी नही, फ़िज़ूल क्यों वक़्त करें उन पर जिन नज़रों को ख्वाबों की आदत नही।

वो पक्की राहों पर अपनी ज़िन्दगी मुकम्मल कर लें, पगडंडियों पर संघर्षों के निशान छोड़ता चलूंगा मैं, फिर कभी राहें आसान होंगी किसी और के लिए हर किसी के हाथ में उम्मीदों का दूरबीन थमाता चलूंगा मैं।

बस यूँही कच्ची राहों पर धूल उड़ाता चलूंगा मैं बस यूँही कच्ची राहों पर धूल उड़ाता चलूंगा मैं।

यमुना- प्राचीन देवी

जल जीवन का सार नदी जल का भंडार प्राचीन नदियों में दिल्ली की यमुना देवी का नाम भी शुमार युगों से बहती आयी है जीवन में न रुकने की सीख सिखाई है जल जीवों का घर बनी और अन्त्य पौधों के सृजन का कारण बन पाई है पावन नदी यह, पूजी जाती है इसकी पवित्रता मिटाने वाले मनुष्य अपराधी हैं गंगा की सबसे बड़ी सहायक, यह यमुनोत्री से निकलती है अनेक मनुष्यों की जीवन सहायक बन प्रयाग में फिर गंगा में मिलती है बहती, सरसराती, शहर की खूबसूरती जो अपने पावन जल के लिए मशहूर थी दुनिया ने इससे मतलब के कूड़े से ढक डाला रुक गयी यमुना भी यह देख मनुष्य ने किस कदर प्रकृति को नष्ट कर डाला यमुना को राजनीति का विषय बना देख मनुष्य तेरे कर्मों ने तुझे नीच कितना बतला डाला अपना कर्त्तव्य निभाने तू आगे आ प्रदूषित होने से इससे बचा मतलब का कपड़ा बाँध आँख पे यूँ ना इससे मारते जा अनसुना न कर, तू भी जल से ही बना यमुना प्रतीक्षा में तेरी कदम उठा, आगे बढ़ आ अन्यथा समय बीत गया तो बाद में पछता॥



About the Author

भाविक भारद्वाज बी. कॉम. प्रोग्राम, सेमेस्टर- ६

कलयुगी 'कटु सत्य'



About the Author

हर्षमोहन जखमोला पूर्व कनिष्ठ सहायक, प्रशासनिक अनुभाग शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज

वाणी की मधुरता, शब्दों की चतुरता सत् को छुपा नहीं सकती सत्य की कड़वाहट, असत्य की मिठास विरोधाभास को छुपा नहीं सकती बागों की बहार, काँटों भरी राह राह आसान नहीं हो सकती वसंत की बहार, जीवन की निरसता भूले न भुलायी जा सकती बिंखरती पुष्प-पंखुड़ी, दिखते काँटें दर्द-ए-दिल बयाँ नहीं कर सकती स्वजनों की पराजय, परजनों की जय सही नहीं जा सकती अपनों का मझधार, दूसरों का पार देखी नहीं जा सकती हाथों की लकीर, विधाता की लिखी तक़दीर मिटाई नहीं जा सकती स्वजनों का ग़म, परजनों का हर्ष कलयुग में देखीं नहीं जा सकती।

प्रहार

नोचोगे मुझको, मेरे अस्तित्व को मिटा दोगे? गुनाह दुनिया के मुझे ओढ़ा कर, तुम मुझे सज़ा दोगे? सितमगर मैं हूँ, ये यकीन भी बेशक दिला दोगे |

ख्याल अच्छा है तुम्हारा मिट ही जाऊं तो बेहतर है, वरना कैसे सेह सकोगे तुम?

तमाम उसरतों के बाद भी गर जा पहुंचा मैं अंजाम तक कैसे जी सकोगे तुम ?

नोच लो, अब न छोड़ों मेरी नहीं तुम्हारी ज़िन्दगी का सवाल है ये बच गया जो मैं, तो कैसे रह सकोगे तुम?

फ़िक्र है तुम्हारी मुझको, चेता रहा हूँ मैं,

चिंगारी हूँ, खत्म करदो लपटों में न बदल जाऊं मैं गले जो मैं आ मिलूंगा राख हो चलोगे तुम, फिर न जी सकोगे तुम।

तीर हूँ में तोड़ दो वरना घमंड तार तार होगा तीर सीने पार होगा फिर न जी सकोगे तुम।

फ़िक्र है मुझे तुम्हारी तुम अंतिम प्रहार कर दो मेरा तुम हिसाब कर दो के फिर न जी सकोगे तुम।



 About the Author

 मोहित विजय चौहान

 बी. कॉम.,

 बैच- 2016

राह ऐसी दिखा दीजिये



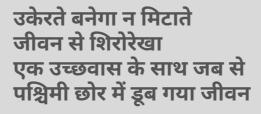
About the Author

हर्षमोहन जखमोला पूर्व कनिष्ठ सहायक, प्रशासनिक अनुभाग शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज

हे प्रभु! सत की राह जन-जन को दिखा दीजिये है मानव तो मानवता हमारे दिल में जगा दीजिये शिष्टाचार सदाचार का भाव मन में जगा दीजिए लोभ, लालच और भ्रष्टाचार से हमें उबार दीजिये सत कर्म, मन और विचार से हमें सरोबर कीजिये त्याग अज्ञानता को ज्ञानता की राह दिखा दीजिये स्वार्थ के भवसागर में डूबने से हमें बचा लीजिये अयं निज: परो वेति के भाव से बचा लीजिये ज्ञान का गहरा सागर हमें दिखा दीजिये वसुधैव कुटुंबकम् की राह दिखा दीजिये सुमति हो जन-जन में ऐसा जग बना दीजिये कुमति का कलंक ना आवे कभी ऐसा भाव जगा दीजिये हरी-भरी मनवाटिका में सुविचारों के पुष्प खिला दीजिये भावों का लताओं से मन वाटिका सजा दीजिये निर्मल मन को सदा, हर्ष की राह दिखा दीजिये जन-जन मन खिले, ऐसी मनवाटिका बना दीजिये हे प्रभु! छोड़ राह असत् की, सत् पथ दिखा दीजिये निष्कलंक निष्कपट, जीवन को बना दीजिये।

तर्पण

पीयूष तिवारी हिंदी विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४



अब कि वह मन से कर चुकी है दूध और तिल पीकर तर्पण मेरा

ठगा सा स्तब्ध खड़ा आँखें जमीन में गाड़े मैं भीतर ही भीतर छितरा गया हूँ

आधा जीवन कटा है अनिश्चिताओं को काटते अपराधबोध में ही कटेगा आधा जीवन।



नन्हा पौधा

वो नंही सी जान रह पाएगी क्या धरती की गर्मी सह पाएगी क्या वह भी तो खाती पीती बढ़ती है अपनों के साथ औरों को भला भी करती है माना उसके जीने का ढंग अलग माना उसके जीवन का रंग अलग उसका जीना औरों का स्रोत है उसे खोना औरों की मौत है आओ मिलकर हम एक कदम बढ़ाते हैं पर्यावरण के साथ स्वयं को बचाते हैं।



प्रकाश पटेल इतिहास विशेष, सेमेस्टर-६

About the Author

आजाद भारत- पुनः एक सोने की चिड़िया

जब हर महल, हर झोपड़ ज्ञानदीप जलाएगा, जब भ्रूण हत्या पाप छोड़ बेटी को स्वीकारा जाएगा, जब धर्म जाति का भेद मिटा, मानवता को अपनाया जाएगा, तब जाकर हमारा ये आज़ाद भारत पुनः सोने की चिड़िया कहलाएगा

मैं आसमां का चमकता हुआ वो तारा हूँ जिसे पानी में देखा जा सकता है परन्तु मुट्ठी में करना सिर्फ़ ख़्वाब रह जाता है।

मैं गुलाब के उस फूल के समान हूँ जो आकर्षक और खुशबूदार तो है, परन्तु तोड़ने वालों के लिए काँटो का वार हो जाता है।

मैं भूमि का वो स्वतंत्र भारत हूँ जो चुनौतियों को देखकर घबराता नहीं, और कोयले को हीरा बनाने में चूकता नहीं मैं इटली की झुकी हुई पीसा मीनार तो नहीं हूँ परन्तु में भारत का कुतुब मीनार ही सहीं हूँ। नहीं हूँ मैं अमेरिका की स्टेच्यू आफ लिबर्टी, परन्तु मैं हूँ सबसे विशाल, भारत के एकता की मूर्ति।

कुछ लोगों ने सोचा था कि हमें लूटकर वे अपाहिज बना देंगे, परन्तु शायद उन्हें यह नहीं पता था कि हम आत्मनिर्भर होकर और मजबूत हो जाएंगे।

मैं इक्कीसवीं सदी का वो आज़ाद भारत हूँ जो विनम्र होकर सम्मान देना भी जानता है और बलवान बनकर मुँह तोड़ जवाब देना भी जानता है।



About the Author

अखिल कुमार सिंह वाणिज्य विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

नव वर्ष, नई उम्मीदें



About the Author

सूर्य प्रकाश रावत बी. ए. प्रोग्राम, सेमेस्टर- ६

वो भी कभी एक नया साल था जो गुज़र गया वो दिसंबर माह था जो कल बन निकल गया अंत ही एक अंत है हर किसी का इस धरा पर कोई हो गया मुखातिब अपनी उस मंज़िल से तो कोई अभी भी है निरंतर अटल उसी राह पर अटल रहना ही है एक अटल सत्य ज़िंदगी का हर नव वर्ष दिलाता है एक नई आशा, नई उमंग हर नया आगाज़ हमें दिखाता है रुख बसंत का कोई ठहर गया साथ हमारे इस नए वर्ष में भी तो किसी ने दिखाए बीते वर्ष अपने कई रूप रंग भी इनसे परे बिना उलझे हमें अकेले ही निरंतर चलना है क्योंकि बिना मतलब साथ दे वो न हर कोई अपना है इस नव वर्ष का आज से एक नव आगाज़ कर दो जो कल दिसंबर में भी न मिल सकी तुमको मंजिल इस आगामी दिसंबर में उसे अपने नाम कर लो समय के साथ परिवर्तन होना जीवन का हिस्सा है साथ ढल कर उसके चलना ही जीवन का किस्सा है।।

कैसे होगा विकसित भारत

विकसित भारत, विकसित भारत, कैसे होगा विकसित भारत। आओ बताएनं आप सभी को, कैसे होगा विकसित भारत।

विकसित भारत बनना है तो, निश्चित नवाचार एवं प्रौद्योगिकी में वैश्विक अग्रणी होना होगा। करना होगा मानव विकास, सामाजिक कल्याण बढ़ाना होगा।।

मिटाना होगा भुखमरी, किसान को समृद्ध बनाना होगा। देना होगा नारी को सम्मान, अत्याचार को मिटाना होगा।

गरीबी को हटाना है तो, रोजगार को लाना होगा। प्रदूषण रहित बनाना है तो, स्वच्छता को महत्व देना होगा।

आत्मनिर्भर कहलाना है तो, भ्रष्टाचार को ध्वस्त करना होगा। बनना है विश्व गुरु तो, हर व्यक्ति को शिक्षित करना होगा।

यह सब पूर्ण होंगे जब, तभी तो होगा विकसित भारत। एक धरा, एक भविष्य, एक परिवार का नारा है, चलो करें संकल्प आज, भारत को खुशहाल और विकसित बनाना है।



About the Author

सिद्धार्थ कुमार तिवारी वाणिज्य विशेष, सेमेस्टर-२

बिना चार दीवारों के भी कुछ मकान होते हैं...

About the Author



साधना बी. ए. प्रोग्राम, सेमेस्टर-४

कहते हैं चार दीवारों के भी कान होते हैं। जानती हूनं चार दीवारों के बिना भी कुछ मकान होते हैं। उसमें रहने वाले की भला कौन सुनता है? उसके पास सुनने के लिए ना चार दीवारें ना कोई इंसान होता है वो तो बस आसमां में तारे देखकर अपने ख़्वाब बुनता है।

वह मकान उसका जिसका छत अंबर है खुले में ही कटता उसका पूरा दिसंबर है कैसे करे वो अकेले में ख़ुद से बात? कट जाती है आसमान को देखते ही रात।

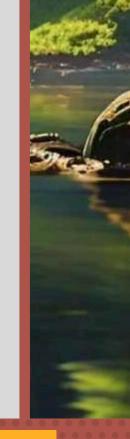
बदल जाता है हर दूसरे दिन ठिकाना मुश्किल होता है फिर दूसरी जगह मिल पाना। उसके अंदर की चीख़ भला कौन सुनता है?? वो तो अपने ख़्वाब भी सोच समझकर चुनता है। उस घर में रहने वाले के भी मान होते हैं, हाँ! बिना चार दीवारों के भी कुछ मकान होते हैं।



बरहन मुस्कुराती है

एक जलती तपती दुपहरी में वीरान पड़ी पगडंडियों पर धूल से सने झोंकों के बीच नजरें हैं झिलमिलाती छवियों पर तलाश किसकी है? वही जाने वो मान भी जाए रूह कैसे माने? छवि स्पष्ट होती है मन हताश होता है बिरहन मुस्कुराती है हृदय रोता है।

गेहूँ की चन्द बालियां बिखरी हैं उजड़े खेतों में कितना क्षणिक उल्लास है इन अंदेशों में अनुभूति, शायद वो आया होगा वही जानती होगी इस ख्याल मात्र ने उसको कितना सताया होगा।



बिरहन मुस्कुराती है

तकती है वो अंबर को सोचती है वो दूर कहाँ? यही गगन तो वो भी देखता है बिरहन मुस्कुराती है हृदय रोता है।

धूल आकृति बना कर उड़ती है दिल बैठा जाता है बहती है पवन उष्ण कोई अल्हड़- अलबेला याद आता है आम्र मंजरी गिरे धरा पर महक उठे परिवेश का कोना नयन प्रिय का स्पर्श पा ले तो जाए तर अगम्य है इस होनी का होना छाँव उभरे सूरज ढलता जाए तथापि परिंदा घर न आए क्या ऐसा भी कहीं होता है? बिरहन मुस्कुराती है हृदय रोता है।

सांध्य की इस बेला में पक्षियों का झुंड कलरव कर रहा है वो बैठी है शांत नयनों से अदृश्य अश्रु बह रहा है संध्या ढलती जाती है अंधेरा फैला जाता है वो बैठी है लालटेन की मद्धम रोशनी में एक चमकता तारा उसे बुलाता है गहरे होते अंधेरे के साथ वो प्रिय के आगमन की आस खो देती है अबकी विडंबना देख हृदय मुस्कुरा देता है बिरहन रो देती है।



About the Author

अर्पित मौर्य इतिहास विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

मैं मुसाफिर चलता हूं

जिंदगी के इस शुरुआती सफर पे, मै बाधाओं का सामना निहत्था करता हूं, और नौसिखिया होते हुए मुश्किलें नई खड़ी करता हूं।

साथ मेरे सहारा बहुतों का पड़ा है, पर साथ कोई नहीं मैं अकेला खड़ा हूं, बेहतर कल की उम्मीद में आगे बढ़ने से घबराता नहीं, मैं मुसाफिर चलता हूं अड़चनो से डगमगाता नहीं।

जानता हूं यह सफर आसां नहीं मेरे लिए, पर कामयाबी भी तो नहीं रखी सभी के लिए, हां, टांग खींचने वाले राह में बहुत पड़े हैं, पर मैं भी मजबूत हूं मेरे सपने जिद पर अड़े हैं।

डर लगता है कभी मन में यह सोच कर, कि साथ मेरे अपनों की आशाएं जुड़ी है, मेरे सपनों में उनकी भी कुछ कड़ी है, पर अगले क्षण आत्मविश्वास से भर आता हूं, मन में एक प्रेरणा जगाता हूं, और उनके भी ख्वाबों को अपनी ताकत बनाता हूं।

मंजिल पाकर खुद पर ये गुरुर करना है, कि साधारण में हूं मेरे संघर्ष साधारण नहीं, दुनिया ऊँची, है मेरे विचारों से ज्यादा नहीं, संकट भी जिद्दी है, पर मेरी जिद्द से ज्यादा नहीं, इन्हें ख्वाहिशों की तस्वीर दिल में संजोकर, मैं मुसाफिर गिरता हूं, पर उठकर चलता हूं, पीछे कदमों के निशां देखता हूं, पर आगे बढ़ता हूं। मैं मुसाफिर चलता हूं पर खुद पर यकीन करता हूं।



About the Author

अखिल कुमार सिंह वाणिज्य विशेष, सेमेस्टर-४

THE CHAOS



About the Author

Dr. Shivangi Dhawan

Assistant Professor

Department of Commerce

It is not always about the peace we seek; Sometimes it's all about the chaos, storms, and the winds that peak.

It's about twists and turns and ardous ways; Keep finding beauty in the chaos, they say.

It is all uncertain with no endgame; It's in the chaos that we find our strength, our inner flame.

Not serene or oh so vibrant hues; Chaos can paint our lives with all shades of old and new.

In the chaos we try to grow, Taking up all the challenges on the way, as we reap what we sow.

Trying hard to find our truest selves; Sometimes in the noise and furor, serenity dwells.

Sometimes it is all about the tumultuous ride and dancing within its tides as it is not always about peace, but the chaos by our side.

GODS AND GODDESSES



About the Author

Ms. Mohini Awasthi

Assistant Professor

Department of English

Part - 1

Man's place and his race,

Is above and beyond all lofty praise.

You, with your tantrums, and the sacrilegious scarlet stains,

Are chained by the Almighty to remain

Eternally lowly by the choice of His Grace.

You think you can rise above Him? – Mind you, "Him",

All "Her" glory in vain,

Crawl back, Angel of the House,

Into your dingy drain!

Return to your keeper and lie prostrate,

Because if in him the animal stirs,

You will be his prey,

And you already know his nasty ways.

Woman, you taint the honour of my mother Earth,

Replicate, reproduce more of us.

Begone, begone from His green pitch,

Pay the price decided by Eve's own sons.

You think you can change the world

With your cackling voices, pounding breasts?

You don't get to choose hon,

We decide your heavens

And the bloodiest of your hells.

Go now, give birth to more of your enemy kins,

We are right here to wall

The world from Medusa's treacherous grins.

Part -2

Shaking loose the shackles of unmanly patriarchy, Chains like snakes slither down our liberally unholy body. Breathing in the fire's warmth, shadows and flickers, both Drown us. Garrisoned regiments of women spit the oath, Of rebellion, and ululate forth.

Howls rising up in a crescendo,
Colliding with the singing winds,
The sight, a majestic lore.
A ritual too bright for the eye,
A rite too rich in bloody tears and angry sighs!

Here's Durga, and there Kali, Clothed in smoke is Mother Mary. Shiv's Parvati in a frenzy, Performing a Tandava for the company.

Daughters, mothers, sisters, wives, Embrace each other with dolorous cries. All rubbing a feminine incense, Vouch to mould humanity into a sacred trench.

A loud thud roars at the feisty festival, Announcing the presence of Shiv, Zeus, Odin and Jesus. What now? What catastrophe Is yet to unfold between the ethereal parties?

A sadistic thunder tears the soft land,
And a gurgling ridge in the land separates the celestial bands.
How will ice and fire collide,
With a spit of a broken ground,
So deep, the progeny of unprecedented might?

Part - 3

Is this how you fancy the war of the sexes went down,

In such a disgraceful, disgruntled bout?

Fire reining on the breathless goddesses, the Lords alert with icy fangs,

To leap upon each other in a simian prance?

"Equality, Equality..."

Our burning throats are parched- what a pity!

"Yes, I want the same amount of money for the same amount of work!"

"Yes officer, this is the rapist, my children's father, my husband!"

"No, you don't love me as much as you love him!"

"No, please mother, don't leave me with this beast, he beats and beats and beats..."

"Equality, Equality..."
Our burning throats are parched- what a pity!

UNTITLED COUPLET

A million dreams cremated beneath, Ain't heart the most beautiful grave!



About the Author

Prakhar Goyal

B.Com. (Hons.) Semester IV

A TAPESTRY OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Human relationships are so complex; Friend today, an enemy next.

Change in equations, something so insane; You never know your own friend would be digging your grave.

Secrets, memories, friendships so pure and bright; Gets tarnished in the single night.

Drifting relations make our souls burn; With every tear shed, some lessons we learn.

Bonds so strong, breaks in no time; Pain, dismay, and heart-breaking lies.

Complicated, fragile, tangled threads; Broken trust, doubts, and truths unsaid.

Friend turned foes and foes turned friends; New beginnings and a few painful ends.

Swiftly shifting human hearts; There is so much silence in the chaos.

Intricate threads of love and hate; Some promises kept; some are betrayed.

Scarred and worn, we look for love and trust again; Seeking deep connections, such complexity is the dance of fate.



About the Author

Dr. Shivangi Dhawan

Assistant Professor

Department of Commerce

THE PRICE WE PAY...



About the Author

Dr. Komal Agarwal

Assistant Professor

Department of English

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" wrote Shelley in his iconic verse.

That was a pristine countryside England that he was referring to:

I have often wondered, what would Shelley mean for the Indian reader!

Growing up,

I had vaguely hoped to witness a distinct autumn, With falling maple leaves and bare trees, A prevailing gloom and despondency for the Harsh months that lay ahead.

But little do I remember witnessing any of these sights or emotions, Growing up,

On the Indian soil.

Our seasons, sentiments and reality are starkly different from them (The English,

The colonizers who took back Our gold, books and riches)

In our country,

Autumn heralds the upcoming festivities:

With the blooming of the harsingaar and the saptaparni,

Colours and fragrances surround,
Happiness and cheer abound,
Families and communities get together,
And rejoice in the hues of the marigold all around.

The lime and deep mustard marigolds, Bring with them the season of warm blankets And endless cups of *chai*, Humans curled up in comfortable beds And the laps of their mothers.

Winter in our country
Brings with it,
Company, camaraderie, colours
A time when
Dianthus, petunias, carnations and salvias,
Burst in a riot of colours all around
Grazing the ground
Carelessly and aimlessly,
These wry, wild blooms are unmissable in their splendour...

While the elite club of the *guldavaris*, poppies and tulips Can also be spotted in select pockets,
And manicured gardens,
Or ticketed venues
That lighten some pockets!

Babus and workers can be found
Lying and soaking
in the mild afternoon sun,
Far away from the canopies of trees
While neighbourhood women gather before dusk
On the familiar park benches
And walking tracks
To share in the stories of the everyday!

Aunts and friendly neighbours,
Get together to make papads and pickles,
That serve as tangible reminders of home
In faraway lands. . .
While still others
Pop groundnuts and devour gajaks,
Until the lingering warmth of the sun slowly fades away,
And gives way to the dark and long nights,
Only to resume
Similar banter and business all over again!

Just when the smoggy season and cold shivers are Beginning to metamorphose into bright, sunny afternoons The silk floss trees attract all eyeballs Displaying their theatrics of pagentry With their flame, orange, golden yellow blooms As far below or above the eyes can see Semals in deep earthy hues And the bright orange blooms of the palash, Just in time for the Holi fun (It's a pity we buy 'organic' colours off the shelves!) And the regal pinks of the *kachnar*, Create a carpet of flame reds, delicate pinks and pleasing oranges Painting the concrete jungles in the city With a deep contrast of the brightest shades, That arouse hope, and lace faces with bemused smiles.

By the time we are ready to bid adieu to the winter chills altogether, Trees all around are laced with the quintessential *neem* blossoms, And beauteous shades of the bougainvillea, The rani pinks, the light pinks and the matte oranges,

Stealing our hearts like it's nobody's business,
And the subtle lilac strokes of the *jacaranda* blossoms
Are thrown into sharp relief by
the chocolaty and leaf green hues of
The new spurt of leaves all around
Interspersed with
The dull bare branches of some others.

What is spring to the west Is sometimes autumn for the people in the north of our land.

Spring and autumn,
Autumn and spring,
Are like the fighting, bickering siblings
We meet, ever so often
In our homes and neighbourhoods.

And just as we are ready to bid adieu to the myriad of shades and blooms
We are greeted by the golden yellow amaltas
Hanging by the branches of the trees that
Pave the narrow streets
And the broad, gravelled ones
All across the city.

Amaltas is a flower
One associates with the end-term exams
The start of the summer holidays
Pushing one into the tickling nostalgia
Of the endless fights with cousins
over the glasses of the humble lemonade
over one extra luscious lichi
And the stealing of plump mangoes

that we ate by the dozens under the tent made on the rooftop using granny's saree Of the *phalsas* that we knew to be only the stone fruit in our part of the world All these and more tasted juicier and sweeter Because cousins would engage in boisterous brawls over their share of the punchy, zesty fruits Only to hug each other and forget the bygones At the end of each day Leaving one homesick to the core Down to this day The moment these summertime blooms Start falling all day As if a notorious cousin Has blown up a party popper!

It's the summer away from home
That is truly unbearable
In another city we come to call home
Splintering the delicate heart
Into a thousand shards.
The feeling chokes up the throat
In flitting moments
When we are busy
creating a home away from home. . .

Until nothing matters anymore...

What can beat the feeling of belonging But the first spell of the rains The petrichor that has a balmy effect On the mind, body and soul And the child inside perks up: At the memories of the paper boats, and The acts of sneaking away into the rains Knowing fully well the risks that came with Such 'revolutionary' strides!

Flash forward to this day
When getting to work on a rain-soaked day
Is as much of a win,
As the successful floating of the paper-boats in the yesteryears!
When checking weather forecasts to avoid getting drenched,
Is as routine as getting soaked in the rains was,
In the usual temerity of childhood and young adulthood. . .

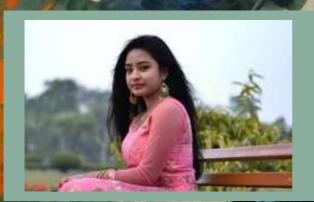
Well, they say,
Time and tide wait for none!
And before one can come to terms
With the irretrievable losses and paltry gains,
It's that time of the year again:

And as one prepares to gift oneself new clothes for the festivities
And take leaves for the autumn cleaning
Between the years gone by
And the year yet to come
Comes the hard-hitting realization
That
We have grown up,
Or old,
Or up. . .

Grown above? Or beyond?

Or has one grown at all?

LET ME FORGIVE ME



About the Author

Ankita Barman
B.A. (Hons.) English
Batch of 2022

Tonight, I would forgive myself! Someone told me "It's better not to know much about people other than yourself."

Advice I believe (a good one)
But when did it bring any relief?

I told her Hush! Please let me Wipe my tears! But let me release my fears. My pain is real. Understand it's deal. One moment I'm in love! Another, I abandon you. I have fears of losing you. I look up to you and think, How could I have chosen you? In the deep sky of shining stars Someone is there in the dark To sneak into us And for you to crumble And for me to go astray and fumble.

But no! Tonight, I would forgive myself! I cried in the woods of fire

I damped my hands in the taste of pearls.

I bore your fatigue in my diurnal madness!

My way of life was getting harder by the sunlight.

I woke up in the darkness and no one saw me

ripping apart my eyes to diamonds.

A stone, that was all I was anymore.

Walked by the labyrinths with no eyes!

The fire in my eyes was nervous.

To go through the day and to move by the time.

It was imperceptibly whipping my nails and nerves.

To come clean to the world was a question of survival!

Where do I feel the heat of my thighs and the warmth of a heart?

She won't accept me back if I am unmarried!

She won't heal my wounds even in the dark,

For she won't talk to me in the open in the daylight, for people might see!

for she believes in her beliefs.

She and the society rely on age-old faith and Credence.

There is a gap between her and me, if only I could explain what it is but a Fence!

Had been doing this since I started crawling!

I'd been taught to think of Utopia and behave like it!

I'd been shown a path repeatedly to make a good living!

But now what?

Just so bad...

My Memory is being tested repeatedly

Just so bad...

they would qualify if I wrote as many pages continuously!

Nobody takes a damn what I like!

All are employing and are being employed in this sick competitive fight!

I die coz I can't take it anymore.

Few marches and nobody cares anymore.

A few bills to everybody's pockets and all are straight to go!

But no!

Tonight, I would forgive myself!

I would forgive myself!

Forgive me!

But I'll forgive myself.

ACU PUNCTURES: CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN AN ARTISTE AND AN ADMIRER



About the Author

Aparajita

B.A. (Hons.) English

Batch of 2016

Acu punctures my heart with the precision of Cristina Yang.

"The pang is conducive to great writing. Stop fighting the pain of unrequited love, shove in one more pin, just another needle," Acu wheedles.

Acu and I watch my heart in a box flapping its slimy gills in distress. "Set loose all your bad karma, de-stress," Acu stresses on all the right syllables, inserts one pin more for each happy never after. Hours after it is certain that Acu will not let me bleed to death on his table, each needle becomes a man:

an elbow, barbed tongue, teeth, feet.

In the rising heat, my heart begins to shudder in rhythm-less whine.

Acu sighs,
"There's such poetry
in reliving torture."

POETRY HAPPENED TO ME

Poetry embraced me at dawn's first light, As I sought to blend my past with present might. Into the world I strode, seeking a better me, Bathed in sunlight's kiss, a new day's decree, Poetry happened to me.

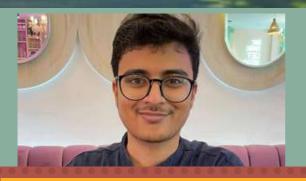
Amidst the bustling crowd's cacophony, Expressions whispered into scales, a symphony. Embracing and tearing, a dance of the soul, In the rhythm of life's struggles, a new role, Poetry disowned me, leaving me whole.

Childhood dreams, once bright aspirations, Now mere embers, fueling introspections. Yet in the quiet moments, amidst the flickering flame, I find solace, and rise above the mundane.

Erasing the shadows of lingering disdain, I unearth the depths where love may reign. In the echo of past hurts and joys untold, I find myself in poetry's hold.

Guilt and hatred, once heavy burdens to bear, Now transformed by verse, into the rarefied air. In the absence of words, a hollow space, Where clarity resides, in elegant grace.

Poetry happened to me, a serenade of the soul, In its embrace, I find myself whole. A symphony of emotions, a dance of the heart, In poetry's realm, I find my part.



About the Author

Ashraf Nehal

B.A. (Hons.) English Batch of 2021

INDEPENDENCE: HIND FAUJ



About the Author

Harsh Goyal B.A. (Prog.) Semester IV

And they sacrificed their lives, Bleeding for the people they never met And for the people, Who believed in them. For those, Who are proud of them. And for the people Who sleep peacefully. For them, They are the soldiers of Bharat. On Siachen glacier, Where the breath freezes, The heart struggles to pump, Blood flow is a hassle, Fire – a fantasy, But still, they stand tall For the people They never met. They are the soldiers of Bharat Who carried out the "OPERATION RAHAT," The flash of flood and the flood of blood, The pile of death and the clutch of mud,

The flash of flood and the flood of blood,
The pile of death and the clutch of mud,
The conditions wherein the mind doesn't work,
But they never backed down,
And, hence,

The largest evacuation operation remains intact. They are the soldiers of Bharat,

Who fought in Kashmir,

Who fought for Kutch

Who evacuated people from war impartially.

They are the bravehearts of Bharat Mata,

The sons of this land,

Those who serve the nation,

Not for money,

Not for glory

But out of pure devotion – sacrifice – gallantry –and indomitable courage.

They are the guardians of this nation

Who say "I will either come back hosting the tricolour or wrapped in it."

They are the brave hearts of this nation who say

"I will not abandon my tank; my gun is still working and I will get those bastards."

They are the ones who refuse to give up when the nation is under threat.

They are men who reverberated,

"I will not withdraw an inch, and will fight to our last man."

They are those who shout

"Yeh dil maange more!"

They are not normal people -

They are mad lads-

Mad in love with their nation.

They protect the innocent,

And believe "shouryam daksham yudhe."

They do not run from the battle field,

But rather say, "balidan parmo dharmaha"

They who protect this land, it's air and water,

And due to them, this nation has stayed sovereign.

And they sacrificed their lives,

Bleeding, for the people they never met

And for the people

Who believed in them.

Aayushi Kathait B. Com. (Hons.) Semester II



NUMB

Numbness is immensely craved when one's in pain but pain is by far a blessing and numbness a curse, for hurting is better than aching to hurt, they say pain is constant, but they're wrong. Pain evolves and fades and comes back leaves you screaming till you can't scream anymore, hurting till you can't hurt anymore and in the end, it's the endurance that holds burning in agony, or dying cold -for suffering is meagre in front of lying dead.

CRUISE

The perpetual rains of sands of time
Fill the shell of my life.
I lay down by the waves with a shovel in hand,
Digging sometimes
To get a glimpse
Of the depths well known and felt

Ohh the past, Relieving, truly, An antidote to the present. Present, irony, isn't it?

The rains are harsh,
They turn me bleak.
I loathe under the burden,
Knees weak, spine bent,
Just a little hole to breathe
But the longing, wins

And then the shell
Is filled to the brim.
I am stuck beneath, struggling to breathe
And, eventually, it all ends.
The weights are lifted,
Spine corrected,
My knees turn into wings

And as I fly,
The sand is washed away.
By the sea of destiny,
I board a cruise.
They put a halo on my head, majestic
And across we sail.

It's all fading.
But I see children,
Pointing at me,
Their mothers reminding them
Of the ancestors great,
Who now--rest in graves.

I wonder, who am I? Suddenly, I am crying In the lap of a man, His moustache wet with tears, Ahh! I am born again.



About the Author

Vinayak Radhakrishnan B. A. (Hons.) Geography Semester IV

About the Author Parakram Veer Singh B. A. (Hons.) English Semester II

BOYS DO CRY

Mama, why do you worry?
I will be fine, I won't drink wine.
In a little hurry, will call you backIf I reach on time.
I try to lie about it,
Saying I ain't afraid of the dark!
I try to laugh about it,
But I get scared when the dogs bark.
Boys do cry.

When I try to have some fun,
They remind me of anomalies.
All my friends make fun of me,
When I tell them about my miseries.
They say to lie about it
But when I say it doesn't feel right,
They mock—Cry about it.
But that's what I'm doing - All night.
Boys do cry.

WOMEN'S ERA

Oh dear patriarchy!
Your ominous presence
Makes me sick in the
Stomach,
The orthodox mindset reeks
Like rotten eggs,
Let me tell you women are
Not just merely flesh,
They are an amalgamation of
Love, sacrifice, love, compassion and dreams,
Dreamed to fly in the vast sky,
Not to listen to your orders

And comply.
Who decided you're
Superior and why?
Your ideologies cloud a
Sound mind
And I do not wish to bind to your fickle minds.

So I did I felt was right,
I arranged the funeral of this imprudent patriarchy in my brain,
Erasing every absurd ethos
Engrained,
Spawning a clean slate,
Where my aspirations, views and dreams will never suffocate,
I wish to live in a world where my diligence will reciprocate,
Where no one will chore my duty,
Further treat me with equality.

Listen you so called patriarchal society,
You're rotten to the core,
Your hollow foundations will not make us shiver anymore,
We will roar and soar,
Taste air of freedom,
We aren't meek and will crumble your delusional world,
Like the castle of sand,
Rebuilding from scratch,
An era where you are no more in demand.



About the Author

Piyush Narnoli English (Hons.) Batch of 2022

THE ATLAS HEART



The crown of youth, once light and bright, Now feels a weight upon the head. The carefree days, a fading light, Replaced by bills and dreams half-dead.

The playground slide, a memory dear, Now replaced by a desk and chair. Laughter rings, but tinged with fear, A silent question in the air.

"Is this it all? The daily grind? The endless chase for what we seek?" Ambition's fire, a flicker kind, But responsibility's grip is bleak.

The atlas heart, a heavy load, Carries burdens, seen and unseen. The weight of dreams, a weary code, The path ahead, a shadowed green.

Yet in the cracks, where shadows creep,

Resilience blooms, a stubborn thing. A love that's fierce, a promise deep, A strength that only adulthood can bring.

For in this weight, a wisdom grows, A tapestry from threads of strife. The atlas heart, though burdened, knows, It holds the world, and holds on to life.

WHO IS BETTER? KEEP THINKING

A hero will kill you to save the world, And the villain will annihilate the world to save you. Now, who is better? Keep thinking.

You kept adoring the hero, Because of his heroic nature. To win every battle at the end Like doing an inch measure.

But those sufferings, That happen from the beginning to the last, So, who is strong now, and brave in the past?

Maybe it is about the intention, you think, For a good or bad cause that sinks.

What If I say, It's the bad guy that makes the good one stronger?

Otherwise, hasn't one been dumb, Didn't you call others smart-ass? All just normal folks here and there.

The day there is no bad, There exists no 'good'. If things aren't going well now, In the future they should.

The bad, is stubborn to you, And the good will make you stubborn. Now Keep thinking. . . Who is better?



About the Author

Prakhar Goyal B.Com. (Hons.), Semester IV

Garv Nausran B. A. (Hons.) English Semester IV

bout the Autho



(UNTITLED)

As mighty as thou are, Flawless raging upon this land, Roaring like thou were sent by a god, Rigid even to defy my command.

Thou ambushed my men, Brave they were, But one look they had of thine, Silly men have I now.

Are thou protecting him from me, Ambushing and stooping my flee, I would dare thee to stop, But wise I am to let my men rest.

I will dare thee to stop,
Once my men become restive,
For soon they will,
My men have hate, savage like thee.

GLIMPSES: NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

The blush of the last jasmine flowers
Obliterated by
Shell- shocked trees
And murderous vines;
Nature cries aloud ---

Amidst whimpers
A lone boy boards the bus
Across alien borders
Lost in the Satanic woods.
The bony fingers
Of his weeping mother

Is flashed across Seven Seas
The two never meet again.
The people in power
Twirl their fingers
Mocking their own Fate,
Relentless and impure
One with the Satanic Empire.

Ghostly cities That lie ravaged And tell a different story----The Satanic Empire **Treads heavily on protesters** Drinking in the violence With cynical minds And convoluted denials. Shot in the darkness A lone journalist Claims humanity is dead And hollow men Are strangling the Universe; The stake holders Apt at calculating gas prices And every grain of wheat Accelerate the skirmish And smile for sake of humanity.



About the Author

Ms. Neeta Singh
Assistant Professor
Department of English

THE LABYRINTH OF EMOTIONS



About the Author

Saurabh Rathour

B.Sc. (Hons.) Mathematics Semester IV

In minds, emotions twist and twirl, A mix of feelings in a whirl. Simple joys and worries deep, In our hearts, secrets keep.

In our minds, a world to explore, Emotions, complex, forevermore. Colors of joy, of sorrow's hue, Intricate paths, we journey through.

Sometimes clear, focused in its might, Other times tricky, causing a plight.. But mysteries remain, twists and turns, Understanding minds, each lesson learns.

People's looks deceive, don't judge the book, Inside's a journey, more than they look. Broken souls may shine with grace, While fine exteriors hide a different face.

Right and wrong, a blurred line to find, Actions justified in one's own mind. Understanding minds, a challenging quest, In this intricate tapestry, we all invest

PARANOIA

I feel this unknown pain everyday Someday it's unbearable And some are even worse.

It torments me and glues me to the couch.

I feel some unknown force pushing me into that dingy corner of the room, And slowly whispering into my ear "Paranoia!"

The footstep follows me,
And the shadow always sticks to me.
The place which once felt like home is slowly turning claustrophobic
And I find no escape.

It comes every-day, but in incognito
I feel it every-day,
And the moment I try to follow it,
It evanesces.
And I could only hear a whisper whispering 'PARANOIA!"

I try to reason, but in vain.
My mind can no longer distinguish,
Because of its intoxicated state
It's the same liquor, which I can't name.

My soul does not belong to me anymore
I'm no longer it's controller
It's has turned docile to some unknown fear,
So....

Is it the state of "PARANOIA?"



About the Author

Ahana Biswas

B.A. (Hons.) English Semester VI

ON RESILIENCE

In the crevices of the road, Near the car's tyre, Where only did moss reside, Grew wild plants. They call it wild, I choose resilient. On the grey road, All charcoal, Stood out they. Who were in kin of hay. I wondered what their fate'd be, If one day. The car moved. And the tyres screeched. Will I hear them scream too for their lives, With their fragile green stems, And a plea to stop? Or will they stand strong, With a valour of big trees, And the moss would look up to them, And tell them they're heroes? It has two ways, Either one it must choose, Might it beg others for life, Every time the tyres move, Or stand strong with its green chest wide open, And embrace each hit with pride. You have two ways, Either one you must choose.



About the Author

Isha Mehta
B. Com. (Hons.)
Sem VI

THE PROBLEM OF THE CRITERION

Who judges something skillfully? Is it the ordinary person or the skilled person? We would not say it is the ordinary person. For he is defective in his knowledge of the peculiarities of skills. The blind person does not grasp the workings of sight, nor the deaf person those of hearing. And so, too, the unskilled person does not have a sharp eye when it comes to the apprehension of what has been achieved through skill, since if we actually back this person in his judgment on some matter of skill, there will be no difference between skill and lack of skill, which is absurd. So the ordinary person is not a judge of the peculiarities of skills. It remains, then, to say that it is the skilled person—which is again unbelievable. for one judges either a person with the same pursuits as oneself, or a person with different pursuits. But one is not capable of judging someone with different pursuits; for one is familiar with one's own skill, but as far as someone else's skill is concerned one's status is that of an ordinary person. Yet neither one can certify a person with the same pursuits as oneself. For this is the very issue to examine: who is to be the judge of these people, who are of identical ability as regards the same skill. Besides, if one person judges the other, the same thing will become both judging and judged, trustworthy and untrustworthy. For in so far as the other person has the same pursuits as the one being judged, he will be untrustworthy since he too is being judged, while in so far as he is judging he will be trustworthy. But it is not possible for the same thing to be both judging and judged, trustworthy and untrustworthy; Therefore there is no one who judges skillfully. for this reason there is not a criterion either. for some criteria are skilled and some are ordinary; but neither do the ordinary ones judge (just as the ordinary person does not), nor do the skilled ones (just as the skilled person does not), for the reasons stated earlier. Therefore nothing is a criterion.



About the Author

Ms. Apoorva
Assistant Professor
Department of English

LAVISHA JAIN B. Com. (Hons.)



SEASONS: A CONSTANT CHANGE

Mesmerizing cherry blossom, And the sweet smell of bougainvillea, Bringing back the nostalgic memories of the upcoming summer

Sunshine falling through the branches, Feeling soft and slicking through, The small gaps of my window

Orange-brown leaves falling on my head, As I cross the wooden bridge that is full of crunchingcracking leaves, Reminding me the mystic fragrance of cinnamon

The cold winter gushing in the sky, Grouping the shady clouds together, Creating a foggy blurry scenery, Leaving me longing for summer, All over again.

PEACE UNTITLED

Sometimes, I stay a bit longer with life that's otherwise boring And I don't feel like doing anything and love snoring I just lay there, like a small pebble at the edge of the road At times I like to stop my flow and collect the algae of life And let the moments sink in like wrecked ships, Just so that, I can later go on underwater explorations When the surface doesn't feel very pleasant.

I want to hang upside down like a sleeping bat And savour the back scratches and purr like a lazy cat. I want to break flower pots and scratch people just for the sake of it So that they remember me (even out of annoyance but still) they remember me While I run away from the hellhounds of my insecurities

And climb high trees of my ego and pride

Knowing damn well, I won't be able to get down on my own.

I want to retreat under tree cavities, not caring about splinters And sleep and sleep like a bear in winter.

I want to propose to the queen of bees,

And break her beehive after getting rejected

And get chased by bees. (Just like a bear)

Just like a bear, I want to tuck my soul deep inside the fur coat,

Where the coldness of reality doesn't affect me any more.

Where my playful and softer side stays hidden and warm under my intimidating form.

Saving it from greed and lust's lethal hailstorm.

(I want to chirp like a cricket)

I want to chirp and accompany the lonely night

And sing a song to the stars and the moon my plight.

After all, a group of crickets are called an "orchestra".

And all of us are as distinct as violet and purple,

Sometimes, I'll sing along with the choir

And sometimes I'll just dance non-verbal.

I'll play the violin when I'm sad, I'll bang the drums when I am angry.

I'll become a trumpeter when I'm nervous,

Piano when I feel tragic and an Oboe when I'm cheery and flute at peace.

The Cellos will wrap up the emotions,

And then, a new day will rise, ending all the commotion.

I'll bow to the rising sun, and exit the stage of life,

Where I'll kiss my regrets goodbye and end all the strife.



About the Author

Ansh Gurjar
B A (Hons.) English
Semester IV

CADAVER OF REMINDERS



About the Author

Himani Purwar

B.A. (Hons.) English Semester IV

(Count, count the minutes)

The grains of sand slip through the waist of the hourglass

But wait! I see, I see a carcass

In the blue waters.

Cut into quarters

(Breathe, Breathe the air)

Its mouth open in mimicry of its breath last

On surface of waters fading fast,

And an eye open which stares alone

But, to my eye, its glare is shone

(Feel, feel the delight)

As if in remembrance of the brass

Which stored its smiles, laughs, and beauty of moons and stars,

Now lost in arrays of disorders

Like the numb limbs divided by borders

(Say, say the words)

Rendered to my sight aghast

For they show a sad past,

As the torn hands join to atone

Over the heart now turned to stone

(Paint, paint the colours)

For it forgot outlines of the smiles

Which brought colours in blue lines,

And with them, in shading of shadows in the noon, it became shy

As it forgot, "It's only tears, they will soon dry."

[&]quot;It's only tears, they will soon dry"- White Nights, Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1848.

THE HEAVEN'S SUFFERING

Lately, insecurities have been taking the centre stage
Pain flows through pen but I've run out of page.
The smudge of ink has painted my fingers blues and blacks
the inadequacy deafens me and my shortcoming it attacks.
My pencil has been hesitant and my erase too sure
The noise is too clear and my voice is obscure.

I wish I could turn back to who I was

Tap the resume button of life completely oblivious to pause.

But these pauses, they come too often

burn my voice through lungs and my tongue they coffin.

My memories become ashes of the fire I once had

muffled are my judgements, maybe I'm overreacting just a tad!

The paranoia gets too real sometimes, so does the worry my face gets lost in black and my notions turn blurry.

I miss my innocence at times, but demons buried my grace
The wounds feel like kisses and choking an embrace.

I gasp more than I breathe, I fell more than I ran wanted to fix these cracks, but the world didn't need a broken man.

The pain becomes my caress, and I destroy myself in peace
I cling to chaos like a little child, and pluck life piece by piece.
I've grown fond of this pit, the sun is now a stranger
I guess this was my destiny, and I couldn't really change her.
Guess they'll dig me up someday just like those skeletons of lovers they found in the year two thousand and seven,
I would've become my fears' angel, and suffering will become my heaven.



About the Author

Ansh Gurjar

B.A. (Hons.) English
Semester IV

THE FRAGRANCE OF COMFORT



About the Author

Palak Goel

B. Com. (Hons.) Semester VI

The walls watching me naked, as I remove the layers of strength and walking in front of the mirror, touching parts where sorrow seeped.

"The pinpricks of me, these scars, I own,"
The walls and mirror, are my home.
Blankets and pillows, in the coziness I dwell,
They feel like home and their distinct smell.

Sitting in silence, observing the pace of my train of thoughts and witnessing everything around, not ugly, not beautiful.

"I am enough, I am not alone,"
This silence and breath, are my home.
The warmth of being understood, I adore,
It builds my home and sounds like a petrichor.

Daadi telling me stories in bed, daadu humming prayers as he falls asleep and caressing my head, looking at my numb face.

"My gudia, how much you've grown,"
Daadu, Daadi, and the stories are my home.
A first hug from them, a pleasant memory,
They are my second home, my poetry.

My mother knitting sweaters for me, with intricacies of love as if giving birth to her reflection, that aura, protecting me in her absence.

"Maa, your lap feels like a throne," Her lap, her sweaters, they are my home. In her bosom, peace I've reaped She is my home, a heavenly sound sleep.

My dad carrying me on his shoulders, after returning from work, holding me so tight as if to diffuse his love in me.

"Don't run. You'll fall amidst the stones" His arms, care, and love is my home. My toys or dreams, putting all in place, In him, I found another home, the safest space.

I run faster and faster, watching a stranger run behind me and he waves with my wallet in his hand that I mistakenly dropped on the road.

"Don't be so terrified of the unknown"
Humanity, faith, and belief are my home.
This faith shall nurture zest when in a race,
It shall become my home, a warm embrace.

Tucked into the early-morning sunrises, the answers to unheard questions. The comfort with plants, pets, or food, Dancing in puddles or watching the midnight sky.

"Poetry is not enough to describe my comfort zone."
The intimacy of a flickering candle might be my home.
Friends, coffee, books, paints, and my favorite song,
They all are my home because to them I belong.

INWARD QUEST



About the Author

Palak Goel

B. Com. (Hons.) Semester VI

All caught up in loneliness, I picture myself as a mess.

Strong I might be for all, Yet in my eyes, every day I fall.

My eyes have lost all the spark, Who am I, if not this dark?

I sit all day in despair, Craving for just gentle care.

My voice trembles when I speak, I fear that my future too will be bleak.

Will I reap the love I had once sown, Or will I be again left all alone?

So I wonder, I wonder, If there's any end to this pain, In this darkness, if I'd ever be sane.

If ever I'd not be condemned of any sin, If ever I'd come out of the pit and win.

If ever things would fall into place, If ever I'd be full of solace.

If ever I'd heave a sigh of relief, If ever I'd let go of the undue grief. If ever I'd be light in my heart, If ever I'd not be falling apart.

If ever I'd get to sleep with peace, If this suffering would ever cease.

If God would ever be kind, If I'd ever help myself unbind.

There's still, still a lot left to find, Who am I if not this body and mind?

There are questions about myself, How deeper into my core will I've to delve?

On the journey to realize all the 'whys', I'll uncover the truth behind all lies.

I'm a human and I make mistakes, Truth is my armor, I do not fake.

When my path would seem all uphill, I'd still believe the nights to be tranquil.

I express fully without any shame, Through my words, I release all pain.

For the well-being of all souls, I shall pray, All my dreams would come my way.

God is supreme and I'm his creation, In his grace, I surrender to my intuition.

THE COLORLESS SPECTRUM

In the shadows' whispers where secrets conspire, A tapestry woven, a colorless fire. No hues or tones in this clandestine choir, Yet in the silence, a tale to inspire. Behold the garden where secrets entwine, Love's clandestine dance, a forbidden shrine. A canvas unmarked, where whispers align, Absence of color, where mysteries define.

Through winds of whispers, secrets take flight, In the depths of darkness, where truths ignite. No emerald forests, no golden light, Yet in the shadows, lies hidden insight.

Imagine a rainbow, a covert ballet, An enigmatic saga in shades of gray. The sun ascends in a tender sway, A cosmic conspiracy, in the light of day.

In the void of colors, emotions bloom, A spectrum of secrets, veiled in gloom. In this monochrome symphony, whispers consume, A colorless canvas, where darkness looms.

Let your mind wander in this enigmatic spree, A symphony of silence, where truths decree. In life's canvas where illusions flee, The colorless spectrum, a sinister decree.

In the whispers of shadows, where secrets converse, Lies the beauty of darkness, a universe perverse. No palette of rainbows, no tales rehearsed, A masterpiece painted in the colorless curse.

As the story unfolds, and mysteries align, A journey through shadows, where truths intertwine. In the silence of secrets, where darkness refines, A narrative of darkness, where the soul defines.



About the Author

Sourabh Goyal

B. Com. (Prog.)

Semester VI

REINCARNATION



About the Author

Snigdha Shankar

B.A. (Hons.) English Batch of 2023

Some days, I imagine
I am the reincarnation
Of all the women I admire.

I am Emily Dickinson
On the mornings I wake up
Wanting to remain isolated
From good society
Oscillating between
Her solitude and loneliness.

I am Sylvia Plath When I encounter The brutality of good society And wish to escape the pain And preserve myself By letting go of the world.

I am Emily Brontë
On my days of sickness
When I feel helpless
And art doesn't leave me.
It torments and heals me
At the same time.

I am Mary Shelley
When I am naive
And fall in love
Knowing full well
That I am walking the path
Of heartbreak.

The bodies of women have been graveyards
Of dreams and desires
Locked carelessly
Among the wilderness
In the coffins of their madness.
A ghost emerges every once in a while.

The women who killed themselves, The women whom the world killed Fuel my rage, Make me see beyond my age. Their despair gives me hope Their hopes depress me.

I have died once
Because I killed my voice.
I am living again
Because I am not afraid
Of having a voice,
That isn't always comforting
Even to itself,
That critiques everything
Including itself.

Some pages in my diary May be torn; But never again, Will the knife In my back be my own.

Some days, I imagine
I am the flower blossoming on a grave.
My body is not a graveyard.

1/40 - BY APARAJITA

"The actual pain of a broken heart lasts all of forty seconds."

I told him I'd write a poem on this. Prepared for it, I wrote 1/40 on his chalkboard wall

and never began, so it never ended.

We've been told so often that hearts break, we forget that they are actually muscle - very, very wet.

What nuclear wars must they be exposed to, for that dry, brittle metaphor to exist?

Powder from our hearts spreads out like magic carpets, shroud to the pixie-dust that love used to be.

After the pixie dies - overwhelmed, underpaid, its

O U T S T R T E C H E D

armsgolimp and we're just left with dust which

in the shirt-pockets of people - rainbows once, footprints now,

in parenthesis between love-letters too heavy for pigeons to carry,

on the floors of expensive salons; the barber was to chop away our indignities, chips away at our identities.

Swept-hair-dust flows in our blood and clogs it, so it flows slower with every passing blow.

If one heartbreak could be measured in 1/40 ounces of dust,

would the dust from thirty nine more rewrite my heart in the same brittle metaphor?

hides

lurks

lies

SPOTTED ON THE STREETS: URBAN CHRONICLES

THE POETRY SECTION



SPOTTED ON THE STREET: URBAN CHRONICLES

By ENVISION, the Photography Society SBSC







































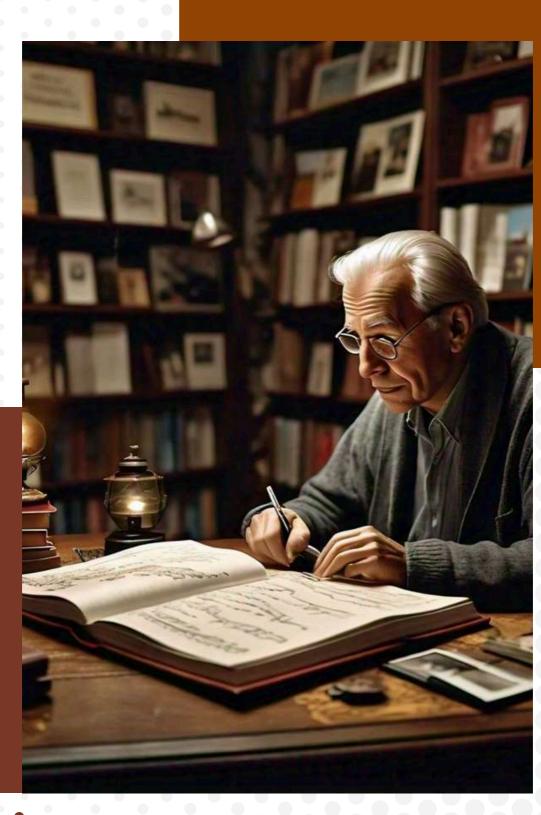




ART BY STUDENTS

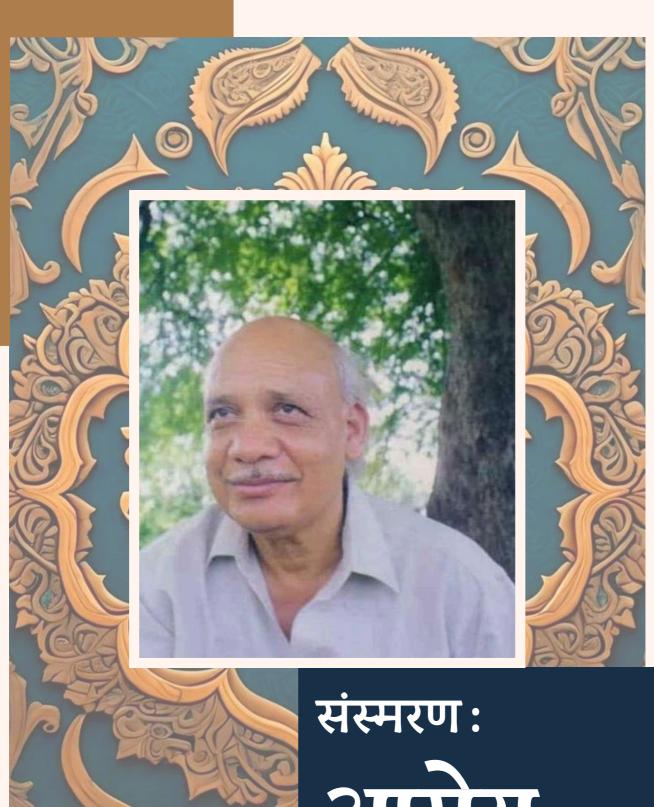


Abhilasha Bhatt B A (HONS.) ENGLISH, **BATCH OF 2022**



संस्मरण: ECHOES OF LITERARY STALWARTS

REMEMBERING AGNEYA AND JAYANTA MAHAPATRA



आग्नेय

1935 - 2023

हिंदी के समादृत कवि-लेखक। बतौर अनुवादक भी चर्चित। 'सदानीरा' पत्रिका के संस्थापक-संपादक। आग्नेय: वर्जनाओं का समादत कवि

मृत्यु के सिलिसले थमने और वैश्विक महामारी के जाने के लगभग एक वर्ष बाद ही किव-लेखक-अनुवादक और सदानीरा के संस्थापक-संपादक आग्नेय जी (1935-2023) के नहीं रहने की ख़बर हमें बेचैन कर गई। यह बेचैनी इस अर्थ में भी यंत्रणापूर्ण है कि मृत्यु के पश्चात् उनकी अंतिम शव यात्रा में मात्र आधे दर्जन लोगों की संख्या उपस्थित थी और तिस पर इस गिनती में हिंदी का एक भी 'बड़ा लेखक' शामिल नहीं था।

"बहुधा कवि मर जाते हैं अच्छे कवि और जल्दी मर जाते हैं"

(कवि की मृत्यु, भूल गए शब्द लिखना)

आग्नेय जी का जन्म 24 जनवरी 1935 को सागर, मध्य प्रदेश में हुआ। उनसे पहला परिचय उनकी किवताओं के माध्यम से नहीं उनके द्वारा संपादित विश्व कला की पित्रका सदानीरा के संस्थापक-संपादक के रूप में हुआ। सदानीरा—एक नायाब और मौलिकता की ऐंठ से भरी पित्रका। जिसने हिंदी भाषा-साहित्य के अनेकानेक नवांगतुक युवाओं को विश्व साहित्य से पिरचित कराया और उन्हें प्रकाशित कर साहित्य में उनकी दख़ल को मजबूती प्रदान की। उन्होंने इसके 16 अंक निकाले और बाद में अविनाश मिश्र ने 13 अंक।

पिछले कुछ दशक हिंदी आलोचना के लिए अवसानोन्मुख रहे। लेकिन इसे उस ज़रूरी अवकाश की तरह भी देखना आवश्यक है जिसमें नवनिर्माण-प्रक्रिया की तोड़-फोड़ और साहित्य में क्रांतिकारी तब्दीलियाँ निहाँ है। साहित्य के इस बदलते स्वरूप को आग्नेय ने बखूबी समझा और सदानीरा के माध्यम से उन संभावनाशील आवाज़ों को जगह दी जिनका प्रतिरोध काव्य-मुखरता की शक्ल में निखर कर सामने आया/आ रहा है।

गत वर्ष सदानीरा पर प्रकाशित 'आख़िरी बातचीत' शीर्षक से आग्नेय-अविनाश संवाद में आग्नेय चुनने के प्रति जिस सतर्कता को इंगित करते हैं वह देखे-सुने-समझे जाने योग्य है :

"आग्नेय : जो भी करना है, उसे करना है। उसे एक दिन के लिए स्थगित मत करो। मैंने 85 पार कर लिए हैं और समय कम होता जा रहा है मेरे लिए।

अविनाश : क्या करूँ घंटे 24 ही हैं...

आग्नेय : मेरे लिए सिर्फ़ एक दिन का जीवन है। देखा जाए तो सबके पास इतना ही जीवन होता है। इसी समयांतराल में जो अर्थगर्भी है, उसे ही किया जा सकता है। बाक़ी तो छोड़ देना होगा।"

सदानीरा पर बात करना यहाँ इसलिए भी ज़रूरी है क्योंकि 'गीत चतुर्वेदी से पहले हिंदी की दुनिया को विश्व साहित्य से परिचित कराने वाला कौन था?' सरीखे जुमले इंस्टाग्रामीय यूजर्स(पाठक) के अनर्गल प्रलाप में अब भी शामिल हैं।

टूटपुंजियों की जमात संभवतः हमेशा से ही इस बात से अनिभिज्ञ रही है कि उनकी संकीर्णता के बाहर

भी एक दुनिया है। ख़ुद आग्नेय ने सदानीरा में अनेक पाश्चात्य कियां का अनुवाद किया और प्रमुखता से छापा जिसमें तादेऊष रुज़ेविच, वाल्ट ह्विटमैन, हावियर हिरॉद, रादिमला लाज़िक, सी. पी. कवाफ़ी इत्यादि के अनुवाद ऑनलाइन उपलब्ध हैं। लेकिन इन सब से गुज़रने के लिए जिस धैर्य की ज़रूरत है वह न जाने कहाँ बादलों में गायब होता जा रहा है। बक़ौल आग्नेय:

"मुझे पूरी उम्मीद है कि अविनाश मिश्र, जिनको मैं 'सदानीरा' सौंप रहा हूँ। वह उसे सतत सिलला बनाए रखेंगे और 'सदानीरा' के उन युवा रचनाकारों और उन पाठकों से भी मैंने उम्मीद लगा रखी है, जिन्होंने उसे मेरे लिए अब तक बचाए और बनाए रखा है। वे 'सदानीरा' को पोखर या डबरा नहीं बनने दें। उसे अपनी रचनात्मकता से भरपूर रखें, उसे छलकाते रहें और उसे बहने दें: मेरे न होने के बाद भी।"

(संपादक होने के अर्थ, सदानीरा–अंक 17)

यहाँ बातचीत के केंद्र में उन्हें प्राप्त पुरस्कार या उनकी उपलब्धियाँ नहीं हैं बल्कि उनका कवि-कर्म है। जिसकी प्रतिबद्धताएँ सर्वहारा जीवन-मूल्यों को प्रमुखता से रेखांकित करती हैं। आग्नेय की कविताएँ सनसनी की तरह नहीं जीवन की भव्यता की तरह खुलती हैं। एक-एक परत एक-एक गिरह। मानवीय संबंधों में परिवर्तन के अवसान की पहचान करती कविताएँ उन रागात्मक पहलुओं को भी सामने रखती है जिससे बचना हमारे लिए 'बाएँ पैर का खेल' बन चुका है:

"अब किसी को रोते देख कोई रोता नहीं जब मिलने पर रोते थे जब बिछड़ने पर रोते थे चलन बदल गया है *********** अब तुम जिसके दोस्त हो वह अब मिलेगा नहीं गले चलन बदल गया है। "

(चलन, भूल गए शब्द लिखना)

किव ने किवताओं के माध्यम से एक बेसिक समझ की भी बात की है कि सृष्टि में स्त्री पुरुष के अस्तित्व में होने के बाद स्त्री का जीवन किस तरह का रह गया। पितृसत्ता के कटीले घेराबंदी में हो रही स्त्रियाँ अपने अस्तित्व के प्रित कितनी सजग रही हैं? स्त्री विमर्श के मुखर होने बावजूद भी पितृसत्ता के आधुनिक पितृसत्ता में तब्दील हो जाने पर स्त्रियों के जीवन में कितना आमूलचूल परिवर्तन है? ऐसे में अपने जीवन में आई उन तमाम स्त्रियों (जो चाहे जिस रूप में जीवन में शामिल हुई हैं) की दुनिया से बेखबर नहीं—अत्यंत सुपरिचित होकर उसकी दुनिया से प्रभावित होकर एक सुचिन्तित किव के मन में दुनिया की उन तमाम स्त्रियों का ख्याल आता है, उनकी किवताओं का ख़्याल आता है, उनकी किवता, पीड़ा, उब, उनके संघर्ष के प्रति जिज्ञासा जन्म ले रही है तो यह किव की सजगता, उसकी चैतन्यता और उसकी वैचारिक समझ का ही प्रमाण है:

"वे कभी चीख़ते-चीख़ते रोने लगती हैं मैं अपनी अधीरता से आक्रांत उनके चेहरे को देखता हूँ धीरे-धीरे सारे चेहरे पहचाने हैं यह सारी स्त्रियाँ वे ही हैं जिनको प्रेम और अत्याचार दोनों सहने पड़े उनमें से कुछ को दुराचार भी सहना पड़ा यह कोई स्वप्न नहीं है यह पुरुष जीवन का यथार्थ है जिसे वह अपनी अधीरता में और अपने चातुर्य से स्वप्न की तरह देखता है।"

(स्वप्न में स्त्रियाँ, भूल गए शब्द लिखना)

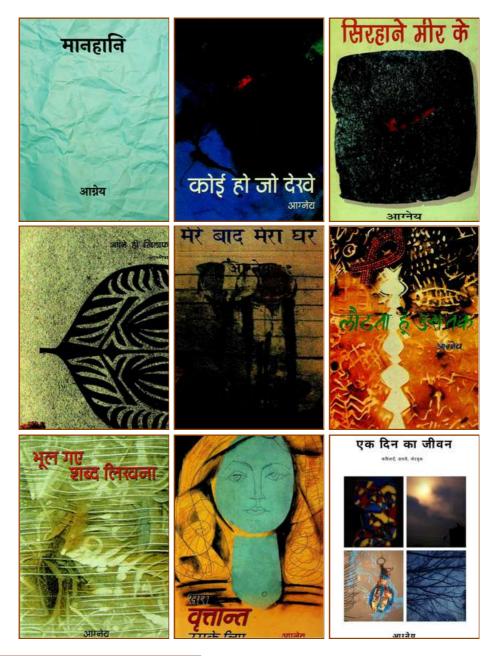
विरले ही ऐसे इक्के-दुक्के किव होते हैं जो लोक में व्याप्त बोलचाल-संवाद को किवता में परिवर्तित कर पाते हैं। इनमें अनुभूति की सघनता, गाढ़ी व्यंजना, भाषा का बेतरह सुन्दर प्रयोग और सबसे अधिक कलात्मकता होती है। यहाँ किव का चेतन-अवचेतन गहन-गहरे में, धीर-गंभीर-विवेकी है, बल्कि तिनक समरस और निर्विकल्प भी। किव उन सारे अनुभवों को लिपिबद्ध करता है जो मात्र हमारी कल्पना में ही सजीव हैं। उसके जीवन की अपूर्ण इच्छाएँ सबकुछ किवता की बारीक़ बुनावट में दर्ज़ है:

"दिन भर पड़ोसियों से गप्पें लगाना चाहता हूँ रात में दुश्मनों के साथ शराब पीना चाहता हूँ अंतरिक्ष के सारे ग्रहों की सैर करके चंद्रलोक में गहरी नींद सोना चाहता हूँ। क्योंकि अपने जीवन में वही नहीं कर सका जो करना चाहता हूँ अपने जीवन में"

(चाहत, भूल गए शब्द लिखना)

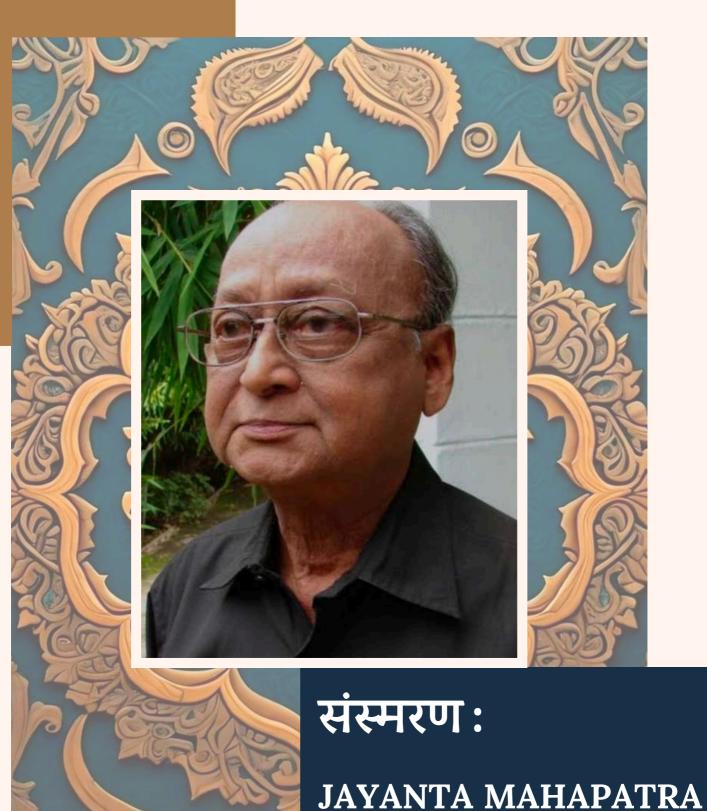
आज आग्नेय (26 अगस्त, 2023) को गए लगभग ग्यारह महीने हो चुके हैं। जयंता महापात्रा (27 अगस्त, 2023) के भी जाने की ख़बर आग्नेय के जाने के अगले दिन ही मिली थी। एक साथ इन दोनों साहित्य-मर्मज्ञों का जाना साहित्य के क्षेत्र में सचमुच एक 'भयानक क्रिया' की तरह घटित हुई।

कवियों की मौजूदगी का असर ऐसा होता है कि कभी ख़याल ही नहीं आता कि वो दिन भी आएगा, जब वो नहीं रहेंगे। किव आग्नेय ने भले ही किवता के मा'नी बदलें हों चाहे न बदले हों। वे लोगों के संबल या प्रेरणास्रोत हों चाहे न हों। लेकिन जिस प्रश्नाकुलता के साथ उन्होंने मुसलसल एक लीक बनाई उस पर चल कर कोई भी किवता के उन आयामों को छू सकता है जिसकी वह चाहत रखता है, बशर्ते कि पढ़े। यही उनके प्रित सच्ची श्रद्धांजिल होगी। यहाँ आग्नेय को उद्धिरत करने का ध्येय भी यही है कि लोग पढ़े तो जानें कि इन खो रही पँक्तियों का भी कोई किव था—माफ़ कीजिएगा; अब भी है।





Piyush Tiwari
B. A. (Hons.) Hindi
Semester IV



1928-2023

Poet, Translator, Critic. First Indian English Poet to Win the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1981. Eventually Switched to Writing in Odia.

Jayanta Mahapatra's Poetry: "The still, sad music of humanity"

And yet, no world would perhaps exist unless poetry creates it for us. And this poetry has its source within every person who lives.

-- Jayanta Mahapatra

My first encounter with Jayanta Mahapatra's poetry was a profoundly emotional one! The raw, almost tangible pain in his poem "Hunger," and the tragic fate of the fisherman's young daughter was a painfully new, shockingly nuanced, disheartening world—incommensurable with the world as one knows it—never known before by a first-year undergraduate student. Reading poetry at the undergraduate level involves exploring a wide range of poets from different periods, cultures, and social setups that one has never experienced before. However, I vividly remember and can still occasionally feel the cascading pangs of pain that Mahapatra's "Hunger" evoked. The plight of the young girl, silenced in the throes of poverty and lust, continues to resonate deeply. A lingering sense of defeated dreams in "Hunger" and the indelible memory of the poem might have been my motivation behind writing this memoir.

Mahapatra's poetic world reflects a deep sensitivity to life that remains perpetually unvoiced and a keen observation of the human suffering in various quarters around him. Incidentally, among the many ways in which he understood poetry, one was poetry as "voice, 'vak,' a still hand that stretches out, all alone." It is as if poetry was the muse that dictated itself to Mahapatra, but not without him having experienced his own doppelganger: the deprivation and starvation, the resultant helplessness, and the debasement that characterize humanity in general.

Interestingly, Mahapatra was a student of physics, but was always drawn to literature because of its power to touch, and potentially also transform the lives of millions of people. Some of his poems feel like open wounds which enable his readers to understand the multifaceted nature of suffering, "go on searching/ the secret places of the soul . . . hidden wound in the darkness?" His poetry does not project a ray of hope in the tumultuous world that hides the wound under the glittering ointment as much as it plainly demands empathy from its readers by virtue their humanity.

Mahapatra's poignantly evocative images, the dark world he throws open to his readers and his hard-hitting verses are poetic discourses about the reality of

human existence and are often quite revelatory. In his poem "All the Poetry There is," he observes:

All the poetry there is in the world appears to rise out of the ashes.

The ash sits between us and puts its arms across our shoulders.

The personification of the ashes, I believe, encapsulates Mahapatra's idea of poetry and the poet's role in a society that has become oblivious to the suffering and pain of others. His idea is reminiscent of Shelley's famous statement from "The Defence of Poetry" (1821) that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," however, unlike Shelley, Mahapatra wishes his readers to become the acknowledged legislators of the world by feeling the weight of 'the ashes over their shoulders.'

Born on October 22, 1928, Mahaptra's early career was marked by his academic pursuits: he was trained to become a scientist, took to teaching Physics for a brief period, but was destined to become a poet who meticulously unravelled the existential angst of his people with a deft hand. Though Mahapatra has frequently noted that poetry happened to him quite late in his life, he also admits that "I did look around me, and into myself; and when I began to write late in life, something led me to find meaningful connections between the intimate and the imaginative." Mahapatra never undermined the faculty of observation for poets as the necessary toolkit for penning down poems or creating art.

Mahapatra's first collection of poems titled "Close the Sky, Ten by Ten," published in 1971, marked the beginning of a new era in Indian English Poetry. In 1981, he was the recipient of the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award for his poetry collection "Relationships," the first Indian poet writing in English to receive the honour. Later, however, he also took to writing poetry in Odia. His oeuvre consists of both Odia and English poetry, blending regional sensibility with universal style.

Mahaptra's often writes on the theme of the "fire inside the body, [and] hunger of the flesh." His poetry revolves around suffering, injustice, violence, the condition of women and children, the plight of prostitutes, the displacement of tribals, starvation leading to death, communal violence, the complexity of human relationships, loss, loneliness and existential crisis, to name a few of the many themes that fill his literary canvas with vivid strokes of creative imagination.

Highly sensitive to his women subjects, Mahapatra was deeply perturbed at the sight of women being subjected to violence, cruelty and lust. He found it shocking that this was the scenario in a land where women have been depicted as supreme beings in sacred texts.

Mahapatra's poetry is not evanescent but social and contemporary; the moment one enters into Mahapatra's poetic world, in a manner of speaking, one soon realises that there is no space for hypocrisy or an insensitive mind. For him, "poetry has to be witness" to all that the poet sees, by virtue of which, he believes, "poetry has the right to judge." Through his poetry, Mahapatra offers a one-way ticket to his readers into a world we refuse to accept or conveniently choose to overlook or ignore, or abject on to the other.

Mahapatra's poetry cajoles us into looking into the face of the devil, about which Fyodor Dostoevsky writes in his The Brothers Karamzov: "I think the devil doesn't exist, but man has created him, he has created him in his own image and likeness." Panda aptly remarks: "There is a certain 'savagery' to the 'beauty' his poems evoke," adding that Mahapatra was "[n]ever loud in his protests but unsparing in his criticism."

What sets Mahapatra's poetry apart is its ability to evoke both external and internal perspectives and connect the two worlds seamlessly. For Mahapatra, the social poet—the only one that matters anyways—has his task clearly defined; he is "still a member of the earliest order of priests. In the old days he made his pact with the darkness, today he must speak and interpret the light." Additionally, Mahapatra's symbols and images are deeply rooted in his folk sensibility. In his Sahitya Akademi Award speech, he shared his intrinsic connection with his homeland Orissa, "To Orissa, to this land in which my roots lie and lies my past, and in which lies my beginning and my end" Quite characteristic of him, Mahaptra spent the last 40 years of his life and breathed his last in his karmabhoomi, his homeland, at the age of 95.

It is not altogether easy to come to terms with Mahapatra's passing into another world. However, one always has the reassurance that his poetry will speak to us in the decades to come.

"Let the darkness remain pregnant/ with your silence [poetic voice]."

-- Waiting for You in the Dark

References:

Mahapatra, Jayant. "About 'Hunger' and Myself." *Jayanta Mahapatra: A Reader*. Ed. Durga Prasad Panda, Sahitya Akademi, 2018.

Mahapatra, Jayant. "From My Life." Indian Literature No. 265, Sep. - Oct. 2011.

Mahapatra, Jayant. "From the Heart." *Indian Literature No. 313*, Sept. - Oct. 2019.

Mahapatra, Jayant. "To remove 'the mystery out of a poem doesn't seem quite right to me." An Interview with Dr. Santhosh Alex. *The Times of India*, Sep. 2, 2023.

Panda, Durga Prasad. "Jayanta Mahapatra: The Profundity of Being." *Indian Literature No. 338*, Nov. – Dec. 2023.



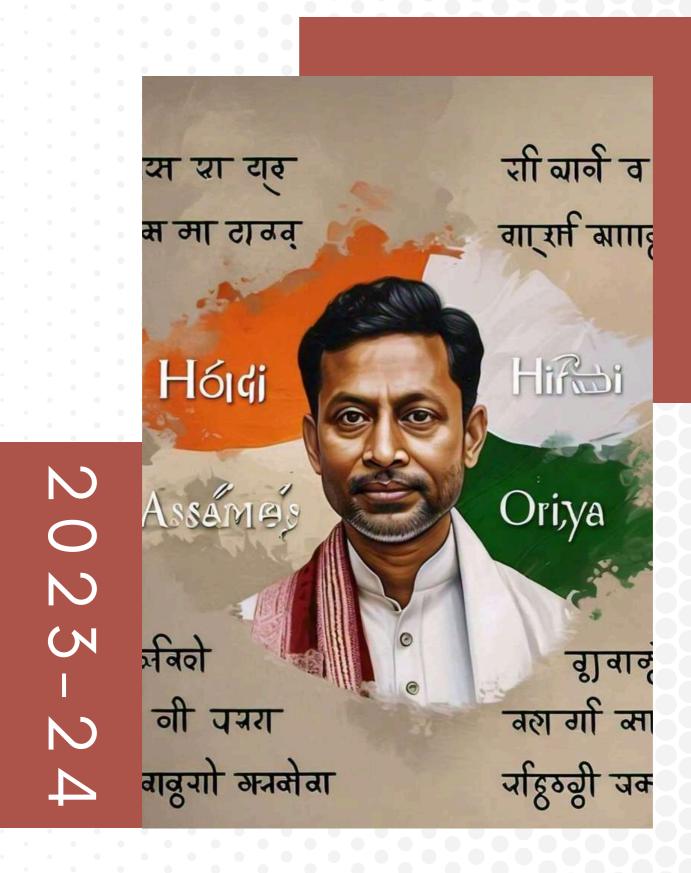
Dr. Komal Agarwal Assistant Professor Department of English

ART BY STUDENTS



Anchal Choudhary

HINDI (HONS.) SEMESTER VI



LINGUISTIC MOSAIC

TRANSLATIONS AND MULTILINGUAL ARTICLES

हमने तो जूते पहन रखे हैं - जसिंता केरकेट्टा

मेरे नंगे पैर देख उन्हें बहुत तरस आया वे जो जूते पहनने के अभ्यस्त हैं एक स्वर में बोले ओह! कितने अभागे! कितने असभ्य!

पर मुझे उन पर तरस आया क्योंकि जूते पहनने के अभ्यस्त लोग यह कभी नहीं जान सकते कि उनके पैरों तले की ज़मीन कैसी है

क्या वह साँस ले रही है? ठीक से जी रही या दम तोड़ रही है? कहीं उसे बुखार तो नहीं? या क्यों वह ठंडी पड़ी रहती है? क्या वह उदास है? क्या उसे ज्वर है?

वह पुकारती है कहाँ हैं नंगे पैर चलने वाले किसान? वे ही तो हैं माटी के डॉक्टर वे उसकी नाड़ी छूकर देखते और बतलाते हैं कि उसे आख़िर हुआ क्या है

मगर इससे पहले कि वे कुछ बताएँ जूते पहनने वाले लोग उन्हें उनकी ज़मीन से बेदख़ल कर देते हैं अपने बूटों के नीचे धरती को कुचल देते हैं हर तरह के नशे के बाद वे उठते हैं और फेंक आते हैं तेज़ाब उसके चेहरे पर फिर सारी निशानियाँ छिपाने के लिए गन्दी करतूतों के पैरों में जूते डाल देते हैं

धरती को क्षत-विक्षत करने वाले ये जूतेधारी अपनी ही फैलाई गन्दगी में जबरन जीने के लिए धकेल देते हैं उन नंगे पैर वालों को और चुप रहते हैं अपने सारे कारनामों पर जो दबे हैं उनके जूतों के नीचे

उजाले में शान से निकलते हुए इन गंदगियों पर वे नाक-भौं सिकोड़ते हैं और नंगे पैर वालों को अभिशप्त बताते हैं यह पूछने पर कि क्या हुआ है धरती के साथ? बड़ी सफ़ाई से कहते हैं हमें नहीं पता हमने तो जूते पहन रखे हैं।

Translation

ENGLISH

We Are Wearing Shoes

Looking at my bare feet, they pitied me

Those who are used to wearing shoes

They spoke as one

Oh! How unlucky! How uncivilised!

But I pitied them

Because those who wear shoes

Can never know

How the earth beneath their feet is

Is she breathing?

Is she living or dying?

Is she burning up?

Or is she cold?

Is she sad?

Is she feverish?

She calls out

Where are the barefooted farmers?

They are the doctors of the soil

They feel her pulse and tell

What has happened to her, after all

But before they can tell

The people clad in shoes

Evict them from their lands

They crush the earth under their boots

After all kinds of intoxication, they wake up

And throw acid on her face

Then hide all traces of their deeds

Covering them with shoes

These shoe-clad destroyers of the earth

Push the barefooted people

To live in the mess

Created by their shoes

And quietly hide their exploits

Under those shoes

They go out proudly in daylight

Ridiculing all the dirt and mess

Claiming the barefooted ones are cursed

When asked

What has happened to the earth?

They come out clean saying

We have no clue

We are wearing shoes.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR



Snigdha Shankar

B.A. (Hons.) English Batch of 2023

मेरे लिए लड़ने वाले – जसिंता केरकेट्टा

मेरी आवाज़ कई गलों से एक साथ निकल रही है मेरे लिए कई लोग लड़ रहे हैं ठीक-ठीक जिन्हें मैं अभी जानता भी नहीं

धुँधला-सा कोई चेहरा याद है मुझे शायद कई साल पहले किसी बरसात में दिखा था जो भटककर आया इधर मेरे गाँव किसी कहानी की तलाश में फिर दूर से ही सुनता रहता हूँ आवाज़ उसकी मेरे ही हक़ में

मेरे हक़ में सब बोल रहे बढ़ती जा रही तादाद भी रफ़्तार भी पर मेरा जीवन नहीं बदल रहा सबकी रोटियाँ अच्छी पक रहीं मैं वहीं पड़ा हूँ उसी हाल में

कितनी अजीब बात है न मेरे हक़ में बोलने वाले हर पाले में खड़े हैं मेरे साथ भी और मेरे खिलाफ भी अलग-अलग तरह के हथियारों के साथ खेलते हैं दोनों तरफ़ से खेल और लड़ाई में दोनों तरफ़ से जीतता है एक ही आदमी और हार जाता हूँ हर बार बस मैं ही।

चिड़िया और आदमी - जसिंता केरकेट्टा

उस दिन तूफ़ान के खिलाफ़ आदमी और चिड़िया दोनो लड़े

चिड़िया अपने टूटे घोंसले को बार-बार बनाती रही तूफ़ान के ख़िलाफ़ और आदमी तूफ़ान रोक देने की जद्दोजहद में लगा

महीनों लगा रहा सालों लगा रहा सदियों लगा रहा एक दिन तूफ़ान रुका जश्न मना मगर अब आदमी अपना घर बनाने का हुनर भूल गया था चिड़िया का नया घोंसला-भर जीवित बचा था

विध्वंस के ख़िलाफ़ आदमी जुटकर लड़ा था गढ़ने में असमर्थ अब वह बिखरा पड़ा था।

Translation

ENGLISH

The Ones Fighting In My Name

-Snigdha Shankar

My voice comes out of

Several throats at once

Numerous people fighting in my name

Ones whom I don't know

Well yet

With all kinds of weapons

They play this game on both sides

And every time in the battle

The same side wins

And I am always on the losing side

Bird and Man

-Snigdha Shankar

I seem to remember

A blurry face

From years ago

I saw him during monsoon

He'd wandered into my village

In search of some story

Now at a distance, I keep hearing

His voice for my rights

The bird built and rebuilt

Fought against the storm

Her broken nest, against the storm

The man

One day

Bird and man

Struggled to stop the storm

Everyone is speaking for my rights

Their numbers increasing

Their speed too

But my life isn't changing

Everyone's eating perfectly round rotis

But I'm still in the same condition

He spent months, years, centuries

Eventually the storm stopped, he celebrated

But now the man

Had lost the skill of building a house

Only the bird's nest was found alive

Isn't it strange

On every side, there are

People who speak for me

With me

And against me too

Man fought hard against destruction

But unable to create, he now, lay shattered.

Biryani in Belfast

- Maaz Bin Bilal

To make biryani in Belfast
there are no Troubles.
You get the ready-made
Pakistani spice-mix
from the Indian store,
follow the recipe,
add some saffron,
and chillies and cardamoms,
and wallah, there it is!
The green enmeshed in the orange rice,
even as some grains fail to catch colour,
and remain simply white
—it all smells delicious.

The brown meat is nicely softened, but also stands out.

Forgiveness

– Akhil Katyal

I carry it
like a paper-pressed rose,
like an old stamp,
like a ticket stub
to a forgotten show.

Whenever I hold it
I am careful
that it does not fall
to pieces in my hands.

One day you might ask for it.

Translation

FINE

बेलफ़ास्ट में बिरयानी

बेलफ़ास्ट में बिरयानी बनाना कोई मुश्किल नहीं। तुम्हें मिल जाते हैं बने बनाये पाकिस्तानी मसालों के मिश्रण भारतीय दुकान से, व्यंजन-विधि का पालन करो. मिलाओ थोड़ा केसर, और मिर्च और इलाइची, और वल्लाह, लो हो गयी तैयार! संतरी चावलों में घुला हुआ हरा, भले ही कुछ दाने जो रंग न पकड़ पाए, और रह गए केवल सफ़ेद - इन सबकी महक बड़ी स्वादिष्ट है। भूरा गोश्त बख़ूबी नरमा गया है, फिर भी निखर के आ रहा है।

माफ़ी

मैं सहेजता हूँ इसे जैसे किताब में दबा गुलाब , जैसे कोई पुरानी डाक टिकट, जैसे किसी विस्मृत शो की टिकट का टुकड़ा

जब भी मैं इसे थामता हूँ मैं रखता हूँ विशेष ध्यान कि कहीं टुकड़ों में बिखर ना जाए यह हथेलियों में मेरी।

इस चाह में कि शायद एक दिन तुम मांगोगे इसे।

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Himanshi Munjal

B.A. (Hons.) English Batch of 2021



বিহু – **অলিভিয়া ফুকন**

ভুমিকা ~

অসমত এনে কিছুমান উৎসৱ আছে, যিবোৰ পুৰ্বতে কৃষিৰ ওপৰত নিৰ্ভৰ কৰি গঢ় লৈ উঠিছিল আৰু পাছলৈ আনন্দৰ উৎসৱ লৈ পৰিণত হল। কৃষিভিত্তিক এনে আনন্দ উৎসৱৰ ভিতৰত 'বিহু' প্ৰধান। এই উৎসৱৰ লগত অসমৰ উজনি-নামনি, পৰ্বত-ভয়াম সকলো অঞ্চলৰ ধৰ্ম, বৰ্ন নিবি শেষে সকলো লোকৰ সম্বন্ধ নিবিড় আৰু ব্যাপক।সেয়েহে অসমৰ জাতীয় উৎসৱ বা প্ৰধান উৎসৱ 'বিহু' বুলি জনা যায়।

কৃষি উৎসৱ বিহু~

কৃষি উৎসৱ ঘাইকৈ তিনিটা: খেতিৰ আৰম্ভণিৰ বেলিকা, খেতিৰ বাঢ়নী বতৰত আৰু খেতি চপোৱাৰ শেষত। অসমত পালন কৰা বিহু তিনিটা হ'ল: ব'হাগ বিহু বা ৰঙালী বিহু(বহাগ), কাতি বিহু বা কঙালী বিহু (আহিন-কাতিৰ সংক্ৰান্তিৰ দিনা পালন কৰা হয়), আৰু মাঘ বিহু বা ভোগালী বিহু (পুহ-মাঘৰ সংক্ৰান্তিৰ দিনা পালন কৰা হয়)।এই তিনিটা বিহুৰ ভিতৰত ৰঙালী বিহুত ৰঙ আনন্দৰ মাত্ৰা সৰ্বাধিক।

বসন্তৰ ৰং সনা ৰঙালী বিহু~

বহাগ বিহু চ'ত মাহৰ শেষ দিনা আৰু বসন্ত কালৰ আগমণত উদযাপন কৰা হয়। ৰঙালী বিহুক যৌৱনৰ উৎসৱ বুলি কোৱা হয়। ব'হাগ বা ৰঙালী বিহু, একেৰাহে সাতদিন ধৰি উদযাপন কৰা হয়, প্ৰত্যেক দিনৰ বিহুৰে সুকীয়া নাম আছে: গৰু বিহু, মানুহ বিহু, গোসাঁই বিহু, তাঁতৰ বিহু, নাঙলৰ বিহু, ঘৰচীয়া জীৱ-জন্তুৰ বিহু আৰু চেৰা বিহু, এই সাতটা বিহু ক, 'সাত বিহু' বুলি জনা যায়।ফাগুনৰ বতাহে লঠঙা কৰি পেলোৱা প্ৰকৃতিৰ বুকুত চ'ত-ব'হাগ মাহ সোমালেই ঠাই লয় নতুন কুঁহিপাতে। নতুন ফুল-পাতেৰে প্ৰকৃতি নদন-বদন হোৱা এই সময়তে কুলি-কেতেকীৰ মাতে যেন সোণত সুৱগাহে চৰায়। এনেদৰেই প্ৰকৃতিৰ নতুন পৰশত নতুনক আদৰিবলৈকে চ'ত-ব'হাগ মাহৰ সংক্ৰান্তিৰ দিনাৰ পৰা ব'হাগ বা ৰঙালী বিহুটি আৰম্ভ হয়।

BIHU

-Olivia Phukan

Introduction

In Assam, there are certain festivals that originally developed based on agriculture and later evolved into celebrations of joy. Among these agrarian festivals, 'Bihu' stands out. This festival deeply connects people across all regions of Assam, whether Upper Assam, Lower Assam, the hills, or the plains, transcending religious and caste boundaries. Therefore, it is known as Assam's national or principal festival.

Agrarian Festival Bihu

The agrarian festival of Bihu is celebrated at three key times: the beginning of the agricultural season, during the growing period, and at the end of the harvest. The three Bihu festivals in Assam are: Bohag Bihu or Rongali Bihu (celebrated in April), Kati Bihu or Kongali Bihu (celebrated during the transition of Ahin-Kati), and Magh Bihu or Bhogali Bihu (celebrated during the transition of Puh-Magh). Among these, Rongali Bihu is the most vibrant and joyful.

Bohag Bihu or Rongali Bihu in Spring

Rongali Bihu is celebrated at the end of the Chot month and the beginning of the spring season. Known as the festival of youth, Bohag or Rongali Bihu is celebrated for seven consecutive days, with each day having a unique name: Goru Bihu, Manuh Bihu, Gosai Bihu, Tator Bihu, Nangolor Bihu, Gharachiya Jiv-Jontu Bihu, and Chera Bihu. These seven days are collectively known as 'Sate Bihu'. As the winds of spring strip nature bare, new buds appear on trees, and the landscape is adorned with new flowers and leaves. Amidst this renewal, the calls of cuckoos and other birds fill the air, marking the beginning of Bohag or Rongali Bihu from the last day of Chot.

চ'তৰ বিহু বা ৰঙালী বিহুৰ প্ৰথমটো দিন গৰু বিহু পালন কৰা হয়। সেইদিনা ৰাতিপুৱা ঘৰৰ গৰুকেইটাক নৈ,বিল, পুখুৰী আদি পাৰত মাহ হালধি লগাই গা-ধুৱাই লাও, বেঙেনা,থেকেৰা, কেৰেলাৰে চাক বনাই গৰুৰ গাত দলিয়াই দিয়া হয় আৰু দীঘলতি, মাখিয়তী পাতেৰে গৰুৰ গাত কোবাই গৰুকেইটাৰ দীৰ্ঘায়ু আৰু নশক্তি কামনা কৰা হয়। সন্ধিয়া পথাৰৰ পৰা ঘৰৰ গৰু ঘূৰি অহাৰ পাছতেই খেৰ, বিহলঙনী আদিৰে জুই জ্বলাই গৰুৰ আগত তাৰ ধোঁৱা বিচনীৰে বিচি দিয়া হয়। অসমবাসীৰ মাজত ইয়াক 'জাগ দিয়া' বুলি কোৱা হয়।গৰু বিহুৰ দিনা গধুলি অসমৰ জীয়ৰী-বোৱাৰী সকলে হাতত জেতুকা লোৱা এক অপৰিহাৰ্য ফুৰ্তিৰ প্ৰথা। অসমৰ বহু সমাজৰ লোকে গৰু বিহুৰ দিনাই এশ এবিধ শাক-পাছলি একেলগে ৰান্ধি গ্ৰহণ কৰা প্ৰথা আছে। এশ এবিধ শাকবোৰৰ সকলোবোৰ পোৱা সম্ভৱ ন'হলেও বহুতে ইয়াৰে সাতবিধ শাক আনি ব্যঞ্জন কৰি খায়, যেনে কঁঠালৰ মুচি, চজিনা পাত, খুতৰা শাক আদি।

গৰু বিহুৰ পিছদিনা মানুহৰ বিহু। ৰঙালী বিহুৰ দ্বিতীয় দিনা উদযাপন কৰা মানুহ বিহুত ৰাতিপুৱা গা-পা ধুই কনিষ্ঠজনে জ্যেষ্ঠজনৰ আশীৰ্বাদ লোৱাৰ প্ৰথা প্ৰচলিত । নতুন বছৰ আৰু ৰঙালী বিহুৰ উপলক্ষে অসমীয়া সমাজত আত্মীয়-স্বজন আৰু বন্ধু- বান্ধবক বিহুৱান দি চেনেহ জনাই। অসমীয়া নতুন বছৰটোৰ প্ৰথমটো দিনত ৰাতিপুৱাৰ জলপান সাজ পৰিয়ালৰ সকলোৱে একেলগে খাই ডেকা-গাভৰু, কিশোৰ-কিশোৰী সকল বিহু মাৰিবলৈ অথবা মূলত: হুচৰি গাবলৈ যায় । ব'হাগ বিহুত ৰং-ধেমালিৰ ওপৰত বহুত বেছি গুৰত্ব দিয়া হয়। ডেকা-ডেকেৰী সকলে বিহু-উৎসৱ পাতি বিহুগীত, বিহু নাচ, হুঁচৰি, নানা ৰকমৰ খেল-ধেমালিৰ ব্যৱস্থা কৰে। লগতে মানুহৰ ঘৰে ঘৰে গৈ হুঁচৰি গাই গৃহস্থক আৰ্শীবাদ দিয়ে। আনহাতে কোনো কোনো ঠাইত শেন-কনুৱাৰ যুঁজ, ম'হ যুঁজ, কণী যুঁজ আদি খেল-ধেমালি কৰা হয়।

নৃত্যৰ আনন্দত সুখৰিত ব'হাগ~

ৰঙালী বিহুৰ সময় চোৱাত বিভিন্ন অনুষ্ঠান উদযাপন কৰা হয়। অসমীয়া সমাজৰ সমন্বয়ৰ সাঁকো হুঁচৰিয়ে ব'হাগৰ সাত বিহু প্ৰাণবন্ত কৰে।বছৰৰ বিহুত হুঁচৰি গোৱা ৰাইজক তামোল-পানেৰে মান ধৰি আশীৰ্বাদ জনোৱাটো ৰঙালী বিহুৰ এক পবিত্ৰ পৰম্পৰা। On the first day of Rongali Bihu, known as Goru Bihu (Goru means Cow), cows are washed in rivers, ponds, or lakes in the morning with turmeric paste. They are then adorned with garlands made from gourds, eggplants, thekera, and bitter gourds, and whipped gently with leaves of dighloti and makhyoti, praying for their long life and strength. In the evening, after returning from the fields, a fire is lit with hay and dried banana leaves in front of the cows, and the smoke is directed towards them using a fan made of bamboo. This is known among Assamese people as 'jag diya'. On Goru Bihu evening, it is a tradition for Assamese women to apply henna on their hands. Many communities in Assam prepare a dish with a hundred varieties of Spinach on this day. While it may not always be possible to gather all hundred types, people often make a mixed vegetable dish with seven varieties, such as jackfruit seeds, drumstick leaves, and bamboo shoots.

The day after Goru Bihu is Manuh Bihu, the day for people. On this day, people bathe in the morning and younger ones seek blessings from their elders. On the occasion of the New Year and Rongali Bihu, it is customary in Assamese society to exchange bihuwan (a traditional cloth) among relatives and friends as a token of affection. On the first day of the Assamese New Year, families gather for a special breakfast. Young men and women go out to perform Bihu dances or sing husori songs. Rongali Bihu places a great emphasis on fun and frolic. Young men and women organize Bihu festivals, performing Bihu songs and dances, husori, and various games. They also visit homes to sing husori and bless the household. In some places, games like cock fights, buffalo fights, and egg fights are also organized.

Joy of Dance in Bohag

During the time of Rongali Bihu, various celebrations take place, filling the air with the joy of dance. The tradition of husori, which acts as a bridge of unity within Assamese society, brings the spirit of the seven Bihus of Bohag to life. It is a sacred tradition during Rongali Bihu to honor the husori singers with tamul-pan (betel nut and leaves) and receive their blessings.

হুঁচৰি গোৱা ৰাইজক ওলাই আহি গৃহস্থই মাত নলগালে, সেই ঘৰ মানুহৰ ওপৰত হুঁচৰি অব্যৰ্ধ শাওপাত লাগে বুলি জনবিশ্বাস প্ৰচলিত। হুঁচৰিৰ উপৰিও আন এটা অনুষ্ঠান হল 'বিহু নাচ'। বিহু নাচ পুৰুষ-মহিলা উভয়ে মিলিত হৈ কৰা এক সামুহিক লোকনৃত্য। পাৰম্পৰিক বিহুগীত আৰু বিভিন্ন লোকবাদ্যৰ সমাহাৰ হোৱা এই নৃত্য প্ৰদৰ্শনত ঢুলীয়াৰ ঢোলৰ চেৱত মুগাৰ মেখেলা চাদৰ পিন্ধি টাকুৰি ঘুৰাদি ঘূৰি নচা নাচনীসকলক প্ৰধান আকৰ্ষণৰ কেন্দ্ৰ বুলি কব পাৰি।

আহোমৰ দিনৰে পৰা অবিবাহিত যুৱতীসকলৰ মাজত প্ৰচলিত বিহুক 'জেং বিহু' বুলি জনা যায়।বৃহত্তৰ অসমৰ জনগোষ্ঠীৰ বিবিধতা অনুযায়ী বিহু নৃত্য বিভিন্ন প্ৰকাৰৰ বুলি কব পাৰি, যেনে 'দেউৰী বিহু', 'মৰান বিহু', 'মিচিং বিহু' আদি।

কাতি বিহু বা কঙালী বিহু I

আহিন আৰু কাতি মাহৰ সংক্ৰান্তিৰ দিনা কাতি বিহু পালন কৰা হয়। এই সময়ত ভঁৰালত ধান প্ৰায় শেষ হয় আৰু ধান চপাবলৈ যথেষ্ট সময় থাকে। অভাৱ-অনাটনৰে ভৰা এই সময়ত কাতি বিহু উদযাপিত হোৱাৰ বাবে ইয়াক কঙালী বিহু বুলিও কোৱা হয়।

এই বিহুত অসমীয়া মানুহে ঘৰে ঘৰে তুলসী পুলি ৰুই সন্ধিয়া তুলসীৰ গুৰিত চাকি জ্বলাই প্ৰাৰ্থনা কৰে।তদুপৰি, ঘৰৰ চোতালৰ চাৰিওফালে আৰু খেতিপথাৰত শস্যৰ মংগল কামনা কৰি লখিমী আদৰিবলৈ চাকি জ্বলায়।অসমৰ কোনো কোনো ঠাইত কাতি বিহুত আকাশ বন্তিও জ্বলোৱা হয়।

মাঘ বিহু বা ভোগালী বিহু I

পুহ আৰু মাঘ মাহৰ সংক্ৰান্তিৰ দিনটোক মাঘ বিহু হিচাপে পালন কৰা হয়। বিহুৰ আগৰ দিনটোক উৰুকা বোলে।এই বিহু পালনৰ আগে আগে ধানখেতি চপাই ভঁৰাল ভৰাই ৰখা হয়। এই সময়ত অসমৰ সকলো মানুহৰ ঘৰতে খোৱা-লোৱাৰ নাটনি নাথাকে। একেবাৰে দৰিদ্ৰ ঘৰ হ'লেও এসাজ আনন্দ কৰি খোৱাৰ সম্বল থাকে।

If the household doesn't invite the husori singers who come to their doorstep, it is believed that the household will face misfortune for the year. In addition to husori, another significant event is the 'Bihu Dance.' This traditional folk dance is performed by both men and women together. The dancers, dressed in traditional attire like muga mekhela chador, are the main attraction as they twirl and dance to the rhythm of traditional Bihu songs and various folk instruments like Pepa , Taal, Toka with the drumbeat of the dhul played by the dhulia adding to the festive spirit.

Since the days of the Ahom rule, the Bihu celebrated among unmarried young women is known as 'Jeng Bihu.' Reflecting the diversity of the broader Assamese community, Bihu dance can be categorized into various forms, such as 'Deori Bihu,' 'Moran Bihu,' and 'Mishing Bihu,' among others.

Kati Bihu or Kongali Bihu

Kati Bihu is celebrated on the last day of the Assamese months Ahin and Kati. During this time, the granaries are nearly empty, and there is still some time before the new rice is harvested. Due to the scarcity and hardship associated with this period, Kati Bihu is also known as Kongali Bihu (the Bihu of the poor).

During Kati Bihu, Assamese people plant tulsi (holy basil) saplings and in the evening, they light earthen lamps (diyas) at the base of the tulsi plants and pray. Additionally, lamps are lit around the household courtyards and paddy fields to welcome the goddess Lakshmi and to ensure the well-being of the crops. In some parts of Assam, people also light sky lanterns (akash banti) during Kati Bihu.

Magh Bihu or Bhogali Bihu

Magh Bihu is celebrated on the last day of the Assamese months Puh and Magh. The day before the main Bihu is called Uruka. Before the festival, paddy is harvested, and the granaries are filled. During this time, every household in Assam, regardless of wealth, has enough to eat and celebrate. Thus, this Bihu is also known as Bhogali Bihu, the festival of abundance.

সেই কাৰণেই এই বিহুক ভোগালী বিহু বুলিও জনা যায়।এই বিহু প্ৰতিঘৰতে গৃহিনীসকলে বহু ৰকমৰ পিঠা-পনা বনায়। আন আন চিৰা-পিঠা ভোগ্য বস্তুৰ উপৰি চুঙা পিঠা এই বিহুৰ এটা বৈশিষ্ট্য।মেজি ঘৰ বা ভেলা ঘৰ বা ঢেৰা ঘৰ মাঘ বিহুৰ আন এক বৈশিষ্ট্য।উৰুকাৰ কেইদিনমানৰ আগৰ পৰা গাঁৱৰ ডেকা ল'ৰাসকলে পথাৰৰ নৰা কটাত ব্যস্ত হৈ পৰে। এই নৰাৰে বিভিন্ন ধৰণৰে ভেলাঘৰ সাজি উৰুকাৰ নিশা পৰিয়াল তথা বন্ধু-বৰ্গৰ সৈতে ভেলাঘৰত ভোজ-ভাত খায়।গাঁৱৰ জীয়ৰী-বোৱাৰী, বুঢ়া-মেঠাসকলেও ৰাজহুৱা ঠাইত, বিশেষকৈ নামঘৰতে গোট খাই উৰুকাৰ ভোজ খায়।মাঘ বিহুৰ ৰাতিপুৱা পৰম্পৰা অনুসৰি এই ভেলা ঘৰ জ্বলাই অগ্নি দেৱতাক প্ৰাৰ্থনা কৰা হয়।মাঘ বিহুত অসমৰ কেইটামান বিশেষ অঞ্চলত পৰম্পৰা অব্যাহত ৰাখি ম'হ যুঁজ, কুকুৰা যুঁজ,কণী যুঁজ আদি অনুষ্ঠিত কৰা হয়।

সামৰণি~

বিহুয়ে অসমীয়া সংস্কৃতি-সভ্যতাক এক নতুন মাত্ৰা প্ৰদান কৰিছে।বিভিন্ন জাতি-জনগোষ্ঠীৰ মিলনভূমি অসম।অসমত বাস কৰা প্ৰতিটো জাতি-জনগোষ্ঠীয়ে জাতি-ধৰ্ম-বৰ্ণ নিৰ্বিশেষে অতি উলহ-মালহেৰে বিহুৰ লগতে তেওঁলোকৰ উৎসৱসমূহ পালন কৰে। During this Bihu, housewives prepare various types of pithas (rice cakes) and other traditional delicacies. Among these, the bamboo tube-cooked pitha (sunga pitha) is a distinctive feature. Another key element of Magh Bihu is the construction of meji or bhelaghar (temporary huts made of hay). Days before Uruka, the young men of the village gather hay from the fields to build these structures. On Uruka night, families and friends gather in the bhelaghar to feast together.

On the morning of Magh Bihu, the meji is set on fire as a part of the ritual, and people offer prayers to Agni, the fire god. In some regions of Assam, traditional games like buffalo fights, cock fights, and egg fights are organized, continuing the age-old customs associated with Magh Bihu.

Conclusion

Bihu has imparted a new dimension to Assamese culture and civilization. Assam, a melting pot of various ethnic groups and communities, sees all its inhabitants, regardless of their caste, religion, or ethnicity, celebrating Bihu and their own festivals with great enthusiasm and unity.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Olivia Phukan

B.A. (Hons.) Geography Semester IV



ମୋର ଯମୁନା ଯାତ୍ରା

- ଚେତନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

ସକାଳଟି ଅନୁଗ୍ରହରେ ଭରିଯାଇଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ସକାଳୁ ଶୀଘ୍ର ଉଠି ନିତ୍ୟ କର୍ମ ସାରିଲା ପରେ ଆଇ. ଟି. ଓ, ନୂଆ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀ ପାଖରେ ଥିବା ଯମୁନା ଘାଟ କୁ ପ୍ରସ୍ଥାନ କରିଲି । ସକାଳ ୮:୦୦ ଟା ପାଖା-ପାଖି ମୁଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ଥାନ କରିଥିଲି ଓ ୯:୦୦ ଟା ପାଖା-ପାଖି ଘାଟ କୁ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଗଲି । ମୁଁ ମୋର ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମେଟ୍ରୋ ରୁ ଆଇ. ଟି. ଓ ମେଟ୍ରୋ ଷ୍ଟେସନ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା ପରେ ଚାଲିକି ଘାଟ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଗଲି । ଘାଟ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା ପରେ ମୁଁ ମୋର ଅନ୍ୟ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କୁ ଭେଟିଲି । ଘାଟ ରେ ମୋର କିଛି ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଓ ବରିଷ୍ଠ ଛାତ୍ର ଛାତ୍ରୀ ମଧ୍ୟ ଥିଲେ ।

ବର୍ତମାନ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଏହା ଉଠେ କି, ଆୟେ ସମସ୍ତେ ସକାଳୁ ଯମୁନା ର ଘାଟ ରେ କ'ଣ କରୁଥିଲୁ । ଏହାର ଉତ୍ତର ହେଉଛି, ନଦୀ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ପାଇଁ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଜାତୀୟ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଦିବସ (ଇଣ୍ଟର୍ନେଶନାଲ ଡେ ଅଫ୍ ଏକ୍ସନ ଫର୍ ରିଭର୍ସ)। ଏହି ଦିବସ ପ୍ରତି ବର୍ଷ ୧୪ ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ରେ ପାଳନ କରାଯାଏ । ଏହି ଦିବସ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ ନଦୀମାନଙ୍କର ପରିସଂସ୍ଥା ରେ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱ କୁ ଅବଗତ କରାଇବା ପାଇଁ ପାଳନ କରାଯାଏ । ଆୟେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଯମୁନା କୁ ବହୁତ ପାଖରୁ ଦେଖିବା ପାଇଁ ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଥିଲୁ । ଯମୁନା କୁ ଦେଖିଲା ପରେ ଆୟେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ପାଇଲୁ ଯେ, ସେହି ପବିତ୍ର ନଦୀ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ନଦୀ କମ, ନାଳ ପରି ଅଧିକ ଦେଖା ଯାଉଛି । ନଦୀ ପୁରା କଳା ଦେଖା ଯାଉଥିଲା, ନଦୀ ରୁ ଦୁର୍ଗନ୍ଧ ଆସୁଥିଲା ଓ ଅନ୍ୟ ନାଳ ର ପାଣି ମଧ୍ୟ ସେଥିରେ ମିଶୁଥିଲା ।

ଘାଟ ଦେଖିଲା ପରେ ଆୟେ ସବୁ ଯମୁନା ଜୈବ ବିବିଧତା ପାର୍କ(ଯମୁନା ବାୟୋ-ଡାଇଭର୍ସୀଟି ପାର୍କ) ରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲୁ, ଯେଉଁଠି ରୁ ଯମୁନା ନଦୀ ପ୍ରବାହ କରେ । ଏଠାରେ ଆମେ ଯମୁନା ନଦୀ ର ନିର୍ମଳ ରୂପ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ପାଇଲୁ । ଏହି ଜଳ ଆଖ - ପାଖ ପରିବେଶ ଓ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ଆୟ- ଅର୍ଥ ରେ ସହାଯ୍ୟ କରିଥାଏ । ସେହି ଦିନ ଆୟେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଯମୁନା ନଦୀର ଦୁଇଟି ରୂପ ଦେଖିବା କୁ ପାଇଲୁ , ଯଥା ନିର୍ମଳ ଓ ପ୍ରଦୂଷିତ । ସେହି ଦୁଇ ରୂପର କାରଣ ଜାଣିଲୁ ଓ ନିଜକୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରିଲୁ, ପ୍ରଥମେ-ନଦୀର କେଉଁ ରୂପ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ଉଚିତ, ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ - ଆୟେ କ'ଣ କରିପାରିବୁ, ନଦୀର ସେହି ପରିଷ୍କାର ପ୍ରବାହ ଦେଖିବା ପାଇଁ 1

My Visit to Yamuna

-Chetan Patnaik

The morning was filled with grace. After waking up early I finished my routine work, like having a shower, choosing an outfit, etc. Then, I set out towards the Yamuna ghat or bank which is near to the I.T.O(Income Tax Office), New Delhi. I took metro to reach I.T.O metro station and walked for a while to reach the bank, throughout the journey I was accompanied by my friends as well. I did set out around 6:30 A.M in the morning and reached the banks around 8:00 A.M. After I reached the banks I met my other friends, few of my teachers and some of my seniors as well.

Right now, one must be wondering what we all were doing at the bank, that though so early in the morning. The answer for this would be 'International Day of Action for Rivers'. This day is observed on 14th of March every year, to make people aware about the significance of rivers in the eco-system. We got an opportunity to have a close look at the river. Through our observations, we got to know that, the holy river looks more like a drain than a river. The water of the rivers looked completely black with a foul smell and other drains too was draining themselves in the river.

After observing the banks, we went to Yamuna Bio-Diversity Park, through which water of Yamuna flows. Here we got to see a clean and pleasant Yamuna. This form of the river took care of the environment around it and also assists in many economic activities of nearby places. On that day, we all saw two versions of Yamuna, i.e. a pleasing one and a polluted one. Along with it we also got to know the reasons behind those versions and in conclusion we asked ourselves two questions. One-which version of the river is right for humans and two- what we can do to see the right version of the river.

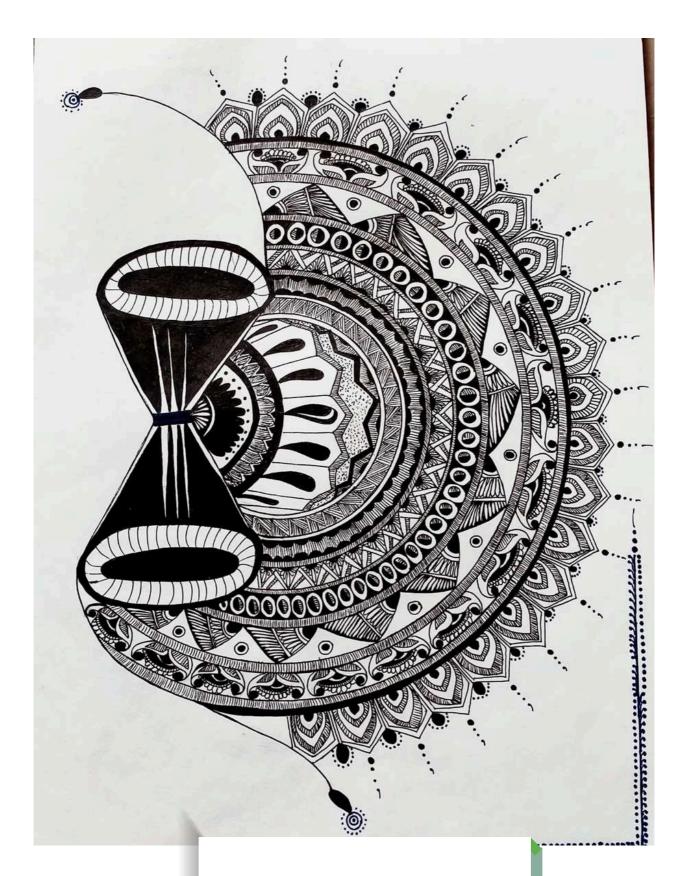
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chetan Patnaik

B.A. (Hons.) Geography Semester IV



ART BY STUDENTS



Anchal Choudhary

HINDI (HONS.) SEMESTER VI



MONOCHROME MOODS: THE CANVAS OF SADNESS

PENCIL SKETCHES BY PROMETHEAN, THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY, SBSC

MONOCHROME MOODS: THE CANVAS OF SADNESS



BY TEAM PROMETHEAN
THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY OF SBSC

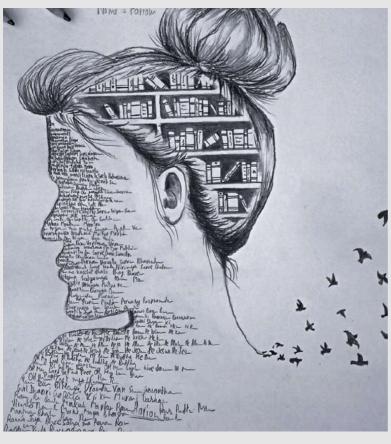




"Canvas of Sadness" offers captivating perspective on the depths of girls' lived experiences. The sketch delves into the complex emotions, challenges, and journeys that girls navigate throughout their lives. portrays the poignant lt moments of sadness that intertwine with their daily struggles and aspirations. Through this title, the sketches capture the raw vulnerability and emotional weight that girls potentially emphasising the importance acknowledging and understanding their unique experiences.







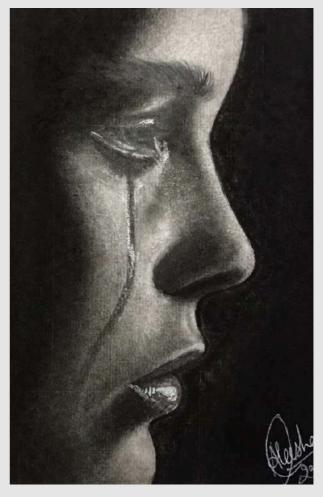


A BOOK OF MEMORIES



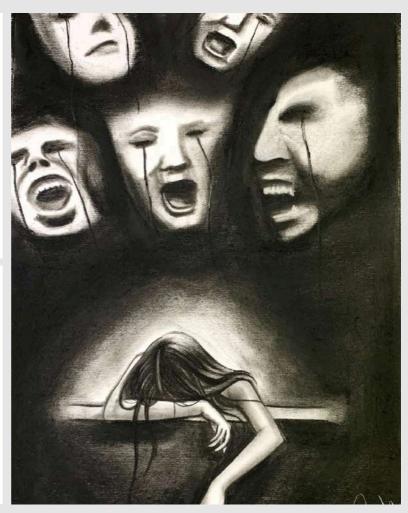


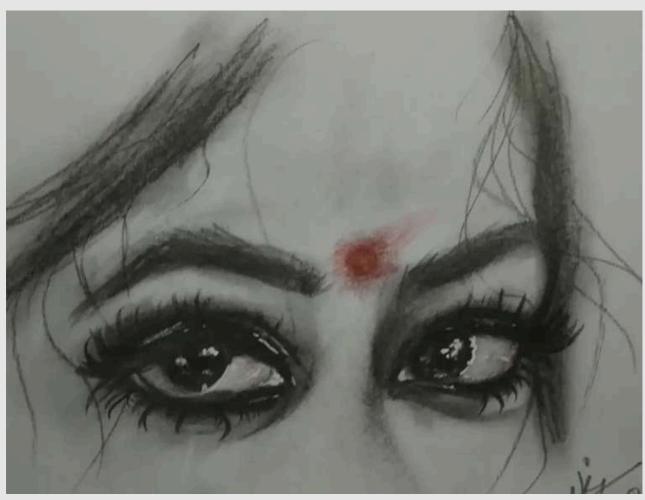












ART BY STUDENTS



Anchal Choudhary

HINDI (HONS.) SEMESTER VI



A MUSICAL MILESTONE

THE MAKING OF THE MUSIC ALBUM "PAR NA KAROON" BY SBSC ALUMNI

A Musical Milestone: The Making of 'PAR NA KAROON' by SBSC Alumni

The Making of 'Par Na Karoon': A Tale of Friendship, Music and Untold Harmony

Par Na Karoon' is not just a song; it is a delicate tapestry of life's unspoken emotions, meticulously woven together by threads of enduring friendships. It celebrates the bonds that stand the test of time, unspoken yet profoundly felt. The journey of creating this song mirrors the very essence of friendship and collaboration, making it an experience to cherish as we move forward in our musical careers.

Pre-production: Planning and Preparation

From the very beginning, our idea was to craft a song that felt simple yet conversational. Garima and I (Sourav) began the songwriting process, exploring the realm of unaddressed emotions. Gradually, we reached a point where the situation we created encapsulated complex human feelings. Understanding the song's requirements, we knew we needed voices that could convey this depth. Hardik, a fellow alumna of Audiophile - the Music Society from our college, and Aathira felt like natural choices. Their voices blended seamlessly, enhancing our vision and elevating the song to new heights.

The instrumentation was equally important. The flute played by Rohit Prasanna, with its earthy tones, captured the inherent emotion of the lyrics. Recording the song was a joyous experience, filled with learning and shared moments of togetherness.

The initial planning stages involved sourcing camera and lighting equipment from Kolkata, ensuring we had the technical means to capture the essence of the song created by Sourav and Garima. The logistical challenges were considerable, but the excitement of the project kept our spirits high.





The Recce: Discovering Shantiniketan on Cycles

As we completed the songwriting and recording, our next step was to conceptualize and choose the perfect location for the music video. We sought a place rich in culture and history, yet connected to urban life. After numerous discussions with Sushant and Baadol, our Director of Photography, we found Bolpur in West Bengal. The culturally rich town of Bolpur is a place that resonates deeply with artistic history and serene landscapes. Shantiniketan fit the mood and logistical needs perfectly.

One of the most memorable parts of our pre-production was the initial recce of the town. We chose bicycles as our mode of exploration, allowing us to connect more intimately with the environment. Cycling through the rustic lanes of Shantiniketan, we mapped out potential shooting locations, each spot revealing a unique charm that we hoped to encapsulate in the video. With each recce, our confidence grew, and we narrowed down 4-5 locations that reflected the daily lives of the inhabitants rather than just tourist spots.

The Team

The production team expanded with the addition of Simran Gupta and Ujwal Bajaj, former members of Natuve - the Dramatic Society of SBSC, bringing their immense talent to the project and alumni of SRFTI, Nilanjana Rudra joined as Executive Producer, Aditya Prakash as Associate Director, Drishti Bagdas as Chief AD, and Vinod Kumar as First AC. We received tremendous support from artists at Visva-Bharati University, with Shubhodeep Mandal as Art Director and Sujit Boot as Line Producer. This project demanded absolute trust and consistent hard work, and we delivered.

We were thrilled to secure sponsorship from the ethnic apparel brand trueBrowns, enabling us to think on a grander scale and boosting our confidence. We commenced shooting on December 25, 2023, excited to celebrate Christmas while traveling and eager to work as we welcomed the new year. Over the span of three intense yet exhilarating days, we embarked on a journey that was as much about rediscovering our roots as it was about creating art.







The Shoot: Bringing Vision to Life

Casting was another crucial aspect. We reached out through various platforms, calling for actors who could bring life to our vision. The response was overwhelming, showcasing the immense talent and enthusiasm of individuals eager to be a part of this creative endeavor.

Sonalika Das and Rajdeep Bhattacharya's performances captured the essence of the characters, envisioned by Sushant through visuals and Garima through lyrics. Working with local actors added another layer of depth to our project. Their understanding of the cultural nuances and their inherent connection to the land enriched the narrative we aimed to portray.

The three days of shooting were a whirlwind of activity. From dawn till dusk, our team worked tirelessly to capture the perfect shots. The natural beauty of Shantiniketan provided a stunning backdrop, and the local culture infused our work with an authenticity that only such a place could offer. Each frame was meticulously crafted to ensure it resonated with the soul of the song and the music.

The memories we created are priceless. The atmosphere was filled with positivity and unity, transcending into the final product. Now as we watch the video, each frame brings back all the joy we experienced during the shoot.

Post-production: The Final Touches

Post-production was a period of reflection and refinement. Despite its challenges, it was a testament to our resilience. Some health issues cropped up unexpectedly, but we supported each other, learning to balance hard work with self-care.

Vipin Singh joined as DI Colorist and Paras Khanna as Mixing Engineer, adding the final touches. As we pieced together the footage, the story of our journey in Shantiniketan unfolded once more. It was a labor of love, one that we hope will resonate with audiences and bring them a slice of the experience we cherished.

Song beyond Words

On March 23, 2024, the release of 'Par Na Karoon' felt like a celebration of our journey. The love and kind words we received were heartwarming, but more than that, we felt a profound sense of pride. This project taught us the power of faith in our team and showed us the beauty that collaboration and friendship can achieve.

Par Na Karoon' is a story of love, musicians, and above all, a perfect team of friends and their dreams.









A Special Thanks to Shaheed Bhagat Singh College

As an alumnus of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, I (Sushant) have often found myself reflecting on the vibrant experiences and opportunities that our alma mater afforded us. It was in this nurturing environment that I discovered my passion for storytelling and music, a passion that culminated in the creation of a music video for my friend and fellow Audiophile member, Sourav Dey.

This project would not have been possible without the foundation laid during our time at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College. The support and camaraderie of the Audiophile music society, the encouragement from our professors, and the friendships we forged have all been instrumental in shaping our creative paths.

As we move forward, we carry with us the lessons and memories from our college days. This music video is not just a testament to our artistic endeavors but also a tribute to the institution that nurtured our dreams. We hope it inspires current and future students to pursue their passions, just as we have.

In the end, it is about the journey and the stories we create along the way. From Shaheed Bhagat Singh College to the heart of Bengal, this is our story.



A Musical Milestone

About the Makers

Sushant Pandey and Sourav Dey



Sushant Pandey, an alumnus of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, IIMC Delhi, and SRFTI Kolkata, is a filmmaker, singer, songwriter, sound designer, and editor currently based in Mumbai. Recently, he was awarded the ENS Louis-Lumière Scholarship for Sound Documentary in France by the French Embassy.

Sourav Dey, also an alumnus of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, is a record producer, performer, and composer from Assam, based in Delhi. He began his musical journey with formal training in Hindustani classical music under Pt. Sudarshan Chakrabarty and furthered his skills in audio technology at KM College of Music Technology in Chennai, founded by the composer A. R. Rahman. Drawing inspiration from diverse musical genres, Sourav intricately weaves together influences to craft rich and immersive soundscapes, exploring the nuances and auditory patterns associated with each genre.

NOSTALGIC REFLECTIONS

MEMORIES OF COLLEGE LIFE BY GRADUATING STUDENTS

DESIGNERS' CORNER

KRISHAN KUMAR B.Sc. (Hons.) Mathematics Semester VI

एक सुनहरा लम्हा...



आपने एक सफर पर जब खुद को तन्हा पाया, तब वो एक सुनहरा लम्हा याद आया । खोला जब वो यादों से भरी किताब का एक पुराना पन्ना, तो कॉलेज याद आया । फिर मेरा मन भर आया. . . याद आई वो दीवार जिस पर लिखा था: 'जब ये दुनिया हमारी होगी हम होंगे या नहीं, लेकिन हमेशा ये यारी होगी'! जब याद आये 'एफ-14, डी-3' के कमरे, तब कुछ चेहरे हँसते याद आये, जब याद आये हंसी मजाक के पल. तो दोस्तों के साथ नापे अंजान रास्ते याद आये। कुछ अच्छी यादें याद आईं, कुछ बुरी बातें याद आईं, कुछ परीक्षा से पहले, तो कोई मस्ती में जागी रातें याद आईं। बहुत कुछ सिखाया था इस कॉलेज ने, सब कुछ याद आया। भगत सिंह जी की मूर्ति ने बदला हुआ आज दिखाया था, कॉलेज की दिवारों ने जीवन जीने का राज बताया था, 'हरिथक्रम' की वजह से प्रकृति के करीब आया था, इस कॉलेज ने ही मुझे लिखना सिखाया था। कैसे ये तीन साल बीतते बीतते हर कोई मेरा यार बन गया था! कैसे बताऊ कि ये कॉलेज मेरा पहला प्यार बन गया था ! उस दिन समय फिर से वो बाजी जीत गया. इतना लम्बा अरसा पल भर में बीत गया! लेकिन अभी भी याद है कॉलेज की हर जगह, सारे दोस्त, और सारे टीचर्स याद हैं. . . याद है प्रिंसिपल ऑफिस के सामने वाला कमरा और बी-4 के कंप्यूटर में 3डी पेंटिंग के सारे फीचर्स याद हैं! तभी तो! आपने एक सफर पर जब खुद को तन्हा पाया, तब ये सुनहेरा लम्हा याद आया ॥





SHIV KUMAR B.A. (Prog.) Semester VI

बड़ा याद आएगा...

यादें संग-संग चलती हैं, कॉलेज के दिन की वो बात, जब सवेरे का सूरज हँसता, और हम जागते थे साथ। नए दोस्तों का था संगम, नए सपनों का आँगन, उमंगों से भरा था जीवन, जैसे चाँदनी रात।

कैंटीन की वो चाय, समोसे और बातें, दोस्तों के संग हँसी-ठिठोली, और दिल की मुलाकातें। लाइब्रेरी की शाँति, किताबों की वो ख़ुशबू, पढ़ाई में खो जाने का मज़ा, और सपनों की जुस्तुजू।

कॉलेज फेस्ट की वो मस्ती, रंग-बिरंगी रातें, डांस, ड्रामा, संगीत और सुनहरी यादें। 'हरितक्रम' था जीवन का अभिन्न हिस्सा, वर्कशॉप और मीटिंग का हास्यपद वो किस्सा।

वो खेल के मैदान, और प्रतियोगिताओं का जादू, हार-जीत की परवाह नहीं, बस एक अरमां बेकाबू। यादों की वो बगिया, आज भी है महकती, कॉलेज के वो दिन, आज भी है सुकून देती।

ज़िंदगी की राहों में, चाहे जितनी भी हो दूरी, कॉलेज के दोस्तों की यादें, रहेंगी हमेशा पूरी। वो दिन लौट कर न आयेंगे, पर दिल में बस जाएंगे, कॉलेज के वो सुनहरे पल, सदा हमें हँसाएंगे। आए थे अकेले इस नई ज़िंदगी की राह में, साथ में न जाने कितनी यादें व रिश्ते साथ ले जा रहे। ज़िंदगी जीना सिखाया, तीन सालों में कई यार मिले, कुछ से दिल मिले कुछ से नहीं भी मगर सबका शुक्रगुजार हूँ। जिनका इस ज़िंदगी की एक पहेली में होने से, ये सफर थोडा सुहाना और आसान हो गया।

कुछ बड़े भाई जैसे सीनियर मिले, कुछ माता-पिता समान गुरु मिले, 'कोमल मैम' और 'रमन सर' का वो, मेरा नाम लेना याद आएगा। 'आई क्यू ए सी' ऑफिस के बाहर, इवेंट की अनुमति का इंतज़ार याद आएगा...

लिखना तो बहुत कुछ है मगर ये शब्दों में मुझसे बयां नहीं हो पाएगा कुछ भी कहो ए यारो! ये हमारा 'भगत सिंह कॉलेज' बड़ा याद आएगा...

DESIGNERS" CORNER

ABHISHEK RAJHANS B.A. (Hons.) Geography Semester VI

ECHOES OF GROWTH

In the halls of Geography, Shaheed Bhagat Singh, I walked in shy, an introverted being. With timid steps, I started my quest, In a world where I'd soon be blessed.

The college opened doors, opportunities vast, Skills honed, memories that will last. Teachers, friends, and staff so kind, In their guidance, I did find.

A chance to grow, to break my shell, In this nurturing haven, I did dwell. From the administration, always so near, To non-teaching staff, always sincere.

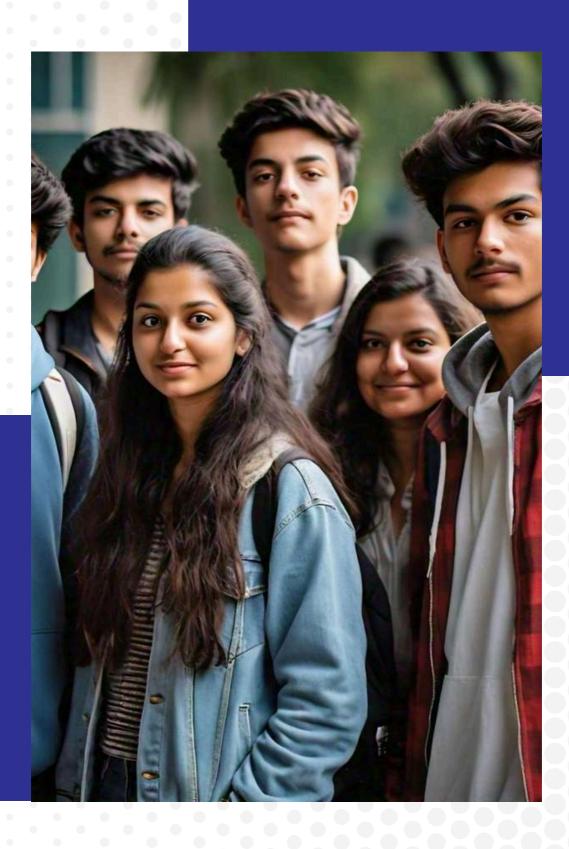
Friendships forged in laughter and tears, Bonds that will last through the years. A rollercoaster ride of highs and lows, Each twist and turn, my courage grows.

Lessons learned in every class, Moments that will forever last. Through geography's lens, I saw the world, And into its depths, I was immersed.

Now as I stand at the journey's end, I thank every teacher, every friend. For in this college, I found my way, With knowledge and memories, I proudly say.

Graduating from this place so grand, With a treasure trove in hand. I take my leave, but not goodbye, For in my heart, these moments lie!

To Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, my gratitude flows, In your embrace, my spirit glows.
I move ahead, yet I'll always be,
Part of your legacy, proud and free.



CREATIVE CHRONICLES OF LIFE AT SBSC

GLIMPSES OF EVENTS BY DEPARTMENTS AND SOCIETIES OF SBSC

Historia: The History Society

In this dynamic year (2023-24) as custodians of the past, the Department of History, SBSC conducted various events including lectures, workshops, heritage walks, visits to many monuments of historical importance and several competitions which helped the students to enhance their historical knowled and widened their cultural awareness by fostering critical thinking.

The Department, in its inaugural lecture, hosted Professor Arvind Sinha, a luminary of the prestigious Jawaharlal Nehru University, who enlightened the students on the topic "New Perspectives in understanding the French Revolution."

Furthermore, the department hosted Dr. Bhuwan Kumar Jha, an Associate Professor at the Department of History, University of Delhi, who spoke on "Congress, League and the Partition of India," followed by a History Quiz Competition of day two of GYANARJAN.

HISTORIA organized an educational field trip to Bhopal, a city known for its rich history, heritage, and architecture. The 4-day trip included exploring the city, Bhimbetka caves, Sanchi Stupa, Udaygiri caves, and Bhojpur temple. The Department was guided by Dr. Narayan Vyas, an eminent archeologist, and Mr. Kaushalendra Singh, the District Magistrate of Bhopal. The trip was renowned for its rock shelters, cave paintings, and the importance of Sanchi Stupa in Buddhism.

HISTORIA and the Centre for Shaheed Bhagat Singh Studies and Research held a commemoration event on February 28, 2024, to honor freedom fighter Chandrashekhar Azad's martyrdom day. Activities included a documentary screening, a biopic of Azad's revolutionary journey, and group discussions on his ideologies and legacy.

On March 7, 2024, Shaheed Bhagat Singh College's Department of History under the aegis of IQAC, in collaboration with the Jammu Kashmir Study Centre, Delhi Chapter hosted a seminar titled "Viksit Bharat: Occupied Territories of Bharat - Our Land, Our People." This thought-provoking event delved into the complex and multifaceted situation in the regions of Jammu-Kashmir and Ladakh. The esteemed speaker for the session was Professor Kuldip Chand Agnihotri, former Vice-Chancellor of Central University of Himachal Pradesh and Advisor in the Ministry of Culture, Government of India.

Historia under the aegis of IQAC, Viksit Bharat conducted the "Brahmi Script Workshop of Ancient Bharat" on March 18, 2024. Led by esteemed faculty and alumni of the Institute of Archaeology, ASI Mr. Shubham Kewaliya, the workshop aimed to provide students with invaluable insights into one of India's oldest writing systems.

Historia conducted a field trip to Rakhigarhi, India's largest and most significant archaeological site, on April 11, 2024. The History Department gained a deeper understanding of the Indus Valley Civilization and the importance of archaeological excavations in uncovering the past. The trip provided a visual connection to historical narratives and instilled appreciation for the meticulous work of archaeologists in piecing together our past.



Historia Team at Rakhigarhi

The History Department held its annual fest, Yugantar, on April 22-23, 2024. Dr. Sanjay Kumar Manjul, an expert in archaeology, delivered a lecture on Sinauli excavation findings and recent debates on Rakhigarhi. Students participated in various events, including an Open Mic, Photography, Exhibition, and Quiz competition. The winners were awarded cash prizes and certificates. The event was followed by a Q&A session with students.

On Day 2, the Department organised a Heritage Walk to the Qutub Minar Complex which was led by our own faculty member Mr. Shubham Kewaliya. He shared valuable insights on the monument's architecture; its fusion of different cultures and styles and the evolution of narratives built around famous monuments in India.

The Department of History held a special lecture on "The Grand Narrative of India and the Contexts of Development" at Dr. Ambedkar International Centre on Mat 3, 2024. The lecture was hosted by Dr. Neerja A. Gupta, the Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor of Gujarat University, who provided insights on India's development and narrative throughout history. The event was attended by dignitaries such as Shri Ashutosh Bhatnagar, Director of Jammu & Kashmir Study Centre, and Shri Akash Patil, Director of Dr. Ambedkar International Centre, who provided valuable insights to the participants.



DEPARTMENT OF B.A. PROGRAMME

The Department of B.A. (P) at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, University of Delhi, is a microcosm of the diversity and dynamism that characterizes the broader landscape of higher education.

What stands out most about our department is not just the breadth of subjects offered but the confluence of diverse perspectives and aspirations that our students bring to the table.

Despite the variety of their academic pursuits, there exists a shared underlying motive among all our students: the pursuit of career success and a desire to make meaningful contributions to society.

In the classrooms and beyond, whether it's an economics student collaborating with a history major on a project, or a mathematics enthusiast engaging in discussions with a political science aficionado, there is a palpable sense of unity and mutual respect.

This melting pot of disciplines and viewpoints fosters a holistic learning environment. Students learn not only from their professors and textbooks but also from each other, gaining insights that transcend the boundaries of their chosen fields. It is a fertile ground for the cross-pollination of ideas, where an economic model might find relevance in a historical context, or where mathematical precision can enhance political analysis.

In essence, the Department of B.A. (P) at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College is not merely an academic entity divided by subjects but a unified body of learners and future leaders.





E C O S P I R E THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY



INTRODUCTION

Ecospire, the economics society, has a rich history of engaging and educating students in economics. Through its various events like movie screenings with quizzes, eco-visits, and group discussions, Ecospire fosters intellectual discourse and practical knowledge. Workshops on international trade data provide practical skills, while events like Economics Baithak and Book Review Sessions cultivate lifelong learning and critical thinking, enriching members' understanding of economics.

OUR EVENTS INCLUDE:-

- The orientation session for the incoming batch of 2026/27 introduced them to the society's team and core departments: Research and Development, Public Relations, Design, and Operations.
- The movie screening of 'Too Big to Fail' followed by an economics quiz delved into the 2008 financial crisis, offering a real-world economics perspective.
- The Eco-visit to the Gandhi Smriti Museum provided members with insights into the intersection of economics and history, followed by a group discussion on the Economics of Charkha.
- On February 10th, 2024, from 11am to 12pm, we hosted an 'International Trade Data Workshop' online, led by Mr. Vipin Kumar from the Reserve Bank of India, focusing on retrieving and analyzing trade data and understanding Harmonised System codes.
- The Economics Baithak and Book Review Session aimed to foster economic inquiry and exchange. Participants submitted books for circulation, followed by a review presentation after a week.
- Ecospire's annual newsletter, **Arthanaya**, launched its **second edition** with a theme of **'Rupee Going Global**,' aiming to blend economics with finance.
- Econotize'24, Ecospire's Annual Fest, features an Economics Case Competition and A Stock
 Shock event, aimed at promoting economic principles and stimulating intellectual discourse among students.





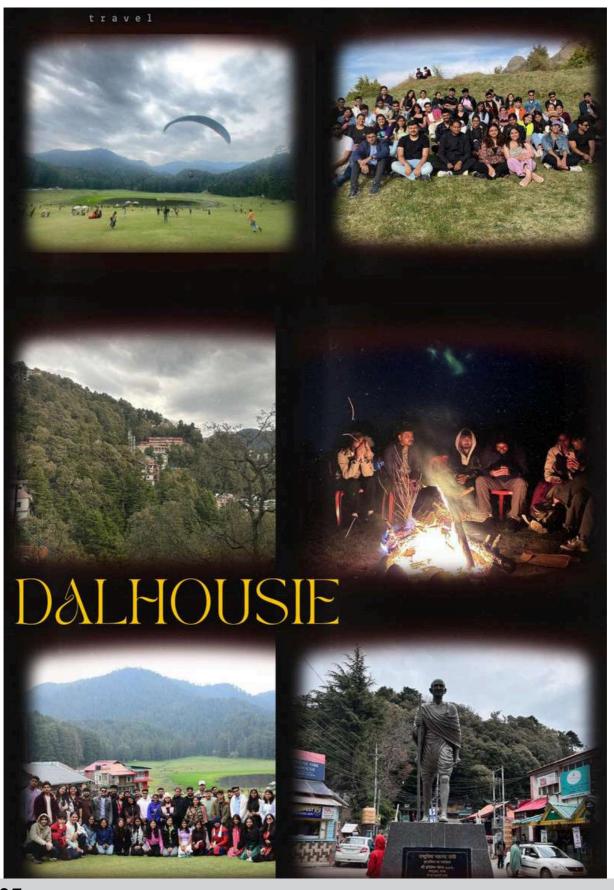


NCC



EXCURSION AND TREKKING COMMITTEE

A Trip to Dalhousie



"From mountains high to valleys deep, In nature's embrace, memories we keep. A journey's end, but bonds remain, In Dalhousie's beauty, we'll meet again."

As beautiful as these lines go, so was our experience in the hills of mother nature in Dalhousie. Our adventure began as an excited group of students from Shaheed Bhagat Singh College ready for an unforgettable trip to Dalhousie. The journey was lively with chats, games, and songs. We travelled through the plains and crossed Himachal Pradesh's winding roads, finally reaching the tranquil mountains.

As we arrived in Dalhousie, refreshed by the crisp mountain air and lush green valleys, our excitement grew. After settling in, we explored Gandhi Chowk's vibrant market, bought handicrafts, and admired local art. St. John's Church provided a serene retreat with picturesque views.

The following day, we embarked on a challenging 2-kilometer trek to Ganji Pahadi, with most students completing it and enjoying stunning vistas. Post-trek, we indulged in local street food, especially Maggie noodles, and ended the day with a joyous DJ night and bonfire.

The next day, we headed to Khajjiar, known as the 'Mini Switzerland of India,' stopping for a brief trek to the hilltop Mata Phaulani Temple for breath-taking Himalayan views. Despite the evening rain, camping was charming, with bonfire stories and games making it memorable.

Amidst the scenic beauty, the trip also provided an unexpected yet enriching academic perspective. We visited the local government school, interacting with students and understanding their educational environment. This visit not only highlighted the contrasts in educational opportunities but also fostered a sense of gratitude and responsibility among us. Engaging in discussions about environmental conservation, we learned about the region's unique ecosystem and the local efforts to preserve it.

The final day of the trip began with cloudy weather, but we still enjoyed games and explored Khajjiar's market, capturing countless memories. We also had an insightful session with a local historian, who shared fascinating stories about Dalhousie's colonial past and its transformation over the years, adding depth to our historical knowledge.

The return journey to Delhi was filled with reflections, laughter, and snacks. By the time we arrived back at College, we were tired but filled with cherished memories and stronger bonds. This trip to Dalhousie not only offered a break from routine but also enriched us with beautiful experiences, a deeper appreciation for nature, and a broadened academic perspective that will stay with us for years to come.

SBSC Alumni Association

WALL OF FAME

The maroon border frames a sea of smiling faces—graduates from Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, united by more than just their alma mater. Beneath the collage, a quote by the revolutionary himself reads: "The world is my field of action." Each face reflects that spirit—the doctor, the lawyer, the activist—all striving to make a difference. A bittersweet pride fills me, knowing I shared these halls with such a passionate generation. Though we may be scattered now, this frame binds us, a testament to the legacy we carry forward. In these faces, I see not only the past but the promise of a brighter future. Each individual's journey is unique, yet we are all connected by the values instilled in us during our time at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College. This frame is more than a collection of memories; it is a reminder of our collective mission to create an impact on the world positively.





ALUMNI DINNER - 2023

On November's eve, beneath the college skies, Where laughter, joy, and fond hellos arise, Alumni gathered, hearts aglow, In fellowship's warm, inviting flow.

At half past six, the evening began,
With music greeting every man,
EC members, and the principal too,
In the college grounds, old bonds renewed.

Cakes were cut, games were played, As joy and laughter gently swayed. Dinner served beneath the stars, Stories shared, without a bar.

The Alumni Dinner, a success declared, With memories and goodwill, everyone shared. Future gatherings, eagerly awaited, In bonds of friendship, all elated.

Visit by Sri Lanka's Minister of Finance Sh. Shehan Semasinghe (Batch of 1999)

In February's embrace, a gathering bright, SBSC Alumni shone in the light. Sh. Shehan Semasinghe, from the Batch of 1999 A politician's journey, like a sunshine.

From Anuradhapura to the halls of power, Minister of Finance in the critical hour. Once the trade minister, a guiding hand, In Micro Finance, his vision spanned.

A career illustrious, in roles profound, In every endeavor, his impact found. On the 20th, the Alumni did meet, A moment in history, connection sweet.

Semasinghe's interest sparked a flame, Joining SBSCAA, he claimed his name. A bridge of past and future, strong, In the Alumni's story, he belongs.

This milestone marks a journey new, International bonds, vibrant and true. With Semasinghe's spirit, the future's bright, A beacon of hope, a guiding light.









HARITHKRAM

My Growth as a Harithkram Volunteer: A Reflection



My journey with Harithkram began on the November 2, 2022, the day when I started my College life. During those early days, I was not aware of any societies or clubs. I found the idea of societies very strange and in the beginning, I was even scared to give interviews because of which my first year passed without any involvement in extra-curricular activities.

When one of my friends introduced me to Harithkram, my first thought was that this is an environment society and so they might just plant trees on a regular basis. The reality was quite different, as Harithkram is very diverse in its events and activities, ranging from organising nature trails, trips to national parks, and conducting MUNs on environment. Motivated by the goals of Harithkram and its dedication towards the environment, I decided to join Harithkram and have been a proud member for the last two years.

We, at Harithkram, undertake various activities like bi-weekly meetings, workshops, seminars, MUN on environment, to name a few. We celebrate all days that recognise the importance of the natural world around us such as the Environment Day, World Rhino Day, World Rivers Day, and so on. I feel proud to mention that on September 7, 2023, Harithkram successfully completed 12 years of service to improving environmental awareness in our College and beyond.

From October 6-8, 2023, Harithkram organised the DUSF' 22 (Delhi University Sustainability Forum) x HMUNEA' 23 (Harithkram Model United Nations Environment Assembly): A three-day National Youth Conference in alignment with India's G-20 presidency, on the theme "Youth for 'One Earth, One Future:' Climate Change, Sustainability and Sustainable Practices." The Chief Guests for the event were Mr. Kartikeya Sarabhai, Founder & Director, Centre for Environment Education (CEE) and Mr. Atul Bagai, Country Head, United Nations Environment Programme, (UNEP-INDIA). Other eminent guests included Col. Prof. Sanjay Srivastava from CROPC, Dr. Sumit Sharma from UNEP, Dr. P. K. Bhattacharya from TERI and Dr. G. Areendran from WWF-India. The month of October was also a witness to a youth training programme on the theme "Cleaning the Air: Youth Engagement Activity on Hotspot Action," where the students were guided by Ms. Prerna Sharma, Indian Program Manager, Clean Air Asia.

Harithkram kicked off the new year with an educational field visit to Piplantri model village and the Kumbhalgarh National Park in Rajasthan. The trip was soon followed by another excursion, this time along the banks of the river Yamuna on March 14, 2024 on the occasion of International Day of Action for Rivers. March also saw Harithkram celebrating the Earth Hour in the College on March 23, 2024. On April 4, 2024, Harithkram started a biweekly assembly for all budding environmentalists, beginning with a recap of the Piplantri trip. This was soon followed by the second session of the Eco-Confluence on the April 25, 2024, focussing on microplastics and their menace.

Harithkram, in collaboration with the Centre for Indian Knowledge Systems (CIKS) of the College, organised an ICSSR-NRC sponsored National Seminar on April 22 on the topic "Ecological Consciousness in Ancient India: Life Then and Now." In the pre-lunch session of the National Seminar, the Final Round of the seven-month long Undergraduate Research

Aptitude (UGRA) undertaken jointly by the two societies was organised. In the post-lunch session, a Panel Discussion was organized on the focal theme. The Chair for the discussion was Prof. A.B. Shukla from IGNCA. Prof. Ganti Murthy, the National Coordinator of the Indian Knowledge Systems Division of the Ministry of Education, Govt. of India, steered the discussion as the Lead Speaker of the Panel. The other distinguished scholars who joined the Panel Discussion were Prof. Pankaj Jain from Flame University, Ms. Suparna Diwakar, a Consultant in the Development Sector, and Mr. Sunil Harsana, a noted Environmental Researcher and Conservationist from Mangar Bani.

As the academic year came to a close, Harithkram celebrated the World Environment Day by planting a sapling in the presence of conservationist Mr. Sunil Harsana, the piedpiper of Mangar forest, and later on the same day, a virtual celebration including an alumni meet, taking the green pledge, an online quiz and a documentary screening followed by a discussion.

The academic year 2023-24 was one of the most productive years for Harithkram and it was certainly the most active society in the College. For me, personally, Harithkram helped open up multiple opportunities creating a new realm of knowledge in me and helping me enhance my overall personality. It has defined a new meaning of College for me. I am glad and grateful I am a proud Green Bhasicol, and will live by its motto #BeyondTheBoundaries!

Aman Beniwal
B. Com. (Hons)
Semester IV



WOMEN DEVELOPMENT CELL





At WDC, we stand as a beacon of empowerment, committed to foster flourishing and supportive environment. We strive to uplift women and vulnerable sections through various initiatives and by breaking myriads of misconceptions. WDC endeavours to address pertinent issues faced by women today, promote gender equality, and spread awareness about the issues faced by women.

Throughout the academic year 2023-24, the society organized a stellar array of events and activities aimed at empowering and invigorating individuals. The year began with an Orientation Ceremony where the society welcomed the incoming batch of students with an enlightening ceremony, introducing them to our mission, objectives, and the myriad opportunities for personal and professional growth within the society. This was followed by an NGO Donation Drive on the occasion of International Girl Child Day in collaboration with NGO Sankalp. Stationery, clothes, and other essentials were generously donated to support the education and well-being of underprivileged children. The drive was not only was an act of charity but it also acted as a therapy session as the participants learnt that charity is not about showing pity, rather the more we share, the more we gain.

WDC had also conducted seminars on various topics such as healthy eating habits and women's health issues. Partnering with Freed, we conducted a seminar on healthy eating habits and body positivity. This session aimed to empower women by promoting holistic well-being and self care practices. In commemoration of World Health Day, Dr. Loveleena Nadir led a seminar addressing women's health issues and solutions. Participants gained valuable insights into preventive care and holistic approaches to wellness.



Consequently, events like poetry sessions, and innovative events were organized like the "Wings of Pain" - Period Pain Simulator which was conducted in collaboration with the NGO Kamakhya Delhi. The event broke stereotypical thoughts and endorsed men to encounter an experience that aims transform them to be generous and respectful towards women. Our Principal Prof. Arun Kumar Attree himself got involved in the event to set the standard for the rest of the staff and students. The event shed light on the challenges faced by women during menstruation, and helped foster empathy and understanding between men and women.

The society's commitment to fostering an environment of growth is evident in the regular group discussion sessions that have provided a platform for diverse perspectives to be shared, fostering intellectual growth and empowerment among members. The dedication and passion of the Women Development Cell has led to meaningful connections, awareness promotion, and empowerment of women to realize their full potential.

Looking ahead, the society aims to continue its efforts in promoting gender equality and empowerment through collaboration and impactful initiatives. The academic year 2023-24 has been a successful testament to the society's mission and objectives, and it looks forward to continued growth and impact in the future.

Aayushi Rathore B. A. Program Semester II



QUEER FEMINIST COLLECTIVE



Introduction

The Queer Feminist Collective of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College can be defined as a bright tapestry woven with threads of advocacy, celebration and activism. An inclusive space, where individuals belonging from various communities come together in solidarity, to raise their voices against those who oppress them. The dedication of the collective lies in making the campus a safer space for students as well as teachers through its various events held throughout the annual year. Each event highlights the collective's commitment to fostering a community in which every person is seen, heard, and respected.

Our Key Highlights

Sensitisation Sessions

The collective organised sensitisation sessions, especially aiming at newly welcomed first years. Important talks filled with jokes and laughter acted as ice breaker sessions between the juniors and the seniors. People sat in a big circle on the ground, exchanging their views and experiences.

Game Night

A fun evening filled with online games from the comfort of everyone's home! Everyone tuned in to play a series of events, which gave way for members to bond well together with each other. A number of rounds of scribble, where people showed their artsy skills was followed by a game called Stumble guys, where people competed to come first in a virtual obstacle race.

The General Body Meeting

The General Body Meeting held once every academic year, comprising the core as well as all members of the collective included fun games and activities for everyone to participate in. Important discussions about the wellbeing of the collective was followed by a fun game of Bingo amongst all the members!





DEPARTMENT OF



HNVIRONVI





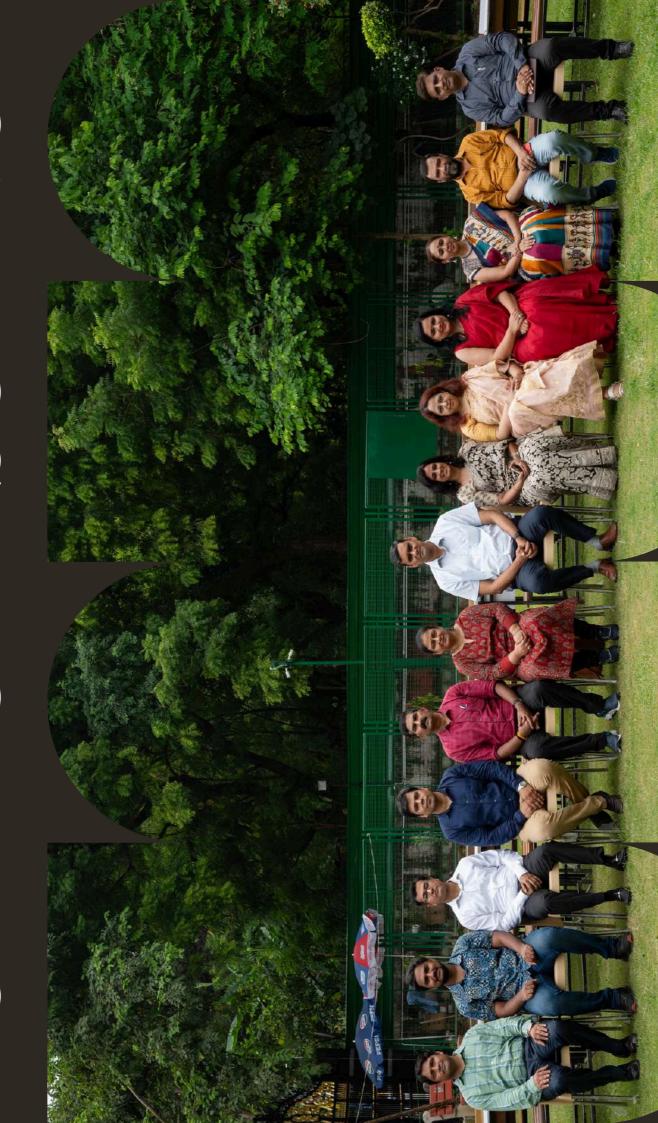
DEPARTMENT OF







SCIENCE DEPARTMENT OF



DEPARTMENT OF

DEPARTMENT OF





MON-TEACHING STATT

CREDITS

Alumni Contributors

- Abhilasha Bhatt, English (Hons.), Batch of 2022, is currently pursuing Masters in English from University of Delhi (2022-24).
- Ankita Barman, English (Hons.), Batch of 2022, is currently pursuing Masters in English from University of Delhi (2022-24).
- Aparajita, English (Hons.), Batch of 2016, is co-founder of School of Expressive Arts (formerly, Soulstuff). She completed her Master of Arts from the Department of English, University of Delhi.
- Ashraf Nehal, English (Hons.), Batch of 2021, is a PM YUVA Writing Fellow and Global Coordination Executive, YOUNGO. He holds a Master of Arts degree from the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.
- Chinmoy Talukdar, English (Hons.), Batch of 2020, is currently a doctoral researcher at Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi. He obtained Master of Arts degree from the Department of Modern Indian Languages and Literary Studies, University of Delhi.
- Himanshi Mujhal, English (Hons.), Batch of 2021, is currently pursuing Master of Arts in English from Panjab University, Chandigarh (2022-24).
- Mohit Chauhan, B. Com., Batch of 2016, is currently an Assistant Manager, Contracts and Compliances, at PricewaterhouseCoopers International Limited (PwC).
- Piyush Narnoli, English (Hons.), Batch of 2022, is currently pursuing Masters in English from University of Delhi (2022-24).
- Simran, English (Hons.), Batch of 2020, is currently working as a Digital Marketer for Penguin Random House India.
- Snigdha Shankar, English (Hons.), Batch of 2023, is currently pursuing her Masters in Translation and Interpreting Studies from University of Manchester, United Kingdom.
- Sourav Dey, B. Com. (H), Batch of 2017, is a record producer, performer and composer based in Delhi.
- Sushant Pandey, English (Hons.), Batch of 2016, is a filmmaker, singer, songwriter, sound-designer and editor, currently based in Mumbai. He is also an alumnus of IIMC, Delhi and SRFTI, Kolkata.
- Tarun Sharma, English (Hons.), Batch of 2015, is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English, Janki Devi Memorial College, University of Delhi.

CREDITS

Kaleidoscope in वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम: Unity in Diversity, the Themed Section

and

Spotted on the Streets: Urban Chronicles

by Envision, the Photography Society, SBSC

Images that feature in these sections were clicked by the following members of the team:

- Dhruv Bansal, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem VI
- Hariom Verma, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem VI
- Prakhar Sharma, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem VI
- Ansh Gupta, B. Com. (Prog.) Sem IV
- Dakorji Kushwah, B. A. (Hons.) Geography, Sem IV
- Ishan Deep Baruah, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem IV
- Rinki Chaudhary, B. Com. (Prog.) Sem IV
- Shashank Dwivedi, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem IV
- Tridipta Hazarika, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem IV
- Kunal, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem II
- Nikhil Kumar, B. A. (Hons.) Economic, Sem II
- Parth Chhabra, B. Com. (Prog.) Sem II
- Rimil Soren, B. A. (Hons.) History, Sem II
- Simran, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem II
- Surya Prakash Kumar, B. Com. (Hons.) Sem II

Monochrome Moods: The Canvas of Sadness

Pencil Sketches by Promethean, the Fine Arts Society, SBSC

The pencil sketches in this section were made by the following members of the team:

- Aleesha, B.A. (Hons.) Hindi, Semester VI
- Hariom Verma, B. Com. (Hons), Semester VI
- Riya, B. Com. (Hons.), Semester VI
- Varun, B. Com. (Hons.), Semester VI
- Kanak Singh, B. Com. (Hons.), Semester II

EDITORIAL BOARD

Patron

Prof. Arun Kumar Attree

Faculty

Editors

Dr. Komal AgarwalDepartment of English

Z

Ms. Mohini Awasthi Department of English

Dr. Mahesh Kumar Chaudhary
Department of Hindi

Faculty Team

Dr. V.A.V. RamanDepartment of Geography

Ms. Beena Arya
Department of English

Ms. Ritam Gupta
Department of English

Prof. Kamlesh Kumari Department of Hindi

Mr. Kunal Kardam Department of English

Ms. Bhagwati Department of Hindi

Mr. Pranay Sood Department of English

Students

Editors

Himani Purwar Department of English Ansh Gurjar
Department of English

Piyush Tiwari Department of Hindi

Designers

Krishan Kumar
Department of Mathematics

Abhishek Rajhans
Department of Geography

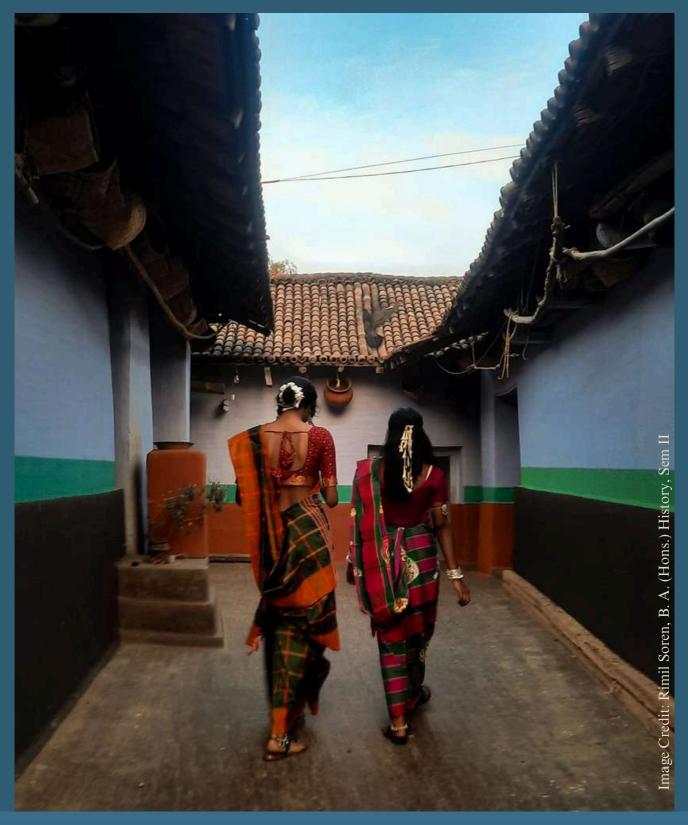
Shiv Kumar
Department of B.A. Programme

Prakash Patel
Department of History

Member

Gaurav KaundinyaDepartment of B.A. Programme







SHAHEED BHAGAT SINGH COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

Sheikh Sarai, Phase II, New Delhi 110017 www.sbsc.in